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MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS.

VOL. III.

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OF THE

DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS,

(MADAME JUNOT.)

VOL. III.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUCHESS D'ABRANTES.

CHAPTER I.

The new era—The manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick—The two years of Bonaparte's government—Paris in 1801—The theatres—My boxes—The first representation of Pinto—M. Carion de Nisas, and the death of Montmorency—Vanhove and Louis XIII's snuff-box—Tortures of the inquisition—Partiality for the Theatre Feydeau, and the performances of Elleviou—The Italian Opera—The Duke de Mouchi's duets with Junot—Cimarosa—The *Théâtre Montansier*—The Masquerade, a comic scene—The return of spring and removal to Malmaison.

We have now reached an age of prodigies, perhaps even more astonishing than the victories which followed the period I am about to describe. France, which a few months preceding had been at war with all Europe, repulsed by her sister nations, from the family circle in which she

had hitherto so nobly filled the place of an elder, France, in a few months had recovered her power and station. She resumed the rank of which they had endeavoured to deprive her, and owed it solely to her sons. France, that inexhaustible mine of talents and courage, within the soil of which the pestiferous breath of false doctrines had failed to destroy the seeds of all good, flourished anew under the cares of a skilful and honourable government. The time no longer existed when senseless enemies dreaming at once over her weakness and divisions issued manifestoes *menacing with death every Frenchman who dared to defend himself.**

France no longer feared the fate of that unhappy Poland, whose blood stained provinces had been divided with an unanimity of tyranny which would doubtless have presided also over the division of France, if the man, whom the voice of destiny recalled from the African shores to save us, had in his perilous voyage encountered captivity or death. Scarce had he touched our soil, when Bonaparte seized the helm of the sinking vessel; commanding the manœuvres with the powerful voice of genius, he compelled the obedience of the crew; the vessel sails under his ensigns, and we are saved. What he affected in two years cannot be conceived! At the moment when this volume opens, peace is about to be concluded with two great powers of the North, La Vendée is pacified, the finances, so lately in the last stage of decline,

* See the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, of the 25th of July, 1792.

have resumed an active credit, every thing assumes an aspect of consolidation, and our strength grows out of our glory; all this proves the greatness of the government under which we placed ourselves two years ago. Our haughty rival will shortly come to conclude a peace with us; already the King of England, as a first step towards a conciliation, renounces his titles of King of France and King of Corsica. The world is asking peace, and Napoleon grants it with the same generous grandeur with which he conquers. From this period the greatness of France must advance, we are rapidly marching towards that famous era, before which past centuries bow down, and future centuries recede; for they cannot equal it.

But these days of glory were short! whispers envy.

True—they were short, but in glory, as in love, an entire life may be condensed into a single moment..... And may they not have brothers .... these days of glorious memory?

While Moreau beat the Austrians at all points in Germany, while the imperial family, alarmed at his progress, packed up its treasures at Vienna and prepared to take refuge in Moravia, while Brune defeated Marshal Bellegarde in Italy, compelled Verona to capitulate, and developed all the qualities of a great general, the First Consul exhibited such lively and hearty joy in receiving the news of all these victories, that it became manifest, he would sooner or later give to France the first rank on the list of nations.

But my concern is with the state of Paris at this epoch; and I will attempt to represent it,—city of enchantments—as it then was.

One of the advantages attached to Junot's situation was a box at each of the theatres, I confess I was truly grateful for the gratification I thus enjoyed. It afforded me also the means of bestowing pleasure which was always to me one of the greatest I could enjoy, and in good truth it was not sparingly accorded to me. Tickets for morning and evening representations were eagerly asked, and I received, at a much later period, no less than eleven requisitions for the loan of my box, at the *Comédie Française*, for the second representation of "The Templars." I had the opportunity of being generous seven or eight times a day. I gave, in the belief that so doing, I should secure, if not real friends, at least a sort of amicable relation with my numerous acquaintances which might survive the obligation..... I was young when these reveries occupied my mind.

I now went frequently to the theatre; a pleasure with which I had hitherto been so little acquainted that I had visited the opera but once and the French comedy three times; at the first representation of *Pinto*, the most glorious of disturbances past, present or to come—that of *Montmorency* by *Carion de Nisas*, and the *début* of Lafont which was so stormy, that I verily thought the theatre of the French comedy must have been built with unusual strength to resist such attacks.

Pinto, fine as is the subject of the Braganza conspiracy, of which Lemercier was fully capable of taking the utmost advantage, did not suit the taste of that era of clipping scissars and decisive words, which demanded:

"Take away that phrase." "Why?" "Because I do not choose that it should stand there." "What is the objection to it?" "I will not allow it." "But surely there is some reason against it—is it unsuitable?" "Not at all; but no matter, it must be removed."

In speaking of my mother's acquaintances, I was in error in omitting the most witty, perhaps, of the circle, M. Carion de Nisas. I know few minds of more various powers, more agreeable, gay and inoffensive, and withal more *piquant;* but notwithstanding a great dramatic talent he was unfortunate in his theatrical productions. I shall never forget the state of mind he was in at the first representation of *the Death of Montmorency*, which I believe killed him more effectually than the constable was killed, and that owing to circumstances altogether foreign to his work.

The tragedy contained some fine verses, and interesting situations; the cardinal's political views, and the entire scene in which he develops his plans for the aggrandizement of France are strikingly beautiful, and the inconsistencies of the piece might have passed unperceived if it had been performed with less incongruity; but its misfortune was complete. Talma, who played Montmorency, was the only one of the *corps*

dramatique that seemed to possess common sense. Baptiste, the elder, Madame Petit-Vanhove, and more especially Vanhove, the father, were all out of their element. But Vanhove was admirably placed for producing laughter, which completed the despair of M. de Nisas. It is well known, or perhaps so happy an incident may have escaped the public memory, that Vanhove, the elder, had the trifling habit of getting half seas over, not to say actually drunk, on the night of a first representation especially. As he was a wretched performer habitually, it might be hoped that wine would produce a happy effect upon him; but not at all, he was so much the worse. The day of the first representation of the Death of Montmorency, notwithstanding the most careful supervision of his daughter and Talma, who was his son-in-law *in petto*, he drank a little to give him courage as he said; but by the evening, when it was necessary to assume something of a royal air his spirit it was found mounted a little degree beyond courage. Although, the habit of taking snuff is by no means charged on Louis XIII, the great personage he was destined to represent, there was no such thing as persuading him to give up a round case containing a pound of snuff which he called his snuff box. His daughter already drest for the part of Anne of Austria, used every possible argument to prevent his appearing upon the stage with this bale of contraband goods. He was thoroughly tipsy and had taken up a phrase from which there was no driving him.

"Prove to me that Louis XIII did not take snuff, and I will lay down my arms: prove it to me."

But, my father,"..... said Madame Petit-Vanhove.

"Prove to me that Louis XIII did not take snuff."

And he so stuffed his unfortunate nose that it was scarcely possible to hear his voice, while the fumes of the snuff still increased his drunkenness; and so completely did he parody some of his part that laughter prevailed over both hisses and applauses. M. de Nisas came occasionally to our box, which enabled me to make some judgment of a torment of which I should otherwise have had no conception. At one period he was ready to expire, pale, with suspended respiration, and his forehead steeped in perspiration; in fact, it was impossible to laugh—that would have killed him outright. He looked without seeing, and seemed to have but one sense in which all the others were sunk. What a terrible punishment. I cannot imagine how any one can voluntarily submit to such torture! I think I should be more at my ease in the water trench of the holy tribunal.*

* In the prisons of the inquisition in Spain three kinds of torture were in use, of which that by water was the most agonising. The patient was extended in a kind of trench or coffin open at the feet and at the head; his face was covered with a wet cloth, on which water was thrown, intended to filter drop by drop into the throat; and as the nose and mouth could not breathe through this cloth, which intercepted at once the air and water, the result was that on removing it the cloth and throat were found full of blood, from the small vessels which had burst.

Setting aside the partiality of friendship, it contained some fine passages; amongst others I remember the following which was given with much effect. Montmorency, condemned to death is about to be rescued by the soldiers and the people; his sister, his wife, and the Queen who loves him, are listening with the most harrowing anxiety to the issue of the attempt; the Cardinal is relating it and concludes with these words:—

"In reply to the mutineers, I threw them his head."

The situation at this instant is admirable and reminds one of Iphigenia. The piece however failed, and failed utterly, which proves that a man of genius may write a bad tragedy; and I fear this happens not unfrequently.

The Feydeau was one of the theatres at which I passed my evenings with the greatest pleasure; it boasted at that time a degree of perfection which it has never recovered. It possessed several admirable performers, and the chief among them was Elleviou,—a treasure, not only for his own excellence, but because the other actors in performing with him were emulous of rising to his height; its orchestra was complete, and its charming pieces were played with perfection.

The charm which our native music, gay, brilliant, and expressive, has for our French ears, did not prevent our great pleasure in the Italian Opera which was established at Paris in the year 1801. The company occupied at first a small theatre, called the Olympic Saloon, in the Rue Chante-

reine. This theatre, not much larger than a saloon for private representations, drew together the best society of Paris. Its open boxes between high pillars, required full dress, an obligation sufficiently agreeable to ladies, and I remember to have seen the first tier of boxes entirely occupied by very elegantly dressed women, almost all young; and what was still more remarkable, all of my acquaintance, except the inmates of two boxes.

My mother, who found a sovereign panacea for all her sufferings in good Italian music, never failed to take her place in my box on the night of the Opera Buffa. The Duke of Mouchi frequently accompanied her. He was then, and has ever since been, an excellent *dilettanti*. He was passionately fond of Italian music, and sang charmingly in the buffa style. I have often accompanied him and my husband in that duo of "The Secret Marriage," *Se fiato, &c.* Neither of them ever failed in note or measure; and the harmony of intonation and expression was perfect. The Duke had a superb voice, a full and sonorous bass-tenor, which it was delightful to hear; Junot was far behind him, and had no other merit than correctness and time. His voice was harsh, because, *to the right about face*, and *by fours to the left*, will not form a supple voice, even if it has the good fortune to remain correct, and my lessons were not sufficiently vigorous to make him an accomplished musician.

The mention of the Italian Opera naturally leads

to a short notice of the king of harmony. Cimarosa was scarcely fifty years old at his death. He was born at Naples, and educated at the Conservatory of Loretto, where the works of the incomparable Durante formed his chief study. He left the Conservatory young and agreeable, and according to the then prevailing fashion amongst essaying composers, had to make choice of a house of patronage. He was acquainted with Madame Ballante, whose immense fortune gave her the means of patronising the arts. She received the young musician, and soon found how honorable to herself, would prove the protection she extended to him. Madame Ballante had a daughter, who did not listen with impunity to his ravishing notes; she loved him passionately, and the mother permitted his addresses; she died soon afterwards young, and during her short marriage a happy wife, leaving Cimarosa a son. He was in despair; his mother-in-law, Madame Ballante, had educated and adopted a young orphan, whom she bestowed on Cimarosa, saying, "My friend, she is my second daughter!" Alas! his tender heart was not destined for happiness: his second wife also died young, leaving him a son and a daughter.

Cimarosa, besides extreme goodness of heart, possessed much talent and considerable information, independently of the peculiar faculty which the torch of genius communicated to his soul. He sang in perfection, and accompanied his voice with brilliant execution. My brother was en-

chanted with his compositions, as those who have a soul for music must always be, once spent a whole morning with him in musical essays; Cimarosa at the piano, my brother accompanying with his harp. Cimarosa gave a theme, which Albert took up and varied; the author then sang it in various keys and movements, as a barcarole, canzonet, polacca, romance, &c., and this delightful contest lasted three hours. "The most agreeable hours," my brother has often observed, "which in my life I have ever passed in this manner." He was a charming companion, gay, fond of a laugh, and possessing in the highest that generosity which is always inherent in an artist of true talent. How many unfortunate emigrants has not Cimarosa relieved! When at Paris, his beautiful *Finale del Matrimonio, Pria che spunti,* or *Quelle pupille tenere,* were applauded with rapture approaching to frenzy; it was not known that the profits of these immortal productions were devoted to the comfort of our unhappy countrymen. But he lived under a government incapable of appreciating him, and instead of a wreath in the name of the country, persecutions and chains were the reward of his humanity; persecutions, which it is well known hastened his end. He attempted, but in vain, to struggle against royal terrorism; more skilful than the republican, its cruelty was even more active and permanent. This it is true could not easily be, but the horrors committed at Naples are not known to the public, and the eye which could

penetrate amidst that multitude of assassinations, legal robberies, and religious persecutions to which Naples was at this time a prey, would turn aside in disgust.

Madame Ballante was equally a victim to the trouble which distracted that beautiful country; she lost all her fortune, and Cimarosa had the consolation of receiving her at his home. "You are the mistress of my house," said he; "is not every thing I possess your property? are you not my mother?" Cimarosa died on the 10th of January, 1801; his name will be as immortal as his works.

But to return to Paris.—The opera was always the admiration of Europe, but has greatly improved since the period of which I am now writing. Another theatre was at that time much frequented —the *Théâtre de Montansier;* Tiercelin, Vertpié, Brunet, and Bosquier-Gavaudan, attracted thither all the lovers of frank and hearty gaiety; its receipts exceeded those of the Opera by 14 or 15,000 francs per annum.

For some weeks I had experienced so ardent a desire to see a masquerade, that I began to feel absolutely unhappy in finding the carnival drawing to a close without having joined in this amusement, just then re-introduced by the First Consul, who had himself attended them. I determined then to ask my mother to take me to one; but my first word brought an answer that put a stop to all my hopes in that quarter. "In the first place," said she, "it wearies me beyond every

thing; in the next, I do not choose that you should go to gape for four hours in a room full of dust and the odour of rancid oil."

"I gape!" cried I, "gape at a masked ball! which every one asserts to be the most diverting of all amusements!"

"You do not know what you are talking of," replied my mother; but if you are obstinate, go with your husband; your marriage is still sufficiently recent to permit you to be seen together, even if you should be recognised."

At this moment my aunt Comnena came in. She had been some time at Paris, and while waiting the arrival of the rest of her family, lived with my mother. She was still a young woman, gay, because she was happy, and taking pleasure in every thing. She was, if possible, even more charming then than she is now; because at the present time all around her suffer in seeing her suffer.

As soon as she heard of my want of a *chaperone* she offered to accompany me to the ball at the Opera, and so enchantingly, that I could not refrain from jumping up to embrace her, while I returned a thousand thanks. "It is understood then," said she, "I shall dine with you, we will mask to the teeth, and give ample provocation to many people who will never suspect us of being at the ball to-night."

Now it is quite necessary to explain the cause of the extreme avidity with which the masked ball was attended.—This very innocent pastime,

be it understood, had been suppressed from the commencement of the revolution, because it was unknown to the Romans and Athenians. Here, however, was a slight mistake, for at Rome tradition shews that if masquerades did not actually exist, there was at least a sufficient approach to them to authorise ours. At length the generation which was passing away, wished to divert itself once more under a mask; and the generation which was looking up demanded cheerfulness: with one voice then, the masquerade was called for. Two only had yet been given.

Junot laughed at my desire to go to this ball, and said the same thing as my mother: "Ah my poor Laurette, how you will be overpowered with *ennui*!"

"Ah!" exclaimed I, scarce able to restrain my tears, "you are all leagued against my pleasure, why should I be wearied, where every one else is amused?"

"Let them say on, niece, we will be amused too; and at two o'clock in the morning your husband shall see whether you are wearied and repent of his impertinence."

"Agreed," cried Junot, "I wish for nothing better, we shall see."

We dined very gaily and spent a delightful evening; my aunt was always communicative, open, sincere, and possessed excellent spirits. My delight however was very great when midnight arrived, I summoned my maid, and my aunt and I were ready in an instant. While I

was looking in the glass to see how my domino became me, I started and gave a piercing cry on perceiving behind me a great black phantom, with large brilliant eyes and a negro face.

"Oh heavens, how you frightened me!" I exclaimed, while Junot embraced me, laughing heartily.

"Oh! oh! is this your courage? how will you bear then to find yourself amongst two thousand such masks."

I looked at him, and was still frightened, his great black figure was any thing but agreeable?

"But why have you made yourself such an object?"

"Why? was it not agreed that I should give an arm to you and my aunt?"

"What of that?"

"What of that? would you have me promenade the Saloon of the Opera with my face uncovered? a pretty concern we should make of this masked ball. No, I devote myself for your pleasure to-night; let us take our masks and be going."

I did not wait a second order: but the horses went too slowly to please me; I thought we should never reach this much desired Opera House. At length we entered as the clock struck one, Junot leading my aunt and me, each under one arm.

On first stepping into the room and casting my eyes round me, the effect of the novel and strange scene upon me was like that of walking

the deck of a ship. My head was giddy; I grasped Junot's arm with all my strength; my aunt made me sit down. This indisposition was the effect of the sudden light and excessive heat; the degree in the room was at least 100.

When I had recovered myself, "Now," said Junot, "how do you propose to proceed? You are to amuse yourself according to your taste, and you are to be very much amused you know; you should speak to some of your acquaintances.'

"I see none," said I. My aunt laughed, for some persons that she recognised were passing every minute; and she began to predict that I should speak to no one all night.

"Come," said Junot, "take courage."

My heart beat and my cheeks burnt, as though I was about to commit some bad action, but summoning resolution I addressed myself to M. Victor de Laigle, whom I was in the habit of meeting at my mother's, and indeed at the entertainments of all my friends. I approached him, and in an accent which I intended to be witty, said to him,

"Good evening, how do you do?"

He took my hand, eyed my figure, examined my feet, and then muttered, "Hem—hem—not much amiss——Well! but have you nothing to say to a man beyond inquiries after his health? He retained my hand a moment longer, then dropping it, turned on his heel, saying, "what a stupid mask."

What I felt at this moment it would be impos-

sible to describe; to hear myself called stupid by an acquaintance! It confused me beyond all conception, and I stood rooted to the spot and actually stupified. M. Victor de Laigle was by this time at the opposite end of the room, laughing and jesting with other masks, and no doubt saying, "I have just escaped from the stupidest little mask, yonder, that I ever encountered."

It was in vain that Junot and my aunt reasoned with me; nothing could console me for having been called stupid in personal conversation.

"But you must agree," said Junot, "that you deserved it; was ever such a thing heard of, as asking a man how he is, in company, and by way of conversation?"

"What would you have had me say?"

"Faith, I can't tell; any thing but that." And in truth he was in the right; it was scarcely possible to be more foolish than I was this night. I never mentioned this little scene to M. Victor de Laigle, and he is still ignorant of it, unless Junot charitably informed him who it was who was so anxious about his health at the masquerade. The result of this wearisome night, from which I expected so much pleasure, was to give me a disgust for masked balls, which for years I could not get over; nor indeed have I ever taken pleasure in them. Happily for me, this period of masked balls was nearly over, and the advance of spring made us gladly exchange our smoky toilets for the beautiful retirement of Malmaison.

CHAPTER II.

The Private Theatre of Malmaison—Esther at Madame Campan's—Representation of the Barber of Seville—Madame Louis Bonaparte as Rosina—Eugene Beauharnois and M. Didelot—M. de Bourrienne an excellent actor—Rivalry between the Companies of Neuilly and Malmaison—Lucien-Zamora, and Eliza-Alzira—Mme. Murat—*Lover's Follies*—My despair and the tight boots—The officer in white satin slippers—The theatrical sabre and a real wound—The First Consul director of the stage—Mr. Fox and Bonaparte's three countenances—Comic acting of Cambacérès—Isabey and the First Consul—General Lallemand—Michau's tragi-comic adventure during the revolution.

It would be difficult to name an occupation combining sensations so diametrically opposed as those experienced by amateur actors. Every one who has trodden the boards of a private theatre will agree with me, that no circumstances of their lives afford reminiscences more abounding in pleasure, gaiety, and joyous mirth, than the rehearsals and every thing in short that is merely preparatory. But in candour they must equally admit that the actual scenic representation is absolute torture. I have experienced both, and can speak from practical knowledge. Mademoi-

selle de Beauharnois's success at Madame Campan's, in the representations of Esther and other pieces, in which Mesdemoiselles Auguier and Mademoiselle Pannelier, as well as herself, gave proofs of remarkable talent, naturally induced her to bring the Theatre of Malmaison into use. Eugene Beauharnois was a perfect actor. I may, without partiality, say that Junot had superior talent; M. Didelot was an admirable Crispin; I acquitted myself tolerably in my parts, and General Lauriston a noble Almaviva or any other lover in court dress.

But the cleverest of our company was M. de Bourrienne; he played the more dignified characters in real perfection, and his talent was the more pleasing as it was not the result of study, but of a perfect comprehension of his part. Grandmenil and Caumont, at that time the supporters of such characters at the Comédie Française, could have discovered no flaw in M. de Bourrienne's performance of Bartholo, of Albert in "Lover's Follies," of the Miser, or of Harpagène; in "The Florentine;" he might, perhaps, even furnish them occasionally with a turn of expression worth seizing and copying.

The First Consul himself was almost the sole organizer of our dramatic repertory. It was at first but limited; for we dared not venture on first rate plays, or undertake parts beyond our capacity. We played "The Heir," "The Thoughtless Ones," "The Self-Rivals," "Defiance and Malice," and a number of charming little witty

pieces, and which certainly have not been equalled since either in good sense or good style. Afterwards we grew bolder; the First Consul himself demanded longer plays. The repertory was all at once encreased by fifty pieces, which were put into our hands with a careful distribution of the several parts in conformity with our individual talents. The Theatre of Malmaison had at that time an excellent company; latterly it was open to every one and was no longer endurable.

The first play formally acted at Malmaison was "The Barber of Seville," and in saying that this representation was perfect I do not hazard a word that the magic of memory can call in question. We have still many survivors of that merry and delightful period, and I fear no contradiction in asserting again, that "The Barber of Seville" was acted at the Theatre of Malmaison better than it could now be performed on *any theatre in Paris.*

Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnois took the part of Rosina; M. de Bourrienne that of Bartholo; M. Didelot, Figaro; General Lauriston, Almaviva; Eugene, Basil; and General Savary sneezed in perfection in the part of the Sleeper Awakened.

I have just observed that Bourrienne played well because he understood and felt his part. The same may be said of Mademoiselle Hortense. In order to act well we must be able to demonstrate the part to others as soon as we have read it, and this she could do; gaiety, wit, sensibility,

delicacy, all the charming Beaumarchais meant to infuse into his Rosina, Madame Louis caught instinctively; she entered into the character of the young and fair Andalusian with all her native grace and elegance. To her fine acting she united a charming figure and an exquisite carriage, especially on the stage. Many years have elapsed since those joyous evenings, but my memory still forcibly recals the graceful and pleasing image of Mademoiselle Beauharnois with her profusion of fair ringlets beneath a black velvet hat ornamented with long pink feathers, and the black dress so admirably fitted to her small and symmetrical shape, I seem yet to see and hear her, and it is a truly sweet and smiling illusion.

Her brother Eugene was equally perfect as Basil and M. de Bourrienne in the part of Bartholo. General Lauriston succeeded well in the various situations of Almaviva, though some fault was found with those of the soldier and the bachelor. He was not altogether perfect till the grandee of Spain re-appeared under the mantle of the bachelor. M. Didelot was excellent in Figaro.

But our success was most remarkable in that point which generally reduces the managers of private theatres to despair, that is to say, the perfect correspondence of the whole piece; the parts were thoroughly learnt and every thing went off well. I repeat that the performance of "The Barber of Seville" has never on any stage afforded me the same pleasure I experienced that evening.

Madame Murat sometimes acted at Malmaison. She was very pretty. Her hands and arms were beautiful, and her fair bosom acquired new brilliancy beneath a black velvet jacket with a gold stomacher; but she had an unfortunate accent, which was particularly fatal to the parts she selected. Her sisterly relation to the First Consul, however, screened this defect from observation, whereas Madame Louis Bonaparte, had she been but the wife of an aid-de-camp to the First Consul's aid-de-camp, must have been applauded for the excellence of her acting.

This reminds me of an incident which befell me, partly through the instrumentality of Madame Murat, at least through her want of acquaintance with the stage. There was a sort of rivalry between Malmaison and Neuilly. Lucien frequently acted both in tragedy and comedy with his eldest sister, Madame Bacciocchi. Lucien acquitted himself admirably and declaimed to perfection. His only failing, and that not altogether dependant on himself, was the modulation of his voice, which was too shrill and in too elevated a key for a tragic tone. But this inconvenience was slight, and Lucien gave great satisfaction as Zamora; I have heard his performance criticised, indeed, but for my own part I did not perceive the defects attributed to him, and I was delighted with him almost throughout the part. Not so with Madame Bacciocchi. Her acting was irresistibly laughable. The First Consul found it so, and far from flying

into a rage, as M. de Bourrienne represents, he did nothing but laugh during the whole play, whenever his sister appeared on the stage, and when we returned to the drawing-room he exclaimed, "I think we have seen Alzira beautifully parodied;" he repeated the same thing to Madame Bacciocchi herself, who was not best pleased with it.

Plays of all kinds, of three and afterwards of five acts were performed at Neuilly: they had no fear of the buskin, still less of comedy. Regnard's *Lovers' Follies*, not too perfectly represented, spurred us to emulation. It was got up at Malmaison. Madame Louis was to undertake Agatha, Lisette was assigned to me, Albert to M. de Bourrienne, Erasto to Eugene, and Crispin to M. Didelot.

By this management the piece would have been well managed, but the spirit of mischief intervened. Madame Louis, always good-natured and yielding at the first request, reversed the whole order of things. Madame Murat performed Lisette. Agatha, a part which I did not like and which was nowise suited to me, fell to my lot, and as the climax of misfortune, for some reason I do not remember, Eugene could not play Erasto; this was known only two days before the representation and Junot was obliged in that time to learn the whole part and to act it with only a single rehearsal: but all this was nothing in comparison of what followed.

This unfortunate part of Agatha is very dif-

ficult; it requires much judgment. A ray of reason must be always perceptible to the lover, while the guardian, though an acute and sensible man, must believe his young ward a confirmed idiot; then a degree of sentiment must pervade all that chaos of singing, dancing, accident and battle; in short it is extremely difficult to play the part well, and Dugazon who was my instructor and set his heart on my success, had nearly overset my courage by saying to me one day,

"You must not play this part, you will fail as completely as they do at Neuilly."

"Oh! don't say so!" I exclaimed, terrified at the idea.

"I have not a doubt of it," he proceeded, "and the more certainly as you are horribly supported. The General too has a part that does not suit him. The play will be a total failure."

And thereupon Dugazon began to mimic every one who was to support the dialogue with me and with such buffoonery that it was impossible to avoid laughing till the tears came. My self-love, however, would not permit me to laugh at his prophecy that the play would prove a failure, and I did all in my power to prevent it; but there was no remedy, and the hour of the tragi-comedy arrived at length.

To form a just conception of the terror (that is the proper word) felt by us *comedians in ordinary* of Malmaison, it should be premised that on the day of our representation, which was generally

Wednesday, it was the First Consul's habit to invite forty persons to dinner, and a hundred and fifty for the evening, and consequently to hear us, criticise and banter us without mercy. The consuls, the ministers, the diplomatic body, councillors of state, senators, their wives, and all the members of the then military household of the First Consul, formed our audience. But the most terrible bugbear was the First Consul himself. There he sat in his box, close beside us, his eyes following us and accompanying their course with a smile more or less arch, the justice of which was in truth most formidable.

The morning of the representation of *Lovers' Follies*, Dugazon said to me, after hearing Bourrienne rehearse Albert admirably,

"Well, take courage, my pupil, you will save the state. You two may do wonders. Crispin is good too. As for the General, his part is nothing. Come, carry this off successfully and you will deserve well of the country by foiling a conspiracy."

In the part of Agatha the dress is changed five or six times. I had requested Madame Murat, and Dugazon also had charged her, not to enter the stage to commence the third act without first ascertaining that I had completed my officer's dress under my black domino, as the old grandmother. The two first acts had passed off tolerably, with the exception of a few errors of memory and some little deficiency of spirit; but

the piece still marched—it was soon destined to limp.

Whether from misunderstanding or forgetfulness, Lisette appeared upon the scene without troubling herself about me. The question whether or no I was ready was, however, deserving of attention, for but a very short scene intervenes between that in which I receive the money from Albert, and my return as an officer. It was, therefore, imperatively necessary that I should be in full costume underneath my great black cloak, and I was accordingly putting on my boots, when I heard the first lines of the act; I cried out directly, but in vain; I had not yet come to the end of my troubles. The day was suffocatingly hot: agitation and fear threw me almost into a fever, which did not accelerate matters; the boots would not come on, and while my waiting-maid pulled till she almost broke my leg, my ancle began to swell. At length I heard the speech preceding my own, and throwing the boot ten feet off, I hastily assumed my black domino and entered upon the scene; but my poor head was wandering. I mechanically repeated the words assigned me, but my feet at the moment occupied my whole attention.

In an interval between the couplets I whispered to Junot, "What can I do, I cannot get my boots on!"

"Hey! What?" said he, for he could not hear. I repeated the same thing to Bourrienne, but as I

spoke very low and quickly, neither of them understood; this little bye play, however so puzzling to them, began to excite more notice than I wished in other quarters. At last I made my exit, ran to my boots and endeavoured to draw them on—impossible; the foot was still more swelled, and I might as easily have shod the colossus of Rhodes, as have driven my feet into either of them.

At this moment Dugazon, who was roaming about behind the scenes, arrived to witness my despair. He ran up to me and embracing me said, "All goes on well, but what the deuce were you looking for under your feet just now?" As my brain at the moment retained but one fixed idea, I answered staring at him in utter consternation, "I cannot get my boots on!" "You have not your boots on," said he, swearing like a bemired carter, "you have not your boots on?"

At that moment my husband's valet, who was to bring me a very small sabre that I had ordered, tapped at my room door, and presenting a sword as large as a Mahomet's Damascus blade, told me in his German jargon, that my sabre was not ready, but that he had brought me the smallest of the *Cheneral's*, and it was necessary to be cautious in using it, for it would cut like a razor.

"Here is a new trouble!" I exclaimed.

"Eh! do not be uneasy," said Dugazon, capering, "it is all very well. You have a great coat, never mind black shoes, keep on your white ones. Agatha is mad: it is no disguise. All those

about her know that an access of her malady has just seized her, and that she has assumed a military dress because her head is unsteady. Well, she has forgotten her white shoes! really, upon my honour, this is not amiss."

Saying this, he pushed me on the stage, and it was fortunate that he did so, for my turn was come, and I should never have had the courage to appear thus as an officer of dragoons in white satin slippers.

I took good care not to look towards the First Consul's box; to have seen his smile or frown would have struck me mute.

The result of this fine story is, that I played the last scene like a true maniac. But owing to these unlucky boots, I forgot the Turkish sabre and its sharpness, and when at the conclusion, Agatha flourishes it about the ears of Albert, and then suddenly falls into a swoon, the point of the unfortunate damascus penetrated my white slipper, and made a deep cut in my foot, of which I still bear the scar.

But let me ask, was any one ever seen to enter a theatre in the dress of a dragoon officer, and in white satin slippers?

The First Consul was for six months unmerciful upon those unlucky white slippers. I verily think he would have dragged them into a discussion even upon the bull *Unigenitus*.

I now remember it was the same day that the conversation turning at table on the pleasure of acting in the country, the First Consul said to

Cambacérès, who expressed his participation in it, "That this pleasure could consist only in hearsay, for he surely had never taken part in a comeyd." Cambacérès seemed piqued, and replied in an accent really amusing when contrasted with his melancholy and severe countenance:

"And why, citizen First Consul, do you think that I have not gaiety enough to act in comedy?"

"Really, citizen Cambacérès," replied Napoleon, "I think you have no gaiety at all."

"Well! I have very often acted in comedy, nevertheless, not only at Montpellier, but at Beziers, at the house of an old family friend, where for six months in the year the theatre was in activity; and one of the parts in which I was eminently successful, was that of Renaud of Este."

"What you sang?" cried Madame Bonaparte, and all the party laughed; but Cambacérès, noway disconcerted by our hilarity, continued, "and as all characters suited me alike, I played equally well le Montauciel in the Deserter. This time the laugh was universal. But Cambacérès was not easily turned from an agreeable subject; and having once entered on the history of his scenic adventure, the petty jealousies and intrigues of his company, there was no stopping him under half an hour; the rather, as Napoleon, his elbow on the table, listened, with an attention which did not surprise me, because I had observed the interest with which he would attend to our reports of the thousand little incidents that arise during

the rehearsal of a play. The First Consul should have been seen in his functions of stage president to be known under an aspect entirely different from all his portraits. "The First Consul at Malmaison, the First Consul at St. Cloud, and the First Consul at the Tuileries," said Mr. Fox to me, "are three men forming together the *beau idéal* of human greatness; but I could wish to be a painter," added he, "to take his portrait under these three different characters, because I should have three resemblances of the same face, with three different countenances."

The statesman was right: I had remarked it before him, and was pleased at hearing my own idea so strikingly expressed by the man whom, of all Englishmen, I at that time most highly appreciated. I also then entertained for the Deliverer of France an admiration bordering on fanaticism. I would have wished to see the world at his feet, and England appeared to me to render him homage in the gratifying speech of Fox, to which I attached more value than really belonged to it. It was, however, perfectly true, and Bonaparte at Malmaison was admirable in extreme simplicity.

One of our best actors was Isabey; perhaps the very best, Queen Hortense excepted. He, however, ceased to form often a member of our *corps comique*, rather than *dramatique*, for reasons which were but imperfectly explained.

One day the First Consul on dismounting from his horse, and traversing the gallery adjoining the

centre saloon at Malmaison, stopped to examine a portfolio of engravings which had been placed upon a table at the park end of the gallery. Isabey is said to have entered a moment after him, from the theatre, and by the opposite door at the end next the court. The First Consul was then slim, and wore the uniform of the *guides* or *horse chasseurs* of the guard, that beloved uniform—the very sight of which still makes the heart beat. Eugene Beauharnois, as I have before observed, was colonel of that fine regiment. Isabey, who had not heard the First Consul return from his ride, seeing a small slender figure at the end of the gallery, dressed in the uniform of the *chasseurs*, and observing the two epaulettes, supposed it to be Eugene, with whom he was extremely intimate, and determined to take him by surprise. Dexterous, light, active and supple as a cat in his movements, he advanced softly without the slightest sound to within a short distance, then taking a spring, leapt at one bound upon the First Consul, and alighted a-stradle on his neck. Napoleon imagined the house was falling, or that the *old gentleman* was come to strangle him. Rising up, he disengaged himself by main force from his new-fashioned collar, and threw *poor Isabey* in his turn upon the ground, and presenting to his dismayed view a countenance for which he was certainly little prepared, demanded in a severe tone:

"What is the meaning of this buffoonery?"

"I thought it was Eugene," stammered out the luckless youth.

"And suppose it was Eugene," replied the First Consul, "must you needs break his shoulder-bones." And he walked out of the gallery.

This story, though carefully concealed, was soon bruited about. The First Consul had too much tact not to perceive that his was the ridiculous share of the adventure; Isabey understood it to the full as well, and both would willingly have kept the secret.

But whether the one in the first moment of his terror related the whole to Eugene himself, or the other in his resentment could not withhold it from Madame Bonaparte, the affair got wind. I know that a short time afterwards its truth was denied. At all events, if it caused the departure of Isabey and his loss to our company, I must call it injustice, and an act of useless injustice, for truly one must be lineally descended, and without any mixture of inferior blood from Timon or Heraclitus, to think of the First Consul escaladed in this fashion, without laughing.

General Lallemand, at that time aid-de-camp to my husband, was one of our best actors. I have seen but few good comedians, and of those, very few indeed were his equals.

His talent was natural, but had been improved by the instructions of Michau, from whom he imbibed a portion of that ease and humour which was the principal charm of Michau's own acting.

This excellent man once said to me—"It is always useful to make people laugh," and in illustration of this truth related an anecdote of himself.

Passing once quietly along the streets he encountered one of those disorderly mobs that were in the habit of parading Paris in those happy days, when the lamp-posts served for hanging up our gallant citizens; they would have made him join their march, but he resisted and demanded in the name of that liberty, whose scarlet ensign was as usual conspicuous in the foremost groupe, that he should be suffered to continue his route in pursuance of his own affairs. The discussion was brief, the lamp was shattered, and poor Michau, already stripped of his coat, was on the point of being hoisted in its place when a fat fellow, with his plump arms bare and a red and jolly face, rushed into the midst of the banditti and snatched Michau from their grasp, exclaiming—

"What are you about simpletons, don't you know Punch of the *Republic?*" (the *Comédie Française* was at that time called the *Théâtre de La République.*

And thanks to his title of Punch, with which his deliverer, the butcher's boy, had invested him, Michau found himself at liberty, and accepted the apologies, which two hundred rascals offered as coolly for their design of hanging him, as if they had simply trodden on his toes.

CHAPTER III.

The fruit of our triumphs and the peace with Austria—Brilliant festivities at Paris—Revival of trade—The balls of Malmaison—Luxury and elegance—Negociations at Luneville—General Brune's victories—The Arch-Duke Charles and Marshal Bellegarde—Early history of General Brune—His exploits in Holland and Italy—The Convention of Montfaucon—The battle of Pozzolo—Brune appointed a Marshal of France—His interview with Gustavus IV—His disgrace—His command in Provence—His tragical death and prophetical verses—Bourrienne's misrepresentations—Madame de Montesson and the Lieutenant of Hussars—Bonaparte chooses to be informed of every thing—Junot's supposed Police.

A CONTINUED series of victories of the French arms, had at length determined Austria to conclude the treaty of peace: it was signed at Luneville by Count Louis von Cobentzel for the Emperor and Germanic Body on the one part, and by Joseph Bonaparte in the name of the French Republic, which might still call itself one, and more than ever indivisible. All who had been concerned in the Congress came to Paris, to share in the magnificent fetes which the First Consul commanded, that the people might have an opportunity of testifying their joy; and that a free circulation of money might revive commerce, and give work to that multitude of individuals who,

to the number of a hundred thousand, exist in Paris by the labour of their hands; a labour which though chiefly devoted to objects of luxury, produces those commodities, which the higher classes, especially in seasons of festivity, can no more do without, than the lower can subsist without bread. The fetes given by the government, were a signal not only to Paris, but to the whole of France, for balls, dinners, and social assemblages of every kind. Hence commenced in Paris at this period, life and gaiety, which ceased not to animate it till the change introduced in 1814. Each succeeding day brought ten invitations for the evening.

The oriental luxury which the Emperor afterwards required of his Court was not then known. Madame Bonaparte, who possessed in the highest perfection the art of dressing, set the example of extreme elegance. No sight could be more exhilirating than a ball at Malmaison, composed of the numerous young women connected with the military household which the First Consul had just formed, and who constituted, without having yet received the name, the Court of Madame Bonaparte. All were young; many were pretty, and I know but one ugly enough to merit the epithet; when this beautiful group was attired in robes of white crape trimmed with flowers, and their hair ornamented with garlands as fresh as the complexion of their merry faces, smiling with happiness and good humour; it was a charming and striking spectacle to see the animated dance

which derived its zest from their gaiety, in the same room in which the First Consul and the most renowned characters of Europe were promenading. These assemblies required a continual renewal of dress, and the first year of the Consulate consequently saw the revival of trade in the manufacturing towns of France, which again became an honour to the country. The government officers, no doubt, made smaller accumulations, or laid out less money on estates; but shop-keepers sold their goods, domestics procured places, and workmen got into employment, through the medium of from eight to ten thousand balls and five or six thousand dinners which were given in the course of the winter at Paris. From this order of things it followed, that the silk-mercers sold a million yards of satin or velvet, crape and tulle in proportion, the shoe-makers manufactured their shoes, the artificial florist was called to assist at the toilet with his flowers, the hairdresser and dress-maker with their industry, and the perfumer with his gloves, fans, and essences. The higher classes of trade were equally indispensable; the jeweller, the goldsmith, the glass and porcelain manufacturer, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker all flourished; the money passed through their hands into those of their work people, and the immense population of this great town were all employed and all happy, because the superior classes received company, and expended their incomes in an honourable manner. I have known the people of the Faubourgs at this

period, when to be peaceful they asked only to be employed, and work was furnished to them in abundance. More virtues or more noble sentiments will no where be found than among the working classes of Paris. Never did they rise into tumult through the whole course of the revolution, except when driven into violence by misery and hunger. Hunger! the most imperious of wants! That which blinds the eye and deafens the ear to all other considerations, and ripens the fruits sown by an improvident government,—despair and revolt.

But at our present epoch, things were not so; all prospered. The peace of Luneville, which secured the Low-Countries to France, and to the Cisalpine Republic, Milan, Mantua, and Modena, was signed. The sessions stipulated at Campo-Formio between General Bonaparte himself and the same Count Louis von Cobentzel, were confirmed; all was glory, shed upon France by the First Consul, and sensibly felt by a grateful nation.

All this was not however achieved without much hesitation on the part of the Austrians; it was the necessity of retreating on all sides before our cannons which first induced Austria to treat without the consent of England, notwithstanding her recent engagement to the contrary. This was a great victory gained over English gold. But Joseph Bonaparte, after having given some grand dinners at Paris to the Count von Cobentzel, in which department we had given him all the

assistance in our power, was obliged to maintain against him, at Luneville, many long and worn discussions upon every point to be surrendered, for alas! we were unreasonable, and asked, the plenipotentiary thought, too much. Happily for the success of Joseph's negociations he received, just at the critical moment, a courier from General Brune, bringing a copy of a despatch to the First Consul, announcing a victory in the true republican style of conciseness:

"Citizen, First Consul,

"I have the honour to inform you that I crossed the Adige, yesterday, the 1st of January, immediately above Verona; which puts me into a position to announce to you very shortly the occupation of that town.

"I salute you with respect,

"BRUNE,"

Accordingly on the 3rd of January Verona was occupied by our troops, Vincenza some days afterwards, and the Brenta was then crossed. In fact the army was now on the march and with sufficient rapidity, to form a junction with Moreau, who, on his part, encamped at the distance of twenty-five leagues from Vienna, had concluded an armistice with His Imperial Highness the Archduke Charles, a good prince, an honest man and a great captain, but always unfortunate. M. de Bellegarde, who was so too, (that is, unfortunate, for the rest I am not competent to speak,) took the

same method to obtain some quiet sleep. An armistice was concluded between him and General Brune; and three weeks after, the glorious treaty of Luneville was signed, which wholly restored Marshal Bellegarde's repose, and I may add, *en passant*, that of some other Austrian Generals-in-chief, who had had enough of this war. The Prince Charles was the only one of them whose noble conduct, even under every reverse, was worthy of his exalted birth and great soul. I more than esteem the character of this prince, and believe I know it as well as a personage of his rank can be known, without the advantage of personal access; but I know enough of him to fix my opinion upon bases which ensure my veneration.

Brune, who gave so fortunate an impetus to the diplomacy of Luneville, was born at Brives, and like all natives of the south, was ardent, active, fond of literature, poetry, and the fine arts; he possessed a large share of information and betook himself to composition. To facilitate the publication of his works he became a printer; and at this period of his life the revolution opened. Brune was young; his head and heart confessed but one idea,—glory and his country! He was a patriot in the true sense of the word; all that passed under his eyes added fuel to his thoughts. He soon cast away his pen, ink and paper, and took up the sword and the gun to enter into one of those battalions of heroes which France produced by thousands in those radiant days of glory

and liberty, and which were formed without the necessity of beating to arms. His battalion of the Seine and Oise was commanded by General Lapoype.

None of our marshals have been so falsely represented to the public opinion as Brune. He was not one of Moreau's generals, as it was the fashion to denominate all those who had served in the army of the Rhine. Had the restored Princes believed him so, they would surely have protected him from the popular fury, as senseless as all the accusations which have been advanced against him; but Brune did not belong to the army of the Rhine; neither was he in Paris in the autumn of 1792. Those, therefore, who accuse him of participating in the horrible saturnalia of the Septembrisers, to which, had he been at Paris, he would neither in heart, word, or gesture have assented, should, before staining his life with a falsehood, in order to palliate the horror of his death, have ascertained whether in physical possibility, he could have committed the atrocious crime with which he is charged, and of which an alibi of several hundred leagues is, I apprehend, a sufficient reputation. Brune was not at Paris in September 1792, but at Radmack.

Brune advanced rapidly to an elevated rank in the army; he had courage and good will, an union always tending to success, but at this period ensuring it. The cannon cleared the ranks with a frightful rapidity, and made sure way to promotion for those who obtained the notice of their

chiefs, though it might be only to advance them more certainly to the honours of a soldier's grave. The cradle of Brune's glory was the army of Italy, then under the command of Kellermann and Brunet. It is, however, remarkable, that notwithstanding the activity of Brune's military life, and a renown well-earned before General Bonaparte's accession to the command of the army of Italy in 1795, he is scarcely mentioned in the journals of the time; the *Moniteur* for example, notices him only in 1797. Brune, however, largely contributed his contingent of glory to the three brilliant days preceding and following the battle of Rivoli, which decided the fate of Italy. He was soon after named general-in-chief of the army of Helvetia; laid siege to Berne, and by its surrender produced the submission of all Switzerland. From thence he was removed to the Texel, to oppose the landing of the Anglo-Russian army under the command of the Duke of York, which might have been a fatal event for France, while at the same moment Massena was sinking in Switzerland under the superior force of Zurich.

The road to Paris was open, and Brune, with twenty thousand men, whom the Directory kept in a state of inefficient provision, was to check the advance of an Anglo-Russian army, which had disembarked at Alkmaar, and was joined by a Dutch force of eighteen thousand men. The Duke of York was entirely beaten at Bergen, which led to the capitulation of his whole army at Alkmaar; and Massena at the same time gained the battle

of Zurich; two victories which saved France, as Marshal Villars had formerly saved her at Denain.

Peace now granted a momentary security to our frontier, and the overthrow of the Directory opened a prospect of good government to France; the First Consul's most anxious cares were directed to the re-establishment of order in those fine provinces so long desolated by internal conflicts, and he sent Brune into the west, where General Hedouville had already prepared that convention, which was signed almost immediately after, and secured the submission and tranquillity of both sides of the Loire. At this period the First Consul appointed him to the command of the army of Italy, which brings us to the point whence we set out.

It was at this period in the month of November 1800, that Macdonald at the head of the army of the Grisons, comprehending the full importance of his junction with Brune, penetrated into the Valteline by the passage of the Splugen, one of the most elevated summits of the Alps, and braving tempests and avalanches, succeeded in his prodigious efforts by the most unprecedented display of courage and industry. But to the chief of the staff of this army, General Matthew Dumas, who is still living amongst us, is to be attributed, perhaps, more than even to Macdonald himself; this triumph over the wrathful elements and stepdame nature, all the resources which patience, vigilance, activity and philanthropy could supply to the warrior, he provided in forestalling his

wants, and protecting him from other dangers than those of the sword and the cannon. Brune meanwhile was attempting the passage of the Mincio, in face of the fine army of Marshal Bellegarde; the battle of Pozzolo, in which Suchet unsupported, sustained for many hours the whole weight of the enemy's forces, and which was finally decided by an admirable charge of cavalry under Davoust, enabled him, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of December 1800, to effect his purpose, and nearly destroyed the Austrian army. Its ultimate important influence upon the conditions of the peace of Luneville has been already detailed.

Brune now returned to France, retired to his estate of St. Just, in Champagne, did good in his neighbourhood, and amused himself with literature. In 1804 he was one of the sixteen marshals whom Bonaparte appointed on the establishment of the empire. In 1807 Brune was ordered with a *corps d'armée* into Swedish Pomerania; he took Stralsund and the Isle of Rugen and forced the Swedish army to retire. His interview with the King of Sweden during the siege of Stralsund, the particulars of which, as published by Gustavus, Brune denied to be correct, caused Napoleon's high displeasure; he continued for many years in disgrace, and the name of the conqueror of Bergen and the pacificator of the East was, during this period, never pronounced.

On Napoleon's return, however, in March 1815, Marshal Brune was drawn from his retirement and accepted a post of great confidence and deli-

cacy—the command of the eighth military division, which committed the peace of the south to his keeping. The restoration of Louis XVIII and his re-entry into Paris found Brune at his post; he went to Toulon himself to restore the white flag there, lest its re-appearance should be the signal for popular tumult, and was afterwards summoned to Paris. It was on his way thither, at Avignon, that he met with the dreadful death which has stained the era to which it belongs with indelible infamy. Many important particulars of it, which I have received from an eye-witness, I reserve till my narrative brings me to its proper place: nor should I have introduced the subject at present, but for an interesting and important fact connected with the period of his command in Italy, and which I cannot omit here. To appreciate it properly the reader must be acquainted with the principal circumstances of the case, which I shall therefore slightly state.

Marshal Brune on reaching Avignon was warned that much agitation prevailed in the town, and that it was particularly directed against him; he was strongly recommended to avoid passing through; but turning a deaf ear to all advice he commanded his postillions to drive to the post-house; here an armed mob of 800 men, calling themselves royalists, besieged him in a room to which they had driven him for refuge; the mayor, the prefect and a few *gens-d'armes* succeeded in protecting him during four hours from their infuriated attacks, while three thousand citizens

looked with apathy upon the atrocious scene, without affording the smallest assistance. The gallant resistance of the police was at length overpowered, and under the stupid pretence that the Marshal had been the murderer of the Princess of Lamballe, a vile slander generally circulated, and which I have refuted above, in proving that he was not at Paris when that tragedy was performed, he was put to death by the mob in the most barbarous manner; his lacerated corpse, after being dragged through the mud, was thrown into the Rhone; and the river refusing to contain it, it lay two days unburied upon the strand whither the waves had cast it.

The curious incident, which though it occurred eighteen years previously, is so closely connected with the tragical event, took place in Italy in the year 1797. General Massena was called to Milan by General Bonaparte, then commanding in chief, to assist at some national festival. The command of Massena's division then devolved on Brune, who celebrated the same fête at Padua. A banquet was given, at which much patriotic poetry was read and sung. General Brune, who was a man of literature and fond of poetry, heard some stanzas of a song, the principles of which pleased him, and he composed impromptu the following couplets which he sang in conclusion:

Against one, two hundred rise,
Assail and smite him till he dies;
Yet blood, say they, we spare to spill;
And patriots we account them still!

Urged by martial ardour on,
In the wave their victim's thrown,
Their fanatic joy to fill!
Yet these men are patriots still!

What an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances! what a singular colouring does this unpremeditated composition cast over the fate of Brune; little did he suppose himself prophecying, and yet with what strange mystery are the future details of his horrible death here related in anticipation. This account of the composition of these verses is perfectly authentic; it was given me by an officer who was present at the dinner when they were sung, as was M. the chevalier Suchet, brother of Marshal Suchet, who can certify the truth of the whole history.

Before returning, according to the thread of my narrative to the Count Louis von Cobentzel and the state of things introduced at Paris by the treaty of Luneville, I will take advantage of the break already made in it to mention one at least of the very numerous misrepresentations of M. de Bourrienne; one which I am the more bound to correct because it affects the memory of Junot. I know not whether the time which has elapsed since the facts which he relates has driven from his memory a number of circumstances which he must have known, and thereby caused the false colouring he gives to many things; as for example, he speaks of Junot's secret police, when he certainly ought to know that Junot never was entrusted with any direction of the police. Junot was necessarily acquainted with many facts and

events, because the military commandant of a great town receives a daily report as to its interior order or disorder, and this opened to him an infinity of doors of observation, into which sometimes he would not even look. Frequently, indeed, have I seen reports given in by the old adjutant Laborde, which Junot has made him transcribe, in order to omit certain names or some words which might compromise the parties concerned in them, and were of no importance to the safety of the First Consul. On this subject I will cite an anecdote.

A lady of considerable importance in good society was involved in the reports concerning some conspiracy under the Consulate; I do not remember whether it was the infernal machine or that of Chevalier; but the fact was, that this lady, perfectly innocent, had been induced by the giddiness of a young fool, to give him an asylum against the political proscription he had incurred, while he represented the cause of his danger to her as totally different from the fact. The *gens-darmerie* traced him, and took him from under the wing of Madame de Montesson. The lady no sooner discovered the real state of the case, than in great alarm she hastened to entreat Junot to visit her. She was held in much consideration by the First Consul: Madame Bonaparte was attached to her; she felt herself deserving of their good will, and the base idea of figuring in an affair which must come under the cognisance of the tribunals distressed her exceedingly. Junot immediately per-

ceived that she had committed no intentional error, the report was altered: the name of Madame de Montesson did not appear in it, there was no occasion that it should; the young man was arrested, which was the point in requisition. Some time afterwards the First Consul asked Junot,

"In what house was the young lieutenant of the 12th arrested?"

For a moment Junot was posed, but he remembered that it had been inserted in the report, that he had been taken when walking in the Champs-Elysées, and he answered accordingly. The First Consul answered to Junot, pulling him by the ear,

"You have a bad memory Junot, he was arrested at Madame de Montesson's house." He then added more seriously, "You were right, my dear Junot, in listening to Madame de Montesson's request; I have a respect for her, and I am glad you did not insert her name in the report, but you should have mentioned it verbally to me, and not have wholly forgotten the circumstance."

In this little trait the character of Napoleon is very conspicuous. He would always know every thing, and was offended by the smallest concealment. Junot discovered Fouché to have been the channel by which the First Consul became acquainted with this affair.

I have reported this little history to prove that Junot suppressed whatever tended to scandal, if it had no immediate reference to the Emperor's safety. Many of these reports are to this day

among his papers; they are purely military, but in these times of trouble were the depositories of many names connected with affairs into which the police were prying, but which, fortunately for their proprietors, fell into the hands of a man of honor. With respect to the large sums which Junot received for the secret police of the capital, and of which he remitted an annuity of 3000 francs to a bad bulletinist, I know nothing of them. I suppose, however, the misrepresentation of M. Bourrienne to be founded upon the fact, that the First Consul, unwilling to charge all the appointments of the commandant of Paris upon the military funds, gave Junot a pension upon the extraordinary revenue raised by the minister of police, and which was solely at his own disposal. M. de Bourrienne should have known, further, that Junot had no bulletinist; that the daily reports were drawn up at the station of the military staff of Paris or the Quai de Voltaire and were brought to Junot by the chief of the staff, the adjutant general Doucet, under whose orders several adjutants exercised a close *surveillance* over the peace and good order of Paris; these were Junot's agents and bulletinists—they were no spies of police, as M. de Bourrienne would insinuate. I may add, that never did Junot, nor Marshal Mortier, who in his quality of general commanding the first military division, was his chief, in the performance of their duty compromise one innocent person. But I can easily conceive that there are men whose crooked policy wishing always

to remain in shadow, would endeavour to the utmost to frustrate the object of all these cares, and failing to do so would spare no slanders which might bring those cares into disrepute. Hence, I apprehend, the origin of the animosity with which the military staff of Paris has been pursued.

CHAPTER IV.

Count Louis von Cobentzel—His taste for fêtes and frivolities—Anecdote of his embassy to the court of Catherine—The Theatre of the Hermitage—The ambassador as Countess d'Escarbagnas—The novice courier and his despatches—Change of costume—Victories of Bonaparte and diplomacy in masquerade—Lord Whitworth—Talents and manners of Count Cobentzel—Count Philip Cobentzel his successor.

Count Louis von Cobentzel, who had just signed, at Lunéville, the treaty of peace between Austria and France, was the greatest lover of spectacles, fêtes, and all kinds of merry diversions, that I have ever met with in my life. The Emperor, his master, had made a judicious selection in appointing him envoy for signing a treaty of peace. He interested himself in the programmes of all the intended fêtes; enjoyed them by anticipation, and gave his opinion on the preparations.

I frequently saw him; for, as he was passionately fond of plays, and I had a box at all the theatres, he preferred going privately with Junot and me, to appearing in the official box of the minister for foreign affairs.

Count Louis was middle aged, very ugly, and is truly reported to have resembled Mirabeau. He

had the same sallow face, and his eyes, which, however, bore no other resemblance to Mirabeau's, were equally small. He had also the same enormous head of hair, which gave so singular an effect to Mirabeau's countenance (I am not speaking of resemblance in the intellectual countenance.) Count Louis was lively and sensible, but withal had plenty of follies; follies which he is said to have only adopted in imitation of Prince Kaunitz. He had been for a long time Austrian ambassador at the court of the great Catherine, and retained a profound and enthusiastic admiration for that sovereign, who kept a theatre, played herself, and carried the condescension so far as to write comedies for the amusement of her court. When Count Louis von Cobentzel was once launched on this favorite topic, it was a vain hope to extract a word from him that did not bear reference to the theatre at the Hermitage, in which his frightful person would certainly not set off his dramatic talents to the best advantage.

The First Consul related to us one evening, that M. de Cobentzel had had a little theatre constructed in the palace of the Austrian ambassador at Petersburgh, principally with the object, as you may suppose, of acting himself. One day the ambassador was to assume the character of the Countess d'Escarbagnas. The Empress had promised to be present, and the *Count-Countess* was dressed early to be in readiness for appearing on the stage the moment the Czarina had taken her seat. She arrived, and the ambassador was

sought for, but neither he *nor the Countess* could be found. At length, after a tiresome search, he was discoved in his cabinet, in male attire indeed, but with his hair puffed and in high-heeled shoes, and so suffocated with passion that he could scarcely articulate the words, " Hang that villain for me," pointing to a man who was praying all the saints in Heaven to defend him from the supposed madman.

This was a courier from Vienna arrived in haste, with very important despatches, and specially ordered to deliver them into no other hands than the ambassador's own; for Catherine II made no scruple of violating the seals, not only of her own subjects, but of foreigners, and even ambassadors, whose diplomatic character is a sacred defence, even amongst the most savage nations. M. de Beausset, when ambassador from France, made serious complaints of this gross breach of international law. The courier was a young man, recently attached to the foreign office, and had never even seen the Count Cobentzel. He arrived at seven in the evening, just as the Count, having finished his toilet as Countess d'Escarbagnas, was complacently contemplating the reflection in a large looking glass, of a figure which has perhaps never since been paralleled; smiling at his whimsical visage, adding a patch, flirting his fan, enlarging his hoop, and repeating the most striking passages of his part. At this moment the courier from Vienna was announced. The

Count replied that he would see him the next morning, but at present he was otherwise occupied; recommending that he should repose himself for the night, and leave business till the morning.

But the young man was a novice in diplomacy, and scrupulously conscientious in discharging his commission. His orders were to use all diligence and at whatever price to reach Petersburgh before midnight on this very day. He was arrived, and loudly and pertinaciously insisted on seeing the ambassador. One of the secretaries informed M. de Cobentzel.

" Why, what does the obstinate fellow want? Is he possessed? Well, send him in."

The secretary, accustomed to the fooleries of his master, without an instant's reflection on the necessity of preparing a stranger for the interview, introduced him into the cabinet, saying, " There is the ambassador." And the courier found himself in the presence of a woman dressed in the fashion of his grandmother's days, who advanced affectedly to meet him, and while putting with one hand an extra patch on a round cheek, already concealed behind a thick coat of rouge, stretched out the other to receive the packet, saying,

" Well, Sir, let us see the famous despatches."

The courier turned round instead of answering, to request an explanation of the strange spectacle that thus presented itself. But the secretary had vanished; the door was shut, and he found himself alone with the burlesque vision.

"I wish to speak to the ambassador," cried the young man, whose brain, somewhat heated by the fatigue of several days' rapid travelling, was nearly overset upon seeing a masquerade figure seize the ministerial packet, and endeavour to snatch it from him, saying all the while,

"Here is the ambassador! I am the ambassador!"

The young Austrian was stout, and retained a firm hold of the deposit confided to him; but beginning to be frightened, he called for help, insisting on seeing the ambassador, and refusing to recognize him under this disguise. In vain Count Cobentzel ran after him round the cabinet, explaining why, on this particular occasion, he was dressed in his fine brocaded gown and velvet petticoat. Greek would have been more intelligible to his companion. At length the Count exclaimed in despair:

"Well, blockhead, you shall see him, you shall see your ambassador;" and entering his bed-chamber, he threw off his gown and petticoat, and returned to the obstinate courier in white silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, black breeches, and puffed hair; another edition of my dragoon's dress, and white satin shoes.

Accordingly the young courier, more than ever persuaded of his insanity, persisted in refusing to surrender the imperial packet, till the ambassador was growing seriously angry, when, to complete his fury, the Empress's arrival was announced to him. The secretary of the embassy explained

this strange scene to the diplomatic courier, and persuaded him at length to give his despatches into the hands of Count Louis von Cobentzel. The Count read them, and found them indeed a singular prologue to the comedy he was about to perform. They announced to him that Beaulieu and Wurmser had no better fortune in Italy than the Archduke Charles upon the Rhine. That General Bonaparte, then twenty six years of age, was taking possession of Italy, at the head of 36,000 Frenchmen, and was beating General Beaulieu, notwithstanding (and very probably on account of) his seventy-six years, though he had 50,000 men under his orders. They also warned the ambassador, that it was of the utmost importance to induce the Czarina to give effect to her promises so long since made, of placing an armament by sea and land at the disposal of the allies, and pressed him not to lose a moment in communicating this intelligence to the Empress, and in entering upon the question of the armament.

This order admitted of no delay in its execution; Count Cobentzel felt it, and I may say painfully. England was at this moment about to sign a treaty of subsidy and alliance with Russia; Austria was deeply interested in avoiding the smallest offence to England, and the Count felt that it would be an agreeable compliment to the British ambassador to consult him on this important occasion. Lord Whitworth was sent to and came. To form a just conception of this interview the two personages should be known.

Lord Whitworth was tall, perfectly well made and handsome, with a countenance and manner of the highest distinction. I have never known a man better calculated to represent a nation great, prosperous and impertinent; always magnificently dressed, even at the Consular Court, it may be imagined how particular he would be at that of Catherine II, where eastern luxury prevailed to a magical extent. Imagine then the contrast he would present to the countenance, figure and manners of M. de Cobentzel, always a little burlesque and decorated on this occasion for the amusement of the persons who witnessed the conversation in the absurd accoutrements of the Countess d'Escarbagnas. Lord Whitworth received the Count's communication with the cold politeness habitual to him, and recommending him not to keep the Empress waiting, went to apologize for a delay, which admitted of no apology but the truth. I believe, though I am not quite sure of it, that the Empress in her impatience to be informed more at length of the details of events of which the English ambassador could only give the outline, required the immediate presence of the Count von Cobentzel, who came in his gown, hoop and puffs to the audience.

The Count Louis von Cobentzel though really agreeable was much less so than he would have been had he permitted his own good sense and information to direct his manners, instead of servilely copying those of Prince Kaunitz and

Prince Potemkin, to both of whom he affected to bear a personal resemblance, and whose frivolity and morality both of the school of Louis XV, he assumed together with an exclusive predeliction for the great world. This world was the court, beyond the luminous circle of which all to him was chaos. His good sense, however, made him understand, that a generation had sprung up, in which were to be found names bearing a lustre of renown fully equal to that of heraldic blazonry. He knew this, but to his aristocratic ears the sound of the word citizen, applied to the head of the government, produced discord to all social harmony; and he could not reconcile himself to the necessity of addressing Madame Lannes without the title of Princess. He had talent, however, and was, as I have said, agreeable; he related multitudes of anecdotes about the court of Russia all very amusing; that of the Countess d'Escarbagnas did not come from himself, but was told me at a later period by some Russians of Catherine's court, and by the Count's cousin, Count Philip von Cobentzel, who very soon succeeded him as ambassador at Paris and remained here till our rupture with the Austrians in 1804.

CHAPTER V.

The Ambassador at the theatres—The vaudeville—The Comédie Francaise—Fleury—Manners of 1801 and 1831—All superiority dangerous—The Duke of Orleans and the blacksmith—Fleury King of Prussia and the Count de Perigord in prison—Paul I and General Sprengporten—Portrait of Madame Recamier—Gradual change in the state of society—The banker's fêtes—Foreigners in Paris—Death of the Emperor Paul and accession of Alexander—The Russians at Paris—The Chevalier de Kalitscheff and the Count de Markoff.

THE Count Louis von Cobentzel was fond of laughing, especially when he was, as he called it, incognito; that is to say, when he left two dozen ribbons and medals in his carriage and retained but two or three; which with his black coat almost French, his silk stockings, diamond shoe buckles and full dressed head, made him a personage not very likely to diminish the merriment of such of the frequenters of the Montansier and the Vaudeville as should chance to meet him in the corridors. Our box at the Vaudeville having a private entrance and staircase from the Rue de Chartres made it particularly agreeable to the ambassador, and his frequent presence there was an additional attraction and amusement to us. In the years 1800, 1801 and 1802, the Vaudevilles resumed the gaiety which the stern events of the preceding years had greatly dimi-

nished; the song was resumed, and farce did not go to seek its subjects in Plutarch, Livy, or the State Trials. Pero and his friends, Scarron's marriage, and a thousand other such, were more suitable to this temple of gaiety, than the grand names, the very sound of which is sufficient to chase away mirth. At this moment the companies of the Vaudeville and the Theatre de Montansier were particularly well chosen.

The *Comédie Française* was also in its glory. Talma, Lafont, St. Prix, Monvel—what an admirable constellation of talent! then Mademoiselle Raucourt, Madame Vestris, Monsieur Fleury, Mademoiselle Georges, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Mademoiselle Volnais, and Mademoiselle Bourgoin; the recent *débuts* of the four last still divided the society of Paris into agitated factions; but greater than all these was Mademoiselle Mars, already the queen of comedy. Fleury was one of the performers at this theatre who pleased me best; I never heard him go through any character without giving it full effect, by his excellent judgment and good sense. Then his manners were those of a perfect gentleman, fully imbued with the *ton* of good company; not the affectation of the present day, of the manners which then belonged to the stable and the gingerbread stall. Well educated men in those days did not smoke in the apartments of their wives, because it is a dirty and disgusting practice; they washed their hands when they were going out to dinner or to an evening party. On entering or quitting a house

they paid their compliments to its mistress, unless indeed they were absent enough to think they were at an inn. They took some pains not to turn their shoulders in such a manner in conversation as to present their backs to their interlocutor; they found some other subjects of conversation than politics, on which no two persons can ever agree, and which affords a thousand opportunities for the utterance of the most outrageous absurdities. From these stupid political disputes come disunions of families, dissolutions of long standing friendships, and the introduction of enduring hatred. Experience might certainly be useful to some of the everlasting disputers, by proving that it is impossible to convince another person, and that one's own opinion is never altered in discussion with one diametrically opposed. A very sensible man lately observed, that people should never dispute unless they are agreed in opinion, and I believe he is right. From all these changes of manners which have taken place within the last thirty years results a general disunion of society and an introduction of vulgarity in the place of what was then true politeness. I know that there are some young people who order a new coach once a month, change their hats twice a week, put on two new pair of gloves a day, smoke only when they take their tea in the morning, and have given up exhibiting their lighted cigars in the streets; but notwithstanding all this I still maintain that the manners of my

youth were more refined, and consequently more agreeable than those of the present day.

But it was Fleury that led me to this dissertation, and I must return to him to speak of the triumph of his art in the character of Frederick in *The two Pages*. Many persons can yet remember the astonishment of Prince Henry, when he saw his brother upon the stage, speaking, walking, blowing his nose,—in all points Frederick himself. And that mask, as it may be called, with which at his pleasure he assumed another face, was wholly furnished by a play of the muscles altogether his own, and for which he was in no degree indebted to any theatrical manœuvre. This was proved to me in a singular manner by the Count de Perigord.

This nobleman was thrown into prison during the reign of terror, when not ostracism only, but imprisonment and death were frequently the reward of genius, as of aristocracy of whatever kind; even success in the lowest grades of life was not exempt. For example, the Duke of Orleans had for a companion in death, a blacksmith who had been denounced and condemned, because the president of his section was also a blacksmith, and hung fewer bells than his neighbour. The entire company of the *Comédie Française* were for similar reasons under lock and key, and M. de Perigord was painfully surprised at meeting in prison so many persons who had contributed to his enjoyment in the days of happiness. But a Frenchman,

it is well known, can be gay even in the presence of death, and the friend and companion of Marshal Saxe was not very likely to be otherwise. Every time, therefore, that the old Count met Fleury in the gloomy galleries of their prison he stopped, made a low obeisance, and enquired after his majesty's health. "At the instant," M. de Perigord has often said to me, "the King of Prussia stood before me, such as we have seen him in *The two Pages,* such as he was at Potsdam two years before his death: his back bowed, but his carriage imposing nevertheless, the same air, and the same play of countenance. And this total change effected in a few seconds, in a damp dungeon, by the light of a grated casement, and when a turnkey might interrupt this dramatic entertainment by marching us before the revolutionary tribunal, that is to say, to death."

There is great talent no doubt in this active and ever ready play of the features and disguisement of the whole person; but I think the mental firmness of the man, which will permit him to exercise these faculties in the midst of the most imminent danger, is still more worthy of admiration than the powers of the actor.

The Austrian embassy was not the only one which at this period enlivened Paris; the Emperor of Russia if he had not an actual representative at the Consular Court, had at least a medium of communication with the First Consul in the preson of General Sprengporten. Charmed with the generosity with which Napoleon had treated Rus-

sia, in sending home without ransom or exchange, well clothed and provided for, the eight thousand prisoners taken at Alkmaar, on the surrender of the Anglo-Russian army, Paul had charged General Sprengporten with a letter of thanks to the First Consul, but without giving him any diplomatic character.

This General gave charming fêtes; and though himself of a disposition habitually melancholy, arising from his exile from his native country, to which his engagements in the Russian service were a bar to his ever returning, he so frankly testified his desire to see his guests well amused that it was impossible to avoid being so. He was moreover a bachelor, and this circumstance contributed to the freedom of intercourse and mirth which his house offered

It was here that I first saw Madame Recamier; I had heard her much spoken of, and I acknowledge that my mother had prejudiced my judgment concerning her, in persuading herself, and consequently me, for in matters relating to society, my opinion almost always followed hers, that Madame Recamier's reputation was wholly exaggerated, and that she must necessarily be a person of such overbearing pretensions, that no moderate qualifications could expect any notice in presence of her noisy and senseless appropriation of the homage of fashion.

Great then was my surprise when I beheld that lovely face, so blooming, so childish, and yet so beautiful! and still greater when I observed the

timid uneasiness she experienced in her triumph. No doubt it was pleasing to be proclaimed the unrivalled beauty of the fête; but it was evident that she was pained by the envious glances of the females, who could not wholly suppress the ill-will with which they witnessed her monopoly of homage.

And Madame Recamier truly deserved that homage; she was a really pretty woman. This praise is bestowed on every young woman with a passable face, whom it is necessary to flatter at her entrance into life, because she has a fortune, and the house to which she belongs is open to company; and thus is a word profaned which is destined to describe the most ravishing of nature's works. It would be more reasonable to say of such a person—she is handsome. Nothing is more vulgar than those every day faces with great eyes, a strait nose, a mouth with good teeth and rosy lips, and all this accompanied by falling shoulders and a well made leg and arm. But go and ask those large eyes for a look of fire, those lips to open with an intellectual smile, and that Greek or Roman nose to derange its solemn line to shew by the smallest movement of the nostrils that that fine face can exhibit a play of the muscles; ask all this, and you will find the beautiful marble statue silent and cold.

This requisition Madame Recamier satisfied perfectly; the expression of her eyes is mild and intellectual, her smile is amiable, her language attaching; her whole person possesses the charm

of native grace, goodness and intelligence. She reminded me at first sight of the Madonnas of the pious Italian painters; but the resemblance consisted wholly in expression, not in regularity of features. It was the mind which animated her eyes, and blushed in her cheek; the smile which so frequently played upon her rosy lips expressed the unaffected joy of a young heart, happy in pleasing, and in being beloved. When Madame Recamier was in England, she excited the same enthusiasm in the multitudes who thronged to see her, because there is in grace and goodness a charm which exercises its power, without appeal, over the people of every country.

At the time when I first met Madame Recamier, she was in the prime of her beauty and of her brilliant existence. M. Recamier was at the head of one of the first banking houses of Paris; his misfortunes were not then foreseen. He had, therefore, the means of giving to his charming consort all the enjoyments of wealth and luxury, as a poor return for her tender attentions, and the happiness which she shed over his home and his life. M. Recamier's house was a delightful residence; nothing was comparable to the fêtes he gave to foreigners recommended to him, and whose choice of M. Recamier for their banker, was no doubt fixed by the desire of an introduction to his wife. Curiosity attracted them to his house, they were retained there by a charm which acted equally upon old and young, male and female.

Madame Recamier is an essential character in

cotemporary memoirs; it is not often that a woman is to be found to embellish the era of her life, with attractions such as hers; a woman whose friendship has been courted by persons the most remarkable of the age for their talents; a woman whose beauty has thrown at her feet, all the men whose eyes have once been set upon her; whose love has been the object of universal desire, yet whose virtue has remained pure; whose unsullied reputation never suffered from the attacks of jealousy or envy; a woman who lost none of the affections which had been pledged to her; because in her days of gaiety and splendour, she had the merit of being always ready to sacrifice her own enjoyments to afford consolation, which no one could do more sweetly and effectually, to any friend in affliction. To the world Madame Recamier was a celebrated woman; to those who had the happiness to know and to appreciate her, she was a peculiar and gifted being, formed by nature in one of her most beneficent moods.

The epoch of which we are now speaking was remarkable, as ushering in a century, of which the twelve first years furnished more events, than the whole circle of centuries which have formed the history of nations.

Since the 18th Brumaire society had been reuniting, and grouping round a government which offered it at length, not only security but prosperity. The peace with Germany, that which was in progress with Russia, and a preliminary treaty already far advanced with Great Britain,

afforded a bright horizon, to replace those thick clouds which weighed upon the bosoms even of individuals, oppressing all with fears, not only for their possessions but their lives. Such a change in the state necessarily produced a revolution in manners and in the relations of society. For the benefit of a part of the existing generation, of the rising part especially, it is proper to observe that good society, or the world of fashion, was at the time we are speaking of, a kingdom within itself, having its own laws, customs, usages, and even language; and all this without any prejudice to its neighbours. Women were the sovereigns of this empire, and the homage they exacted from their subjects was the just return for the charm they shed upon all social intercourse subject to their administration. All this had suffered greatly in the general overthrow. Beautiful women had assumed the red cap; and in the vaunted days of liberty, the liberty of changing one's linen was not granted. But as in this world every thing has an end, happily this glorious period of liberty had its end. Families again began to meet at stated festivals, to kiss the hand of the aged grandmother; they no longer feared to march in procession to the mother's room with bouquets of flowers on the day of Our Lady or the patron saint; in time we got bolder, and private balls were renewed; at length came the Consulate and we were commanded to amuse ourselves. Oh! how willingly was the command obeyed! And when we no longer feared to be condemned to death for having

unwittingly danced on the anniversary of a defeat, and that the government set the example of gaiety, Paris once more became the abode of joy and pleasures. In the two first years of the Consulate the finest fêtes, except those of the government, the ministers, and other authorities, were given by the richest bankers, as M. Recamier, M. Perregaux, and two or three others; then followed M.M. Seguin, Hainguerlot, and other great fortunes, who returned to France in pleasures the wealth she had bestowed upon them.

These fêtes were soon rendered more brilliant by the presence of numerous foreigners of distinction, who crowded into France as soon as they were permitted to travel here. Italy, England, Swisserland, sent their contributions of visitors who, in exchange for the gold with which they enriched us, were taught the arts of refined entertainments.

The Russians followed the Germans as soon as their new Sovereign gave them permission to quit their frozen regions. The Emperor Paul was just dead; and Alexander, the eldest of his sons, had mounted the throne at twenty-three years of age. The despotic domination of the Czars immediately gave place to a paternal government, as much wiser as it was more gentle. I remember that at this period the Russians who came to Paris cherished for their young Sovereign a sentiment bordering on delirium. Many of them kept his portrait in their inmost apartment, beside that of the favorite saint, surrounded like it with

lights and gems, and as much venerated as St. Alexander Newsky, or St. Nicholas.

Our definitive arrangements with the Court of St. Petersburgh, however, did not proceed very rapidly. M. Sprengporten was re-called and replaced by the Chevalier de Kalitscheff, who also had no diplomatic quality, but was simply the bearer of a letter from the Emperor of Russia to the First Consul. One remarkable circumstance attached to his mission was that, though sent by the Emperor Paul, before he could deliver his letter the throne was already filled by Alexander. He was soon succeeded by the Count de Markoff, this time in quality of minister plenipotentiary, which however he did not assume till two months after his arrival here.

CHAPTER VI.

A visit from Rapp and an invitation to Malmaison—Conversation on the route—Rapp's attachment to the First Consul—Chagrin and melancholy of Bonaparte—Uneasiness of his two aides-de-camp—Bonaparte refuses his breakfast—A ride on horseback and fear of assassins—The horses at full gallop—Deep affliction of the First Consul and his conversation with Junot—A dinner at Malmaison—The loss of Egypt—Great projects overthrown—The intended pillar—The action of Nazareth—An order of the day the proudest title of nobility—The picture and the portrait.

One fine morning in the summer of 1801 Rapp joined our breakfast table, bringing an order to Junot to attend the First Consul at Malmaison, and an invitation to me to spend the day there. We set out immediately after breakfast, and as Rapp was returning to Malmaison we gave him a place in our carriage.

I have already spoken of Rapp as a brave and frank soldier, but the quality which acted the most strongly upon his character at this moment was his ardent attachment to the First Consul. Rapp, Duroc, Lannes, Bessières, Lemarrois, and two or three others of the army of Italy and Egypt sympathized perfectly with Junot in this respect, and spoke precisely the same language. The First Consul was to them as entirely as an

adored mistress is to most young men, the thought which predominated over every other; and of this devoted attachment I shall have many proofs to produce as my Memoirs proceed.

On this occasion we remarked that Rapp was thoughtful and that a strong feeling seemed to oppress him. We had scarcely reached the barrière de l'Etoile, when Junot, who had been contemplating Rapp's countenance, caught the reflection of its melancholy, and before we arrived at Nanterre, he said to his brave brother-in-arms taking his hand:

"Rapp, there is something the matter, yonder ..... the General ——"

And his eye, fixed upon the excellent young man, seemed to fear a confirmation of his apprehensions. Rapp, at first, bowed his head without answering; then pressing Junot's hand:

"I know nothing," he said; "but the General has certainly received some painful news. I know him as if I had spent my whole life by his side, and when his forehead wrinkles and his eyelids fall".... here he knit his eyebrows as Napoleon was accustomed to do when deep in thought.— "Then when retaining this melancholy air, he pushes away his plate at dinner, throws up his napkins, removes his chair, walks to and fro, and orders three cups of coffee an hour hence, I say to myself that he has met with some cause of distress. This is the life he led all day yesterday, and this morning the same course has recommenced. This is why I am returning to Mal-

maison, though my attendance ended at noon. But I should be miserable at Paris."

Junot pressed Rapp's hand: the brave fellow had so entirely expressed his own feelings! I looked at both of them; Junot's eyes were wet, and the other was looking out of the coach window, ashamed of his emotion.

"But," said I to them, "give me leave to tell you, you are behaving like two children. What! because the First Consul is, perhaps, out of humour, or, at the most, because you believe him to be vexed, you are unhappy to a degree to be absolutely ashamed of your feelings: I repeat it, you are as unreasonable as two children."

Their two faces turned towards each other, to take a mutual survey; and I burst into a laugh. Rapp was offended. "I may be ridiculous in expressing an over anxiety," said he, "but I who have seen the General's altered physionomy.... you know Junot, I, who have seen him, know that it is not ill-humour: it is grief. Yesterday morning, after rising from breakfast, which he had not eaten, he ordered the horses, and we rode out of the park of Bougival. We were alone with Jardin; so long as we were within sight of the house, the General walked his horse: but we had no sooner past the paling than he spurred it, and the poor beast galloped up the stony road of Bougival where he might have been killed ten times over: for if the horse had stumbled upon one of the round and polished stones the hill is strewed with, he might have rolled to the bottom,

without the possibility of being saved. When we reached the summit, there under the fine trees at the entrance of the wood, he stopped short. The horse panted and could not advance a step. I rode up to the General: he was alone: Jardin was still a long way behind. I then thought no more of the horse falling; but I beheld in this dark and desert wood, assassins in waiting, to watch my General's steps. I saw that the most devoted guardianship cannot be so active but that danger may outstrip it; for there had he been two minutes! alone! The misfortunes which might have been accomplished in this short time presented themselves so forcibly to me that, for a moment, I forgot myself. I took the liberty to tell the First Consul that he rode like a madman and did not know what he was about. "Why the devil, my General," said I, "do you terrify those that love you, in this manner?"

"What! you spoke to him in that manner!" said Junot, laughing, but with a look of astonishment.

"Certainly," replied Rapp, "and why should not I? You all try to frighten me out of speaking frankly to the First Consul; but I cannot believe it would displease him: he knows when the heart speaks." Rapp accompanied this speech with a collection of energetic words which may be dispensed with here. His language had nothing vulgar in it, but he often introduced into it interjections and exclamations, to which it would be difficult to do justice in writing. "But to return

to what I was saying just now about the General, when I pointed out to him the solitude which surrounded us, he smiled, so ....." And Rapp smiled with an expression of disdain, and bitterness, at the same time inclining his head in a manner altogether peculiar to Napoleon, and which those only who have known him well can figure to themselves or understand. "Then he said to me, 'Danger has no terrors for me, Colonel Rapp; there are even moments when I court it, for some days of my life are heavy to bear.' And thereupon he recommenced his furious gallop, but this time, if we were not in a level country, at least, the road was such that it was practicable to follow him. Jardin and I did not let him outride us, but kept our horses close on the heels of his. We rode in this manner six leagues, I think; however, on our return, the First Consul seemed much more calm than when we set out."

Junot was thoughtful. All that Rapp had said did indeed indicate that some great trouble affected the First Consul. Junot questioned his comrade, but Rapp, who could easily remark the emotion which the countenance of Napoleon exhibited, was wholly deficient in that fine discrimination which could trace such emotion to its cause. I was perfectly astonished at the style, almost of eloquence, in which he had just related the particulars of his preceding day's ride, and I recognized in it a new proof that the eloquence of the heart is the most poetic; that of genius when compared with it appears cold and formal. One word shot

from that volcano of the mind when agitated by passion, whatever its nature, is always more persuasive, and more eloquent, than all the discourses of a rhetorician.

When we arrived at Malmaison, the First Consul was in his cabinet. He immediately sent for Junot; who for above an hour was closeted with him. Some time before dinner we saw them walking in the alley which leads towards Jonchère and Bougival. Junot was serious, and seemed to listen with great attention to the First Consul. Sometimes the countenance of Napoleon became animated; once he stopt opposite the house and as if he would explain demonstratively to Junot what he was saying, he traced some figures with his feet upon the sand, and probably finding this mode insufficient to his purpose, asked Junot for his sword, and without drawing it from the scabbard, used it to trace his explanatory figures with more ease.

When we entered the dining room, the First Consul was already at table; he placed me by his side, and talked of things so entirely indifferent, that it was manifest he was supporting a conversation to which he gave no attention at all, only to avoid the awkwardness of total silence. I examined him narrowly, and was convinced that he was under the influence of a strong impression. Alas! the subject was but too serious; we had lost Egypt! He had hoped that his good fortune would have preserved in Egypt the ascendancy over the evil star of the unlucky Menou; and the

English ministry, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Dundas, and Lord Grenville, terrified at the success of the man they detested, had given in their resignations; in vain —their adieus to power were but the fatal warrant which doomed to death the great work of his hands. Abercromby's expedition augured great mischief to Egypt, even under a skilful chief; but with him who directed at once the government and the army, it was ruin and death; and disembarked both on the strand of Aboukir.

In returning to Paris Junot was strongly affected. He told me all he had learnt from the First Consul; and how much he was himself distressed in seeing the affliction which weighed upon a great mind, whose every sentiment was powerful and ardent.

"It is so long," said Junot, "since I have known his projects with respect to Egypt! When we walked upon the Boulevards Neufs on one of those fine summer evenings which then afforded us all the pleasure we enjoyed; when we were at Paris, unhappy, and unemployed, then it was that the First Consul spoke to me of the East, of Egypt, Mount Libanus, and the Druses; and when these brilliant reveries subsequently became a glorious reality; when General Bonaparte saw in his own hands the power of executing such important projects, I know that he considered it the finest moment of his life. I know not what Heaven may have in store for him; but I may affirm that to constitute Egypt the station from whence at some future day the blow should be struck which should

annihilate the prosperity of England, was his most cherished purpose, and was about to receive its accomplishment. When, then, he said to me to-day, 'Junot, we have lost Egypt!' I felt all the pain with which he would receive the intelligence that Egypt was actually lost: and my heart throbbed with anguish. Rapp was right! my General suffered cruelly yesterday!"

The First Consul did not express to those who surrounded him the deep wound which England had thus inflicted on his heart. Junot alone understood his sufferings; and he wept like a child while he repeated to me all that had passed during the two hours he had been alone with the First Consul. Not only had Napoleon, during this conference spoken like a patriot and wept over the irreparable loss which the commerce and prosperity of France had sustained; but he had felt as the chief of the army and the friend of his soldiers. He regretted the land which the blood of thousands of Frenchmen had enriched! those burning sands where their bones must wither! "He intended," said Junot, "to raise a monument to Sulkowsky, to Julien.... 'I would have erected at the foot of Mount Tabor, a pillar on which the names of the three hundred brave men whom I commanded at Nazareth should be inscribed. We also should have braved ages, and posterity would have found our glory in the deserts of Syria'—but as my General said,"—continued Junot: 'My projects, and my dreams, England has destroyed them all.'"

Junot then described to me a plan which had hitherto only been sketched out, but which was about to receive its completion. At the time of the famous action of Nazareth, where Junot, cut off from the corps to which he belonged, found himself at the head of three hundred men, opposed to the Grand Visier's advanced guard of three thousand, commanded by Ayoub-Bey, and obtained a complete victory, one of the finest achievements in our wars, the General-in-Chief immediately ordered, that this victory should be consecrated in the most glorious manner. The order of the day, then issued, had not yet been executed, but the First Consul in terms the most affectionately honorable assured Junot that it should be forthwith. There is that Order of the Day; it is a noble trophy to preserve; my children are entitled to be vain of it. They have no cause to fear that their hereditary nobility should be contested, for they will always be the sons of the Conqueror of Nazareth.

At the Head-Quarters before Acre, 2 Floreal, Year 7.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

The General-in-Chief, desirous of giving a mark of his particular satisfaction to the three hundred brave soldiers, commanded by General Junot, who in the action of Nazareth, repulsed a Turkish corps of cavalry of three thousand men, took five standards and covered the field of battle with the dead bodies of the enemy; Orders:—

Art. 1. A medal of 12,000 francs shall be given as a prize to the best picture representing the action of Nazareth.

Art. 2. The costume of the French in the picture shall be the uniform of the 2nd light infantry, and the 14th dragoons. General Junot and the Chiefs of Brigade Duvivier, and of the 14th dragoons shall be represented in it.

Art. 3. The General Staff shall cause our artists in Egypt to draw the costumes of the Mamelukes, the Janissaries of Damascus, and Aleppo, the Maugrebins and the Arabs, and shall send them to the minister of the interior, inviting him to cause different copies of them to be executed and transmitted to the principal painters of Paris, Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples, to name the judges who shall award the prize and the period when it shall be announced.

Art. 4. The present Order of the Day shall be sent to the municipality of the commune of all the soldiers who shared in the action of Nazareth.

The General-in-Chief,

BONAPARTE.

ALEXANDER BERTHIER,

General of Division, Chief of the Staff.

I believe, that this Order of the Day is unique in our wars. The Directory, which was not fond of acknowledging the glory of our arms, was necessitated to publish it, and directions were given that General Bonaparte's orders should be exe-

cuted. The competition took place, after the return both of General Bonaparte and Junot, and the prize was adjudged to M. le Gros, who received orders for the picture, but never completed it. The magnificent portrait of the Duke of Abrantes, the immortal work I may call it of M. le Gros, was destined for this picture of the action of Nazareth. The portrait of which the head, or rather the face, only is complete, is a chef-d'œuvre not only for the painting but the resemblance. How often has my heart thanked M. le Gros! How sacred and venerable are the creative arts, when they thus restore to an afflicted family that which it regrets! Be the hand which has produced this prodigy for ever blessed!

CHAPTER VII.

Contemporary Memoirs—Mystification—The First Consul represses it—The Princess Dolgoroucky—Mystification of the Institute at her house—Robert—The Catacombs—The plank at St. Peter's.

One of the most important objects of cotemporary memoirs is to stamp the epoch with its distinctive character; "Insert facts and names," say some persons incessantly, till they weary my patience; facts, what else should I insert? Names, they will attach themselves to facts; and it would be difficult to write memoirs without both. But the facts, as I observed before, which it is important to preserve are those which mark the manners of the age. At this particular period, when strangers abounded in Paris, a fashion existed, which, in its various ramifications, served for the daily amusement of society. This was the art of mystification, *anglice* hoaxing, which had just sprung up amongst us. To make game

of one's friends, was an amusement of old standing; but now, for the first time, men made the art of mystification, as it was called, a profession, a regular means of livelihood: for example; an entertainment was to be provided in the best manner for a party of friends; M. or Madame N. must be mystified; but how? Send for Musson, Thiémé, or Legras; it was done with the same ease that you would send to Corcelat, the Chevet of that day, for a truffled turkey.

But there existed a more general species of mystification in which a whole party were made actors, and that without the help of the inimitable Musson; I am about to give a special instance of this kind presently. The First Consul who detested this diversion, was the cause of its falling into desuetude, by the expression of his displeasure. Junot and I were once warmly reprimanded by him for having caused the mystification of a man by the whole audience of a theatre, without any participation of intention on the part of the spectator-actors. But the scene which I am now about to relate, especially concerns the Russian Princess Dolgoroucky, who arrived in Paris at the time when these follies were still rife, though fear of the First Consul had rendered them less frequent than they had once been.

This lady was by far the most distinguished amongst the Russians at Paris, for her qualifications of person, mind and manners. She was called impertinent, but as I never found her so, I can say nothing upon that subject; she was

certainly stiff, with some bombast and more affectation; but her manners were nevertheless those of the best society. She was polite, but distantly; she never conferred an obligation without hesitating; at a first introduction she curtsied even without smiling, nor was it till she was certain of finding the person that pleased her, that she advanced graciously to offer her hand. She was thought handsome by some, because she was tall and finely formed; but this striking figure was surmounted by a countenance of harshness and severity, almost repulsive. La Harpe, the Abbé Delille, and others of our literati held her in high respect, and the superiority of her intellectual acquirements could not be denied; from all this resulted the reputation not only of a witty, but of a learned lady; the character in the world the most alarming. Some young people, or perhaps some ladies, wearied and annoyed by the ceremonious airs of the noble stranger, whose haughtiness was ill-placed, in a country where liberty, and especially equality, were at the moment in their verdure and activity, determined to make her the subject of a mystification. Her pretensions as a *bel-esprit* were well known, and were made the test of the drama.

The princess occupied a very small house in the Faubourg St. Honoré; where she could not dine more than eight or ten persons; if she wished to entertain twenty, she was obliged to invite them to tea. The princess returned home one afternoon, about five o'clock, much fatigued by a

traveller's visits to the curiosities of Paris, and had just taken up a reclining position upon a sofa, when the folding doors of her drawing-room opened, and her groom of the chambers announced M. de Lacépède.

M. de Lacépède would have been heartily welcome to me or to any of my friends, because we were perfectly acquainted with him; but the Princess had never seen him, and notwithstanding her learned reputation, it is by no means sure that she had read any of his works. Be this as it may, there he was; and as he was the politest of men, the compliments of the *entrée* went off very well. The gentleman was not under the smallest embarrassment, but the lady thought the hour he had chosen for his visit a somewhat strange one. A few minutes however only elapsed before the door was opened again to admit M. de Lalande. He was presently followed by M. Suard. At length, in about a quarter of an hour, the most respectable members of the Institute, the greatest strangers to the world of fashion, from the solitude to which their scientific studies confined them, were all assembled in the Princess Dolgoroucky's little drawing room, except indeed those who happened to be acquainted with the hostess, whose situation was every moment becoming more uneasy from the increasing number of her singular visitors. This was, however, neither the place nor the occasion for the exhibition of those stately airs, which disconcert inferiors. The Princess had sense, and though incapable of understanding

the extraordinary situation in which she found herself, she perfectly understood that she was at home, and whatever might be the cause of this truly eccentric meeting, it was for her to prove that her humour was not always so disagreeable as was reported. The conversation, nevertheless, became more and more difficult to sustain. One of the learned visitors had raised a discussion respecting some ivory fossils which had been found, I know not where; and referred continually to the Princess, who was equally at a loss how to answer, or where to hide her head. At length a familiar face presented itself to her notice; her friend Millin was announced.

"So," said he to the Princess, kissing her hand with as much respect as if she had been the favorite Sultana; "so, it is by a singular accident only that I have heard of the scientific treasures and rare curiosities you have received from your northern estates! I, the most faithful, the most devoted of your servants! Oh, Princess, Princess!

She looked at him with amazement; at length obtained from him, rapidly, and in an under-tone an explanation of the whole mystery; and learnt that two days before, the most distinguished members of the Institute, the elect, in fact, from every section of the most abstracted and most learned, had each received an invitation in his own proper and private name, to dine with her. A note appended to the invitation informed him, moreover, that some most curious objects of natural history had been sent to her from her estates in Siberia,

and which she not only desired to submit to the examination of the most scientific men in France, but proposed to offer to their acceptance. Not another word was wanting to attract the attention of the whole learned body. The division of one of M. Demidoff's mines would not have tempted these minds devoted to science and learning; but the possibility of possessing a true moon-stone, the carcase, or even a rib of a fossil elephant, had drawn talent from its retreat. It had placed its wig straight upon its forehead, taken the black coat from its drawer, and bravely ventured forth to reconnoitre these supposed relics of the ancient world. M. de Lacépède had missed the single hour's sleep he allowed himself each day while engaged on one of his great works, in the hope of seeing some skin, or some delicate bone which he might recognise as the spoil of one of those superb serpents a hundred and eighty feet in length, which over-ran the world some twenty-five thousand years ago.

Millin had not seen these invitations, for the authors of the hoax had taken good care not to send them to the acquaintances of the Princess; but having met M. de Lalande at the Tuileries, had learnt from him, that there was to be a scientific meeting at the Princess Dolgoroucky's, together with its cause; he wondered much that he had been forgotten, but fortunately determined, nevertheless, to make one of the party.

The result of this explanation by M. Millin was, the discovery that the Princess had been

hoaxed, a matter of serious concern to one who thought so much of the observations which might be made upon her; but she parried it with all the shew of indifference she could assume, and followed the excellent advice of Millin, to retire for a week or two into the country. Her friends had more wit than to undertake the refutation of the story; one of the most ill-judged proceedings imaginable, unless supported by incontestable proofs. The learned men implicated in the transaction, when the true state of the case came to be whispered among them, sneaked one by one out of the house, and *restaurateurs* being by no means so numerous as at present, found some difficulty in procuring a dinner at six o'clock in the evening. Aware of the ridicule to which they were exposed, (and who so sensible to ridicule as such men?) they took care to be silent, and thus the matter dropped, forgotten in ten days as every thing is at Paris, unless supported by a prolonged disputation; and thus this adventure never gained much credit, was nearly unknown, and entirely failed to effect the purpose of its contrivers. After a while it was formally denied, but was perfectly true nevertheless.

"The dignity of science was somewhat compromised," said old Robert, who was as ready in conversation as at his easel, "this affair would have made a good subject for the pencil;" and, in fact, the interior of the drawing-room, with the perplexity of the hostess, and the dismayed countenances of her guests, when they found that

neither serpents, elephants, nor dinner were forthcoming, would have made a pleasant scene.

This Robert was an excellent old man; he had an affectionate friendship for me, which I cordially returned. He was a man of intelligence; had seen much, and retained much, and his judgment being good, his conversation was extremely attractive. It is he who was the hero of that adventure so famous in the annals of the French Academy at Rome, and which has furnished the text to M. Delille's fine poetical episode of the Catacombs. But how cold and colourless, how devoid of interest are those verses, in comparison of the rapid and animated narration I received from Robert's own lips, when at seventy-nine years of age, sitting by my fire-side, he related the peril he had run in studying the frescoes in the catacombs of St. Sebastian at Rome, from having lost the thread which guided him through the intricacies of these prodigious vaults. With what simple, yet glowing, because heartfelt eloquence, did this old man pourtray, the horrors of the youth of twenty creeping for two days in living agony, among the stones from which he had been copying, in search of a ball of thread! His remembrance of the mother he was to see no more, of his country, and of that glorious futurity of which the imagination of a youthful artist had dreamt, and before which a leaden curtain is falling! Then comes physical suffering with its overwhelming force; he is hungry, he is in pain, in torture!——But what words can paint the delirium of his joy, when by

accidentally dropping his hand upon a heap of bones, it meets his guardian ball! The words with which he described that moment could be used only by himself.

Soon after this adventure of the catacombs, he fell again, and by his own fault, into a danger equally imminent, but less known. He was one day in St. Peter's church, after the hour of prayer, alone, contemplating in the calmness of solitude, the thousand wonders of the christian giant. Suddenly he saw a cord descend from an opening in the cupola: a workman approached it, fastened to it a bucket full of water, and the cord was drawn up again. He perceived that they were mending the roof, and was seized with a desire to mount the cupola. "I was curious," said he, "to see what harm could have betided this colossus of modern architecture, which rearing its head into the air, seems to deride the ruined monuments which surround it, saying to them, '*I am eternal!*' Its pride seemed to me to be greatly abated. This cord, this bucket, this solitary workman, seemed so insignificant: I was no longer afraid of it, and I determined to go up to discover what was the matter."

He mounted accordingly; and having reached the giant's head, was at first seized with admiration at sight of the prospect which lay extended before him; a magnificent, but living panorama, illuminated by that sun to which no other can compare; enveloping all nature with that veil of topaz and opal, which floats only on the buildings,

the trees, the fields of Italy. Then looking round nearer to him, he saw some masons and tilers, repairing, as they sang, in their monotonous and nasal tones, some damage the roof had sustained. For the greater facility of bringing up the water they used, they had tied two long planks together, fixed them across the opening in the dome, and from them, by means of a cord and bucket, drew up the water; the two planks might be about two feet and a half in width, and the whole apparatus being intended only to support the bucket of water, no one concerned himself about its strength.

Eyes of twenty years see danger only to laugh at and brave it; it came into Robert's head that the appearance of St. Peter's, looking down upon it from above, must be very extraordinary; and the fancy soon became an ardent desire, that Robert felt compelled to satisfy, without considering with the smallest uneasiness, that the plank which he proposed to use as a bridge, crossed an aperture three hundred feet from the ground. He set first one foot upon it, then the other, and presently behold him on this frail pathway without the possibility of turning back.

When Robert related this history to me, at the moment of his launching upon this plank, where my imagination represented him suspended between the sky and that marble which seemed destined to break his head, I was seized with the vertigo that threatened him in his insane course; we gathered round him, listening eagerly to his words and following him step by step on his aerial bridge.

"Having reached about a third part across, I became desirous," said he, "of enjoying the spectacle I had set my mind upon, and cast my eyes downwards. Instantly a singing whizzed in my ears, a cloud first of blackness then of fire enveloped my head. Fortunately I had the presence of mind to close my eyes and stop. I cannot describe what I felt at this moment in hearing close to me the most execrable imprecations murmured in an under tone. It was by the workmen. I re-opened my eyes and determined to walk on, for I was convinced that if I remained another moment in my present situation I should die even without falling. I felt that my rescue depended upon myself, that my strength of mind and it only could save me." He advanced with a firm step along this narrow plank, at the extremity of which he might recover a life at present so uncertain, when he felt it crack under his feet! he was now in the middle of the plank, and the weight of his body so much exceeding that of the small bucket of water, seemed necessarily about to break it down and precipitate him to the marble floor. A young man looking on with affright, heard the crash, and exclaimed, "The plank is rotten, the poor fellow must———." He did not finish the sentence, for the master mason laid his hand upon his mouth and pressed it so violently that the blood flowed from it. Meanwhile Robert proceeded, and at length stepped upon a solid footing. He looked behind him, saw the plank, the gulf, the death he had escaped, and throwing himself upon his knees returned thanks to God.

"Oh! my friends," said he to the workmen, "how fortunate I have been." But instead of sympathizing in his joy the workmen laid hold of him and beat him so violently that he cried out for help.

"You provoking Frenchman, rascal, torment," bawled out the masons in chorus. "You have frightened us out of our senses," and the blows continuing to pour upon his back, Robert thought he should go mad. "Will you leave me alone?" cried he half laughing and half angry.

"Ouf," said the master mason, "I can scarcely breathe yet!"

"And why," said Robert, have you made that poor child's mouth in such a condition?"

"By St. Peter! would you have had me let him cry on till he had made you lose what little reason you had left?"

Robert took the mason's hand and pressed it with real and cordial friendship; this rough frankness, expressing such strong interest, however strange the mode of testifying it, went straight to the heart, and affected it perhaps more deeply than the most ceremonious expressions of interest uttered by a man of the world. Robert saw this man frequently during his stay at Rome, and painted two pictures for him, one of which was a sketch of this event, and I believe has been engraved, but I am not sure.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lessons of elocution—Mysterious visit—Ride to Issy—Mademoiselle Clairon's house—A waiting maid's costume—Mademoiselle Clairon at eighty years of age—Extraordinary dress—The bust of Voltaire—The monologue of Electra—Mademoiselle Clairon and Talma—The Queen of Babylon without bread—M. de Staël—Mademoiselle Clairon relieved by the government—She does justice to Mademoiselle Mars—Nightly sound of a pistol shot.

I HAD performed in comedy with my young friends before my marriage, and not only had the study of poetical literature formed a part of my drawing-room education, but I had also been taught to speak it. I had been taught elocution by M. Laurent and had even had some lessons from Larive, when we occasionally met him at St. Mandé, at the house of a friend to whom he was related. But I had also had a very different mistress, if I may apply the term to advice given on the subject of declamation to a young girl not destined for the theatre.

M. Brunetière, of whom I have often spoken, who was my guardian and fulfilled to the utmost of his power the duties of the office, frequently took me into the country in his cabriolet when my

fatiguing watchings in 1798 and 1799 were visibly injuring my health. We were not absent on these occasions more than an hour or two, yet even this time my mother thought long; and so did I, because I could not be easy unless I was beside her to see that none of the thousand and one fancies which as soon as formed became necessary to her comfort, were uncomplied with.

M. Brunetière one day said to me, "I am going to take you to visit a very celebrated person; but I shall not tell you her name, you must guess it." Then inclining towards my mother he said some words to her in a whisper, adding aloud, "Will you give me leave to take her?"

"Most certainly I will, and gladly;" she replied, and added, "Loulou, look at her, examine her closely, and tell me what impression the person you are going to see makes upon you."

We set off about noon, on a lovely day of spring, to take, as M. Brunetière called it, "A bath of air to refresh," said he, "that face of fifteen which is as pale as the one I am going to show you." And in truth I felt as we passed through the Bois de Boulogne and a part of the Park of St. Cloud, that joy which the breezes of spring never fail to inspire after a tedious confinement in close air. We entered the village of Sèvres, and turning to the left reached Issy, which was to be the term of our journey.

We stopped before what had been a handsome house, but the delapidated and neglected appearance of which greatly surprised me. I could not

conceive how an aged woman could take up her lodging in a house which looked so desolate. The servant rang a long time without receiving any answer, except from seven or eight dogs, who performed counter-tenor, bass, and bass-tenor, in chorus, under the leading of a great mastiff in the court-yard, who acquitted himself admirably in his office of guard, barking according to order. An old woman at length appeared to let us in. The extraordinary style of her dress arrested my whole attention; it was so strange a mixture of old-fashioned French, with the Greek and Roman costume, that all the laws of politeness could scarcely restrain me from laughing at the old *femme-de-chambre.* (Her apron trimmed with festooned muslin, and ornamented with ribbon at the pockets, announced her quality of waiting-maid.) On recognising M. de Brunetière, she uttered an exclamation of joy; "You are come at last! Oh! how pleased Mademoiselle will be! And Mademoiselle Alexandrina too, I suppose? How much she is like you! Dear young lady, you have a worthy papa. And to think that we we have no fruit to offer the dear child!"

During the monologue of *la Cléantis,* M. Brunetière assisted me to alight from the cabriolet, and we crossed a small court, amid the clamorous yelpings of the dogs, whom the old woman beat with a switch, and M. de Brunetière sent heartily to all the devils.

At length we reached the apartment of the mistress, who proved to be a very old lady, notwith-

standing the title of Mademoiselle given her by her servant. She had been a fine figure in her youth, and age had not yet robbed her of a particle of height; her hair, white, but unpowdered, was drawn up behind in the Grecian style, and formed in front a toupet, which shewed a still noble forehead, and a brow corresponding to all the expressions of an eye, calm, but animated. The costume of this lady, whose air imposed respect at first sight, was as extraordinary as that of her *femme-de-chambre*. She wore a sort of muslin mantle, which did not depend as mantles usually do from the shoulders, but was folded round her in the form of antique drapery. A robe below it was shorter than the mantle; both were white and bordered with garlands of laurels. This lady, at once singular and attractive, was seated in a large arm chair, well lined with pillows, with a bear-skin under her feet, and a table covered with books, before her. A bust of Voltaire of great beauty stood upon it, as did a portrait of Lekain; many other busts and portraits were hung round the room or attached by brackets to the walls, which were barely covered by paper, dropping to pieces from the effects of damp. The desolation of the house seemed even more striking in this room, surrounding with its misery an aged female, who had evidently been accustomed to the indulgencies of affluence.

On seeing M. Brunetière, far from expressing the joy her maid had promised, she bent her brow, compressed her lips in a manner I have

never seen in any other person, and exclaimed: "Ah! Ah! Monsieur, here you are then, at last! and where is your ambassador that he is not come also? He should judge from himself of the condition of the asylum which is left to Electra, to Semiramis." So saying, she raised her arm in a theatrical manner, pointing towards a part of the cieling, through which the water was falling into the parlour, though it was on the ground floor. "So!" she continued with an accent impossible to describe, "M. the Baron de Staël still fails in his word, his plighted oath! And why, Sir, why do not you, who know what his engagements to me are, oblige him to fulfil them, for in fact, Sir, it even rains into my room."

I looked at and listened attentively to this woman, as singular in her speech as in her costume, yet experienced no inclination to laugh, nor the smallest idea of ridiculing her. I even felt much pain in hearing her complaints of ill-usage. M. Brunetière, who was no way to blame in the affair, approached her, kissed her hand with an air of respect which seemed to soften her, and presenting me to her by name said:

"Her mother is a Comnena."

The old lady endeavoured to stand up, but could not.

"Mademoiselle," said she, "I knew your father and your uncle well; they both did me the honor of visiting me. I am rejoiced to see you. Permit me ——"

And taking my hand, she kissed my forehead,

with a solemnity which made M. Brunetière smile. I was dying with impatience to know the name of this remarkable person, who, surrounded by evidences of poverty, and herself giving the idea of the ruin of a superior nature, inspired me with an indefinable species of respect. My guardian at length took pity upon me.

"You see that Mademoiselle Clairon is surrounded by objects worthy of herself and her glorious recollections," said he, pointing to the busts of Voltaire and Lekain.

But my eye did not follow the direction of his hand; it fixed immediately upon the person whose name I had just learnt. Mademoiselle Clairon! so famous, so admirable in the parts of Electra, Aménaïde, Idamé, Semiramis! the woman sung by Voltaire, praised by all Europe; there I saw her, almost eighty years of age, in a state bordering on destitution, and apparently accusing, as the author of her misfortunes, a man whose name should have been a guarantee that talent in distress would have found protection from him. I looked at her, and my eye probably expressed a part of my thoughts; for taking my hand with that of hers which she was able to use, (the other was paralytic) she said to me,

"Yes, my dear young lady, it is Clairon that you see. I am the woman whom Voltaire thanked for the success of his pieces; I am the woman whom all Europe has come to hear pronounce the fine verses of that immortal genius." And she bowed to the bust of Voltaire. "My

country," she added, with a bitter smile, "has been grateful and liberal in praises, and has given me many crowns." Again she directed her hand towards the bust of Voltaire, and I observed, for the first time, that it was surrounded by emblematic crowns, numerous papers, and a thousand other trifles, all of which Mademoiselle Clairon had probably received during her long theatrical career. "I have offered to him," said the actress, "all the fruits of my success; it is to the master that the pupil owes all her credit." And elevating herself in her seat with theatrical dignity, she rehearsed an Ode, addressed by Voltaire to herself, in which, far from recognising Mademoiselle Clairon's observations, he thanked her for the success of his works. "But he did not believe a word of all that;" she said, with a smile of intelligence, "and he was right." She possessed, nevertheless, a degree of vanity, of which it is difficult to form an idea.

My guardian seeing how much Mademoiselle Clairon interested me, begged her to recite some passages from one of her favourite parts: she considered for a moment, and then commenced the fine monologue of Electra, which she went through with admirable talent. I know not whether at this day we should consider her performance so perfect, but I was delighted, and promised myself many visits to Issy with my guardian. She was fond of conversation and supported it with grace; her language was chaste, and she professed a profound contempt for all innovations

upon the ancient manners. She told us that there was a good little man named Talma, who had the audacity to give himself out for her pupil. "I know not how he performs," said she, "but that is of no consequence to me. I have sent a message to that miserable successor of Freron, who leaves neither the living nor the dead in peace, desiring him to put into his papers, that I never gave lessons to M. Talma."

"But he has great talent," said I, timidly, for I was overpowered by her royal air.

"Oh! I do not contest that;" said she, politely, but in that tone of voice which expresses—I pay no attention to your opinion.

"I know that she afterwards heard Talma, and was enraptured with his performance; also that she gave him some advice which he profited by.

In taking leave of Mademoiselle Clairon, I begged permission to visit her again, which she granted with the utmost graciousness; adding, "Make my most profound respects to your mother.—I had the honour of seeing her when she first came to Paris in her Greek dress: she was a star of beauty!"

M. Brunetière at parting, approached Mademoiselle Clairon, and put into her hands a rouleau; at the same time saying something to her very low, to which she answered aloud:—

"This comes in good time, for the baker would no longer furnish bread to the Queen of Babylon. But you are a worthy man. Mademoiselle,"—

and she addressed herself to me shewing me the rouleau M. Brunetière had just given her: "do you see this money; your guardian gives it out of his own purse, that poor Clairon may not die of hunger. He gives it for that man without principle, that ambassador, that husband of a celebrated woman, for M. the Baron de Staël, who suffers the water of the sky to find its way into my poor habitation."

M. de Staël had purchased an estate of Mademoiselle Clairon; the deeds stipulated that the house in which she resided at Issy, should be kept in repair at his expense. Not one of the clauses were ever executed. M. Brunetière, though an excellent man of business, could not draw blood from a stone. Madame de Staël, his wife, who had but little regard for him, could not pay his debts, however just; and in the midst of these pretensions and refusals Mademoiselle Clairon was dying with hunger. On our way home my guardian, who was M. de Staël's counsellor and friend, related to me this transaction between him and the great actress, but added—"I beg you, my child, not to repeat what you have heard today: Mademoiselle Clairon is unhappy, and as poverty sours the disposition, she is unjust towards M. de Staël.

"But he does not pay her," said I, "since you are the guardian angel who saves her from perishing with hunger. How is it that your friend Gohier does not rescue her from this state of distress?"

The government is too poor. But do you speak to Lucien upon the subject: young lips may, with much grace, beg bread for such a woman as Mademoiselle Clairon; M. de Staël cannot pay her, and I have heavy charges upon me. I spoke to my brother-in-law upon the subject. Mademoiselle Clairon received material assistance from Lucien, but it was not till the ministry of Chaptal that she was effectually relieved from want. In a collection of autographs of celebrated persons, two curious pieces on this subject are preserved; the one, in some very energetic words of Mademoiselle Clairon's, requests bread from the Minister of the Interior; the other has the two equally expressive lines which follow:

"Good for two thousand francs payable at sight to Mademoiselle Clairon.

"CHAPTAL."

I saw her occasionally. She was fond of me, but Talma and Mademoiselle Mars caused perpetual disputes between us. I was angry, because, as she did not see their performance she could not appreciate all the talent of these two beings endowed from above with dramatic genius. Talma might be criticised but Mademoiselle Mars was even then a diamond of the first water, without spot or defect. At length, I was one day much surprised to find my old friend quite softened towards my favorite actress; and never could attribute the sudden change to any other cause than

her having seen Mademoiselle Mars in one of her characters; she did not admit it, but I am almost certain of the fact. I had spoken so much of her that it was scarcely possible she should not wish to see her to judge for herself. In the Pupil, Mademoiselle Mars, in the simple action of letting fall a nosegay, unveils at once the secret of a young heart. This fact so striking to the feelings is, at the same time, one which would not be described, and yet Mademoiselle Clairon spoke to me of this action as if she had seen it; nor do I think that she would have imbibed from any other source opinions sufficiently strong to overcome her prejudices, though I know that an old M. Antoine, a friend of Lekain, gave her frequent accounts of all that passed at the Comédie Française. I have, however, no doubt that she had been carried thither herself in a sedan chair, and had seen and admired our charming actress. I have often seen Mademoiselle Mars off the stage, since that time, but I do not remember to have ever mentioned the circumstance to her—she could not but have been flattered by it.

It is well known that Mademoiselle Clairon was the cause, the innocent cause it is said, of the suicide of a man, who killed himself by a pistol shot. Ever afterwards, she heard that shot every night at one o'clock, whether asleep or at a ball, on a journey or at an inn—it was the same thing; it overpowered the music of a fête,—it awoke her from repose,—and it resounded equally in the court of a posthouse or of a palace. I

cannot answer for it that there was no exaggeration in all this; but she who usually spoke in an exalted strain, here laid aside all pretension, all that could give any suspicion of seeking to produce effect. Albert, who believed in magnetism wished, after hearing Mademoiselle Clairon's relation, to demonstrate to me that the thing was possible. I laughed, then..... Alas! since that time, I have, myself, had a terrible lesson to cure me of incredulity.

CHAPTER IX.

Napoleon's smile—His account of the action at Algeziras and Admiral Linois—His joy at the success of the French fleet—The humiliation of England his most anxious desire—Activity in the ports of the Channel—The Flotilla of Boulogne—Brunet's jest upon the *péniches*—He learns discretion—Inundation of pamphlets—Frequent disputes between Fouché and the First Consul—M. de Lucchesini—A dinner and diplomatic imprudence—Madame de Lucchesini—Probable authors of the pamphlets—The public baths of Paris—The mysterious packet—A fortnight of the great Alcander—Bonaparte and Bussy de Rabutin—Relation of my adventure to Junot—False conjectures and my mother suspected—Pamphlets burnt by her—Letters and more pamphlets from my brother—My brother's letter presented to Napoleon—Dramatic scene in the First Consul's cabinet—Remembrance of a wound—Bonaparte reckons up his true friends—His lively interest in my mother's illness—An anecdote of the army in Italy.

Those who were much about the person of Napoleon, can never forget the splendour which was shed over his features when he smiled; his eyes then became truly fine, their expression softened: and if the sentiment which produced the smile had any thing truly noble in it, its effect was infinitely heightened; it was then that his

countenance became something more than that of man.

Well do I remember one of those fugacious but sublime moments, when the combat of Algeziras roused the emotions of his great soul: his countenance as he recounted the circumstances of this action, and dwelt complacently upon his words became truly interesting. The admirable valour of Rear Admiral Linois excited the sympathetic love of glory in Napoleon, and more especially when it caused the triumph of our flag over that of the Leopard. Admiral Linois with two ships of the line and of eighty guns, one of sixty-four, and a frigate of forty, fought Sir James Saumarez, who commanded two ships of eighty guns, four of sixty-four, two frigates of thirty-six guns, and a lugger, in the bay of Gibraltar, before Algeziras, and took one of his sixty-fours, called the Hannibal.* All the glory of this fine action belonged to Admiral Linois, for he received very slight assistance from the Spanish land batteries. This success was followed by another equally brilliant, Captain Troude who commanded the Formidable, one of Admiral Linois' two eighty gun ships, was separated from

* This is true, and occurred on the 6th of April, 1801, owing entirely to the fire of the Spanish batteries, but the French authoress omits to state the castigation which Sir James Saumarez inflicted on the 13th of the same month in this same bay of Algeziras, on this squadron of Admiral Linois, together with the reinforcement of five Spanish, and one French ship of the line, three frigates and an incredible number of smaller vessels which had joined him.—*Translator's Note.*

the squadron a few days afterwards, and fell in with Sir James Saumarez and his three sixty-fours, to which he gave battle, and compelled Sir James to abandon one of them.

These facts Napoleon related; but it is impossible to describe the expression of his countenance while, with humid eyes, he invoked blessings on Rear Admiral Linois for having attached a gleam of glory to our fleet. Naval victories were rare at that time, and the First Consul took the most lively interest in this; I can affirm it, because I saw it. I saw it when he was only chief of the government, not yet even Consul for life! much less Emperor! But he was General Bonaparte, the conqueror of Arcola, of Lodi, of Marengo, the true patriot. He loved his country then, and he always loved it! But at that time, happy in being the first of persons, he wished for no other title.

The Rear Admiral received the only recompense which then made the heart of a Frenchman beat; a sword of honour. But his grateful country multiplied that recompense a thousand-fold, in the praises she still bestows on him who gained a triumph for our flag.

Since the treaty of Luneville, Napoleon had resumed in all their activity, his views of an invasion of England. He had laid them aside to give his whole attention to more important affairs; but since the nearly entire pacification of the continent had become certain, and England appeared to be the sole impediment to a universal peace, the First Consul loudly said that he would at-

tempt every thing to compel her to treat with the French republic. From this period may be dated the true origin of the hatred which existed between the First Consul and the English government, I say government, because I do not confound the English nation with the cabinet of St. James. England, perhaps more than any other nation, can boast of noble minds, and ardent spirits, men of great talents, soaring genius, and bold conceptions. They appreciated the great man, and their homage was sufficient.

All who had an opportunity of closely studying the character of Napoleon, knew that the predominating desire of his mind was the humiliation of England. It was his constant object, and during the fourteen years of his power, when I was always able to observe his actions and their motives, I knew his immutable will to be firmly fixed upon affording to France the glory of conquering a rival who never engaged upon equal terms; and all his measures had reference to the same end.

Boulogne was designated from the year 1801, as the chief station of the enterprise against England. The greatest activity suddenly prevailed in all the ports of the channel; camps were formed on the coast, divisions of light vessels were organised, and multitudes were built. The flotilla, as it was called, created with the greatest show of exertion, and all the apparatus of preparation, spread, as was intended, trouble and alarm on the opposite shore. The Boulogne flotilla was composed of extremely light boats, so small, that at

Paris, where every thing forms the subject of a jest, they were called walnut shells. Brunet, who at this time was a truly comic actor, performing in some piece or other which I do not remember, was eating walnuts; the shells of which after a little preparation, he launched upon some water in a tub by his side. "What are you doing," said his fellow-actor; "making *des péniches;*" replied Brunet. This was the name by which the flat-bottomed boats of the flotilla were known at Paris.

But poor Brunet was made to atone by twenty-four hours imprisonment for his unseasonable joke on the government; and the day after his release, the same piece was performed. When Brunet should have made the interdicted reply, he was silent. The other actor repeated the inquiry as to what he was doing? Still Brunet made no answer, and the other with an air of impatience proceeded, "Perhaps, you do not know what you are about?"

"Oh, yes!" said Brunet, "I know very well what I am about, but I know better than to tell."

The laugh was general, and so were the applauses; and in truth, nothing could be more droll than the manner in which this was uttered; Brunet's countenance in saying it, was of itself sufficient to provoke universal hilarity.

A very curious incident occurred to me about this time, which belongs to a circumstance of striking colouring in the character of the period. This was the immense number of libellous pam-

phlets which were current in the second year of the consulate, and which were especially aimed at the First Consul and his family. Bonaparte at last became violently provoked with Fouché upon the subject; and his displeasure burst out in several curious scenes, the more annoying to the minister, because they did not occur privately between himself and the First Consul, but before fifteen or twenty persons; so that I was myself present at two of them, one at Malmaison, and the other at the Tuileries.

These pamphlets Bonaparte greatly suspected to proceed from the foreigners in Paris, and even from the diplomatic body, that of Prussia especially; for the obsequious bows and language of the Marquis de Lucchesini, who brought to Paris a character perfectly calculated to displease the head of the government, were very much at variance with the opinions he used to inculcate. The revolution with him was inseparable from the horrors of 1793; he would admit none of the benefits which these misfortunes had procured for us, and held liberal principles of all kinds in the most supreme contempt. He had much sense and wit, and could be agreeable when he pleased, notwithstanding a very ugly face. I never liked, however, his measured phrases, always subjected to the forms of a cold politeness and his eternal smile, ironical, without being pleasing, and I always thought his excess of cunning anything but sagacious.

We met him one day at dinner at the house of

Madame Divoff, a Russian lady, established at Paris, and wholly French in her feelings. He was in one of those moods of frankness, which, except they are intended to serve a particular purpose, are not, I think, quite adviseable in a diplomatist. Junot who was always open and unsuspecting in his conversation, entered into much disputation with him upon some very singular questions; the concordat for example, in which strangely enough M. de Lucchesini was the defender of the First Consul's proceedings, against the objections of Junot; and the nomination of the King of Etruria, of which also the ambassador approved, and which the republican principles of Junot looked upon as the first blow to our liberties. Though perfectly sober, M. de Lucchesini certainly in this debate, exceeded the limits of his instructions; and Junot said much which would have been more suitably confined to his own closet than uttered at the table of a stranger amongst a mixed company. It was, however, a singular spectacle to see the dispute between these two parties so oddly supported; the one the adorer of Bonaparte, blaming his desire to reign; the other his enemy rejoicing to see him take up sceptres and crowns as playthings; seeming already to foresee the embarrassments they would occasion, and hoping they might ultimately prove the rock on which his power would be wrecked.

The First Consul heard all the particulars of this conversation the following day; but it was not till some months after, that Junot learnt that

his General had been dissatisfied with the dinner and the discussion; Napoleon did not like to be blamed by a friend, any more than by other people, and this dinner was not without its consequences.

These pamphlets which inundated us with their venom, were supposed to be chiefly digested by persons attached to the northern embassies, and Madame Lucchesini was even said to be active in superintending them. She was not present at the dinner I have spoken of above, or her husband would have received a hint to be more prudent, for she had quite sense enough to understand that his ambassadorial functions were not in keeping with such unreserved discourse. She was, however, very ridiculous, affecting at forty-five, the airs of a coy maiden of sixteen; speaking like a child, and professing incapacity to pronounce the letter *r*, unless, indeed, when she forgot herself.

I think myself, that the First Consul was rather unjust in laying the dissemination of these pamphlets so much to the account of the recognised representatives of the northern courts. The two Counts Cobentzel were incapable of such treachery; and if M. de Lucchesini, and M. de Markoff, could have sanctioned it, it must have been unknown to their governments. The Emperor Alexander, whose young heart beat with the chivalrous honour peculiar to the morning of life, did not, it is true, love Napoleon in 1802, but he already began to feel, notwithstanding the storm

which rose soon after, a portion of that admiration on which the friendship of the Niemen was founded; and the soul which admires greatness, is incapable of a base action. I am disposed to believe that those scandalous libels and personal invectives, were the productions of many uncredentialed strangers, who came amongst us for the double purpose of sowing discord and seeking pleasure. The First Consul was never able to develope the whole mystery of this iniquitous manœuvre. Two hundred specimens of these atrocious writings were seized in the boudoir of a young and pretty woman; in a perfumed and ornamented retreat, which should have harboured only romances, flowers, and billets-doux. The First Consul laughed when this fact was reported to him, but it was with a laugh of bitterness.

In relating the occurrence which connected me with these detestable pamphlets, I must observe, that elegance had not then reached its present pitch amongst us, especially in the interior arrangement of our houses. A private bath was a luxury which appertained to very few; but the deficiency in this respect was in a great degree remedied by the perfect convenience offered to the public by the baths of Tivoli, of Albert, and of Vigier, which were frequented by ladies of the first distinction. I was in the habit of using Albert's; and was one day in the bath, when the young woman who usually attended me, gave to my maid a large packet directed to Madame Junot the younger. It was brought, she said, by a very re-

spectable man dressed in black and advanced in years, but of whom I knew no more, by her description, than of a Chinese mandarin. On opening it a multitude of little sheets of note paper flew about, which on inspection proved to be covered over the four sides with very small and fine writing in a perfectly legible hand; the whole of them copies of three different pamphlets, and a few of one number of a Royalist Journal, which Fouché's active police having suppressed in print was now disseminated in written copies to the amount of several hundred. One of the pamphlets was particularly scandalous, and was entitled a fortnight of the great Alcander. It appeared every fortnight, professing to give a journal of the First Consul's proceedings, and was filled with such stupid absurdities that it was neither a subject for laughter nor anger, but very fit to excite disgust at such turpitude. The First Consul was preposterously accused of lavishing extravagant sums on his mistresses; and poor Bellilotte was attacked with a rancour which she certainly did not deserve. The first time Napoleon heard of this scandalous journal, he paid little attention to it, except to inquire what was meant by the Great Alcander. When he was informed that it was Louis XIV he became seriously angry. "To Louis XIV," he exclaimed: "Ah! those people know very little of me to compare me to him: to Louis XIV!" Then taking up the libel again, he continued reading, occasionally striking the floor

with his foot, and exclaiming, "Louis XIV, to be sure!"

He would have an explanation of how and when the great King, who was not great, obtained the title of the Great Alcander. He had never read the works of Bussy de Rabutin, he asked for them, looked them through in one night, and detested them. "Your Count of Bussy-Babutin," said he to Junot, the next morning at breakfast, "was a bad man." The specialty of the pronoun referred to the circumstance of Junot's having been born in the village of which Bussy-Rabutin had been Lord, and where his mansion still stood in very good condition.

But to return to my packet; I examined all these innumerable little sheets to find some note, or notice by which I might imagine to whom I was indebted for so singular a present; but in vain, they were but endless reduplications of the same three pamphlets and the Royalist Journal. One only index could I gather, and that so very slight that I dared not affix much importance to it, or even speak of it; it was a perfume of a very particular fragrance.

Before I left the bath I closely questioned the girl who had taken in the packet, but with no effect; she evidently knew nothing of the person who delivered it; and I was obliged to return, wondering who could be so absurd as to place in the hands of a young woman so giddy as I was, a collection of papers which might compro-

mise so many people. Who could have so strange an idea of my situation as to choose me, the wife of General Junot, the most devoted of the First Consul's friends, to be the depositary of libels against him, and against his sisters, one of whom was my particular and beloved friend. For a moment I thought of going to my mother for advice, but my good angel made me prefer applying to Junot, which I did without loss of time.

I found him on the point of setting out for the Tuileries to receive the order of the day as he regularly did at twelve o'clock, whenever the First Consul was at Paris. I related my adventure to him; and he seemed surprised like myself; but he had much more experience of the world than I had, and immediately imbibed suspicions, which directed his researches, and led him to the belief, afterwards confirmed, that this singular expedient was adopted to injure him.

"But why," said I, "did they take this packet to the baths? you see it must be a mistake."

"That is precisely the circumstance which convinces me that there is no mistake in the case. The man, the gentleman as you call him, who delivered this packet, had no inclination to meet a face which would not have been so convenient as the servant of the baths. There, he has left no trace; here, it would have been quite another thing; he might have fallen in with me at the door; for the same reason he did not go to your mother's."

"Then it is really true, that these venomous papers were intended for me;" said I weeping. "But why was I chosen? I could but do two things with them: either throw them into the fire, or distribute them. The writers could hardly be so absurd as to intend the one, or expect the other. All this puzzles me. The First Consul pretends that my drawing-room and my mother's are full of his enemies; a fine disturbance it would create if he should learn that I have here a whole edition of libels against him. I can hear him now! He would say directly, that the authors knew very well who they were applying to! or else; "They certainly came from your mother."

Alas! my poor mother was then very ill; and was thinking upon very different and much higher subjects. Junot, however, did not hear me lightly, he was struck by the words: "They came from your mother." He embraced me. Took up all the papers in the envelope and set out for the Tuileries. As soon as the order was given he requested an audience of the First Consul; and presenting the papers, related their history with perfect simplicity. As I had foreseen, Napoleon's first words were an accusation against my mother and myself.

"It is impossible," said he, to Junot, "that these papers should have been sent to your wife, without the knowledge that they would be well received, if only for the sake of amusing her mother."

Junot made no answer; he knew the First

Consul's prejudice, or rather mistake, respecting my mother; and he wished to convince him that neither she nor I could be in any way interested in the disagreeable affair; but he could not without proofs. He hoped to obtain some clue to the affair by means of one Fouillon, who was known to him as the editor of these pamphlets; he also had cognizance of several other persons, who were concerned in this base proceeding; and he set to work in earnest to find out the motive which led them to choose for their agent, a young woman much more disposed to laugh and dance than to read newspapers, still less libels.

Junot had good sense, a rapid and acute judgment; his *coup-d'œil* was prompt, and his reasoning almost always right, notwithstanding his hastiness and vehemence. The maid of the baths was sent for, but her renewed examination threw no light on the subject: she knew only that the packet was directed to me; in this there could be neither equivocation nor mistake; and further, that the old gentleman had desired her to deliver it to Madame Junot.

"Perhaps, my sister-in-law," said I.

Junot shrugged his shoulders; in fact, that could not be; but the choice they had made of me for a political agent appeared so eccentric, that I imagined every thing rather than the possibility that I was upon the scene, in my own individual capacity. Junot seeing me affected to melancholy, if not indisposition, resolved to consult my mother that she might scold me. But what was his

astonishment when she immediately said, "I have received just such a packet as Laurette's, my dear son."

"Let me see it then, dear mamma," cried Junot, "let me compare the envelope with ours."

"The packet!" answered my mother, "do you really believe then that I should keep such low trash; conceptions fit only for the perusal of chambermaids? Truly, not I!"

"Then, what have you done with them?"

"Burnt them all. When M. de Bois-Cressy, after unsealing the packet, had read some of the horrors it contained, I did not choose that my table should any longer be stained by contact with such vile productions. I told him to put them all into the fire; at first, he was not disposed to do so, because he preferred reading them all. A hundred newspapers a day, as you know, would not satisfy his ravenous appetite for politics; but this abominable packet contained no newspapers, and the whole was committed to the flames."

Junot kissed my mother's two little hands, saying—"How I love you, dear mamma, for being so good!"

My mother looked at him with a sweet smile.

"It is not on your own account that you thank me, my son," said she, "but on Bonaparte's. Why should you be surprised that I should destroy attacks upon his reputation, and especially such as are absolutely false, as the little I saw of those libels, was? If you think I cherish an unjust aversion to General Bonaparte you are

very much mistaken. I do not entertain for him that admiration which transports you into regions where no one can follow, not even himself; but I consider him great, and even good, only his own interests lead him to forget or neglect those of others. Why should I not excuse that? It is the common failing of mankind. Well, he is as good as other men, but do not come to tell me that he is more than man."

This had always been my mother's manner of speaking of General Bonaparte since my marriage. Junot returned home thoughtful, but rejoiced to be able to relate to the First Consul my mother's war against the pamphlets. He wished to see me before going to the Tuileries, where he expected to find the First Consul in Madame Bonaparte's apartments, as he spent every evening there, when neither of them went into public. He repeated the anecdote to me and I shared his surprise. I thought the affair more and more strange, but we had not yet come to the end of it. While we continued discussing the point the evening slipt away, so that Junot could not go to the Tuileries. The next day was devoted to a parade, so that he was again obliged to postpone his interview with the First Consul.

The evening of this day a courier arrived from Marseilles, where my brother was stationed as one of the three Commissaries General of the police of the republic. The courier brought us a letter from my brother with another packet of the same lucky, or unlucky, pamphlets and jour-

nals: the whole written by the hand, but by way of variety some of these were in the *provençal* dialect, worthy the days of the good King Réné. My brother had also received his packet, but with the difference I have noticed, and also with that of professing to come from my mother who, however, acts through my agency; only they had the prudence to make me say—" You will easily understand why I do not write to you myself." My brother, on whose good nature they had relied rather too much, never suspecting me as the giver of this present, at first, took it for a hoax. Albert had never participated in my mother's resentment which he thought unjust, but was devotedly attached to the First Consul. I thought as he did, and without blaming my mother, whom we adored and respected, we did not exactly think with her respecting Napoleon. But Albert knew my mother's noble heart, and was perfectly sure that she would not join in giving publicity to such a tissue of vile abuse; and my name introduced into the affair was, of itself, sufficient to convince him that it was all a deception. He accordingly sent for one of the police officers, whom he could most securely trust, and charged him to make all possible researches at Marseilles to discover who had transcribed the pamphlets, and who had delivered them. And judging that my mother and myself might be compromised in this mysterious business, his affection induced him, without loss of time, to send a courier to Junot with the whole atrocious baggage of pamphlets, journals, and letters, from

me, not written by me. Junot read Albert's letter, and leaped for joy at the thought of his triumph.

"I should not sleep to-night," said he, "if I did not see the First Consul; and it is not yet too late to ask for a moment's audience; besides the whole affair is not a little complicated, and the First Consul must read Albert's letter."

I approved his intention, and though it was near eleven o'clock, he proceeded to the Tuileries. The First Consul fatigued with the review of the morning, was just going to bed, but Junot was admitted at once. Napoleon made a remark upon the air of hilarity which his countenance exhibited; and Junot without answering put my brother's letter before him. He read it rapidly, and seemed much struck by it, for he directly read it again; laid it upon the table, walked some time about the room, then took the letter up, and ran through it again; rubbing his forehead: at last he suddenly stopped before Junot and said; "Can you give me your word of honor that your mother-in-law is not concerned in all this?"

"My mother-in-law!" exclaimed Junot, and he related to the First Consul the history of the burnt papers. As he spoke, Napoleon became by degrees more attentive; then began to walk rapidly up and down the room, and at last assumed an angry frown. Junot could not understand it.

"If Madame Permon's opinion was not so well known," said he with bitterness, "she would not have such presents made her. See if such have

been sent to Madame Gheneuc, or to the mother-in-law of any of my other Generals. Madame Permon dislikes me—this is known, and is the groundwork of the whole proceeding. People, who detest me, meet in her drawing-room. People, who before my return from Egypt, were prisoners in the Temple for their opinions. These are her friends. And you, great blockhead! you make them your friends also.... you make friends of my enemies!"

Junot looked stupified, staring at the First Consul. He make friends of his General's enemies! He thought it all a dream.

"Of whom are you speaking, my General?" said he, at length.

"Of M. d'Orsay, to be sure—he whom they call the handsome d'Orsay. Was he not on the point of being shot for a conspirator; and was he not sent to the Temple? Fouché told me, the other day, that he was a dangerous man."

Junot smiled bitterly. "My General, you have given me to understand in two syllables to whom I am indebted for all this, and I shall know how to thank him. I shall begin by saying that citizen Fouché has told you a falsehood, in asserting that Albert d'Orsay was a dangerous man and a conspirator. He is the most loyal and honest man living; full of honor, and if in returning to France he has given his word to be faithful to the established government, he will keep it. I should have thought, my General, that as Fouché gave him the title of my friend, you would have held

him worthy of your esteem as a man of honor ; for I could not give my friendship to any one who was not. But, my General, you should never have believed that an enemy of yours could be my friend."

And Junot passed his hand over his forehead which was dripping. Napoleon knew him too well not to be conscious how much he suffered. He approached him and pressed his hand affectionately. Junot was suffocating.

"Come! don't be childish. I tell you I am not speaking of you, my faithful friend. Have you not proved your attachment when I was in fetters? would you not have followed me to prison?'

"I should have followed you to the scaffold!" cried Junot, striking his fist upon the table with such force as to make every thing on it leap to the ground. Napoleon laughed.

"Well! don't you see then, that it is impossible for me to say any thing that should go to your heart, and hurt you, Monsieur Junot." And he pulled his ears, his nose, and his hair. Junot drew back.

"Ah! I have hurt you," said Napoleon, approaching him, and resting his little white hand upon Junot's light hair, caressing him, as if he meant to pacify a child; "Junot," he continued, "do you remember being at the Serbelloni Palace at Milan, when you had just received a wound,—just here,—at this place." And the little white hand gently touched the large cita-

trice. "I pulled away your hair, and withdrew my hand full of your blood...." The First Consul turned pale at the recollection. And it is a remarkable circumstance that Napoleon spoke to me not less than ten times in the course of his reign, of this incident at Milan, and never without starting and turning pale at the recollection of his blood-stained hand. "Yes," he continued with a movement as if to repress a shudder; "Yes, I confess, at that moment I felt that there is a weakness inherent in human nature, which is only more exquisitely developed in the female constitution. I then understood that it was possible to faint. I have not forgotten that moment, my friend;—I have laid it by in a safe place for remembrance—and the name of Junot can never be mingled in my mind with even the appearance of perfidy. Your head is too hot—too heedless, —but you are a loyal and brave fellow. You, Lannes, — Marmont, — Duroc,— Berthier,—Bessières." At each name, Napoleon took a pinch of snuff and a turn in the room, sometimes making a pause and smiling as the name recalled any proof of attachment. "My son Eugene—yes, those are hearts which love me, which I can depend upon. Lemarrois, too, is another faithful friend. And that poor Rapp, he has been but a short time with me, yet he pushes his love even to an extent that might give offence; do you know he scolds me sometimes?

The First Consul, who, while speaking had taken Junot's arm, was leaning upon him as he walked;

then standing near the window he disengaged his arm, and resting it on my husband's shoulder, compelled him almost to stoop towards him, as he leant upon him.

"How many of the persons now passing below this window," said Junot smiling, "would give years of their existence to be where I am now, close to you, my General, supporting that arm which can raise the world! Yes, I believe, there are many who would make great sacrifices only to be able to say they had been so fortunate—but, in all Paris, there is not a heart as happy as mine is at this moment."

Napoleon disengaged his arm, looking at Junot with that ineffable smile to which he owed his power of conquering with a single word, and said:

"Well! my old friend, we will say no more of this foolish affair of the pamphlets—but attend: what am I to think when I know that you receive so many of my enemies? That your wife and your mother-in-law are intimately acquainted with numerous persons who are my enemies, who hate me and desire my fall? nay, more, my death—as they have proved."

"But, my General, give me leave to answer, that among all the persons you speak of, there is not one, who even before my wife's marriage, would have dared in her presence to use an expression disrespectful to you. With respect to my mother-in-law, I have frequently heard her speak of you, my General, but never in terms

which could give me pain. Madame Permon is too much attached to Madame Bonaparte, your mother, to all your brothers."

"Oh! yes, Lucien especially," interrupted the First Consul, with a bitter smile, "Lucien is her favourite. She thinks him a prodigy: nevertheless, Madame Permon is no republican! How do they contrive to agree on that point?"

"I have not twice heard my mother-in-law talk politics since I have belonged to her family," replied Junot. "The subjects of conversation in her drawing-room are literature and music, a thousand important nothings, the affairs of society and fashion; and it must be confessed that the society of the old school understood the management of such conversation better than we do: besides, my General, if you were aware of the present state of Madame de Permon's health, you would not suspect a person preparing for the grave, of concerning herself, with such miserable trifles."

Here I ought to do full justice to Napoleon. When Junot was speaking thus of my mother, he was some paces distant from him, he stept hastily to him, and pressed his arm forcibly, saying: "Hey! what do you say? Is Madame Permon very ill?"

"Dying, my General; all the physicians we have called in agree upon her danger."

"Corvisart must see her." He rang the bell. "Send some one immediately to tell citizen Corvisart that I wish to see him. Is it pos-

sible!" said he, as he walked with an agitated step, "is it possible, that a woman so fresh and beautiful only fifteen months ago, can be so seriously ill! Poor Madame Permon! poor Madame Permon!"

He sunk into his arm-chair, put his two hands before his eyes, and sat some time without speaking; then rising, he recommenced that rapid promenade which was his usual habit when strongly affected.

"Desgenettes and Ivan, must also be sent to her; it is impossible that the faculty should be unable to save a person so lately as healthy and fresh as a rose."

"My General," replied Junot, "Madame Permon's malady is of a deplorable nature in the history of the healing art; she will sink in defiance of medical aid." And hereupon he repeated Baudelocque's answer to him, when Junot fearing for my mother's life, asked his opinion:

"General, he who could cure such a complaint as Madame Permon's might boast of performing as great a miracle as if he had restored a decapitated man to life."

Napoleon seemed quite overwhelmed in listening to this sentence; but impressions, however strong, were only fugitively marked upon his countenance; he soon recovered himself and was apparently quite calm, when Junot took leave of him.

My recent mention of my husband's wound recalls to my memory a trivial circumstance con-

nected with it, which happened in Italy. This terrible wound which had nearly cost him an eye kept him confined six weeks; notwithstanding M. Ivan's fraternal care of his patient, he was very long in recovering from its effects.

During the tedious hours that he lay upon a sofa, dressed in a white wrapping gown, he played the agreeable, being really a very handsome youth; and as his greatest defect at that time was too high a colour, his complexion was improved by his loss of blood. Madame Bonaparte, and Madame Leclerc were among the ladies who assisted in dissipating, by their presence, the tedium of confinement. One day, when they were making this visit of charity, Junot was very much enfeebled, not only by the effects of his wound, but of an abundant bleeding he had undergone that morning; however, he collected all his strength to receive his charming visitors, happy in having beside his couch of suffering, two of the most lovely women in Milan. For if Madame Bonaparte could not be compared in beauty to Madame Leclerc, she was very handsome at that period, and the extreme elegance of her manners, and really fascinating gracefulness might well be taken as a substitute for more regular beauty. Indeed, if her teeth had been good, I should have preferred her face to that of the most celebrated beauty of her court. The pleasing conversation of two such women was no doubt the best panacea for pain, and at first produced its full effect. Junot was the happiest of

men. Time, however, rolled softly on, and with its lapse matters changed. Junot's heart began to sink, his sight to fail, he became paler, and at length his eyes closed. Madame Leclerc first perceived his condition, and standing up, cried out, "Good heavens! Junot! what is the matter?"

Junot had still strength enough left to extend towards her the hand which lay upon his bosom, and instantly Paulette's white gown was covered with blood. The bandage round his arm had unfastened, and the blood confined within the thick sleeve of his wrapper had flowed gently and unperceived till his strength was nearly exhausted; but the effort of moving his arm in a moment of surprise had caused it to spring forth in abundance, and Junot fainted completely. On recovering he found himself the object of the most anxious cares, tendered by the prettiest hands in the world. Heldt, his Alsacian valet had replaced the bandage, and the ladies, after a few moments' stay, left the patient to repose, and the accident had no other consequence than retarding his convalescence.

"But," said I, when he related this little adventure to me, "how was it that you did not feel that your arm was bathed in blood?"

"I was aware of it," he replied, "but could I desire these ladies to leave me?"

"No, but you could have had the bandage replaced."

"That could only be done in their presence

when I was insensible; in any other case the thing was impossible."

I looked at Junot with amazement. Asking myself if he had been educated by Iseult with the white hands, or the fair Genievre, for none but a Tristram, or a Launcelot could have had such ideas; when suddenly the remembrance of a certain promenade on the Boulevards in the year of grace 1795, when Junot was madly in love with Mademoiselle Paulette Bonaparte, crossed my mind, and the whole was explained.

CHAPTER X.

A word more upon libels—Strange ideas of foreigners respecting the First Consul—Scene between Lannes and Napoleon—Errors respecting *tutoying*—Traits of Napoleon—The Polytechnic School—The Aide-de-Camp Lacuée and the young enthusiast at Malmaison—The Father's Pupil—Severity of the Abbé Bossu—The First Consul an Examiner—Scene in his Cabinet—The order of Admission.

I HAVE spoken at length of this affair of the libellous pamphlets, because it furnishes a good ground for the extremely false ideas which existed in foreign countries of the interior condition of France, and especially of the relations of General Bonaparte, with those who surrounded him. It is an important circumstance of his life, and the cause of the judgments passed upon him in many countries, where they did not take the trouble of investigating the truth of what was advanced concerning him. I believe the prejudices of distrust exaggerated the good as much as the bad; for amongst the strangers who just now abounded in France, many entertained the most burlesque notions both for and against Napoleon. One believed that

he drank a cup of coffee every hour; another that he passed entire days in the bath; a third, that he took his dinner standing; and a thousand reveries the one more ridiculous than the other. It is remarkable, that the most exraordinary versions of these absurdities came from England, and that the emigrants who returned from thence, had formed opinions totally different from the reality. One whom I knew was perfectly astonished at seeing him, so entirely false was the impression he had imbibed. One of these pamphlets badly composed, and written by the hand, contained a most ridiculous scene, said to have passed between Napoleon and General Lannes, of which Madame Bonaparte was the subject. The whole is absolutely false; but it is a curious fact, that at a later period, a dispute really took place between Lannes and Napoleon, in which Madame Bonaparte was concerned. At the time of the affair of the military chest of the guards, General Lannes, who really was not so much to blame as was represented, learnt that Madame Bonaparte had been attempting to screen the guilty parties at his expense, and gave vent to his wrath against her in the cabinet of the First Consul, to an extent which, perhaps, a friend should not have indulged in. He told Napoleon, that instead of listening to the gossiping of an *old* woman, he had much better take a young one. The discussion was warm; keen, and even abusive words were not spared; General Lannes forgot himself, so far as to speak in injurious terms of Madame Bonaparte, and was

really in a passion on that occasion. But he had never before disputed with the First Consul; nor was the thing easy. It is the same with the familiarity with which Lannes and others are said to have been in the habit of addressing him. I do not deny that any of these generals have ever used the pronoun *thou*, in speaking to him, though fully persuaded of the contrary; but for this I can answer, that if such a habit ever existed, it was entirely disused after his return from Egypt. I never heard any one *tutoyer* the First Consul. He did so by many of them, by Junot to the last;* it was only on ascending the throne, that he ceased to address them in this familiar style in public; and in the cordial intercourse of private friendship which always subsisted between him and Lannes, Junot, Berthier, and two or three others, he continued to use the pronoun *thou*. But to say *toi* to General Bonaparte, was quite another thing. I repeat, that I do not believe Lannes ever did so. Already in Italy we find Bourrienne did so no longer; Junot never did; nor did Berthier, who with the army in Italy, was surely sufficiently intimate with him, if any one could be. But after the campaigns of Italy and Egypt, Napoleon felt

* Accordingly in the conversation related in the preceding chapter, and indeed, in all the conversations between Napoleon and Junot in the French work, Napoleon always uses the pronoun singular, and Junot the plural: but as the French familiar style of *tutoying* would sound oddly to an English ear, the difference could not be marked in the translation.—*Translator's Note.*

too strongly the necessity of being obeyed, and of establishing around him, that barrier of respect which familiarity destroys, to permit such a fashion of addressing him. In some memoirs, you might imagine General Lannes extending his hand to Napoleon and accosting him with "*Bon jour, comment te portes-tu?*" But certainly, if in his sleep or in a fit of absence he had been guilty of such irregularity, the First Consul would have known how to repress it by some such reply as M. de Narbonne gave to the friend whom he never had seen, "Very well, friend, but what is thy name?" At least I can affirm, that during the long period in which I was witness of the intercourse of Napoleon with General Lannes, I never either heard or saw anything of the kind.

General Lannes was much attached to Napoleon, but his friendship did not extend to all that belonged to him; and in the five or six weeks preceding the departure of the former for Lisbon, two or three rather warm explanations took place between them, upon a subject which afterwards occupied all Europe. But I anticipate; this did not occur till the close of the year 1802.

Napoleon has always been represented by his enemies in a false light; he laughed himself, at St. Helena, at the tyrant's skin, with which he was invested, and which those who expected to find in him a true Emperor of the good times of the old Cæsars, saw with surprise, daily falling to pieces, upon a nearer acquaintance. If this extraordinary being had remained in a private station,

he would have made an excellent father and head of a family; in a word a good man. But he was lifted out of it, and ambition succeeded with its escort of high conceptions, vast projects, and all that was good, tender, and amiable, was soon stifled under the weight of this enlarged existence. These good feelings were restrained, but not destroyed, nor even were they replaced by bad ones. He had a bad opinion of human nature. Was he wrong?

A thousand traits might be related of him which shew the goodness of his heart in its first emotions; but prejudice will see only vanity in them; the same might be said of all the actions of Henry IV. The perfect good nature of the best, and greatest King which France ever had, might be construed by malicious ingenuity into *a desire to appear great.*

In the time of the Consulate there was at Paris an Abbé Bossu, who examined such young people as were received into the Polytechnic School. He was not the only examiner, but his *veto* was terrible; he was a man of great learning and very severe.

The Polytechnic School, created at first under the name of the Central School of public works, by virtue of a decree of the convention in Germinal of the year 3, (21st March, 1795,) after being disorganized by the destructive system which ruined us, had been resuscitated and put into activity by the First Consul in Frimaire of the year 8, imme-

diately after his accession to power. The analysis of the mathematical sciences with their application to mechanism, geometry, &c.; the physical sciences including chymistry and general physics, formed the course of study pursued in the Polytechnic School from its foundation. The most illustrious names in knowledge and science were then at the head of that battalion of young men whose adolescent minds were eager to become participators in the sublime acquirements of their masters.

The aide-de-camp on duty one day crossing the court of the mansion at Malmaison, found there a young man of a pleasing countenance, and good figure, well dressed, and bearing in his whole appearance the stamp of good birth and good education. He was leaning against one of the two great sentry boxes which stood on the east side of the inner gate, looking towards the house with an uneasy and melancholy air, and apparently seeking some one whom he might address. The aide-de-camp, M. de Lacuée, approached him, and with his habitual politeness, inquired if he wanted any thing there. The young man starting from his profound reverie answered:

"Ah! Sir, I want what every one tells me is impossible, and yet what I shall die if I cannot obtain: I want to see the First Consul. I came into this court; but at the door of the house I was so brutally repulsed—I was asked if I had an appointment—Oh, that I could have one! I be-

lieve an appointment to meet the most adorable mistress could not make any heart beat so violently as would an appointment from General Bonaparte. I must speak to him."

And the young man again cast his large black eyes, swimming in tears, upon the mansion. M. de Lacuée was always strongly attracted towards any thing that presented itself to him out of the ordinary routine. This young man of distinguished address, with an animated countenance, eyes of fire, and a voice trembling with emotion, at once inspired him with interest. He saw a romantic adventure in the rencounter; he advanced towards the young man, who was standing in an attitude of natural grace, leaning against the sentry box, and looking with longing eyes to the house, and said:

"Well, Sir! what do you want with the First Consul? I am the aide-de-camp on duty, and will undertake to present your request, if it is a reasonable one."

"You, Sir!" exclaimed the young man, springing towards M. de Lacuée, seizing and pressing the hand he offered him; "are you the First Consul's aide-de-camp? Oh! if you knew what a service you could do me! I must be conducted to him."

"What do you want with him?"

"I must speak to him." Then he added in a low tone, "it is a secret."

Lacuée looked at the young solicitor, whose hand pressed his almost to breaking; he stood

before him, his eyes sparkling, his bosom palpitating, his respiration hurried; but his soul shot a ray of purity and innocence into the expression of his countenance; "this young man cannot be dangerous," said Lacuée to himself. And taking him by the arm he led him into the inner court. As they passed the gate, Duroc and Junot entered on horseback coming from Paris; they stopt and alighted to salute their comrade, who related his little adventure.

"What!" said both of them at once, you are going to introduce him without even knowing his name?"

Lacuée acknowledged that he had not asked it. Junot then approached the young man and told him, that the First Consul was certainly very accessible, but still that it was necessary to know the motive which urged any one to request an audience, and that it was impossible to announce an anonymous solicitor.

The young man blushed like a girl; but he gave his name; adding with a respectful bow; "it is true, General. My father lives in the country, and his knowledge is sufficiently extensive to enable him to instruct me himself in all branches of elementary education; directing my studies with a view to my admission into the Polytechnic School. Judge then, General, of my distress, and his also, when on our presenting ourselves to the Abbé Bossu, who, as it appears, is the person who must decide whether or no I can be entered, he absolutely refused to examine me, as soon as he

was informed that my father only had been my instructor, and that I had not been taught by any professor. "Of what consequence is that," I asked, "if I know what is required?" But he was inflexible, and could not be induced to put a single question to me."

"But," said Duroc with his natural mildness; "It is a rule, and whether a good one or otherwise, is alike to all comers. What do you wish the First Consul to do in the case!"

"To examine me;" answered the young man, with the most engaging simplicity; I am sure that when he has put any questions to me that he may judge proper, he will pronounce me worthy of sharing the studies of those young persons of whom he proposes to form officers capable of executing his great designs."

The three comrades looked at each other and smiled; Duroc and Junot thought as Lacuée had done, that this young man with his ardent speech and look of fire, could not but be agreeable to Napoleon, and Duroc went to open the matter to him.

"So, the young enthusiast would have me examine him?" said he, with one of his most gracious smiles; then rubbing his chin, he continued, "how could such an idea have entered his head? —It is a very singular thing." He walked about for some time in silence, then added—"How old may he be?"

"I cannot tell, General, but should guess about seventeen or eighteen."

"Let him come in."

The young petitioner was introduced. His brilliant countenance expressed the summit of happiness, as he cast his eye upon the First Consul. He looked as if his existence depended upon the first word of Napoleon, who advanced towards him with that smile which cast over his countenance a charm entirely different at these moments when he intended to be gracious, from his usual expression. "Well, young man," said he, "so you wish me to examine you?"

The poor child trembled with joy and could make no answer; he stood silent with his eyes fixed on the First Consul. Napoleon did not like either the boldness of presumption or the bashfulness of fear; but that which he now saw was silence because the heart spoke too loudly, and he understood it.

"Compose yourself, my child: you are not at this moment sufficiently calm to answer me; I am going to employ myself in other affairs; by and by we will resume yours."

"Do you see that young man," said the First Consul, leading Junot to the recess of a window, "if I had a thousand such as he the conquest of the world would be but a promenade." He turned his head aside to contemplate the youth, who, plunged in meditation, was probably revolving in his mind what questions were likely to be put to him. In about half an hour Napoleon commenced the examination, in which the young candidate acquitted himself admirably.

"And have you really had no other instructor than your father?" asked the First Consul with surprise.

"No General; bnt he was a good master, because he was bringing up a citizen to be useful to his country, and especially to follow the great destinies which you promised to it."

Junot observed that they were all astonished at the almost prophetical expression with which the youth pronounced the last words.

"I am about to give you a line, which will open the sanctuary to you, my child," said the First Consul; and he wrote a few words upon a paper which he presented to the young man; who in quitting him carried away, like Cherubin, happiness for a hundred years; but with a heart infinitely more affected.

On arriving at Paris he hastened to the Abbé Bossu, who on seeing him, exclaimed, "What do you come for? There is nothing here for you."

But the youth held a talisman which was worth a magic ring, and which the Abbé Bossu having read could not refuse to obey, it was as follows:—

"M. Bossu will receive M.——— I have examined him myself, and find him worthy of admission. "BONAPARTE."

The young man accordingly became a distinguished pupil of the Polytechnic School. His advancement in life was rapid at first; my brother

knew him at Toulon, where he had an appointment relative to the bridges and roads. His attachment for Napoleon amounted to idolatry.

The First Consul long remembered this adventure, and one day related it to Cardinal Maury, at a dinner at St. Cloud; the Cardinal, it happened, knew the young man's family, and confirmed him in the good opinion he had formed of his character, disposition and adventurous spirit.

CHAPTER XI.

My first pregnancy—Longings—The pine apples of Malmaison—Madame Bonaparte's goodness—Desire and repugnance—Moral sufferings—A chapter from the Memoirs of St. Helena, and what the Emperor could not say—Madame Bonaparte and the game of patience—Predictions with cards—Wager between the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte on the sex of my child—Napoleon's objection to wagers—New Year's day—General Suchet and his brother—Celebration of Twelfth-Day—Madame Hamelin—The truffled turkey, champagne and the king of the fête—Sudden indisposition and laughter—A terrible night—Junot and his aid-de-camp Lallemand—Junot's distraction and his visit to the Tuileries—Kindness of the First Consul—His message—The news of my accouchement carried to the Tuileries—Bonaparte's acute observation—The First Consul's compliments and his lost wager—Junot's return and a scene of interest—My daughter—Extraordinary conduct of my father-in-law—The barcelonnette—General Suchet and the basket of roses.

I WAS at this time far advanced in my first pregnancy and had suffered much; surrounded by the tenderest attentions, spoiled as I may say, by my own family, and bearing about me the child who was to make me proud of the name of mother, I ought not, perhaps, to have been sensible of suffering; but I think I may say all these

cares, this prevention of every wish, tend rather to increase than to diminish the thousand and one ailments to which young women in my condition are liable. One at least was without question introduced by this excess of zeal.

"Laurette," said my mother, suddenly laying down her fork, with an air of consternation, when I was one day dining with her; "I have never thought to ask you what you long for?"

"Indeed, my dear mother! I have not any longing at all," and it was perfectly true, in fact I was too ill to think of any such thing: in a nearly fainting state all day, and scarcely better at night, I had my smelling bottle to my nose almost without cessation. But my mother, as much astonished at my perfectly natural declaration, as if it was an unheard-of-thing, exclaimed:

"No longing: you must be mistaken; you have not paid any attention to these longings, that is all: I shall speak to your mother-in-law upon the subject."

Behold then my two mothers in full consultation upon this important matter; and even Junot called to their assistance, to be terrified out of his senses by their threats of a child with an owl or a crab painted upon its face, or at best, an orange at the tip of its nose: innumerable were the histories upon this subject, which his sage instructors could furnish; till at length, he never failed to enquire the first thing in the morning, "Laurette what do you long for."

My sister-in-law returned from Versailles,

where she lived in the palace, and joined in this chorus of alarms; it was impossible that a young woman should not sink under them, even if her courage and resolution much exceeded mine. I soon became thoroughly frightened; and every night as I lay sleepless upon my pillow, I seriously revolved in my mind what it was I most wished for, but all to no purpose. At length, one day, it struck me when I was eating some pine-apple jam, that the fruit itself must needs be a very excellent thing. I had never seen it, I believe, not even at table, although I had eaten jam and ices of pine-apples. At that period its culture was attended with much more difficulty than at present, and it was consequently a great rarity. I had no sooner persuaded myself that I longed for one, than I began to long in earnest; but when Corcelet declared, that though pine-apples were raised in a hot-house, they were, nevertheless, fit for eating only at a particular season, and that was not at present, then, indeed, I experienced a degree of suffering bordering upon agony; I fancied that I must have a pine or die. Junot, as much troubled on account of this unfortunate longing, as a man tenderly attached to his wife, who is about for the first time, to make him a father could be, ran all over Paris, offering twenty louis for a pine-apple, and feeling the greatest misery in the idea of returning home without one. While I, sick and faint, as usual, took it into my head that I could eat nothing else.

Junot in his affliction, told the history of my

longing to Madame Bonaparte at Malmaison. She had not then a hot-house for the culture of pines, but had had a hot bed constructed in the orangery, capable of raising three hundred, which, however, was not yet fully brought into bearing; she immediately sent to enquire if there was one in a fit state for cutting: there was one, and she gave it to Junot, who thanked her with the most vehement gratitude. Corvisart, who was present, strictly forbade my touching the fruit at night; "For," said he, "it is extremely cold and heavy, and I have seen the most dreadful effects arise from indigestion in pregnancy: death is the frequent result."

This rather cooled Junot's eagerness to reach home: but he arrived just as I was going to bed, ill and melancholy, and ready to cry for a pine-apple. He could not deny himself the pleasure of shewing it me, notwithstanding the doctor's prohibition, but he imposed the condition of its remaining untouched till the morning, to which, with some difficulty, I consented. The sight of it, however, was actual happiness; I thanked Madame Bonaparte a thousand times in my heart, and by touching and smelling the longed-for fruit, made the best amends I could for delaying the pleasure of eating it. I kept it all night by my bed side, slept little, and thought of nothing else. At length morning came. The first thing my husband did upon rising, was to prepare the pine-apple; he cut it into slices, laid them round a beautiful porcelain plate, powdered them with fine sugar, put the plate before me, and sat down at the foot of my

bed to see me enjoy my treat. I looked at it with an expression which must have been burlesque, for I was equally inclined to laugh and cry; Junot at length said, "Why do you not eat it?" Still I made no attempt at doing so, and with his usual warmth of temper, he took up the plate, saying: "You do not like the way I have dressed it; why do you not say so?"

"Oh! it is very nicely dressed," said I, "but" ——and I pushed the plate away——"but I know not what is the matter with me, I cannot eat it."

Junot stared, and with many oratorical ornaments, which I do not choose to insert here, exclaimed: "What! you cannot eat your pine-apple; but look at it Laurette, it must be from perverseness."

And so saying, he put the plate again under my nose, and the smell, which by this time was become intolerable to me, provoked me into a positive declaration that I could not possibly touch it. I sent it away, had my windows opened, and my room perfumed, that the smallest remains of this scent might evaporate. Nor have I ever since been able to partake of a pine-apple without doing myself a violence. I can eat it in ice or jam, but not in its simple state. This appeared to me very extraordinary; I reported the fact to Marchais and Baudelocque, who were by no means so much surprised at it; but it has always remained a mystery to me, how an object which I coveted intensely, should in a moment become disagree-

able, almost disgusting. It has been said a thousand times, that satiety produces dislike, but that dislike should precede possession, is, I think, unaccountable.

My poor dear mother was now suffering under a state of severe illness, which neither our cares nor our affection could alleviate, but which she endured with the most admirable fortitude. Her distressing state added to my indisposition, and is even now a melancholy remembrance almost too solemn for these pages. One cannot always weep over a loss, however afflictive; the first agony of grief cannot last for ever, but there exists in the mind, which has been deeply tried, an enduring sorrow, which does not manifest itself in outward expression: this it is which man carries with him even into the gayest scenes of life, while laughter sits upon his lips: this the world denies, because there are few minds which are capable of understanding it, but those few know that it is not the less true.

The final stroke, which was to inflict on me this heart-corroding grief, was not yet given, but it was threatened, and contributed to my present suffering. I am not fond of dwelling upon what concerns myself only; but I have undertaken to throw a colossal figure into the mould, and in omitting these slight circumstances, I should be unjust to the effect which the union of the public character with the private nature of that great man ought to produce. Thus all that relates to my marriage, and again to this first pregnancy and

accouchement, should be detailed to demonstrate the falsehoods which the St. Helena Memorial has propagated. The Emperor, in a moment of temporary displeasure, may have used respecting Junot such words as sometimes escape a father or a brother in anger, excited by the hot-headedness of a son or a younger brother, with the worth of whose heart they are perfectly acquainted; but he was wholly incapable of saying what is attributed to him in the chapter of the Memorial entitled "*Of Junot and his Wife.*" If those who affect to be attached to the memory of the Emperor do not hesitate to alienate from it the sons, the numerous scions of those men, whose blood flowed during so many years for the country and Napoleon, it becomes necessary to answer such false allegations by facts; for which reason, notwithstanding my repugnance to place myself before those to whom my affairs must be wholly indifferent, I feel it my duty to enter, at length, into these otherwise private particulars.

Nothing could be more kind than Madame Bonaparte always was to young women in my situation; she entered into all our feelings and interested herself in every thing that could be agreeable to us: in these circumstances she was truly worthy of love. On hearing the history of the pine apple, she predicted to me, "You will have a daughter;" and in support of her opinion proposed a game of patience. I knew by experience all the *ennui* which this unfortunate game promised, but there was no refusing, and in spite

of my incredulity, I was compelled to sit down and see my destiny settled by the caprice of the cards. It is known that the Empress Josephine was superstitiously credulous in these matters, and, in fact, I was witness in the years 1808 and 1809 to two events of this kind not a little extraordinary. This time she kept me above an hour, cutting with the right hand and the left, naming days, hours and months, and ended at length, by confirming her prediction of a girl.

"Or a boy," said the First Consul, who came in at that moment, and who always made game of Josephine's cards; "it is certain that Madame Junot will have either the one or the other, and if I were you, Josephine, I would not risk my reputation for sorcery, by a too confident prediction."

"She will have a girl, I tell you, Bonaparte, what wager will you lay me of it?"

"I never bet," said the First Consul, "if you are sure of the fact—it is dishonest; if not—it is as foolish as losing money at play."

"Well bet sweatmeats, then."

"And what will you lay me?

"I will work a carpet to put under your feet at your desk."

"Well, now, that is something useful. On such terms I will bet you that Madame Junot has a boy. Now, mind," said he, turning to me, "that you do not make me lose;" and laughing as he looked at me, he added—"but what will become of the wager if you should have both a boy and a girl?"

"I will tell you, General, you must give me both wagers."

And there was something so ridiculous in this idea of boy and girl coming at once, that even I could not refrain from joining in the laugh, while my look of consternation increased the mirth of the First Consul, my husband, and every one else who was present.

We were now at the period of New Year's gifts and visits, and I was admiring like a child, as I then was, all those brilliant and useless trifles, which custom demands should be offered by the gentlemen to a lady whose house they frequent, when two friends came to increase their number and to add to them good wishes, which were not merely the tribute of etiquette. They were General Suchet and his brother. After that sort of conversation, which the occasion demanded, we fell into a discussion upon the merits of those family meetings which this season brought with it; and it was agreed that the celebration of Christmas, of New Year's and Twelfth-Days, the birth day and saint's day of the head of the family, and other festivals were favourable to the maintenance of family harmony, and were therefore worthy of being preserved. If the family is numerous, occasion is thus furnished for ten or twelve convivial meetings in the course of the year; and if the members have conceived any mutual offence, the embarrassment of meeting, otherwise than cordially, on the birth-day of the grand-mother or aunt will often cause the coolness which had begun

to take place to disappear, and slight disputes will thus be prevented from becoming serious quarrels. The two brothers were fully capable of appreciating such feelings; they were perfectly united; the General always displayed the tenderest friendship for his brother, Gabriel, which the latter returned with the sincerest affection and respect; his love for his brother was that we feel for the object of our pride. In furtherance of these observations, the General proposed that we should meet on Twelfth-Day, to which I assented with great satisfaction.

"Yes," said my good mother-in-law who was never silent when a project of pleasure was on foot, "we will by all means draw king and queen."

"Yes, let us draw," said Junot, "attend, my friends, I engage you to sup here the evening after to-morrow upon a truffled turkey."

"Agreed," said General Suchet, "we will come here the evening after to-morrow, and then for the turkey, and truffles, the cake, the drawing, and plenty of laughing."

I was now in momentary expectation of my confinement, and notwithstanding the efforts of my mother-in-law to support and reassure me, looked forward to the moment with dread. In the night of the 4th of January we had an alarm, which called up my mother-in-law who had not undressed for a week past. Marchais was summoned and pronounced that twenty-four or forty-eight hours would settle the business, and left me recommending composure and sleep.

I was out of spirits during a part of the succeeding day; I performed my religious duties and wrote to my mother, because she had forbidden me to leave the house; I then arranged my baby-linen and basket, and in this occupation I found the entire dissipation of my fears and melancholy. In the little cap with its blue ribbons and in the shirt, the sleeves of which I drew through those of the flannel waistcoat, I thought I could see the soft and fair head, and fat little mottled arms; in my joy I imagined the pretty clothes already adorning my promised treasure, and pressed them to my bosom, longing to clasp and to see my child, to feel its breath, while I said to myself—"And this little being which I expect, will be all my own!" Oh! what days of joy were before me!

Junot found me leaning over the cradle in a sort of ecstasy, and when I explained to him the cause of an emotion which his heart was well formed to understand, he embraced me with a tenderness which I felt prouder of than I should have done six months earlier.

My thoughts now took a quite different direction; I not only did not fear but I desired the decisive moment; and when my friends met in my drawing-room they found me as gay and as happy as any young wife or young girl could be. Madame Hamelin formed one of our party. She was then young, gay, lively, and a most ready assistant in promoting that easy confidence which forms the great charm of intimate association. She had an

original and striking wit; bordering a little on the maliciousness of the cat, and somtimes it is true shewing that she had tolerably long claws; but I believe that like puss also, she did not put them out unless her paws or her tail were trodden on.

The evening passed off very cheerfully; my mother-in-law was delighted to see me in perfect oblivion of the critical moment, which, however, she knew could not be far distant. We sat down to table, and the turkey, the cake, the madeira and champagne redoubled our gaiety. In half an hour we laughed so heartily that at this moment I cannot think of it without pleasure. At length came the moment of drawing; General Suchet sat beside me; I do not exactly recollect whether the prize of royalty fell to him or to me; since that time so many sovereignties which seemed vastly more solid, have sunk into crowns as fantastic, that my memory may well be excused its want of accuracy on this point. But whether the General had received his crown from me or whether he had made me his queen he addressed me in a compliment so absurd, that it provoked a violent fit of laughter with which the room resounded and which was echoed with equal noise by seventeen or eighteen persons who surrounded the supper table. I stood up to answer, with my glass of water, for I never in my life could drink wine, to the numerous glasses filled with sparkling froth which were extended towards me, when I fell backwards into my chair, a frightful cry escaped me, and my glass dropped from my hand.

But the sudden attack which had caused this commotion was over in an instant, my cheeks recovered their colour and I looked up. Junot still paler than I had been, still holding his glass of champagne, was looking at me with an air of consternation. The rest of the company seemed nearly equally alarmed, and the grotesque expression of so many countenances, hardly recovered from a fit of hilarity, while, as in duty bound, they were assuming on the other side of their faces the solemnity which the circumstances appeared to require, these masquerade countenances, resembling at once *Jean qui pleure* and *Jean qui rit*, produced so visible an effect, that I relapsed into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. My mother-in-law now came behind my chair, and whispered,

"Take my arm, my dear daughter, and come to your room."

"No, no!" said Gabriel Suchet, we cannot spare our queen!"

Hereupon he began to relate a story so absurd that I laughed again as immoderately as before, and was again interrupted in the same manner; my mother-in-law told her son that I must be removed and a carriage sent for Marchais. Junot came to me, took me in his arms, and almost lifted me from my chair. This time the general interposed, offered to bet upon the sex of my child, and would with difficulty permit my husband to carry me away. He led me, however, to my room, obeying all his mother's behests with as much simplicity as any honest bourgeois, any

M. Guillaume, or M. Dennis, of the Rue de la Perle, or Rue St. Jacques. He busied himself in regulating the heat of my room, in calling my women together, giving them fifty orders at once, which neither they nor he understood, ordered the horses and returned to my side already expecting to hear the cries of his child; but I was in no such hurry.

I was followed to my chamber by ten or eleven female friends, whose presence and discordant advice given in tones louder and louder as it became more difficult to obtain a hearing in the general confusion, did not certainly tend to calm the agitation of my nerves. Scarcely indeed was there room to move in the chamber, crowded by so many assistants, my bed, the cradle, and all the apparatus of a lying-in room; in vain the nurse remonstrated, nor was it till Marchais arrived and was really angry, that all this disturbance was put an end to. My friends, to whose anxiety and good will alone it was to be attributed at length took their leave embracing me with the kindest wishes, and left me to pass a terrible night.

During this tedious season of watching and anxiety Junot was almost distracted; he threw himself at intervals on the mattress which had been laid for him in the parlour, then got up, walked the room with hasty steps, crept to my bed-room door and tried to get in, which I had positively prohibited, and returned to his apartment, where his aid-de-camp, General Lallemand,

sat up with him all night, endeavouring with all the arguments and consolations of friendship to calm a little the violence of his agitation and to restore something like composure to his mind.

At ten in the morning Marchais himself very much fatigued came to seek Junot, he told him that I was still very ill, that there was no immediate prospect of relief, but that he had no fears for my life. On his return to my room I felt assured that he had seen my husband, I called to him and entreated him to bring Junot to me, to which he immediately consented. My husband on seeing me so pale and weak burst into tears, and as he embraced me I shared his emotion. Marchais, whose eyes were anxiously fixed upon me, now led the General away, telling him that he hoped more from my tears than from any efforts of his art.

Junot on leaving me by no means recovered his self-possession; he wandered through the rooms all opening into each other, which at both extremities brought him to one of the doors of my chamber, found repose in none of them, and at length unable longer to endure his confinement, snatched up a round hat which happened to meet his eye, and sallied forth into the street. Without once considering which way he was going, habit or instinct led him to the Tuileries, and he found himself in the great court without knowing how he had got there. Before ascending, however, the staircase leading to the First Consul's apartments the consideration of his dishabille crossed

his mind; but no matter said he, as he looked down upon his brown coat, I am sure of finding here a heart which will understand my feelings.

All his comrades in the anti-chamber were astonished at the expression of his countenance and the disorder of his dress; but none of them felt any disposition to ridicule; and the First Consul, as soon as he heard that Junot wished to see him, sent for him into his cabinet.

"Good God!" what is the matter, Junot?" he exclaimed with surprise on seeing him.

"General, my wife is in labour and I cannot stay at home," was the answer, but in a voice almost smothered with tears.

"And you are come to me to seek courage; you are right, my friend. Poor Junot! how you are upset! Oh woman, woman!"

He required a relation of all that had happened from my first seizure, and though Junot dared not give utterance to his apprehensions, yet Napoleon gathered from all the facts he described that my life was actually in danger, and his conduct in this moment of anxiety, when his discernment penetrated into a mysterious horror, was that of the tenderest and best of brothers.

"My old friend," said he, to his faithful and devoted servant, pressing his hand, a very rare caress, "you have done right in coming to me at this moment, as I hope to prove."

So saying, he left his cabinet, and leaning upon Junot's arm, stepped into the saloon, where the statue of the great Condé stands, and walked up

and down, talking of the only subject which interested his companion, for he was too well versed in the management of the human heart to interrogate cords, which would certainly have been mute at such a moment. Amongst other things, he asked my husband how he came to the Tuileries.

"On foot," was the answer; "a species of desperation drove me from home, though my heart is still there, and I wandered hither without knowing which way I came."

"And may I ask you then," said Napoleon, "why you look out of that window ten times in a minute, to see if any one passes the gate? How should they come here to seek you, if your servants do not know where you are? if your officers saw you come out in plain clothes? It seems to me that they are more likely to suspect you of throwing yourself into the river, than of coming here."

He called and gave his orders.—"Send a footman immediately to Madame Junot's to learn whether she is yet put to bed; and if not, let the family be informed that General Junot is here."

He again took my husband's arm, and continued to converse with him with such affecting kindness, that Junot could not repress his tears. He was attached to his General, to that vision of glory which commanded admiration; but in such moments as the present, Napoleon's conduct could not fail to subject to him the whole heart and affections of the individual whose sufferings he

thus alleviated, even if he had not been already devoted to him body and soul. This day, rivetted, if I may say so, the chains which bound Junot to Napoleon.

But Junot had also those about him who were devotedly attached to him. Seeing him leave the house in a state bordering on distraction, Heldt, his German valet-de-chambre, an honest and faithful servant, if ever there was one, followed him at first with his eye, then seeing him take the road towards the Pont-Royal, ran after him without his hat, watched him into the Tuileries, and on his return home informed the aide-de-camp Laborde, where the general was to be found.

Junot had been three quarters of an hour with the First Consul, whose arm rested on his, obliging him to remain a prisoner, when he would rather have been at large, and have had the power to come and learn the result of all his uneasiness. The footman could not yet be returned, when Junot, emboldened by the First Consul's goodness, begged to be allowed to enquire for him.

"I should have been told," answered the First Consul, "if he was returned. Remain quiet." Then dragging him still further on, they were presently in the gallery of Diana. There Junot's uneasiness became so violent, that Napoleon several times looked at him with astonishment, and with an accent, to which it is impossible to do justice, repeated: "Oh! woman, woman!"

At length, at the moment that Junot was about to escape without listening to any thing further,

M. de Laborde appeared at the further end of the gallery; he had run with such haste that he could scarcely speak, but his countenance was full of joy.

"My General," he said, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "Madame Junot is safe in bed, and is as well as possible."

"Go, then, and embrace your *daughter*," said the First Consul, laying a stress on the word daughter; "if your wife had given you a boy they would have told you at once; but first of all embrace me," and he pressed him affectionately in his arms.

Junot laughed and cried, and thoughtless of every thing but the event which had just occurred, was running away, when Napoleon said to him, "Stay, giddy-head, are you going to run through the streets without your hat."

He returned to the First Consul's cabinet, where he had left his hat; the time was not yet come when the Prince of Neufchatel himself would not presume to enter the Emperor's presence, even at three o'clock in the morning, without his coat buttoned, his ruffles, dress boots, and his plumed hat under his arm.

"Give my love* to your wife, Junot, and tell her that I have a two-fold quarrel against her: first because she has not given the republic a soldier, and secondly, because she has made me lose my

* The words *tu feras mes amitiés* was a form of speech very often used by Napoleon to those he loved.

wager with Josephine. But I shall not be the less her friend and yours." And again he pressed Junot's hand and let him go.

It would be impossible to describe the delirium of joy which was painted on Junot's countenance and actuated his manners when he returned to me. He bathed his daughter's little face with tears of delight so soft, so pure, that it was easy to see his happiness without his uttering a word. Then throwing himself on his knees beside my bed he took my hands, kissed them and thanked me for his child, his daughter, his little Josephine; and the dear creature as if to answer to these marks of affection which she could not comprehend, presented to her father his perfect image in her pretty little face; as exact a likeness as if it had been his own in a small mirror. But notwithstanding his joy Junot perceived that something weighed upon my heart, which was not connected with my past sufferings.

"What is the matter?" said he, embracing me again.

"Nothing, but a great deal of happiness."

"I know you, Laurette, I see the tears in your eyes, your heart is not at ease; what is the matter?"

I looked at him without answering; the tears rolled down my cheeks, but I would not speak. At this moment M. Marchais who had been home to refresh himself and change his dress, came in.

"What! again?" he said to me. "My dear General, you should scold your wife, and the way

I see you employed gives you additional right to do so!" Junot at this moment had his child in his arms and was embracing it sixty times in a minute. "You shall hear all then; oh Madame Junot make no signs to me, I shall not heed them. You must know, then, General, that this young mother, who is a little heroine for courage, as soon as she was safely put to bed, and had learned that you were not at home, sent for your father that he might give his blessing to your child. I went myself to seek M. Junot, but he refused to come, as soon as he learnt that the infant was a girl. At length he was persuaded; but when Madame Junot, notwithstanding her weakness, took the babe in her arms to present it to him, saying, 'My father bless your grand-daughter, it is another heart that will love you:' instead of embracing the child, he replied in a tone of vexation:

"It was not worth while to make all this noise about a naughty little girl. What is your husband to do with this little crying thing? He will give it a pretty reception..... and the First Consul too! do you think he does not wish his Generals to have boys? If I had any authority over your father, other than that of a physician in his patient's chamber, I confess I should have used it with some severity. But as your mother has undertaken his correction I suppose he will behave better for the future. I have frankly told you all this because it is a part of my duty, and because to-morrow, or the day after, a similar scene might

have a fatal effect upon Madame Junot. It has affected her seriously, because she believes that the birth of a daughter is a great grievance to you, and it is in vain that I have represented to her that a mother of seventeen and a father of twenty-nine years of age will have time enough to pray for no more girls without being in despair at a first disappointment, and meanwhile the grand-father may fret as much as he pleases."

Scarcely had M. Marchais' first words struck Junot's ears than he understood the cause of my distress; and he seated himself upon my bed and wept with me, while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief and kisses.

Then taking up his daughter out of a little basket* of fine embroidered muslin, made on purpose, that she might lie in it upon my bed, he placed her in my arms, and embraced us both with an air of such joyful delight, as left no doubt of the sentiments of his heart which, however, never could be doubtful to me. But the first moment of my father-in-law's denunciation was terrible; no doubt he had no intention to injure me, but he might have killed me. "Mamma," said I to my mother-in-law, who just then came in, "you were right, you see; he loves it as well as if it had been a boy."

"Did not I tell you, so?" replied this excellent woman. "My son's heart is too good and too

* Barcelonnette.

noble to entertain the ideas his father would have given him credit for. But I have lectured him properly, and I do not think you will hear any more of it. He had already paid the same compliment to our poor Angelica, but she did not take it quite so tragically as your wife; I thought she would have been suffocated with her sobs. For my part, I know that a child, whatever its sex is, is a pledge of love to its parents. Look at that little Being, how like she is to you; I shall love her, I think as much as I do yourself."

I must not however close this subject without a little further notice of the beautiful barcelonnette. I have incidentally mentioned as the place of deposit for my babe when it slept upon my bed. It was the tasteful production of Mademoiselle Olive; in form of a swan, the feathers of which were embroidered in relief with white cotton: the wings a little spread, made a sort of handle to lift it by; the back was open, forming the cradle, and from its neck and reverted head fell a veil of white India muslin for the curtain, which was gathered up in the beak of the swan.

Some days afterwards I received a charming letter from General Suchet, acknowledging the loss of his wager, and begging my acceptance, as the ice and snow prevented the appearance of natural roses, (the forfeit of his bond,) except in an enchanted land, of what he had sent in their stead. This was a wicker basket lined with moss and filled with the most beautiful artificial roses, of

Madame Roux' manufacture, of every denomination, form and colour. This beautiful present, at once the pledge of sincere friendship, and the symbol of the natural bud which was flourishing under my eye, and promising one day to become the freshest of roses, was for many years the chief ornament of my bed-room.

CHAPTER XII.

Popularity of Napoleon's government—His letter to George III —The war against England a national war—Retirement of Mr. Pitt and his colleagues—The cessation of hostilities between France and England—The First Consul's remarks upon England—Peace signed between France and the Ottoman Porte—Stupid remark of an English newspaper—The republican crusade——Berthier Rinaldo—Junot's Egyptian seraglio.

NAPOLEON and his government enjoyed at this moment the fullest portion of popularity. The more violently France had been agitated by popular convulsion, the more heartily she rallied round a focus which presented the prospect of strength and repose. The more we had been deafened by noise, the more we desired peace. The more completely we had been disorganised, the more we required regularity of laws, institutions, and social arrangements; so true it is that order is the law of nature; there is an imperious tendency towards it in the heart of man which nothing can repress.

France, unhappy and in tears, threw herself into the arms of General Bonaparte with the sincerity of those who having long suffered, see at length the term of their sorrows. It was believed that the bravest soldier and most renowned warrior, must prove the most capable of administering the government with justice, and of making us respected abroad. At this period Bonaparte did not like the English, but he wished to add to his triumphal crown the olive of peace; and to attain this end he wrote to King George, that remarkable letter, in which he solicits him for the happiness of the world to give peace to the struggling nations. "Let us terminate," said he, "the war which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world. Must it be eternal? Is there no means of coming to a mutual understanding?"

And while he wrote these invitations to peace, his heart was still bleeding from the treachery of El-Arish; Kleber's blood still smoked at Cairo, and the insults of Mr. Pitt resounded in the English parliament. If Napoleon's character had had any thing in common with that of Louis XI, I should have called this conduct dissimulation. But this was not to be attributed to him. His enemies have discovered two or three spots, with which the escutcheon of his glory is tarnished, and they therefore compare him with those kings of France whose reigns are a continued series of crimes. He appears to me, however, strikingly great, in thus so far conquering himself as to be-

come not a suppliant, but the first solicitor for peace between the two hostile nations.

Public opinion in France was then strongly in favor of a war with England. Commerce was oppressed, the finances were in disorder; but from the commencement of the revolution the voice of commerce had had very little weight in the republic. Every thing wore a warlike aspect, and arms only were looked to, to terminate a quarrel, appease troubles, and remove dangers. France was entirely military, and General Bonaparte, in calling for men to carry the war into England, would have been answered by two hundred thousand volunteers. He had, therefore, no occasion to dissemble, nor did the failure of this first attempt at pacification rest with him. England herself repulsed the overture, while Mr. Pitt continued at the head of affairs. "In no case treat with that man," said the English Minister, in the House of Commons. In rejecting the First Consul's proposition he thought he had performed a great deed: his rival smiled: he also had his projects, and this refusal to treat, forwarded them. The vision which for fourteen years he followed, even then had its influence on his actions, and seeing himself surrounded by so many young men, all burning for glory and victory, he did not doubt but England would be his, and he prepared in earnest to invade her: fortune afterwards offered him the conquest of the world, and the army which Marshal Soult had organized at Boulogne was employed in dealing as murderous, though not such direct blows upon British power.

But in vain England refuses peace. Abandoned by Russia, even after the assassination of Paul I, she feels the necessity of complying; Mr. Pitt forsakes the helm, which he now feels himself incapable of directing, and retires under the specious pretence of consistency, in refusing to treat with Bonaparte. Lord Melville and Lord Grenville follow his example, alleging that they will not be the instruments of executing a treaty which must be inglorious and injurious to the nation. Under a newly appointed administration the preliminaries of peace were at length signed at London, in October 1801; and the immediate cessation of hostilities was the first result of the concord which was to last but two years.

It was about this time that the First Consul, in a conversation of which I possess a sketch, observed:

"The death of Paul I dissolved the confederation of the north, but it may ———" here he paused and smiled. "But," he continued, "it may be revived, and if England, to avert this should lavish her gold to an extent that will involve herself in a career of dangers, the commencement of which will be visible, but not to the end,—— Well!——"

Here he paused again, smiled, and resumed his promenade, rubbing his forehead, and crossing his hands behind him; all this giving to those who were studying his countenance the conviction that his thoughts were great and glorious. His brow seemed enlightened by that smile, and those

thoughts, of which some traces only were discernable, rested on the prospect of raising France to the sovereignty of the world.

Soon after this time the preliminaries of peace were signed with the Ottoman Court, whose alliance with France dates from the reign of Francis I, and has met with but few interruptions. The First Consul was not then sufficiently familiar with the English language to read the newspapers with facility; they were translated for him, but as he found they were not always given him faithfully, he determined to perfect himself in English, that he might judge of the originals; he did not, however, fully accomplish this end till a much later period.

I remember that one day when the Turkish treaty was in progress, Napoleon coming into the Saloon at Malmaison, where the company were assembling before dinner, with some English journals in his hand, said to the Second Consul:

"Citizen Cambacérès, do you know why I went to Egypt?"

Cambacérès looked attentively at him, but being unable to penetrate the object of this question, put in so unexpected a manner, he was silent.

"Yes," continued the First Consul, "I should like to know whether any of you divine the true motive which induced me to go to Egypt? You Junot, Duroc, Berthier, my poor Rapp, and yourself Cambacérès, I have no doubt that you believe it was to flatter the fancies of certain learned

enthusiasts in antiquities, who would sacrifice an army to obtain a marble column from Palmyra, or a mummy from Thebes;" and, so saying, he struck the back of his hand upon the English newspaper in which he had just been reading this stupid nonsense, and added, " to be sure these few lines do give me an additional object, that of making myself King of Jerusalem! Really it is a very amusing thing to read such folly!—King of Jerusalem! forsooth!"

And here he burst into a loud fit of laughter, perhaps the only one to which I knew him give way during the twenty years that I was admitted to his society. His gaiety never shewed itself in noise. Nor did his anger, terrible as it was; he could strike as with thunder, and persons in the next room would know nothing of the words which fell upon the offender with the weight of a club, or the sharpness of a sword.

Cambacérès seeing that the First Consul was disposed to amuse himself with the affair, took up the ball, and answered like a man of wit, as he actually was. His conversation had really nothing in it of the sternness and melancholy which was the habitual expression of his countenance. He and M. de Lavalette lead you into greater mistakes in this respect, than any other person I have ever known.

" Well, General," said Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, who was also that day at Malmaison, " I do not see any thing ironical in the journal. It is true the English writer intended to be ma-

licious, but it appears to me he has failed in his object. Why should Godfrey de Bouillon alone be entitled to his recompense?"

I know not what sentiment the words touched, but the First Consul's brow was clouded in an instant. Had his thoughts not yet turned upon absolute power? Or did he wish they should not be suspected if such existed already? But his change of countenance, the expression of his eye, and the knitting of his brow, were too striking not to be noticed by those who made him their study. The cloud, however, was transient, his features in an instant resumed their usual cast, and he replied to Regnault with a smile:

"Truly you do us republican soldiers great honour in comparing us with the crusaders. But who should be the Rinaldo of the adventure?" then looking round him, "Berthier, the palm is yours; but no, your Armida was not in Egypt. Junot, you are fond of running after the pretty women——but hush, Madame Junot is here, we must say nothing on that subject; though I suppose she knows she was not your first love. Do you know that your husband kept a complete seraglio in those distant quarters, Madame Junot?"

"He has told me something of the kind, General; and I have even a very pretty portrait hanging over the chimney piece in my room." With this the conversation ended; Napoleon casting an indefinable glance towards me, resumed his rapid promenade, and passed into the garden.

CHAPTER XIII.

The society of artists and literary men—Talma's gaiety—The poet d'Offreville and his self-conceit—The tragedy of Statira—The hoax projected—Talma's part in it, and the intended lecture—The dinner party—*The improvisation*—Party to the Theatre—Tiercelin and "the Farce and no Farce"—D'Offreville an unintentional performer—The lost Manuscript—The poet's despair and good appetite—The poet in the cabriolet, and the vicious mare—His lamentations—The hackney coachman.

I HAVE always been fond of the society of artists and literary men; we feel at once security and pleasure in it. In whatever situation fortune has placed me, I have made it my principal study, to assemble round me the chief talents of the day. For how many agreeable hours have I been indebted to them! What frankness and honour preside in all their relations with society; whereas the men of the world bring to it a sort of duplicity licenced as it were by general consent, but which bears a great resemblance to falsehood. The artist, occupied by his art and the noble ideas it creates, comes into social life as a recreation to which he willingly gives himself for the time, as a means of repose

which his labour demands, and brings to it kindness to all, favorable prepossessions and the simplicity of childhood. How many of these distinguished characters have passed the evening of the 6th of January in my family circle, and found pleasure in the infantine amusements provided for my children and their young friends; then when the little folks were gone to bed the man of talent who had laughed in the frankness of his heart at the shaving operations of General Jacko, would sing some exquisite melody to his harp, throw a sketch into an album, or converse in a style of enchantment. Such are the recollections I have the happiness of reporting of Nadermann, Garat, Denon, Girodet, Lefebvre, old Robert, Lemercier, Millin, M. Delille, Talma, and many others.

The name which I have set last upon this list reminds me of an adventure in which Talma played a part, certainly not that of Cinna or Orestes. To what perfection he carried those characters of parade with which French tragedy abounds, is well known; but at the time I am speaking of he was immersed in the gloom of those English tragedies which he rendered so terrible, and the contrast made his gaiety in society, which provoked the cheerfulness of all around, peculiarly striking.

My readers should remember a person whom I introduced to them in the earlier volumes of these Memoirs, that M. d'Offreville, who lived like a salamander in a perpeual fire at Lucien Bona-

parte's mansion of Plessis. Since that time his vanity and absurdity had continued to increase; on my marriage he presented himself to me with an epithalamium in each pocket and an acrostic upon every one of Junot's names and mine; there was no resisting this folly. M. Bardin, one of Junot's aides-de-camp, whose talents and wit gave him a right to be a little satirical, and the will to be very indulgent, could not forbear his jest upon the honest rhymester, under the mask of giving him advice; but the other did not take it in good part; and this time repeated with inconceivable impudence his old axiom.

"Gentlemen, you may say what you will of my poetry: if you do not think it good, so much the worse for your reputation, for the delicacy of your taste; but I persist in my declaration, that whereas Corneille and Racine have their weak lines, (as for Voltaire he abounds in them,) I have not a single one!"

It was this stupid self-conceit which made him completely ridiculous, and restrained every sentiment of commiseration which otherwise his age would have demanded. He was the butt of all his acquaintances.

After pronouncing this fine eulogium on himself, he stood up, and walked the room majestically, with one hand in his waistcoat pocket, and the other playing with the lace shirt frill, which was in keeping with the other ornaments of his dress, his plaited ruffles, silk stockings, and buckled shoes.

He had composed a tragedy, on which he had bestowed ten years' labour, to very little purpose; but he would rather have renounced his hopes of salvation in another life, than have believed that any production in the world could be equal to his *Statira*.

"Faith!" said Junot one day, "this man must be mystified; his incorrigible vanity deserves punishment."

The thing was not difficult with such a personage. He furnished us himself with the opportutunity in a very few days. He came one morning to request I would perform a promise which, in a moment of gaiety, I had thoughtlessly made him of procuring Talma's permission to have Statira read before the committee of the French comedy.

I was much embarrassed, for I would not for the world have spoke of this fine production to Talma, Dugazon, or Fleury. I answered that I should shortly see one of these gentlemen, and would report the answer; but the good poet was not so easily satisfied, and he so strongly insisted on my giving him a letter of introduction to Mademoiselle Raucourt, or Monvel, or Talma, or—— I know not who, for there was no silencing his application, that I was really puzzled in what manner to put him off; when fortunately Junot came in and at once extricated me from my difficulties.

"Your work shall be read next week, M. d'Offreville," said he in the most solemn tone ima-

ginable, "it shall be read at my house, by Talma himself:"

"Oh, General! my dear, beloved General! you are too, too good! Oh, heavens! my work read at Madame Junot's, at your house my dear General! and by Talma himself! it is too much!"

Here was d'Offreville in a delirium of joy, at the idea of his tragedy being read by Talma. I could not understand Junot, but in two words he let me into the secret. The day was fixed, Junot arranged the whole affair, and communicated his project to Talma, who willingly undertook to second it.

Our party consisted of the two Baptistes of the French comedy, Talma and his wife, Fleury, Dugazon and Dazincourt. It was agreed that Talma, as soon as he saw d'Offreville, should speak to him of his tragedy, of the part he wished to take in it, and of the pleasure he should have in reading it after dinner. This latter point was quite another matter, however.

I never saw such an expression of extraordinary joy as that which was pourtrayed on d'Offreville's burlesque physionomy, when on my introducing him to Talma, the latter addressed him with the most hyperbolical praises of his work, with an air of seriousness which was enough to make those acquainted with d'Offreville die of laughing. He bowed, thanked him in broken words, and in the most rapturous terms, and concluded by pronouncing Talma divine.

I think I never was present at a more amusing dinner party in my life. It is difficult to be more witty, or more agreeable, than the two Baptistes, Fleury, and Dazincourt, whose manners possessed all the polish of high life. Nor could any man be more admirably comic than Dugazon and our friend M. Charles. General Lallemand, and General Bardin had each their parts assigned, in the farce of which, M. d'Offreville was to be the hero, and they were especially charged by no means to suffer him to escape. It was an exchange of balls which he received from all quarters and returned; for he was by no means stupid, his folly was wholly the effect of vanity, and this made him the more amusing subject for a hoax. The champagne and madeira soon put him into excellent spirits, and he proposed favouring us with an *improvisation*, which he had been preparing from the day he had been assured that Talma would read his tragedy; but as it was to pass for an impromptu, he had taken good care not to bring his written paper with him, never suspecting his memory of treachery. But the wine he had drank, and the noisy mirth which surrounded him, had so confused his ideas, that after giving the two first lines their highest effect, after shading his eyes, and enacting all the monkey tricks necessary to produce a belief in an actual *improvisation*, he stopt short, wholly unable to recollect another word. The total silence in which the whole party were listening to his recitation and awaiting its continuation, added to his embarrass-

ment, and he looked absolutely stupified. After an interval of becoming solemnity, General Lallemand interrupted the silence:

"Indeed, M. d'Offreville," said he, "it is a sad thing that you cannot recollect any more of your *improvisation*."

"I beg your pardon," said he, "I shall continue immediately;" and again he repeated the two unfortunate lines,

> "Say Muse, loved Talma! does thy voice divine
> "Deign with immortal fame my verse to crown."

"My verse to crown,—my verse to crown," and he would have harped upon the same unharmonious string for an hour, if Talma had not cried out in his inimitable accent:

> "While Tyre's proud walls re-echo my renown."

Now this line was one of those which composed the famous tragedy of Statira; Junot had whispered it to Talma, who pronounced it instantly to the admiration of the company. But d'Offreville saw nothing ludicrous in it; on the contrary, he was ready to worship the man who was already master of the finest passage of his tragedy; "Is not that poetry of inspiration?" said he to Talma; "how your talent will shine in performing so brilliant a character as that of my hero! You are supremely fortunate, my dear Sir! But, let me beg you to give me the unutterable pleasure of

hearing these fine lines read with such judgment as yours; here is the piece."

And he drew from his pocket the much honored Statira, wrapped in vellum, and tied with fresh bows of rose coloured ribbon. The last folly was almost too much for the gravity of the company. Talma was still holding his cup of coffee in his hand when the simpleton gravely proposed to him to read five acts of pathos consecutively. Talma in reply, took him by the arm, and leading him and me to the recess of a window a little out of the way of the noise, said to him:

"My dear Sir, I understand from Madame Junot and the General, that your work is full of beauties: now I should wish to read this *chef-d'œuvre* with all the attention it merits, and to be listened to with the respect I should demand for it. At present this is impossible; do you see those wild fellows, Baptiste the younger and Dugazon—"

The latter was at this moment relating to his auditors, that he had once been aide-de-camp to the Commune of Paris, and describing his adventures in this capacity in the most laughable manner.

"I therefore recommend," continued Talma, "that Madame Junot should indulge us with a promenade in the bois de Boulogne or elsewhere; we shall converse while we are out upon literary and theatrical subjects, and when we return in the cool of the evening, our minds will be composed and prepared to enjoy the delightful impres-

sions which the lecture of Statira promises; and which I engage to assist with my best abilities."

I seconded the motion, and Madame Talma supported us, so that d'Offreville, however anxious for the commencement of the lecture had no remedy, and as it was only a pleasure deferred, was tolerably well behaved. I rang and ordered the horses, which were already harnessed to three carriages.

On my return to the saloon equipped for the ride, Junot approached me, and said, in a perfectly natural tone:

"I understand, my dear, that you intend to take a ride; in my opinion you had better pass an hour or two at the Théâtre Montansier, where they are performing a new piece, which I am told is charming. My box is not lent, and I will borrow that of the manager, and M. D....." the name was an invention intended only to deceive d'Offreville, who would have supposed a scheme laid against himself if he had found several boxes hired beforehand; he was foolish but not stupid.

Junot's proposition carried the day by acclamation, and we set out for the Théâtre Montansier, then at the Palais-Royal. D'Offreville was put under the care of M. Charles, M. Lallemand, and M. Delaborde, first aide-de-camp to Junot; on reaching the Theatre, he proposed to join me in my box for the pleasure of conversing with Talma, but this was not exactly the intended plan.

"No, no," said these gentlemen; "Madame

Junot's box is full, you are going with us into one where you will see excellently."

Hereupon they made a preconcerted signal to the door-keeper, who opened the stage-box to the right of the audience; General Lallemand and M. Delaborde push d'Offreville into the box and shut the door, leaving him *tête a tête* with a man whom he does not know, because he never attends the theatres, and whose appearance is almost as singular as his own. This man was dressed in a scarlet cloth coat with copper buttons, yellow breeches, striped stockings, an immense cravat, a powdered wig with a great cue, and a three cornered hat badly cocked, which he took off and put on again ten times in a minute.

D'Offreville, to whom his conductors had said; we shall return presently, waited patiently the commencement of the piece. The curtain drew up; but an actor in his stage dress came forward to announce, that the principal actress being extremely ill, the performance could not take place.

"What!" cried d'Offreville's neighbour in the red coat, with a hoarse voice, "what do you mean by that, I have paid three francs and a half to see the shew, and I will see or ....." And here he stood up leaning over the front of the box, and vociferating his words in a great rage:

"Sir," said d'Offreville to him, pulling one of his red skirts, "it is not usual to talk in this manner here; they will turn you out, Sir."

"Hem! what is this fellow saying?" And

turning towards d'Offreville, the man in the red coat burst out a laughing.

"Ah! I know you very well! You come from the Estrapade;* you compose tragedies to make people laugh."

"Sir, Sir," said d'Offreville, "pray speak lower?"

And he attempted to effect a retreat but in vain; the door would not open; for General Lallemand, M. Delaborde, and M. Charles were behind holding fast.

At this moment a voice in the gallery shouted out James, James! and James who was the man in the red coat, looked up and answered:

"Ah! Ah! is it you John! come here my lad, here is plenty of room, come here."

And the accent and attitude of the waterman of the fens was perfect: for by this time my readers will have guessed that the man in the scarlet coat was Tiercelin, and that the farce they were performing was "The Farce and no Farce," represented for the second time only. Tiercelin who was in the secret, played his part excellently, and what made the joke perfect, from my box where we could see the whole was, that the audience in the pit took the introduction of d'Offreville for a new scene, and every time he leant forward to Tiercelin to give his advice, several voices cried out "louder!" The poor author of Statira stood

* The Rue de l'Estrapade in Paris.

as much in dread of these cries as of his terrible neighbour, who seeing the impression he made upon him, gave him, from time to time, a most menacing glance.

"Oh!" said he, "I have told you I know you, you come from the Estrapade. You should cry out like John and I, upon these thieves, who take our money and give us nothing for it."

The piece proceeded. Tiercelin or James as he is called, was furnished with a gourd, out of which he drank five or six times during the act. Generally he had nothing in this gourd, but it happened that evening having a bad cold, the gourd contained barley water. When he saw the apprehension with which he inspired d'Offreville, it came into his head, to our great gratification, to offer him his gourd, recommending him to drink to recover himself, and to our still greater delight, the other took it, so much was he afraid of his companion, and tasting, notwithstanding his expectation of having his throat burnt with peppered brandy, was not a little surprised at swallowing nothing but warm water fit to make him sick. He drank however what was in the gourd, amidst the encouragements of Tiercelin, and the reiterated applauses of the pit, which would have been delighted with this unexpected scene, if the new actor could have been persuaded to speak louder.

But the new actor at length discovered the joke, and immediately precipitated himself, head foremost, like a ram in a rage, against the box

door; and so furious was he, that when the gentlemen outside opened it, he pushed through without seeing them. But he was not to escape thus, and all the young men of the conspiracy surrounding him, he found himself without the power of counteraction once more in my drawing-room in the presence of Talma. When he commenced his complaints, we all told him he did not know what he was talking about; that the box he had been put into was the manager's, who had given an order to one of the common people, a waterman, who, it would seem, lived in the Rue de l'Estrapade and knew him, which he had given him to understand by his manner, rather vulgarly to be sure: "But," said Junot, "if I were you, I should be very proud of being recognised thus, and for an author, even by people the most remote from your ordinary associates! D'Offreville, I should look upon the meeting with this waterman the most honorable homage to your great talents."

It would be absurd to make such stupid speeches to a man who understood it as irony; but d'Offreville was persuaded to see in this adventure a circumstance of which he had a right to be proud; whether it were Tiercelin, or plain James of the Estrapade, on this point he could not divest himself of some doubt, but the actor or the waterman had said, "You compose tragedies!" This was enough to make him forget the warm water and the suspicious character which had been forced upon him.

"And when you are named on the day of the

first representation of Statira," said Madame Talma, " when, having made a sufficient resistance to the demands of an impatient audience, my husband and I lead you between us upon the stage, that the whole house might be able to see you——a different homage will then be rendered to your talents!"

D'Offreville listened eagerly, and seemed to enjoy in anticipation the ecstacy of his triumph. " But what is M. Talma about and our Statira," said he, casting a glance of intelligence on M. Talma."

" Here am I," said Talma; " But where is the manuscript? Come, prepare the table, two wax lights, and a glass of sugared water.——But M. d'Offreville, be so good as to give me your manuscript; for though I have retained many beautiful lines of this immortal work I have not learnt it by heart."

But d'Offreville was more ridiculous at this moment than he had been at any preceding part of the entertainment. His cherished manuscript was lost!—nor could he recover it.—The truth was, that I had stolen it from the spot where he had concealed it, as the only means of avoiding the lecture.

" My Statira," he exclaimed, as if he was calling his mistress, " my Statira!"

And General Lallemand and the other wags of the party, replied: M. d'Offreville you know that her other name is, " She will escape." In fact we had given it this name at Plessis-Chamant.

"Ah! my Statira!" repeated he with a sigh, turning all round the room as if he had been attacked with insanity.

At length supper was announced. D'Offreville at first in despair, found comfort in making a capital meal, a talent which seldom failed him. They afterwards made him recite some madrigals, and two or three acrostics upon Laura and Andoche; then he repeated, as a child does his lesson, the letter he had received from Voltaire; and before rising from table, he had become quite as vain-glorious, and as complete a braggart as ever. But when after supper his dear Statira was restored to him, when he had found upon examination, that not a single absurdity was wanting to it, he proceeded to utter such a tissue of nonsense, that Junot cried out in great wrath:

"This man is absolutely incorrigible."

"I have seen many such characters," said Talma, "but never one so thoroughly ridiculous."

Did not he wish to have his precious production read after supper?

"We shall see about that some day next week," said Talma, "for to-night, or rather this morning, I entreat you to excuse me."

It was already two o'clock.

"And how am I to return home?" said the little man. "You know that Madame d'Offreville would die of grief if any harm should happen to me." This apostrophe was addressed to me in a somewhat petulant tone; for he could not forgive me the occurrences of the day, though I was no

otherwise concerned in them than as having shared the general mirth. "You know," he continued, "all the tenderness of that incomparable woman!"

The fact was, that the wife was quite as ridiculous as her husband; I dare say they were attached to each other, but to make a parade of love, when their joint ages amounted to a hundred and fifty years, was of itself absurdity enough.

"Well," said M. Charles, "I am going to drive you home in my cabriolet."

"No, no, I shall," said General Lallemand.

M. Delaborde interfered with, "I propose myself that honour."

"If M. d'Offreville will trust himself with me?" chimed in M. Bardin.

M. d'Offreville looked at them all in turn, the remembrance of the misadventures of the evening made him tremble; but he found M. Charles's countenance the most inviting, he determined to confide himself to his care; rolled up his Statira with a sigh; made low bows to M. Talma, who bent still more profoundly in return, and ascended the slight cabriolet of M. Charles, to which was harnessed a little mare, known as the most vicious brute in Paris. To his other follies d'Offreville added that of being fearful in a carriage, and his apprehension was converted into absolute terror when the cabriolet took with the speed of an arrow, the road to the Pont-Royal.

"Good God," cried M. Charles, "what will

become of us, the horse is running away; I have no power over it."

"Sir, I conjure, I entreat you, a wife who adores me, Sir, is waiting for me....I beseech you Sir!"

"What would you have me do?" said M. Charles, slightly touching the flanks of the mare with the whip; "what would you have me do? you see I have no command of the mare ...she has got the bit between her teeth....that's certain....God grant that she may not drag us to the river!"

"M. Charles, let me alight....You are a worthy man, you would not kill me....Good heavens! here we are upon the bridge!"

"Well, so much the better; it proves that we shall not go under it; you see there is nothing to fear now.——Will you be quiet?——by Jove, you will put me in a passion presently," exclaimed M. Charles, half angry and half laughing, for the old poet was crying for help.

"Oh what will become!" muttered d'Offreville, almost crying, "and my wife, my poor wife!"

"Ah! you shall see your wife again, by and by;" said M. Charles; "only let me get home, then I will pack you into a hackney coach and you shall return home to console your wife, who is no doubt fast asleep without thinking of you."

"And do you live far off, my worthy friend? Heavens! how the cabriolet sways? Do you live far off?"

"In the Rue des Maturins."

"The Rue des Maturins? then I shall not get home before five o'clock in the morning!"

"Be quiet, will you, and let me drive the mare without meddling with the reins; and we shall arrive presently."

At last they reached the Rue des Maturins, but the hackney coachman's anger on seeing his fare was not the least amusing part of the adventure to M. Charles. His singular dress, covered with the powder which had fallen from his wig, and his more singular physiognomy produced a sort of refusal on the part of the hackney coachman to drive a mask, when it was not carnival time. D'Offreville, amongst whose pretensions was that of being very eloquent, undertook to persuade the man, by speaking of his wife and her love, himself and his talent; and afterwards boasted of his success as a triumph of his oratorical powers. "The Muses," said he, "touched my lips, like Pindar's with milk and honey."

The truth was, that M. Charles, unknown to his companion had put a crown piece into the coachman's hand.

CHAPTER XIV.

Bonaparte and Republics—Re-establishment of thrones—The King and Queen of Etruria in Paris—The *Countling* of Livurnia —Fêtes and balls at Paris—Tuscany in a garden at Neuilly—Fêtes of Messieurs Talleyrand, Chaptal and Berthier—The King of Etruria's shoe-buckles—A Representation of Œdipus—Judgment of the First Consul upon the new King—Sitting of the Council of State—Remarkable words of Bonaparte—Sovereignty of the People inalienable.

We have now attained a new and memorable epoch in our history, that of the re-establishment of thrones and of religion. The foundation of several republics was the work of General Bonaparte, when, at the head of an army, not yet his subjects, his moderation procured him even more renown than his victories. Now that his powerful hand directed the destinies of France he attempted to set up a petty crown, to place a baby sceptre in the hands of a man incapable of reigning, as if he would say to France already unaccustomed to sovereignty :

" See what a king is! Be not afraid of the phantom."

This Monarch, whose new dignity procured him more ridicule than respect, was the King of Etruria, Don Louis, infant of Parma, nephew by the mother's side of Queen Marie Antoinette, and husband of the infanta Maria Louisa Josephine, daughter of Charles IV. They came to Paris in the month of May, 1801, to thank the First Consul for their nomination to the crown of Etruria, which was a stipulated clause of the treaty concluded between France and Spain on the 21st of March, at Madrid.

By this treaty France acquired the Duchy of Palma and ceded Tuscany to the Prince; giving him, as an indemnity for his paternal inheritance, the territory we had conquered from his uncle. But the King, Louis I, was very possibly ignorant who was the sovereign of Tuscany before it fell to his own share; and had he known it, I am by no means certain that he would, on that account, have refused the crown.

I never beheld two more extraordinary persons than these new sovereigns. They assumed the incognito of Count and Countess of Livurnia, and brought with them a *Countling*, who, though not quite three years old, was made of more importance than both his illustrious parents put together.

But they who have not seen the royal personage, at five years of age, in full court dress, a hat and feathers under his arm; a sword, decorated with a huge bunch of ribbons at his side; his poor little locks powdered and frizzed confined in a bag wig driven through the streets of Florence,

on the front seat of a state carriage, and though fastened to his cushion, rolling from right to left like a little ball: the Queen Dowager, his mother, riding backwards in the most respectful attitude. Whoever has not beheld this spectacle has missed one of those exquisitely ridiculous scenes which prolong laughter till it becomes painful. At the time I am speaking of, as the king, his father, was still living, the Prince Royal of Etruria was content to give his little hand to be kissed, whether asked for or not.

As for his parents, all who remember their arrival and sojourn in Paris in 1801, will agree with me, how totally dissimilar they were from all other human beings, especially if her Majesty, the Queen, is to be compared with a woman of even moderate beauty, or the King with a man possessed of a single idea.

One proof, if any were wanting, and which was not lost upon France, how utterly he was void, not only of all the mental faculties but also of those of the heart was the abandonment of his paternal inheritance to take up with the spoils of his uncle.

Fetes were given to the King of Etruria, not from any regard to the new fangled monarch, but from a spontaneous desire to meet the wishes of the First Consul, who well knew how to appreciate the sentiments which dictated the attention.

The reception given to this tributary king, who was come to tender to the republic homage for his crown was, at once, magnificent and in good taste.

He was, in the first instance, entertained at Malmaison, in the spirit of cordiality.

The First Consul wished to become acquainted with the character of the man, on whom he had bestowed a polished people, hallowed by the noblest monuments of art and science: a very few interviews sufficed to prove that he was nullity personified.

Not so, the Queen. Her appearance was at first repulsive; but on further acquaintance, when she had thrown aside a timidity, partaking in some degree of stateliness, which threw a restraint over her words and actions, she proved to be very agreeable.

M. de Talleyrand was the first of the ministers who gave a fete to the new sovereigns. It was in the month of June, when the country was in its highest beauty. The entertainment was therefore given at Neuilly. Taste and ingenuity were displayed in all the arrangements, but both were lost upon him for whose enjoyment the whole was chiefly intended. The fête was Florentine and its illusion complete. The beautiful square of the Pitti Palace was admirably represented, and when their majesties descended to the garden they were surrounded by crowds of pretty Tuscan peasant girls, offering them flowers singing couplets, and enticing the royal pair into their groups to hear verses in their own praise. This was followed by the famous improvisator Gianni, prophesying for them in fine Italian verse a long and prosperous reign: all this made no impression on

King Louis. The Queen, who alone understood it, made the acknowledgments of both.

The finest of these fêtes was that given by the minister of the interior. He had not, like M. de Talleyrand, the advantage of a villa in the country, but his garden was skilfully laid out, to bear the appearance of a park, and the whole scene reminded one of fairy land. Three hundred and fifty ladies found seats in that fine gallery, where Lucien in the preceding year had given such agreeable balls; which, pleasant as they were, certainly afforded no presage of M. Chaptal's evening of enchantment. The First Consul was enraptured; and though seldom known to take notice of such matters, not only expressed his satisfaction at the time, but long afterwards reverted to the invisible singers, and the ravishing harmony of M. Chaptal's gardens. Yet here, as at Neuilly, all the delicate courtesies shewn in honour of the sovereigns, were appreciated by the Queen alone, the poor King could not find a word of thanks for so much pains expended on fêting and pleasing him; even when in the midst of a Tuscan village, where Tuscan peasants were singing in chorus the beautiful lines of Tasso and Petrarch, which he could scarcely fail of understanding, a crown of flowers was offered him, accompanied by flattering verses, still not a syllable could he say; the same eternal and unmeaning smile, which seemed to express that he could not comprehend even the language and scenery of Italy, still sat upon his lips.

In the dance his Tuscan Majesty was really amusing. I had the honour of figuring near him at the ball given by the minister of war, on the anniversary of the battle of Marengo, and congratulate myself on my wonderful self-controul in preserving my gravity through the whole country-dance. The King dancing with Queen Hortense, skipped and jumped about in a manner by no means beseeming the royal dignity. In one of his capers, a buckle from his shoe suddenly flew into the air, and alighted in my head-dress; and so highly was the King's mirth excited by its course and final resting place, that he was nearly choaked with laughter. We were little less diverted when, an examination of the buckle to ascertain how it had found its way from the royal foot to my head, discovered that it had been only glued to the shoe.

This fête of the Minister of War acquired a peculiar character from the supper being served in the garden, under tents, with all the military appendages of a bivouac, and from that illusive charm imparted by the glorious day its anniversary recalled. The fire-works were so designed as to show the First Consul the army which surrounded him could honour him alone. A balloon was sent up in the course of the night, which, against the dark azure of a clear sky, luminously traced as it rose the name of Marengo.

One evening during the King of Etruria's stay in Paris, the First Consul accompanied him to the Comédie Française. The play was Œdipus. The

house was crowded to excess. All Paris was desirous to see, side by side, General Bonaparte, who as a private individual had created republics, and the King he was crowning, now that he was himself chief of the most powerful republic in the world.

The manners of the new King were especially amusing when contrasted with those of the First Consul, who was always calm, serious and well calculated to stand the gaze of millions. When Philoctetes repeated the line, "I have made sovereigns, but have refused to be one," the noise of the acclamations with which the theatre resounded was almost alarming. The whole house was shaken by applauding feet, while the box audience, who seldom take part in such scenes, unanimously joined the cheers of the pit. It was the universal nation expressing to Napoleon the sentiment which filled all hearts. As for the King he started at first in his arm chair, then laughed most complacently on observing all hands and eyes directed towards the box where he sat with the First Consul. But the mirth of those who knew him was complete when, finding the applause prolonged, he thought politeness required some mark of attention in return for such unequivocal proofs of an interest he was quite proud, as he said, of inspiring in so great a people, and he rose to make his best obeisance.

"Poor King!" said the First Consul, shrugging his shoulders.

These words, "poor King!" appear the more

contemptuous from his mouth, covered as he was with laurels, and all radiant with the intrinsic glory of his great deeds. But on all occasions a word either of praise or contempt has appeared to me more impressive from him than from other men.

After a visit of some weeks the King and Queen of Etruria quitted Paris and proceeded to their own kingdom of perfumes, where they were received and installed in their throne by Murat.

"The rising generation," said the First Consul one day, laughing, "were unacquainted with the face of a King; well, we have shown them one." But his countenance instantly recovered its seriousness, and he added, "Poor Tuscany! Poor Tuscany!"

About this same time a highly republican counsellor of state dined with us. He was one of our particular friends and perfectly accorded in opinion with Junot and myself. He was just come from the council, where, he told us, the First Consul had spoken words which would rejoice all true patriots, all who loved France, the most beautiful and perfect work of creation, for her own sake and independently of all personal motives. This counsellor had opposed an aristocratic measure then under discussion, that of the lists of eligibility, relative to elections, the object of which was to fill all official posts with select persons. I am not going to raise a corner of the veil which covers futurity, to consider how far Napoleon's

discourse was consistent with his actions three years later. That vast question will be the subject of more than one chapter in the course of this work; I shall not jump from premises to conclusions, but march steadily along the space which elapsed between the year 10 (1801) and the year 1804, the era of the empire; an interval full of stirring incidents and great events, and which may fairly be allowed to have wrought some change in his sentiments. I shall now return to the subject of the lists of eligibility, which was warmly discussed in the council of state, and shall be more minute in detailing all I can recollect on that head, as the journalists of the day did not report with perfect freedom what passed in the tribunals, the council of state, and the legislative body. "Was this a good or a bad thing?" Here again the finger is on one of those chords which respond not to the touch, or return sounds so vague and confused, that it is impossible to affix a distinct meaning to them. Our friend, the counsellor, argued that the law which established these lists, although forming part of the constitution, was bad and defective in all respects, concluding by a demand that the prefects should be appealed to, not one of whom, he undertook to answer, would say a word in its commendation.

Cambacérès, strange as it may seem, pronounced strongly in favour of the lists, and the First Consul held a long discussion with him. Napoleon said that the lists were founded on a bad system

and on false and erroneous principles; and the following words in which he prosecuted his view of the subject especially enchanted our friend:

"France," said he, "is a great power, but it is the people who compose that power. This law, although a part of the constitution, is not, therefore, the less bad and absurd. It is not fifty, sixty, or even a hundred men, assembling together in a moment of tumult and excitement, who have a right to make a constitution, and to alienate the rights of the people.——The sovereignty of the people is inalienable."

These are the very words of Napoleon; they were written in pencil by him who gave them to me, and he wrote them as they fell from the First Consul. Did they truly interpret his sentiments?

CHAPTER XV.

Institution of the legion of honour—Difficulties encountered by the First Consul—Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely—Bonaparte's character read—My mother's conversation with Junot—Some anterior reminiscences—Destruction of the churches in France—The goddess of reason—Projects of Robespierre—The necessity of religion—Quotation from Voltaire—Lareveillere-Lepaux and the Theophilanthropists—Details respecting the new sect—Bonaparte's opinion of them—Admiration of the First Consul for the gospel—Preliminaries of the concordat—Cardinal Gonsalvi and Cardinal Spina.

THE sitting of the council, of which I have just spoken, took place a short time before the arrival of the King of Etruria in Paris. It was also some weeks previous to this incident, that the establishment of the legion of honour, one of the most remarkable events of the whole domination of Napoleon, was first talked of. This affair doubtless made an impression, but less than proportionate to the difficulty with which it had been effected. It would not, perhaps, have been possible to have achieved the victory so early, had not the First Consul been powerfully seconded by Regnault de

St. Jean-d'Angely, a man of great ability, whose portrait is necessary here, as his name will be found in every page of Napoleon's history. Regnault having, like nearly all the members of the constituent assembly and of the convention, taken a denomination from the place of his residence, was, as his name indicates, from Saint-Jean-d'Angely; where, however, his parents, who belonged to that class, known before the revolution as *the bonne bourgeoisie,* had but recently established themselves. They intended their son for a merchant, but the young man determined otherwise for himself; and finding his parents inexorable, quitted the paternal mansion, where no better prospect than an insufferable slavery awaited him, to wander he knew not whither. Happily he met a family friend, who, entering into his character and feelings, and being desirous to save both him and his parents from eternal regret, brought him back to his home, and induced them to educate him for the bar. Thus was laid the foundation of Regnault's success. He studied, and very soon displayed a brilliant and original eloquence, combined with a force of reasoning which placed him at once on a level with the most distinguished orators. Napoleon, who knew how to discriminate between talent and mediocrity, designed Regnault, from the moment he heard him speak, for one of the orators of his council of state. Regnault, on his part, also judged the colossus; and, strange to say, in many instances fathomed his real thoughts through the veil with which, though

Napoleon was not deceitful, his simple and vigorous ideas were frequently covered. Regnault, in listening to discussions introduced by the First Consul, seldom coincided in the opinion first mooted by him; he opposed it; and curiously enough, generally found himself maintaining the side of the argument which Napoleon really intended to preponderate. If this was the effect of address, it was excusable.

The question of the legion of honour on its first proposition, excited feelings and discussions of which, in the present day, it is impossible to convey an idea. The creation of an order of knighthood, in a country filled with republican institutions and resolved on equality, appeared at first, even to those who from their reputation in arms, were entitled to be chiefs of the order, a sort of monstrosity. None of them had even imagined that the First Consul would one day assume the sovereignty of the state. I do not think that the consulate for life had yet been talked of; Napoleon now held the office for ten years only.

"Well! after all," said my mother to Junot, "I assure you, my dear son, a green, red, or blue ribbon is a very pretty thing over a black coat or a white waistcoat. I am fond of these talismans of ambition. Our poor weak human nature is always travelling in a circle; we are carried forward by the rotatory motion, and obliged to abandon position after position, as we perform the revolution, till we find ourselves brought back to the very point from whence we

started; here for instance are you almost a courtier under a republican government! This does not surprise me: for I have seen the pro-consuls of the committee of public safety keep the notables of the highest merit waiting in their antichambers, and that because the said pro-consuls were sensible of their own inferiority and revenged it in the only manner, of which a mind of mean calibre is capable. The Directory had its chamberlains and equerries; because the halls of the Luxembourg contained throngs who sought to fill those offices with an eagerness truly edifying. The Consular Court is now rising with an éclat far surpassing its predecessors. I neither find it amiss nor extraordinary," continued my mother, smiling, "but you will agree with me that unless power possesses both the will and the means to make itself respected, it is indispensable to surround it with a sort of theatrical splendour to prevent its becoming an object of mockery. Bonaparte is a man of sense and tact; he understands all that I have said, and reduces it to practice. You will see where all this will end—" and my mother gently nodded her head, as she changed her position on the sofa; for at that time, in compliance with the decree of her physicians, she scarcely ever rose from it. Junot's demeanour as he listened to her harangue, was droll; he saw plainly that she was jesting, but as he did not himself entirely approve this measure at the outset, he was at a loss for an answer. He was much perplexed to guess how

my mother had learnt the secrets of the Council of State, in which the First Consul had spoken at great length, and with an eloquence the more extraordinary as oratory was by no means his forte; he possessed to an almost irresistible extent the art of compelling his auditors to adopt his views; but that he should speak for an hour together and with real eloquence was truly astonishing.

This was not the first time that my mother had surprised us by talking politics, in which formerly she never interfered; but a heart like hers must follow the interests of those she loved. Till my marriage no warmer sentiment than a sincere friendship for a few individuals had caused her to look upon public affairs either with pleasure or uneasiness. But within fifteen months her circumstances had changed. Her daughter was the wife of a man so intimately attached to the established order of things that the future welfare of that daughter depended on its preservation; her son had a lucrative situation in the administration of the republic; and the private opinions of my excellent mother were silenced by these strong ties which bound her to the existing government. She who had never busied herself with any political rumours, now grew desirous of sounding public opinion; she had two or three journals read to her daily, and such of her friends as were in a situation to give her information were laid under contribution. My good and affectionate mother! all these habits so foreign to her former life were the reverse of

agreeable to her. But it would have distressed her to be ignorant of any thing in which we were interested; and through the elder M. Portalis she frequently learnt news, which did not reach Junot till he heard them from her two or three days later; not through any breach of confidence on the part of the counsellor, but merely because Junot did not attend the sittings of the council, and that their proceedings were not reported in the journals. It happened so in the case of the Concordat, one of those landmarks which denote a great epoch in the history of our revolution: let us dwell a little upon it.

It is well known that during our revolutionary troubles, not only all the churches of France were closed, but the catholic and even the protestant worship was forbidden; and that even after the constitution of the year 3, no man could hear mass or perform his devotions, but at the peril of his life.

Robespierre, who was evidently desirous of bringing back public opinion to the recognition of the necessity of religious worship, had, as is now well known to many, adopted a plan for its restitution, on the *Fête day of the Supreme Being*. Eight months previously we had seen the Bishop of Paris, accompanied by his clergy, appear voluntarily at the bar of the Convention, to abjure the catholic worship and christianity; an example quickly followed by the protestant minister, Julian of Thoulouse. This ridiculously sacrilegious parade took place in the winter of 1793. But it

is essential to remark that Robespierre was not at this time possessed of the chief power. Innumerable factions disputed precedence with him, in the sanguinary path all were equally pursuing. Nor did he assume a threatening position till the end of the year 1793, or beginning of 1794; it was not till after the death of Danton, and till he had himself crushed Camille Desmoulins, and Herault de Séchelles, that he bent and truckled before two men, his inferiors in every thing but cruelty. Not till June 1794, therefore, did he venture upon the measure which had been resolved on in the winter of the preceding year, when in the irreligious delirium which had seized all minds, the catholic worship was by a formal desire replaced by that of reason, to which the church of Notre Dame was dedicated, an infamous creature, seated on the altar, frequently personifying the goddess of the place. The other churches of Paris were alike consecrated to metaphysical beings,—liberty, love, hymen, &c.

Robespierre had no hand in this devastation of all morality. Not certainly that he possessed a larger share of it than the destroyers, but he had entered upon a path which he well knew it was not to his purpose to strew with so many ruins. The month preceding the Fête of the Supreme Being, therefore, on the 8th of May 1794, the arch-hypocrite pronounced a long oration with the intent of persuading the French people to acknowledge the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul; and the Convention, after having esta-

blished the worship of the goddess reason, substituted for it a more purified paganism, the honours of which it ascribed only to human virtues. The very day following, a man of the highest scientific acquirement, and no less distinguished for honor and virtue, Lavoisier in short, was carried out in the criminal cart, and sacrificed on the scaffold. Another day, and the same axe was crimsoned with the blood of Madame Elizabeth; of that princess whom her murderers themselves dared not condemn, while her holy and angelic countenance was present, to reproach the deed. One short month later and Robespierre, who would fain at last call order to his aid, and calm the tempests which incessantly swelled the sanguine waves of that sea of blood in which for the last two years we had been tossing; Robespierre, whose plans were not then known, nor probably even guessed by those who attacked and overthrew him, became sensible that he could do nothing unless the multitude could be restrained and directed, and that without order all must be havoc and destruction. The law of nature herself, the most simple of all laws that can be offered to the understanding of man, prescribes perfect order,—by example the most powerful of precepts. That the multitude may be governed by this law of order, it is absolutely essential that they should acknowledge some system of morality, some religion, some faith, and that faith must be reduced to forms at least for them. The philosophers most quoted by sceptics in this matter, are precisely

those who have most strongly supported the necessity of a belief, and a form of worship.

"My friend," writes Voltaire to the infidel Damilaville, "when you have just supped upon delicate truffled partridges, washed down by excellent champagne, and are quietly digesting them, on cushions of eider-down, in the arms of your mistress, I should not be much afraid of you, though you believe not in God. But were you in want, and our road crossed a dark and solitary wood, I should not like to travel in your company."

When Robespierre would have reduced to discipline the crew who were driving his vessel, he found the task beyond his strength. It is easy to destroy, not so to reconstruct. Power had been granted him for evil alone; and the day on which he first gave evidence of a desire for the restoration of order, the forefinger of those whose hands he himself had dipped in blood were on his forehead, and he in his turn was marked with the fatal sign.

After his fall, confusion and anarchy reigned with redoubled force, and all prospect of order and tranquillity was utterly annihilated. Then came the Directory; that government, weak and pitiable as it was, saw during its short existence the dawn of a sect destined to restore a degree of equilibrium. This sect was rather moral than religious, affected universal toleration, and recognized all existing religions. I mean the Theophilanthropists.

In the year V, the missionaries of this new

religion first raised their voice. Their first meeting was held in a house in the Rue Saint Denis, at the corner of the Rue des Lombards. This house had been formerly devoted to the instruction of the blind; and my mother, who declared war against all the new institutions, protested that it had not changed its destination, and that those who sought a gleam of truth in the rhapsodies of the Theophilantropists, must be not only blind, but doting.

These innovators, nevertheless were no dotards; their morality was admirable, it was applicable to all times, all people and all ages, and if it had not been already promulgated near 2,000 years before in the gospel, would have deservedly procured for its authors immortal honour. They had a sort of verbal catechism, of which the following are fragments.

"We believe in the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul.

"Adore God; love your fellow-creatures; serve your country.

"*Good*, is every thing which tends to preserve and perfect mankind. *Evil*, every thing which tends to his destruction or deterioration.

"Children, honour your father and mother; obey them with affection, succour their old age. Parents, instruct your children.

"Wives, behold in your husbands the head of your household. Husbands, behold in your wives the mother of your children: and promote each other's happiness."

The First Consul was violently prejudiced against the Theophilanthropists

"They are stage-players," said he.

And when it was argued that nothing could be more admirable than the conduct of their leaders; that Lareveillere-Lepaux in particular, was one of the most virtuous men in Paris; in short, that virtue, good faith, honour, and especially the welfare of mankind were the objects of their morality;

"What of that?" answered the First Consul, to the Theophilanthropist Tribune, who was pleading the cause of his fraternity. "All systems of morals are specious. Setting aside a few dogmas more or less absurd which are necessarily adapted to the times, and the comprehension of the people, what do you find in the Vehdas, the Koran, the Old Testament, or Confusius? Pure morality throughout; that is to say, protection for the weak, respect for the laws, and gratitude to God. But it is the Gospel alone which presents an epitome of all the principles of morality, and totally disencumbered of absurdity. It is there you must look for what is truly worthy of admiration, and not in stale truisms turned into doggrel rhymes. Do you love the sublime, you and your friends the Theophilanthropists? Then recite the *Lord's prayer*."

About this time, the First Consul, wearied with perpetual reports of the meetings of these new sectaries, decided on their suppression and on closing their places of assembly; the real motive which instigated this determination, was the

Concordat, already concluded with the Pope, and which was shortly afterwards published: he, therefore, never failed eagerly to seize an opportunity of unmercifully decrying this *religion in a dressing gown,* as he expressed himself.

When the First Consul made at Malmaison the speech I have given above, he indirectly attacked in continuation several of the company present; in particular, one counsellor of state, who is still living, and whose opinion was opposed to the negociation of the Concordat. As yet inexperienced and educated in the brilliant era of the revolution, he apprehended that the return of a party, so deeply offended, must be the signal for interminable discord, and would at least have required that every clause of a treaty with the court of Rome should be maturely discussed. The First Consul addressed him with a marked intention of engaging him in a species of argument which the counsellor prudently declined. The First Consul then resumed with a smile the subject of the Theophilanthropists, and expressed himself with some acrimony, but concluded with a remarkable sentence which clearly proves his intimate knowledge of men, of Frenchmen, and of his own times.

"Your friends would fain be martyrs," said he to the tribune, and the counsellor of state; "but they will not have that honour; the only lash they will encounter is that of ridicule, and if I am well acquainted with Frenchmen, its strokes will be mortal."

The only measure of severity actually adopted against them was the closure of their four remaining Parisian temples, the Church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, Saint-Gervais, Saint-Nicholas-des-Champs, and Saint-Sulpice, by a Consular Decree of the 12 Vendémiaire, year X (4 October 1801). They hired, in consequence, a private house, but here again they were not suffered to hold their meetings. Is this persecution? All such things are relative. Ask M. de Latil, he will tell you that they should have been hanged.

They made no resistance, and in truth opposed only a noble moderation to the biting, and sometimes unjust sarcasms lavished upon them by the public. If this moderation was not an effect of fear, but simply the result of their principles, it is the more extraordinary, as having itself contributed to the entire oblivion of Theophilanthropy. The vulgar love mystery and the marvellous. This religion, divested of every thing that imposes on the senses or the imagination, might find its way among perfectly reasonable people, but could never appeal to the heart of a nation eminently susceptible of external impressions. A good persecution would have been the making of it; but no one was found to volunteer hanging, burning, or drowning in attestation of the truth and benignity of Theophilanthropy.

It is remarkable that the forms of the catholic religion suffered no change on its re-establishment. It had been exiled from France, and Na-

poleon restored it to us free from all fanaticism, yet free also from any alteration.

The publication of the Concordat gave universal satisfaction to France, if we except only a few timid persons, who dreaded, in the return of religion, that of the clergy, with their pretensions and vengeance. Is it not then surprising, that with the faith of our fathers still cherished in our hearts, we should have suffered our churches to be occupied by such a parody upon our worship?

Cardinal Gonsalvi, Signor Spina, (since Cardinal Archbishop of Genoa,) and Father Corselli, also a cardinal since that period, came to Paris to terminate the affair of the Concordat. I shall speak hereafter of Cardinal Gonsalvi; I was at this time too young to know and appreciate him. The First Consul himself was much deceived respecting him, and there is every reason to believe that he was prejudiced against him by the minister of foreign affairs.

A person every way worthy of credit, and whom I infinitely esteem and revere, says in his excellent work upon the Consulate, that in a conversation he held with him at Malmaison, the First Consul mentioned that the Cardinal jested as freely as a young musketeer, and had told M. de Talleyrand, *that he was as fond of pleasure as any one, and that he had obtained a reputation for devotion, which he did not possess.*

I repeat, the person who reports this conversa-

tion with the First Consul is a man of honour, and worthy of credence. What he reports, the First Consul had undoubtedly said to him. I can equally answer for Napoleon. He could dissemble and give a false colouring to a story, but was never guilty of direct falsehood to the extent here imputed to him. The minister must himself have been deceived; for had Cardinal Gonsalvi been as profligate as a Borgia, and as impious as the fifth Sixtus, it is impossible that he could so stupidly proclaim his shame. All who have been honoured with his acquaintance know, that whatever political licence he might allow himself in conversation, he never in the man of the world, or even in the man of gallantry, forgot the dignity of the cardinal. I have held frequent and intimate intercourse with him, and have in my possession more than thirty of his letters; and I can affirm that I never heard him utter an unbecoming word, or received from him a single line that passed the bounds of decorum.

In the same conversation the First Consul added, that Signor Spina much regretted, as well as the Cardinal, that they could not attend the theatres, and that they both said they did so at Rome in company with their mistresses.

I have inhabited Rome long enough to have seen so edifying a spectacle, and yet was unfortunately denied it. I shall not so far erect my-

self into the champion of Cardinal Gonsalvi's virtue, as to break a lance on the question of his appearing at the play with his mistress; but I will defend good sense and good taste, and will maintain that he was too well versed in the rules of propriety and in his own interests, to degrade, in the eyes of a nation, which while it welcomed the return of religion, shuddered at the yoke of Rome, to degrade, I say, that very religion in the person of its principal ministers.

CHAPTER XVI.

Definitive ratification of the Concordat—Oath of the Bishops—Its terms—Consecration of my uncle, Bishop of Metz—Religious Ceremony at Notre-Dame—Easter-day chosen by Bonaparte—Progress of luxury in the Consular Court—The sixty Ladies who accompanied Madame Bonaparte—Cardinal Caprara and M. Boisgelin—Saying of General Delmas, and dissatisfaction of the First Consul—Remarkable conversation of my uncle with Napoleon—M. de Buffon, and consequence of a woman's longing.

It was the First Consul's desire that the promulgation of the Concordat, which had first received his definitive ratification, should be attended with a religious ceremony, in all the pomp and circumstance of Roman worship. The Concordat concerning religious affairs, after being signed at Paris on the 15th of July, 1801, by the consuls, was sent to Rome, where it underwent a critical examination in the conclave, and was then signed and ratified in all its inte-

grity by the pontiff; which, considering the pope's infallibility, methinks ought suffice to quiet the consciences of those who should be content with being as good christians as their holy father. Fourteen prelates, more attached to remembrance of the past, than to hope of the future, refused to recognise the Concordat. These fourteen bishops were then in London, where at least they lived in *peace* and without *care;* they were right not to change their lot: they would not have been so well treated in France; for the First Consul allowed the bishops only a sufficient revenue for maintaining a creditable establishment.

"They should not have reason to blush," said the First Consul, "in fulfilling the highest ecclesiastical functions; they should also have the means of succouring the unfortunate within their diocese, but archbishops and bishops must not absorb the revenue of a province, excite scandal, and, as in former days, bring religion into disgrace.

Forty bishops and nine archbishops were instituted by the First Consul, who imposed the formula of oath, to be taken by them on entering upon their diocese, sufficiently singular to find a place here. The following is a literal copy of that taken by my uncle, the Bishop of Metz, when appointed to the bishoprick of that city:

French Government.

This day, Sunday, nineteenth Floreal, in the 10th year, the Consuls sitting in the chapel of the First Consul, Peter Francis Bien-Aymé appointed Bishop of Metz, by decree of the 19th Germinal last, presented himself, and kneeling with his right hand placed on the Gospel, took the oath of fidelity in the terms following:—

Citizen First Consul,

"I swear and promise before God upon the Holy Gospel, to preserve obedience and fidelity to the government established by the constitution of the French republic. I promise also, to maintain no intelligence, to assist in no council, to support no league, whether domestic or foreign, which may compromise the public safety; and should any plot be devised to my knowledge, within my diocese or elsewhere, to the prejudice of the state I will acquaint the government with it.

"On the faith of which we have delivered to him the present act.

"The Secretary of State,

"Hugh B. Maret."

The vignette at the head of the sheet on which this act is written, represents a fine woman with a Phrygian cap on her head, her bosom covered with the egis, and holding in her left hand three crowns

of oak, laurel, and olive, while her right hand directs a rudder. This female, with her expression of courage and gentleness, with her masculine and haughty beauty, is liberty,— is the republic. On the base of the sort of pedestal which supports her are the words—THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Easter-day, 1802, was fixed on by the First Consul for the establishing the Concordat. The consular court wore at this time rather a curious aspect. It was under the empire only that the court acquired that admirable character of magnificence combined with taste, which might challenge comparison with the most splendid periods of the ancient or modern world. Yet considerable progress was already made; and was sufficiently perceptible in the contrast displayed by the procession which now left the Tuileries for Notre-Dame to attend a Te Deum, with the ludicrous *cortege* which but twenty-six months before had arrived at the Chateau from the Luxembourg.

The First Consul had issued no orders, but it was intimated to the principal public functionaries that he would be well pleased to see their servants in livery on the day of the ceremony. He put his own household into livery on the occasion: it was certainly showy but, as yet, by no means well appointed.

From sixty to eighty ladies were invited to accompany Madame Bonaparte to Notre Dame. She had then no ladies of honour; but four companion ladies had voluntarily taken upon them the

duties of that office. We assembled at the Tuileries at half-after ten in the morning of Easter-day, in the year of grace, 1802. The procession set out; and although some hackney coaches might be seen in the line with blank plates to disguise their numbers, elegant equipages greatly predominated.

The promenade of Longchamps had recommenced during the preceding week, and carriages which had attracted attention in the avenues of the Bois de Boulogue could not fail to appear on the road from the Chateau to Notre Dame.

The Consuls occupied but one carriage. Madame Bonaparte was accompanied by her daughter and her sister-in-law: the rest of the procession followed promiscuously.

Madame Bonaparte and all the ladies were conducted to the gallery to hear the Te Deum; and the gallery of Notre-Dame, on that day, presented an enchanting spectacle: it formed a magnificent conservatory filled with the choicest flowers. More than two thirds of the ladies, by whom Madame Bonaparte was surrounded, were not twenty years of age: many were under sixteen. The majority were pretty; I remember but one of the whole groupe who could be pronounced disagreeable, and that less from irregularity of feature than from a countenance indicative of sullenness, ill-humour, and that unprovoked impertinence which creates foes in all who are its objects. Madame Murat's fair, fresh, and spring-like face, comparable only to a May rose was

surmounted by a pink satin hat and plume of feathers. She wore a gown of fine Indian tambour muslin, lined with pink satin, and trimmed with Brussels point, and over her shoulders was thrown a scarf of the same lace. I have seen her more richly dressed, but never saw her look more beautiful.

How many young women, hitherto unknown, on this day took their degree in the realm of beauty, beneath the brilliant beams of a midday sun, rendered more glowing in their passage through the stained windows of the cathedral. The First Consul himself the same evening, in speaking of a person who shall be nameless, remarked upon the blaze of beauty which shone in the gallery.

The ceremony was long. Cardinal Caprara, who officiated, was tedious in the extreme; and M. de Boisgelin was equally prolix in his sermon. At near three o'clock we returned to the Tuileries much fatigued and *fort ennuyées*.

The most striking circumstance of the day was its military display. The firing of musketry, the troops lining the streets, the salvoes of artillery, which, from the earliest dawn, had shaken every window of Paris; all the sounds of the camp, mingling with religious chaunts, and with that ecclesiastical pomp, so justly in accordance with the solemnity, formed a combination truly imposing, and which spoke to the feelings.

The First Consul, accordingly, was vehemently

irritated by the answer of General Delmas, to his question how he liked the ceremony?

"It was a very showy harlequinade," said the General, "and to render it complete, wanted only the presence of the million of men who have shed their blood for the destruction of that which you have re-erected."

The First Consul commented very severely on this reply, and among other observations which I thought perfectly just, said, "General Delmas had answered with as little reflection as good taste."

It has been contended, that the Concordat was an error of judgment on Napoleon's part, inasmuch as it introduced into the bosom of the state a foreign power ever ready to promote disturbance. But any one who will take the trouble of reading the seventy-seven articles of which this instrument is composed, will be convinced how very little it favours any pretensions of the pontifical see over the Gallican church or its temporalities.

Moreover, the forty-four articles of the protestant faith, converted into laws; the rights and liberties of the Gallican church reclaimed and defined, forming the sole ecclesiastical code and the sole authority recognized by the tribunals in affairs of religion; christians of all parties united under the banner of the cross, and made brothers in the revered name of Jesus Christ; all these dispositions could result only from that spirit of humanity and tolerance, that truly evangelical

virtue best calculated to draw down a blessing which alone can prosper human undertakings. Had such dispositions been uniformly maintained, had not the vigour necessary for their enforcement failed in some quarter, we should never have found in an act which restored morality and peace, the elements of confusion and discord.

The nomination of my uncle to the bishopric of Metz, reminds me of a conversation he had with the First Consul soon after his admission to the College of Episcopal Prelates. When first canon of the Cathedral of Evreux, he had been for many years the intimate friend of M. Buffon. The First Consul, whom Junot had informed of this circumstance, wished to converse with the Bishop of Metz of this extraordinary man; and my uncle's astonishment at finding him intimately acquainted with the privacy of M. de Buffon, who lived at a distance from him, and was precluded by all his habits from intercourse with Bonaparte, was particularly diverting.

Junot was less surprised, and mentioned to the bishop his remembrance, that in Bonaparte's visits to the patriarchal Daubenton, Buffon was frequently the subject of conversation.

"That is no less surprising," said my uncle, who could not sufficiently admire the vast capacity that was capable of comprehending and arranging at once so many different objects.

My uncle was the real author of the article on bees, but he never boasted of it, for his modesty was equal to his learning; he was also mild and

pious as an angel, and charitable as a saint. His memory is still venerated by the poor and afflicted in his diocese, who to this day designate him as *the well-named,* (his name being Bien-Aymé—Well Beloved.)

When he came to Paris, before my confinement, to be consecrated and take the oath, he told me, as each member of the family had already done, an instance of the longings of pregnant ladies, of which he had been an eye witness. He had also related it, with many other anecdotes of his learned friend to the First Consul, in his conversation with him.

M. de Buffon was convinced that these longings never produced the consequences ascribed to them. My uncle, from experience, amongst his friends maintained that they did. The dispute terminated in a wager, of which poor Madame de Buffon was the selected victim. She was pregnant, and had for some days expressed a longing for strawberries, which were not quite in season.

The fine hot-houses of Montbard contained several beds, but they were still green, and Madame de Buffon was on the watch for the first tinge of crimson to pillage them.

" Well, Abbé, we will see which is right," said M. de Buffon.

The next morning the hot-houses were locked, the strictest injunctions given to the gardener, and the poor *longer* was condemned to contemplate the daily increasing size and brightening vermillion of the tempting fruit.

"But observe, Monsieur l'Evêque, that was M. de Buffon's manner of administering the torture," said Napoleon, laughing.

"My uncle, who, nevertheless, was the gentlest and most excellent of human beings, replied in all simplicity, "Certainly," adding in a triumphant tone,

"But what was the result? Madame de Buffon was delivered of a child with a large strawberry on its left eyelid."

"Indeed," said the First Consul, in much surprise.

"Yes, General, a large strawberry distinctly marked on the child's left eyelid. Well! said I to my old friend, I have gained my wager, the two swarms of bees are mine! and he paid me honestly," added my uncle, "but he was not the less annoyed to have there, constantly present to his view, a living evidence of an error written and actually printed."

"Humph!" said the First Consul, with a smile, "it will not be the only one."

"General——"

And my uncle stopped there, or he must have entered upon one of those disputes from which he never retired without growing very warm. The respect he entertained for the First Consul, and his gratitude for the favours heaped upon our family interdicted the reply. In the course of that year the First Consul had appointed my father-in-law the keeper of the waters and forests of Dijon; my brother-in-law receiver general of

the Lot and Garonne; my uncle bishop of Metz; and my brother commissary general of police at Marseilles. I have a right to add, that his favours were not unworthily bestowed. My uncle well merited the high office he held in the church; my brother-in-law's probity and integrity peculiarly qualified him for the situation of receiver; my father-in-law had been all his life engaged in the administration of forests; and as for my brother, those who know him will admit that he had pretensions to a place far superior to that he occupied.

The bishop, however, on returning from St. Cloud, could not forbear the remark:

"It is a great pity! How can the First Consul, who is so well acquainted with M. Buffon, accuse him of errors."

CHAPTER XVII.

Death of my mother—Funeral honours paid her by Junot—The families of my husband and brother loaded with favours by the First Consul—Delicacy of Lucien Bonaparte—Misunderstanding between the two brothers—Lucien's conduct in Spain—Madame Leclerc—Ridiculous scene—Creole costume— Singular proposition, and mad project—The Commandant of Paris, to be Commandant of the Cape—Cargo of milliners, dress-makers, shoe-makers, &c—The savages and wild beasts of St. Domingo —The monkies and Toussain Louverture—The hat and plume —Departure of Madame Leclerc—Reduction of St. Domingo —The offering of the widow's hair.

A great misfortune had befallen our family; my mother had ceased to suffer, but we had lost our friend, our delight. Her loss was to us an irreparable and inconsolable misfortune; one of those afflictions not bewailed with ostentatious tears or clamorous despair, but the bitterness of which is every moment renewed, and can be judged of only by those who have lost a beloved parent. Before its occurrence, she had occupied all my time and thoughts, and the vacuum produced

by the removal of this engrossing object, continually striking on my heart occasioned an anguish to which I know of nothing comparable. But her sufferings had become so severe, that I must have been more than selfish not to have rejoiced that she was at length released from such unceasing torture. She suffers no more! I wrote to Albert after our misfortune, she suffers no more!

The admirably kind and affecting conduct of Junot on this sad occasion sweetened the bitterness of my grief. He resolved to shew, in the most unequivocal manner, his respect and attachment for his mother-in-law; and the funeral honours paid to her at which not only her own friends, but all our acquaintances (forming together almost all the good society of Paris) assisted, afforded a convincing proof of his sentiments towards her. It was not the sumptuousness of these mournful rites which flattered me. Vanity rarely enters into companionship with death; and the arms of the house of Comnena embroidered on the funeral pall could serve only to remind me that one of its most tenderly beloved members was enclosed in the coffin it covered. But what deeply affected me, as a proof that Junot well understood the heart of her he honoured, was his liberality to three hundred of the most distressed amongst the poor of Paris. They were all relieved and entirely clothed in the name of her whose funeral car they surrounded, and for whom they wore mourning and offered prayers of gratitude. How much did this delicacy in

divining and administering the consolation of which I should be most sensible, endear my husband to me.

Albert was absent, filling his post of Commissary General of Police at Marseilles; where Charles Lacroix was prefect, and General Cervoni commanded the military division. General Cervoni and my brother were old friends, and their intimacy was renewed by the daily intercourse which their respective situations rendered necessary. This friendship was a great support to my poor brother at so afflicting a time. If I had not been still weak from the consequence of my confinement, I should certainly have visited him. I well knew his tender attachment for our mother, and so suddenly had the blow come upon him that I felt how necessary my presence must be to him; a positive impossibility alone could have hindered my joining him.

The First Consul was very kind under my affliction. He appeared to bury in oblivion all his former disagreements with my mother. Junot brought me messages of the most friendly consolation from him, and Madame Bonaparte did me the honour of a visit, with Lucien, who had just arrived from Spain. The sight of Lucien affected me, and my reception of him must have appeared very odd. I do not know whether my countenance betrayed the recollections his presence produced, but he carefully avoided paining me further by touching on a subject it would have been difficult to approach without opening a still bleeding wound.

Alas! he knew how dear he was to my mother! She loved him almost equally with Albert; she rejoiced in his success and suffered in his disasters. His departure for Spain had much distressed her, and in her greatest agonies she made Junot repeat to her all the honourable traits of the young ambassador's mission at Madrid. Junot felt a degree of partiality for Lucien, as did all those who were attached to the First Consul. I have always been at a loss to account for the schism between the brothers, and I must in justice declare that I never heard from Lucien an unkind word against his brother, although the First Consul frequently made use of expressions which must have been wounding to him even in his absence. But Junot was just, and Lucien's conduct in Spain, the treaty of Badajos, that of Madrid, the secret treaty of St. Ildefonso, by which Louisiana, surrendered to Spain by the shameful treaty of 1793, was receded to us; all this could not fail to affect a heart so entirely French, and to warm it towards the man, who at a distance from France, as well as in the chamber of her representatives, invariably defended the interests of his country and raised his voice in vindication of her glory and her prosperity.

Meanwhile we had lost Madame Leclerc; she had been, not compelled, but strongly urged by her brother to follow her husband to Saint Domingo. I believe General Leclerc would willingly have dispensed with this addition to his baggage, for it was a positive calamity after

the first quarter of an hour's interview had exhausted the pleasure of surveying her really beautiful person, to have the burden of amusing, occupying and taking care of Madame Leclerc. In public she professed herself delighted to accompany *her little Leclerc*, as she called him, but she was in reality disconsolate, and I one day found her in a paroxysm of despair and tears, quite distressing to any one who had not known her as well as myself.

"Ah! Laurette," said she, throwing herself into my arms, "how fortunate you are! You stay at Paris. Good heavens, how melancholy I shall be! How can my brother be so hard-hearted, so wicked, as to send me into exile amongst savages and serpents. Besides I am ill. Oh! I shall die before I get there."

Here her speech was interrupted, for she sobbed with such violence, that for a moment I was fearful she would have fainted. I approached her sofa, and taking her hand, endeavoured to encourage her, as one would a child, by talking of its playthings, or new shoes; telling her she would be queen of the island; would ride in a palanquin—that slaves would watch her looks to execute her wishes; that she would walk in groves of orange trees, perfuming the air at once with their fruits and flowers; that she need have no dread of serpents, as there were none in the Antilles; and that savages were equally harmless, for fires were not lighted there for roasting men. Finally, I summed up my consolatory harangue

by telling her she would look very pretty in the Creole costume.

As I advanced in my arguments, Madame Leclerc's sobs became less and less hysterical. She still wept, but her tears were not unbecoming.

"You really think Laurette," said she, "that I shall look pretty, prettier than usual, in a Creole turban, a short waist, and a petticoat of striped muslin?"

Description can give but a faint idea of Madame Leclerc at the moment, when her delight at being presented with a new hint for the toilet, chased away the remembrance that she was on the eve of departure for a country where she expected to be devoured; to fill up the outline correctly, the serious and reflective expression of her countenance, as she put the question, should have been witnessed. She rang for her waiting maid.

"Bring me all the bandannas in the house."

She had some remarkably fine ones which my mother had given her, from a bale of Indian silks and muslins brought over by Vice-Admiral Magon. We chose the prettiest amongst them, and as my mother had always worn silk handkerchiefs for night-caps, I was accustomed from my infancy to arranging the corners in the most becoming manner; Madame Leclerc, therefore, when she examined herself in the glass was enraptured with my skill at a *coiffure à la créole.*

"Laurette," said she, replacing herself on the sofa, "you know, my dear, how I love you? You preferred Caroline, but we shall see if you won't

repent yet.—Listen! I am going to shew you the sincerity of my affection. You must come to St. Domingo,—you will be next to myself in rank. I shall be queen, as you told me just now, and you shall be vice-queen. I will go and talk to my brother about it."

"I go to St. Domingo, Madame!" I exclaimed. "What in the name of madness are you thinking of?"

"Oh, I know there are difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, but I will talk to Bonaparte about it; and as he is partial to Junot, he will let him go to St. Domingo."

Her language and thoughts were sometimes so discursive, that it crossed my brain, she might be intending to ask the command of the expedition for Junot, send *the dear little Leclerc* back to his army of England, and then take a pilgrimage in a dress *à la créole,* and subdue the island by her beauty. I may be laughed at for admitting such a notion, but those who know Madame Leclerc, will not think it so very extravagant.

While I looked at her, in perfect amazement, she proceeded, arranging all the while the folds of her gown, and the fashion of her turban.

"We will give balls and form parties of pleasure, amongst those beautiful mountains (the serpents and savages were already forgotten); Junot shall be the commander of the capital. What is its name? I will tell Leclerc I expect him to give a fete every day. We will take Madame Permon too."

And as she said this, she pinched my nose and

pulled my ears, for she liked to ape her brother, and thought such sort of easy manners had an air of royalty. Then she gave me pats on the stomach, which as I was eight months advanced in pregnancy, caused me that nervous impatience which is sometimes painful enough to make one cry with anger.

But both the ludicrous effect of this scene, and the heaviness I was beginning to feel from it fled at once before the sound of her last words. My mother, who loved her with a tenderness equal to Madame Letitia's; my poor mother, who already lay on a bed of suffering, from which she was never more to rise. I felt the possibility that I might make an answer harsh enough to awaken the beautiful dreamer from her reverie; therefore, putting on my gloves, I was about to take leave, when Junot was announced; he had seen my carriage at the door, and stopping his cabriolet, came to my rescue.

"You are just arrived in time," cried Madame Le Clerc; "sit down there, my dear General, and let us settle everything; for it is time," said she, turning to me, "you will have no more than enough for preparing Mademoiselle Despaux, Madame Germon, Le Roi, Copp,* Madame Roux—

* Copp, was a famous shoe-maker; the same who after a most attentive examination of a shoe, which one of his customers shewed him, complaining that it split before she had worn it an hour, detected at length the cause of such a misfortune befalling a specimen of his workmanship:

"Ah," said he, "I see how it is, my lady has been walking."

no, Nattier, will do better, Mademoiselle l'Olive, Lenormand, Le Vacher, Foncier, Biennais," (and at each name of these celebrated contributors to the toilet, as she counted it on her fingers, she cast a glance of triumph towards us, that seemed to say, "see what an excellent memory I have and how admirably I can choose my ministers.") "As for myself," she added, "my preparations are made, I am quite ready; but as we set out very shortly, you had better make haste."

Junot's countenance would certainly have diverted any fourth person who might have been a spectator of the scene, his eyes wandered from me to Madame Leclerc, who, perceiving his perplexity, said,—

"I am going to take you both to St. Domingo, Madame Permon too, and Permon, oh! how happy we shall all be together."

Junot was for a moment motionless, till a tremendous burst of laughter interrupted the silence, not very politely it must be confessed, but I afterwards learnt that the explosion was provoked by a wink of peculiar intelligence.

Madame Leclerc was astonished at such a mode of testifying his gratitude, expecting to see him throw himself at her feet; but she reckoned without her host.

"Very pretty," said she, pouting; "will you please to explain the meaning of this gaiety? Methinks it is not exactly the way to thank an old friend who intends you a kindness."

"Have you had the goodness to mention your

intentions to the First Consul, Madame?" said Junot, who though growing more decorous, could not yet entirely overcome his risible propensities."

"No, certainly not, for your wife has but just suggested the idea."

Junot turned to me with an astonishment that nearly set me laughing, in my turn.

"What! my wife want to go to St. Domingo?" said he.

"And why not?——she will be the first person there next to myself—She is used to the world; she dresses well; she is elegant. I will give her some slaves, and Leclerc will make you commandant of that great town,—the....the...."

"The Cape," said Junot.

"Exactly, the Cape..the Cape"—and she repeated like a paroquet, the word which in five minutes she would altogether have forgotten.

"I am infinitely obliged to you, Madam," said Junot, with comic seriousness, "but really, with your permission, I should prefer remaining commandant of Paris. Besides, there is a slight obstable which you do not appear to have taken into contemplation."

And throwing his arms round me, he drew me towards him, embraced me, and placed his hand on my rather prominent rotundity.

Madame Leclerc opened her eyes even wider than was usual with her when surprised, and that was not unfrequently; a little mannerism that was not unbecoming; looked first in my face and then at the mountain before me, and said,

"I did not think of that."

"But what of that," said she, the next moment; "what does it signify, whether your infant utters his first cry on the waves, or on terra-firma?—I will give Laurette a vessel to herself—Ah!—what say you to that, M. Junot?—Am not I a capital manager? I will write immediately to Brest, where we are to embark, and order a vessel to be expressly prepared. Villaret-Joyeuse, is a good-natured man; he will do anything that I desire. —Come, let me embrace you both."

"As for embracing you, Madam," said Junot, laughing himself almost out of breath, "I am assuredly too happy in the permission not to take advantage of it; but for our voyage, we will, if you please, drop that project, which Laura's friendship for you, no doubt, inspired her with.—Besides," added he, "I do not think the First Consul would consent to it. You know, he likes to nominate his generals spontaneously, and without reference to private feelings, such as would influence this affair."

And he laughed anew.

"But," he continued, I am not the less grateful for your intentions, Madam, and be assured I am fully sensible of them; only"——and again the unfortunate laugh redoubled; "another time be kind enough to prove them otherwise than by putting my little Laura to bed on the wide ocean, and giving me the command of the Cape instead of Paris, and all this for old friendship's sake."

flat nose, its little fierce and malicious eyes, its thick under lip, in short its whole contour presented a perfect resemblance of General *Jacko*.

The wind had now changed. It was no longer in the stormy quarter, since Junot had adverted to Toussaint Louverture and his plumed hat, "Which proves," said Madame Leclerc, "that there are plumasiers at the Cape." The serpents and all her other alarms were totally forgotten: my husband profiting by the temporary calm, made me a sign to take leave, and we departed.

Several minutes elapsed before we could recover from a most immoderate fit of laughter; we were then both young, but even at a more advanced age we must needs have indulged our laugh at the scene in which we had just been involuntary actors.

"Is it possible," said Junot at length, "that you can have said any thing tending to inspire her with the barbarous notion of your inclination to visit the country of the blacks?"

I told him the whole story, and he in return explained to me why he had been so excessively amused, by the capricious beauty's sudden proposal to carry me off eighteen hundred leagues from Paris, made with as much ease as one invites a friend to a week's visit at a country seat.

"She still loves you then?" said I.

"She!—in the first place, she never loved me; and in the next, supposing her to have returned,

in the slightest measure, a love as passionate as beauty can engender in an ardent mind and volcanic head, at the age of twenty-four, she has long ago lost all remembrance of it. No! you visited Madame Leclerc at a moment when she was under the dominion of one of those nervous affections to which women, and especially such women, are frequently subject. The sight of you instinctively redoubled her emotion, simply because it recalled happy days; then you talked to her of dressing *à la* Virginia, and she immediately recollected that at Marseilles, when I was madly in love, when the excellent Madame Bonaparte the mother, was willing to accept me as a son-in-law, and the First Consul, ever prudent and wary, observed,

"You have neither of you the means of living."

I, in my delirium, answered,

—"But, my General, think of Paul and Virginia—their friends preferred fortune to happiness: and what was the consequence?"

The First Consul, who was never romantic, did but shrug his shoulders and repeat his usual phrase;

"You have neither of you the means of living."

"But," said I, "it could not be the bandanna and the fashion in which I turned up its red and green corners, that produced this jargon of unconnected folly."

"You need seek no deeper for it. Madame Leclerc's imagination is perfectly stagnant on many

points; and compensates itself by an incredibly creative faculty in others. Her ignorance is unbounded, and equalled only by her vanity. Well these two properties, which make up her whole composition, easily open themselves a way which the most sprightly imagination, united with a few grains more sense, would find it difficult to trace; I know her well, her vanity made her veritably believe that I should be but too happy to join this expedition to St. Domingo. She recollected the time when I crouched at her feet like a spaniel; and fancied the slave but too well satisfied to return to his collar. As for you, my poor Laura, you would have *turned the corners of a bandanna,* you would have given an opinion upon a dress *à la Virginie,* because *you are elegant....you dress well.*"

"And Albert?" said I.

"Oh! Albert!—he would have played the harp."

"And you think she would really have spoken to the First Consul, if you had not arrived."

"Beyond all doubt; for she is perfectly sincere. She was convinced that all she was arranging, or rather deranging in her pretty little head, was entirely for our interests, and would have requested her brother's permission for my joining her husband's army as a special favour towards me."

I do not know whether it was a suggestion of the female imagination ever restless, or perhaps more properly jealous, that made me observe on

the possibility that Madame Leclerc, tenacious of her project of roaming with me amongst the blacks in a gown of striped muslin, and a bandanna jacket and turban, might yet mention it to her brother.

"Faith! you are very right," said Junot.—"Beautiful creature as she is, (and good and excellent moreover, for her heart is pure of al malevolence,) this affair might prove a rehearsal of the story of the bear knocking his friend on the head. We must forestall such favours."

The event proved my sagacity. The same day Junot related to the First Consul all that had passed between his sister and me, taking care, as may be supposed, not to throw in too strong a colouring. As for the picture itself, with all its subordinate attributes, the First Consul knew his sister too well to suppose the relative situation of the parties exaggerated. Three days afterwards he said to Junot with a smile;

"You are bent then on going to St. Domingo?"

Junot replied only by a bow and a corresponding smile.

"I am sorry, but you can not go at present. I want you here, as I have given General Leclerc to understand, who wanted to persuade me that you would be more useful to me at the Cape than in Paris."

Junot assured me that it was amusing to observe the countenance of the First Consul as he spoke this; it exhibited a rapid succession of novel impressions recalling images of the past.

Yet the whole affair passed over Madame Leclerc's mind without penetrating beyond its surface; for she possessed no solidity, and all her conceptions were as uncertain and fugitive, as her head was incapable of methodizing any plan.

The next time I saw her she had forgotten every thing but the bandanna. She had been that very morning to my poor mother's to have her turban arranged by her hands; and my mother, though in extreme pain, had taken a sort of pride in setting it off to the best advantage round a head which in this dress was one of the prettiest imaginable.

The vagueness of ideas, the dullness of perception, the frivolous incongruity here exemplified, were it is well known the elements of her character, if such a combination can be said to form a character. She harboured no purposed malice, invented no slander, was even obliging when she could be so without trouble, but was fickle, inconsiderate, and forgetful, to a degree perfectly inconceivable to any one who did not know her intimately. For instance, she certainly made no pretension to eccentricity, yet did she never pass a day without doing and saying things that would be inexcusable even in a young girl, often in serious matters, perhaps even affecting property and life; and if told she had done wrong, or if the evil consequences of her words were pointed out to her, she would say, as she did, looking at me when Junot spoke of my pregnancy,

"That is singular! I never thought of it!"

And I was eight months gone.

The squadron at length set sail, in the month of December, 1801. The dresses, hats, caps, and other frivolities which Madame Leclerc took out with her, were innumerable. Thirty-five ships of the line, twenty-two frigates, and an immense number of gun-boats followed the vessel which bore the lovely Cleopatra, and which had been furnished with every appurtenance of luxury, elegance, and utility, that the fair voyager might have no desire ungratified.

The General was disposed to have refused admission to so many useless indispensables, but Madame Leclerc, at the first sound of objection, assumed a tone that instantly reduced her spouse to silence for the sake of peace, during the exile to which he was condemned. This was a singular match; I could never comprehend its inducements for the reason ascribed by report was absurd. Madame Leclerc treated her husband pretty despotically, and yet was afraid of him, not indeed properly of him, but of the First Consul. She required from him observances that would be amusing in the relation; but it is fatiguing to contemplate for ever the same portrait. I shall hereafter return to this.

The expedition to St. Domingo encountered in its day plenty of approbation, and plenty of censure. The censures alleged that it was folly to oppose the entire population of a distant colony, whose savage disposition refused all quarter to their adversaries, thus exposing our troops to the

double perils of a murderous warfare, and no less murderous climate. They were grieved to see so fine an army despatched to America before the remnant of that which the deserts of Africa had nearly engulphed, was restored to us. They contended that, in spite of his profound ambition, in spite even of his cruelty, it was necessary to guarantee to Toussaint-Louverture, the government for life which had been conferred upon him by the colonists. He had very distinguished military talents, a political address, or rather an ingenious cunning, which had saved St. Domingo from the English yoke, and above all from its own passions. They were, therefore, of opinion, that the First Consul should leave Toussaint-Louverture at liberty, still to call himself, if he so pleased, *the first of the blacks,** and that he should be acknowledged Governor of St. Domingo, subject to the dominion of France,—terms to which he would willingly have agreed.

But the First Consul justly observed, that Toussaint was a hypocrite, who, while protesting his devotion to the consular government, was meditating the liberation of the French Antilles, from the authority of the republic.

"I am the Bonaparte of St. Domingo," said he, "the colony cannot exist without me; I must be preserved to her."

* When acknowledged by the Consular Government Commandant of St. Domingo, he had written a letter to the First Consul, with this superscription: "Toussaint, the first of the blacks, to Bonaparte, the first of the whites."

Such language on the part of such a man, must have excited alarm for the future fate of the island and its dependencies, especially considering the character of his two lieutenants, Christophe and Dessalines. A cousin of mine, in the marines, who, having arrived at St. Domingo, served as a volunteer in the army, and was prisoner to Dessalines, has told me anecdotes of this *monster*, for he does not deserve the name of man, which surpass in sanguinary horror all the most tragical conceptions of the most gloomy and terrific imagination. Bonaparte knew the character of these men of blood; but he was desirous of restoring peace and abundance to that fine colony, and it could only be accomplished by maintaining the blacks. In the short interval between the submission and the second insurrection of the island (that is to say of the blacks) for which the re-establishment of slavery at Guadeloupe was the pretext, St. Domingo recovered its prosperity; the lands were cultivated, and commerce revived. But Toussaint, who, on the submission of the colony, had ostensibly retired to live peaceably on one of his estates, soon began to contrive and organize another massacre of the whites.

England was no stranger to these new projects of Toussaint; she excited them, and, more than once, English gold paid the price of our blood. Toussaint Louverture was carried off in the middle of the night, transported on board a vessel and brought to France; he was consigned to the castle of Joux, and from thence removed to the

citadel of Besançon, where he died suddenly; which gave rise to an absurd rumour; for if the death of Toussaint was violent, as some voices have proclaimed, there should have been some actuating motive for the deed; but where can such motives be found?

Although General Rochambeau has been much censured, because none could venture openly to blame the First Consul's brother-in-law, it cannot be denied that one principal cause of the loss of St. Domingo, and the destruction of that immense expedition which had sailed from Brest, l'Orient and Toulon, was the unskilful and imprudent administration of General Leclerc.

Such is always the way of the world. There are, however, eyes and ears open to the reception of truth; she can never be totally extinguished but will sooner or later raise her voice aloud.

General Rochambeau was indisputably guilty of many very arbitrary acts; but in what a condition did the colony fall into his hands? When the minds of the islanders were wholly alienated by the proceedings of General Leclerc; -- the abduction of Toussaint, the re-establishment of slavery in the Great Antilles, and the well known determination of restoring it, if possible, in St. Domingo. To these difficulties may be added the yellow fever, the blockade by an English fleet, the general insurrection of the blacks, and the reduction of Rochambeau's army to one fourth of its former effective force. Before we too hastily decide on M. de Rochambeau's errors, we must

take all these circumstances into account; and judging candidly of his situation, consider what he could have done without resorting to measures, violent it is true, but which the unhappy state of affairs drove him to the hard necessity of employing.

Pressed on one side by the blacks, who thus irritated by the faults of his predecessor had raised the standard of revolt with more frantic fury and sanguinary rage than ever; he was hemmed in on the other by an English fleet, to whom he surrendered with the six thousand men that remained to him. Death seemed to have brandished his sickle with ambitious eagerness through the ranks of that army, but two years ago in so flourishing a condition; sickness, assassination, battle, had afforded him an ample harvest, the means of destruction multiplied around this devoted army, and only a very small remnant ever set foot again on their native soil.

Madame Leclerc returned to Europe bearing the corpse of her husband, which she had enclosed in a coffin of cedar, and then cutting off her beautiful hair affected the Artemisia. Her parade, however, of immoderate grief and ostentatious despair, made but little impression; the First Consul himself, when told that his sister had sacrificed her hair to the manes of her husband without preserving a single lock, answered with a significant smile:

"Oh, she knows full well it will only grow the more luxuriantly for its cropping."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Peace with England—Remarkable speech of Bonaparte to the Belgian deputies—Glory of France under the Consulate—Private life of Bonaparte—Alliance with Turkey—Plan of Henry IV realized by Napoleon—Natural boundaries and treaties—Answer to Bonaparte's calumniators—His sincere desire of peace—Just pride of the French—Their love of their country—M. de Langeron in Russia—The Duke de Fronsac and M. Roger de Damas—Patriotism of an emigrant—The Count d'Artois and Catherine II—The French in Russia, and act of abjuration—*La Marseillaise* at the court of Catherine, and her strange inconsistency.

PEACE with England was definitively signed. The treaty of Amiens had confirmed the preliminaries of reconciliation with our great rival on the 25th of March, 1802. On this occasion, which terminated all the differences of Europe, Joseph Bonaparte was again our messenger of peace. The Temple of Janus was at length closed, and France exalted to a higher pinnacle of glory and real power than she has ever since attained, for she had emerged from a struggle with United Europe, victorious, aggrandized, and respected. The colonies captured by England were restored to us. The course of the Scheldt was left in our

hands, as well as the Austrian Netherlands, part of Brabant, Dutch Flanders, and a number of cities, as Maestricht, Venloo, &c.

A noble speech of the First Consul to the Belgian Deputies is connected with this point of our history. On the opening of the conferences of Luneville they waited on the chief of the republic, to offer him their thanks for having supported the rights of a people who would accept no other protection than that of France.

"It was in justice to ourselves," replied the First Consul to the deputation; "the treaty of Campo Formio had already recognised the position of Belgium. During the years which have elapsed since that treaty, our arms have suffered reverses, and it was supposed the republic, less favoured by fortune, would weakly yield, but this was a serious mistake. Belgium, like all other territories acquired by treaties solemnly guaranteed, forms as integral a part of France as the most ancient of her provinces, as Brittany, or Burgundy, and were the FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE IN THE OCCUPATION OF AN ENEMY, FRANCE COULD NEVER ABANDON HER RIGHTS."

Such were the words of Napoleon, addressed to the Belgian deputies.

Yes, France was then resplendent in glory!—Independently of the northern possessions, forming that national boundary for which it is the duty of every Frenchman to contend with his life; she was mistress of the German territory on the left of the Rhine, as well as of Avignon and the Ve-

naissin, Geneva, and almost the whole bishopric of Basle, Savoy, and Nice. The republic founded and protected states; she erected the Grand Duchy of Tuscany into a kingdom; Austrian Lombardy was transformed under her auspices into an Italian republic; Genoa rose into a sovereignty under the name of the Ligurian republic, and all these states sheltered themselves beneath the spacious folds of the tri-coloured banner, relying on the vigour and vigilance of the Gallic cock. The republic extended her protection to aquatic Batavia. By her recent treaties with Spain and Portugal she had reconquered colonies capable of reviving her preponderance in another hemisphere. By the secret treaty of St. Ildefonso, and the care of Lucien Bonaparte, her flag waved once more over Louisiana, that fine and fertile province, surrendered to Spain by the disgraceful and humiliating peace of 1793, but the possession of which now placed us in an imposing attitude in the Gulph of Mexico, and would prove a formidable point of attack against the American Union, in case of a rupture. She had wrested from the Portuguese sceptre, territories which, with their broad deserts, formed an impenetrable barrier for French Guiana. In short, the republic at this period of the consular government, was greater even than the empire ever was. Napoleon's orb of glory was, indeed, immensurable; its attitude cannot be determined, the pure lustre of its beams nothing can impair; but Bonaparte, the First Consul, who, in a few months had raised

France from the abyss in which the directorial government had plunged it, appears to me a colossus of the most admirable proportions.

These are not prejudiced opinions, overlooking ulterior events in the impressions of the past, they have reference solely to that year 1802, when England deserted her shores to come and admire the man whom indeed she might not love, but whose heroic qualities and splendid genius, that eminently judicious people knew how to appreciate.

I know not whether I may succeed in imparting to others my own firm belief that all the plans of the First Consul were positively directed to promoting the glory, the peace, and the welfare of France, but, in my own mind, it never can be shaken. I have preserved too many memorials of all that I heard from his own lips during the Consulate. I have before me, at the present writing, extracts from his conversations with Mr. Fox, the minutes of which were preserved as the most precious of documents. My heart and memory have retained every circumstance confirmatory of that opinion which can be controverted only by malevolence, such as pursues the memory of Napoleon. But what power has malevolence beyond its venom? There are facts of a notoriety before which every voice must be mute.

Can any one deny the existence of what his genius had achieved? The greatness of France, of that republic which at the peace of Amiens,

appeared imperishable—the consolidation of our European territory—the recovery of our ultramarine possessions—the numberless elements of our prosperity,—those riches, not yet indeed developed, but whose chrysalis was formed and ready to break its shell—are all these illusions? Assuredly not! Yet it is the author of all this, that hatred in its folly and madness (for hatred is always mad and foolish) would represent as a vulgar and ordinary man.

General Bonaparte, at the outset of his career, was simply the commander of an army, but in this capacity he exhibited military talents of the most brilliant order, a genius which will extort from the equity of posterity the sentence: *Never had the bands of France a more valiant or more skilful leader.*

When General Bonaparte became afterwards, the Consul, the Dictator, the Chief, of thirty millions of those same Frenchmen whom he had led to victory, who will dare to say that he did not shew estimable qualities? The perfecting of every thing sketched out by the constituent assembly, or by the convention in its best days was his work. Let the private life of the First Consul at this period, be ever so closely scrutinized, it will defy all accusation; for I take no account of invectives as preposterous as they are false, and absurdities uttered in saloons whose proprietors could boast a rank, a fortune, a consideration in society, which should have enabled them to form a more correct estimation of the energies he was

devoting with zealous and unremitting toil to the happiness of their country.

For myself, apart from all prejudice, and from those recollections that imperatively impose the duty of gratitude on a family, every member of which he had comfortably and honourably provided for, I must do justice to the man, who accomplished that confederation in Germany, which, diminishing the power of despots increased that of the weaker states; that confederation conceived but left unexecuted by Henry IV and Sully: who exerted the preponderance of the French republic over the rest of Europe, only to turn to the general advantage the influence of France over each individual state with which he treated. Germany, menaced as she had been by Prussia, Russia, and even Austria, which, however paternal in her domination had shewn herself far from averse to aggrandizement, was especially indebted to him.

The First Consul had also insured the safety of Italy, by establishing the Cisalpine and Ligurian Republics, and the kingdom of Etruria, and by his alliance with the Court of Rome. The Netherlands, in compliance with their dearest wishes, were become a province of France, and reposed in peace and security defended by her valiant sword. Switzerland had ceded in our favour Mulhausen and Geneva. The definitive treaty with England completed the hopes France might now form of happiness. The clauses of this treaty are very little known, because, always heedless,

we hastily pronounce our blessings or anathemas without troubling ourselves about the grounds on which they are based. The treaty of Amiens was read in the *Moniteur* the day of its proclamation, and never thought of again: and yet every French heart owes gratitude to him who obtained for the French Republic terms so advantageous to her present glory and future welfare. In perusing the treaty, it is impossible to suppress a smile of contempt for men false enough to accuse the First Consul of having violated it; and a smile of pity for those who are stultified enough to believe such a thing possible. In signing the treaty of Amiens, Napoleon gave the world pledges of justice, moderation, and political wisdom, as he had before done of courage, and the highest military skill. The sword of the conqueror, and the pen of the pacificator were in his hand equally beneficial. I have said the same things before, but their repetition here is not superfluous; it is in answer to persons who suffering themselves to be deceived by a delusive tradition, dare to measure by it the dimensions of the colossus, which they would tremble to climb for themselves.

At the brilliant period of the peace between England and France, the name of the First Consul was enshrined in dazzling glory. Austria had lost her federative sway, together with her preponderating power, not only in the north of Europe, but in Italy. Her condition could no longer dismay or disturb France; for her revenues, her popula-

tion, her stability, had all felt the stroke, not indeed of death, but of nonentity for a long time to come.

England after sacrificing so many millions, both of gold and men, in support of her quarrel with Frauce, derived no other advantage from so sanguinary a struggle than the possession of the Island of Trinidad, and the Dutch settlements in Ceylon; to which may, indeed, be added, the devastation of the Mysore; the death of Tippoo Saib, to whom our alliance proved fatal, and the overthrow of that Nizam which a Frenchman had exposed himself to the burning sun of India to erect. These are all the fruits our haughty rival could boast of having gathered from the fields that had witnessed her contests with us.

The destruction of our marine may be further objected, and I hasten to anticipate such objection. I know that in our naval engagements we had lost since the year 1793, *three hundred and fifty ships of the line*, and three hundred smaller vessels, such as frigates and gunboats; which upon a fair average estimate of the crews, will include a loss of 75,000 sailors. I know, moreover, that at Quiberon, we sustained a heavy loss —but the disgrace of that defeat does not assuredly rest with us. There our heads were crowned with the palms of martyrdon.

To return to the treaty; our exchange presented on the very day on which the preliminaries were signed, (the preliminaries only) convincing evi-

dence of the state of public opinion: the consolidated three per cents rose that morning from forty-eight to fifty-three francs. On the 17th Brumaire, of the year VIII, (8th November 1799,) they were quoted no higher than eleven francs thirty centimes.

Prussia had endeavoured, in this as in every former instance since the death of her hero, to appropriate to herself some share of booty in the general scramble; but her ill-acquired additions, ill-adjusted to a territory originally defective in concentration, furnished at last but a disjointed sovereignty. Her frontiers were exposed; the pivots upon which the great Frederick had rested his truly great monarchical machine, either from being worn out, or because he had carried to the tomb with him the secret of their action, had lost their play, and no longer revolved upon their axles. That prime mover so much insisted on by the great King, the treasure regarded by him as the sole source of success in war, was dissipated, and its coffers empty: The influence of Frederick's memory still conferred on Prussia a preponderance in Germany, which if it did not balance ours, was yet considerable; it was, however, but an illusory domination, dissipated like the fog of an autumn morning before the fire of the first canon at Austerlitz.

Caroline, Queen of Naples, entertained a hatred for France exceeding the ordinary limits of human passion; yet her court, though scarcely deserving

of consideration, had at length entered into alliance with the First Consul and the republic.

Sweden had long done the same. It is true she liked us no better; but what did that signify to us? We had achieved an universal peace, and a peace glorious for France. The name of France was every where pronounced with love and pride by her children, and with respect by her enemies. Every where that essential and active power which had been her sole auxiliary was contemplated if not with attachment at least with admiration. Oh, my country, my beloved country—my country——what a magic spell resides in the seven letters of which that word is composed! It is dear as the name of an absent lover.

When I retrace those days, those hours of dazzling glory, abounding in laurels to whose growth and verdure, he whose name I bear had contributed, my heart, overwhelmed with so many calamities—public and private, pining under the long silence of those songs of war and victory which enlivened my cradle, my youth, and my maturer life till the days of our shame, recovers its pulsation—again beats with that pride which once made us elevate our heads when we said, "I am a Frenchwoman."

This attachment for France, for that natal soil whose remembrance neither absence nor distance can obliterate, is not peculiar to me; it was shared by the whole generation to which I belong; an instance of it occurred in Russia, in the person of

M. Langeron, nephew of my old friend the Marquess de la Vaupallière.

M. de Langeron, like many others of his caste, was induced to emigrate by a sentiment perhaps misjudged, but which he believed dictated by honour and duty. Honour, however, may mistake its road and let once the passions or the spirit of party intervene, and their blind victim, while intending to walk strait forward in the beaten path, will scarcely ever advance a dozen paces without deviating either to the right or to the left. M. de Langeron had deserted his fortune, his family, his country, every thing that was dear to him, and what is most singular, he left behind him, as indeed did all the emigrants, his unfortunate king and the cause he proposed to defend.

Paying his respects once with several of his countrymen to Prince Potemkin, in the Russian camp, the Prince dilated much upon the transactions then going forward in France. In the eyes of Potemkin, the efforts of a people to reconquer their liberties were criminal attempts against the sovereign authority; the severity of his judgment was not therefore very measured, neither was the acrimony of his expressions. M. Roger de Damas, and the Duke de Fronsac, since known in Paris as Duke de Richelieu, were also present; both true Frenchmen, and equally firm in testifying their dissatisfaction at the turn the conversation was taking, but M. Langeron expressed it in the most unequivocal terms. Prince Potemkin,

however, habitually little disposed to politeness, proceeded without noticing the interruption;

"Yes, Colonel," said he, "your countrymen are all mad, but I should soon bring them to reason, with the aid only of my grooms."

M. Langeron rose, and with that ease of manner known only to a Frenchman, that grace of tone and gesture by which even impertinence becomes polished, he advanced close to Potemkin, and said with a smile that might be interpreted at pleasure:

"I would not answer, Prince, for your success, though you should be attended by your whole army."

Potemkin was naturally violent, and so intoxicated with continual homage, that the slightest contradiction irritated his passions beyond the controul of reason. The proud but noble reply of M. Langeron deserved his approbation; and as a defenceless fugitive, employing his only weapon, that of speech, in the cause of his country, he was at least entitled to calm attention. But the Russian commander was devoid of that delicacy of sentiment which inculcates respect for misfortune or virtue. He sprang from his seat, and with a menacing gesture, began giving vent to his fury with the word,

"Siberia."

M. Langeron fixed his eyes on the favorite of the despot with a glance of haughty pride, but in silence, then bowing, instantly retired from his

presence, and crossing the Sereth from Moldavia to Wallachia, took refuge in the Austrian camp.

I could relate an anecdote of the Duke of Richelieu while at Odessa, that would throw a new and most favorable light upon his character; his conduct in the instance alluded to was sublime, but I am withheld from publishing its details, of which I am fully in possession, by the absence of a Frenchman who is concerned, and whose consent is therefore essential.

Monsieur, the Count d'Artois, now King Charles X, was of the number of French emigrants who directed their course to Russia; he arrived there in the spring of 1793, soon after the death of the king his brother. The Czarina received him with magnificence, and paid him all the honours he could have looked for, had his illustrious house been at its highest pitch of splendour; but this very magnificence perhaps rendered his residence less agreeable to the exiled Prince. The Russians murmured at the immense sums expended on his reception, and the Empress wrought their discontent to a climax by the ukase which she published, at the solicitation, not of the Count d'Artois, but of the Bishop of Arras, and other emigrants.

That ukase commences by a preamble of most virulent invective against the French revolution, which Catherine naturally held in the utmost horror, since nothing could be more directly at variance with her system of despotic government.

This preamble is succeeded by several articles of which the principal consist in :—1st. Suspending all relations between Russia and France until the restoration of legitimate authority; 2ndly, recalling all Russian consuls and other agents from France, and ordering all French agents or consuls to quit the Russian Empire within three weeks: 3rdly, dismissing all Frenchmen without exception now located in Russia, who shall refuse to subscribe a form of abjuration which shall be presented to them, and which follows :

FORM OF ABJURATION.

"I, the undersigned, swear, by Almighty God, and by His Holy Gospel, that as I have never directly or indirectly sanctioned with my approbation the impious and seditious principles recently introduced into France; as I consider the government now established there as illegitimate, and usurped in violation of all laws; as I am satisfied in my conscience of the excellence of the religion transmitted to me by my fathers; so I promise and pledge myself, so long as I shall enjoy the assured protection which Her Majesty the Empress of all the Russias is graciously pleased to afford me, to live in the observance of the religion to which I was born, and in submission to the laws and government of Her Imperial Majesty; and to break off all intercourse with those Frenchmen

who recognize the monstrous form of government now existing in France.—In case I should be guilty of a breach of this oath, I acknowledge myself subject to the utmost severity of the laws in this life, and in that which is to come to the dreadful judgment of God. And in confirmation of this oath I kiss the Holy Gospel and the Cross of my Saviour."

Such was the form of abjuration presented to every French refugee in Russia. Its style is somewhat despotic, but as every one is master at home, the Czarina had a right to impose what price she thought fit for the asylum she granted.

It is, however, a rather singular instance of the mutability of her disposition, that at the very time she published so strict a ukase, the saloons of the Hermitage frequently resounded with the voices of the children of a French emigrant named Esterhazy, who were permitted to sing before the Czarina, the *Marseillaise*, *Ca ira*, and *La Carmagnole*. That sublime production, the *Marseillaise*, might be understood and felt even by the ears and heart of despotism; but for the two others, neither the melody of their music, nor the charms of their poetry, are so seducing as to have blinded Catherine's judgment to their sense.

The Count d'Artois returned from Russia overland, and was entertained at Robscha by an Armenian merchant, the purchaser of that estate.

The Armenian, whose name I believe was Lazaroff, was a stranger to any code of etiquette, and it did not occur to him to inquire of the fugitive prince, whether it would be his pleasure to know what guests would have the honour of sitting at table with him; and the consequence of this negligence was, that the Count d'Artois supped for once in his life with several hot and zealous republicans. The Count soon afterwards left Russia for England.

CHAPTER XIX.

Paris the capital of the civilized world—Resort of the English and Russians to Paris—The Continent opened to England—Character and anecdote of Mr. Fox—Particulars of Mr. Pitt—His hatred of France—Mr. Fox and the debt of honour—The confiding creditor paid, Lord and Lady Cholmondeley—The Duchess of Gordon and her four daughter Duchesses—Lady Georgina—The First Consul and his wife, family scene—Coquetry of the First Consul for France—Public magnificence and private economy—Bonaparte's fine coat and the dandy—Louis de Perigord the model of young men—A project of marriage—Warrants of payment cancelled by Napoleon from the milliner's bills—Story told by the First Consul to Josephine—The power of masses.

PARIS now realized the vision of the First Consul for his great city;—it was the capital of the civilized world. Such was the concourse of foreigners, that exorbitant prices were charged for the most inferior lodgings, and paid without hesitation. My situation as wife of the Commandant of Paris, introduced me to all strangers of any celebrity, and I confess my most interesting

recollections belong to this portion of my life. Russians and English were the principal actors on this scene, where each person presented himself in turn to attest his merit, or if fame had done him more than justice, as is sometimes the case, to destroy it by a single word.

The English, greedy of travelling, and so long shut out from their European tour, for Italy, Switzerland, and part of Germany had, since 1795, been as inaccessible to them as France, gave loose to their joy with all the frankness and sincerity of their national character, which is so totally in opposition with the sophistry and artifice of their cabinet. They flocked in crowds to Paris, and entered with ardour into the pleasures which France offered them in an abundance they felt too happy in repaying with their gold: society, too, the best society, then beginning to re-organize itself, presented attractions which their acute and judicious perceptions were equally capable of appreciating.

Among the English arrivals of that day were some names whose undying reputation fills the memory, nearly to the exclusion of all others. Mr. Fox, for example, was one of those beings whom it is impossible to see, though but once, without remembering for ever, as a happy epoch in one's life, the day of introduction. I had been educated, as it were, in a high respect for Mr. Fox; for my impressions, whether favourable or otherwise, were always imbibed from my brother, whose opinions I revered. He did not, like

my mother, oppose himself to every idea nurtured by the revolution; on the contrary, he loved it in its beneficent origin, and in all that it had produced of greatness and happiness, though not in its horrible deviations. On such a heart as his, the fine talents and noble character which were the adoration of a majority of our countrymen, could scarcely fail to make a lively impression; and he had frequently in my presence expressed his admiration of the high feeling of Mr. Fox, when ascending the tribune, and seconded by Grey, and I believe by Sheridan, he summoned Mr. Pitt the minister of the day, to adopt a course not menacing but conciliatory; in short to make an attempt, by entreaties addressed to the Convention, to save the life of Louis XVI.

"*In the name of English honour,*" said this great man, "however vain your efforts, however useless your endeavours, try them at least, and show the world that Kings do not stand by unmoved to see a brother sovereign murdered. Why do you talk of armaments," he added with warmth, in reply to Mr. Pitt; "*by what right would you immolate a thousand heads to revenge the fall of one,* when a few decisive words might prevent the sacrifice?"

Albert would contrast these admirable arguments with the proceedings of the inflexible minister, who by arming England, exciting Spain, and making a clamorous display of hostility, did but too probably accelerate the fate of the unfortunate Louis.

At the period we are arrived at in this work Mr. Pitt, still young, had retired from the helm of state to avoid, as he said, sanctioning by his adhesion so disgraceful an alliance as that which the treaty of Amiens recognised. This is not the language of reason and true patriotism, but of hatred, that unquenchable hatred bequeathed by a sire who could never pardon the assistance we had proffered the Americans. Mr. Pitt's detestation of France amounted to that positive aversion which makes the blood rush to or from the cheek, was, in short, of the kind provoked by personal injury, and which would sweep its object from the face of the creation.

Mr. Fox's aspect did not at the first glance seem to justify his prodigious fame; his demeanour was even ordinary, and the first time that I saw him dressed in a dark grey coat, and with his head somewhat inclined, he gave me the idea of a good Devonshire farmer—a man incapable of any pretension.

But how rapidly were these motives put to flight when the course of conversation brought the energies of his mind into view. His countenance became animated with the first sentence of interest that passed his lips, and gradually brightened with increasing intelligence, till it was absolutely fiery and sparkling. His voice, subdued at first, rose in modulation till it burst upon the ear like thunder; and the same man, who, but a few minutes before had appeared the most common-place of mortals, was now an object of intense admiration.

I first saw him at a distance; he was next introduced to me at the Tuileries, where, in the midst of a multitudinous and noisy throng, it was impossible to put in operation any of the plans I had concerted for drawing forth the sentiments of one of the most distinguished and most justly celebrated men of the eighteenth century. At length he dined at my house and the conversation having first been of a general kind, turned afterwards on such topics as were more especially adapted to the illustrious stranger. The entire concurrence of opinion between Mr. Fox, Junot, and some of his other guests, precluded debate; but the affairs of England and the ministry which had replaced Mr. Pitt were long under discussion, and the conversation, though tranquil, was of a remarkable character; when one of the company who had been of the Egyptian expedition, and had returned with his mind violently exasperated, brought forward the intractable subject of the events in that quarter, freely indulging his rancour against England, Mr. Fox's countenance changed with a rapidity it is impossible to describe; we no longer beheld the leader of the English opposition, but the brother of Mr. Pitt, defending him with his eloquence amidst a circle of enemies as he would have done with his arm, had he found him sustaining singly the attack of as many swords. It was then that I observed the progression of emotions I have described above. The conversation grew warm, and Junot soon took an unfortunate part in it. He had been made

prisoner on his return from Egypt by a Captain Styles, conducted to Jaffa, and introduced to Sir Sydney Smith, who was negotiating there with the Grand Vizier the treaty of El-Arich, for the evacuation of Egypt; from thence he accompanied Sir Sydney on board the *Tiger* to Larneka in Cyprus; here Junot, as I have before observed, contracted for Smith one of those chivalrous friendships which he was very capable of feeling, and the brave English commodore well calculated to inspire. He had more than once laid lance in rest as the champion of his friendly foe; and now, believing him compromised in something that was said respecting the infamous infraction of the treaty which he had guaranteed, and satisfied in his own mind that his gallant friend was the most honourable of men,

"It was not his doing!" cried Junot, animated by a sentiment of truth and justice, "he would never have said, with Mr. Pitt,

"The destruction of that perfidious army is a matter of rejoicing; the interests of human nature require its total annihilation. No! Sir Sydney Smith would be incapable of uttering such a libel on his profession and on human nature."

Mr. Fox turned crimson, then pale as death, passed his hand over his eyes, and made no immediate answer; at the end of a minute that striking voice, which, with its sonorous tone, could overpower all others, murmured rather than articulated,

"I beg your pardon; Mr. Pitt never used such words, the ministerial tribune is guiltless of those or any similar expressions."

"I beg your pardon, also," replied Junot boldly, but with extreme politeness of manner, for he did not forget that he was the host, and that the discussion was assuming an aspect nearly approaching to mutual defiance.

"No," answered the statesman, to whose upright and patriotic soul the imputation was truly painful, "those terrible words never fell from the lips of Mr. Pitt, they are Mr. Dundas's."

"Truly, you have entrenched yourself behind a notable fence!" cried Colonel Green, who was present. "Dundas! what does it signify whether it was Dundas or Pitt? to me it appears to be a distinction without a difference."

Mr. Fox cast on the Colonel a glance such as nature has endowed few eyes with the privilege of bestowing; it conveyed all the patriotic fire of a great and elevated mind, a silent eloquence that seemed to invoke the genius of England, and to say in her name,

"Silence! it is not for my children to unveil my errors."

That look made, perhaps, a stronger impression on me than on the Englishman, whose tongue, however, it fettered. He said no more, but walking round the table, took Fox's hand, and shook it heartily and repeatedly, without uttering a syllable; but his eyes were moistened, he had

understood Fox's feelings, and the heart of James Green was formed to respond to them.

I once saw Mr. Fox in conversation with the First Consul, and on interesting subjects; but never did I see such sublimity of emotion overspread his fine countenance. That man may be accused of love of play, and of other defects, perhaps of vices; but I may affirm, that a great mind could alone be susceptible of such emotion, on hearing his country justly charged with cruelty and faithlessness. Mr. Fox is in my eyes greater by a thousand cubits than Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding the transcendant abilities of the latter, who smiled less, but if many of his countrymen may be believed, sinned as much. Mr. Pitt, protestant as he was, must have had something jesuitical in his person and appearance. All his political acts savoured of puritanism. In short, I do not like Mr. Pitt, it could not affect him to be sure in this world, where he never saw me, still less in that to which he is removed; but I repeat it, I do not like Mr. Pitt.

An anecdote which I heard from an Englishman may give some idea of Mr. Fox's character. It is well known that his life was sufficiently agitated, by his own will, or rather by that of his destiny, which inclined him to gaming, contracting debts, and appearing sometimes before the world in an attitude not altogether becoming the man to whom a great nation confided her interests. Amongst his creditors was one possessed of a bill of exchange, signed by Charles Fox, which he could

not get cashed; and he was very repugnant to the vigorous measure of imprisoning his debtor.*

This man called on Mr. Fox regularly three times a week, to demand the three hundred guineas due to him. The valet of the honourable debtor answered as regularly, that the master had no money, and the creditor retired in despair, for he was really in need. At length one morning he arrived, determined on forcing through all impediments, and speaking to Mr. Fox himself. The valet gave him the accustomed answer, but the creditor, who heard in an adjoining room the clinking of coin, took his resolution, hastily gained an opposite door, opened it, and found himself in the very presence of Mr. Fox, who was counting and ranging before him in rouleaus several hundred guineas. He did not exhibit the slightest embarrassment on perceiving his creditor, and listened with perfect composure to his opening observation:

"It appears, Sir, that no impossibility obstructs the payment of my bill. I am rejoiced to find you in so much better circumstances than your valet represented."

"You are under a mistake, my dear Sir, said Mr. Fox, I have not ten guineas at my own disposal. You must wait a luckier chance."

* A French *lady* cannot be supposed very deeply skilled in the privileges of the English parliament, The reader will also remark, that the whole of the political opinions here reported are imputable to the French authoress alone.—*Translator's note.*

"You are certainly jesting, Sir."

And the creditor pointed with his eye and his finger to the sum of eight hundred guineas spread upon the table before him; it was sufficiently visible, partly in bank notes and partly in gold.

"This money is not mine," said Mr. Fox, "it is destined this very morning, before noon, to liquidate a debt of honour, a sacred debt."

"And yet, Sir, I doubt whether the claims you are about to satisfy are of as long standing as mine. Consider that you have been more than three years indebted to me for this sum which I advanced to you without interest."

"Oh!" answered Mr. Fox, smiling, "the creditor I am about to satisfy cannot certainly dispute with you the priority of claim, for I have been his debtor a few hours only.——But," added he, with more seriousness, "it is a debt of honour, and you know such debts cannot be deferred beyond four and twenty hours."

The creditor did not understand the meaning of a debt of honour in the acceptation of the gay world, till Mr. Fox explained it.

"I lost last night this sum of eight hundred guineas to Sheridan upon the simple security of my honour. If any accident should befal me before I had paid it what resource would he have? You have at least my bill, my signature; and my family would not fail to redeem it."

The honest man listened to the man of the world with a troubled countenance.

"So," said he at length, "the name of Charles

Fox attached to this bill of exchange is the reason that same Charles Fox refuses to cancel the debt? Well then!" added he, tearing the paper to pieces, "now my debt is also a debt of honour, for I have no longer your security for its payment, and I have the advantage of priority over the creditor of last night."

Mr. Fox had witnessed the man's proceeding with an astonishment that may be easily conceived, his was a nature promptly susceptible of the impressions inspired by generosity and confidence. This creditor had judged him aright; he took three hundred guineas from the table, and presenting them, said—

"I thank you for your reliance upon me: here is your money. Sheridan must wait for the completion of his. Adieu, once more I thank you for trusting to my honour."

Paris was also at this time the rendezvous of a multitude of English who, though less celebrated than Mr. Fox or his brother, proved very agreeable acquaintances. Those whom I chiefly preferred, were Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, Mrs. Harrison, a young widow from India of most simple, unaffected and fascinating manners, the Duchess of Gordon and her daughter Lady Georgiana, Colonel James Green, and Lady Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire.

Lady Cholmondeley had considerably the advantage of me in years; but her manners and those of her lord were courteously polished; she talked to me of the glory of the First Consul

and his companions in arms, in a tone of such perfect sincerity and good-will, she blended so amiably with unqualified respect for the dignity of her own nation, a just appreciation of the qualities of those I loved, that I was almost attached to her. The First Consul who received every morning circumstantial intelligence respecting the English in Paris, had a high esteem for the Earl and Countess Cholmondeley.

The Duchess of Gordon is assuredly not forgotten by those who had the supreme happiness of seeing her in Paris in 1802. When I wish to recreate my thoughts I call to mind her burlesque appearance and manners, which, as is well known, were, notwithstanding her duchess-mania, very far from ducal; but which if report may be believed served to mask a calculating and intriguing spirit.

"My four daughters shall be duchesses," said she; and at the period of her visit to Paris three of the young ladies were married, one to the Duke of Richmond, another to the Duke of Manchester, and the third to the eldest son of Lord Cornwallis, which said Lord Cornwallis was to be the first duke created by his Britannic Majesty; but he unfortunately died without rising to that dignity, *because a regent of England has not the power of creating dukes, and the king not having recovered from his madness,* the matter could not be accomplished; Lord *Blumm,* therefore, (I be-

lieve that was his name) was never a duke.* The fourth daughter, Lady Georgina was engaged to the Duke of Bedford, towards the end of the year 1801; but the sudden death of the duke converted the wedding festival into funeral solemnities. The Duchess of Gordon was much vexed by this untoward event, which happened just a month too soon, for it would have suited all parties much better that the duke should have died after the marriage than before. The young lady, far from participating in the offensive levity with which her mother adverted to the event, was said to be much affected by it; and I may add that the English with whom I conversed of the mother and daughter, spoke of the one in widely different terms from the other; all agreed on one point, that the duchess shewed a want of sense nearly approaching to folly; while the young lady received general commendation. These ladies were lodging at the Hotel de Richelieu; Lady Georgina wore mourning for the Duke of Bedford, which is common in England for an affianced bridegroom. Junot took much pleasure in their company, and saw them frequently, they were also of my parties, which were always gay.

The general aspect of society in Paris at that

* It is unnecessary to comment on the fair author's erroneous construction of our laws, but it may be as well to observe that the then Marquis Cornwallis, celebrated for his Indian conquests, and father of the Lord *Brome* in question, died in 1805, between four and five years previous to the commencement of the regency.—*Translator's note.*

time deserves a place in cotemporary memoirs. The First Consul required all the principal authorities to maintain, not only a creditable, but a splendid establishment. Nothing could exceed, (and this fact will be attested by all living persons who knew Napoleon as I did), his extreme and rigid economy in all his private concerns; but when circumstances required it, he could equal in magnificence, the most sumptuous sovereign of the east; the liberality of Aboul-Cazem then presided over every arrangement. I remember his once admonishing Duroc for neglecting to transmit an order, regulating the private breakfasts at the Palace, which he had given him the evening before; the order therefore had been delayed but a few hours, "but an additional day's expense," said the First Consul, "is too much."

A few minutes afterwards one of the ministers arrived. The First Consul immediately entered into consultation upon a fête that was to be given the following week, on the 14th of July; the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, which was observed till the re-establishment of royalty; the Tuileries were illuminated, and, as far as I can remember, the theatres were opened gratis.

"Josephine," said he, with the tone of kindness he generally adopted towards her, for he was tenderly attached to her, "I am going to impose upon you a command—you will have much pleasure in obeying. I desire you will be dazzling—make your preparations accordingly; for my part,

I shall wear my fine suit of crimson silk embroidered with gold, presented to me by the city of Lyons,—I shall then be superb."

This dress was, as he said, presented to him by the city of Lyons, on occasion of the *Consulta of the Cisalpine Republic,* in the month of January preceding; and to say the truth he had already worn it and made a most singular appearance in it, which instantly occurred to my recollection, when he talked of his *fine suit,* and I could not suppress a laugh; he perceived it, for nothing escaped his observation; and coming up to me said, as he surveyed me with a half-angry and half-smiling air—

"What do you mean by that sarcastic smile, Madame Junot? you think, I suppose, that I shall not be as smart as all those handsome Englishmen and Russians, who look so sweet upon you and turn all your young heads.—All prejudice; I am sure I am at least as agreeable as that English colonel—that dandy, who is said to be the handsomest man in England, and whom I can compare to nothing but the Prince of Coxcombs."

This expression—a dandy,* was a favorite word with Napoleon for designating men who displeased him. In the present instance he alluded to a tall Englishman called Colonel or Captain Matthews, and who passed for a devourer of hearts—English ones be it observed.

* *Godelureau.*

I could not avoid laughing still more heartily at this idea of the First Consul's and his pretensions to elegance and fashion; whereas he had at that time an utter antipathy to every thing that is called fashionable, and shewed it in the most unqualified dislike of such young men as had the misfortune to pass in the world for agreeable and elegant. Soft speeches, graceful attitudes and all other qualifications of the beau he treated with even more bitterness and contempt than he generally bestowed on the persons he most disliked. Madame Bonaparte presently afterwards made an observation in praise of M. de Fl——t, who, she said, possessed a variety of talents.

"What are they? Sense? Bah, who has not as much as he?—He sings well? A noble talent for a soldier who must be always hoarse by profession. Ah! he is a beau—that is what pleases you women. I see nothing so extraordinary in him; he is just like a spider, with his eternal legs; his shape is quite unnatural: to be well shaped ———" Here his speech was broken in upon, for, being at that time much given to laughing, I could not restrain a second fit; on seeing the First Consul look with complacency at his own small legs (which like his whole person were then very shapely,) covered with silk stockings, and a shoe sharp-pointed enough to have pierced the eye of a needle. He did not finish his sentence, but I am certain he meant—"to be well shaped his leg should be like that."

And yet no being could have less vanity than Napoleon; he was neatness itself, and extremely particular in his dress, but made not the slightest claim to elegance. For this reason, the movement which approached his hand to his leg, as he mentioned the spider legs of M. de Fl————t, set me laughing, by its *naïveté*. He both saw and heard the laugh; and what is more he understood it; and coming towards me again, said—

"Well! you little pest! What do you find to laugh at? So you must make game, in your turn, of my legs. They do not figure as well to your fancy in a country dance as those of your elegant friends. But a man may both sing and dance without being a dandy. Let me ask yourself, Madame Junot, tell me if Talleyrand's nephew is not a pleasing young man?"

My answer was ready; the person he alluded to was Louis de Perigord, who, as well as his brother and his sister, now Madame Justus de Noailles, had a large fortune; he was then nineteen years of age, and already united to the acuteness of his uncle, a sound judgment, sprightly wit, polished manners, and the vivid resemblance of his father's person; the last an eulogium of itself. The First Consul had been well informed on his merits; or rather in the few interviews he had had with Louis de Perigord, he had judged him correctly. Louis would have proved one of the most eminent men of our age, had he not been cut off

in the morning of life. Napoleon spoke of him with an interest beyond that which his friendship for Talleyrand inspired; and because he was brother to a friend of mine, questioned me closely respecting him, his family, and the projects of his father for him. On the latter point, the First Consul was much better informed than I was, or at my age was likely to be; and to say the truth, for prejudice does not blind me to his real defects, was apt to raise too hastily and arbitrarily the curtain which should screen the sanctuary of family secrets. I answered "that matters of such importance concerned only my friends themselves, that the person he mentioned for Louis de Perigord was one of the richest heiresses of France; that she was my friend and I should see such a marriage with real pleasure; but to confess the truth, I did not know whether *the wedding cards were yet sent out.*"

The First Consul possessed in a superior degree a rapid and unerring perception, which made him sensible as instantaneously as the person he had wounded, when he had struck too deeply or too roughly. He stopped, checked his smile, and resumed the former subject.

"We must leave all these matters," said he, "to think of our own appearance next week. Josephine, I desire you will be dazzling in jewellery and richly dressed; do you hear?"

"Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte, "and then you find fault, perhaps fall into a passion; or, you

erase my warrants of payment from the margin of my bills."*

And she pouted like a little girl, but with the most perfect good-humour. Madame Bonaparte's manners possessed, when she chose it, a seducing charm. Her graciousness might be too general, but undeniably, she could be, when she chose, perfectly attractive and loveable. When the First Consul announced his will, regarding her toilet, she looked at him so prettily, walked towards him with such graceful sweetness, her whole manner breathing so evident a desire to please, that he must have had a heart of stone, who could resist her. Napoleon loved her; drew her closer to him, and embraced her.

"Certainly, my dear love, I sometimes cancel your warrants of payment, because you are occasionally so imposed upon, that I cannot take it upon my conscience to sanction such abuses; but it is not, therefore, inconsistent to recommend you to be magnificent on occasions of parade. One interest must be weighed against another, and I hold the balance equitably, though strictly. Here, I will tell you a story, which will do wonders as a lesson, if you will but remember

* This circumstance happened many times. I have myself seen two bills erased with the Emperor's own hand; one was for linens, the other for essences and perfumery.

"You have your own linen draper, Mademoiselle l'Olive," said the Emperor, "why try an unknown warehouse. Learn this new branch of the science of economy."

it. Listen too," beckoning us to draw near, "listen too, you young giddy-pates, and profit by it."

"There lived once, at Marseilles, a rich merchant, who received one morning, through the hands of a young man, a letter strongly recommending the bearer to his notice: the young man was of good fortune, and wanted only an introduction to society; he brought also a letter of credit to a large amount. The merchant, after having read the letter of recommendation, instead of either throwing it aside as waste paper, or shutting it up in a drawer, examined it, and finding that it covered one only of the four sides of the sheet, tore it in two, placed the written half in a leaf of his portfolio, and then, folding the other half, so that it would serve for writing a note, put it into another portfolio which already contained a number of similar papers. Having completed his little measure of economy, he turned towards the young man, and invited him to dinner for that very day. The youth, accustomed to a life of elegance and luxury, felt but little inclination for dining with a man who could thus appropriate the privileges of the *chiffonnier*, by depriving him of his waste paper; he accepted the invitation, however, and promised to return at four o'clock. But as he descended the narrow staircase, from the counting-house of his banker, his mind rapidly reverted to the observations he had made upon that small gloomy room, with the two long offices which led to it, encumbered with ledgers that

were half smothered in dust and smoke, and where ten or a dozen young persons were working in silence, whose faces appeared to his jaundiced eyes, like perfect skeletons. He thought of the windows plastered with a thick coat of mud, through which no ray of the beautiful sun of Provence could ever penetrate; the little bowl of box-wood, filled with saw-dust, to serve for powder, the broken writing-desk, the dressing-gown of the banker; and all these recollections rushing at once upon his mind, produced the reflection, I have done a foolish thing in accepting this invitation—but no matter, a day is soon passed.

"The duties of the toilet were discharged rather for his own satisfaction than in compliment to the host who expected him; and that done he proceeded to the street of Rome, where his banker's house was situated. As the latter had told him his wife did not live in the part of the mansion occupied by the counting house, he begged on arriving, to be conducted to the lady. A number of valets in rich liveries led him across a small garden, filled with rare and exotic plants, and after conducting him through several apartments sumptuously furnished, introduced him to a handsome drawing room, where he found his banker, who presented him to his wife and mother; the former was young and pretty, the latter not yet old, and both were dressed in rich stuffs, and adorned with fine pearls, and sparkling diamonds, which attested the wealth of the honest and laborious head of the family; he himself was

no longer the personage his guest had seen in the morning, he seemed to have left behind amongst the dusty ledgers and portfolios, the man of the black velvet cap and woollen dressing-gown, while the manners and conversation of fifteen or twenty visitors, who were assembled in the drawing-room, led to the inference that this house was one of the best, if not the very best in the city. Dinner was served, and the young stranger became convinced that it was so.

The viands were excellent, the wines exquisite, the table covered with an abundance of massy silver plate, in short the young traveller was obliged mentally to admit, that he had never partaken of more delicate fare, or seen a greater display of magnificence; and he was more than ever confounded upon ascertaining from one of the persons near him, that the banker gave a similar entertainment twice a week.

While coffee was serving he ruminated on all that he had witnessed; but his young ideas had to arrange themselves into that mutual dependance of cause and effect which would easily have brought the whole to the level of his understanding.

"Young man," said his host, tapping him on the shoulder, "you are absent, and almost pensive: have you made a bad dinner?"

But the expression of his eyes and the inflexion of his voice in pronouncing these words seemed to mean:

"Has not your fear of a bad dinner yet vanished?"

The young man blushed, as if he had really heard the latter sentence, but the good financier understood his blush and laughing said,

"No offence! you are too young to understand how masses are formed, the true and only power; whether composed of money, water, or men, it is all alike. A mass is an immense centre of motion, but it must be begun—it must be kept up. Young man, the little bits of paper which excited your derision this morning, are one among the means I employ for attaining it."

"A fine story this, that you have been telling us Bonaparte!" said Josephine smiling; "to me the most marvellous part of it is, that you have been speaking for a quarter of an hour together, and that to women only."

"I did not forget that I assure you," replied he, winking to us: "do you think I should have preached in the same way to men? They never require it."

I was much struck afterwards by this idea of masses as the foundation of power.

CHAPTER XX.

The First Consul and Foreigners—Baptism of my daughter—Gift of the Emperor—The Hotel in the Street of the Champs Elysées—My country-house at Bièvre—Eagerness of Foreigners to see Bonaparte — Incredible attachment of Junot — Bonaparte's dislike of Foreigners, and his love of France—The Princess with five or six husbands—The Duchess de Sagan, and the Duchess de Dino—The Prince de Rohan, and the pensioned husband—The Princess d'Olgoroucki—The dressing-room and jewel-case—Prince Galitzin and his caricatures—Lord and Lady Conyngham—Lord Whitworth, and the Duchess of Dorset—Lord Yarmouth, and the Prince Regent—Loss at play, and the button-mirrors—Prince Philip Von Cobentzel—Madame Demidoff.

THE First Consul said one day to Junot :

" You and your wife see a great many foreigners, do you not ?"

Junot replied in the affirmative, and in truth, English and Russians, the latter especially constituted the chief part of our society. Junot had just bought a country-house at Bièvre, where we frequently had large parties; and the First Consul had given us for the baptismal gift of my Jose-

phine, the house in the Champs-Elysées, which enabled us to receive our guests with convenience, and creditably to fulfil the duties of the post Junot occupied, as well as those to which he was bound, as the oldest friend and servant of that astonishing man on whom the eyes of the whole world were at this time fixed. To such an extent was this admiration of Napoleon carried, that it sometimes happened that Englishmen came to France only for a few hours; went to the parade, saw the First Consul and returned to England. Junot enjoyed this triumph. I have sometimes seen a dinner interrupted for half an hour while the company listened with avidity to his account of his beloved General's glorious early years; and when an Englishman or a Russian gave vent to the feelings, the narration inspired, then the eyes of the fellow-soldiers would moisten with rapture; he was happy.... Oh, how he loved him!

It may well be supposed that, situated as he was, enabled to receive all the foreigners of distinction who arrived in Paris, Junot lost no opportunity of impressing them with the perfect and positive greatness of General Bonaparte, at the period when he was yet but little known by that France, by that Europe, of whose attention, of whose love or envious hatred he was afterwards destined to be the sole object. Junot talked of the days of Toulon and of Paris, of the army of Italy, and of Egypt; and he was happy.

The ladies were not outdone in curiosity res-

pecting the previous life of Napoleon; they asked even more questions than the men. We had for neighbours in our new habitation a Russian family, whose enthusiasm for the First Consul surpassed that of his most ardent admirers. This was the family Diwoff; the Countess Diwoff, in particular, had such an exclusive passion for him, for his glory, for his most trifling actions, that Junot and I did not hesitate to admit her to the intimacy she demanded, and which the proximity of our respective residences increased; so that I always found pleasure in spending an evening with *my little sister*, as she insisted on my calling her, though thirty years older than myself; and the more so, as her many parties included all the foreigners of distinction in Paris.

One of Napoleon's peculiarities, perhaps but little known, was his extreme aversion, during the Consulate and the first years of the Empire, for the society of foreigners, and of the Faubourg St. Germain; amongst the travellers with whom France was then inundated, were a few whose names he held in consideration, and a very limited exception was made in their favour. He had generally some bitter remarks to make upon persons of notoriety, whose reputations had preceded them in France. No one was more the object of these remarks than the Princess Louis de Rohan, alias Princess Troubetskoi, Duchess of Sagan, Duchess of Courland—I scarcely know by what name to call her, filled as the history of her life is with divorces. Her

beauty at this period could not be questioned; but it was not a beauty to my taste. I may be deemed fastidious, and I will plead guilty; but I could never like those snowy charms, destitute of all animation—that swan-like transparent skin—those eyes, whose only expression was pride; a pride for which it would be difficult to assign a cause, unless it was intended as a compliment to the memory of her grandfather, Biron. I could discover no beauty in that neck, certainly fair, and dressed in the most shining satin, but stiff, formal, and devoid of feminine grace. This is an attraction which, however, she ought to have possessed, for she ruined herself in husbands, a singular article to set down among the expenses of a pretty woman, but it was nevertheless true. A clause in the last marriage contract stipulated that M. Louis de Rohan should have a pension of 60,000 francs, in case of a divorce demanded by the Princess; but if the demand was made on his part, it was to be but 12,000. M. de Rohan, therefore, left matters to the will of Providence, or rather to the will of his wife, contenting himself with the enjoyment of present possession, and leaving her operations to her own choice, without disturbing himself about the future.

Various strictures of the Princess of Rohan upon the court of the Tuileries, and especially upon his sisters, had reached the First Consul, who, in consequence, perhaps, concerned himself more with her than he would otherwise have done. One evening he enlarged upon the absur-

dity of founding pretensions on rank and riches, in a country altogether republican, and where all such distinctions were confounded in perfect equality.

"Mr. Fox," said he, "will always hold the first place in an assembly at the Tuileries, and Mrs. Fox would in France always take precedence of the Princess de Rohan, because the reputation of her husband is reflected upon her. As for Madame de Courland, as she is called, I really do not understand upon what high merit she founds her right to treat with rudeness a people who did not desire her company, and are well versed in her genealogy."

This sally shewed me the danger of injuring those who have not attacked us. There can be no doubt that the First Consul, desirous as he was of preserving with the young Emperor the friendly relations he had held with his father, would have been particularly gracious towards a lady who was partly his subject, had not her own proceedings drawn his ill-will upon her. The airs of the Princess were especially ill-judged at a period when France, so great in herself, saw assembled within her bosom all the greatest and most illustrious denizens of England, Germany, Italy, and Russia. When the Princess trespassed on the rules of politeness, which continually happened, the source of her high pretensions was naturally looked into, and her genealogy was found to be but of seventy years standing;—sufficient, it is true, to confer nobility on a really

illustrious extraction, but by no means adequate to support an hereditary title to arrogance.

The Duchess of Courland, her mother, united with a haughty carriage considerable amenity of speech and manner, and pleased me much. I know but little of her; but should have been glad of an opportunity to improve my acquaintance with her; the more so as a mutual friend, of very superior judgment, always spoke of her as one whose place could not be supplied in her heart; and I am satisfied that she who was the object of a friendship which nothing could efface, and which could not be recalled without emotion, must have been deserving of it. She had been beautiful,—more so indeed than her eldest daughter; the Marchioness of St. Croix, the friend to whom I allude, possesses more than ten portraits of her, taken at different ages, and all really pretty. I was not acquainted with her daughter, the Duchess d'Acerenza, but I think the beauty of the Duchess de Dino, the youngest daughter, incomparably preferable to her eldest sister's; there is more fire, more feeling, more intellectual vivacity in one of her black eyes, than in the whole person of Madame de Sagan; at the time I am speaking of, however, she was a child, and could not enter into rivalry with her sister. What an admirable picture is Gerard's of the Duchess de Dino! It is the most enchanting of the children of the desert. Her turban, her robe, the sky which surrounds her, all is in harmony with the orien-

tal character she assumes; the picture, like all others from Gerard's hand, is admirably poetical.

Madame d'Olgoroucki, of whom I have before spoken, had the power of being extremely agreeable if she had had the inclination, but this was unfortunately wanting. She found us more lenient in our judgment upon her than her own countrymen, one of whom, Prince George Galitzin, declared a mortal enmity against her. I have known few men so witty, but he was too satirical to be liked. Without absolute misanthropy he was no friend to human nature, which was neither good nor amiable enough to please him, but such characters as the Princess d'Olgoroucki he persecuted incessantly. The Prince was for ever in chase of some of her absurdities, her pride, her literary pretensions, her passion for splendid attire; he drew admirably, and possessed the difficult art of making the most exact resemblances in caricature, without disfiguring his persons. The Princess is the subject of one still in my possession; she is just risen, and drest in a muslin dressing gown, is seated before a table on which is placed literary and scientific prospectuses, a number of journals, and a salver with tea; behind her is an open escrutoire, and on it a jewel case, partly open, from which precious stones are escaping in abundance in the form of necklaces, combs, aigrettes, and bracelets, all falling about haphazard; for instance, a bracelet hangs on one ear, four or five necklaces have fallen on one shoulder;

a diamond aigrette rests on her back; and her hands are busily collecting innumerable jewels of all shapes and colours which are falling in showers around her.

Prince George Galitzin, sarcastic as he was, was very amusing; no idea thrown out in a conversation that pleased him was ever left without an answer; and he had the agreeable talent which is far more rare than is generally supposed of understanding all that is said.

Who does not remember with sensations of tenderness and pleasure the charming Pole, Madame Zamoiska. How attractive was her mild, amiable, and intelligent countenance! The sweetness of her disposition, the grace of her manners, and the symmetry of her figure! Her husband, though colder in manner than is usual with the Poles, was agreeable and much liked in society. The two together reminded one of Ladoiska and Lovinski. I am informed that a daughter of Madame Zamoiska's is now in Paris, and is as charming as her mother; and I regret that my retirement from the world prevents my seeing her.

The lovely Lady Conyngham, since so celebrated in England, was then in the first bloom of that beauty which acquired such general and just admiration, though I must confess that a countenance so devoid of expression could never interest me. In contemplating the Venus de Medici, I know that the almost divine vision before me is but a marble statue, and look for no smile respon-

sive to mine; but in a living and intellectual Being I have a right to expect something more than mere regularity of feature, some emanation of mind; the face of the beautiful Marchioness, however, exhibited none. She was extremely elegant, dressed well, and carried her solicitude for her complexion to the extent of saving it by spending the day in her bed, from which she rose only in time to prepare for a ball or other evening engagement. Lord Conyngham was a striking contrast to his wife. The Duchess of Gordon, who amongst her masculine language, often hit upon a witty truism, once said of him:

—"Lord Conyngham! Oh! He is a perfect comb, all teeth and back."

The English Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, appeared to have been selected by his government expressly for qualifications likely to prove disagreeable to us. His fine figure and handsome face could not atone to French society for his haughtiness, in which his wife the Duchess of Dorset seconded him to admiration. Their manners speedily rendered both so unpopular in the circles they frequented, that their stay at Paris must have been any thing but pleasant to themselves; his lordship, however, knew it would not be of long duration.

There were other Englishmen in France of great distinction, for originality at least, if for no superior attribute. Amongst these was Lord Yarmouth, now Marquis of Hertford, respecting whom a great diversity of opinion was entertained

as well by his own countrymen as ours; but one qualification which he indisputably possessed, was a clearness and acuteness of intellect rarely met with in the most subtle Venetian or Gascon. The faculties of Lord Yarmouth's mind are incomparably more penetrating than those of his countrymen generally, whose capacities, however extensive, are for the most part slow of conception. Young as he then was, an indifferent opinion of his fellow creatures was but too visibly imprinted on his features; his countenance, his smile, expressed utter coldness, or a sardonic and cynical criticism of all that was passing around him. The world of fashion was not to his taste, and he connected himself little with it; but when induced to *put on harness,* as he termed it, he made himself perfectly agreeable to those with whom he associated. He was passionately fond of gambling, and played nobly and generously.

Lord Yarmouth, it is well known, was the intimate associate of the Prince Regent. I have been told, that when playing once in England with a very illustrious personage, either at picquet or some other game, in which there are only two parties, he perceived that, though a better player than his adversary, he had for a long time been losing so invariably as could only be accounted for by some treachery; yet no one was near him and the cards were perfect. At length by close observation he discovered the cause of his constant ill fortune. The court was at Brighton, and the Prince had recently introduced a dress of

blue cloth with highly polished steel buttons, nearly as large as a crown piece; it was etiquette for all who appeared in the Prince's presence to wear their coats buttoned close, whereas His Royal Highness closed his only at his pleasure, and but seldom at the period of which we are now speaking, as it was the summer season. From these circumstances it followed that the cards of his adversary were clearly reflected from seven or eight perfect little mirrors. All this was accidental, no doubt, but the accident occasioned to Lord Yarmouth a loss of some thousands; and even with an income of fifty or sixty thousand a year, we all prefer winning to losing. Accordingly, no sooner had his Lordship's quick eye perceived the trap than he unbuttoned his coat, saying, in answer to the Prince's interrogating look,

"It is too warm here, your Royal Highness, for me."

And certainly had he suffered himself to be arrested by etiquette under such circumstances, he would rather have acted the part of a simpleton than of the man of sense he has always been accounted.

One of the new comers, who was generally well received, was the Count Philip von Cobentzel, Imperial Ambassador to the French republic. I never knew a man whose excellent sense and judgment, courteous manners, and goodness of heart, were more perfectly in harmony with talents of the highest order, or in more absolute disparity

with his countenance, and the whole exterior man. His person was less comic than his cousin's, when the latter received couriers in black silk breeches and puffed hair, but scarcely less unique. In contrast to Count Louis's slovenliness and perpetual action, Count Philip, a little man, was neatness and precision personified. Amongst his striking peculiarities, may be reckoned his well-tied queue, and his front hair carefully turned up above the forehead, which gave him a perfect resemblance to *the ace of spades*, a nick-name which was accordingly imposed upon him; his dress always strictly suited to the season, of the make of Maria-Theresa's court, and most incongruous with the fashions of the day; his clear shrill voice, like that of a good old active and gossiping woman, and the odd constraint of his gait, shuffling between the quick pace, most natural and convenient to him, and the slow motion which he considered most becoming to an ambassador. With all these eccentricities, he was an excellent man, of observant habits and retentive memory, and chatted freely and very agreeably with such persons as pleased him. He was once the subject of a humourous adventure. At a ball at my house, about two o'clock in the morning, the Duchess of Gordon took Count Philip by the hand and led him down the whole length of an English country dance, at that time the favourite amusement, and introduced about four times at every ball. The Duchess bustled about not the less actively for her respectable rotundity, dragging after her the illustrious diplomatist, not

in the habit of moving his slender legs with such impetuosity. The Count, who eujoyed a joke, but did not relish being its object, was conscious of the ludicrous spectacle in which he was figuring; the unrestrained joviality of his partner, however, got the better of his vexation, and he good-humouredly attended her up and down the dance, making one of his formal bows whenever he asked her hand, acquitting himself on the whole with good grace, and laughing heartily afterwards at the mad prank in which the Duchess had made him share. The singular effect of a couple so oddly assorted, not only with each other, but with the young and merry group amongst whom they mixed, might well make an impression that time has not effaced from my mind.

While passing in review, the persons who in 1802 enlivened the society of Paris, I must not omit my beloved friend Madame Demidoff, who created a great sensation there by the luxury and splendour of her establishment, which exceeded all that had yet been witnessed in Paris since the revolution. Her husband, who was then a different being from when we last saw him on his road to die in Italy, but neither more amusing, good-humoured, nor agreeable, gave fêtes and balls, as he afterwards did at Florence; but in 1802, my amiable Elizabeth was present to do the honours of his house, and the fine saloons of the Hotel de Praslin were continually opened to a joyous multitude, happy not only in the gaiety of the scene, but in the charm

so seldom experienced in such crowded assemblies of a friendly and kind reception. Madame Demidoff did not bestow her affection indiscriminately, it was not every one that she loved, but there was a magic in her simplest word or look, which charmed all who approached her.

"I am very glad to see you," said she, in her soft sweet voice, smiling, and inclining her head with a grace peculiarly her own.

And these simple words, addressed to a stranger whom she saw, perhaps, for the second or third time, comprised all that the most cordial hospitality could offer; but when any one she loved, myself for example, approached,

"How happy I am to see you!" said she; and the pressure of her hand, and animation of her countenance, plainly spoke her sincerity.

Madame Demidoff was not pretty, and yet she was universally pleasing; because she possessed charms which are superior even to beauty, unaffected grace, and suavity. Who, that has seen her waltz, can forget her sylph-like movements; unequalled in ease and suppleness, by any other person I ever knew, except Madame Lallemand.

I have about two hundred letters from Madame Demidoff; in all of which may be traced that warmth of heart and strength of affection she bestowed on her friends, united with a playful, but harmless wit. I have seen her in the most sorrowful periods of my life, and in moments of anguish, excited by her own sufferings; and

always observed the same indifference to self, and the same devoted solicitude for her friends.

And what would not those friends have done for her? She has often experienced, that neither distance nor season could present obstacles to a heart that loved, and had the opportunity of obliging her.

Her husband treated her with harshness. But the heart of Elizabeth was formed to feel and return kindness; affection is a bond she could never have loosened. The world has passed judgment between them, and, as usual, the world was mistaken; because it hastens forward unheeding the obscurity of the road, and without waiting for daylight to guide its steps: but she whose life was so disturbed, so grievously agitated, now reposes in peace on the marble pillow of her stately monument, the most magnificent in the cemetry of Père la Chaise.

CHAPTER XXI.

Excusable vanity—Bonaparte and the honey-moon—Schemes of rambles through Paris—The honours of the capital done to foreigners—Minute question of the First Consul—Our Russian and English friends—M. von Cobentzel's travelling costume—French Institution—Messieurs Denon and Millin—David the painter, and prejudice overcome—Visit to the Temple—The steam-pumps of the brothers Perrier—Mirabeau and Beaumarchais—Libraries of Paris—Inconvenience of lending books—The Museum of the Louvre—The Committee of Public Instruction—M. Denon, and the old paintings—The Faligno Madonna—Original drawings of the great masters—The gallery of Apollo — The Burgundian dinner — Visit to Charles the physician—The Camera Obscura, and M. von Cobentzel's secretary—Mademoiselle Chameroy—Scene at Saint Roch—Remarkable speech of Napoleon—The Archbishop of Paris—The bard, the dream, and remembered admiration.

THE First Consul felt excusable vanity for France, and was justly proud of the wonders she contained, and for which she was chiefly indebted to his sword and the treaties he had made. I cherished much of the same feeling, and a hint from the First Consul suggested to me a plan which I submitted to Junot, and he approved.

From the time I had attained a competent age

to appreciate the beauties of our *chefs-d'œuvre* in painting and sculpture, and the other wonders of Paris, my mother's suffering state had detained me in close attendance by her bedside; the early days of my marriage had been so filled with various engagements as to deny more than a few hurried minutes for an examination which required whole days, and my mourning had since been an obstacle to my projected excursions. Junot, however, was anxious that I should become thoroughly acquainted with Paris, and justly observed, that its inhabitants know the least of it. Millin and Robert were ready to attend, and Junot had at that time an aide-de-camp, M. Bardin, now General Bardin, whose cultivated mind and taste in painting and the fine arts promised me an enlightened and agreeable guide; at length then a regular series of such excursions was determined upon, and that each should be followed by a merry evening party.

Two days afterwards I called on Madame Bonaparte to take up Junot for our day's adventure, when the First Consul enquired where we were going that day. I told him to the cabinet of M. Sage at the Mint, where Millin was waiting for us.

"And you and your husband are to take this fine journey *tête-à-tête*?" enquired the First Consul. "Really you protract the honey-moon beyond its reasonable extent."

I named the various persons who formed our party; some of them he knew, others were

strangers to him, in the latter case every thing must be explained and infinite details entered into. For example, having named Madame de Limoges, now the Viscountess Puthod, and designating her, as she really was, a friend both of my own and my mother's,

"But amongst the ladies whom I saw at your mother's ball, I do not remember to have heard that name," said he.

It was necessary thereupon to account for her absence, by telling him that she was then at her country seat in Auvergne.

I cite this fact, insignificant as it is, for the purpose of proving the extent and precision of his observation, even in matters that no way concerned him.

After having heard the list of our travelling companions, he said to us both, "Why have you not included any of your foreign acquaintances in your scheme?" then addressing me,

"You are the wife of the commandant at Paris, it would be an agreeable means of doing the honours of the city, and at the same time showing your friends that we are worth the trouble they take in visiting us."

I reproached myself for having given occasion for this hint, and it may well be supposed I did not require a second. The very next day several English and Russian friends were invited, to their great satisfaction, to join all our excursions; and M. von Cobentzel hearing that intruders were admitted, begged to be included among the elect,

and was not refused. The recollection of his travelling costume affords me even now, a degree of that hilarity with which my young mind first scanned it. He arrived at my house at twelve o'clock, accoutred like Baptiste the younger, in the *Orator thwarted,* with the exception of the helmet, the absence of which was fully redeemed by a little turned up three-cornered hat, and all this preparation was for a ride, not to the Valley de Montmorency, but to the Rue de Richelieu, or the Louvre. He proved, however, the best and most agreeable of companions on such occasions, for he was remarkably well informed, and could converse with interest on all scientific subjects.

David was one of our most useful cicerones. Although, he and Robert did not very cleverly understand each other's vernacular tongue, they were both versed in the language of science which needed no interpreter between them. I indulged a few moments of pride in the triumph of French talent over foreign prepossession. The name of David produced at first rather a singular effect; but the mist of prejudice speedily dispersed in presence of the head of our regenerated school, and David was not only received but sought after by all that was noble or enlightened in Paris, even from the most distant lands. It was, however, in his own gallery that the victory was completed. His Belisarius was there to be retouched, which is not the less a fine picture for being somewhat inferior to Gerard's. There is poetry in the old soldier recoiling with

surprise and pity at the sight of his aged General, blind and soliciting arms. It must I think have been this picture which inspired Le Merciers's admirable cantata, for I can call it nothing else, which Garat has so finely set to music.

We visited the *Gobelins* and other manufactures of Paris, and extended our excursions to some leagues distance, to Jouy, Virginie, Versailles, &c. Some of the ladies wished to see the temples, I believe they were the Princess Dolgoroucky, and the Duchess of Gordon, I had a cold, and could not join the party, but Junot supplied my place so much the more effectually, that the number was necessarily limited, and plenary authority was essential. I do not think Lady Georgina was one of the party. She had not been long in Paris before her mourning was much brightened; old Vestris engaged as her dancing master, and she was even seen to dance the minuet de la cour; in short, the Duke of Bedford, brother of the deceased, was about to demand for himself the hand promised to his predecessor; a conquest said to have been wholly achieved by the young lady's intellectual graces, as the Duke had been strongly prejudiced against her family. Before the expedition to the temple she was engaged in new ties; and her marriage with the Duke was soon afterwards announced, which occasioned an Englishman of high celebrity to repeat the words of a pretty little piece at the Théâtre Français, " the defunct is not dead." In

fact, the ducal coronet was not entombed with its late possessor.

Amongst other curiosities we visited the steam-engine of Chaillot. "Who would have supposed," said one of our learned guides, "that when in the middle of the last century the hydraulic machines of Paris became superannuated and fell into a ruinous state, and the supply of so necessary an article as water, consequently failed to that city whose wants, ought to be so scrupulously attended to, the magistrates would oppose every scheme for remedying the evil. A project for a steam-pump was, at length, presented by the brothers Perrier, and like every novelty really useful it was long and vehemently resisted; the Perriers, however, eventually triumphed, and in 1778 formed a company of capitalists who furnished the necessary funds, and having obtained a charter and patent they commenced the execution of their project. The works are called the Perrier waters, and every shareholder for a certain payment, may have as ample a supply of water as he requires.

The Messieurs Perrier established also the pumps of Great Caillou; and from the events connected with this transaction may be gathered one among many proofs, that the Parisian mind is ever more easily influenced by public opinion than by simple conviction.

Difficulties and embarrassments of every description were at the outset thrown in the way of

the brothers Perrier; but no sooner had a few men of sagacity, capable of estimating the utility of their invention examined the works and pronounced in their favour, than the steam-engines acquired popularity; and when the establishment of new ones at Great Caillou on the left bank of the Seine was proposed, the magistrates and principal merchants of Paris assisted in laying the first stone, which was done with imposing ceremony on the 24th of July, 1786; yet the former works which had been attended with no such parade produced double the quantity of water. One of the pumps drawing daily within the four and twenty hours four thousand hectolitres, or something more than 90,800 gallons of water. Such as we have always been are we still, impetuous, mutable, far more susceptible to clamour than to reason; and I greatly fear, that such as we have been, such as we are, we shall for ever be.

Another circumstance, not generally known, relating to the Perrier waters, is the controversy between two highly celebrated men on the subject of the company's proceedings. Beaumarchais and Mirabeau were the parties to this paper war which degenerated into virulence and abuse for want of temper on both sides; not content with carrying it through the medium of the journals, pamphlets were circulated which are now extremely scarce and not to be met with at all in the shops. Mirabeau accused Beaumarchais of making a stock-jobbing affair of it. The fact is, that several proprietors having treated with the

government the latter came into sole possession, and the pumps were placed under the direction of public functionaries.

After a month devoted to these and similar researches we had discovered treasures of knowledge and art of which I, though a constant inhabitant of Paris, had before no conception. One branch of our wealth, of which I was entirely ignorant, is the number of private libraries, cabinets, collections and museums, existing in the capital; the deplorable result of our domestic troubles and the general pillage that accompanied them, every one snatching a share of the booty, more or less large, in some instances, from cupidity; in others, on the same principle that the monkey stole the robe and cap of his master, the dying Cardinal, that he might dress himself in them before the mirror, and mimic their owner. But porters and artisans had of late discovered that though books were good things their value in money was better; and relinquishing the libraries which had been decreed their property by adjudication, treated with people who could read, and by that means innumerable collections were made of books and manuscripts, which for years had been lying confusedly stowed in garrets, where many of them were irrecoverably lost or totally spoiled. Which word spoiled, applied to books, reminds me of a sentence M. Campan placed in his library in large letters, very neatly mounted on card, and which served him for an answer when requested to lend a book.

"What is the melancholy fate of all lent books? frequently to be lost,—invariably spoiled." I would recommend M. Campan's example to all who, possessing a valuable library do not wish to see their books taken from its shelves in good condition and restored to them, if at all, dog's eared, dirtied, in short—spoiled.

One of our earliest visits was paid, as may be supposed, to the museum of paintings; which, independently of the curiosity so admirable a collection (then the finest in the world) must universally inspire, was moreover a novelty to the French themselves; as the gallery had been but a very short time adorned with those numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* that we had conquered from barbarism and indifference, and in many instances, as I shall presently prove, from approaching and total ruin.

The establishment of the museum of painting and sculpture, in the situation it now so beneficially occupies, is due to M. Thibeaudeau; who, in 1792, was a member of the committee of public instruction, where his voice was as influential as it deserved to be; and the convention in compliance with the report of that committee, ordered the establishment of a national museum, and fixed the 10th of August in that year for its opening. The same committee of public instruction, to which France is immensely indebted, afterwards proposed to the convention to appoint a jury of commissioners for restoring paintings, bronzes, and marbles; all of which had been sadly muti-

lated during the revolutionary excesses. The proposal was adopted, but the committee must not be confounded with the convention to whom they offered their advice, and who were occupied in very different pursuits, one of its members having even proposed a conflagration of the public library.

It is remarkable, that so early as the reign of Louis XV, as Denon assured us, it was proposed to remove a great number of plaster models of our fortifications to the military school, where they would be useful to the pupils; and to replace them in the Louvre, by the works of art which were jumbled together, in the hall of antiques, without any order, or any facility for being seen; but as in those days all projects and reports were well received and none acted on, this, like many others of equal importance, was not followed up, and the credit of so useful an undertaking remained for Thibeaudeau and his brethren of the committee of public instruction.

Thibeaudeau and the Abbé Grégoire, were the members of that committee, who rendered the greatest service to the fine arts, as well as to its more direct object, the public instruction. Their noble opposition to that proposed system of general instruction, which struck at the root of all social relations, by dissolving family ties, is too well known to need repetition here.

To return to the paintings. On the first opening of the gallery of the Louvre for the reception of works of art, nearly five hundred and fifty

paintings, by the first masters of every school, were deposited in it; but it was not till 1798, that the museum was enriched by that profusion of inestimable treasures of art, from Italy, Piedmont, Holland, and the Netherlands, which rendered it the first in Europe. In the spring of 1800, they were opened to general inspection, but the restoration of such works as had sustained injury, was not completed till 1801, when we were at length enabled fully to enjoy the rich fruits of our various conquests. Denon had himself restored many of the finest productions to more than their pristine beauty, these were yet in the grand saloon of the Louvre, waiting to be placed in the gallery, where they were to make an incalculable addition to the value of the treasures already committed to his charge.

I shall select from amongst these an instance of Italian indifference, to the most glorious and precious of their possessions.

Raphael's sublime production of the Virgin, from Foligno, was found over the high altar of that small church, where by long exposure to alternate heat and damp, it was entirely changed; the paint was peeling and falling off, and the wood had started, leaving a broad fissure which it appeared impossible to repair. When the commissioners appointed for transporting to France such pictures as were really of a superior order, examined this, they decided that it was in too delapidated a state, to be worth the expense of a case for its journey; and it must assuredly have

been something little short of inspiration which induced M. Duveyrier, to persuade his colleagues to send it with the others, for he could not foresee that M. Hacquin, would have the hardihood to attempt, and the good fortune successfully to achieve, so incredible a feat as transferring the identical picture in all its integrity to canvass; and that an impaired, almost lost gem of the art, would thus be restored to the state in which Raphael's inimitable pencil first produced it. The Messieurs Fonques, father and son, have preserved to the Museum several *chefs-d'œuvre*, that were in almost a hopeless state. The art of painting is infinitely indebted to them.

The Institute had published notices of the paintings exhibited, and Denon, though a contributor to that catalogue, had himself compiled a similar one. Both contained curious details respecting the pictures and their adventures. The walls of the gallery then displayed twelve hundred and forty pictures, by the first masters, and of all the schools; it is not so now, but this was our period of glory; hereafter will be time enough to speak of our shame and our misfortunes.

The gallery of Apollo, had been opened to the public, a few days previous to our visit, and contained a new treasure, consisting of original designs, not only of French painters, but of all the Italian schools. There we contemplated the first ideas of Raphael, Carlo Maratti, Michel Angelo, Buonarotti, Leonardo da Vinci, Corregio, Guercini, the three Caraccis, Julio Romano, Perrugini, Tin-

toretti, and a number of other names, dear to the muses and the fine arts. Denon told me, that this gallery had always been dedicated to drawings, which, however, till the resurrection of our museum, remained nearly in obscurity, though amounting in number to more than eleven thousand, not indeed of equal brilliancy with those of the masters I have enumerated above; but by Lebrun, Jabach, Lesueur, Lanoue, Poussin, and others whose slightest efforts are deserving of attentive study.

A question, worthy of remark, and which may give rise to interesting researches connected with the arts, is why so few drawings remain of the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools? Amidst that profusion, where the eye fatigued with the beauties and wonders of the Italian school, reckoned more than three hundred original drawings of each of the famous painters I have mentioned, but one could be found of Rembrandt's, one by Ruysdael, and three by Teniers so fertile in the productions of his easel. At that time we had only one drawing by Van Huysum, Rubens alone produced seventeen or eighteen.

Denon, independently of his delightful talent was an eminently sensible man, and had not only a history, but an amusing one for every piece we saw; his manner too in the relation was lively and facetious; and he was one of our most agreeable companions on these rambles.

How many times did I return to that admirable gallery with my dear Albert! How did I enjoy

surveying those masterpieces of art in his company! How perfect was his taste! He did not tell me anecdotes to provoke a laugh in that sanctuary of the arts: but more deeply imbued with true feeling for the sublime, and sympathy with genius than Denon or any one else, he had always something to say that appealed to the heart, unveiling and illustrating some new beauty. Since his loss I have never revisited the gallery of the museum, that true temple of genius, whose oracles would now be sealed to me.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the rarities that enriched the gallery of Apollo! Those magnificent tables of the finest mosaic, those ancient bronzes, those Etruscan vases, &c.; and in the adjoining room how many precious curiosities were deposited! Here too the devastating influence of 1815 extended. Yes, I repeat the word devastating, and am not to be silenced by the murmur, that conquest resumes the fruits of conquest. No, the right is not equitably balanced. Our conquests subdued idleness and indifference to the fine arts. France became the rightful proprietress of all the treasures that by the fate of arms had fallen into her possession, because she knew and appreciated their value. But what sentiments guided the spoliating hands which plundered our museum? Hatred and vengeance, these were the disgraceful stimulants. The helmet of Attila, wrested from the museum of the gallery of Apollo, was a booty well worthy the pillagers of the fine museum of armoury. On

every side bitter recollections, — cruel reminiscences arise around me. It is necessary at every returning dawn to recal to mind the precepts of christianity, in order to prevent the swelling of the heart with those same feelings of hatred and vengeance.

The museum of armoury was not in existence at the time of our rambles, but was already commenced under the superintendence of M. Reigner, and we were shewn at his house a number of singular curiosities: such as a small missal, enclosing a pistol; an ancient emblazonment partly effaced, was still sufficiently distinct to indicate its having been formerly the property of a high dignitary of the church. M. Reigner had already amassed a large collection of rare and curious arms, which his care had preserved from the revolutionary wreck. Many notable articles from the chateau of Chantilly, and the royal wardrobe were in his possession. The armour of Joan of Arc and Charles the Bold, were also among these treasures of antiquity. Joan's armour was not complete, yet the weight of the remaining portions amounted to sixty-six pounds. This feminine panoply was of most singular construction, uniting the uttermost extremes of deficiency in safety, and ingenuity to avoid fatigue. I know not whether Agnes Sorel was attired in similar armour, when on her white palfrey, she occasionally followed her royal paramour to the field.

M. Reigner was celebrated for his mechanical genius, and as he was a Burgundian, Junot felt

double pleasure in showing him off to strangers. He was, generally speaking, very proud of his native province, and not without reason. How many names in the revolution and our subsequent annals, may she claim as her sons! How many men from the ranks of those fine battalions of the Côte-d'Or have swelled the list of our military triumphs! In every branch of administration he found justification for his provincial vanity. The natives of Burgundy had for some years past, adopted a system which appears to me conducive not only to the maintenance of the social and amicable relations, but also to the harmony and perpetuity of political ones; a circumstance so eminently desirable in a country like ours, for ever a prey to new commotions, and where leagues and factions incessantly renewed, can be effectually opposed only by extraordinary union. All the Burgundians in Paris, of whatever rank or profession, met once a month at the house of a certain restaurateur, where former connexions, interrupted by campaigns and travels, as well as by the ordinary affairs of the world, were renewed; persons in inferior stations recommended the interests of the department to Maret, Marmont, Junot, Berlier, Davoust, Laborde, all in short whose political or military influence with the government might benefit themselves or their province. I cannot guess for what reason so excellent a custom should have fallen into desuetude, unless because it produced beneficial results without clamour or parade.

Charles the physician was one of the learned men whom we had most pleasure in visiting; I was at the time under a course of medicine prescribed by him, and his superior knowledge, combined with so much goodness and simplicity, had strongly attached me to him. He received us with the peculiar favour always granted to a pupil, showed us every thing within reach of our female capacities, and took care to omit nothing which contributes to the attractions of science. A demonstration of the blending of colours produced by motion; the amusing effects of his marble billiard-table; and above all his camera-obscura beguiled us of an hour with more rapidity than most of us expected in a medical laboratory. He had apartments at the Louvre; and in the upper story looking into the interior court now facing the Pont des Arts, he had established his magnificent camera-obscura. The figures were of tolerably large dimensions, and in a bright sunshine it was truly amusing to spend half an hour in contemplating this living and moving picture.

M. von Cobentzel had solicited the addition of one of his private secretaries to our party, for the purpose of taking notes of all that passed under our observation; and he desired the poor secretary to go down to the court, walk twice across it, and when in the middle to take off his hat and make us his best bow. The unfortunate wight, who did not much like the part he was to perform, set out with all the reluctance of a jaded horse. To descend two or three hundred steps, then

mount again, and afterwards return by the same circuitous route, and all for the simple purpose of making a genuflection, was not indeed calculated to afford much diversion to the actor; but he would have been amply repaid could he have witnessed the intense delight of M. von Cobentzel. No sooner did he perceive his man at the extreme point of vision, than he broke into the most joyous exclamations. As he advanced, the raptures encreased; but when at length the secretary, faithful to his injunctions, stopped in the middle of the court, and made us his three obeisances, civilly taking off his hat, as every man who knows how to salute, is in duty bound to do; .... oh! then M. von Cobentzel screamed with delight as children do the first time of seeing the magic lantern..... clapped his hands, danced, and returned the salutations of his secretary, addressing him in German; in truth, it must be confessed in extenuation of his absurdity, that it was not a little amusing to see before us, at the distance of a hundred and fifty or a hundred and eighty feet, a little figure offering to our view, not a resemblance, but the very identity of a person who, but the moment before, was of our party. As soon as the secretary re-entered the room, M. von Cobentzel advanced to meet him; and taking hold of him by both hands, in the overflow of his satisfaction, exclaimed;

"My dear fellow, I am very much obliged to you."

We all laughed, but M. von Cobentzel, no way abashed, turned to Charles, and said;

"And I am also infinitely obliged to you, Sir."

Of all the recollections, M. von Cobentzel has preserved of our scientific wanderings, learned, or ignorant, or neither, if you will, (I have no predilection for either denomination,) Charles's camera obscura is, I am convinced, the most vivid; for I can confidently affirm, that he was more diverted by his secretary's salute in the third position in the middle of the court at the Louvre, than by all the pirouetting of Mademoiselle Chameroy or Mademoiselle Clotilde.

Apropos of the pirouettes of Mademoiselle Chameroy, an event connected with her had recently made much noise.

The poor girl pirouetted no longer in this world. She was dead, had died in childbed.....attended and greatly lamented by Vestris. The Curé of Saint Roch deemed the profession of the deceased and the manner of her death doubly scandalous, and in all charity refused her admission within the pale of the church.

The people of Paris were not yet, as in 1816, replaced under the ecclesiastic sceptre; they were discontented, the Curé did but augment the evil by grounding his refusal on facts injurious to the memory of the unhappy deceased; the storm had begun to threaten when it was dispersed by Dazincourt, who acted in this emergency with courage and firmness, and succeeded in preventing a

scandal still greater than that which the Curé sought to avoid, for the people were beginning to talk of forcing the church doors. Dazincourt prevailed on them to carry the body to the church belonging to the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, where the functionary performed the funeral service, and the matter terminated.

Not so the First Consul's displeasure; his recent restitution of the clergy to their churches, and provision for their support, was accompanied by the implied condition that intolerance and fanatism should be expunged from their creed; and a sort of hostile declaration on their part, following so closely upon the recovery of their immunities, extorted a frown, and excited him to let fall some of those expressions which never escaped him but when he was violently agitated.

"They were foolish to insist," said he, in the presence of a large company, "if the Curé of St. Roch was so determinately bent on creating scandal, they should have carried the corpse strait to the cemetery, and induced the first wise and tolerant priest who passed near to bless the grave; there are still many good ones. The Archbishop of Paris, for instance! He is a worthy clergyman. What a venerable old age is his! That man may say within himself:

"I have attained this advanced age, without having injured any one: I have never done any thing but good." And do you know why? Because he acts upon the moral precepts of the gospel. Whenever in his former diocese he

wanted alms for the poor, and a ball or fête was given in the neighbourhood, he appeared among the company to plead the cause of charity, while the heart was opened by mirth and pleasure: he knew that it was then most sensible to virtuous impressions, and his austerity did not take alarm at the tune of a dance: yes, he is a worthy priest."

The Curé of St. Roch was condemned to do penance, which was announced officially to his parishioners, and in the Moniteur. The latter article is in a peculiarity of style which betrays the hand, or at least the mind of the First Consul; those who intimately knew him will recognize the turn of his peculiar phraseology in the following copy:

"The Curate of St. Roch, in a temporary forgetfulness of reason, has refused to pray for Mademoiselle Chameroy, and to admit her remains within the church. One of his colleagues, a sensible man, versed in the true morality of the gospel, received the body into the church of the Filles-St.-Thomas, where the service was performed with all the usual solemnities.

"The Archbishop has ordered the Curé of St. Roch three months' suspension, to remind him that Jesus Christ commands us to pray even for our enemies; and in order that, recalled to a sense of his duty by meditation, he may learn that all the superstitious practices preserved by some rituals, but which, begotten in times of ignorance, or created by the over-heated imagination of zealots, degrade religion by their foolery, were proscribed

by the concordat, and by the law of the 18th Germinal."

Poor Mademoiselle Chameroy was a charming dancer and pirouetted delightfully; but how would her reputation fall off now, if compared with Mademoiselle Taglioni! The course of the Opera has reversed that of all the other theatres: their glories are extinct while it has risen higher; but in its company and decorations only; such beautiful ballets as Psyche and the Danso-Maniac, Flora and Zephyrus, and many other charming compositions of the olden time must no longer be looked for. While I confess, however, without partiality for the days of my youth, that the decorations are improved, I must make an exception in favour of the magnificent dreaming scene of "the Bards," which made a stronger impression on my mind than any thing I have since seen. The immensity that seemed to spread itself in front of the spectator, brought before his sight the actual realization of one of those fantastic visions which Ossian's poetry, then so much in vogue, is calculated to instil into the imagination. He found himself in a region of clouds, surrounded by vapours which showed, as through a transparent curtain, innumerable golden palaces suspended in the air. Those sparkling columns supporting groups of young sylphs, whose white veils and golden tresses appeared scarcely more material than the clouds; that enchanting music of Lesueur's, exactly adapted in the nature of its harmony to the visionary character of the scene; those sounds

heard from above, as if actually descending from the spheres; that soft, seraphic voice of Madame Branchu, whose clear tones resounded from the most elevated of the aërial palaces; every part in short of that scene is impressed on my mind in colours which in the long lapse of years have scarcely lost their pristine glow: for it is with an Opera scene as with more important matters,—the true sublime can never be effaced from the memory.

CHAPTER XXII.

The cabinet of medals—Millin, Cardinal Maury, and the apotheosis of Augustus—The police—Anecdotes of M. de Sartines—The flower pot in the window of a thief at Vienna—The wager gained and lost—M. de Sartines deceived—The reports and the spies—The medals in 1803—The golden cup and the votive buckler—The medallion of Justinian—The national library—The books and manuscripts—The neglected chest, and Tartar manuscripts—The library of Cardinal Mazarin—Details little known—The cabinet of natural history—Fourcroy and M. Chaptal.

But for the misfortune which has lately befallen the cabinet of medals, I should have alluded to it only as one of the institutions which we visited; but I deplore that misfortune the more deeply, on account of those bonds of friendship which seemed to attach me to the cabinet itself, in the person of its guardian, the excellent Millin. I was as well acquainted with the medals, the antiquities, the rarities under his charge, as with himself. He loved to talk of them; and when Cardinal Maury, who was also of our select circle, grew impatient at his politics, (an impatience that my friendship for him could not condemn) he would say to him in his thundering voice, laying open his scarlet robe, to seek his Spanish snuff-box:

"Come, come, Millin, leave politics alone, you understand nothing about them; let us hear about the apotheosis of Augustus."

Millin composed many works upon the medals, gems, and other curiosities deposited in the library; and as he gave me copies of them all, I was naturally much interested in the magnificent collection my country had so much reason to boast of. Their loss has consequently filled me with yet more indignation than belongs merely to an amateur of the fine arts; and it is moreover mingled with a portion of that bitter grief to which every day administers some new accession of poisonous food, as I reflect on the accumulated miseries, losses and humiliating sufferings, continually pouring into the chalice which is offered to the lips of my poor country, and which she is compelled to drain.

What enquiries are made into this affair? What degree of activity is applied to the inquisition? But why should I be surprised? I know, by personal experience, that it is possible to sustain a loss, to complain of it to an authority which owes you assistance and protection; at least, simpleton as I was, so I conceived; and yet to have no more intelligence of your lost property than if the affair had happened in Canada. In M. de Sartines' days, the police was of another complexion; but, without travelling so far back, such things would not have occurred under Count Dubois' administration.

During M. de Sartines' lieutenancy of police in

France, he received a letter from the Minister of the same department at Vienna, stating that a great criminal had taken refuge in Paris, to the certain knowledge of the police at Vienna; and entreating M. de Sartines, in virtue of the friendly relations existing between the two courts, to adopt every means for the arrest of the criminal, whose person and dress were described with the utmost minuteness. M. de Sartines issued his orders accordingly; his subordinates were set to work, neither garret nor cellar escaped their scrutiny; the most active search was continued upwards of a month. At length, after five or six weeks had elapsed, M. de Sartines writes to his brother of Vienna;

"Sir and dear Brother,

"Immediately upon the receipt of your letter, I hastened to make enquiries, in every direction, for the criminal you had described. The efforts of my people were for a long time fruitless, but we have at length succeeded in discovering him, and I have the pleasure of informing you, that it is in your power to seize him immediately, for he is at this moment in Vienna, which he has never quitted; you will find him in such a faubourg, at such a number." Every indication by which the fugitive could be traced was exactly given, even to a flower-pot standing on his chamber window.

This story reminds me of another and very amusing one respecting M. de Sartines.

He had a friend for whom he entertained a fraternal attachment. Such friendships are sometimes dangerous; but be this as it may, his affection was as warm as two compatriots might be supposed to entertain for each other in Monomotapa, with no other civilized Being near. His friend, on the other hand, thought it adviseable to play the Monomotapian in earnest, but in quite a different sense, as will presently appear. One day, in the course of conversation, the friend said,

"The police is a fine thing, to be sure! I am sure nothing useful ever comes to your knowledge! you learn only what you are intended to know!"

M. de Sartines grew angry. To doubt the alertness of his myrmidons was to dispute his omnipotence, for his credit at Versailles rested entirely on their unparalleled ingenuity in tracing the most difficult clues. He asked his friend in a tone of defiance, whether he would not be much astonished to hear the most circumstantial detail of every thing he had done and said for a whole week.

A secret reflection made the latter smile at the proposal.

"Well, let us try, said he, I consent, but I wager a hundred louis that your hounds are at fault; and remember, all you may accomplish will stand for nothing if a single hour is unaccounted for."

"That is a matter of course," said M. de Sartines.

The two friends shook hands upon it, and the execution of the enterprize was to commence the next day. On the second morning the scout who was charged with watching the friend and whose new surveillance, allowed a holiday to the pick-pockets and cut-purses of Paris, made his appearance before M. de Sartines and delivered his report; which specified that the party had risen at nine o'clock, had put on his slippers and dressing gown, had sneezed, yawned and coughed for a quarter of an hour, then had taken chocolate, read the *Mercure de France* and one of Freron's bulletins; had written a note, but it was not known to whom, because he had instantly put it into his pocket, where even an emissary of police could not follow: but it was a love letter, that was ascertained, for the paper was perfumed, and the note folded in a particular manner.—It was decidedly a love letter. After this the friend had walked to the Tuileries, taken a few turns on the river terrace, then walked three times up and down a certain portion of the centre alley; had saluted Mademoiselle Arnould three times, Madame Dugazon once, Mademoiselle Gaussin twice; then had dined at M. Le Premier's because one cannot stay in the garden for ever saluting one's friends, however charming. After dinner he had been Madame Le Premier's partner at cribbage, had won eight louis, and nobly lost them again at quinze. After this he had been to the

Opera, had directed his glass to all the boxes and scrutinized all the ladies—one especially. After the Opera he had supped with M. de Sartines; it appeared, said the report, that he must have made an indifferent dinner, for he supped like a half famished man: he ate of five or six dishes, and to do the spy justice, M. de Sartines found the delicacies of his table scrupulously recapitulated. But, Monseigneur, said the last lines of the report, my comrades and I found it equally impossible to discover what became of M. de ——— on leaving your hotel; his carriage drove with such rapidity that no human being could keep pace with it."

"What, wretch!" exclaimed M. de Sartines, "you have been wearying me to death these two hours, with insipid details about slippers and dressing-gowns, and eating; and then you lose the scent at the very moment it should be most acute. Take care that you succeed better to-morrow; I must know how every minute of M. de ———'s time is employed."

"—My dear friend," said he, the next day, "I have heard news of you, as I will prove at the end of the week....Ah! ah! ah! This is the way you proceed! stay, I will give you a bit of friendly advice:—do not seek the company of actresses so much. Yesterday, at the Tuileries, you were seen with the most fascinating ones; I do not like to see you the dupe of such infatuation..And afterwards at the opera!—Take my advice—choose better company..The real

pleasures of the heart are not to be met with in so low a sphere.—You understand me.",

"Yes, indeed," answered his friend, "and so much the more readily, that I have not waited to receive your advice before I followed it."

"Really!" said M. de Sartines, with a look of surprise.

"Really, yes!"

"Then you will make me your confidant?"

"Certainly not; it is your part to find out all you want know; I am mute."

M. de Sartines, whose curiosity was excited by his friend's expressions, awaited with still greater impatience the next day's report; but was again disappointed. The slippers, the dressing-gown, the chocolate, all appeared in their turn; but from midnight to one o'clock M. de ——— disappeared, as if by enchantment, and no trace of him could by any means be found. M. de Sartines flew into a passion and told his scouts:—

"I discharge you all, unless you bring me to-morrow such a report as I have required."

The good people thus menaced, looked at each other as they left their master's cabinet.

"What is to be done?" said one to the leader.

"There is no alternative," replied he, and communicated his plan.

The following morning M. de ——— had just put on his slippers, and thrust his arms into the sleeves of the dressing-gown so well described in the informer's reports, and was about to seat himself before a cup of that smoking and savoury

coffee, the precise quality of which had been recited; his lips had just relaxed into a triumphant smile of roguish malice, when his valet announced three men who were earnestly desirous to see him; "they begged," said the valet, "as a particular favour, to be admitted."

M. de ——— was not inaccessible; he ordered that they should be introduced, and then sent away his valet.

"M. le Comte," said the chief of the party, in a supplicating accent, "you would not deprive brave men, all fathers of families, of their subsistence. We come to beg you will save our lives; for if we are dismissed from our vocation, we shall no longer have bread, and no resource will be left us, but to hang or drown ourselves."

So saying, all threw themselves on their knees.

"My good friends," cried M. de ———, hastening to raise them; "for heaven's sake, what is the matter with you? How can I influence your fate? I do not understand you."

"Alas! your wager with M. de Sartines is the matter in question: we are to inform him of your proceedings from minute to minute. We are fully acquainted with them..but.."

M. de ——— began to unriddle the mystery.

"But, you understand, M. le Comte, it is impossible we can say that you are visiting Madame de Sartines, at the hours when we are compelled to pretend that we lose sight of you..and yet we

must speak. Either permit us to invent a falsehood, or change your direction."

M. de ——— looked at the chief speaker, and smiled.

"Thou art a clever fellow," said he, throwing him a purse filled with gold. "There, divide that with thy comrades—I lose my wager."

He tried their discretion no further, as may be supposed, but admitted the accuracy of their next report, and acknowledged himself vanquished; while M. de Sartines, rubbing his hands, repeated,

"I was confident of it! how could you think, my dear fellow, that any thing could be concealed from a lieutenant-general of police?" and afterwards added,

"I could only wish you were more regular in your habits; why? deuce take it, my good fellow, why can't you choose from good society?"

The cabinet of medals and antiques was much less frequently visited during the Consulate, than at the present day, but however generally it is now known, a slight history of its formation will not be uninteresting, and may serve to make the measure of our regret understood by those who were but imperfectly acquainted with it.

The cabinet was not always in the royal library. It was commenced at the Louvre. Francis I, who appears to have been the first King of France that troubled himself with such subjects, collected some gold and silver cameos of the middle ages, not to form a cabinet, but as

ornaments for his apparel, and for that purpose had them enchased in rich gold and silver filligree. He was followed by Catherine of Medicis, who brought an abundant store of such curiosities from Florence. Charles IX increased his mother's collection by that of the learned Groslier; and already we had reason to be proud of our series, which presented an historical study, and sometimes served to throw light on obscure passages; but the civil wars, the commotions excited by the league, produced an era of destruction that nothing could resist; and the medals were almost entirely pillaged and dispersed. The good king who succeeded would willingly have remedied all the evils of those disastrous times: he recovered some of the stolen gems, and summoned the learned Bagarris to Paris, to superintend the cabinet of medals he intended to form.—But alas! death intervened; and his son, a perfect cipher, did not concern himself with following up the plans of his predecessor. Bagarris quitted Paris, carrying with him the treasures he would have contributed.

The fine cabinet of medals and antiques of the Louvre, was at length instituted by Louis XIV, that is to say by Colbert; who, far more deserving of the name of great than his vain-glorious master, augmented that rich collection by whatever treasures his extreme economy enabled him to purchase: he despatched enlightened connoisseurs into Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, to select the most valuable specimens, but it

would seem that a sinister fate has invariably attended an institution which should be distinguished in the annals of science alone. In 1662, the Duke of Orleans, father of the celebrated Mademoiselle, bequeathed to the king all the rarities, medals and manuscripts, in the Chateau de Blois, where he resided; and Bruneau their well-informed and excellent warden under Gaston, was appointed by Louis, conservator of the medals of the royal cabinet. In November 1666, the unfortunate man was assassinated and robbed in the Louvre itself; and the circumstances of the crime made it apparent that the medals were the object of the assassins. The precious deposit was in consequence transferred to the royal library, then in the Rue Vivienne.

An antiquary named Vaillant enriched the cabinet of medals by an ample harvest brought from Africa, Persia, and the most distant countries. In 1776, under the reign of Louis XVI, it acquired the immense collection of M. Pélerin comprising many rare and precious articles and amounting to no less than thirty thousand medals.

Millin was truly proud to usher us into his own domain as that portion of the national library confided to his care may be properly called. Such historical memorials of the earliest ages and of all nations offered an interesting field of investigation, half the pleasure of which may fairly be challenged by our learned instructor. How deeply do I regret a friend of such agreeable talents, of so kindly benevolent and disinterested a disposi-

tion of a soul so elevated and judgment so excellent, and whose profound learning and perfect mastery of science never impaired the amiable simplicity and delightful gaiety of his mind! How often have I seen Millin playing with my children as if he were no older than they. This tribute is due to the memory of a friend whose death must long since have extinguished all envious feelings.

The medals, when we saw them in his keeping, were not yet arrangedwith all the care which had been bestowed on them before the disgraceful robbery of last year; but the collection already boasted its sixteen hundred drawers, besides those of the buffet in the middle of the room. Millin was employed upon an elaborate description of the magnificent gold paten found in Brittany, weighing five marks and five or six ounces. A border surrounds it emblazoned with sixteen crowns, and set with a similar number of gold intaglios.

I cannot exactly recollect whether it was General Hitroff, aid-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, then in Paris, and one of the best informed persons I have ever met with in the numismatic science, that accompanied us to the cabinet of medals, or a Germanized Dane; but whichever it was, his presence gave rise to a warm discussion respecting one of the votive bucklers found in the Rhone, upon which opinions were very much divided; the foreigner maintaining that the design represented the continence of Scipio, while Millin defended the antiquity of his buckler, de-

claring it to mean the restoration of Briseis to Achilles, and his opinion agrees with that of Winkelman. This disk weighs forty-two marks, and is six feet and a half in circumference; another is forty-three marks in weight and six feet nine inches round.

The cabinet contains numerous similar pieces, but our scientific riches consisted chiefly in medals. We had many that were unique, and the nationality of such a treasure ought to have made cupidity itself tremble to covet it. The gold medallion of Justinian, which is justly at the head of the collection, is three inches in diameter. Another choice medallion engraved with a fine head of Pescinnius Niger, is in silver. Next to this were medals of Romulus; Alexander, a tyrant in Africa; and the younger Antoninus. If this last medal has been stolen, it is an irreparable loss to art and to France, so indeed are all the others I have mentioned above.

In 1831, the cabinet contained nearly eighty thousand medals; and the number of gold and silver ones were undoubtedly sufficient to afford a temptation to avarice, especially when that of daring minds was stimulated by real necessities; yet during the whole terrible and troubled course of the revolution, disorder and pillage constantly respected the royal library, containing all this metallic treasure: but we live in an age which may truly be cited as an example to all future generations of the total abandonment of all principle. The collection of medals was far less considerable

during the revolution, but was even then immense. We have reason to hope that the series of the Ptolemies will yet be replaced, at least in part by M. Edward de la Calderène, who has gathered as the fruits of his travels of discovery in Africa, a great number of curiosities among which are a hundred and fifty antique medals. Amateurs of the arts will then owe a double obligation to M. de la Calderène.

Amongst other parts of the national library, we saw the cabinet of manuscripts, containing Chinese manuscripts, those of the Arabian tales, the thousand and one nights so dear to all who have derived from nature a fertile and creative imagination; an immense quantity of Hebrew, Tartar, Greek, and Latin manuscripts, and amongst them perfect copies of Propertius, Catullus, Tibullus, Sappho, a Poem by Claudian, &c.

It is deserving of remark, that in 1708 it was announced, that a chest had been lying seventeen or eighteen years at the custom-house without being claimed. The chest was opened, and found to contain an immense quantity of Tartar books, which were sent to the King's library. It is to be presumed that the learned man, who had collected them, having sent them before him into France, had been assassinated on his road or had died suddenly without an opportunity of giving notice of the treasure he had sent.

It is well known that the library now occupies the *Palais Mazarin*, and that the largest of its fine rooms was formerly the Cardinal's library:

it is a hundred and forty feet long by twenty-two in width. The ceiling was painted by Romanelli.

The cabinet of engravings, title deeds, and genealogies is also very curious. I would particularly recommend to the attention of visitors a collection of engravings or stamps made to illustrate an edition of Dante in the year 1481, only eleven years after the first invention of the art.

The portraits of King John and of Admiral de Coligni are also deserving of notice. That of John is out of its place, which should be the entrance of the library, for he was the First King of France who possessed a library, not very numerous, to be sure, for with infinite pains he scarcely collected eight or ten volumes, consisting of a treatise on Chess, some of the Decades of Titus Livius, a bible, the wars of the Holy Land, and a few books of piety. His son, that king whom the flatterers of Louis XIV affect to overlook, but who was, nevertheless, a far greater King of France than their pompous idol; Charles the Wise, in short, raised this collection of manuscripts to the number of nine hundred. Then came the Duke of Bedford, the English usurper; he stripped our palace of its scarce books in their costly bindings of silk and velvet, illuminated with beautiful miniatures and other paintings, and clasped with gold and silver, enameled in vermillion, or set with jewels and precious stones. Louis XI re-purchased several of these fine books and the art of printing, discovered in his reign

facilitated the rapid augmentation of the royal library. Louis XII added to it that of the Dukes of Milan which came into his possession through his mother. Francis I, amassed a collection which began to be famous, and he fixed it at Fontainebleau. Henry II, issued an ordinance enjoining all publishers to furnish a bound copy on vellum of all books they might print; but this ordinance, like many others of those days, was ineffectual: it was Colbert or Louvois who gave it vigour. During the fanatical and iniquitously cruel persecutions under Francis II, Charles IX, and Henry III, the royal library had the melancholy good-fortune to be enriched by the spoils of confiscation. Its preservation at that time is due to the President Brisson, who defended the cause of science, and repulsed the attack of the league. Henry IV, when master of Paris, transferred the library there from Fontainebleau and placed it in the college of Clermont, left unoccupied by the jesuits who, in consequence of Jean Chatel's crime, had just been driven from France. More than eight hundred truly rare and precious manuscripts in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic, French, and Italian, once the property of Catherine de Medicis, were at this time added by the king's command; they had originally belonged to Cardinal Ridalfi, nephew of Leo X. A letter addressed by the great Henry to his Librarian, M. de Thou, on the subject of this collection, appears to me worthy of transcribing for its charming simplicity. We saw the original in the

autograph of that true martyr, and most illustrious of our monarchs.

"I have already written to desire you would obtain from the nephew of the late Abbé de Belle-Branche, the library of the deceased queen, mother of the kings—my predecessors, which I now once more pray and command you to do, if not already done, as my will, my desire, and my earnest wish, in order that none of its contents may be lost; and you will unite it with mine. Adieu."

Under Louis XIII, the royal library was enlarged by the care of Cardinal Richelieu, who, however, applied still more attention to his own, which he afterwards bequeathed to the Sorbonne. The kings' books, at that time, amounted to seventeen thousand volumes in print and manuscript.

As I have already remarked of other matters contributing to the greatness of France, it was under the ministry of Colbert that this splendid collection first deserved its high reputation by the additional riches it acquired; but the greatest benefit which the institution derived from that great man was being rendered accessible to the public, by which means the products of human wisdom were brought within reach of all, and the propagation of science no longer obstructed by a barrier erected by ignorance and stupidity. This reign added to the library forty thousand printed volumes, and more than ten thousand manuscripts. Under the regency the precious deposit

was removed from the Rue Vivienne to its present locality.

At the time we thus visited, like foreign travellers, this magnificent depôt of human truth and error, the number of its printed books as we were informed by the persons at the head of the establishment, were upwards of three hundred thousand, of the manuscripts, fifty thousand; and the cabinet of engravings might contain three hundred thousand pieces in ten thousand portefolios; but the whole must since be nearly doubled. It is calculated that ten thousand volumes published in France, and nearly four thousand sent from abroad are annually added to the library.

We visited also the libaries of the various public edifices, but after examining that which I had so much admired, it was mere waste of time. It must certainly be admitted, that in whatever advances the interests of science, Paris is the most amply endowed city in the world.

All the charitable institutions, of which I had partly the superintendance, by virtue of Junot's office as commandant, of course attracted our attention, as well as other establishments calculated to excite curiosity; such as the Museum of Natural History, that temple of nature, comprising an abridgment of the universe, which the solicitous care of Messieurs Thibeaudeau and Fourcroy, rescued from the general destruction of the days of terror; and to which M. Chaptal, when he rose to a place in the ministry afforded his special protection, as belonging to the science he professed.

We dedicated one day to a survey of the barriers, those proofs of the folly of M. de Calonne, and no less of M. de Brienne, however he may have afterwards repented it. Those barriers, destined to promote the interests only of the farmers general of the revenue excited horrible complaints all over the city. The new enclosure appeared to its inhabitants a species of prison, and even the unnecessary and ridiculous pains bestowed on the decoration of the barriers, could reconcile them to their confinement; but as the good citizens cannot even scold without a laugh, ballads were composed on the subject, for what do we not turn into ballads? We may answer from experience whether a subject has ever been wanting in our own days. Among other epigrams, the following was produced.

"Le murmurant Paris rend Paris murmurant."

Which contains an equivoque, and may be rendered, murmuring Paris makes Paris murmur, or the wall walling Paris makes Paris murmur.

Our excursions occupied altogether six weeks; the party constantly varying with the engagements of our friends who had all occasionally other calls, some of business, others of pleasure; for my own part I have preserved to the present moment a sweet remembrance of those days which passed so rapidly, yet were so well filled.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Baptisms—The First Consul's sponsorship—The eldest son of Madame Lannes, and my daughter, the first god-children of Bonaparte—Cardinal Caprara and the Chapel of Saint-Cloud—Napoleon's ambassadors—Anecdote of the Prince Regent of England, related by the First Consul—General Andreossi in London—A Cardinal's spectacles—Madame Lannes, Madame Devaine, Madame de Montesquiou, and Napoleon's preferences—The Rolando of the French army—My daughter's destiny—The First Consul, and regeneration of the Amazons—The future *Popess*—Ceremony of baptism at Saint-Cloud—Cardinal Caprara's cap—Madame Bonaparte and baptismal gifts.

THE children to whom the First Consul stood sponsor with Madame Bonaparte, (for he never admitted any one else to share the office with him, except, indeed, very rarely, Madame Bonaparte, the mother, and Madame Louis, his sister-in-law,) were always baptized with imposing ceremony. Soon after the publication of the Concordat, several children, and amongst them my Josephine, the first god-daughter of Napoleon, and the eldest son of Madame Lannes, were waiting only till the First Consul should appoint the time, to be admitted to the sacrament of regene-

ration. I received with pleasure an intimation to hold myself in readiness with my daughter, as in two days Cardinal Caprara, the Apostical Nuncio, would perform the ceremony for all these little ones in the Consular chapel of Saint Cloud.

I do not know whether Cardinal Caprara may be very well remembered at present; but he was one of the most crafty emissaries that ever obtained, even from the seat of Saint Peter, a temporary currency in the commerce of diplomacy. Notwithstanding the decrepitude of his mien, the weak and subdued key of his musical voice, the humility of his deportment, and the stealthy inquisitiveness of his glance; that head, concealed under its grey hairs and the scarlet cap of his order, more subtlety, more cunning, more petty perfidy than can well be imagined.

The First Consul, at that time, liked him tolerably well, seeing in his various artifices only a source of amusement; for, as nothing could then exceed the frank simplicity of our diplomacy, the Nuncio's guarded reserve, and insidious scrutiny were equally waste of time. General Lannes and Junot, ambassadors to Lisbon, General Beurnonville, to Madrid, General Hedouville, to St. Petersburgh, Andreossy, to London, Sebastiani, to Constantinople; all these selections made by Napoleon from the military ranks, sufficiently proved that the missions with which they were charged required no other enforcement than the will of him from which they derived their credentials. It is true, the national vanity suffered a little from

the proceedings of some of these personages, a rather diverting register of which is in existence, exhibiting sundry infringements of courtly etiquette; notwithstanding all which this was, to my mind, the most glorous era of French diplomacy.

The First Consul once related an anecdote which he considered favorable to the Prince Regent's good taste, and it was very unusual for Napoleon to approve any word or act of the Prince of Wales, for whom he certainly felt no partiality, and was aware that the dislike was reciprocal.

General Andreossy had replaced M. Otto in London; the General was by no means deficient in politeness; he had been very well educated, but was unversed in the language of courts; because, supposing that he had not, as I believe he had, entered the military service previous to the revolution, he was at any rate too young to have acquired, from intercourse with the best society of that day, those polished and obsequious manners which are exacted by the highest ranks in all countries. England is, perhaps, of all the nations of Europe, the most rigorous in this exaction, and unluckily General Andreossy was no adept in the profession. It was his sincere intention to be polite, but intention is not in courtly regions, the essence of politeness, nor even a necessary or desired ingredient. Only make the required obeisances and mutter what you please; provided you are not overheard by its object, you may exhaust a whole vocabulary of abuse. What a delightful residence of freedom is a court! Ay, but observe

the other side of the picture, rusticity of manners with the best disposition to avoid offence will provide you a very indifferent reception there, as General Andreossy experienced. He was frequently in company with the Prince of Wales, then the most amiable of heirs apparent, the most liberal of men in all his notions; in short he would have afforded solid hopes of future happiness to his country, had not the cloven foot been sometimes disclosed.

He frequently met the French ambassador at the Duchess of Devonshire's and other tables, where the affability, easiness of access, and apparently compliant and obliging disposition of a personage so near the throne, could not fail of giving universal satisfaction; while the profound and ceremonious respect observed by all who approached the Prince, and of which his utmost condescension never tolerated a moment's transgression, imparted to His Royal Highness's popularity a tinge of aristocratic homage, the singular effect of which cannot be thoroughly understood by a stranger to English manners.

General Andreossy, who was always politely saluted by the Prince of Wales, perceiving that His Royal Highness accosted with perfect familiarity several persons, whom he (the General,) considered greatly his own inferiors, imagined he might use his discretion in the article of etiquette; and chatted accordingly with the Prince in a style of easy indifference, that soon became insupportable to one, who prized above all things that extreme

elegance, and polished high-breeding of which he was the English model. Amongst his offensive familiarities, was a habit the General had contracted of always calling him *Mon Prince!*

"Good God!" said he one day, to some one near him, "Do pray tell General Andreossy to desist from calling me *Mon Prince!* Why, I shall be taken for a Russian Prince."

To comprehend the full point of this repartee, it must be recollected that both France and England were at that time inundated with foreigners, especially with Russians, the greater part of whom were called my Prince, because their fathers, or perhaps their grandfathers, had been capital horsemen on the banks of the Borysthenes, or the Yaïk, the only qualification for nobility amongst the Cossacks.

It must not be inferred from what is stated above, that General Andreossy's bearing, even in very good company, was reproachable. By no means; but though perfect in all the ordinary rules of politeness, he had not learnt to converse with royalty. He was the first to laugh at his cavalier treatment of His Royal Highness, and I would not answer that Napoleon while he blamed his error did not secretly approve it.

But where have I been wandering? From the keen, wily, artful, Cardinal Caprara, all reverential obsequiousness, I have fallen upon poor General Andreossy; leaving the Cardinal coughing in the chapel of St. Cloud, in full canonicals, with his eyes, and great part of his cheeks, concealed behind

an immense pair of green spectacles. A remedy, perhaps you imagine for nearness of sight. No such thing: but fearing the penetrating look of the First Consul, that glance which was dreaded even by the most crafty, he entrenched himself behind a redoubt as the best means of escaping it. I have been told it was but a repetition of the part his eminence had enacted at Florence during the negociation of a treaty, in the course of the Italian wars; but Napoleon, who knew that the Cardinal was not near-sighted, rallied him so effectually in the present instance, that the spectacles disappeared.

On the day appointed for the baptism, we all went to St. Cloud with our children. It was delightful to see those young mothers, the eldes of whom was not twenty years of age, leading their infant scions to the altar, there to receive and sanctify the promise that the protection of their father's patron should be extended to them. Alas! how sadly has that promise been annulled.

Madame Lannes and I were the two most advanced in our maternity. Her eldest son, Napoleon, now Duke de Montebello, was only a few months older than my daughter. He was a good and lovely child and possessed a degree of sensibility very rare at so tender an age; his mother doated on him, and not only punctually fulfilled all the maternal duties imperiously enjoined by nature, but entirely devoted herself to him, with a self-denial highly meritorious in a young woman of such uncommon beauty and

attractions. The First Consul professed a high esteem for her; and this was no slight distinction, for during the fourteen years of Napoleon's power I have known but two other females, Madame Devaisne and Madame de Montesquiou, to whom he gave ostensible proofs of similar respect; though he may have felt a warmer friendship for others, to say nothing of a more tender sentiment.

The conduct of Madame Lannes has on all occasions justified the preference shewn her by Napoleon over the other ladies attached to his military court, who were highly affronted at seeing her seated more frequently than themselves on the right of the First Consul at table; chosen for a party at cards, a hunt, or an excursion to Malmaison. These decided marks of favour were no doubt partly ascribable to her husband, *that Rolando of the French army,* as Napoleon called him; but those who, like myself, have intimately known Madame Lannes, can conscientiously certify that they were as much due to her own character as to the General's fame: and of this the Emperor gave her the strongest proof in nominating her as lady of honour to his second wife,—to her who was the object of his tenderest solicitude, and who in return conferred on him nothing but misfortunes, fetters and death.—But I am anticipating events—Alas! so harrowing were the calamities produced by that fatal marriage, that it cannot be named without awakening the anguish of remembrance.

My daughter at the period of her baptism pro-

mised all the loveliness of grace which her advancing years matured.—I may be pardoned this effusion of maternal pride, for that beauty, those graces, and, I may add, those talents, and, dearest of all, those virtues, are buried beneath a religious cloister, and my child has bid adieu to the world. —Yes! I may be permitted to speak of the treasure I have lost.—But my maternal heart must rejoice in the happiness of its beloved; as far as in this world of suffering a child of humanity can know happiness, she is happy!

When I think of her, beautiful and perfect as she was, when I cast my eyes on that portrait which the pencil of Girodet has traced with his master-hand, when blinded with tears they no longer convey to my outward senses that beautiful fair head, with its silken ringlets clustering round the swan-like neck, or those eyes which seem to smile at and caress me, my heart, oppressed by so many misfortunes, sinks under the renewal of one of its most acute griefs.—But the reflection, she is happy, arrests those which would otherwise be too agonizing for endurance.

Yes, she is happy——I know it——I have the positive certainty of it. I know that my *treasure*, the name her father and I loved to call her by, lives in peace and is happy.

Comforted with this assurance, my thoughts will transport themselves to her earliest infancy, when Napoleon used to smile with me at the illu-

sion I sought to pass upon myself in dressing my child as a boy.

"What is your design?" enquired he one day, rather seriously, looking at my little girl, beautiful as a cupid, in a little dark grey sailor's jacket and black beaver hat. "What object have you in putting that child into such a dress? Do you destine her for the superlative task of regenerating her sex and restoring the race of Amazon?"

The inflexion of his voice, his smile, the expression of his eye, all indicated a degree of satire, which made me cautious in my answer.

"General," replied I, "you too well know my mother's opinion on female education to need any addition of mine to your own recollections; it would be difficult to entertain ideas on the subject more wholly feminine than hers; I have, therefore, no intention of making a Joan of Arc of my child. The bronze circle of a helmet and its chin-piece would be a very unsuitable mounting for those pretty cheeks, where the lily and rose strive for mastery; and as I would have her hands beautiful, they shall not be exercised in handling lances and drawing pistols.

The First Consul looked again at my daughter.

"It is true that little noisy pet of yours is very pretty," said he, recollecting the circumstances of her baptism; "and if she is not to wear a helmet or set a lance in rest, I suppose it will one day be her vocation to be POPESS."

This was in allusion to an amusing little scene

which took place, at the time when with pride I carried my beautiful child in my arms to the baptismal font.

She was then fifteen months old, and occupying the constant attention of both her parents, shewed more intelligence than is usual with children of her age. She seemed at first much surprised at finding herself in a strange place, where, except in Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room, no familiar objects reminded her of home; the chapel, the numerous company, the clergy, and the bustle, at length so terrified the poor little creature, that, hiding her pretty face in my bosom, she burst into tears.

As, however, her tears were accompanied neither by screaming nor pouting, the First Consul did not pay much attention to them. She had not yet seen Cardinal Caprara; his toilet, on occasions of ceremony, was not very quickly completed. He made his entrance at length from the sacristy, as red as a ripe pomegranate; resplendant in the blaze of many pastoral and cardinal rubies, and eminent in withered ugliness sufficient to scare infantine minds accustomed only to look upon gay smiles and merry faces. As soon as Josephine saw him, she distended her fine blue eyes, even wider than she had done to gaze on *General Jacko,* and the next moment I fel ther cling closer to me and tremble in my arms, her rosy cheeks turning pale as death.

When the service was nearly ended, and the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte approached

the font to present the infants for the ceremony of sprinkling;

"Give me your child, Madame Junot," said the First Consul;

And he endeavoured to take her, but she uttered a piercing cry, and casting a look of anger on Napoleon, twined her little arms closer round my neck.

"What a little devil! Well then, will you please to come to me, mademoiselle Demon?" said he to the little one.

Josephine, however, did not understand his words; but seeing his hands held out to take her, and knowing that her will, whether negative or commanding, was pretty generally absolute, she raised her pretty head, fixed her bright eyes on him, and answered in her childish gibberish:

"I will not."

The First Consul laughed.

"Well! keep her in your arms then," said he to me; "but do not cry any more," he added, threatening the child with his finger, "or else...."

But his menaces were unnecessary. Josephine, now brought nearer to the cardinal, was no longer afraid of him, but no doubt thought him something very extraordinary; and her eyes, fixed on the prelate, seemed to be enquiring what sort of animal he was. The cardinal wore on his head the little barret cap, resembling those of our advocates, and which is the sign or ensign that bestows and sanctifies the purple; and the object of ambition to every man who enters the ecclesiastical pro-

fession. Josephine was surprised, and happily amused by a head-dress so different from any she had before seen. Its whimsical form, surmounting a face no less singular, captivated her in the highest degree. She murmured no more, shed not another tear, suffered the First Consul to take, and even to embrace her, and imprint several kisses on her little round cherry cheeks, without any other mark of dissatisfaction than wiping her cheek with the back of her little plump hand after every kiss. But her large eyes were meanwhile riveted upon the person of the venerable cardinal with an eager attention truly laughable. All at once, when no one could possibly guess what the little plague was meditating, she raised her round, fair, soft arm, and with her little hand seized and carried off the barret from his eminency's head, with a scream of triumph loud enough to be heard from the courts of the castle.

The poor Cardinal, and all the assistants at the ceremony, male and female, were as much alarmed and suprised as diverted by this achievement. Josephine alone preserved her gravity. She looked at us all round with an inexpressibly comic air of triumph, and appeared determined to place the cap on her own head.

"Oh! no, my child," said the First Consul, who had at last recovered from his laughing fit; "with your leave,—no such thing. Give me your plaything; for it is but a bauble, like so many others," added he, smiling, "and we will restore it to the Cardinal."

But Josephine was in no humour to surrender her gay prize; she would put it on my head, or on her godfather's own, but she had no notion of restoring it to the cranium to which it rightfully pertained, and when taken from her by force her cries were tremendous.

"Your daughter is a perfect demon," said the First Consul to Junot; "by heavens, she has as stout a voice as the most masculine boy in France; but she is very pretty;—she is really pretty."

As he spoke he held her in his arms, and gazed on that captivating face, which in fact was "really very pretty." She looked at Bonaparte without resentment, and talked no more of leaving him; she even made a slight resistance when I took her from his arms. "She is my *godchild, my child,*" said he, pressing her father's hand. "I hope you rely on that,—do you not, Junot?"

Junot in such moments had not a word to offer; his heart was too full. He turned a moistened eye on the First Consul, and when able to speak, said in a faltering voice,

"My General, I and all mine, have long been accustomed to owe all the blessings of our existence to your bounty. My children will experience its effects, as their parents have done; and like their parents, they will devote their blood and their lives to you."

The day after my eldest daughter's baptism, Madame Bonaparte sent me a necklace, consisting of several rows of fine pearls of the size of large currants; the clasp was composed of a single

pearl of the purest whiteness; to which the First Consul added a present of a different kind,—no other than the receipted purchase-contract of our hotel in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, which had been paid by Napoleon's order as a baptismal gift. It cost two hundred thousand francs.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Important facts—Reminiscences of the death of Paul I—Authentic details—The pamphlet by Napoleon's order—Count Pahlen and the Grand-duke Alexander—Napoleon's esteem for Paul's widow—Bonaparte's opinion of reigning Empresses—Conversation with M. de Markoff—The officers from Egypt—Bianca, and the heroine of the army—M. and Madame Verdier—Anecdotes—The wives of Junot's friends—General Menou and Monsieur Maret—General Colbert.

BEFORE I quit Paris to bury myself in the dull town of Arras, I must treat of two very important facts, for which Junot is in great measure responsible; and respecting which, both the present and future generations should be enabled to form a correct judgment. One of these events has long been divested of the clouds which enveloped it, in the country it principally concerns: —the English have for many years done justice to General Junot, who was commandant of the

city of Paris, when they were arrested by order of the First Consul. The other is altogether personal to himself, and was the proximate cause of his removal from his post of commandant of Paris, and his appointment in exchange to that of commander of the reserve of the far-famed grenadiers of Arras.

My connexion with the most distinguished members of the Russian court, was too well known in the first society of Paris and Petersburgh, to need enlarging on here; but I shall not pass over in silence some circumstances which I have found interesting relative to the death of Paul I, and to a pamphlet published at the time by order of the First Consul. This pamphlet is now extremely scarce, whether because the copies published did not exceed a few hundred, or that the court of Russia had them bought up, I know not. I read it soon after the sad catastrophe, and had it in my library; but during the storms that have overtaken my latter years, I have lost sight of it. When, however, my brother wished to compose an historical romance on this tragical event, and applied to me for reference to my notes and papers, I regretted not having it in my power to give him the pamphlet, but my memory retained it so perfectly, that I was able to recite its contents almost entire, for his use. I have since been seriously in quest of the work, which derives an extraneous interest from the friendship Napoleon

cherished for the Emperor Paul. The term is not exaggerated. Napoleon knew that England, furious at the failure of a long-organized plan, which the death of Catherine II had seemed to secure, was determined to be revenged, at whatever price; and he deeply regretted the death of Paul. I found at length the pamphlet in question in the library of a friend of my mother-in-law, M. Crozat, who is the possessor of many scarce books, and was obliging enough to lend it to me. Its title is "*Notes respecting the Death of Paul I, Emperor of Russia.*" It pourtrays the details of that terrible tragedy with frightful truth and accuracy: I remembered it all, but was desirous to look again at one paragraph, of which my memory had been particularly tenacious, and as I found, correctly. It was the following.—Count Pahlen is its subject:—

"His first care was to alienate Paul's favour from all those whom he had been unable to gain over. He laboured long and unweariedly for this purpose, and succeded at length in disgracing a man whose talents and personal devotion to the Emperor gave him umbrage; Rostopchin, Vice-chancellor for foreign affairs. A correspondence between Count Panin, nephew of Paul's governor, and an agent of the Petersburgh conspirators had accidentally fallen into the hands of that minister. Count Panin was head of the party in Moscow; and although the letters were written with great circumspection, an obliquity pervaded them which

did not escape the sagacity of Rostopchin. The intercepted papers were submitted to the Emperor's inspection, &c.

"The elder Count Panin was long a minister under Catherine II, and it was he who deprived his pupil for twenty years of his crown by his base complaisance for Catherine; for if in the revolution of the 9th of July he had done his duty, Paul would have been proclaimed Emperor."

This history of the Emperor Paul reminds me that the First Consul cherished a great esteem for his widow of whom I have an anecdote to relate, as, I believe my readers and I are agreed to look back occasionally.

It is but little known in Europe that at the time of Paul's death a powerful party was at first disposed to elevate the Empress-mother to the throne. The Russians are partial to female government, and the Empress Maria, was worthy of the hommage and likely to fulfil the wishes of the nation, as she united with talent, a morality to which none of her three predecessors had habituated them. This combination of advantages must have procured her partizans without cabal or intrigue, and she had many. The First Consul, one day conversing of her with M. de Markoff, brought forward the delicate subject of her pretensions to the crown, saying—that she deserved those partizans, but that the notions of the present enlightened age could not admit the principle of

female government, nor consequently endure that the reins of so powerful an empire should be confided to the hands of the Empress Maria.

"I know perfectly well," he continued, "that the conduct of the Empress dowager, both as a wife and mother, fully justifies her attempt to procure the public requisition for her assumption of sovereignty; but why did she not employ her influence with the multitude to prevent the expression of those wishes which proved that a party existed in her favour!"

May not the repetition of this speech to the Empress furnish a clue to the violent antipathy of that Princess for Napoleon? I know nothing on this head, but merely offer a doubt to be resolved.

One act of her's consequent upon Paul's death does her much honour. She caused a picture to be exhibited at the Foundling Hospital, representing the Emperor on his death bed,—an exhibition that made a deep impression on the people of Petersburgh; and Count Pahlen, personally apprehensive of the consequences exerted his utmost influence to engage the interference of the young Emperor, who was induced to remonstrate with his mother, but unsuccessfully. Alexander respected and tenderly loved the Empress, and when urged by the count to renew his instances, decidedly refused, saying—

"She is my mother."

"Sire," said Count Pahlen, with a profound

obeisance, "Do EVERY THING for her, but suffer her to do NOTHING."

As the populace still thronged to the Foundling, Pahlen had the audacity to remove the picture by his own authority. The Empress immediately repaired to her son and demanded satisfaction for the insult. Alexander endeavoured to calm her. but the courageous widow answered him:

"Choose, my son, between Pahlen and me."

And the murderer was sacrificed.

I have often since heard Napoleon speak of the Empress of Russia, and always with profound esteem.

I have not taken sufficient notice of an important event that occurred about this time:—the return of the army of Egypt. I was already acquainted with many of Junot's friends; but every day now witnessed the arrival of troops of brothers in arms, and companions in danger, whom Junot would run to meet, press their hands, embrace them with transport, and introduce them to me with swimming eyes and a faltering voice. So rejoiced was he to see them return safe and sound, after escaping the sabres of the Mamelukes and the perfidy of the English.

One day the servant announced that General Verdier awaited him in his cabinet, and that there was a lady with him.

"By Jove," exclaimed Junot, "that must be our dear gallant Bianca. I must run to see her.

Laura, I bespeak your friendship for her, she is a charming woman."

And away he flew.

I had often heard of Madame Verdier, and knew, that having followed the army to Italy as a singer and actress, under the name of Bianca, she had married General Verdier, and afterwards followed her husband in the eastern campaign, where she never quitted his side. I had heard numerous traits of her admirable conduct, and had learnt to esteem without knowing her; but the idea I had formed of the person by no means corresponded with the figure now introduced by Junot. My imagination had pourtrayed a tall masculine form, jet-black eyes, raven hair, tawny skin; and in short, the whole semblance of a *Chevalière* d'Eon: my surprise may, therefore, be conceived on seeing a small, well-made, pretty, graceful woman enter the apartment, with chesnut hair, complexion rather inclining to fair than brown, pleasing manners, and a voice soft as music! Madame Verdier, in short very rapidly gained my heart. Some portion of her history I knew almost from day to day, for she had traversed the desert in company with Junot, who had imparted to me his vivid remembrances of every thing that passed during that journey. "What!" said I, taking her delicate little hands, "could this wrist lift a sword? fire a pistol! and guide a spirited Arabian horse?"

"Oh yes! dear Madam," answered she, with

that soft inflexion of voice, which in an Italian is harmony itself, "to be sure I used a sword! but, Holy Virgin! not to kill! But you know I must follow the General!"

And from the naïveté of her tone it might have been supposed it was obligatory on all wives to follow their husbands to the wars.

Then she recited her fatigues in the desert; spoke of the burning Simoom, and of Junot's giving the small remains of water he had preserved, and afterwards his cloak to shelter her from the abundant dew, and making her a seat of two cross muskets.

"*Caro Caro!*"

And she held out to him her pretty little hand, which he shook as heartily as he would have shaken her husband's.

"Regard this amiable and charming woman with friendship," said Junot, addressing me.

Then he told me that crossing the desert her horse was once a little behind; and she was hastening to rejoin her troop, when she met an unfortunate soldier afflicted with ophthalmia, which had quite destroyed his sight. The poor creature was wandering in that sea of burning sands without guidance or assistance, and gave himself up for lost. Madame Verdier approached, and questioned him, and perceived with a shudder that his sight was totally lost. And no relief at hand! no possibility of procuring a guide!

"Well then! I will be his guide," said Madame Verdier. "Come here, my friend, give me

your hand—there—now do not let go my horse; when you are weary, you shall mount him, and I will lead you. We shall proceed more slowly, but God will protect us, no misfortune will overtake us."

"Oh!" said the poor soldier, "do those sweet sounds that I hear fall from an angel's voice?"

"Why, my friend, I am the wife of the brave General Verdier." And the excellent woman said this with an accent of simplicity and nature that went to his heart.

Madame Verdier brought me that day an article, which with all my experience in perfumery, I have never since been able to procure; a large bottle of essence of roses. It was neither otto of roses, nor that rose water which we Europeans use for strengthening the eyes, but gave the perfume of an actual bunch of the living flower in its most oderiferous species. She told me that the Egyptian women use this delicious essence, to which no other perfume bears any resemblance, when bathing. It had none of the strength of the otto of roses, which affects the head so violently, and attacks all the nerves; it was mild, sweet, enchanting. The Countess Verdier is no longer living, but the General still survives.

Among the most remarkable of the acquaintances recommended to me by Junot were;—the excellent M. Desgenettes, for whom I speedily imbibed a sincere regard, that subsequent years have not diminished;

General Davoust since a Marshal, whose return

had preceded that of the rest of the army by some months. He frequently visited both me and Madame Marmont, to whom I was much attached, for no sooner did she arrive from Italy, after my marriage, than Junot said to me:

"Laura, Madame Marmont is the wife of the man whom, next to the First Consul, I love best in the world. I cannot pretend to direct your affections, but if Madame Marmont should inspire you with sentiments similar to those I entertain for her husband, it will make me very happy."

Fortunately I found her all I could desire in a friend; and our intimacy was based, on my side, on real affections. I shall return hereafter to this amiable lady who deserves a chapter to herself.

General Joseph Lagrange, General Menou, M. Daure, the two brothers of Augustus Colbert, one of whom, now Lieutenant-General Edward Colbert, was about this time aide-de-camp to my husband; these names, and many others which friendship's memory has safely guarded, but which space will not permit me to place here, were then pronounced in my hearing with expressions of attachment and esteem. Never did I see more convincing proof of Junot's goodness of heart, than at this period of his life. His joy and emotion on again meeting his comrades were sincere and extreme. The First Consul was equally affected, but his feeling partook of that grief which the loss of a dear friend occasions; and though he never

shewed his dissatisfaction, I am sure he felt resentment and ill-will against General Menou. That officer owed to the good offices of M. Maret, then Secretary of State, that he was not disgraced; and also his appointment at a later period to the government of the provinces beyond the Alps; but this history will appear in its place.

CHAPTER XXV.

Prolongation of Bonaparte's Consulate — Senatus Consultum— Remarkable answer and prophetic words of Napoleon— People talk without knowing —Breakfast given to Madame Bonaparte at my house in the Rue des Champs-Elysées— Men excluded by Bonaparte and twenty-five ladies at table— General Suchet and his brother—My ball at which the First Consul was present—Present of a hundred thousand francs— Madame Bonaparte as Erigone—Fête at Bièvre—Hunting party —Madame Murat and I in a boghey—*Coco* in a passion, and imminent danger—Arrival of Murat—My fête and my patron saint—The spreading tree.

It was about the same time, that is to say, returning to the spring of 1802, that the first appeal was made to Napoleon's ambition to reign, by his nomination as Consul for another ten years, after the expiration of the ten years fixed by the constitutional act of the 13th of December 1799. Many things have been said and written on this subject, without either unmasking the truth, or elucidating a single point. My opinion is fixed; and I may the more confidently rely on it, as I

have made that portion of his life a subject of serious study.

Very little attention was at that time paid to this renewal or prolongation of power; and the Senatus Consultum, which appointed Napoleon Consul for life, conveyed the first warning to the French people, that they had acquired a new master. Yet, in my opinion, the former Senatus Consultum, was far better adapted to have revealed to them what was in preparation; the second was no more than the natural consequence; I must, however add, that if Napoleon's friends saw into his projects, they recognised in them, only a farther security to the happiness and glory of France. This Senatus Consultum bore in substance that,

"The French republic, desirous of retaining at the head of her government, the magistrate who had so repeatedly in Europe, and in Asia, conducted her troops to victory; who had delivered Italy; who had moreover preserved his country from the horrors of anarchy, broken the revolutionary scythe, extinguished civil discords, and given her peace; for it was he alone who had pacified the seas and the continent, restored order and morality, and re-established the authority of the law; the republic, filled with gratitude towards General Bonaparte, for these benefits, entreats him to bestow on her another ten years of that existence which she considers necessary to her happiness."

The First Consul's reply is admirably conceived in the style of true simplicity, and noble elevation; and is besides pervaded by a tincture of melancholy, the more remarkable, as the expressions are for the most part part prophetic.

"I have lived but to serve my country," replied he, to the Senate,—"Fortune has smiled on the republic; BUT FORTUNE IS INCONSTANT; AND HOW MANY MEN WHOM SHE HAS LOADED WITH HER FAVOURS, HAVE LIVED A FEW YEARS TOO LONG. AS SOON AS THE PEACE OF THE WORLD SHALL BE PROCLAIMED, THE INTEREST OF MY GLORY AND MY HAPPINESS WILL APPEAR TO POINT OUT THE TERM OF MY PUBLIC LIFE. BUT YOU CONCEIVE THAT I OWE THE PEOPLE A NEW SACRIFICE, AND I WILL MAKE IT," &c. &c.

In the present day this historical event is the subject of much discussion; and persons not then in France, or who were too young to be eye-witnesses of the state of things in that age of wonders, take upon them to decide the question without appeal, and that in opposition to us cotemporaries who saw, heard, and understood what was passing before our eyes.

In conversation the other day with one of those persons who never admit a doubt, who know everything, and pronounce judgment on everything; and who yet, if every one were bound to speak only in proportion to their capacity, ought to doubt everything, because they have studied

nothing, and know nothing; I was asked, "what would be the result if we should speak only of what we have seen? We have not seen Cæsar, we have not seen Augustus, and we reason upon their actions, because we know them, because they are the subjects of history."

"Agreed," said I, "but do you think if I knew a person in Paris, who had lived on terms of familiarity with Cæsar and Augustus, that I should not seek her, and converse with her of them, in preference to studying a book? Certainly I should, and it would prove great want of judgment if I did not."

It offends my nerves to hear points thus determined by perfect strangers to the facts on which their conclusions should be founded; not from mere difference of opinion, for no one can be more tolerant on that score; but to hear ideas broached so false and erroneous, that the point of their departure from the line of truth, cannot even be traced, forces me to resistance, and obliges me even to refuse indulgence to a difference of opinion which being based on a partial view of the question at issue, I cannot admit to be adopted in good faith.

The survivors of that brilliant epoch are still numerous; and I appeal to all who like myself have preserved its remembrance and fear not to reveal it. Let them describe the enthusiasm of France; let them repeat to those who in the present day will, with unblushing audacity, assert and

re-assert that Napoleon *seized power and usurped the crown,* that usurpation consists in some hundreds of individuals, profiting by the weakness and lassitude of a nation, to impose on her an unknown yoke, through the medium of miserable intrigues which honour disavows. Let them tell the succeeding generation with what acclamations of affection Napoleon was saluted when he travelled through France. Let them relate to their children, and grand-children, how he was received in that Vendée, watered by so many streams of French blood; that Vendée of which he had been the pacificator.—I stop, for the true state of France at that moment, should be recalled as a source of pride and glory, instead of requiring explanation to those who ought to be well informed upon it.

The important organic *Senatus Consultum* I have cited above, was presented to the First Consul, and his answer returned on the 6th of May, (20th Germinal, of the year X). Junot, who felt for him that passionate attachment which makes every thing a matter of ardent interest, which affects the happiness or honour of its object, said to me:

"We must celebrate at the same time this memorable event in the life of my general, which testifies the love of a great nation, and our gratitude to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte, for their generous favours. You must invite Madame Bonaparte to breakfast at our house, in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, before it is completed. She must see it in its present state; to

wait till it is furnished would delay the project too long; and would, moreover, deprive us of a new opportunity of inviting her. Arrange the matter with Madame Bonaparte, and I will undertake for the First Consul."

I waited then on Madame Bonaparte and preferred my request; she received it with extreme kindness, for I repeat she was kind and excellent when the unsteadiness of her character did not mislead her, and even that never injured any one; it only induced her to bestow her recommendations too generally. She was gracious whenever an opportunity allowed, and with a charm of manner that enhanced her favours. She accepted my invitation, therefore, conditionally.

"Have you mentioned it to Bonaparte?" said she.

I told her that Junot was then with the First Consul making his request, and she replied:

"We must wait his answer, then; for you know I can accept no fête or dinner without Bonaparte's special permission."

This was very true; I had myself been witness to a sharp lecture she received from the First Consul for breakfasting with a lady for whom he himself entertained the highest esteem, Madame Devaisnes, only because he had had no previous notice of it. I believe he was actuated by prudential motives, and a knowledge of Madame Bonaparte's extreme facility in accepting every thing presented to her; at the Tuileries it was difficult to approach her, as no one could visit there with-

out authority; yet even there a few intriguing old ladies paid their respects to her regularly three or four times a week, with petitions, demands for prefectures, seats in the senate, commands of divisions, places under the receiver-general, in short, nothing was forgotten in this long list, except the good sense which would have prevented such unbecoming interference. The First Consul was aware that her favours were so unsparingly and indiscriminately distributed, that she would sometimes make fifteen promises at a single breakfast, dinner, or fête; he was consequently extremely particular where he allowed her to go. He knew, however, that at our house, she would meet only the same persons who visited at the Tuileries.

Junot was delighted at the kindness with which the First Consul had received his request; he had granted it, but with the singular addition of desiring, that no other men should join the party except Duroc and Junot, while the women were to be twenty-five. The breakfast took place, but was not honoured by the presence of the First Consul. Madame Bonaparte and Madame Louis came without him, Madame Bacciocchi and Madame Murat were also present, and all my young married comrades, if I may apply that term to the wives of Junot's brothers-in-arms. Some were very agreeable, and all in the beauty of freshness and youth; so that no spectacle could be prettier than that our table exhibited, when surrounded on this occasion by from twenty-five to thirty

young and cheerful faces, of which not more than one or two could be called ordinary.

Madame Bonaparte was an astonishing woman, and must have formerly been extremely pretty, for though now no longer in the first bloom of youth, her personal charms were still striking. Had she but possessed teeth, I do not say ugly or pretty, but only teeth, she would certainly have outvied nearly all the ladies of the consular court.

This breakfast is impressed on my memory, on account of its singularity, both from the company being almost confined to females, and from its being given in a house not yet provided even with an arm-chair. We admitted to it the two brothers Suchet, who were most intimate friends, while the First Consul's esteem for the elder was a guarantee against his displeasure at the innovation. The breakfast passed off very well. When it was disposed of, Madame Bonaparte chose to visit every part of the house, and in this amusement the morning passed rapidly away. At three Madame Bonaparte proposed a ride to the Bois-de-Boulogne. Spring still reigned in its softest beauty, the fragrance of the rose embalmed the air, the sun had not yet asserted its full strength, but shone with gentle beams, and the weather was delightful. We took a long ride, and had our party included a few more men, we should probably have passed for a wedding procession. General Suchet and his brother accompanied us, and did not take their leave till we re-entered Paris. During the ride Madame Bonaparte con-

versed with me respecting our plans for our new establishment, and concluded by saying that she was commissioned by the First Consul to inform Junot and myself, that he presented us with the sum of a hundred thousand francs, for furnishing our house; "It is ready," added madame Bonaparte; "Estève has orders to hold it at your disposal. "For it is of no use," Bonaparte says, "to give them a house unless it is made habitable."

Some time afterwards I gave a ball for my house-warming, when its newly-finished embellishments appeared to great advantage. The whole ground floor was opened for dancing. The First Consul, whom the republic had just called to the Consulate for life, did us the honour to be present. Madame Bonaparte had said to me the preceding day,

"I am determined, in compliment to your ball, to dress in the very best taste; you shall see how charmingly I can perform my toilet." She made good her promise. She personated Erigone; her head was adorned with a wreath of vine leaves interspersed with bunches of black grapes, her robe of silver lama was trimmed with similar wreaths; her necklace, ear-rings and bracelets were of fine pearls.

Madame Louis accompanied her mother, and was on that occasion, as on all others, and in all places, graceful and fascinating She danced like a sylph, and I seem to see her still, slender as an aërial nymph and dressed after the antique,

in a short tunic of pink crape, embroidered in silver lama, her fair head crowned with roses. I see her, as she always was, the life of the party; her gaiety, good humour and spirit of pleasing, imparting the same qualities to all around her. The young people grouped about her, looked at her and loved her, as the crowd would now and for ever follow and love her. As for the First Consul he insisted on seeing every part of the house, and Junot, at his desire, acted as his cicerone to the very cellars and garrets I believe. He stayed only till one o'clock; but for him that was a very late hour, and we were proportionably grateful.

This manner of taking possession by a fête reminded me of a little adventure which happened to me about the same time at my country seat of Bièvre with Madame Murat.

We had purchased the country-house called the little Bièvre a few months previously, and this too was subsequently a gift from Napoleon. I had described the beauty of its situation and neighbourhood in such glowing terms to Madame Murat, comparing the valley of Bièvre with one of the romantic vales of Switzerland, that she was inspired with an irresistible desire of making acquaintance with a country, which at only four leagues distance from Paris was verdant, cool and umbrageous as the most beautiful valley of the Alps: and as Junot and Murat were nearly on as friendly terms as Caroline and myself, it was quickly arranged that the General and his wife

should pass two days more with us there. Junot enjoyed a general permission to hunt in the wood of Verrières, which formed but a continuation of our park, and we determined on a day's diversion, agreeing to set out very early, and take our breakfast in the wood, after which the gentlemen should pursue the chase, and we ladies should follow in a caleche and boghey.

But Madame Murat and I thought fit to add to this scheme a little episode of our own, which, as we imagined, could not fail of being agreeable.

As we were going to bed over night, I said to Madame Murat:

"We can have a most delightful ride to-morrow if you will. You are not afraid of a boghey?"

"Certainly not, I should enjoy it of all things," said she.

"Very well, then, it is agreed upon."

The next morning, at five, the whole train of hunters were sounding the *réveille*, and Junot, whose passion for the chase amounted almost to a mania, having put on his gaiters, jacket and pouch, and taken his gun in hand, began to grow impatient on seeing neither Madame Murat nor me arrive in the court, where the dogs were yelping in full chorus. But we had our own plans and did not stir from our chambers till the whole array had departed.

When they were out of sight I ordered my coachman to harness to the boghey a horse, which Junot himself had much difficulty in driving; he was called *Coco*, and I have mentioned him before,

together with the four superb carriage horses Junot had presented me with on my marriage, all of a light bay colour, with fine sleek skins and such beauty of form as attracted the admiration of all the connoisseurs, on their appearance at Longchamps, when that singular drive resumed its wearisome and monotonous folly. But Coco, though extremely beautiful, was humoursome and sometimes very ill-behaved. His mouth, however, was very tender, a merit which did not always prove convenient, as will presently be seen.

My coachman, quite unconscious who was to be my companion, brought out the boghey, as light as a nut shell behind *Coco*, whom he was coaxing and flattering into good humour; for the mischievous animal, smelling his comrades on the course, could not endure his own restraint with moderate patience, especially as for a fortnight past he had done no work.

I do not know what vagary had crossed my brain, but I had taken it into my head that nothing could be easier than to drive a single horse; so that when Madame Murat asked me if I knew how to drive, I answered so confidently in the affirmative that she thought no more of the question, thinking it much preferable and more amusing to go to the hunting rendezvous in a boghey than closed up in a carriage.

Off we set then, to the infinite dismay of my coachman, who knew very well that I had no notion of driving; for I had not then passed whole

campaigns on spirited and restive horses; balls had not then whistled around me whilst I reined in a skittish palfrey; neither had I yet been thrown, to teach me to avoid future falls: which Marshal Clausel can testify has since been my fate, if he has preserved the remembrance of a promenade near Tora, in which he had an opportunity of seeing how a horse can disencumber himself of a burden he finds troublesome. My only qualification, therefore, was presumption, in which youth is seldom deficient; and imposing silence on my coachman, I made Madame Murat mount the boghey and we departed.

One third of the journey passed off admirably, we travelled swift as the wind, or as an arrow; over a gravelly road as smooth and light as that of a park. My success gave me, not courage, that was never wanting in any adventure of my life, but a still larger share of temerity; I lashed my whip over *Coco's* shoulders and flanks, to accelerate a pace which I did not perceive was already too rapid: but as *Coco's* humour was not, as I have already observed, of a very passive character, he took this manœuvre in dudgeon, and began playing off some tricks far from agreeable to two young females in a boghey of less than ten pounds weight, and at the mercy of an enraged brute, who had chosen without leave to take the bit between his teeth. I saw affairs were going badly, and looked about on all sides to see whether the turf was thick enough to admit of a voluntary fall,

that is to say a leap from the slight vehicle: but alas nothing was visible but stones, large and sharp enough to lay open the thickest skull. Leaving myself out of the question, I thought only of Madame Murat's pretty face, which was likely to suffer grievously should *Coco* throw us wherever his good pleasure might dictate, an intention which his alarming capers pretty significantly evinced.

Our progress had been so rapid, and all this had occurred so suddenly, that Madame Murat and I had not yet exchanged a single word. Confident in my skill in driving, she perceived nothing but the extreme celerity of our pace which amused her; but, beginning at last to suspect that matters were not exactly as they should be, she said to me, between two fits of laughter:

"Laurette, do you understand driving, my dear?" "No!" answered I.

And there we sat looking at one another, and laughing to an excess that brought tears to our eyes.

"You do not understand driving?" said she, "Oh! what a capital joke, how we shall astonish them, yonder."

We were still advancing at *Coco's* pace; we had quitted the solitary path through the valley, and were about to enter the high road where our danger must be imminent, from the numher of ruts which would embarrass the route, and from the necessity of turning to the right to enter the wood

of Verrières, where the gentlemen were waiting for us, but where it was more than probable that *Coco* would arrive alone.

"But I can drive," said Madame Murat, whose equanimity was not in the least disturbed; "give me the reins."

And taking them and the whip;

"Which way are we to turn?" asked she.

"To the right."

She now struck *Coco* with the whip, giving the reins at the same moment a jerk to direct him; without considering that the animal, whose little stock of patience was easily exhausted, was by this time in a state of irritation that would not endure such rough handling, the rather as he had been harnessed with a curb bit. His mouth, naturally tender, had been tortured by me for the last quarter of an hour, and the heated curb no longer admitting a violent movement, he made no resistance to Madame Murat's control, but after a terrible bound which threatened us with instant ejection, he obeyed the impulse and turned to the right; thus bringing us to a spot where the interposition of a miracle alone seemed capable of preventing the destruction of all three.

Precisely at the elbow formed by the sudden turn of the road, close beside a miserable inn, which still exists, was a gravel pit of immense depth, that had been worked for twenty years; neither tree, railing, nor any other rampart arose between us and a precipice, the very thought of which to this day makes me shudder. Madame

Murat looked at me and I at her, the laugh that lit up her blooming countenance infected me; and both indulged in such a paroxysm of mirth that the reins escaped her hands, and I dropped the whip, which I had lately seized. Yet death, inevitable as it appeared, was but at twenty paces distance! No one to be seen about the house—its inhabitants were in the fields;—no one on the road;—danger was our sole companion.

Suddenly a noise resembling distant thunder reached our ears from the road we had just left, occasioned by the rapid course of a horse....We turned our heads..It was a man galloping with the utmost speed. Caroline recognized him through the clouds of dust in which he was enveloped, and exclaimed,

"It is Murat!"

She was right; he had for some reason lingered behind the huntsmen, and bethought himself of returning to the chateau by the park; "For," said he to himself, "here are two young women left without a protector."

And with the chivalrous feeling which accompanied him through life, he thought it far more congenial with the gallantry of a soldier, to return and escort us, though he should run the hazard of killing a few hares, or even a fawn the less, than to gallop after a hair-brained troop, already *so-ho-ing* in a manner that might have deafened every rabbit in the forest. But on reaching the court, he was confounded by the report of my servants, who were in the utmost conster-

nation on finding it impossible to follow me, as the stables contained only my carriage horses, every saddle and even cabriolet-horse being engaged for the chase. No sooner did he hear of our equipage than, knowing that his wife was no amazon, capable of supplying my deficiency in governing such an animal as my coachman described, General Murat struck his spurs into his horse's sides, and flew like lightning to overtake us. Discovering us at length through the dust which the light feet of Coco and the little wheels of the boghey sent flying around us, he pressed his horse forward, and arrived just in time to save our lives. Precipitating himself before Coco at the risk of breaking his own ribs, his powerful arm compelled the vicious brute to recoil. As soon as the boghey was on safe ground, General Murat lifted out his wife in his arms, embracing her with passionate tenderness; his eyes filled with tears as he gazed on her in extasy; pulling off her gloves, he kissed her pretty little rose and alabaster hands, gently patting them all the while, and saying,

"Pretty hands, truly, to guide such a horse!"

Then menacing me with his finger:—

"As for you, Madame Junot," said he, "I hope Junot will have a fine scene with you.... My God!...."

And this man, whose courage no dangers, no privations, for himself, could daunt, grew pale as he contemplated the imminent peril from which he had almost miraculously delivered the wife

he loved, or to speak more justly, adored. He trembled as his eye explored the depth beneath, where I may say, *en passant*, and without seeking to create exaggerated interest in the peril we had escaped, we must have made a leap of three hundred feet. But happily we had been saved, and with the exception of the fright, nothing had befallen us. As we passed the quarry again some hours afterwards :—

"Laurette," said Madame Murat, "shall we remount the boghey to drive home ?"

"No, no," said I; "I have had enough of that already."

And I embraced her with a strong emotion; for the recollection of the danger I had brought her into was long and deeply painful to me, though it served her only for a subject of laughter. Junot was furiously angry with me, and not easily appeased. He would not even suffer me to learn to ride, because the very idea of a woman's insecure position on her horse, made him tremble at the possibility of a fall—

"And truly all that precaution was not taken with the intention of your driving Coco," said he, "and with a curb bit, too."

Some days afterwards Junot gave me an enchanting fête at this same country-house of Bievre, to celebrate my name-day, as foreigners call it. This day is the 10th of August, for the name of Laura can find no other patron in the calendar, to chaperon it through this world, than Saint Laurentius.

Some remarkable peculiarities attended this fête; among others, was that of dining seventy persons around a tree, whose vast branches shaded not only the company, but the whole saloon, or rather grove, of which it afforded the only foliage. This magnificent tree was a plaintain, and (with the two tulip-trees and the great poplar, the only remaining vestiges of the park,) is now standing in the midst of a corn-field. The trunk of the tree was decorated with ciphers, and other devices, in flowers, while the large and beautiful leaves of its enormous boughs were interspersed with garlands and festoons of fresh flowers, and a multitude of birds in concealed cages. Of the couplets that were sung, I only remember one, addressed to me by General Bardin, Junot's aide-de-camp. As I am no longer young enough to make pretensions to beauty, which, even at twenty, I did not possess, I may be allowed to acknowledge, in mentioning that couplet, that I once was flattered; it is not as an appeal to renewed homage, but in gratitude for old friendship, that I avow my remembrance of it.

Dancing and merriment prevailed amongst all the guests. At ten o'clock some fine fireworks were let off with enchanting effect, by Ruggieri, who brought them from Paris. Every building in the park was illuminated and supplied with an allegorical transparency. We took ices in an hermitage, whose ascetic occupant told us our fortunes. At a short distance over the door of a

pavilion, in which I was rearing some turtle-doves of a rare species, some complimentary lines addressed to me by Junot blazed in letters of fire on an azure ground.

But I must quit Bievre with its shady woods and green meadows to return to this world, all agitated by turbulent and conflicting interests, animated by politics, by ambition, by every sentiment, in short—which puts happiness to flight. Musty truisms I may be told. Alas! they are so; but whereas they were heretofore used only as words, of course, or as coming uppermost to the tongue, they are now pronounced in the deep and bitter sense of rooted conviction; they have been taught by a cruel master:—experience!

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Consulate for life—Indecision of Bonaparte—The man without equal in past ages—The will of the people—Re-union of the Island of Elba to France—A conversation between the First Consul and Junot—The reduction of the Tribunate—The truth spoken—The numerous Senatus-Consulta—Junot ill—My breakfast at Saint-Cloud—The First Consul's god-daughter, Cardinaless—Bonaparte and children—Nocturnal visit of the First Consul to Junot and the illness cured—Portraits of celebrated women—Rupture with England—Attributed to the bad faith of the English government—Departure of Lord Whitworth—The reports of Junot and M. Dubois—General Mortier goes to Hanover—Bonaparte at five o'clock in the morning—His anger—Order to arrest all the English in an hour—Cautions against Fouché and two other persons—Absurd Reports—Colonel Green denounced and absent—The First Consul's opinion on his right of making the English prisoners of war—Result of Junot's interview with the First Consul—Junot's sure friends—The Empire.

THE Senatus-Consultum requiring, rather than declaring the prolongation of the consulate, did not appear sufficiently satisfactory; another was presented to the First Consul on the 31st of July

or the 1st of August. Junot went early that morning to the Tuileries, and had a long interview with the First Consul; and on his return assured me that Napoleon was still undecided whether or no he should accept the consulate for life. I know I shall be told that Napoleon, in fact, never hesitated; I shall ask, in return, whether France does not contain numbers of men who love the country for itself? There are numbers at least who say so. What right then have they to doubt the noble sentiments of others? But, say they, Napoleon's subsequent conduct is an unanswerable proof of his despotic projects. To this a smile of pity is my only reply. I ask again—can they find angels among men; I ask this, especially of those who having done nothing to promote the happiness or the glory of the country, erect themselves into dispensers of blame or praise, upon him, whose reputation has had no equal in ages past. All this is enough to make one mad with anger.

It was but two months after its requisition for the prolongation of the consulate for another ten years, that the nation sensible to the necessity of preserving to the utmost possible extent that protection under which France had seen her prosperity revive, demanded the consulate for life. But, Napoleon, great as was his ambition, desired that the will of France should justify it. An appeal was ordered, registers opened. The citizens were at liberty to sign or not without fear of proscription, for it is remarkable that Napoleon never

revenged any political offence. Of this Moreau is a notorious proof.

"The life of a citizen belongs to his country," replied the First Consul to the deputation of the senate, "it is the wish of the French nation that mine should be consecrated to her; I obey her will."

Surely, he had a right to say that it was the will of the people, for of three millions, five hundred and seventy-seven thousand, two hundred and fifty nine citizens, who voted freely; three millions, five hundred and sixty-eight thousand, eight hundred and ninety, gave their vote in the affirmative.

One of those coincidences of which history takes little notice, because its seal is affixed only to great events, but which, in the life of Napoleon, is striking; was that the same month, in which France required the dedication of his remaining life to her, —witnessed the promulgation of another senatus-consultum sanctioning the definitive re-union to the republic, of that island of Elba, to whose iron rocks the same France afterwards exiled her hero.

The opinions in which Junot had been educated were so entirely and purely republican, that the senatus-consultum declaring Napoleon Consul for life was, by no means, so agreeable to him as might have been expected from his attachment, at a time when indifferent observers saw in this event only the present and future welfare of France. One day when we dined with the First Consul, at St. Cloud, I remarked that Junot's

countenance on returning to Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room, after half an hour's interview with Napoleon, was altered and wore an expression of care. In the carriage, on our way home, he was thoughtful and melancholy; at first I asked in vain what had affected him; but eventually he told me, that having been questioned by the First Consul as to the opinion of the better circles at Paris respecting the consulate for life, he had answered that it was entirely favorable—which was the truth; and that the First Consul had observed, thereupon, his brow becoming stern and gloomy as he spoke:

"You tell me this, as if the fact had been just the reverse. Approved by all France, am I to find censors only in my dearest friends?"

"These words," said Junot, his voice failing so much that I could scarcely hear him, and denoting that he was affected even to tears, though the carriage lamps did not afford light enough to enable me to see his countenance; "these words almost broke my heart! I become my general's censor! Ah! he has forgotten Toulon!"

Clouds would sometimes arise on Junot's horizon, produced by the First Consul's remonstrances upon his too vehement emotions, or some thoughtlessness in his conduct, or military duties; but in this instance I saw that his noble and sensitive heart was deeply distressed, and I did not wonder at it, because a wound inflicted by a beloved hand is more painful than any other.

"But," said I, taking his hand which was

damp and cold, "it is impossible that the expression of your countenance should have been the sole cause of his uttering such words!"

Junot was silent for some time, then without turning towards me, said:

"No; I certainly spoke of our regret—I may use the word, on reading the new Senatus-Consultum which overthrows the constitution of the year 8; in reducing the tribunate to a hundred and fifty members! The tribunate is a body much valued by the friends of liberty and of the republic—then the mode of election is absurd—those two candidates for the senate—in short, all this has been found great fault with in the country, particularly what has been done for the council of state.

All these questions were nearly new to me, though they were the chief subjects of conversation around me; but I did not concern myself in politics unless some personal interest brought them immediately under my notice. I asked Junot what he meant had been done for the council of state.

"It has been recognized as a constituted body," said he: "I told the First Consul that this measure had been ill received in many of the provinces. I have been, as I always shall be, an honest and loyal man—I shall neither betray my conscience, the interests of my country, nor those of the man whom I revere and love above all things; but I believe that I am serving him better in speaking the truth than in concealing it.

I then explained, that any expression of dissatisfaction which he might have remarked upon my countenance, was not to be attributed to his nomination as Consul for life, but to the unfavourable impressions very generally produced by the numerous Senatus-Consulta, which for the last fortnight had daily filled the columns of the Moniteur. The nomination for life of the two other consuls, is also spoken of in terms that I do not like to hear applied to any thing which relates to the First Consul. I have much friendship for one of them and a high esteem for the other, but why should two magistrates be imposed upon the nation which certainly has not raised its voice for them as for my General? In fine my poor Laura, I spoke as I thought, and I begin to see that we have got a court in earnest, because one can no longer speak the truth without exciting displeasure."

This journey to St. Cloud caused Junot a fit of illness. His affection for the First Consul was so great, that whatever tended to disturb it went directly to his heart. Some days afterwards I received an invitation from Madame Bonaparte to breakfast at St. Cloud, and to bring my little Josephine. I went alone because Junot was confined to his bed by indisposition. Napoleon, it is well known, never breakfasted with Madame Bonaparte, and never appeared in her room in the morning, except occasionally, when he knew that he should meet some persons there, to whom he was desirous of speaking without exciting observation.

This morning he came into the room just as we were rising from the breakfast table, and on advancing towards us, at once descried in the midst of the group, the charming figure of my little Josephine, with her pretty light hair, curling round a face that beamed with grace and intelligence, though she was only eighteen months old. The First Consul immediately on seeing her, exclaimed:

"Ah! ah! here is our god-daughter the cardinaless! Good morning, m'amselle—come, look at me—there, open your eyes—Why the devil, do you know that she is prodigiously pretty—the little thing resembles her grandmother—yes, faith, she is very like poor Madame Permon. And what a pretty woman she was—she was really the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

As he was saying this, he pulled the ears and nose of my little girl who did not approve of it at all; but I had taken the precaution to tell her that if she did not cry at St. Cloud, we should stop at a toy-shop on our way home, and she should have whatever she liked. Napoleon, who did not know this promise, remarked how very good tempered the child was, while I was secretly reminding her of the toy-shop ten times in a minute.

"That is what I like children to be," continued Napoleon, "not perpetually crying or fretting—there is that little Lætitia, who is as beautiful as an angel, well, she cries so violently that I make my escape as if the house was on fire."

As he was talking, the party had removed to the blue saloon, which was Madame Bonaparte's morning-room. A circular balcony upon which this room opened, passed along the whole suite of apartments. The First Consul stepped out of the window and made me a sign to follow. I was about to deliver the child to her nurse, but he prevented me, saying:

"No, no, keep your daughter; a young mother is never so interesting as when she has her child in her arms. What is the matter with Junot?" he added, as soon as we were on the balcony."

"He has a fever, General; and it is so violent as to oblige him to keep his bed."

"But this fever is of some kind or other, is it putrid, malignant, or what?"

"Neither the one nor the citizen Consul," I replied, with a little impatience, for I was provoked at the petulant tone of his questions, "but Junot, is, as you know, very susceptible, and a pain which goes to his heart affects his health. You know, General, that such complaints are beyond the power of medicine.

"I see that Junot has been telling you of the sort of quarrel we had the other day. He made himself quite ridiculous."

"You will give me leave citizen Consul, not to confirm what you have just been saying with my assent; you are no doubt jesting. All that I can do, is to affirm that having probably misunderstood Junot, you have given him serious pain. That he has suffered severely has been manifest to me, be-

cause neither my cares, nor this child's caresses have been able to calm his mind. Also I conclude, General, that in reporting to me the conversation you are speaking of, he did not tell me the whole." This, as I afterwards learnt, was the truth.

The First Consul looked at me some moments without speaking—then took my right hand which held my little girl upon my left arm, then suddenly rejected it with a very singular movement, seized Josephine's little white and mottled arm, kissed it, gave a pretty hard tap upon her cheek, pulled her nose, embraced her, all in a minute; then disappeared like lightning.

I repeated this little scene to Junot, whom on my return, I found very ill. He was not only morally very irritable, but his constitution itself was opposed to his reasoning tranquilly upon any thing that agitated him. His adventure at St. Cloud had totally overset him. This very morning he had suffered the application of thirty leeches, and though the loss of so much blood ought to have weakened him, he was in no degree more composed, because his nerves were strongly agitated, and he had not slept for three days. However, about seven in the evening, after taking some broth, he threw himself upon the sofa in my apartment, and fell fast asleep; the night soon drew on, I was left in darkness, and fearing to wake my husband, I chose to give the reins to my fancy in an arm chair by his side, rather than introduce lights; the mechanical movement which my head fell into, the strong and

regular, but monotonous noise of Junot's breathing, soon set me asleep also.

Suddenly I heard a quick step on the little stair-case which led from the breakfast-room into the court. Accustomed to watching by a sick bed, I was on foot in an instant, and heard Heldt, the first valet-de-chambre, running up stairs and calling "Madame! Madame!"

A light struck upon my still half closed eyes, but a well-known voice effectually roused me; the First Consul presented himself before me.

"Good evening, Madame Junot; you did not expect me, I imagine: well, where is your dying patient?"

As he spoke, he entered the small cabinet which served as an anti-room between Junot's apartments and mine, and in which he had just been sleeping.

"Well! M. Junot, what is the matter with you then? Hey? What does this fever mean? Well, what are you crying for, great baby? Ay, I shall mimic you presently myself." Here he pulled his ears, and his poor nose, pinched his cheeks, and lavished all his expressions of favour on him. Junot meanwhile was suffocating; I perhaps never knew him so deeply affected. He took the First Consul's two hands alternately, pressed them to his bosom, and looked at him with an expression such as the heart only can paint upon the countenance. He could not speak—he took the hand of the good Duroc, that excellent friend,

whom for some time he misunderstood, but who never ceased to be the truest and most valuable of his brothers-in-arms.

"I guess you are no longer ill," said the First Consul, taking the chair I had been offering him ever since he came in; "Hey! hot-brain!"

He was scarcely seated before he stood up again and began walking round the room, saying;

"Ah, so this is what they call your palace; I should be glad to see it! they all tell me it is a marvel and a folly; but this room seems simple enough."

Hereupon he went into Junot's room, and his cabinet, then returned and passed into my apartment. "Ah! ah! so this is the sanctuary," said he, in a tone of kindness, though rather joking; "But, what the devil is this? Do these happen to be your grandmothers?"

"They are not even relations, General," replied I. "It is a piece of Junot's gallantry, who chose to ornament my room with portraits of all the celebrated females of antiquity, and of the last century; he was willing that I should not be too humble in my character of a woman."

"Oh! he might have dispensed with the portrait gallery for that purpose. But he was right not to admit into it the women of the present day; for all pretend to be celebrated; it is the folly of all countries."

He continued to walk on as he talked; while I looked at him with a fixed attention, and a smile which I could not suppress. At first he did not

remark this, but in the end guessed the cause, which was the singular style of his costume, always absolutely laughable, when he assumed the dress of a private citizen. From what cause I can scarcely tell, but all the illusion of glory which surrounded him could not make his appearance imposing when not attired in civil or military uniform. It might arise from his being wholly unaccustomed to this undress; but at all events he was totally different in it, even in its very eccentricity from other men. On this occasion, his great coat was of superfine cloth, and his hat was a remarkably fine beaver, but it was still of the same unfashionable make, and still was set on the head in the same peculiar manner, with the difference only from his former appearance, that his hair was not powdered, and the dogs ears had disappeared.

"Well! Monsieur Junot," said he, after having made the tour of my apartments, the only portion of the house yet furnished, "I hope this little journey round your domains has radically cured you?"

Junot seized the hand which the First Consul presented to him, pressed it between both his, and wept without answering. At this moment he was neither the man of strong mind nor the courageous soldier, but a feeble child.

"To prove that you are quite cured," continued the First Consul, "you will breakfast with me tomorrow at St. Cloud. Good night, my old friend. Adieu, *Madame la Commandante.*"

We attended him to the street door. No one knew that the First Consul was in our house ; he had imposed silence upon Heldt, the only one of our servants who had seen him; and it is well known that Napoleon was not one of those persons who might be disobeyed. He was right in this privacy; the knowledge of his visit would but have created jealousies: he had crossed the Tuileries on foot, and at the entrance of the Champs-Elysées, a chaise, or sort of cabriolet drawn by two horses, which Duroc generally used, was waiting for him.

Whether there was a little magic in what I am about to say or not, I am not able to decide, but certain it is that there was literally no more than time enough for descending the stair-case and crossing the hall, before Junot, who had disappeared at the head of the stairs, returned in his uniform, with his sword at his side, and wrapped in his military cloak.

"What does this mean, Monsieur Junot? I do not permit you to go out, understand that: it is a military order."

"My General, you know me. You know that I should be seriously ill, if I did not see you safe in your carriage, with the certainty that your goodness to a faithful friend has not exposed you to danger. Then do not insist, my General, for I am resolute."

"And as I must watch my patient," added I, "the First Consul will permit me to accompany him?"

"Oh, oh! an amazon? you have been reading Clorinde, I suppose."

"Certainly, General."

We reached the first trees of the avenue of Neuilly, and found the chaise in waiting. The First Consul threw himself into it; Duroc took his seat by his side, and they were off like an arrow.

Junot leant against a tree, watching the track of the lighted lamps as long as they were visible. He said nothing, and I did not disturb that silence which so eloquently expressed the fulness of his heart.

"Ah!" said he, at length when the last gleam had disappeared, "my blood, my entire life will ever be devoted to that man's service!"

I brought him home, and made him go to bed; but he slept badly. His mind was so ardent, that happiness and sorrow were equally inimical to his bodily health. He was, however, quite recovered the next morning, went to Saint Cloud, and returned perfectly enchanted. But a new storm was already threatening. Fouché, whose rank should have made him the friend, as he was the equal of his brother in arms, but who was, in fact, their most active enemy, and the more dangerous because unsuspected; took advantage of the extreme irritability of Junot's character, to which it was so easy to give a sinister colouring.

It was sometime after the adventure which I have just related, that the rupture with England took place. Falsehoods of all kinds have been

written upon this subject; there are many persons who breaking the idol, which they worshipped for fifteen years, do not now hesitate to tell us that his fatal ambition caused all our losses; that he despised treaties, and violated that of Amiens, because he hated Mr. Pitt. Without doubt, he was desirous of invading England. Who would attempt to deny it? But he wished to do it at a convenient time. Yes, in truth, he wished to set foot on the island. He had too many accounts to settle with haughty England, to be backward in hostility towards her: but he was not insane; and General Soult was preparing at Boulogne, an army for a continental war, rather than for crossing the Straits.

The treaty was broken by England: her Carthagenian faith destroyed the parchment which promised alliance, while the heart breathed nothing but war. The First Consul was apprised of the intentions of the cabinet of St. James's. He held himself on the defensive, took every precaution: is this deserving of reproach? No. It was the great Condé's axiom, that the greatest captain might be beaten, never surprised. When, therefore, the reiterated messages of the King of England to his parliament in the winter of 1803, and the harangues of his ministers in the same parliament, spoke of war as if the cannon had already sounded, is it to be wondered that the First Consul, whom France had just charged more solemnly than ever with her interests, should watch

over those interests with increased solicitude? He asks conscripts of the senate, because the King of England has organised the militia of his kingdom; he sells Louisiana to the United States, because the capture of our ships, without any declaration of war, announces that the third punic war is about to break out, and that money will be wanted to prosecute it.

Lord Whitworth quitted Paris. The greatest agitation reigned among the English who continued there. Junot then commandant of the capital, was desirous that its tranquillity should be as well attested as its splendour: he redoubles his cares. His daily reports and those of the Count Dubois, then Prefect of the Police, and charged with the civil, as Junot was with the military superintendency of the city, contained nothing alarming; but there were men who pushed Napoleon upon a career which threatened to be fatal to him; and one of them commenced even at that time those odious manœuvres which pressed upon the Emperor like the anathema of Providence. I am about to raise a corner of a curtain, behind which is hidden numerous facts connected with the rupture with England. I know them, and ought to speak out. Many English people are still living who will understand me; and I have been assured by the Duchess of Devonshire herself, then Lady Foster, and by many others, that my information was correct.

The rupture was now complete, camps were

formed on the borders of Picardy and Normandy, and every thing they required had been effected with the rapidity of lightning. General Mortier was sent to Hanover, and Junot to whom his absence occasioned a great increase of labour, devoted himself to it with all the ardour with which it was his nature to serve the First Consul, whom he conceived to be, in the present instance, chiefly concerned. One morning, at five o'clock, the day having scarcely dawned, an order arrived for Junot to attend the First Consul; he had been at work till four o'clock, and was just retired to bed, but was obliged to rise and proceed immediately to Malmaison; I waited breakfast for him, but he did not return; and at ten o'clock, a horse chasseur of the consular guard, arrived with a note for the aide-de-camp on duty, demanding to have the daily report instantly transmitted. My husband did not return till five in the evening. It will be seen that the sitting had been long; it had been more stormy still.

When Junot reached Malmaison, he found the First Consul with a ruffled countenance, contracted features, and every indication of one of those terrible agitations, whch could not be witnessed without trembling.

"Junot," said he to his aide-de-camp, as soon as he saw him, "may I reckon upon you as my friend?—Yes, or no? no evasion.

"Yes, my General."

"Well then, you must instantly take measures

for arresting ALL THE ENGLISH, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, in an hour's time. The Temple, Montaigu, Laforce, the Abbaye, there will be room in the prisons, and they must all be confined. Their government must be taught that if it breaks the faith of treaties, confiding in its island intrenchments for impunity, it may at least be punished in that which it commits to the guardianship of an enemy who owes it no fealty! That perfidious cabinet refuses to surrender Malta! and gives for reason"—Passion here checked his utterance, and he was compelled to stop to take breath. "They give for reason, that Lucien has by my order, influenced the court of Spain to dissolve the Spanish Priories, and that by the terms of the treaty, the island is to be given up only on the entire re-construction of the order. And moreover, Junot, would you believe that this power always wily, always hostile, now pretends to except against the treaty of Amiens, averring that its stipulations were founded upon the respective circumstances of the contracting parties, at the time of its signature?"

Then drawing Junot to his desk, he put into his hands two letters, importing in effect, all that he had been just saying.

Junot was thunderstruck; not because the rupture with England was announced; it was foreseen; it had even been known some days. —But these letters contained what might be construed into an excuse of the terrible measure

which Napoleon had commanded. He, to whose orders he never made an objection; he, who might have said to him,—"Junot, give me your life,"—and it would have been given, now required of him, commanded him to perform an action from which his sense of honour, as much as the liberal principles in which he had been educated, revolted. He stood motionless and silent.

The First Consul waited some time for an answer; but seeing Junot's attitude, he proceeded as if he had not even required one, and as if an interval of ten minutes had not elapsed.

"This measure must be executed by seven o'clock this evening. I do not choose that the most insignificant theatre, or the lowest restaurateur of Paris, should this evening see an Englishman in its boxes, or at his tables."

"My General," said Junot, recovering himself, "you are aware of my devoted attachment to your person and to your interests. It is this very devotedness which makes me hesitate to obey, without supplicating you, my General, to take some hours for reflection upon the measure which you wish me to execute."

Junot, while representing to the First Consul that he considered this measure likely to prove injurious to his interest and his glory, did so with all the deference which his conviction of Napoleon's superiority in all things could not fail to inspire. The First Consul bent his brow as

he listened, and when Junot ceased speaking, exclaimed,

"Again! what is the scene of the other day to be renewed? Lannes and you take strange liberties. Even Duroc, with his very tranquil air, thinks himself licensed to preach to me. But by heavens, gentlemen, I will let you see that I can put my cap on the wrong way. Lannes has found it out already, and I suspect is not much delighted with eating oranges at Lisbon. For yourself, Junot, do not trust so much to my friendship.—The day when I shall doubt your's will destroy mine."

"My General," replied Junot, deeply hurt by being misunderstood, "it is not at the moment when I am giving you the greatest possible proof of my attachment, that there is justice in talking thus to me. Ask for my blood....ask for my life....you are master of all that is mine.... but to command a thing which must....."

"Well, proceed! what should happen to me, because I return to a faithless government the insults it heaps upon me?"

"It does not become me, my General, to decide how far your conduct may be correct; but I am sure that if it should be otherwise, it is because your eyes are fascinated by men who give you none but mischievous advice, leading you to acts of severity."

"Who are you speaking of?"

Junot at first made no answer; he knew who

the persons were who merited this character; but to accuse was repugnant to his noble heart. ....Good and excellent man! loyal and faithful creature!—such minds are not often to be met with. The First Consul, however, pressed, and Junot at length mentioned the names which were most publicly and violently animadverted upon, as evil advisers. The First Consul walked as he listened, and appeared absorbed in thought.

"Fouché," said Junot, "is my personal enemy.—It is not, however, from hatred towards him that I now speak, for I hate no one. Moreover, I am just;—I am willing to allow to Fouché all his merits. He has talent; but he serves you, my General, in a fashion which your friends would not like to adopt. He assumes, for instance, towards the emigrants, the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain, the appearance of indulgence, and that, as he declares, in spite of the danger which he runs of losing your favour in so doing. I, who know there is no truth in this insinuation,—what can I think of it? But this is not all: I may also say that you are often excited to a severity foreign to your character, by reports in which there is little or no truth. With respect to two other personages, one of whom, my General, is near to your ear, and the other to your hand, to receive whatever falls from it, I shall say but one word.—Duroc watches like them over your safety; well! my

General!—receive his reports..... They are those of an honest man — an honourable soldier; they contain facts, but at least, no falsehoods."

"Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me; one of them said the other day, 'If the First Consul should order me to kill my father, I would obey.'"

The First Consul as he spoke cast a side-long glance of observation upon Junot, who immediately replied,

"I know not, my General, what extent of attachment is proved by supposing you capable of commanding a son to kill his father;—but that is of little importance—for if a man is unfortunate enough to possess such feelings, he is not likely to proclaim them."

Above two years afterwards, the First Consul, then the Emperor Napoleon, in speaking to me of this scene, after my return from Portugal, told me that he was at this moment on the point of embracing Junot, so fine was the position he had taken up, in thus resisting him, his general, his chief, a man all-powerful;—in thus even risking his existence;—"For, in fact," added the Emperor, smiling, "I am not very gentle, when in a passion—you know that, Madame Junot."

With respect to my husband, his conversation, or rather dispute with the First Consul proceeded in warm terms. He even reminded Napoleon, that

at the departure of the ambassador, Lord Whitworth, solemn assurances of security had been given to the English who remained at Paris.

"There are old men, women, and children amongst them, my General and many who morning and night pray for your welfare!* They are chiefly merchants, for the upper classes have nearly all left Paris. The injury which confinement may do them is immense and irremediable. Oh, my General; it is not for you, whose great and noble soul is capable of all good, to confound a generous nation with a perfidious cabinet. Are they necessarily identified?"

"Perhaps they should be," replied the First Consul in a gloomy tone; "but I am neither wicked nor headstrong. It is possible you may be right.—However," And going to his desk he took from it a paper which he read, again and again several times; then giving it to Junot: "read this report," said he, "and answer, on your head, as you affect to say, answer me on your head, that persons holding such opinions can

* The number of English who at this period had a high admiration for Bonaparte was immense. One Mrs. Wilmot who was well known at Paris at this period, was an instance of the enthusiasm to which this admiration was sometimes carried; she kept men in pay purposely to inform her when he went to any of the theatres: thither she hastened, and by dint of money always succeeded in placing herself opposite to him. This lady was a relation of Mr. Pitt's, and did not sacrifice her feelings to the ties of blood: she was rich, in the prime of life, and had a husband and five children who all shared in her sentiment for Napoleon.

without danger to myself be suffered to remain at large at Paris."

Junot while listening to the First Consul, read the paper which he had put into his hand. He was first struck by its absurdity, but next, and chiefly by its flagrant falsehood. It was then he requested the First Consul's permission to send for the report of the day, in which he hoped to find something to refute this calumnious document, and he was not disappointed. Junot insisted that the First Consul should cause inquiries to be made into the matter. A fact was asserted, and it was important; for it described a man having dined at a certain house, and having, when somewhat flushed with wine, used expressions insulting to the First Consul, and even committed himself so far as to speak of a new form of government, to which the death of a single person might lead; this happy state of things, which the half inebriated Englishman wished to favour us with, we had already known, or rather forgotten, for it was the regency of the Duke of Bedford. And this is what they had the hardihood to call a report! But the most singular, or the blackest part of the business was, that this Englishman was a friend of Junot's—the good Colonel Green who, you are to observe, was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. It was the same with Sir Sidney Smith; while the enemy of the First Consul, or rather of General Bonaparte, he admired him with his whole heart; and Junot, who understood this generous homage, loved him for it.

Our excellent friend James Green's feelings were similar.

All this Junot represented to the First Consul, who said in reply; "Your language is persuasive enough, but out of all these sayings and gainsayings I gather, that you and Madame Junot have a mania for associating with persons who hate me. If this was not well known to be the case, such words would not be imputed to your friends."

"I am ignorant, my General," said Junot, "whether Colonel Green may or may not have uttered the words assigned to him by this report; though I will pledge my head that he would not so much as have imagined them; but it is your pleasure that this point should be considered doubtful. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a refutation of the calumny by one material fact; which is, that to have held this conversation the day before yesterday, otherwise the 1st of May, after having drunk five bottles of sillery wine, which upon the face of it is impossible, it is at least necessary that he should have been at the time at Paris; which city Colonel James Green, quitted on the 17th of April for London, whither he was called by important business."

The First Consul looked all astonishment; "His countenance would have amused me," said Junot, "had I been in less serious circumstances;" gazing on his aide-de-camp with a very peculiar expression he repeated:

"He is not in Paris!"

"He is not, my General, and have the good-

ness to remark that this is not a mistake of a name, or accident attributable to carelessness; it is an error, and an intentional one: the multiplicity of details by which the name is surrounded proves this; even if they had not added that he is my friend!" Here with a furious oath he proceeded, "nothing more is wanting but to have made me a party to this execrable feast, where they wished, as at that of Atreus to drink blood."

All this scene Junot, perhaps, related to me above a hundred times; and at this point of it described his emotion as so violent, that Napoleon came to him, took his hands, pressed them, spoke kindly to him, and at length restored him to calmer feelings. The result of this long conference, in which towards the end, Cambacérès took part, was that the English should have certain towns for prisons, so long as they remained peaceable. "For," said the First Consul, "I only treat them according to the rules of national law: they are prisoners of war.

Seeing that Junot was astonished at this declaration: "Yes," he added, "prisoners of war, do they not form a portion of the English militia?"

Junot was about to reply that the English militia is a national and not a military institution, and would avail nothing in favour of the individual who should claim the rights of war as the proprietor of a militia epaulette; but he had prevailed in obtaining a relaxation of the measure of actual imprisonment, and this victory appeared to him

sufficient for the present. The fact of Colonel Green's alibi contributed greatly towards that victory; Napoleon was no tyrant, had no evil dispositions, and when unclouded truth and reason reached his ear it was seldom denied access. He was violently irritated against the man who had so grossly abused his confidence. He made much use of him, nevertheless, raised him to a high rank, but I know, and know it too directly and positively to admit a doubt, that he NEVER esteemed him. As for Junot, his own conduct this stormy morning, honourable as it was, operated to his prejudice, by those offensive expressions which were too apt to escape him in momentary warmth of feeling. His opinion, offered with the frankness of a soldier who respects his general, yet has the courage to tell him the truth, such as he views it, was too little in harmony with Napoleon's new impressions, not to have introduced to the mind of the latter seeds that could only be productive of evil fruits. All, however, would have gone on well, but for the number of evil disposed persons who surrounded the First Consul. I speak only of his household, for Junot had numerous friends, especially in the army. He was kind, faithful, valiant, and as susceptible as a woman; qualities which, when combined, could not fail to find an echo in the hearts which at least, in those days, composed the French phalanxes.

Of those attached to the household, I could

reckon only on Duroc and Rapp as active friends; there were besides Lemarrois, Lacuée and Lauriston, who would not injure Junot; as for Berthier, he might be a true friend, but he was very inefficient! There were other men whose attachment showed that they had rightly understood Junot's character: such as Estève, and a few more, who loving the First Consul for his own sake, and for his glory, felt a sympathy for one who loved him with so much tenderness. But friendship, in the circle of a court, (and the Tuileries was already one) opposes but a feeble barrier against malice and envy!

An affair that had occurred long before at Garchi's, at Frascati, was recalled to the First Consul's mind; the venemous poison of slander was infused into it, and it was then presented in a light attaching so much suspicion to the commandant of Paris, that Napoleon, who, though a great man, was not an angel, willing to give the command of Paris to General Murat, sent Junot to command the grenadiers, consolidated at Arras. The *Senatus Consultum* for the erection of the empire was already under consideration, and I think the First Consul was not sorry to find a pretext, for removing to a distance such of his former brothers-in-arms as still cherished the old republican notions. He knew mankind, and had no doubt that circumstances would reconcile them to what was irrevocable, but the first shock was to be avoided: that is but an idea of my own, but I believe it to be just.

Junot, however, charged with the honourable task of forming that fine corps of consolidated grenadiers, set out for Arras in the winter of 1803—4. A speedy embarkation was expected, and Junot did not choose to expose me and my children to useless fatigue. I set off, therefore, at the same time for Burgundy, with my young family, to spend the interval of Junot's absence with his father and mother. But finding at the end of some weeks, that the moment of embarkation was indefinitely postponed, Junot sent M. Limoges, his secretary, and the husband of a friend of mine, to fetch me; and I accompanied him to Arras, where I took up my abode in the house which the Prince of Condé had occupied.

Many remarkable events occurred in the year 1804, some of which I did not witness, being absent from Paris; but I saw the Emperor in the midst of the camp, surrounded by his soldiers, and by those generals formerly his comrades, now his subjects.

My next chapters will describe the spectacle, unique in the history of the world, which I there witnessed, of Napoleon's distribution of the crosses of the legion of honour, to the deputations of the entire French army.

I saw him inspiring with adoration the conscripts just snatched from their families; I saw him overlooking those seas swept by the vessels of haughty England, within view of her flag, pointing out to his soldiers the shining cliffs of

Albion, and while decorating the veterans with the rewards of former glory, inspiring their juniors with emulation to reap fresh laurels. The empire was then proclaimed, and NAPOLEON THE FIRST reigned in France.

THE END.

LONDON:
G. SCHULZE, 13, POLAND STREET.