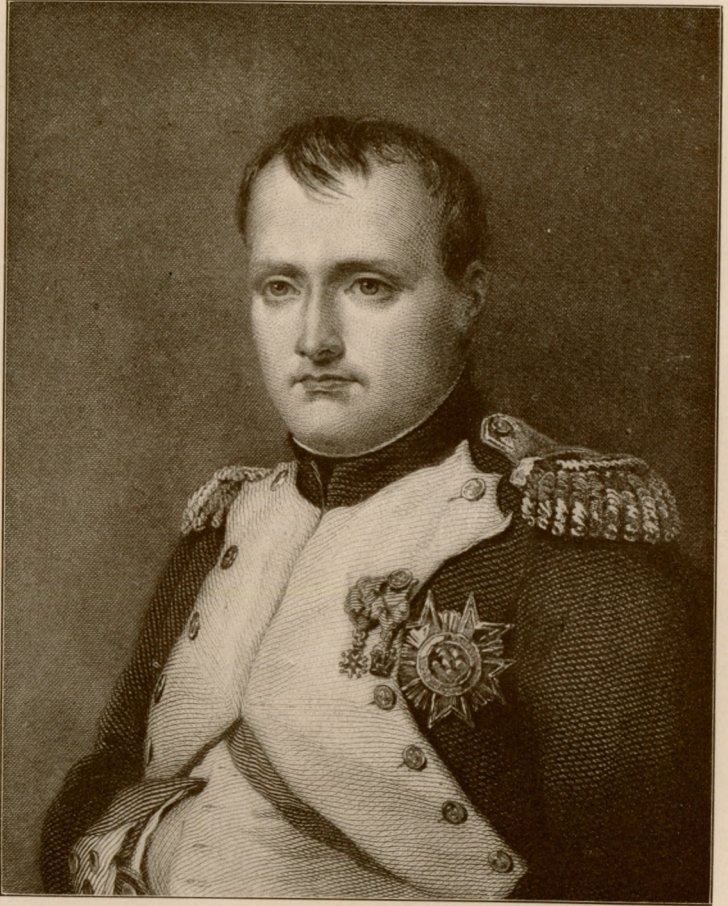


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EMPEROR NAPOLEON

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THE HISTORY
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY
JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

With Maps and Numerous Illustrations

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME III.

"La vérité, rien que la vérité"

"Magna est veritas et prevalebit"

NEW EDITION



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*z księgozbioru
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CONTENTS TO VOLS. III. AND IV.

CHAPTER I.

ITALY AND SPAIN.

Tour of the Emperor and Empress through Italy—Reception in Venice—Interview with Lucien—The Milan Decree—Magnificent Plans—Testimony of Burke—Affairs of Portugal—Flight of the Court—The Spanish Bourbons—Arrest of Ferdinand—Appeal of Charles and Ferdinand to Napoleon—Conversation with Savary—Letter to the King of Holland—Letter to Murat—Reply to Ferdinand—Interview with the Spanish Bourbons—Proclamation to the Spaniards—Entrance of Joseph Bonaparte into Spain—Important Queries—Remarks to O'Meara Page 13

CHAPTER II.

ACCUMULATING PERILS.

Thiers's Testimony to the universal Popularity of the Emperor—His unsullied Morality—His Vigilance at the Canal of Languedoc—Renewed Threatenings of Austria—Interview with Metternich—Influence of the Monks in Spain—Insurrection in Spain and Portugal—Trying Position of Joseph Bonaparte—The Bulls and Bears 38

CHAPTER III.

THE EMPERORS AT ERFURTH.

Meeting of the Emperors at Erfurth—Homage of Napoleon to Men of Science and Genius—Character of Alexander—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—The Divorce alluded to—Minute and accurate information of Napoleon—His prodigious Application—His Affection for Alexander—Letter to the King of England—Chilling Repulse of England—Napoleon's Remarks to O'Meara—Napier's Admission 51

CHAPTER IV.

A MARCH INTO SPAIN.

England renews Assistance to Spain—Address of Napoleon to the French Legislature—Proclamation to the Army—Untiring Efforts of the Emperor—The French at Vittoria, Burgos, Espinosa—Storming the Pass of Somosierra—Napoleon's Clemency to the People of Madrid—Interview with General Morla—Surrender of the City—Testimony of Lamartine—Wild Passes of the Guadarrama—Conduct of the English Soldier—Reception of Dispatches at Astorga 64

CHAPTER V.

A NEW COALITION.

Retreat of Sir John Moore—Dreadful Condition of Spain—Siege of Saragossa—Perilous Position of the Emperor—Austrian Alliance with England—Views of Alexander—Vigorous Preparations of the French—The Emperor and Empress leave Paris 83

CHAPTER VI.

ECKMUHL.

Napoleon and Washington compared—The Archduke crosses the Inn—Error of Berthier—Sprited Dispatches—The Emperor's Bivouac—Battle of Eckmuhl—General Cervoni—Retreat of the Austrians—Napoleon Wounded—Extraordinary Achievements 96

CHAPTER VII.

DESCENDING THE DANUBE.

The Traveling-carriage of Napoleon—Address to the Army at Ratisbon—The Syrian Soldier—Napoleon repairs Ratisbon—Bridge of Ebersberg—Dierstein—Vienna summoned to Surrender—Maria Louisa—Andreossi Governor of Vienna—Conversation with Savary—Letter to Eugene—The disgraced Surgeon 107

CHAPTER VIII.

ISLAND OF LOBAU.

Preparations of the Emperor—Essling and Aspern—Rising of the Danube—Loss of the Bridge—Death of Lannes—The French retire to Lobau—Lofty Character of Napoleon—Council of War—New Bridge, and the Manner of its Construction—Narrow Escape of the Emperor and Oudinot Page 123

CHAPTER IX.

WAGRAM.

The Archduke unconscious of Danger—Macdonald's Charge—Bessières Wounded—The Battle-field of Wagram—Testimony of Savary—Descent of the English on the Belgian Coast—The Emperor Francis seeks Peace—Interview between Napoleon and M Bubna—Fourth Treaty with Austria—The young Assassin—Coolness of Alexander—Defeat of the French at Talavera—Proclamation to Hungary—War in Spain—Want of Discipline of the English Soldiers in Spain—Letter to the Pope—Hostility of the Papal Court—Rome annexed to France—Expenditures in Italy. 136

CHAPTER X.

THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

Duty of the Historian—Deeds and Sayings—Announcement to Josephine—Interview between the Emperor and Eugene—Consummation of the Divorce—Departure of the Empress—Letters of the Emperor—Interview at Malmaison of Napoleon and Josephine—Remarks of Napoleon at St. Helena 158

CHAPTER XI.

MARIA LOUISA.

Assembling of the Privy Council—Noble Reply to the Wishes of Alexander—Napoleon's Overtures at the Austrian Court accepted—The Marriage solemnized at Vienna—Celebration of the civil Marriage in Paris—Letters from Josephine—Unavailing Efforts for Peace with England—Correspondence of the Emperor and the King of Holland—Von der Sulhn—Baron Kolli—Birth of the King of Rome—Letter of Josephine—Note of the Emperor—Letter of Josephine after seeing the Child—Testimony of Baron Meneval—Anecdote—Justice of the Emperor 170

CHAPTER XII.

THE RUSSIAN WAR.

Testimony of Napier to the Character of Napoleon—Remarks of Hazlitt—Admissions of Castle-reagh, Scott, and Lockhart—Nature of the Strife—Napoleon's Application to his Allies—Hostile Movements of Alexander—Rendezvous at Dresden—Confidence of the Emperor—Testimony of Savary—Reluctance of Napoleon's Generals—Mission of the Abbé de Pradt—Striking Remarks to the Duke of Gaëta—Magnificent Designs of the Emperor 192

CHAPTER XIII.

MOSCOW.

Hostility of England to Napoleon—Of the Bourbonnists in France—Impartiality of the American People—Departure from Dantzic—Movement of the Grand Army—Crossing the Niemen—Wilna—Witepsk—Smolensk—Borodino—Moscow—The Conflagration—Anxiety of Napoleon—Efforts for Peace—Financial Skill 216

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RETREAT.

The Approach of Winter—The Snow—Preparations for retiring to Poland—Duty of the Rear Guard—Eugene's Conflict with the Russians—The Pass at Kalouga—The Retreat commenced—Dreadful Anxiety of the Emperor—Alarm of the Russians—Aspect of Borodino—Viasma—Marshal Ney in command of the Rear Guard—The Midnight Storm—Arrival at Smolensk—Alarming News from France—Adventures of Eugene—Krasnoe—Adventures of Ney—Passage of the Beresina—Smorgoni—Interview with the Abbé de Pradt—Return to Paris—Heroism of Ney 240

CONTENTS.



CHAPTER XV.

LUTZEN AND BAUTZEN.

Report of the Minister of the Interior—Testimony of Enemies—Noble Devotion of Napoleon's Allies—New Coalition—Confession of Metternich—Death of Bessières—Battle of Lutzen—Entering Dresden—Battle of Bautzen—Death of Duroc—Armistice—Renewal of Hostilities—Caulaincourt's Interview with the Emperor—Striking Remarks of Napoleon..... Page 268

CHAPTER XVI.

RETROSPECT.

Testimony of Alison—Napoleon not responsible for the Wars which succeeded the French Revolution—Napoleon not a Usurper—State of the French Republic—The Consular Throne—The Imperial Throne—Political Views of Sir Walter Scott—Napoleon not a Tyrant—Proof of the Love of the People—Admissions of Sir Walter Scott—Testimony of the Abbé de Pradt—Honesty of the Elections—State of Europe now..... 295

CHAPTER XVII.

TRIUMPHS AT DRESDEN.

Exultation of the Allies—March to the Elbe—The Attack of the Allies upon Dresden—Sanguinary Battle—Scene at a Battery—Gloomy Night—The Fall of Moreau—Testimony of Caulaincourt—The Soldier rewarded—Sudden Sickness of Napoleon—Unexpected Disasters—Energy of the Emperor..... 306

CHAPTER XVIII.

DISASTER AT LEIPSIC.

Renewed Discomfiture of the Allies—Extraordinary Plan of the Emperor—Defection of his Generals—Anguish of Napoleon—The Retreat to Leipsic—Battle of Leipsic—Proposals for an Armistice—Sickness of the Emperor—Second Day of Battle—Desertion of the Saxon Troops—Failure of Ammunition—The Retreat—Last Interview with the King of Saxony—Extraordinary Magnanimity of the Emperor—Battle of Hanau—Surrender of Fortresses—False Faith of the Allies—Napoleon's Return to Paris 321

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRUGGLE RENEWED.

French Equality—Remarks of the Emperor—Advance of the Allies—Conspiracies in France—The Emperor's Address to the Senate—Object of the Allies—Testimony of Napier; of Caulaincourt—Patriotism of Carnot—Offer of Gustavus—Remarks of the Emperor—Character of Joseph—Strength of the Allies 345

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

The Empress invested with the Regency—The Emperor's Departure from Paris—Battle of Brienne—Directions to Caulaincourt—Unrelenting Hostility of the Allies—Their atrocious Demands—Unparalleled Efforts of the Emperor—Battle of Montereau—Interview with Josephine—Bold Resolve of the Emperor—Plan of the Allies—The Attack on Paris—Capitulation—Napoleon at Fontainebleau..... 356

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ABDICATION.

The Mission of Caulaincourt—The Allies enter Paris—Adventures of Caulaincourt—Interview with Alexander—Caulaincourt returns to Napoleon—Abdication in favor of the King of Rome—Defection of Marmont—Mission of Macdonald, Ney, and Caulaincourt to Paris—The Allies demand Unconditional Abdication—The Abbé de Pradt—Speech of Pozzo di Borgo; of Talleyrand—Interview between Caulaincourt and Napoleon—The Unconditional Abdication—Libel of Chateaubriand—Comments of Dr. Channing 378

CHAPTER XXII.

DEPARTURE FOR ELBA.

Deliberations of the Allies—Generosity of Alexander—Napoleon recalls his Abdication—The Treaty—Unworthy Conduct of the English Government—Interview between Caulaincourt and the Emperor—Illness of Napoleon—Testimony of Antommarchi—Parting with Macdonald—Napoleon's Impatience to leave Fontainebleau—Departure of Berthier—The Cuirassier of the Guard—Situation of Maria Louisa—Conversation with Beausset—Grief of the Emperor—Napoleon takes leave of Caulaincourt—Noble Address to his Officers—Affecting Adieu to the Old Guard—Departure for Elba. Page 403

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EMPEROR AT ELBA.

Equanimity of the Emperor—Affection of Josephine—Her Death—Napoleon's Arrival at Elba—His Devotion to the Interests of the Island—Rural Enjoyments—Measures of the Bourbons in France—Comical Appearance of Louis XVIII.—Plans for the Abdication of the Emperor—The Income of the Emperor withheld—Conversation with Lord Ebrington—Distracted State of France—Conversation with M. Chabouillon—Napoleon decides to leave Elba—Testimony of the Duke of Rovigo. 420

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RETURN FROM ELBA.

Preparations for Departure—The Embarkation—The Announcement—Dictating Proclamations—Passing the Enemy—First Meeting with the Troops—Entering Grenoble—Alarm of the Bourbons—Magnanimity of the Emperor 438

CHAPTER XXV.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH TO PARIS.

Honorable Conduct of Macdonald—Reception at Lyons—Interview with Baron Fleury—Marshal Ney—Approaching Auxerre—Attempt to Assassinate the Emperor—Anxiety of the Emperor that no Blood should be shed—Arrival at Fontainebleau—Extraordinary Scene at Melun—Entering the Tuileries—Enthusiasm of France—The Duchess of Angoulême—Death of Murat 452

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNRELENTING HOSTILITY OF THE ALLIES.

The Cabinet of Louis—Organization of the Government—Benjamin Constant—Address of the Council of State—The School at Ecoeu—Quarrel among the Allies—Their Consternation—Talleyrand—Eloquent Speech of Talleyrand—Decision of the Allies—Infamous Outlawry of the Emperor—Duplicity of Wellington and Castlereagh—Opposition in the British House of Commons—Sympathy of the British People with Napoleon—Napoleon's Letter to the Allied Sovereigns—His Appeal to Europe 471

CHAPTER XXVII.

WATERLOO.

Preparations for War—The Emperor's Departure from the Tuileries—Position of Wellington and Blucher—Plan of the Emperor—Desertion of Bourmont—Charleroi—Disaster of Quatre-Bras—Wellington at Brussels—Waterloo—Night Reconnoissance—The Storm—The Battle—Hopeless Condition of Wellington—The Arrival of Blucher—The French Overwhelmed—Return of Napoleon to Paris. 492

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SECOND ABDICATION.

Anguish of the Emperor—Peril of France—Council Convened—Stormy Session of the Chambers—Treachery of Fouché—Tumult at the Elysée—The Abdication—Napoleon retires to Malmaison—Enthusiasm of the Army—Magnanimous Offer of the Emperor—His Embarrassments—Brutality of Blucher. 510

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE EMPEROR A CAPTIVE.

Departure from Malmaison—Journey to Rochefort—Embarkation—The Blockade—The Emperor seeks Refuge in the Bellerophon—Voyage to England—Enthusiasm of the English people—Implicability of the Government—The British Ministry trampling upon British Law—The Doom of St. Helena—Departure of the Squadron—Perfidy of the Allies—The Death of Ney . . . Page 529

CHAPTER XXX.

ST. HELENA.

Adieu to France—The Voyage—St. Helena—Ride to Longwood—Description of "The Briers"—Mrs. Abell—Emperor's mode of Life—Destitution of the Emperor—Earnest Protest—Petty Annoyances—Interesting Conversations—The Imperial Title refused—Anecdote—The Slave—The Social Character of the Emperor—His Candor—Poor Toby—Striking Remarks 556

CHAPTER XXXI.

FIRST YEAR AT LONGWOOD.

Removal to Longwood—The dilapidated Hut—The Emperor's Household—Annoyances—Libels upon the Emperor—The New Year—Enthusiasm of the English Sailors—Serenity of the Emperor—The Emperor's Comments upon his Career—Arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe—His Atrocities—Increasing Wretchedness of the Emperor 576

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SECOND AND THIRD YEAR OF CAPTIVITY.

New Vexations from Sir Hudson Lowe—Napoleon's Views of Toleration—Remarks on the Rupture of the Treaty of Amiens—upon the Congress at Chatillon—upon Russia—The Removal of Las Casas—Vulgarity of Sir Hudson Lowe—Libels upon the Emperor—Dilapidated Condition of Longwood—Interview with Lord Amherst—Energetic Protest 593

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH YEAR OF CAPTIVITY.

The Medical Attendance of Dr. Stockoe—New Vexations of Sir Hudson Lowe—Religious Conversations of the Emperor—Gardening—The Emperor's Apartments—Increasing Debility—Napoleon's Love for Children—The Fish Basin—Amusing Incident—The Emmets—The Emperor's Filial Affection—Traits of Domestic Character 609

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

Remarks of the Emperor upon his Career—The Death of the Fishes—Tidings of the Death of the Princess Eliza—Remarks upon Spain and Italy—Cruelty of Sir Hudson Lowe—Anecdotes—The Emperor's Letter to his Son—Receives the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—His Will—The Dying Scene—Death and Burial 628

CHAPTER XXXV.

FRANCE DEMANDS THE REMAINS OF THE EMPEROR.

Rejection of the Bourbons—Petitions from the People—The Emperor's Statue—France applies to the British Government—The Response—Frigates dispatched for the Remains—The Exhumation—The Return Voyage—Triumphal Ascent of the Seine—The Reception in Paris—Entombed at the Invalides 651

ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOLS. III. AND IV.

	Page		Page
1. The Reception at Venice	15	53. Interview with Maria Louisa	342
2. Return from Italy	19	54. The Empress invested with the Regency	357
3. Flight of the Portuguese Court	21	55. The Attack upon Napoleon	359
4. Interview with the Spanish Princes	31	56. The Russians Surprised	363
5. Departure of Joseph into Spain	34	57. The Bursting of the Bomb	371
6. Napoleon and Metternich	43	58. The Cossacks Repulsed	372
7. The Monks arousing the Peasants	45	59. Tidings of the Capitulation	375
8. Meeting of the Emperors	52	60. Napoleon at Fontainebleau	377
9. Soirée at Erfurth	54	61. Caulaincourt and the Grand Duke Con- stantine	381
10. The Present of the Sword	60	62. Caulaincourt in the Cabinet of Napoleon	384
11. Last Interview between the Emperors	61	63. Caulaincourt returning to Fontaine- bleau	386
12. Napoleon at the Inn at Vittoria	67	64. The last Review at Fontainebleau	389
13. Storming the Pass of Somosierra	70	65. Marmont arresting the Return of the Troops	392
14. Napoleon and the Daughter of St. Simon	77	66. Caulaincourt and the Abbé de Pradt	394
15. The Passage of the Guadarrama	79	67. The Abdication	399
16. Reception of Dispatches	81	68. Fac simile of the Abdication	400
17. Posting for Paris	88	69. The Convention	404
18. The Emperor's Bivouac	100	70. Marshal Macdonald	409
19. Cavalry Charge at Eckmuhl	102	71. Napoleon in the Garden of Fontaine- bleau	412
20. Napoleon Wounded at Ratisbon	105	72. Adieu to the Guard	419
21. The Ruins of Dierstein	113	73. Josephine	422
22. Bombardment of Vienna	115	74. Arrival at Elba	423
23. The Surgeon Disgraced	121	75. Napoleon at the Farm-house	426
24. The Church Tower at Essling	126	76. Residence at Elba	430
25. Napoleon and Lannes	129	77. The Announcement	440
26. Massena holding the Position	130	78. Copying the Proclamation	443
27. The Council of War	132	79. Passing the Enemy	444
28. Napoleon at Wagram	140	80. Napoleon at Grenoble	448
29. Napoleon and the dying Officer	142	81. Marshal Lefebvre	451
30. The Young Assassin	148	82. Approaching Auxerre	458
31. The Announcement	161	83. Meeting of Napoleon and Ney	459
32. Sundering the Tie	164	84. Napoleon at Fontainebleau	461
33. Departure of Josephine	167	85. Napoleon at Melun	462
34. Fac simile of a Letter	168	86. Entering the Tuileries	463
35. Entrance into Paris	174	87. The Death of Murat	470
36. The Emperor and Young Napoleon	181	88. Murat	471
37. Napoleon and his Child	188	89. Napoleon in the Cabinet of Louis XVIII.	472
38. March of Conscripts	274	90. Napoleon at the School of Ecouen	477
39. After the Battle	279	91. The Announcement to Talleyrand	478
40. Approach to Dresden	280	92. Talleyrand	480
41. Asleep on the Field of Battle	284	93. The Field of Mars	488
42. Death of Duroc	286	94. Eugene Beauharnais	493
43. Napoleon and Metternich in Council	290	95. Napoleon leaving the Tuileries	494
44. The Reconnoissance	309	96. Napoleon Addressing his Troops	495
45. The Battery	312	97. Marshal Soult	496
46. Visit to the Outposts	313	98. Reconnoitering the Field	500
47. The Fall of Moreau	315	99. Napoleon at Waterloo	506
48. The Soldier Rewarded	318	100. Retreat from Waterloo	508
49. The Council of War	331		
50. Destruction of the Bridge	335		
51. Death of Poniatowski	336		
52. The Bomb-shell	341		

ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS.

	Page		Page
101. The Return to Paris.....	509	119. The Briers	562
102. The Emperor and Lucien in the Garden of the Elysée.....	515	120. Napoleon's Room at the Briers.....	564
103. The Emperor and the Page	518	121. "Respect the Burden, Madam".....	571
104. Napoleon receiving the Thanks of the Chambers.....	520	122. The two Captives	575
105. Napoleon leaving the Elysée.....	522	123. The House at Longwood	576
106. The Emperor in the Library at Malmaison	530	124. Plan of Longwood.....	577
107. The Departure from Malmaison	533	125. Napoleon receiving the Portrait of his Son	619
108. Embarking in the Boats.....	536	126. Napoleon's Apartment at Longwood..	620
109. Napoleon confiding in the Hospitality of England	540	127. The Emperor a Gardener.....	623
110. Napoleon at Plymouth	543	128. The Fish Basin	627
111. Admiral Keith eluding the Execution of the Laws.....	547	129. The new House.....	635
112. Passing to the Northumberland.....	550	130. The Emperor dictating his last Letter.	645
113. Sailing of the Convoy.....	552	131. The Emperor receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.....	647
114. Execution of Marshal Ney.....	554	132. The Dying Scene	648
115. Marshal Ney	555	133. Napoleon's Grave	650
116. The Emperor's Adieu to France	557	134. The Invalides.....	654
117. The Emperor's Gun	559	135. The Barge on the Seine.....	660
118. St. Helena	560	136. The Funeral Car	662
		137. Interior of the Invalides	664
		139. The Sanctuary.....	665
		138. The Sarcophagus.....	666

M A P S.

1. Spain and Portugal.....	68	10. Dresden and Vicinity	282
2. Eckmuhl, Aspern, and Wagram	98	11. Dresden and Vicinity	307
3. Vienna, Island of Lobau and Vicinity	124	12. Dresden and Leipsic	325
4. Mouth of the Scheldt	144	13. Environs of Paris.....	358
5. Vicinity of Dresden	203	14. Elba	424
6. Country between Paris and Moscow..	217	15. Route from Elba to Paris.....	439
7. Map of Krasnoe.....	250	16. Map of Waterloo.....	497
8. The Retreat from Moscow	256	17. France under the Empire.....	553
9. Campaign in Saxony	276	18. St. Helena	570

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

VOLUME III.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

ITALY AND SPAIN.

Tour of the Emperor and Empress through Italy—Reception in Venice—Interview with Lucien—The Milan Decree—Magnificent Plans—Testimony of Burke—Affairs of Portugal—Flight of the Court—The Spanish Bourbons—Arrest of Ferdinand—Appeal of Charles and Ferdinand to Napoleon—Conversation with Savary—Letter to the King of Holland—Letter to Murat—Reply to Ferdinand—Interview with the Spanish Bourbons—Proclamation to the Spaniards—Entrance of Joseph Bonaparte into Spain—Important Queries—Remarks to O'Meara.

ABOUT this time Napoleon left Paris for a tour through Italy. He passed from city to city with his accustomed celerity, allowing himself no time for repose. With a glance of the eye he decided, and decided wisely, upon the most important public works. He left Paris the 16th of November, 1807. Josephine accompanied him. At midnight of the 15th, at the close of a brilliant assembly in the Tuileries, Napoleon said, in retiring, to an attendant, "Carriages at six, for Italy." This was the only announcement of his journey. Even Josephine had received no previous notice. On the morning of the 21st, his chariot wheels were rattling over the pavements of Milan. Eugene was taken by surprise. Immediately on the morning of his arrival, Napoleon visited the Cathedral of Milan, where a *Te Deum* was chanted. His pensive and impassioned spirit ever enjoyed the tolling of bells, the peal of the organ, the swell of the anthem, the dim religious light struggling through aisles and groined arches, and amid the pillars and gorgeous adornings of the most imposing temples of worship. His serious and earnest nature was never attuned to mirthfulness. In no scene of midnight wassail or bacchanalian revelry was he ever found. Napoleon seldom smiled. A gentle melancholy overshadowed him. Intense earnestness pervaded his being. In the afternoon he visited the vice-queen, the young and noble bride of Eugene. In the evening he went to the theatre to show himself to the Italians. For comedy he had no relish. The soul-stirring incidents of the most exalted tragedy he richly enjoyed. The Legislative Assembly was immediately called together. Napoleon thus addressed them :

"Gentlemen! It is with pleasure that I see you around my throne. After an absence of three years, I am much gratified to observe the progress which has been made by my people. But there are still many things to be done ere the errors of our fathers can be effaced, and Italy rendered worthy of the high destiny reserved for her. The intestine divisions of our ancestors, occasioned by their miserable egotism and love of individual localities, led to the gradual loss of all their rights. The country was disinherited of its rank and

dignity, bequeathed by those who, in remote ages, had spread afar the renown of their arms and the fame of their manly virtues. To restore that renown and those virtues will be the object and the glory of my reign." The Italians had not listened to such noble words for ages.

The three next days were devoted to business. Innumerable orders were dispatched. In crossing Mont Cenis by the new road which he had constructed, he was impressed with the deficiency of accommodation for travelers on those bleak and snow-drifted heights. He gave orders for the creation of three hamlets. One upon the summit of the mountain, and one at the commencement of the ascent on each side. On the summit he ordered the erection of a church, an inn, a hospital, and a barrack. He granted exemption from taxes for all the peasants who would settle in these hamlets. A population was commenced by establishing bands of soldiers at each of these points, charged to keep the road over the difficult mountain pass in repair, and to assemble, in case of accident, wherever their assistance might be needed. Having in a few days accomplished works which would have occupied most minds for months, on the 10th of December he set off for Venice, taking the road by Brescia, Verona, and Padua. He was greeted, wherever he appeared, by the most enthusiastic acclamations of the people.

On the road he met the King and Queen of Bavaria, whose daughter Eugene had married, his sister Eliza, and his brother Joseph, whom he most fondly loved. The three royal bands united. In one meteor of splendor they swept gorgeously along over the hills and through the valleys of rejoicing and regenerated Italy. Arriving at Venice, the authorities and a vast population awaited him in gondolas decorated with silken hangings and with streaming banners. He was floated along the crystal streets of the proud queen of the Adriatic enveloped in the most exultant strains of music and in shouts of welcome. The barges were indeed freighted with a magnificent company. The Emperor was attended by the Viceroy of Italy and his noble bride, by the King and Queen of Bavaria, the King of Naples, Eliza, the Princess of Lucca, Murat, the Grand Duke of Berg, and by Berthier, the Grand Duke of Neufchatel. Venice, exulting in her escape from tyrannical laws, earnestly hoped that Napoleon would annex her to the highly-favored Kingdom of Italy.

In the midst of these scenes of festivity, Napoleon's energies were all engrossed in devising works of great public utility. He visited the dock-yards, the canals, the arsenal, accompanied by efficient engineers. An enterprise was immediately commenced for rendering the waters of Venice navigable for ships of any burden. He organized an administration for keeping the canals in good condition, and for deepening the lagoons. He decreed a basin for seventy-four gun ships, a grand canal, hydraulic works of immense importance. He instituted a free port into which commerce might bring merchandise before the payment of duties. The public health was provided for by transferring burials from churches to an island cemetery. The pleasures of the people were not forgotten. The beautiful place of St. Mark, rich in historical associations, and the pride of Venice, was repaired, embellished, and brilliantly lighted. Hospitals were established.

Such were the benefits which Napoleon conferred upon Venice. In that



THE RECEPTION AT VENICE.

flying visit of a few days he accomplished more for the welfare of the state than Austria had attempted during ages of misrule. It was for the glory which such achievements would secure that his soul hungered. He received, in return, the heartfelt acclamations of a grateful people. But Venice and other large portions of Italy had been wrested from the domination of Austria. The cabinet of Vienna was watching, with an eagle eye, to fall upon this sovereign of the people, and to regain her lost possessions.

Leaving Venice, he inspected the principal fortifications of the kingdom of Italy. At Mantua he had appointed a meeting with his brother Lucien. For some time they had been partially estranged. Napoleon earnestly desired a reconciliation. Lucien had secretly married, for a second wife, the widow of a Parisian banker. He was a high-spirited man, of commanding talents and decided character, and was not at all disposed to place himself under the guidance of his brother's mind. Napoleon, conscious of his own power, and seldom distrusting the wisdom of his own decisions, wished for agents who would execute his plans. The private interview was protracted till long after midnight. Lucien left in tears. The brothers could not agree in their views, though they entertained a cordial esteem for each other. But little can be known respecting this interview, except what is related by Baron Meneval, Napoleon's secretary. He says:

"After having received the orders of the Emperor, I went, about nine o'clock in the evening, to seek Lucien Bonaparte at the inn where he had alighted. I conducted him to the cabinet of the Emperor. The interview was protracted till long after midnight. Lucien, upon leaving, was extremely agitated. His eyes were flooded with tears. I reconducted him to the inn. There I learned that the Emperor had made the most pressing solicitations to induce Lucien to return to France and to accept a throne, but that the conditions imposed wounded his domestic affections and his political independence. He charged me to make his adieu to the Emperor, 'perhaps,' he added, 'forever.' The Emperor, finding his brother inflexible, gave him time to consider his propositions. He charged his brothers and his ministers. Talleyrand and Fouché, to urge his acceptance. They could accomplish nothing. Napoleon regretted to be deprived of the co-operation of a man whose noble character and exalted talents he highly esteemed. The eagerness with which Lucien hastened to place himself by his brother's side in the hour of adversity is his best eulogy."

It is a noble testimonial of the private virtues of both of these men, that when Napoleon was imprisoned upon the rock of St. Helena, Lucien applied to the British government for permission to share his captivity. He offered to go, with or without his wife and children, for two years. He engaged not to occasion any augmentation of expense, and promised to submit to every restriction imposed upon his brother, or that might be imposed upon himself, either before his departure or after his return.

Napoleon immediately left Mantua for Milan. Upon his arrival at the capital of the kingdom of Italy, he found innumerable letters awaiting him from all parts of Europe. England began now to suffer very severely from the operation of the Berlin decrees. She could not sell her goods. Her capitalists were failing. Her manufactories were crumbling to ruin. Her workmen were starving. The Continent, on the contrary, was by no means proportionately afflicted. Napoleon had opened new channels of traffic. The arts and manufactures were generally in a state of prosperity.

Under the influence of this exasperation, England issued some new orders in council. They were more rigorous and severe than the first. By these decrees England reaffirmed the blockade of France, and of all the Continental states in alliance with France. She also declared all vessels, of whatever

nation, lawful prize, which were bound to France or to any of her allies, unless such vessels had cleared from, or touched at, some English port. These neutral ships were ordered to pay in England a duty of twenty-five per cent. for all goods which they conveyed from their own country, or from any other nation except Great Britain, to France or to any of her allies. Thus England endeavored to remunerate herself by a tax upon the commerce of the world for Napoleon's refusal to purchase her goods.

Napoleon, upon receiving at Milan these orders of the British cabinet, immediately issued, in retaliation, his famous Milan decree. In his Berlin decrees he excluded from the ports of France and of her allies every English vessel, or every vessel which had touched at an English port, and which might thus be supposed to have on board English goods. He refused to have any commercial intercourse whatever with his belligerent neighbor until England should manifest a more pacific spirit. As England confiscated all French property which could be found upon the ocean, Napoleon confiscated all English property he could find upon the land.

But in the Milan decrees, imitating the violence of England, and as regardless of the rights of neutrals as was his powerful foe, he declared every vessel *denationalized*, and therefore lawful prize, which should recognize the authority of these British orders by paying the duty demanded. "These rigorous measures," said he, "shall cease in regard to any nations which shall have caused the English government to respect the rights of their flags. They shall continue with regard to all others, and never to be released till Great Britain shows a disposition to return to the laws of nations, as well as to those of justice and honor." Thus England declared all ships, of whatever nation, lawful prize, which should fail to touch at her ports and pay duty. Napoleon declared all lawful prize which should consent to touch at English ports and pay duty. Beneath the gigantic tread of these hostile powers, weaker nations were trampled in the dust.

Napoleon, in his Milan decree, remarked, "All the sovereigns in Europe have in trust the sovereignty and independence of their flags. If, by an unpardonable weakness, such a tyranny is allowed to be established into a principle, and consecrated by usage, the English will avail themselves of it in order to assert the same as a right, as they have availed themselves of the tolerance of governments to establish the infamous principle that the flag of a nation does not cover goods, and to give to their right of blockade an arbitrary extension which infringes on the sovereignty of every state." He, however, immediately communicated to the American government that his decrees were not intended to apply to the United States. "The United States of America," he afterward said to the Legislative Body, "have rather chosen to abandon commerce and the sea than acknowledge their slavery to England."

Napoleon also learned at Milan that England had ordered the troops returning triumphantly from Copenhagen to proceed to Portugal. In the harbors of that feeble power, which was, in reality, but a colony of Great Britain, and at the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar, which she had wrested from Spain, England was assembling the most formidable forces. Napoleon immediately informed Spain, his unreliable ally, of her danger, and sent troops

to her assistance. As Napoleon left Milan, the grateful Italians voted the erection of a monument to perpetuate the memory of the benefits which their illustrious benefactor had conferred upon them.

Napoleon then hastened to Piedmont, and examined the magnificent fortress which he was rearing at Alexandria. Thence he went to Turin, rousing wherever he appeared the energies of the people, and scattering benefits with a liberal hand. He ordered the channel of the Po to be deepened, that it might be navigable to Alexandria. He marked out the route, with his own consummate engineering skill, for a canal to unite the waters of the Po and of the Mediterranean. He opened a high road over Mount Genevre, thus constructing a new route between France and Piedmont. Seven bridges, at his imperial command, with graceful arches, sprang over as many streams. For all these useful expenses his foresight provided the financial means. It is not strange that voluptuous kings, dallying with beauty, and luxuriating in all sensual indulgence, should have dreaded the influence of this energetic monarch, who, entirely regardless of all personal ease and comfort, was consecrating his whole being to the elevation of the masses of mankind. It is but just to Napoleon to contrast the benefits which he conferred upon Italy, and upon every country where he gained an influence, with the course which England pursued in the vast territories which she had conquered in India.

"England," says Burke, "has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed during the inglorious period of our dominion by any thing better than the ourang-outang or the tiger."

Napoleon left Turin cheered by the acclamations which he so richly merited. Josephine, in whose bosom bliss and agony were struggling for the supremacy, sat at his side. She loved her magnificent husband with a fervor which has, perhaps, never been surpassed. His smile, his gentle caress, his most extraordinary and unremitting attentions, his burning words of love, attested the sincerity with which he reciprocated the affection and the homage of his wife. She well knew that this strange, fascinating man, intensely as he loved her, would tear from his heart every quivering fibre of affection, if he deemed it essential for the accomplishment of his plans.

On the evening of the 1st of January, 1808, he returned to Paris. The court and the city authorities immediately thronged the Tuileries with the offerings of their heartfelt homage. The rejoicing Parisians filled the garden; bells rang; illuminations blazed. The acclamations of hundreds of thousands, filling the air with the sublime roar of human voices, proclaimed to Napoleon, in terms not to be misunderstood, that he was enthroned in the hearts of his people.

Napoleon immediately turned his whole attention to the affairs of Portugal and of Spain. A more perplexing question was never presented to the human mind.

The kingdom of Portugal consists of a narrow strip of land spread along the western shores of the Spanish peninsula. In extent of territory it is about equal to the State of Maine. An ignorant and inefficient population



RETURN FROM ITALY.

of about three millions, debased by ages of oppression, loitered over its fields Portugal was so entirely under the influence of the British cabinet, that it was virtually a colony of Great Britain. English ships filled her harbors. The warehouses of English merchants crowded the streets of her cities.

Napoleon transmitted a note to the Portuguese government, requiring Portugal openly to espouse the one side or the other in the great conflict. If Portugal was willing to cast in her lot with the Continental alliance, she was required, like the other powers, to close her ports against England, and to confiscate all the English goods in her territory. A diplomatic correspondence immediately ensued. All the communications of Napoleon were sent by the Portuguese government to the British ministers. Mr Canning admitted in Parliament that the cabinet of St. James dictated the replies. The evasive answers which were returned Napoleon perfectly understood. He immediately sent an army, in conjunction with Spain, to rescue Portugal from the dominion of the English. Resistance was in vain. None was attempted; not a gun was fired; not a drop of blood was shed. A small army under General Junot crossed the Pyrenees, and advanced with rapid steps toward Lisbon. The people, sunk in the lethargy of debasement, gazed upon the march of these French columns with unconcern. They were too much oppressed to love their wretched rulers. They were too deeply debased to cherish any noble aspirations for liberty.

The council at Lisbon was divided. Some were in favor of adhering to the English alliance, and, with the aid of the English army and navy, to oppose Napoleon. Others were for joining the Continental alliance, and for

abandoning England altogether. Others recommended that the whole court, with all the treasure which could be suddenly accumulated, should forsake Portugal, and retire across the Atlantic to their far more extensive possessions in Brazil. This majestic Portuguese province in South America, with an Atlantic coast four thousand miles in length, was fifty times as large as the little kingdom of Portugal.

The latter plan was suddenly adopted, when it was announced to the imbecile court that Junot was within two days' march of Lisbon.*

The Queen of Portugal was insane. The Prince Regent governed in her stead. A fleet of thirty-six ships of war and merchantmen were in the harbor of Lisbon ready to receive the regal retinue. It was the 27th of November, 1807. A cold storm of wind and rain swept the streets, but not an hour was to be lost. The queen-mother, her eyes rolling in the wild phrensy of the maniac, the princes, the princesses, nearly all the members of the court, and most of the noble families, crowded through the flooded streets on board the squadron. Innumerable carts thronged the great thoroughfares, laden with plate, and the priceless paintings and the sumptuous furniture of the regal palaces.

All the money which could by any possibility be accumulated by the energies of the government and by the efforts of the nobles, was conveyed on board the ships in chests. The quays were covered with treasures of every kind, drenched with rain and spattered with mud. Carriages were rattling to and fro conveying families to the hurried embarkation. Men, women, children, and servants, to the number of eight thousand, rushed in a tumultuous mass on board the squadron. The precipitation was such, that in several of the ships the most necessary articles of food were forgotten. In the confusion of the embarkation, husbands were separated from wives, and parents from children, as the mass was swept along by diverse currents into the different ships. They remained in the most anxious suspense respecting each other's safety until the termination of the voyage. An English fleet was cruising at the mouth of the Tagus to protect the court in its inglorious flight. In a gale of wind the fleet pressed out of the harbor. The British squadron received it with a royal salute. Sir Sydney Smith, who had command of the squadron, dispatched a powerful convoy to accompany the fugitive court to its new home in Rio Janeiro. Scarcely had the receding sails vanished in the distant horizon ere Junot made his appearance. He entered Lisbon with but fifteen hundred grenadiers. A population of three hundred thousand souls raised not a hand in resistance. Thus Portugal strangely passed like a dream of enchantment from the control of England into the hands of Napoleon.

* The course which the British government pursued on this occasion was characteristic of its accustomed arrogance, and proves how entirely Portugal had degenerated into a mere British colony. "Lord Stratford," says Colonel Napier, "whose efforts to make the royal family emigrate had entirely failed, was then on board the squadron with the intention of returning to England. But Sir Sydney Smith, seizing the favorable moment, *threatened to bombard Lisbon if the Prince Regent hesitated any longer*; and, thus urged on both sides, the latter embarked, with his whole court, and sailed for the Brazils on the 29th of November, a few hours before Junot arrived. This celebrated emigration was beneficial to Brazil in the highest degree, and was of vast importance to England in two ways, for it insured great commercial advantages, and it threw Portugal completely into her power in the approaching conflict."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 81.



FLIGHT OF THE PORTUGUESE COURT.

A branch of the family of Bourbon occupied the throne of Spain. King Charles IV. was a gluttonous old man, imbecile in mind, impotent in action, dissolute in life. He was utterly despised. His wife, Louisa Maria, a Neapolitan princess, was as shameless a profligate as could be found in any dwelling of infamy in Spain. Manuel Godoy, a tall, graceful, handsome young soldier, was one of the body-guard of the king. Entirely destitute of moral principle, without any high intellectual endowments, he still possessed many attractions of person and of mind. He sang beautifully. He touched the lute with skill. He had romantic tastes. He loved the moonlight, and wandered beneath the shadows of the dark towers of the Escorial, and sang passionately the plaintive and the burning songs of Spain. The queen, from the sunny clime of Italy, and from the voluptuous court of Naples, was the child of untamed passions. She heard the warbling voice of the young soldier; sent for him to the palace; lavished upon him wealth and honors, and surrendered her husband, the government, and her own person, without reserve, into his hands. The imbecile old king, happy to be relieved from the cares of state, cordially acquiesced in this arrangement. He also, in the inconceivable depths of a degradation which revolted not from dishonor, loved

Godoy, leaned upon his shoulder, and called him his protector and friend. In consequence of the treaty of Basle, which Godoy effected, he received the title of the Prince of Peace.

“Every day,” said Charles IV. to Napoleon, “winter as well as summer I go out to shoot from the morning till noon. I then dine, and return to the chase, which I continue till sunset. Manuel Godoy then gives me a brief account of what is going on, and I go to bed to recommence the same life on the morrow.” Such was the employment of this King of Spain during the years in which Europe was trembling, as by an earthquake, beneath the martial thunders of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Jena and Auerstadt, of Eylau and Friedland.

Charles IV. had three sons, Ferdinand, Carlos, and Francisco. Ferdinand, the heir-apparent to the throne, was at this time twenty-five years of age. He was as imbecile as his father, and as profligate as his mother. “Our son Ferdinand,” said Louisa, “has a mule’s head and a tiger’s heart.” The young prince was anxious to ascend the throne. The great majority of the nation were with him. The people, disgusted with the debauchery of the court, thought that any change must be for the better. The once mighty empire of Charles V. was descending with most rapid strides into the gulf of anarchy, poverty, and ruin. Godoy, the upstart favorite, was detested. Plots and counter-plots filled the realm. Spain was the disgrace of Europe. Neither the king nor the queen had political foresight enough to care for the movements of Napoleon. Godoy hated and feared that mighty mind, that majestic intellect, which was overthrowing feudal thrones, and bringing up into the light of day the energies and the rights of the masses.

Ferdinand was accused by Godoy, and probably justly, of an attempt to poison father, mother, and minister. The heir-apparent was arrested and thrown into prison. The populace, from hatred to Godoy, espoused the cause of the imprisoned prince. Ferdinand aided in arousing them. An enormous mob of countless thousands, with knives and bludgeons, surrounded the palace of Godoy. The king’s troops dared not attack them. The terrified favorite fled to the garret, and rolled himself up in a pile of old mats among the cobwebs behind the chimney. The mob burst in his doors, rushed in an inundation through his magnificent parlors, swarmed up the stairs and through the chambers. Sofas, mirrors, paintings, were hurled from the windows, and dashed in pieces upon the pavements. Two young ladies, the guilty favorites of Godoy, were carefully conducted to a carriage and removed to a place of safety. The tramp of the mob was heard upon the floor of the garret. Godoy trembled in anticipation of a bloody death. The dusty mats concealed him.

Night came and went. Day dawned, and its long, long hours lingered slowly away. Still the wretched man, tortured with hunger and thirst, dared not leave his retreat. Another night darkened over the insurgent city. The clamor of the triumphant mob filled all hearts with dismay. The trembling minister survived its protracted agony. For thirty-six hours he had now remained cramped and motionless in his retreat. In the dawn of the third morning, intolerable thirst drove him from his hiding-place. As he was creeping stealthily down the stairs, a watchful eye detected him and shouted

the alarm. The cry resounded from street to street. In confluent waves the masses rushed toward the palace. The wretched victim—his garments soiled and torn, his hat gone, his hair disheveled, his features haggard with terror and suffering—was thrust into the streets. A few mounted troops of the king, with gleaming sabres, cut their way through the throng. They seized him by his arms, and upon the full gallop dragged him, suspended from their saddles, over the rough pavements. The mob, like ravening wolves, rushed and roared after him. Half dead with fright and bruises, Godoy was thrown for protection into the nearest prison, and the gates were closed against his pursuers.

The exasperated populace, with loud imprecations and vows of vengeance, turned their fury upon the dwellings of the friends of the hated favorite. House after house was sacked. And now the portentous cry was heard, "*To the palace!*" The scenes of the French Revolution were recommenced in Madrid. Charles and Louisa were frantic with terror. Visions of dungeons and guillotines appalled their weak and guilty spirits. The king, to appease the mob, issued a proclamation dismissing Godoy, and abdicating the throne in favor of his "well-beloved son, Ferdinand." It was a perfidious abdication, instigated by force, and which the king had no intention to respect. He accordingly immediately appealed to Napoleon for help. Imploringly he wrote as follows :

"I have resigned in favor of my son. The din of arms and the clamor of my insurgent people left me no alternative but resignation or death. I have been forced to abdicate. I have no longer any hope but in the aid and support of my magnanimous ally, the Emperor Napoleon."

Ferdinand also immediately wrote to secure the support of the great Emperor. He spared no expressions of adulation, and no efforts of sycophancy to secure that end. He wrote :

"The world daily more and more admires the greatness and the goodness of Napoleon. Rest assured the Emperor shall ever find in Ferdinand the most faithful and devoted son. Ferdinand implores, therefore, the paternal protection of the Emperor. He also solicits the honor of an alliance with his family."

It will be remembered that, when Napoleon was upon the cold summit of the Landgrafenberg, the evening before the battle of Jena, he received information that Spain, nominally his ally, was perfidiously entering into an alliance with England, and was rising in arms against him. Napoleon was far away in the heart of Prussia, struggling against the combined hosts of Russia, Prussia, and England. The Bourbons of Spain treacherously seized upon that moment to rouse the Peninsula to fall with daggers upon the back of that friendly monarch who had neither done nor meditated aught to injure them.* Had Napoleon lost the battle of Jena, the fanatic peasantry of Spain,

* "A convention," says Alison, "was secretly concluded at Madrid between the Spanish government and the Russian ambassador, to which the court of Lisbon was also a party, by which it was agreed that, as soon as the favorable opportunity was arrived by the French armies being far advanced on their road to Berlin, the Spanish government should commence hostilities in the Pyrenees, and invite the English to co-operate." It is impossible to rouse in our hearts any very vehement emotions of indignation against Napoleon for adopting effectual measures to secure himself from the repetition of such perfidy.

headed by the troops and the officers of England, would have rolled like an inundation down the passes of the Pyrenees upon the plains of defenseless France, and the terrific struggle would have been at an end. Napoleon in an hour would have been hurled from his throne. The rejected Bourbons would have been forced upon France.

It was midnight, dark and gloomy, when Napoleon, by the fire of his bivouac, read the dispatches announcing this act of perfidy. His majestic spirit was too deep and tranquil in its flow to admit of peevishness or irritability. Calmly he smiled as he folded up his dispatches. "The Bourbons of Spain," said he, "shall be replaced by princes of my own family." The next day, upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, the Prussian monarchy was ground to powder. The Spanish Bourbons, terrified at the unexpected result, hastily sheathed the sword which they had drawn. Upon sycophantic knees they bowed before the conqueror. But Napoleon well knew, and Europe well knew, that the treacherous court was but waiting and watching its opportunity to strike a deadly blow.*

It was under these circumstances that the Spanish Bourbons were compelled, by the pressure of their family corruptions, to appeal to Napoleon for protection. Napoleon was exceedingly embarrassed. In no other period of his life did any vacillation ever seem to mark his course. Here he appeared to take one step after another with no settled plan. There were but two things which he could do, each of which seemed to be equally portentous of danger. He could, by his almost miraculous powers, overthrow the Bourbons, and place some one upon the throne of Spain who would regenerate that noble country, by throwing into it the energies and the sympathies of popularized France. Thus he would secure a cordial alliance, and be protected in his rear, should the great northern powers, who were still in heart hostile, again combine against him. But there was an aspect of unfairness in this transaction against which his spirit revolted. It would arouse anew the angry clamor of Europe. The feudal monarchs would justly regard it as a new triumph of popular right against the claims of legitimacy—as a terrific exhibition of the encroachments of revolutionized France. It would thus add new venom to the bitterness with which the republican empire was regarded by all the feudal monarchies.

On the other hand, Napoleon could sustain Ferdinand upon the throne,

* "There are many reasons why Napoleon should have meddled with the interior affairs of Spain; there seems to be no good one for his manner of doing it. The Spanish Bourbons could never have been sincere friends to France while Bonaparte held the sceptre; and the moment that the fear of his power ceased to operate, it was quite certain that their apparent friendship would change to active hostility. The proclamation issued by the Spanish cabinet just before the battle of Jena was evidence of this fact. But if the Bourbons were Napoleon's enemies, it did not follow that the people sympathized with their rulers; his great error was that he looked only to the court, and treated the nation with contempt. *Had he, before he openly meddled with their affairs, brought the people into hostile contact with their government—and how many points would not such a government have offered—instead of appearing as the treacherous arbitrator in a domestic quarrel, he would have been hailed as the deliverer of a great people.*"—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 24.

Probably most readers will judge that Napoleon pursued a more magnanimous course than is here recommended. Napoleon had no wish to injure the people of Spain. His only object was to protect himself from the perfidy of the perfidious government. But for England he would have accomplished his ends. Spain would have been regenerated without bloodshed, and the Bourbons would have passed away.

for Godoy and Charles were not to be thought of. He could endeavor to give Ferdinand a wife of exalted character, imbued with Napoleonic principles, who would control his weak mind, and lead perfidy in the path of fidelity and truth.

After long and anxious reflection, now inclining one way and now the other, he at last decided upon the latter plan. In his reply to Ferdinand, he wrote that it would be necessary to investigate the charges brought against the Spanish prince, for he could not think of forming an alliance with a *dishonored son*. He immediately began to look around for a wife for Ferdinand. But young ladies of commanding intellect, of exalted character, and who can appreciate the grandeur of a noble action, are rare. The saloons of the Tuileries and of St. Cloud were full of pretty girls, but Napoleon searched in vain for the one he wanted.

His brother Lucien, residing in Italy, a repining yet voluntary exile, had a daughter by a first marriage—a brilliant girl, who had been living in comparative neglect with her father. Napoleon fixed upon her, and called her to Paris. He, however, deemed it necessary, before making her Queen of Spain, thoroughly to understand her character. He consequently gave orders that her correspondence should be closely watched at the post-office. Unfortunately, this young lady, brought up in exile with the impetuous, estranged, yet noble-hearted Lucien, had been accustomed to look with an envious eye upon her uncles and aunts who were filling the thrones of Europe. Her lofty spirit was not disposed to conciliation. Proudly she made no effort to win the love of her relatives. With much sarcastic talent she wrote about Napoleon and all the rest of the family. When the letters were placed in the hands of the Emperor, he good-naturedly smiled as he perused them, and rather maliciously summoned his mother, brothers and sisters to a family meeting at the Tuileries. The witty letters were read to the assembled group. Napoleon, accustomed to every conceivable kind of attack, was exceedingly diverted at the sensitiveness of his relatives. He, however, promptly decided that Charlotte did not possess the proper requisites to infuse his spirit into the monarchy of Spain. The following day she was on the road for Italy. It was for her a fortunate escape. History may be searched in vain for a more brutal, inhuman, utterly worthless creature than this Ferdinand subsequently proved himself to be. Had she, however, married Ferdinand, it is not impossible that the destinies of the world might have been changed.

Napoleon regretted this disappointment. He still shrunk from the odium of dethroning the Spanish Bourbons. All circumstances, however, seemed peculiarly to combine for the promotion of that end. A French army, under Murat, had entered Spain, partly to be ready to quell any rising in Portugal, and partly to assist Spain to resist an anticipated attack from the English. Madrid was now occupied by French troops. The monarch was entirely in Napoleon's power. Still he was greatly perplexed. What secret thoughts were revolving in his mind, no one can tell. He divulged them to no one. Even those who were most entirely in his confidence, and upon whose co-operation he most fully relied, in vain attempted to penetrate his designs. Indeed, it is not probable that at this time he had formed any definite plans.

Napoleon was at St. Cloud when he received intelligence of the abdication of Charles IV. It was Saturday evening. The next morning he attended public worship. All observed his absent and abstracted air. Immediately after service he called General Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, to walk with him under the trees of the park. During an earnest conversation of two hours he thus addressed him :

“Charles IV. has abdicated. His son has succeeded him. This change has been the result of a revolution in which the Prince of Peace has fallen. It looks as if the abdication were not altogether voluntary. I was prepared for changes in Spain. They are taking a turn altogether different from what I had expected. I wish you to go to Madrid. See our ambassador. Inquire why he could not have prevented a revolution in which I shall be forced to intervene, and in which I shall be considered as implicated. Before I can recognize the son, I must ascertain the sentiments of the father. He is my ally. It is with him that I have contracted engagements. If he appeals for my support, he shall have it. Nothing will induce me to recognize Ferdinand till I see the abdication duly legalized. Otherwise a troop of traitors may be introduced into my palace during the night, who may force me to abdicate, and overturn the state. When I made peace on the Niemen, I stipulated that if England did not accept the mediation of Alexander, Russia should unite her arms with ours, and compel that power to peace. I should be indeed weak, if, having obtained that single advantage from those whom I have vanquished, I should permit the Spaniards to embroil me afresh on my weak side. Should I permit Spain to form an alliance with England, it would give that hostile power greater advantages than it has lost by the rupture with Russia. I fear every thing from a revolution of which I know neither the causes nor the object.

“I wish, above all things, to avoid a war with Spain. Such a contest would be a species of sacrilege. But I shall not hesitate to incur its hazards if the prince who governs Spain embraces such a policy. Had Charles IV. reigned, and the Prince of Peace not been overturned, we might have remained at peace. Now all is changed; for that country, ruled by a warlike monarch disposed to direct against us all the resources of his nation, might, perhaps, succeed in displacing by his own dynasty my family on the throne of France. You see what might happen if I do not prevent it. It is my duty to foresee the danger, and to take measures to deprive the enemy of the resources they may otherwise derive from it. If I can not arrange with either the father or the son, I will make a clean sweep of them both. I will reassemble the Cortes and resume the designs of Louis XIV. I should thus be in the same situation with that monarch when he engaged, in support of his grandson, in the war of the succession. The same political necessity governs both cases. I am fully prepared for all that. I am about to set out for Bayonne. I will go on to Madrid, but only if it is unavoidable.”

The same day the Duke of Rovigo, with these instructions, set out for Madrid. The next morning Napoleon wrote as follows to his brother Louis, the King of Holland :

“The King of Spain has just abdicated. The Prince of Peace has been imprisoned. Insurrectionary movements have shown themselves at Madrid

The people demand me, with loud cries, to fix their destinies. Being convinced that I shall never be able to conclude a solid peace with England till I have given a great movement on the Continent, I have resolved to put a French prince on the throne of Spain. In this state of affairs, I have turned my eyes to you for the throne of Spain. Say at once what is your opinion on that subject. You must be aware that this plan is yet in embryo. Though I have 100,000 men in Spain, yet, according to circumstances, I may either advance directly to my object, in which case every thing will be concluded in a fortnight, or be more circumspect in my advances, and the final result appear after several months' operations."

Two days after the writing of this letter Napoleon again appears to be in a state of great uncertainty. He wrote the following letter to Murat, who was then in Madrid :

"Monsieur the Grand Duke of Berg—I am afraid lest you should deceive me with respect to the situation of Spain, and lest you should also deceive yourself. Events have been singularly complicated by the transaction of the 20th of March. I find myself very much perplexed. Do not believe that you are about to attack a disarmed people, or that you can, by merely showing your troops, subjugate Spain. The Revolution of the 20th of March proves that the Spaniards still possess energy. You will have to do with a new people. It has all the courage, and will display all the enthusiasm shown by men who are not worn out by political passions. The aristocracy and the clergy are the masters of Spain. If they are alarmed for their privileges and existence, they will bring into the field against us levies in mass, which might eternize the war. I am not without partisans. If I present myself as a conqueror, I shall have them no longer. The Prince of Peace is detested because he is accused of having betrayed Spain to France. This is the grievance which has assisted Ferdinand's usurpation. The popular is the weakest party. The Prince of the Asturias does not possess a single quality requisite for the head of a nation. That will not prevent his being ranked as a hero in order that he may be opposed to us. I will have no violence employed against the personages of this family.

"I lay before you all the obstacles which must inevitably arise. There are others of which you must be aware. England will not let the opportunity escape her of multiplying our embarrassments. She daily sends advice to the forces which she maintains on the coast of Portugal and in the Mediterranean, and enlists into her service numbers of Sicilians and Portuguese. The royal family not having left Spain to establish itself in the Indies, the state of the country can only be changed by a revolution. It is, perhaps, of all others in Europe, that which is the least prepared for one. Those who perceive the monstrous vices in the government, and the anarchy which has taken place of the lawful authority, are the fewest in number. The greater number profit by those vices and that anarchy. I can, consistently with the interests of my empire, do a great deal of good to Spain. What are the best means to be adopted? Shall I go to Madrid? Shall I take upon myself the office of Grand Protector in pronouncing between the father and son? It seems to me a matter of difficulty to support Charles IV. on the throne. His government and his favorite are so very unpopular that they could not stand their ground for three months

“Ferdinand is the enemy of France. It is for this he has been made king. To place him on the throne would be to serve the factions which for twenty years have longed for the destruction of France. A family alliance would be but a feeble tie. My opinion is that nothing should be hurried forward, and that we should take counsel of events as they occur. It will be necessary to strengthen the bodies of troops which are to be stationed on the frontiers of Portugal and wait. I do not approve of the step which your imperial highness has taken in so precipitately making yourself master of Madrid. The army ought to have been kept ten leagues from the capital.

“I shall hereafter decide on what is finally necessary to be done. In the mean time, the following is the line of conduct I judge fit to prescribe to you. You will not pledge me to an interview in Spain with Ferdinand unless you consider the state of things to be such that I ought to acknowledge him as King of Spain. You will behave with attention and respect to the king, the queen, and Prince Godoy. You will exact for them, and yourself pay them, the same honors as formerly. You will manage so that the Spaniards shall have no suspicion which part I mean to take. You will find the less difficulty in this, as I do not know myself. You will make the nobility and clergy understand that, if the interference of France be requisite in the affairs of Spain, their privileges and immunities will be respected. You will assure them that the Emperor wishes for the improvement of the political institutions of Spain, in order to put her on a footing with the advanced state of civilization in Europe, and to free her from the yoke of favorites. You will tell the magistrates, and the inhabitants of towns, and the well-informed classes, that Spain stands in need of having the machine of her government reorganized, and that she requires a system of laws to protect the people against the tyranny and encroachments of feudality, with institutions that may revive industry, agriculture, and the arts. You will describe to them the state of tranquillity and plenty enjoyed in France, notwithstanding the wars in which she has been constantly engaged. You will speak of the splendor of religion, which owes its establishment to the Concordat which I have signed with the Pope. You will explain to them the advantages they may derive from political regeneration—order and peace at home, respect and influence abroad. Such should be the spirit of your conversation and your writings. Do not hazard any thing hastily. I can wait at Bayonne. I can cross the Pyrenees, and strengthen myself toward Portugal. I can go and carry on the war in that quarter.

“I enjoy the strictest maintenance of discipline. The slightest faults must not go unpunished. The inhabitants must be treated with the greatest attention. Above all, churches and convents must be respected. The army must avoid all misunderstanding with the bodies and detachments of the Spanish army. A single flash in the pan must not be permitted on either side. Do you yourself trace out the routes of my army, that it may always be kept at a distance of several leagues from the Spanish corps. If war is once kindled, all would be lost.”

Four days after writing this letter, on the 2d of April, Napoleon set out for the frontier. He was induced to take this journey by the conflicting reports which were continually reaching him from Spain. Having spent a

week at Bordeaux, intensely occupied in forwarding some important national works, he proceeded to Bayonne, an unimportant town at the foot of the Pyrenees. Josephine accompanied him. They arrived at Bayonne on the 15th of April. The next day Napoleon wrote to Ferdinand. In this letter he says :

“You will permit me, under present circumstances, to speak to you with truth and frankness. I pass no decision upon the conduct of the Prince of Peace. But I know well that it is dangerous for kings to accustom their people to shed blood. The people willingly avenge themselves for the homage which they pay us. How can the process be drawn up against the Prince of Peace without involving in it the queen and the king your father. Your royal highness has no other claim to the crown than that which you derive from your mother. If this process degrades her, your royal highness degrades your own title. The criminality of Godoy, if it can be proved against him, goes to annihilate your right to the crown. I say to your royal highness, to the Spaniards, and to the world, that if the abdication of Charles IV. is unconstrained, I will not hesitate to acknowledge it, and to recognize your royal highness as King of Spain.”

Ferdinand was endeavoring to blazon abroad his mother's shame, and to bring Godoy to trial as his mother's paramour. Napoleon thus delicately suggested to him that, in dishonoring his mother, he did but invalidate the legitimacy of his own birth, and thus prove that he had no right to the throne of Spain. But the wretched creature was too debased to feel the sense of such dishonor. The still more wretched mother retaliated, as perhaps no mother ever retaliated before. She told her son to his face, and in the presence of others, that he was of ignoble birth—that her husband was not his father.

Ferdinand hoped, by a personal interview with Napoleon, to secure his favor. He therefore left Madrid, and, crossing the Pyrenees, hastened to Bayonne to meet the Emperor. A magnificent escort accompanied him. He took with him, as a friend and adviser, his celebrated tutor Escoiquiz. As soon as Charles, the queen, and Godoy heard of this movement on the part of Ferdinand, they were greatly alarmed. Fearing the influence of Ferdinand's personal presence and uncontradicted representations, they resolved also to hasten to Bayonne, there to plead their cause before that commanding genius who had now their destiny under his own control.

Napoleon received Ferdinand, immediately upon his arrival, with the most studied politeness. He treated him with magnificent hospitality. But he threw around the prince a golden chain of courtesy and of etiquette from which there was no escape. Sumptuous feasts regaled him. A splendid retinue surrounded him. The degraded parents and the guilty favorite also soon arrived, bringing with them the two younger brothers of Ferdinand. They were received with every mark of attention. Napoleon, however, studiously refrained from recognizing the right of either party to the throne. He thus unexpectedly found the whole royal family in his power.

Whatever hesitation he may previously have felt in reference to the course to be pursued, he hesitated no longer. He had an interview with Charles IV. The old king, conscious of his utter inability to retain the throne, great-

ly preferred to place it in the hands of Napoleon rather than in the hands of his hated son. He therefore expressed a perfect readiness to abdicate in favor of any prince whom Napoleon might appoint. Napoleon then sent for Escoiquiz, the tutor and minister of Ferdinand, and thus addressed him :

“ I can not refuse to interest myself in the fate of the unhappy king who has thrown himself on my protection. The abdication of Charles IV. was clearly a compulsory act. My troops were then in Spain. Some of them were stationed near the court. Appearances authorized the belief that I had some share in that act of violence. My honor requires that I should take immediate steps to dissipate such a suspicion.

“ I would say further, that the interests of my empire require that the house of Bourbon, the implacable enemy of mine, should relinquish the throne of Spain. The interests of your nation equally call for the same change. The new dynasty which I shall introduce will give it a good constitution, and, by its strict alliance with France, preserve Spain from any danger on the side of that power which is alone in a situation seriously to menace its independence. Charles IV. is willing to cede me his rights and those of his family, persuaded that his sons are incapable of governing the kingdom in the difficult times which are evidently approaching.

“ These are the reasons which have decided me to prevent the dynasty of the Bourbons from reigning any longer in Spain. But I esteem Ferdinand. I am anxious to give him some indemnity for the sacrifices which he will be required to make. Propose to him, therefore, to renounce the crown of Spain for himself and his descendants. I will give him, in exchange, Etruria, with the title of king, as well as my niece in marriage. If he refuses these conditions, I will come to an understanding with his father, and neither he nor his brother shall receive any indemnity. If, on the other hand, he does what I desire, Spain shall preserve its independence, its laws, usages, and religion. I do not desire a village of Spain for myself.”

Charles IV., Louisa, and Godoy, enervated by years of vicious indulgence, loved royalty only for the luxurious dissipation in which it permitted them to revel. Most cheerfully they surrendered the uneasy crown of Spain to Napoleon in exchange for a handsome castle, ample grounds for hunting, and money enough for the gratification of their voluptuous desires. Ferdinand and his brothers were more reluctant to surrender their right of inheritance. By previous arrangement, Napoleon met the whole family together. The king and queen, who thoroughly detested their son, were determined to compel him to abdicate. It was an extraordinary interview. The imbecile old king, brandishing over the head of Ferdinand a long, gold-headed cane, upon which he usually leaned, loaded him with reproaches and imprecations. Suddenly the mother, with her more voluble woman's tongue, fell upon the culprit. A flood of most uncourtly epithets she poured upon the victim. Napoleon was amazed and even confused at the strange scene. For a few moments he remained in mute astonishment. He then retired, having first coldly informed Ferdinand that, if he did not resign the crown that evening to his father, he should be arrested as a rebellious son, the author of a conspiracy against the throne and the life of his parents. As Napoleon left the room, he exclaimed to those around him,





INTERVIEW WITH THE SPANISH PRINCES.

“What a mother! what a son! The Prince of Peace is certainly a very inferior person. But, after all, he is perhaps the least incompetent of this degenerate court.” He then added, “What I am doing now, in a certain point of view, is not good. I know that well enough. But policy demands that I should not leave in my rear, and that, too, so near Paris, a dynasty inimical to mine.”

Ferdinand, fully conscious of guilt, trembled in view of a trial for treason, enforced by the inflexible justice of Napoleon. Rather than incur the hazard, for he knew that neither his father nor his mother would show him the least mercy, he preferred to accept the abundant rewards which Napoleon offered. He, however, declined the crown of Etruria, and accepted the chateau of Navarre, with an annual income of \$200,000 for himself and \$80,000 for each of his brothers. Charles, with Louisa and Manuel, their revenge being gratified by the dethronement of Ferdinand, were well satisfied with the exchange of a thorny crown for an opulent retreat, fine hunting-grounds, and ample revenues. They slumbered away their remaining years in idleness and sensual excess.

Napoleon assigned to the young princes the chateau of Valençay as a residence until Navarre could be made ready for them. He wrote to the Prince de Talleyrand, the high-bred, courtly, pleasure-loving proprietor of the magnificent chateau, to receive the princes with all alluring attentions.

“I desire,” he wrote, “that the princes be received without external pomp, but heartily and with sympathy, and that you do every thing in your power

to amuse them. If you have a theatre at Valençay, and can engage some comedians to come, it will not be a bad plan. You had better take Madame de Talleyrand thither, with four or five other ladies. If the Prince of the Asturias (Ferdinand) should fall in love with some pretty woman, it would not be amiss, especially if we were sure of her. It is a matter of great importance to me that the Prince of the Asturias should not take any false step. I desire, therefore, that he be amused and occupied. Stern policy would demand that I should shut him up in some fortress. But as he has thrown himself into my arms, and has promised to do nothing without my orders, and that every thing shall go on in Spain as I desire, I have adopted the plan of sending him to a country seat, and surrounding him with pleasure and *surveillance*. This will probably last throughout the month of May and a part of June, when the affairs of Spain may have taken a turn, and I shall then know what part to act. With regard to yourself, your mission is an extremely honorable one. To receive under your roof three illustrious personages, in order to amuse them, is quite in keeping with the character of the nation and also with your rank."

Ferdinand and his brothers were well contented with their inglorious yet voluptuous lot. Incredible as it may appear, Napoleon, while thus dethroning them, gained such an ascendancy over their minds that they became his warm admirers and friends. They exulted in his successive victories, and celebrated them with illuminations and bonfires. Nothing in Napoleon's whole career, more strikingly than this, exhibits his extraordinary powers. Fiction has never conceived any thing more marvelous. Without firing a gun, he overturned the monarchy of Spain. A proud and powerful dynasty he removed from the throne of their ancestors. He sent them into exile. He placed his own brother upon their throne. And yet these exiled princes thanked him for the deed, and were never weary of proclaiming his praises.

Napoleon issued the following proclamation to the Spanish people. "Spaniards! After a long agony, your nation was on the point of perishing. I saw your miseries, and hastened to apply a remedy. Your grandeur, your power, form an integral part of my own. Your princes have ceded to me their rights to the crown of Spain. I have no wish to reign over your provinces, but I am desirous of acquiring eternal titles to the love and gratitude of your posterity. Your monarchy is old. My mission is to pour into its veins the blood of youth. I will ameliorate all your institutions, and make you enjoy, if you second my efforts, the blessings of reform, without its collisions, its disorders, its convulsions. I have convoked a general assembly of the deputations of your provinces and cities. I am desirous of ascertaining your wants by personal intercourse. I will then lay aside all the titles I have acquired, and place your glorious crown on the head of my second self, after having secured for you a constitution which may establish the sacred and salutary authority of the sovereign, with the liberties and privileges of the people. Spaniards! Reflect on what your fathers were, on what you now are. The fault does not lie in you, but in the Constitution by which you have been governed. Conceive the most ardent hopes and confidence in the results of your present situation, for I wish that your latest posterity should preserve the recollection of me, and say, *He was the regenerator of our country.*"

Louis Bonaparte, the King of Holland, depressed by sickness and domestic troubles, declined the more onerous burden of the crown of Spain. Napoleon wrote, accordingly, the following note to Joseph, the King of Naples:

“Charles IV. has ceded to me all his right to the crown of Spain. This crown I have destined for you. The kingdom of Naples can not be compared with Spain. Spain has eleven millions of inhabitants. It has a revenue of thirty millions of dollars, besides the colonies in America. It is the crown which will place you at Madrid, three day’s journey from France. At Madrid you are actually in France. Naples is at the other end of the world. I desire, therefore, that, immediately upon the receipt of this letter, you will commit the regency to whomsoever you please, and the command of the troops to Marshal Jourdan, and that you set out for Bayonne by the shortest route possible. Keep the secret from every body. As it is, it will only be suspected too soon.”

In Spain there were no popular institutions. The monarchy was an absolute despotism. The priesthood, by the gloomy terrors of the Inquisition, repressed all political and religious inquiry. The masses of the people were in the lowest state of ignorance and debasement. A government more utterly corrupt and worthless probably never existed in civilized lands. The attempt to rescue the Spaniards from such a government, and to confer upon them ennobling laws and equal rights, is not a deed which can excite very deep abhorrence. Had Napoleon succeeded according to his wishes, Spain would have been filled with monuments reared to his memory by an enfranchised and grateful people. It is the greatest curse of slavery that the oppressed know not the worth of liberty. No slaves hug their fetters more tenaciously than the victims of spiritual fanaticism.

Joseph Bonaparte was, by universal acclaim, a high-minded, intelligent, conscientious man. In purity of morals he was above reproach. The earnestness of his philanthropy has never been questioned. Under his mild, just, yet energetic sway, the kingdom of Naples had suddenly emerged into a glorious existence.

Before the arrival of Joseph, efficient agents were dispatched into Spain to report concerning the condition of the army, of the navy, of the finances, and of the public works. “I shall want,” said Napoleon, “those documents, in the first place, for the measures which I shall order. I shall want them afterward, that posterity may learn in what state I find the Spanish monarchy.” He formed the noblest projects for the welfare of Spain. The designs he conceived and set on foot have elicited the admiration of his bitterest foes. A Parliament or Congress was immediately assembled at Bayonne, consisting of one hundred and fifty of the most illustrious men of the kingdom. These enlightened patriots exulted in the bright prospects which were opening before their country. A free Constitution was adopted, well adapted to the manners of Spain, and to the advancing light and liberty of the age.

Joseph arrived at Bayonne on the 7th of June, 1808. The Spanish Congress waited upon the new king to tender to him the homage of the Spanish nation. They then, in a body, visited Napoleon. With heartfelt gratitude, they returned thanks to their powerful benefactor, who seemed to be securing for Spain a prosperous and a glorious future. On the 9th of July, Jo-



DEPARTURE OF JOSEPH INTO SPAIN.

seph, escorted by a magnificent display of veteran troops, and preceded and followed by more than a hundred carriages, filled with the members of the Congress, departed for Madrid, to take his seat upon the throne of Spain.

The notice of Joseph's accession to the Spanish throne was immediately communicated to all the foreign powers. He was promptly recognized by nearly all the Continental powers. The Emperor of Russia added felicitation to his acknowledgment, founded upon the well-known, exalted character of Joseph. Even Ferdinand, from the palace of Valençay, wrote Joseph letters of congratulation, and entreated him to induce Napoleon to give him one of his nieces in marriage.

There is something in this whole affair which the ingenuous mind contemplates with perplexity and pain. It would be a relief to be able with severity to condemn. Napoleon has performed so many noble deeds that he can afford to bear the burden of his faults. But the calmly-weighing judgment is embarrassed, and hesitates to pass sentence of condemnation. No one can contemplate all the difficulties of Napoleon's position without admitting that, in its labyrinth of perplexities, he has an unusual claim to charity.

Who, at that time, had a right to the throne of Spain? Charles IV. had

been nominally king. Godoy, the paramour of the queen, was the real sovereign. Charles had abdicated in favor of Ferdinand. He solemnly declared to the nation, "I never performed an action in my life with more pleasure." The same day in which he made this affirmation, he wrote his secret protest, in which he says, "I declare that my decree, by which I abdicated the crown in favor of my son, is an act which I was compelled to adopt to prevent the effusion of blood. It should, therefore, be regarded as null." Did the throne belong to Charles and Godoy? Ferdinand had grasped the throne. He had treasonably excited a rebellion, and had forced his father to abdicate. Had Ferdinand a right to the crown? Napoleon had convinced father, favorite, and son, that, with wine and hounds, they could pass their time more pleasantly than in governing an empire. They abdicated in his favor. Had Napoleon a right to the throne?

If Napoleon had decided to sustain the iniquitous claims of Ferdinand, who, by treachery and violence, had forced his father to abdicate, the world would have still more severely condemned him. He would foolishly have strengthened the party hostile to himself. He would have been most grossly recreant to his own principles, in upholding, by his armies, one of the most bigoted, unrelenting, and liberty-crushing despotisms earth has ever known. Standing before the world as the advocate of freedom in France and of slavery in Spain, he would have left a stigma upon his name which never could have been effaced. England did not hesitate to do that from which the conscientiousness of Napoleon revolted. By her fleets and her armies, she riveted upon a benighted people the fetters of a most abasing and intolerable despotism. She thus inflicted upon Spain, upon Europe, and upon the world, a wrong for which she never can atone. Look at Spain now. There she lies in her helpless and hopeless abyss of dishonor.

The combined kings of Europe, by conspiracies, by treachery, by the most rancorous violence, were striving to hurl Napoleon from his throne. Earth never before witnessed such gigantic endeavors. Not a monarch in the Old World had a higher and a holier claim to his crown than had Napoleon. The unanimous voice of the people had made him their king. In self-defense, he took from the Bourbons of Spain that power which they were striving to use for his destruction. With characteristic generosity, he did every thing in his power to mitigate the sorrows of their fall. By the course he pursued, he even won the love of their selfish hearts. But at last the combined kings succeeded. They dethroned Napoleon. They assigned to him no palace of leisure and of luxury. They sent him to years of protracted agony upon the storm-drenched rocks of St. Helena. Valençay and Longwood! Who was the magnanimous victor?

In reference to this affair, Napoleon remarked to O'Meara, "If the government I established had remained, it would have been the best thing that ever happened for Spain. I would have regenerated the Spaniards. I would have made them a great nation. In the place of a feeble, imbecile, superstitious race of Bourbons, I would have given them a new dynasty, which would have no claim upon the nation except by the good it would have rendered unto it. I would have destroyed superstition and priestcraft, and abolished the Inquisition, and monasteries, and those lazy beasts of friars."

In several conversations with Las Casas, he remarked, "The impolicy of my conduct in reference to Spain is irrevocably decided by the results. I ought to have given a liberal Constitution to the Spanish nation, and charged Ferdinand with its execution. If he acted with good faith, Spain must have prospered and harmonized with our new manners. The great object would have been obtained, and France would have acquired an intimate ally and an addition of power truly formidable. Had Ferdinand, on the contrary, proved faithless to his engagements, the Spaniards themselves would not have failed to dismiss him, and would have applied to me for a ruler in his place. At all events, that unfortunate war of Spain was a real affliction. It was the first cause of the calamities of France.

"I was assailed with imputations for which, however, I had given no cause. History will do me justice. I was charged in that affair with perfidy, with laying snares, and with bad faith, and yet I was completely innocent. Never, whatever may have been said to the contrary, have I broken any engagement, or violated my promise, either with regard to Spain or any other power.

"The world will one day be convinced that, in the principal transactions relative to Spain, I was completely a stranger to all the domestic intrigues of its court; that I violated no engagement with the father or the son; that I made use of no falsehoods to entice them both to Bayonne, but that they both strove which should be the first to show himself there. When I saw them at my feet, and was enabled to form a correct opinion of their total incapacity, I beheld with compassion the fate of a great people. I eagerly seized the singular opportunity held out to me by fortune for regenerating Spain, rescuing her from the yoke of England, and intimately uniting her with our system. It was, in my conception, laying the fundamental basis of the tranquillity and security of Europe. But I was far from employing for that purpose, as it has been reported, any base and paltry stratagems. If I erred, it was, on the contrary, by daring openness and extraordinary energy. Bayonne was not the scene of a premeditated ambush, but of a vast master-stroke of state policy. I could have preserved myself from these imputations by a little hypocrisy, or by giving up the Prince of Peace to the fury of the people. But the idea appeared horrible to me, and struck me as if I was to receive the price of blood. Besides, it must also be acknowledged that Murat did me a great deal of mischief in the whole affair.

"Be that as it may, I disdained having recourse to crooked and commonplace expedients. I found myself so powerful, I dared to strike from a situation too exalted. I wished to act like Providence, which, of its own accord, applies remedies to the wretchedness of mankind by means occasionally violent, but for which it is unaccountable to human judgment.

"Such, in a few words," says Napoleon, "is the whole history of the affair of Spain. Let the world write and say what it thinks fit, the result must be what I have stated. You will perceive that there was no occasion whatever for my pursuing indirect means, falsehoods, breach of promises, and violation of my faith. In order to render myself culpable, it would have been absolutely necessary that I should have gratuitously dishonored myself. I never yet betrayed any wish of such a nature."

“Perhaps in the whole annals of the world,” says Alison, “blackened as they are by deeds of wickedness, there is not to be found a more atrocious system of perfidy, fraud, and dissimulation than that by which Napoleon won the kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula.” On the contrary, says Sir Walter Scott, “To do Napoleon justice, he at no time, through this extraordinary discussion, made the least attempt to color his selfish policy.” Sir Walter is undeniably right. It is a plain story. The Spanish Bourbons were involved in the most desperate family quarrel. Father and son hated each other implacably. Both, of their own accord, hastened to Napoleon to secure his co-operation. Napoleon, who had previously, in consequence of their perfidy, contemplated their overthrow, availed himself of this unexpected opportunity. He told them frankly that it was not safe for him to leave either of them upon the throne. He promised that, if they would abdicate, he would give them all they wanted—wealth and splendor. The hostility between the parent and the son was so malignant, that each party preferred to see Napoleon in possession of the throne rather than the other. They both accepted. Napoleon conferred upon them, with princely magnificence, palaces and hunting-grounds, and placed one of the noblest of men upon the throne of Spain. The regeneration of the degraded peninsula was commenced. Napoleon hoped that he was now secure from a stab in the back.*

While these scenes were transpiring at Bayonne, Napoleon was hourly animating, by his tireless energies, the most distant provinces in his empire. He had commenced a series of most herculean efforts to develop the maritime resources of France. Harbors and docks were formed. The coasts were fortified. Vessels of every description were built. Great care was devoted to the training of naval officers. Every available resource was called into action to protect the French flag from insult, and to secure for France the benefits of commerce. In his intervals of leisure, he mounted his horse and rode along the shore, visiting the sea-ports, and gaining much information relative to naval affairs. During one of these excursions, he had seen numbers of fine oaks and firs lying on the ground, and rotting for want of means of transport.

“*My heart bleeds,*” he wrote to his minister, “to see all this valuable wood perishing uselessly.”

* Colonel Napier, who fought against Napoleon in the Spanish war, with his accustomed impartiality thus records the origin of the conflict :

“Neither was the aristocratical enmity to Napoleon asleep in Spain. A proclamation issued by the Prince of Peace previous to the battle of Jena, although hastily recalled when the result of that conflict was known, sufficiently indicated the tenure upon which the friendship of the Spanish court was held. This state of affairs drew the French emperor’s attention toward the Peninsula, and a chain of remarkable circumstances, which fixed it there, induced him to remove the reigning family, and place his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain. He thought that the people of that country, sick of an effete government, would be quiescent under such a change; and although it should prove otherwise, the confidence he reposed in his own fortune, unrivaled talents, and vast power, made him disregard the consequences, while the cravings of his military and political system, and, above all, the temptations offered by a miraculous folly which outran even his desires, urged him to a deed that, well accepted by the people of the Peninsula, would have proved beneficial, but, being enforced contrary to their wishes, was unhallowed either by justice or benevolence.”

—*Napier’s Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 15.

CHAPTER II.

ACCUMULATING PERILS.

Thiers's Testimony to the universal Popularity of the Emperor—His unsullied Morality—His Vigilance at the Canal of Languedoc—Renewed Threatenings of Austria—Interview with Metternich—Influence of the Monks in Spain—Insurrection in Spain and Portugal—Trying Position of Joseph Bonaparte—The Bulls and Bears.

FROM Bayonne Napoleon returned to Paris. He visited, by the way, many of the southern departments of France. In every place he was received with transports of enthusiasm. France was in the highest state of prosperity. This prosperity was justly and universally attributed to the genius of Napoleon. With his own subjects he was by far the most popular sovereign in Europe. No monarch was ever surrounded with homage more sincere and universal. "He was every where," says Thiers, "greeted with every demonstration of respect by immense multitudes. The prodigious man who had rescued those provinces from civil war, and had given them back quiet, safety, prosperity, and the exercise of their religion, was in their eyes more than a man. He was almost a God."

Testimony like this falls strangely upon the ears of those who are familiar with only such representations as conquering England and the Bourbons of France have hitherto allowed to reach the public mind. Let the intelligent reader reflect for one moment upon the fact, that as soon as Napoleon had been crushed by his allied foes, it became a matter of the utmost importance to the reigning family in France, to England, and to every despotic government of Europe, to misrepresent the character of their illustrious antagonist. The stability of their thrones depended upon convincing the people that Napoleon was an execrable tyrant. Consequently, the wealth and the almost boundless patronage of all the monarchies of Europe were concentrated in securing the vituperation of the one lone exile of St. Helena. The trumpet peals of these assaults still reverberate through Europe, and now and then are faintly echoed even on our own shores. Never before was mortal man exposed to such an ordeal. Yet Napoleon, vanquished at Waterloo, became the victor at St. Helena. Alone upon his barren rock, prohibited from uttering one word in self-defense, he silently breasted the clamor which filled the world, and triumphed over it all.

The *people* in all lands adore the name of their great friend, Napoleon. Who *now* will venture to affirm that the Duke of Wellington, in alliance with all the despots of Europe, was struggling for *popular rights*, and that Napoleon Bonaparte, sustained by the sympathies of the people, was contending for *aristocratic privilege*? England had the boldness to affirm that she was fighting for the *liberties of Europe*. She conquered. She attained the end for which she fought. And where now are those boasted liberties? Did the perfidious Ferdinand confer them upon Spain? Are they to be found beneath the iron rule of the Bourbons of Naples? Did that Hungarian war.

which recently tingled upon the ears of the world, sound like the shout of an enfranchised people? Are those dirges, blending with the gales which sweep the snows of Siberia, the pæans of popular freedom? The liberties of Europe! They fell, by the onslaught of all the banded despots of Christendom, in the carnage of Waterloo. They were entombed beneath the weeping willow of St. Helena. England now dreads the despotism of Russia as much as she once feared the democracy of France. When Napoleon fell, popular rights fell with him, and feudal aristocracy regained its sway. "Europe," said Napoleon, "must soon become Republican or Cossack." The gloom of Russian despotism, like the black pall of midnight, is now settling down over all the Continent.

It is not always easy to ascertain the facts in reference to the private morals of one who occupies a conspicuous position in the eyes of the world. There was a time when Napoleon was accused of every crime of which a mortal can be guilty. All the members of the Bonaparte family were likewise represented as utterly infamous. Even his bitterest enemies now admit that, in this respect, he has been grievously wronged.

"At one time," says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "any slanderous or infamous story derogatory to Napoleon readily gained credit in this country (England). Indeed, the more slanderous or infamous the tale, the greater became the certainty that it would be believed. The credulity of national hatred was not shocked by ordinary improbabilities. For instance, it was commonly said, and, we may add, universally believed, that Josephine was a woman of infamous character, or worse. The common belief is, however, altogether unsupported by evidence. *Is it probable that he who so fully recognized the necessity of discountenancing immorality, and who afterward drove from his presence and his service all women of questionable reputation, would have done so had he been conscious that he had married a person of doubtful or of indifferent character?*"

"In the autumn of 1802," says Ingersoll, "I saw Bonaparte. Monstrous ambition and tremendous downfall have given color to the vast detraction to which Napoleon was subjected. It will be some time before the truth can be gradually established, but it has been in continual progress of emancipation since his fall. Posterity will recognize him not only as a great, but likewise, in many respects, a good man, excelling in private and domestic virtues. Napoleon's morals were not only exemplary, but singular, compared with contemporary monarchs—Napoleon, apart from rabid ambition, was a model of domestic, particularly matrimonial virtues."

Louis Bonaparte, a man of unsullied purity of character, thus speaks of his brother Napoleon:

"He was temperate, and had only noble passions. That which is incontestable is, that, the husband of a first wife much older than himself, he lived matrimonially with her, in the most perfect harmony, even to the last day of their union, without giving her any subject of complaint. It is undeniable that no one can reproach him with keeping any titled mistress, nor with any scandal; and when married a second time, at the age of forty-two years, he treated his second spouse with courtesy, amiability, and with a delicacy of attentions which was never intermitted."

Among the innumerable gross charges which were brought against Napoleon, he was accused of improper intimacy with Hortense, the daughter of Josephine. Bourrienne was the private secretary of Napoleon. He was charged with peculation, and was dismissed from office. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons, he was taken into their service, and, while drinking of their cup, he wrote a bitter work against his former master. And yet he says, "This calumny must be classed among those which malice delights to take with the character of men who become celebrated. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. His principles were rigid in an extreme degree. Any fault of the nature charged neither entered his mind, nor was it in accordance with his morals or his taste."

The Duchess of Abrantes says of Hortense: "In the year 1800 she was a charming girl. She afterward became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretensions to equal talents. The First Consul looked upon her as his child. It was only in that country, so fertile in the inventions of scandal, that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct toward her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited. It is now only remembered to be confuted. The fact is, that Bonaparte had but one real passion. In that all his other feelings were absorbed." "Josephine," she says, "was insufferably vain of the fidelity of her husband."

In reference to this charge, Josephine thus wrote to Hortense: "They who, in the affection which my husband manifests for you, have pretended to discover other sentiments than those of a parent and a friend, know *not* his soul. His mind is too elevated above that of the vulgar to be ever accessible to unworthy passions."

His habits in this respect were so peculiar in those times of universal corruption, that while one party accused him of the most revolting debauchery, another party affirmed that he was a *monster*, whom God had deprived of the ordinary energies and passions of a man. In confirmation of this view, they referred to the fact that he was childless.

The Duchess d'Aiguillon, a former friend and benefactress of Josephine, during the tumult of those times had not preserved a perfectly spotless character. She wished to be received at court. Josephine, grateful for past kindnesses, made application in her behalf. Napoleon peremptorily refused. Josephine thus wrote to the duchess: "I am deeply afflicted. My former friends, supposing that I can obtain the fulfillment of all my wishes, must think that I have forgotten the past. The Emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be presented in the palace where he reigns."

"Few individuals," says Ingersoll, "probably no one, had more influence in undermining and discrediting the empire of Napoleon than a woman who made love to him, and then took vengeance because he treated her courtship not only repulsively, but contemptuously. When he returned from Egypt there were but two females who had any power over the young conqueror of thirty. They were his wife and his mother. General Bonaparte was a

chaste, faithful, fond husband and son, on whom all the feminine attractions and temptations of Paris were thrown away; dressed simply, lived domestically and unostentatiously, avoiding all female connections beyond his own family."

At St. Helena Napoleon was one day reading the *Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte*, by Goldsmith. The character of the Emperor was painted in the darkest hues of infamy. As Napoleon read page after page, he sometimes shrugged his shoulders, and at times even laughed outright. At last he mildly said, without betraying the least sign of anger, "They are in the wrong to attack me on the score of morals. All the world knows that I have singularly improved them. They can not be ignorant that I was not at all inclined by nature to debauchery. Moreover, the multiplicity of my affairs would never have allowed me time to indulge in it." When he came to the pages where his mother was described as guilty of most infamous conduct, he repeated several times, in tones of blended grief and indignation, "Ah, madame! Poor madame! with her lofty character! if she were to read this! Great God!"

These facts sufficiently prove that Napoleon is not to be catalogued with the dissolute and licentious kings who have so often disgraced the thrones of Europe. History can not record his name with such profligates as Henry VIII., Charles II., and George IV. From the companionship of such men he would have recoiled with disgust.

As Napoleon was visiting the southern departments of his empire, an incident occurred peculiarly illustrative of his watchfulness and of his discrimination. He had ordered some very difficult and important works to be executed on a bridge of the canal of Languedoc. The engineer had admirably accomplished the arduous achievement. Napoleon wished to inspect the works, and to reward the author of them on the theatre of his glory. He sent orders to the prefect of the department and the chief engineer to repair to the spot. Napoleon, ever punctual, arrived before the prefect, and found only the chief engineer at the place. He immediately entered into conversation with him, and asked many questions upon every point of difficulty which must have been encountered in the execution of an enterprise so arduous. The engineer seemed embarrassed, and replied with hesitation and confusion. Soon the prefect appeared. Napoleon promptly said to him,

"I am not correctly informed. The bridge was not made by that man. Such a work is far beyond his capacity." The prefect then confessed that the chief engineer was neither the originator of the plan nor the author of the works, but that they both belonged to a modest, subordinate man, unknown to fame.

The Emperor immediately sent for this sub-engineer, and questioned him closely upon every point upon which he was desirous of receiving information. He was perfectly satisfied with the answers.

"I am quite pleased," said he, "at having come in person to inspect these splendid works, otherwise I should never have known that you were the author of them, and you would have been deprived of the reward to which you are so justly entitled." He appointed the young man, whose genius he had thus discovered, chief engineer, and took him to Paris.

In the month of August, 1808, Napoleon returned to the metropolis. Austria, ever hostile at heart, and intensely humiliated by her defeats, had long been watching for an opportunity to fall again upon the dreaded foe of aristocratic privilege, the renowned champion of popular rights. Encouraged by the hostile attitude of Spain, and believing that Napoleon would be compelled to direct his main energies to that point, she began to assume a menacing attitude. She affected to believe that Napoleon intended to overthrow all the ancient reigning families of Europe. Pointing to the dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain, she exclaimed, "This is the fate which awaits all the old royalties of the Continent." "We will die," exclaimed the Archduke Charles, "if it must be so, with arms in our hands. But the crown of Austria shall not be disposed of as easily as that of Spain has been."

Military preparations immediately resounded throughout the whole kingdom. Seven hundred thousand men were armed and exercised every day. Fourteen thousand artillery horses were purchased, and a million of muskets. Twenty thousand workmen were employed upon the fortifications of Hungary, that the Austrians, in case of defeat, might retire to those distant retreats for a prolonged and a desperate resistance. Powerful divisions of the army began to defile toward the frontiers of France. National enthusiasm was aroused to the highest pitch. The French, wherever they were found, at Vienna, at Trieste, at the watering-places of Germany, were wantonly insulted.

Napoleon dreaded another war. He had nothing to gain by it. It thwarted his magnificent plans for enriching and embellishing his majestic empire. Peace was the most intense desire of his heart. Under these circumstances, he had an interview with M. Metternich, the Austrian minister. Napoleon was particularly gracious and mild, but very decided. Many of the ministers of other courts were present. In a low and gentle tone of voice, but sufficiently loud to be overheard by many who were present, he said,*

"You wish, M. Metternich, either to make war on us or to frighten us."

"We wish, sire," M. Metternich replied, "to do neither the one nor the other."

"Why, then," replied Napoleon, "your armaments? They agitate yourselves and Europe. They put peace in jeopardy, and ruin your finances."

"These arrangements are only defensive," said M. Metternich.

Napoleon mildly but firmly replied:

* "Meanwhile, the Austrian ambassador at Paris had the difficult task to discharge of maintaining apparently amicable relations with the French government at the time when his cabinet were openly preparing the means of decided hostility. But the Baron Metternich, who then filled that exalted situation at the court of Napoleon, was a man whose abilities were equal to the task. A statesman in the widest acceptation of the word; gifted with a sagacious intellect, a clear perception, a sound judgment; profoundly versed in the secrets of diplomacy, and the characters of the leading political men with whom he was brought in contact in the different European cabinets; persevering in his policy, far-seeing in his views, unrivaled in his discrimination, and at the same time skillful in concealing these varied qualities; a perfect master of dissimulation in public affairs, and yet honorable and candid in private life; capable of acquiring information from others at the very moment when he was eluding all similar investigation from them; unbounded in application, richly endowed with knowledge, he also enjoyed the rare faculty of veiling those great acquirements under the cover of polished manners, and causing his superiority to be forgotten in the charms of a varied and intellectual conversation."—*Ahson*.



NAPOLEON AND METTERNICH.

“Were your armaments only defensive, they would not be so hurried. When new organizations are to be created, one takes time, does nothing abruptly. Things are done best that are done slowly. One does not, under such circumstances, erect magazines, order assemblages of troops, and buy horses, particularly artillery horses. Your army amounts to nearly four hundred thousand men. Your militia will nearly equal the same number. Were I to imitate you, I should add four hundred thousand men to my effective force. That would be an armament out of all reason. I will not follow your example. It would soon be necessary to arm women and children, and we should relapse into a state of barbarism. Wherefore all these military preparations? Have I demanded any thing of you? Have I advanced claims to any of your provinces? The treaty of Pressburg has settled all claims between the two empires. Your master’s word ought to have settled every thing between the two sovereigns. I demand nothing of you—I want nothing of you except mutual quiet and security. Is there any difficulty—any one difficulty—between us? Let it be known, that we may settle it on the spot.”

M. Metternich replied: “The Austrian government, sire, has no thought of attacking France. It has not ordered any movement of troops.”

“You are mistaken,” Napoleon with quiet decision rejoined. “Assemblages of troops have taken place in Galicia and Bohemia, in front of the

quarters of the French army. The fact is incontestable. The immediate result must be the assemblage of equal forces on the French side. I must consequently, instead of demolishing the fortresses of Silesia, repair, arm, and provision them, and put every thing again on a war footing. You are well aware that I shall not be taken by surprise. I shall be always prepared. You rely, perhaps, upon aid from the Emperor of Russia. You deceive yourself. I am certain of his adhesion, of the disapprobation he has manifested respecting your armaments, and of the course he will adopt on the occasion. Do not imagine, then, that the opportunity is a favorable one for attacking France. It would be a grievous mistake on your part. You do not desire war. I believe it of *you*, M. Metternich, of *your emperor*, and of the *enlightened men* of your country. But the German nobility, dissatisfied with the changes which have occurred, fill Germany with their rancor. You allow yourselves to be influenced. You communicate your emotions to the masses in urging them to arm. By-and-by you will be brought to that point it which one longs for a crisis, as a means of escaping out of an insupportable situation. That crisis will be war. Moral and physical nature alike, when they are come to that troubled state which precedes the storm, have need to explode, in order to purify the air and bring back serenity. This is what I fear from your present conduct. I repeat to you, I want nothing of you. I demand nothing but peace. But, if you make preparations, I shall make such that the superiority of my arms will not be more doubtful than in the preceding campaigns. Thus, in order to preserve peace, we shall have brought on war."

This conversation was immediately committed to paper by the Austrian minister, and sent to Vienna. The next day, effectually to sound the disposition of Austria, the French ambassador was instructed to repeat to the Austrian cabinet that these extraordinary armaments must be stopped, or that war must openly be declared. Napoleon also called upon Austria for the recognition of Joseph as King of Spain. At the same time, Napoleon addressed a circular to the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, in which he called upon them "to make ready their contingents, *to prevent a war, without a pretext as without an object*, by showing to Austria that they were prepared for it." An article also appeared in the *Moniteur*, which was said to be from the pen of Napoleon, in which he accused Austria of attempting to rouse the populace of Europe again to arms:

"Austria has adopted the revolutionary system. She has now no right to complain of the conduct of the Convention in proclaiming war to the palace and peace to the cottage. A plan has been organized at Vienna for a general insurrection all over Europe, the execution of which is confided to the ardent zeal of the princes of the house of Austria, propagated by the proclamations of its generals, and diffused by its detachments at the distance of six hundred miles from its armies."

But, in the mean time, affairs in Spain had assumed a most disastrous aspect. The monks, whose influence was almost boundless over the ignorant and fanatical populace, were exasperated. All over the land they suddenly kindled a blaze of insurrection. The pride of the nation was wounded. The French and the friends of the French were massacred with every conceiva-



THE MONKS AROUSING THE PEASANTS.

ble act of barbarity. Chateaux were pillaged and burned. All the tumultuous and sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution were renewed. The Spanish people defended the throne and the altar with the same ferocity with which the French had assailed them both.

While Austria was assuming such a threatening attitude, Napoleon did not dare to withdraw from the vicinity of the Rhine the veteran troops assembled there. He had, consequently, been compelled to send only young

recruits into Spain. Of the 80,000 inexperienced and youthful conscripts whom Napoleon had ordered to the Peninsula, 17,000 were in the hospitals, leaving an efficient force of but 63,000 men. The Spanish authorities friendly to Joseph could place but little reliance upon the army under their command. The Spanish soldiers fraternized with the people. Bells rang the alarm. Beacon-fires blazed on every hill the signal for revolt. The pauper peasantry, weary of the monotony of a merely vegetable life, were glad of any pretext for excitement and for the chance of plunder. Napoleon had conferred upon Spain a good prince and good institutions. The Spaniards hurled that prince from his throne, and riveted again upon their own limbs the fetters of the most unrelenting despotism. Napoleon smiled when the Abbé de Pradt said to him,

“Sire, you are in the condition of the benevolent man who has rescued a termagant wife from the brutality of her husband. She falls upon her benefactor and scratches out his eyes.”

The British navy, swarming in the waters which washed the Spanish coast, without waiting for orders from home, immediately and ardently espoused the cause of the insurgents. The English government received the tidings with enthusiasm. The king exclaimed to his Parliament, “The Spanish nation, thus nobly struggling against the usurpation and tyranny of France, can no longer be considered by me as the enemy of Great Britain, but is recognized by me as a natural friend and ally.” All the Spanish prisoners of war were immediately released, clothed, armed, and sent to Spain to swell the number of the insurgent host. The vast energies of the British navy were called into requisition to land upon the Peninsula money and all kinds of military supplies. This was done with such profusion as to amaze the Spaniards. An army of 30,000 men was also sent to co-operate with the Spanish forces. These English troops were placed under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley. The iron decision he had developed in the bombardment of Copenhagen proved him worthy of the trust.*

Joseph, mild, humane, and a lover of peace, was appalled by the storm of war which had suddenly burst upon him. In his alarm he wrote to Napoleon: “I have nobody for me. We want fifty thousand veteran troops and ten millions of dollars. If you delay, we shall want one hundred thou-

* “But the occult source,” says Napier, the world-renowned historian of the Peninsular War, “of most of these difficulties is to be found in the inconsistent attempts of the British cabinet to uphold national independence with internal slavery, against foreign aggression with an ameliorated government. The clergy [of Spain], who led the mass of the people, clung to the English, because they supported aristocracy and Church domination. *The English ministers, hating Napoleon, not because he was the enemy of England, but because he was the champion of equality, cared not for Spain unless her people were enslaved. They were willing enough to use a liberal Cortes to defeat Napoleon, but they also desired to put down that Cortes by the aid of the clergy and of the bigoted part of the people.*”—Vol. iv. p. 259

“It was some time before the Church and aristocratic party [of Spain] discovered that the secret policy of England was the same as their own. It was so, however, even to the upholding of the Inquisition, which it was ridiculously asserted had become objectionable only in name.”—Vol. iv., p. 350.

“The *educated classes* in Spain shrunk from the British government’s known hostility to all free institutions.”—*Ibid.*

sand troops and twenty-five millions of dollars." Already loving his own subjects, he complained bitterly of the outrages with which the French soldiers retaliated the ferocity of the Spaniards.

Napoleon replied, "Have patience and good courage. I will not let you want any resource. You shall have troops in sufficient quantity. Do not set yourself up as the accuser of my soldiers; to their devotedness you and I owe what we are. They have to do with brigands who murder them, and whom they must repress by terror. Strive to gain the affection of the Spaniards. But do not discourage the army; that would be an irreparable fault."

With Austria raising such formidable armaments in the north, it was not safe for Napoleon to withdraw any of the veteran troops who were still lingering beyond the Rhine. He could only send to Joseph young conscripts, and an abundant supply of all military stores. Matters grew worse every day. All Spain and Portugal were in a blaze of insurrection. A division of the French army, consisting of nearly 20,000 men, under General Dupont, was surrounded at Baylen by vastly superior forces of the Spaniards. The French, wasted by sickness and suffering, and emaciated with starvation, were compelled to surrender. It was the first disgrace which had befallen the French eagles. When Napoleon heard the news he trembled with emotion. He had reposed the utmost confidence in General Dupont, and felt that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, he should have died rather than have capitulated. Napoleon was at Bordeaux when the first tidings of the capitulation reached him. He read the dispatches in silent anguish. The minister for foreign affairs, who was present, was alarmed at the deep dejection manifested by the Emperor.

"Is your majesty unwell?" he inquired.

"No!"

"Has Austria declared war?"

"Would that were all!" exclaimed the Emperor.

"What, then, has happened?"

Napoleon, in bitterness of soul, recounted the humiliating details of the capitulation, and added,

"That an army should be beaten is nothing; it is the daily fate of war, and is easily repaired; but that an army should submit to a dishonorable capitulation is a stain on the glory of our arms which can never be effaced. Wounds inflicted on honor are incurable. The moral effect of this catastrophe will be terrible. What! they have had the infamy to consent that the haversacks of our soldiers should be searched like those of robbers! Could I have expected that of General Dupont—a man whom I loved, and was rearing up to become a marshal? They say he had no other way to prevent the destruction of the army, to save the lives of the soldiers. Better, far better, to have perished with arms in their hands, that not one should have escaped. Their death would have been glorious. We would have avenged them. You can always supply the place of soldiers. Honor alone, when once lost can never be regained."

In the first outburst of his anguish he exclaimed, in reference to those who had signed the capitulation,

"They have sullied our uniform. It shall be washed in their blood." Soon, however, more generous feelings regained the ascendancy. Sincerely he pitied his unfortunate friend. "Unhappy man!" he exclaimed again and again; "unhappy man! What a fall, after Albeck, Halle, Friedland! What a thing war is! One day, one single day, is enough to tarnish the lustre of a lifetime."

General Savary now advised Joseph to retire from Madrid and fortify himself upon the Ebro.

"But what will Napoleon say?" asked Joseph.

"The Emperor will scold," quietly remarked Savary. "His fits of anger are boisterous, but they do not kill. *He*, no doubt, would stay here. But what is possible for him is not so for others."

Joseph retreated from Madrid, and from his intrenched camp upon the Ebro wrote to his imperial brother,

"I have not a single Spaniard left who is attached to my cause. As a *general* my part would be endurable—nay, easy; for, with a detachment of your veteran troops, I could conquer the Spaniards; but as a *king* my part is insupportable, for I must slaughter one portion of my subjects to make the other submit. I decline, therefore, to reign over a people who will not have me. Still, I desire not to retire as conquered. Send me, therefore, one of your old armies. I will return at its head to Madrid, and treat with the Spaniards. I shall demand back from you the throne of Naples. I will then go and continue, amid the quiet which suits my tastes, the happiness of a people that consents to be prosperous under my care."

Napoleon was keenly wounded by the covert harshness of judgment which this letter contained. He ever loved Joseph, and prized his judgment and his co-operation above that of any other of his brothers. By the energies of his own mind he strove to reanimate the waning courage of Joseph.

"Be worthy of your brother," he wrote. "Try to bear yourself as becomes your position. What care I for a parcel of insurgents, whom I shall settle with my dragoons, and who are not likely to defeat armies that neither Austria, Russia, nor Prussia could withstand? I shall find the Pillars of Hercules in Spain. I shall not find there the limits of my power." Napoleon promised him immediate and effectual re-enforcements, and gave the most minute and sagacious counsel in reference to the prosecution of the war. The most exaggerated reports were sent to him of the forces of the insurgents. "In war," Napoleon replied, "it is at all times and in all places *difficult* to know the truth. But it is always *possible* to collect it, if one will be at the pains. You have a numerous cavalry and the brave Lasalle. Send out your dragoons to sweep the country over a range of thirty or forty miles. Seize the alcaldes, the curés, the notable inhabitants. Keep them until they speak. Interrogate them judiciously, and you will learn the truth, which you will never learn by going to sleep within your lines."*

* "Joseph's errors," says Colonel Napier, "did not escape the animadversion of his brother, whose sagacity enabled him, although at a distance, to detect through all the glare of the insurrection all its inefficiency. His notes dictated upon the occasion are replete with genius, and evince his absolute mastery of the arts of war.—Then followed an observation which may be studied with advantage by those authors who, unacquainted with the simplest rudiments of military science, censure the conduct of generals, and are pleased, from some obscure nook, to point out their errors to the

Joseph had no heart to fire upon the Spaniards. The war was conducted with but little vigor. Napoleon at first smiled at the continued display of weakness. He then wrote to Joseph to remain quietly behind his intrenchments upon the Ebro until the Emperor should arrive to help him. Matters had now assumed so threatening an aspect, that Napoleon, notwithstanding the hostile attitude of Austria, ventured to withdraw about one hundred thousand troops from the Rhine. He sent them, by forced marches, across the vast territory of France, to climb the Pyrenees, and to await his arrival. One hundred thousand young conscripts, gathered from the fields of France, were ordered to the vacancies caused by the departure of the veteran battalions. All the great thoroughfares of France were thronged by these vast masses of men passing in opposite directions.

The well-trained soldier cares little for his life. He becomes a mere animal. The soul is brutalized. The conscience is dead. He seeks to enjoy, by every indulgence, the brief existence which is left for him. Napoleon was consummately skillful in touching all the secret springs of human action. For these immense bands of men traversing France, his foresight provided, in all the important towns through which they should pass, the most brilliant entertainments. Illuminations and banquets greeted them. Martial songs were composed to be sung at these fêtes, celebrating the heroic exploits of the army, and stimulating the passion for military glory. At the same time, vast magazines of the munitions of war were established at the foot of the Pyrenees.

When Alexander heard of the disasters in Spain, he said to M. Caulaincourt, Napoleon's ambassador,

"You must make the best of a bad job, and go through this matter without flinching. Your master sent to Spain young soldiers, and not enough of them. Besides, *he* was not there, and blunders have been committed. He will, however, soon repair all that. Your Emperor can not suffer any Bourbon so near him. This is, on his part, a consistent policy, which I entirely admit. I am not jealous of his aggrandizement, especially when it is prompted by the same motive as the last. Let him not be jealous of those which are in like manner necessary to my empire, and quite as easy to justify. For my part, I shall be invariable. I am about to address Austria in language which will induce her to reflect seriously on her imprudent conduct. I will prove to your master that I am faithful in bad and good fortune. Tell him, however, that we must see each other as soon as possible."

"In 1807," says Caulaincourt, "when I was sent as ambassador to Russia, world; authors who, profoundly ignorant of the numbers, situation, and resources of the opposing armies, pretend, nevertheless, to detail, with great accuracy, the right method of executing the most difficult and delicate operations of war. As the rebuke of Turenne, who frankly acknowledged to Luvois that he could cross the Rhine at a particular spot if the latter's finger were a bridge, has been lost upon such men, perhaps the more recent opinion of Napoleon may be disregarded. 'But it is not permitted,' says that consummate general, 'it is not permitted, at the distance of three hundred leagues, and without even a statement of the situation of the army, to direct what should be done.'" —Napier, vol. i., p. 186

"I am astonished," says Louis Bonaparte, "that Sir Walter Scott not only ventures to criticise Napoleon, but even goes so far as to give him lessons in tactics. Since these lessons were not published during the life of Napoleon, it is not surprising that he did not profit by them."—*Réponse à Sir Walter Scott, par Louis Bonaparte, Frère de L'Empereur*, p. 130.

the Emperor Napoleon had attained the zenith of his political fortune. The Emperor always entertained a just idea of the noble and the grand. He was economical in his own personal expenses, and a decided foe to extravagance and wastefulness, yet he was munificent in all that related to the dignity of the crown. No sovereign had a nicer perception of what was due to his exalted position. He was desirous that the ambassador of the greatest nation in the world should maintain with regal splendor the rank of the country he had the honor to represent. 'I give you a *carte blanche* for the expenses of the embassy. We must not appear like citizens grown rich. The court of France must not show itself mean and petty. Our brother of Russia loves pleasure and luxury. Give magnificent fêtes.'

"You wish that I should introduce you to the brilliant court of Russia, where I found realized all the traditions of the youthful days of Louis XIV. Indeed, the glories of the Grand Monarque seemed, at that time, a fond dream at the court of St. Petersburg. No court ever presented within itself so many elements of pleasure and excitement. Youth, beauty, gayety, and splendor were ever grouped around the throne.

"On reception days, the scene which presented itself in the saloons of the palace exceeded all that imagination can picture. It was a realization of the wonders of the 'Arabian Nights.' Women of the most captivating beauty, grace, and elegance were sparkling in diamonds, and arrayed in a gorgeousness truly Asiatic. Some were intelligent and well educated, others frivolous and ignorant, but all were beautiful, and all devotedly fond of music and dancing. The young men, by the grace of their manners and language, and the elegance and luxury of their dress, completely eclipsed our most approved Parisian models, our Richelieus, Narbonnes, &c.

"Every day brought new fêtes, new parties of pleasure. I confess that I found it no easy matter to maintain my establishment in a style corresponding with the Russian notions of munificence. Balls, concerts, plays, and suppers occupied the evenings, and sledge parties were a favorite day amusement. I will mention one instance out of a thousand to give you an idea of the profuse expenditure of money in Russia. At a supper given after a ball at the embassy, a plate of five pears cost five hundred and fifty dollars. On another occasion, cherries which had been purchased at the price of eighty cents each were served as abundantly as though they had cost no more than twenty cents the pound. You must not imagine that this was an exception worthy of remark or calculated to excite surprise. On the contrary, any attempt to spare this expense would have appeared shabby and absurd.

"I must repeat to you a remark made by the Emperor on this subject. In my private correspondence with him, I frequently entered into the most minute details of all that was going on. He had desired me to write him gossiping letters. They amused him. When I informed him of the pears at one hundred dollars apiece, he answered, 'When I was a sub-lieutenant, I should have thought myself very fortunate if my yearly income had been as much as the price of your plate of Russian pears. Such extravagances are only to be expected in madmen or fools.' I am certain that the Emperor was really angry at this silly profusion."*

* *Recollections of Caulaincourt*, vol. i., p. 26, 27

The state of the empire was now such that the public funds began to decline. England, Spain, and Portugal had combined their arms in the south. Austria, in the north, was arming seven hundred thousand men. Prussia, in the depths of her humiliation, was longing for an opportunity to retrieve her fallen fortunes. It was well known that the nobility of Russia, headed by the queen mother, were bitterly hostile to Napoleon. It was doubtful how long Alexander would be able to withstand their opposition. Speculators in the public funds endeavored to excite a panic. The price fell from ninety-four to as low as seventy. Napoleon immediately roused himself to encounter this financial warfare with the same vigor with which he was accustomed to meet his foes upon the field. "I mean," said he, "*to make a campaign against the bears.*"* By means of judicious purchases, steadily executed for one or two months, the speculators for a fall were beaten. The public funds rose again to the price which Napoleon deemed it a point of honor for the government to maintain. He was extremely gratified at this success. "We have beaten the bears," he said; "they will not try the game again. We have preserved for the creditors of state the capital to which they have a right; we have also effected good investments for the army funds." Many of the speculators in this financial warfare were ruined. Napoleon, with his accustomed generosity, conferred upon them some private recompense.

CHAPTER III.

THE EMPERORS AT ERFURTH.

Meeting of the Emperors at Erfurth—Homage of Napoleon to Men of Science and Genius—Character of Alexander—Letter to the Emperor of Austria—The Divorce alluded to—Minute and accurate Information of Napoleon—His prodigious Application—His Affection for Alexander—Letter to the King of England—Chilling Repulse of England—Napoleon's Remarks to O'Meara—Napier's Admission.

THE 27th of September, 1808, the day appointed for the meeting at Erfurth, was drawing near. The attention of all Europe was directed to this celebrated interview. The destinies of the world seemed to depend upon its issues. Kings, princes, courtiers, from all parts of Europe, were crowding to witness the extraordinary spectacle. The Emperor of France was the hospitable host who was to receive them all as his guests. Napoleon left Paris surrounded by the most brilliant retinue which ever accompanied an earthly monarch. The people were proud to have their king, on this occasion, tower in splendor above all the kings of the nobles. Napoleon had previously dispatched thither all the appliances of gorgeous pleasure for the entertainment of those who live for pleasure only.

* "*Bears and Bulls*—terms applied to persons engaged in the gambling transactions of the Stock Exchange. A *Bear* is one who contracts to deliver, at a specified *future* time, stocks which he does not own; a *Bull* is one who contracts to take them. Hence, in the intervening time, it is the interest of the former to depress stocks, as the bear pulls down with his strong paws; and of the latter to raise stocks, as the bull throws upward with his horns. The stock is, in fact, never delivered and was never meant to be. When the time for delivery arrives, the losing party pays the *difference* between the price of the stock *then* and at the time when the contract was made."—*Webster*.



MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

He arrived at Erfurth at ten o'clock in the forenoon. The streets were already thronged with kings, dukes, princes, and high dignitaries of the Church, the army, and the state. After having received the homage and the congratulations of this illustrious throng, he rode at noon on horseback, accompanied by the King of Saxony, and attended by an immense and magnificent staff, to meet the Emperor Alexander, who was approaching in an open carriage. Napoleon met his friend and ally at the end of about six miles. On perceiving the carriage in which Alexander rode, he galloped toward it with the utmost eagerness. The two emperors alighted, and embraced each other with every expression of cordial friendship. Horses had been provided for Alexander and his suite. The two emperors rode into Erfurth side by side, conversing with most friendly animation.

At Erfurth, Napoleon presented to the Emperor Alexander all the illustrious personages admitted to the interview. He then escorted him to the palace prepared for his reception. It was arranged that Alexander should dine every day at Napoleon's table. In the evening there was a splendid banquet, crowded by the most illustrious personages Europe could furnish. The town was illuminated. A tragedy, developing the noblest traits of human nature, was performed by the most accomplished actors of France. Alexander sat by the side of Napoleon. As the sentiment was expressed from the stage,

"The friendship of a great man is a gift from the gods!"

Alexander gracefully rose, took the hand of Napoleon, and, bowing, said, "I experience the truth of that sentiment every day." An instinctive burst of

applause from a pit full of princes, nobles, and kings, shook the walls of the theatre.

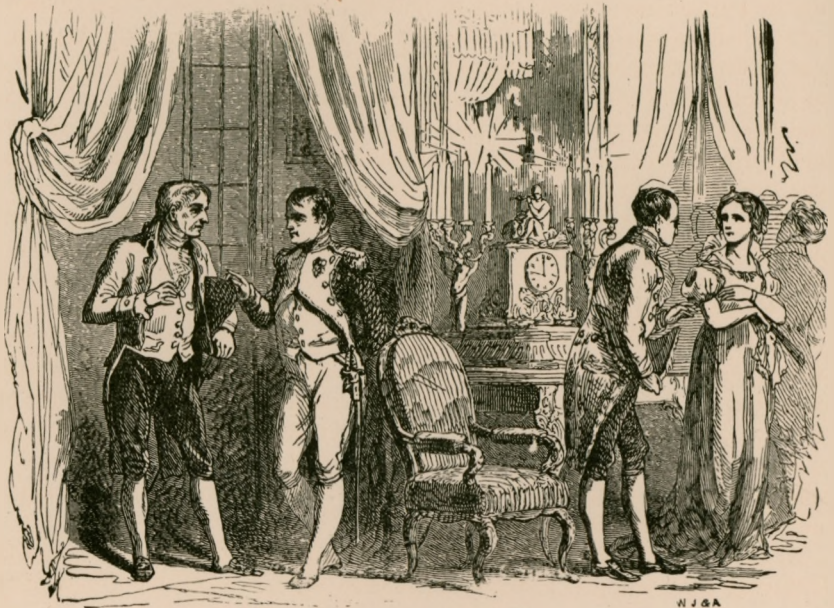
Napoleon had no relish for pleasure. Business was his only joy. Arrangements were immediately made for uninterrupted hours of conference. Alexander could hardly restrain his impatience to obtain possession of Constantinople. Napoleon was decided that, at all hazards, Russia, already too formidable in her gigantic power, must be prevented from making that acquisition. He was, however, extremely desirous to gratify Alexander. The conference continued for nearly twenty days. The Emperor of Austria, in consequence of his hostile attitude, had not been invited to the interview. Francis, however, sent an ambassador, ostensibly to present his congratulations to the two sovereigns who had met so near to his empire, but in reality to penetrate, if possible, the secret of the interview. Napoleon received the Austrian envoy with courtesy, but with reserve. With his accustomed frankness, he said, "Your master has not been invited to this imperial meeting. We could not invite him while he is raising such threatening armies. If Austria desires the friendship of Russia and of France, she must manifest a friendly disposition. If she prefer the alliance of England, to England she must go for her intimacies." That the secrets of the interview might be safe, they were confided to but four persons—the two emperors and their two ministers.

All the splendor and the beauty of Germany had flocked to the little town of Erfurth. Napoleon, as the host of these illustrious guests, had made the most magnificent preparations for their enjoyment. While he kept them incessantly occupied with festivals, banquets, fêtes, and balls, all the energies of his mind were engrossed during the morning and afternoon, and deep into the hours of the night, by the majestic interests which were at his disposal.

There was a very distinguished lady whom the occasion had called to Erfurth, the Princess of Tour, sister of the Queen of Prussia. Her rank, her beauty, her intellectual fascination, attracted to her drawing-rooms all the refinement, loveliness, and genius of Germany. The highest names in literature and in science, allured by the patronage of Napoleon, mingled with the throng of princes and kings. Wieland and Goëthe were there. Napoleon turned aside from the brilliance of birth and of rank to pay his homage to the splendors of genius.

Wieland thus describes an interview with the Emperor in the saloon of the Princess of Tour: "I had been but a few minutes in the room when Napoleon crossed it to come to us. I was presented by the Duchess of Weimar. He paid me some compliments in an affable tone, fixing his eye piercingly upon me. Few men have appeared to me to possess, in the same degree, the power of penetrating at a glance the thoughts of others. I have never beheld any one more calm, more simple, more mild, or less ostentatious in appearance. Nothing about him indicated the feeling of power in a great monarch. He spoke to me as an old acquaintance would speak to an equal. What was more extraordinary on his part, he conversed with me exclusively for an hour and a half, to the great surprise of the assembly. He appeared to have no relish for any thing gay. In spite of the prepossessing amenity of his manners, he seemed to me to be of bronze. Toward mid

night I began to feel that it was improper to detain him so long, and I took the liberty to demand permission to retire. 'Go, then,' said he, in a friendly tone. 'Good-night!'



SOIRÉE AT ERFURTH.

Müller, the celebrated Swiss historian, had an interview with Napoleon about the same time. He thus records the effect which the conversation produced upon his mind. "Quite impartially and truly, as before God, I must say, that the variety of his knowledge, the acuteness of his observation, the solidity of his understanding, filled me with astonishment. His manner of speaking to me inspired me with love for him. It was one of the most remarkable days of my life. By his genius and his disinterested goodness, he has conquered me also."

Alexander, with all his ambition, was a lover of pleasure, graceful and amiable. One evening, at a ball, while Alexander was dancing with the Queen of Westphalia, Napoleon was conversing with Goethe, the author of *Werter*. At the close of the evening, Napoleon wrote to Josephine, "I have attended a ball in Weimar. The Emperor Alexander danced. But I? no! Forty years are forty years."*

Alexander was a man of gallantry. There was a distinguished actress at Erfurth, alike celebrated for her genius and her beauty. She attracted the

* "J'ai reçu, mon amie, ta lettre. Je vois avec plaisir que tu te portes bien. Je viens de chasser sur le champ du bataille de Jena. Nous avons déjeuné dans l'endroit où j'avais passé la nuit au bivouac.

"J'ai assisté au bal de Weimar. L'Empereur Alexandre danse, mais moi, non; quarante ans sont quarante ans.

"Ma santé est bonne au fond, malgré quelques petits maux. Adieu, mon amie. Tout à toi
NAPOLEON."

"Le 9 Octobre, 1808.

attention of the imperial gallant. He inquired of Napoleon if there would be any inconvenience in his forming her personal acquaintance. "None whatever," Napoleon coolly replied, "excepting that it would be a certain mode of making you known to all Paris. At the next post-house, the most minute particulars of your visit to her will be dispatched." The Czar was very sensitive to such notoriety, and this hint cooled his rising passion. It was at Erfurth that Napoleon made the memorable observation to Talma on his erroneous view of Nero in the *Britannicus* of Racine. "The poet," said he, "has not represented Nero as a merciless despot at the commencement of his career. It was not till love, his ruling passion at the moment, was thwarted, that he became violent, cruel, and tyrannical."

A fête was arranged on the field of the battle of Jena, where Napoleon had annihilated the Prussian army. It was given to Napoleon by those who were willing to forget their defeat in their desire to honor him. A magnificent tent was pitched on the summit of the Landgrafenberg, where Napoleon had bivouacked on the 19th of October, two years before. Napoleon, with a gorgeous retinue, rode over the field of battle. A vast multitude, from leagues around, thronged the field, and, dazzled by the splendor of the mighty conqueror, surrounded him with their acclamations. The little town of Jena had been seriously injured in the conflict of that dreadful day. Napoleon sent a gift of 60,000 dollars for the benefit of those inhabitants who had suffered from the calamity.

At last the two emperors had resolved all their difficulties, and signed the following convention. France and Russia solemnly renewed their alliance, and engaged to make peace or war in common. The two emperors agreed to make a formal proposal for peace to England, and to do this on terms so manifestly just that the *people* of England should demand peace of the English cabinet. Russia consented that the crown of Spain should remain upon the head of Joseph. France consented that Alexander should take possession of Finland, Moldavia, and Wallachia. Napoleon, with his own hand, drew up the letter, which was addressed directly to the King of England, proposing peace. It was signed by both of the emperors.

Austria was deeply irritated in not being admitted to this interview. Napoleon granted the ambassador of Francis an audience of leave. He took occasion again to remonstrate against the unfriendly attitude Austria was assuming. "The court of Vienna," said he, "must expect to be excluded from the affairs of Europe so long as she manifests a disposition again to disturb the repose of Europe." Napoleon presented the ambassador with a letter for the Emperor Francis. It was conceived in a frank, generous, and noble spirit. It was expressed as follows:

"Sire and Brother,—I have never doubted your majesty's upright intentions. I have, notwithstanding, had fears for a while of seeing hostilities renewed between us. There is a faction in Vienna which affects alarm, in order to hurry your cabinet into violent measures. I have had it in my power to dismember your majesty's monarchy, or at least to leave it less powerful. I did not choose to do so. What it is, it is by my consent. This is the most convincing proof that I desire nothing of your majesty. I am always ready to guarantee the integrity of your majesty's monarchy. I will never

do any thing contrary to the substantial interests of your dominions. But your majesty must not open questions which fifteen years of war have settled. Your majesty must prohibit every proclamation or proceeding provocative of war. By pursuing a straightforward and frank line of conduct, your majesty will render your people happy ; you will enjoy yourself the repose which you must earnestly desire after so many troubles. Let your majesty's proceedings display confidence, and they will inspire it. The best policy in these days is simplicity and truth. Let your majesty make known to me your apprehensions. I will instantly disperse them."

During these private interviews, the question of the divorce of Josephine, and of a nuptial alliance with the Russian monarchy, was introduced. It is with deep pain that we approach that subject. It is the great and the inefaceable stain which rests upon the character of Napoleon. Josephine, the gentle, the loving, the magnanimous, forgave him. The world never can. She had stood by his side during all the conflicts of their tumultuous life. She had aided in achieving his renown. She had loved him with a fervor and a faithfulness which never have been surpassed. No earthly motives ought to have sufficient power to sever the sacred ties which bound them. God seems to have frowned upon the deed. Napoleon himself was constrained to confess that it was the greatest calamity of his life. It is no excuse for Napoleon to admit that the temptation was stronger than was ever before presented to mortal man ; that there were blended with the motives which instigated to the deed, sentiments as lofty and sublime as ever mingled with towering ambition.

But while we thus in sorrow condemn, let us still be just to Napoleon, and listen to the plea which he presents to mitigate the verdict of the world's censure. Josephine also, her face all bathed in tears, her heart all glowing with love, presents herself before that same severe tribunal to implore the forgiveness of that adored husband, who loved her as he loved no other mortal, and yet discarded her. The divorce of Josephine ! it is one of the most extraordinary, the most sublime, the most touching of the tragedies which time has enacted. Listen to the plea of Napoleon. He says to Josephine, "I love you, and you only. To your affection I am indebted for the only few moments of happiness I have ever enjoyed on earth. Monarchical Europe is in arms against me, a plebeian monarch. All feudal thrones are in heart still hostile. There is no prospect of any termination to wars and woes, desolating ten thousand homes, and deluging all lands with blood. If I form an alliance with some imperial house like that of Russia or Austria, it introduces me into the family of kings. My child is recognized by other monarchs as of royal lineage. I secure an ally whose dignity is involved in sustaining my rights. Peace is restored to Europe. Thousands of dwellings are rescued from the ravages of war. We can still love each other. We can still be, in heart, the nearest and dearest friends. We can still correspond and meet in the most confiding friendship. Ought we not to be willing to sever the *one tie* which makes us husband and wife, to accomplish purposes so infinitely vast ? United as our hearts are, it is the greatest sacrifice that mortals ever made, but it is to accomplish the greatest benefits which were ever presented to mortal choice.

“Should I die, Josephine, who is to succeed me upon the throne of France? A hundred ambitious claimants, grasping the sword, will rouse the nation to anarchy. Fire, blood, ruin, will be the legacy we shall bequeath to France. Should God bless me with an heir, all these woes will be arrested. The nation will go on in prosperity and peace. Is it not, then, a noble offering for us to place upon the altar of our country—the sacrifice of our hearts? France will appreciate the offering. The blessings of unborn generations will rest upon us.”

No one can be insensible to the grandeur of these sentiments. Napoleon had not been educated in the school of strict religious principle. He could not contemplate the subject as it is regarded by the well-instructed Christian. He heard no voice uttering the solemn words, “Thus saith the Lord.” He was influenced only by considerations of worldly justice and expediency. In that view, it was, apparently, a noble sacrifice, promising most beneficial results. But there is a divine justice which sustains divine law, even when mortal vision is blind to its requisitions. Napoleon sinned against the law of God. High upon a pinnacle of glory, his sin was witnessed by the world. The world has seen the penalty.

Alexander, with the most flattering expressions of regard, replied to the overture which M. Talleyrand suggested upon this delicate subject. He immediately signified to Napoleon how ardently he anticipated the day when they should be not only friends, but brothers. His countenance beamed with satisfaction as he alluded to the period when, in visiting Paris, he might embrace his sister as the Empress of France. He, however, spoke freely of the strong prejudices cherished by his mother, and by the majority of the nobles. They were violently opposed to that popular monarch who was shaking every where in Europe the foundations of feudal power. The subject was but briefly alluded to in this interview. Napoleon had often pondered the matter deeply. He had, however, often been arrested in that design by the sincere affection which bound him to the wife of his youth. A thousand busy tongues had often whispered the dreadful rumor to Josephine, but Napoleon had not yet ventured to allude to the subject in her presence.

Alexander was never weary of expressing his admiration of the French Emperor, not only as regarded his genius, but his grace, his fascinating vivacity, and his kindness of heart. “He is not only,” he often said, “the greatest man living, but he is also the best man. People think him ambitious and fond of war. He is no such thing. He only makes war from political necessity, from the compulsion of circumstances.”

All were amazed at the extent and the accuracy of Napoleon’s information upon every subject which was introduced. He conversed with divines, philosophers, historians, dramatists, and his intellectual superiority was universally recognized. His acute criticisms upon Tacitus, as picturing his own times in hues too sombre; his powerful contrast between Christianity and Mohammedanism; his rapid glance at the defects in the literature of modern times, impressed all scholars with the consciousness of the universality of his genius. Speaking of the German drama, imitated from Shakspeare, in which tragedy and comedy, the terrible and the ludicrous, are strangely blended, he said to Goëthe, “I am astonished that a great intellect like yours does not

prefer the more distinctly defined forms!" "A profound saying," remarks Thiers, "which very few critics of our day are capable of comprehending."

At one of the dinner-parties, a question arose concerning a certain Papal decree known as the "*Golden Bull*." Some one, in quoting this document, assigned its date to the year 1409. "You are wrong," said Napoleon; "the Bull was published in 1336, in the reign of the Emperor Charles IV." A curiosity was immediately expressed to learn how Napoleon could be acquainted with such minute matters of learning. "*When I was a lieutenant in the army*," said Napoleon, smiling at the surprise of his princely auditors, "I was three years in the garrison at Valence. Not being addicted to society, I lived very retired. I happened to lodge at the house of a bookseller, to whose library I had ready access. I read through the books it contained more than once, and have forgotten little of their contents, whether relating to military or other affairs."

Indeed, his powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France of any note with whose private history, character, and qualifications he was not acquainted. He had tables drawn up with great accuracy by his ministers, which he called "the moral statistics of his empire." These he carefully corrected by ministerial reports and private correspondence. He received all letters himself, read them, and never forgot their contents. He slept but little, and improved every moment of time when awake. So retentive was his memory, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were never effaced from his mind. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration. His detection of errors in accounts appeared so marvelous as to create a general persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a particular battalion charged on a certain day at Besançon. "But the battalion was not there," said Napoleon. "It is an error." The minister, remembering that at that time Napoleon was absent from France, insisted that the account was correct. It proved to be a fraud. The dishonest accountant was dismissed. The anecdote circulated through the empire, a warning to every unfaithful clerk.

The Swiss deputies, in 1801, were astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country. The envoys of the obscure republic of San Marino were bewildered on finding that Napoleon was perfectly acquainted with the families, the feuds, and the local politics of their society.

When Napoleon was passing to the island of Elba in the *Undaunted*, he conversed much upon naval affairs. One day, at the dinner-table, he alluded to a plan which he had once conceived of building a vast number of ships of the line. It was suggested that he would find much difficulty in forming thorough seamen, as the English fleet had command of all seas. Napoleon replied that he had organized exercises for the seamen not only in harbor, but in smaller vessels near the coast, that they might be trained in rough weather to the most arduous maneuvers of seamanship. Among other difficulties which he enumerated, he mentioned that of keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. One gentleman at the table asked him the

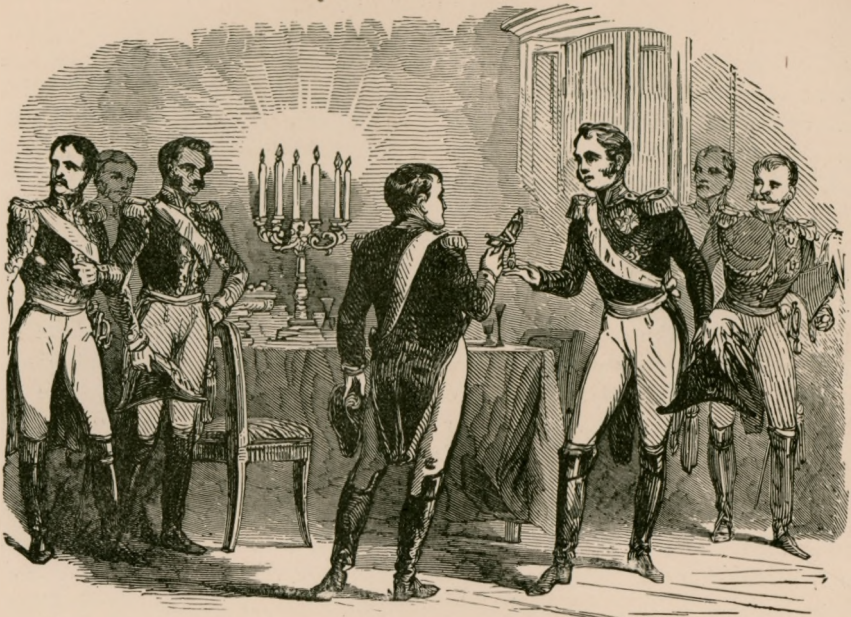
meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. "The Emperor," says Captain Usher, "took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific, and practical a way, that I know of none but professional men who could, offhand, have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory a solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred that the person making it had received a naval education."

On the same voyage, the question arose as to putting into the harbor of Bastia, on the island of Corsica. Napoleon immediately described the depth of water, shoals, currents, anchorage, and bearings, with as much minuteness as if he had passed his life in piloting ships into that port. Captain Usher, on reference to the charts, found that the information which Napoleon had given was scrupulously accurate.

The commander of the transports incidentally mentioned that he had thought of putting into a creek near Genoa. "It is well that you did not," said Napoleon. "It is the worst place in the Mediterranean. You would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to a minute description of the peculiarities of the little bay. When this circumstance was mentioned to Captain Dundas, who had recently returned from a cruise in the Gulf of Genoa, he confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "I thought it," said he, "a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek by observation and experience."

Napoleon possessed a power of intense and protracted application which has probably never been surpassed. In the deliberations on the civil code, he was often employed twelve or fifteen hours without any abatement of energy. He established an office with twelve clerks, and Mounier at their head, whose sole duty it was to extract and classify the contents of the English newspapers. He charged Mounier to omit no abuse of him, however coarse or malignant. Mounier ventured to soften, and sometimes to suppress, the virulent abuse which was occasionally thrown upon Josephine. Napoleon questioned others upon the contents of the English journals. He thus detected Mounier in his kindly-intentioned mutilations. He forbade him to withhold any intelligence or any censure. He found time for private and varied reading, garnering, at a glance, the contents of a volume. Every morning his librarian was employed for some time in replacing books and maps which the Emperor's insatiable and unwearied curiosity had examined before breakfast.

On one occasion, at Erfurth, the Czar, on entering Napoleon's dining-room, was about to lay aside his sword, but found that he had forgotten it. Napoleon immediately presented him with his own weapon. Alexander accepted it with the most evident gratification. "I accept your majesty's gift," he exclaimed, "as a pledge of your friendship. You may be assured that I shall never draw it against you." "We exchanged," said Napoleon, "the most striking testimonies of affection, and passed some days together, enjoying the delights of perfect intimacy, and the most familiar intercourse of private life. We were like two young men of fortune; who, in our common pleasures, had no secrets from each other." Napoleon wrote to Josephine, "I



THE PRESENT OF THE SWORD.

am content with Alexander. He ought to be so with me. If he were a woman, I think I should fall in love with him.”*

On the morning of the 14th of October, Napoleon and Alexander rode out of Erfurth on horseback, side by side. The troops were under arms. A vast multitude from all the adjoining country thronged the streets to witness their departure. They rode a few miles together, and then dismounted. While grooms led their horses, they walked for a short time, deeply engaged in confidential communings. They then embraced with cordial affection. The ties of sincere friendship, as well as those of policy and ambition, united them. Alexander entered his carriage. Napoleon mounted his horse. They then clasped hands in a final adieu. The rumbling of wheels and the clatter of hoofs were heard as the two emperors, surrounded by their brilliant suites, separated. Alexander departed for St. Petersburg. Napoleon returned, silent and thoughtful, to Erfurth. They never met again. But their respective armies soon rushed to the conflict against each other, amid the flames of Moscow, and on the ensanguined field of Waterloo.

Napoleon, upon returning to Erfurth, took leave of the princes and other illustrious personages who still remained. In the afternoon of the same day he took his carriage for Paris. The little town, which had thus suddenly become the theatre of the most gorgeous display of earthly grandeur, was left to its accustomed silence and solitude. Napoleon, with his ordinary disregard of sleep or of rest, pressed forward with the utmost velocity by day and by night. On the morning of the 18th he arrived at St. Cloud.

* “ Je suis content d’Alexandre ; il doit l’être de moi. S’il était femme, je crois que j’en ferais mon amoureuse.”



LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE EMPERORS.

An embassy, consisting of two couriers—one from France, the other from Russia—was immediately dispatched, to convey to the King of England the united letter of the emperors imploring peace. The following is a copy of this remarkable document, which was signed by Napoleon and Alexander :

“Sire! The present situation of Europe has brought us together at Erfurth. Our first wish is to fulfill the desire of all nations, and, by a speedy pacification with your majesty, to take the most effectual means for relieving the sufferings of Europe. The long and bloody war which has convulsed the Continent is at an end, and can not be renewed. Many changes have taken place in Europe ; many governments have been destroyed. The cause is to be found in the uneasiness and the sufferings occasioned by the stagnation of maritime commerce. Greater changes still may take place, and all will be unfavorable to the politics of England. Peace therefore is, at the same time, the common cause of the nations of the Continent and of Great Britain. We unite in requesting your majesty to lend an ear to the voice of humanity, to suppress that of the passions, to reconcile contending interests, and to secure the welfare of Europe and of the generations over which Providence has placed us.”

This important dispatch was directed to Mr. Canning, the prime minister, inclosed in an envelope, the superscription of which signified that it was addressed, by their majesties the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Russia, to his majesty the King of Great Britain. The couriers were requested to say every where that they came with proposals of peace. Napoleon wished the English people to understand that the responsibility of the war, if hostilities were to continue, rested not with him, but with the cabinet at London. The couriers dispatched from Boulogne found no little difficulty in reaching England. The British ministers were so opposed to peace.

that the most stringent orders had been issued to the British cruisers *not to allow a flag of truce to pass*. The very able French officer who commanded the French brig succeeded in eluding the cruisers, and anchored in the Downs. It was some time before the couriers were permitted to land. At last the Russian courier was sent on to London, while the French envoy was detained at the seaboard. An order, however, soon arrived from Mr. Canning, and the French courier was permitted to repair to London. They were both treated with civility, but were placed under the surveillance of a British officer, who never left them for a moment.

After a lapse of forty-eight hours, they were sent back with notes, not to the emperors, but to the Russian and French *ministers*, acknowledging the receipt of the dispatch, and promising a subsequent answer. This cold response indicated too clearly the unrelenting spirit of the English cabinet. In the course of a few days, an evasive and recriminative answer was returned by the British minister. The message stated that, though England often received proposals for peace, she did not believe them to be sincere. She insisted that all the allies of England, including the Spanish insurgents, should take part in the negotiations. This dispatch, which also was directed to the French and Russian *ministers*, was accompanied by the exceedingly insulting declaration, "that the English ministers could not reply to the two *sovereigns*, since *one of them was not recognized by England*." Notwithstanding this chilling repulse and this unpardonable insult, Napoleon had so much respect for his own glory, and was so intensely anxious for peace, that he returned a friendly reply. He promptly consented to admit all the allies of England to participate in the negotiations, excepting only the Spanish insurgents. Upon the receipt of this note, England peremptorily declared, in most offensive terms, to both France and Russia, that no peace was possible with two courts, one of which dethroned and imprisoned the most legitimate kings, and the other of which, from interested motives, countenanced such atrocities.

Colonel Napier admits "the insulting tone of Mr. Canning's communication," and says, what Napoleon's "real views in proposing to treat were it is difficult to determine. He could not expect that Great Britain would have relinquished the cause of Spain. He must therefore have been prepared to make some arrangement upon that head, unless the whole proceeding was an artifice to sow distrust among his enemies. The English ministers asserted that it was so. But what enemies were they among whom he could create this uneasy feeling? Sweden, Sicily, Portugal! The notion as applied to them was absurd. It is more probable that he was sincere. He said so at St. Helena, and the peculiar circumstances of the period at which he conferences of Erfurth took place warrant a belief in that assertion."

Thus the English minister broke off the negotiation, and all hopes of peace vanished. The gold and the diplomacy of the cabinet of St. James now infused new vigor into the warlike spirit of Austria, and roused anew the fanatic peasantry of Spain. The storms of war again swept, in flame and blood, over ill-fated Europe, and new changes were rung upon "*the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte*."*

* It is a little remarkable that Sir Archibald Alison should not have deemed these extraordinary events of sufficient moment to be recorded in his voluminous and glowing pages.

Colonel Napier censures the British government severely for refusing to negotiate. He justifies Napoleon in his refusal to admit the Spaniards as a party to the conference. "To have done that," he says, "would have been to resign the weapon in his hands before he entered the lists. That England could not abandon the Spaniards is unquestionable, but that was not a necessary consequence of continuing the negotiations. There was a bar put to the admission of a Spanish diplomatist, but no bar was thereby put to the discussion of Spanish interests. The correspondence of the English minister would not of necessity have compromised Spanish independence; it need not have relaxed, in the slightest degree, the measures of hostility, nor retarded the succors preparing for the patriots.

"But such an enlarged mode of proceeding was not in accordance with the shifts and subterfuges that characterized the policy of the day, when it was thought wise to degrade the dignity of such a correspondence by a ridiculous denial of Napoleon's titles, and praiseworthy to render a state paper, in which such serious interests were discussed, offensive and mean, by miserable sarcasm, evincing the pride of an author rather than the gravity of a statesman. There is sound ground also for believing that hope, derived from a silly intrigue carried on through the Princess of Tour and Taxis with Talleyrand and some others, who were even then ready to betray Napoleon, was the real cause of the negotiation having been broken off by Mr. Canning."*

"Let your ministers say what they like," said Napoleon to O'Meara, at St. Helena, "I was always ready to make peace. At the time that Fox died, there was every prospect of effecting one. If Lord Lauderdale had been sincere at first, it would also have been concluded. Before the campaign in Prussia, I caused it to be signified to him that he had better persuade his countrymen to make peace, as I should be master of Prussia in two months; for this reason, that although Russia and Prussia united might be able to oppose me, yet that Prussia alone could not. The Russians were three months' march distant. As I had intelligence that the Prussians intended to defend Berlin instead of retiring to obtain the support of the Russians, I could destroy their army and take Berlin before the Russians came up. The Russians alone I could easily defeat afterward. I therefore advised him to take advantage of my offer of peace before Prussia, who was your best friend on the Continent, was destroyed. After this communication, I believe that Lord Lauderdale was sincere, and that he wrote to your ministers recommending peace. But they would not agree to it, thinking

Sir Walter Scott briefly says, "The two emperors joined in a letter to the King of Great Britain, proposing a general peace. The proposal, as must have been foreseen, went off on Britain demanding that the Spanish government and the King of Sweden should be admitted as parties to the treaty." We can but admire the felicitous ambiguity of the phrase "*went off*."

* "The insulting tone of Mr. Canning's communication produced an insulting reply from M. de Champagny, which also finished by proposing the '*uti possidetis*' as a basis for a treaty, and expressing a hope that, without losing sight of the inevitable results of the force of states, it would be remembered that between great powers there could be no solid peace but that which was equal and honorable for both parties. Upon the receipt of these replies, the English minister broke off the negotiations, and all chance of peace vanished; but, previous to the conclusion of this remarkable correspondence, Napoleon had returned to Paris."—*Napier*, vol. i., p. 171

that the King of Prussia was at the head of a hundred thousand men ; that I might be defeated, and that a defeat would be my ruin. This was possible. A battle sometimes decides every thing ; and sometimes the most trifling event decides the fate of a battle. The event, however, proved that I was right. After Jena, Prussia was mine. After Tilsit and at Erfurth, a letter, containing proposals of peace to England, and signed by the Emperor Alexander and myself, was sent to your ministers, but they would not accept of them."

"The real principle," says Napier, "of his [Napoleon's] government and secret of his popularity made him the *people's monarch*, not the *sovereign of the aristocracy*. Hence Mr. Pitt called him 'the child and the champion of democracy ;' a truth as evident as that Mr. Pitt and his successors were *the children and the champions of aristocracy*. Hence, also, the privileged classes of Europe consistently transferred their natural and implacable hatred of the French Revolution to his *person* ; for they saw that in him innovation had found a protector ; that he alone, having given pre-eminence to a system so hateful to them, was really what he called himself, 'The State.' The treaty of Tilsit, therefore, although it placed Napoleon in a commanding situation with regard to the potentates of Europe, unmasked the real nature of the war, and brought him and England, the respective champions of *Equality* and *Privilege*, into more direct contact. Peace could not be between them while they were both strong, and all that the French emperor had hitherto gained only enabled him to choose his future field of battle."

CHAPTER IV.

A MARCH INTO SPAIN.

England renews Assistance to Spain—Address of Napoleon to the French Legislature—Proclamation to the Army—Untiring Efforts of the Emperor—The French at Vittoria, Burgos, Espinosa—Storming the Pass of Somosierra—Napoleon's Clemency to the People of Madrid—Interview with General Morla—Surrender of the City—Testimony of Lamartine—Wild Passes of the Guadarrama—Conduct of the English Soldier—Reception of Dispatches at Astorga.

ENGLAND, encouraged by the insurrection in Spain, and by the threatening aspect of Austria, now redoubled her exertions.* She encouraged by every means in her power the rising of the fanatic peasants of the Spanish Peninsula. Her invincible fleet swept the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and landed at every available point money, arms, and the munitions of war. Na-

* "July 4, 1808, the alliance of Great Britain with the Spanish nation was proclaimed, and a struggle began which, whatever opinion may be entertained respecting the conduct of Napoleon, every one will admit to have led, as far as respected Spain, to nothing but evil."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. *Spain*. The final triumph of the English inflicted upon Spain the heaviest curse which could have befallen the nation. It riveted the chains of ignorance, despotism, and the most intolerable religious fanaticism.

"Future ages will find it difficult to credit the enthusiasm and the transport with which the tidings of the insurrection in Spain were received in the British islands. Never was public joy more universal ; the general rapture knew no bounds. All classes joined in it. All degrees of intellect were swept away by the flood. The aristocratic party, who had so long struggled with almost hopeless constancy against the ever-advancing wave of revolutionary ambition, rejoiced that it had at last broke on a rugged shore."—*Atson*, vol. iii., p. 56.

oleon, unsuccessful in his renewed endeavors for the attainment of peace, was prepared for the arbitrations of battle.

Before leaving Paris for the Spanish campaign, he assembled the Legislative Body, and thus addressed them :

“I have traveled this year more than three thousand miles in the interior of my empire. The spectacle of this great French family—recently distracted by intestine divisions, now united and happy—has profoundly moved me. I have learned that I can not be happy myself unless I first see that France is happy. A part of my army is marching to meet the troops which England has landed in Spain. It is an especial blessing of that Providence which has constantly protected our arms, that passion has so blinded the English counsels as to induce them to renounce the possession of the seas, and to exhibit their army on the Continent. I depart in a few days to place myself at the head of my troops, and, with the aid of God, to crown in Madrid the King of Spain, and to plant our eagles upon the forts of Lisbon. The Emperor of Russia and I have met at Erfurth. Our most earnest endeavor has been for peace. We have even resolved to make many sacrifices, to confer, if possible, the blessings of maritime commerce upon the hundred millions of men whom we represent. We are of one mind, and we are indissolubly united for peace as for war.”*

An army of two hundred thousand men accustomed to battle was now assembled in the gloomy fastnesses of the Pyrenees. Napoleon had stimulated their march by the following nervous proclamation :

“Soldiers ! After triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers ! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear

* “Upon the 18th of October Napoleon returned to Paris, secure of the present friendship and alliance of Russia, but uncertain of the moment when the stimulus of English subsidies would quicken the hostility of Austria into life ; yet, if his peril was great, his preparations to meet it were likewise enormous. He called out two conscriptions. The first, taken from the classes of 1806, 7, 8, and 9, afforded eighty thousand men arrived at maturity ; these were destined to replace the veterans directed against Spain. The second, taken from the class of 1810, also produced eighty thousand, which were disposed of as reserves in the depôts of France. The French troops left in Germany were then concentrated on the side of Austria ; Denmark was evacuated, and one hundred thousand soldiers were withdrawn from the Prussian states. The army of Italy was powerfully re-enforced, and placed under the command of Prince Eugene, who was assisted by Marshal Massena ; Murat also, who had succeeded Joseph in the kingdom of Naples, was directed to assemble a Neapolitan army on the shores of Calabria, and to threaten Sicily. In short, no measures that prudence could suggest were neglected by this wonderful man, to whom the time required by Austria for the mere preparation for a campaign seemed sufficient for the subjection of the whole Peninsula.

“Then, departing from Paris, he repaired to Bayonne ; but the labors of his ministers continued : their speeches and reports, more elaborate and explicit than usual, exposed the vast resources of France, and were well calculated to impress upon the minds of men the danger of provoking the enmity of such a powerful nation. From those documents, it appeared that the expenses of the year, including the interest of the national debt, were under thirty millions sterling (\$150,000,000), and completely covered by the existing taxes, drawn from a metallic currency ; that no fresh burdens would be laid upon the nation ; that numerous public works were in progress ; that internal trade and the commerce carried on by land were flourishing, and nearly one million of men were in arms.”—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 173.

our triumphal eagles to the Pillars of Hercules. There also we have injuries to avenge. Soldiers! You have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but you have not yet equaled the glory of those Romans who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious upon the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and upon the Tagus. A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labors. But a real Frenchman could not, ought not to rest until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers! All that you have done, all that you will do for the happiness of the French people and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart.”*

On the 29th of October, Napoleon took his carriage for Bayonne, “traversing the earth,” says Sir Walter Scott, “as a comet does the sky, working changes wherever he came.” Madrid was distant from Paris about seven hundred miles. The cold rains of approaching winter had deluged the earth. The roads were miry and often perilous. Regardless of fatigue and danger, Napoleon pressed on through darkness and storms. His carriage was dragged through ruts cut axle deep by the wheels of military wagons and of ponderous artillery. At length, in his impatience for greater speed, he abandoned his carriage and mounted his horse. Apparently insensible to physical exhaustion or suffering, with his small cortège, like the rush of the tornado, he swept through the valleys and over the hills. At two o’clock in the morning of the third of November he arrived at Bayonne.

Immediately he sent for General Berthier, to question him respecting the state of affairs. He had given particular directions that the French generals should do nothing to circumvent the plans of the insurgents. He wished to place his veteran troops in the very midst of the Spanish armies, that he might strike blows heavy and fast in all directions. He had therefore ordered his generals to permit the Spaniards to advance as far as they pleased upon his wings. “I sent them lambs,” said he, in reference to the young and inexperienced soldiers who were first ordered to Spain, “and they devoured them. I will now send them wolves.”

Napoleon found, much to his disappointment, that his orders had been but imperfectly executed. A sufficient amount of clothing had not been obtained for the soldiers. Mules and horses were wanting. There was but a scanty supply of provisions. Joseph, instead of concentrating the troops that they might be enveloped in the masses of the enemy, incapable of appreciating so bold a maneuver, had timidly dispersed them to guard his flanks and rear. Napoleon expressed his regrets, but wasted no time in recriminations. The incredible activity of his mind may be inferred from the labors of a single day succeeding his exhausting journey from Paris to Bayonne. He ordered all contracts which had not yet been executed to be thrown up. Agents were dispatched to purchase with ready money all the cloths of the south which could be obtained. Immense work-shops were established, and

* “The moment was critical and dangerous. He was surrounded by enemies whose pride he had wounded, but whose means of offense he had not destroyed. If he bent his forces against the Peninsula, England might again excite the Continent to arms, and Russia and Austria, once more banding together, might raise Prussia, and renew the eternal coalitions. The designs of Austria, although covered by the usual artifices of that cunning, rapacious court, were not so hidden but that, earlier or later, a war with her was to be expected as a certain event; and the inhabitants of Prussia, subdued and oppressed, could not be supposed tranquil.”—*Napier*, vol. i., p. 168.

hundreds of hands were busy making clothes. All the orders for corn and cattle were countermanded, that the funds might be appropriated to the purchase of clothing. Barracks were ordered to be immediately constructed at Bayonne for the shelter of the troops arriving there. Agents were dispatched to spur on the march of the conscripts to the designated points. The troops which had arrived at Bayonne were carefully reviewed by the eagle eye of the Emperor. Many letters were dictated to administrators of posts, bridges, and roads, filled with most important directions. As rest from the toil of such a day, when the sun had gone down he leaped into his saddle and galloped sixty miles over the mountains to Tolosa. He here passed the night of the 4th, busy in making preparations for a speedy and a decisive conflict. The next day he proceeded thirty miles farther to Vittoria. Napoleon encamped, with the Imperial Guard who accompanied him, at a little distance outside of the city. He wished to appear in Spain but as a general, leaving Joseph, as the king, to occupy the first place in the eyes of the Spaniards. If there were any unpopular acts to be performed, he assumed the responsibility of them himself, that he might shield his brother from odium.

It was late in the night when Napoleon arrived at Vittoria. He leaped from his horse, entered the first inn, called for his maps, and in two hours



NAPOLEON IN THE INN AT VITTORIA.

decided the plan for the whole campaign. Orders were immediately dispatched for the simultaneous movement of 200,000 men. In the morning he had a hurried interview with Joseph, and immediately entered upon a series of operations which have ever been considered as among the most remarkable of his military career.

The Spaniards, in alliance with the English, had met with some astonishing triumphs. They were perfectly intoxicated with success. Their boasting was unparalleled. They had conquered the armies of the great Napoleon. They were surrounding, and in a few days would utterly devour, those hosts whom Russia, Austria, and Prussia had found invincible. Five hundred thousand peasants, headed by priests and monks, were to cross the Pyrenees and march triumphantly upon Paris. The French generals, un-



able to endure the audacious movements of the boasting Spaniards, had occasionally attacked and repulsed them. Had Napoleon's orders been faithfully executed, he would have found his troops strongly concentrated and almost entirely surrounded by the swarming Spanish armies. Then, leaving a veteran band to check the movements of the right wing of the enemy, and another to check the movements of the left he intended, with 80,000 men, to cut the Spanish armies in two at the centre. He would then have fallen successively upon the two wings, and have enveloped and destroyed them. Bold as was this design, there could have been no question of its triumphant success when undertaken by veteran French soldiers

headed by Napoleon. This plan could not now be so safely executed, for the various corps of the French army were widely dispersed, and the Spanish generals had been prevented from thoroughly entangling themselves. Napoleon, however, decided still to adopt essentially the same plan. He made his disposition to cut the Spanish line into two parts, in order to fall first upon the one and then upon the other.

The moment Napoleon arrived at Vittoria, the whole army seemed inspired with new energy. Orders were dispatched in every direction. Hospitals were reared, magazines established, and an intrenchment thrown up as a precaution against any possible reverse; for, while Napoleon was one of the most bold, he was ever one of the most cautious of generals. Having stationed two strong forces to guard his flanks, he took fifty thousand men, the *élite* of his army, and rushed upon the centre of his Spanish foes. The onset was resistless. The carnage was, however, comparatively small. The peasant soldiers, accustomed to the mountains, threw down their arms, and

fled with the agility of goats from crag to crag. Colors, cannon, baggage—all were abandoned. In the night of the 11th of November, Napoleon arrived at the head of his troops at Burgos. Upon the intrenched heights which surround the city, the Spaniards had collected in great force. The French, regardless of shot and shell, which mowed down their front ranks, and strewed the ground with the dead, advanced with fixed bayonets, and swept every thing before them. The Spaniards fled with incredible alacrity, not merely defeated, but disbanded.

The conqueror strode sternly on, picking up by the way muskets, cannon, and munitions of war which the enemy had abandoned, until he arrived at the little town of Espinosa. Thirty thousand men were here strongly intrenched. Six thousand men marched up to the bristling ramparts. They fought all day. They did not conquer. Night separated the exhausted and bleeding combatants. The Spaniards were overjoyed at their successful defense. They built bonfires, and filled the air with their defiant shouts. Another division of the French army arrived in the evening. There were now eighteen thousand Frenchmen on the plain. There were thirty thousand Spaniards upon the intrenched heights. At the dawn of day the sanguinary conflict was renewed. One of the most awful scenes of war ensued. The rush of the assailants was resistless. Thirty thousand men, in frightful confusion, plunged down the precipitous rocks into the narrow street of Espinosa. Eighteen thousand men, in wild pursuit, rushed after them, intoxicated with the delirious passions of war. Death, in its most revolting forms, held high carnival. Swords and bayonets were clotted with blood. Bullets and shells pierced the dense masses of the affrighted and breathless fugitives. The unearthly clamor of the tumultuous and terrified host, the phrensied shouts of the assailants, the clangor of trumpets and drums, the roar of cannon and musketry, the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying, created a scene of horror which no imagination can compass. The River Trueba, rushing from the mountains, traversed the town. One narrow bridge crossed it. The bridge was immediately choked with the miserable throng. An accumulated mass, in one wild maelstrom of affrighted men, struggling in frantic eddies, crowded the entrance. A storm of bullets swept pitilessly through the flying multitude. Great numbers threw themselves into the torrent, swollen by the rains of winter, and were swept away to an unknown burial. After this awful discomfiture, General Blake with difficulty rallied six thousand men to continue a precipitate retreat. The rest were either slain, or dispersed far and wide through the ravines of the mountains.

The Spaniards made one more effort to resist the conqueror. It was at the apparently impregnable Pass of the Somosierra.

The storming of this defile was one of the most astounding achievements of war. At daybreak the advance of Napoleon's columns was arrested. There was a narrow pass over the mountains, long and steep. Rugged and craggy cliffs of granite rose almost perpendicularly on either side to the clouds. A battery of sixteen guns swept the pass. An army of twelve thousand men, stationed behind field-works at every available point, were prepared to pour a storm of bullets into the bosoms of the French, crowded together in the narrow gorge. As soon as the advancing columns appeared.

a murderous fire was opened upon them. The stern battalions, inured as they were to the horrors of war, staggered and recoiled before a torrent of destruction which no mortal men could withstand.

Napoleon immediately rode into the mouth of the defile, and attentively examined the scene before him. He dispatched two regiments of sharpshooters to clamber along the brink of the chasm, among the rocks on either side, from height to height. An active skirmishing fire immediately commenced, which was as actively returned. A dense fog, mingled with the smoke, settled down upon the defile, enveloping the dreary gorge in the gloom of night. Suddenly Napoleon ordered a squadron of Polish lancers, on their light and fleet horses, to charge. In the obscurity of the unnatural darkness, they spurred their horses to the utmost speed. A terrific discharge from the battery swept the whole head of the column, horses and riders, into



STORMING THE PASS OF SOMOSIERRA.

one mangled and hideous mass of death. Those behind, galloping impetuously forward over those mutilated limbs and quivering nerves, dashed upon the artillerymen before they had time to load, and sabred them at their

guns. The French army poured resistlessly through the defile. The Spaniards threw down their arms, and, scattering in all directions, fled over the mountains. The battery and muskets, ammunition and baggage in large quantities, fell into the hands of the victor.

"It is, indeed, almost incredible," says Napier, "even to those who are acquainted with Spanish armies, that a position, in itself nearly impregnable, and defended by twelve thousand men, should, without any panic, but merely from a deliberate sense of danger, be abandoned at the wild charge of a few squadrons, which two companies of good infantry would have effectually stopped. The charge itself, viewed as a simple military operation, was extravagantly rash. But, taken as the result of Napoleon's sagacious estimate of the real value of Spanish troops, and his promptitude in seizing the advantage offered by the smoke and fog that clung to the sides of the mountains, it was a most felicitous example of intuitive genius."

An English army, under Sir John Moore, was hurrying across the north of Portugal to the aid of the Spaniards. Napoleon could not ascertain their numbers. He resolved, however, first to disembarass himself of the Spanish forces, and then to turn upon the English. With resistless steps he now pressed on toward Madrid. There was no further opposition to be encountered. The insurgents had been scattered like autumnal leaves before the gale. On the morning of the 2d of December he arrived before the walls of the metropolis. It was the anniversary of the coronation and also of the battle of Austerlitz. In the minds of the soldiers a superstition was attached to that memorable day. The weather was superb. All nature smiled serenely beneath the rays of an unclouded sun. As Napoleon rode upon the field, one unanimous shout of acclamation burst from his adoring hosts. A still louder shout of defiance and rage was echoed back from the multitudinous throng crowding the ramparts of the city. Napoleon was now standing before the walls of Madrid at the head of 30,000 victorious troops. The city was in the power of the insurgents. An army of 60,000 men had collected within its walls. It was composed mainly of peasants, roused by the priests to the highest pitch of fanatic enthusiasm. The population of the city, men, women, and children—amounted to 180,000. Napoleon was extremely perplexed. He recoiled from the idea of throwing his terrible bombshells and red-hot balls into the midst of the mothers, the maidens, and the children cowering helplessly by their firesides. On the other hand, he could not think of retiring, as if discomfited, and of yielding Madrid and Spain to the dominion of the English. "His genius," says M. Chauvet, "inspired him with a plan which conciliated at the same time the claims of his own glory and the exigencies of humanity. Happily, fortune had not yet abandoned him, and gave him still another proof of her partiality."

Napoleon sat upon his horse, and for a few moments gazed earnestly upon the capital of Spain. The soldiers, flushed with victory, and deeming every thing possible under their extraordinary chieftain, were impatient for the assault. He made a reconnoissance himself, on horseback, around the city, while the balls from the enemy's cannon plowed up the ground beneath his horse's feet. He stationed his forces, and planted his batteries and his mortars in such a position as to reduce the city, if possible, by intimidation, and

thus to save the effusion of blood. The sun had now gone down, and a brilliant moon diffused almost midday splendor over the martial scene. "The night," says Napier, "was calm and bright. The French camp was silent and watchful. But the noise of tumult was heard from every quarter of the city, as if some mighty beast was struggling and howling in the toils." The tocsin from two hundred convent bells came pealing through the air.

At midnight Napoleon sent a summons for the surrender. He assured the governor that the city could not possibly hold out against the French army, and entreated him to reflect upon the fearful destruction of property and of life which must inevitably attend a bombardment. A negative answer was returned. An attack was immediately made upon the outposts. They were speedily taken. A formidable battery was then reared to effect a breach in the wall. Another letter was now sent, mild and firm, again demanding the surrender. It was noon of the second day. The authorities still refused a capitulation; they solicited, however, a few hours' delay, that an opportunity might be afforded for consulting the people. With difficulty Napoleon restrained the impetuosity of his troops, and waited patiently until the next morning. In the mean time, the scene in the city was awful beyond description. Fanatic peasants, dressed like brigands, patrolled the streets, assassinating all who were suspected of favoring the French. The bells of the churches and convents tolled incessantly. The monks, heading the peasants, guided them in tearing up the pavements, and in raising barricades at every corner. The stone houses were secured and loop-holed for musketry. The inhabitants, who had property to lose and families to suffer, were anxious for the surrender. The fanatic peasants were eager for the strife. The monks had promised the reward of heaven without purgatory to every Spaniard who should shoot three Frenchmen.

As soon as the brilliant sun had dispelled the morning fog, Napoleon himself gave orders for a battery of thirty cannon to open its fire upon the walls. He still refused to throw his cruel shells into the thronged homes of the city. A breach was soon opened. The French soldiers, with wild hurrahs, rushed over the ruins into the barricaded streets. Again Napoleon curbed his restive army. At his imperious command the action was promptly suspended. His troops were now in the city.

His batteries were upon the neighboring heights, and could speedily reduce the metropolis to ashes. A third time he sent the summons to surrender. "Though I am ready," said he, "to give a terrible example to the cities of Spain which persist in closing their gates against me, I choose rather to owe the surrender of Madrid to the reason and humanity of those who have made themselves its rulers." Even the populace were now satisfied that resistance was unavailing. The Junta, consequently, sent two negotiators to the head-quarters of Napoleon; one of these men was Thomas de Morla, governor of Andalusia. He had made himself notorious by violating the capitulation of Baylen; he had also treated the French prisoners with horrible inhumanity. Napoleon received the deputation at the head of his staff with a cold and stern countenance. He fixed his piercing eyes upon Morla. The culprit quailed before his indignant glance. With downcast looks he said to Napoleon, "Every sensible man in Madrid is convinced of the necessity of

surrendering. It is, however, necessary that the French troops should retire, to allow the Junta time to pacify the people, and to induce them to lay down their arms." In the following indignant strain, which echoed through all Europe, Napoleon addressed him. We quote the literal translation of his words, as recorded in the "Moniteur" of that day :

"In vain you employ the name of the people. If you can not find means to pacify them, it is because you yourselves have excited them, and misled them by falsehood. Assemble the clergy, the heads of the convents, the alcaldes, and if between this and six in the morning the city has not surrendered, it shall cease to exist. I neither will, nor ought to withdraw my troops. You have slaughtered the unfortunate French who have fallen into your hands. Only a few days ago, you suffered two servants of the Russian ambassador to be dragged away, and put to death in the streets, because they were Frenchmen. The incapacity and weakness of a general had put into your hands troops which had capitulated on the field of battle of Baylen, and the capitulation was violated. You, M. de Morla, what sort of a letter did you write to that general? * Well did it become you to talk of pillage—you, who, having entered Roussillon in 1795, carried off all the women, and divided them as booty among your soldiers. What right had you, moreover, to hold such language? The capitulation of Baylen forbade it. Look what was the conduct of the English, who are far from priding themselves upon being strict observers of the law of nations : they complained of the convention of Cintra, but they fulfilled it. To violate military treaties is to renounce all civilization—to put ourselves on a level with the Bedouins of the desert. How, then, dare you demand a capitulation—you, who violated that of Baylen? See how injustice and bad faith ever recoil upon those who are guilty of them. I had a fleet at Cadiz. It had come there as to the harbor of an ally. You directed against it the mortars of the city which you commanded. I had a Spanish army in my ranks. I preferred to see it escape in English ships, and to fling itself from the rocks of Espinosa, † than to disarm it. I preferred having nine thousand more enemies to fight to violating good faith and honor. Return to Madrid. I give till six o'clock to-morrow evening. You have nothing to say to me about the people but to tell me that they have submitted. If not, you and your troops shall be put to the sword."

These severe and deserved reproaches caused Morla to shudder with terror. Upon returning to head-quarters, his agitation was so great that he was

* Alluding to a letter which Morla wrote to General Dupont, in which he endeavored to vindicate the violation of the capitulation of Baylen.

† It will be remembered that the Prince of Peace, upon the eve of the battle of Jena, issued a proclamation rousing Spain to attack France in her unprotected rear. The result of that battle alarmed the Spanish government, and the Prince of Peace hypocritically protested that *his object was to send the troops to the aid of Napoleon*. The Emperor, feigning to be duped, expressed his *gratitude*, and called for the troops. Sixteen thousand men, under the Marquis Romana, were furnished, and were finally marched to the shores of the Baltic. Upon the breaking out of the war with Spain, a Catholic priest was sent to Romana to induce him to return with his troops to Spain. With ten thousand men he embarked on board an English fleet, and was transported to the Peninsula, where his army was united with the armies of England. These men, under General Blake, swelling his force to thirty thousand men, had intrenched themselves upon the heights of Espinosa. Napoleon hurled upon them a division of eighteen thousand of his veterans, and drove them, with frightful slaughter, over the rocks into the river.

quite unable to make a report. His colleague was obliged to give an account for him. Morla was sent again to inform Napoleon of the consent to surrender. Thus, through the generosity and firmness of the conqueror, the city of Madrid was taken with but a very slight expenditure of blood and suffering. The French army took possession of the city. Perfect security of property and of life was, as by enchantment, restored to the inhabitants. The shops were kept open; the streets were thronged; the floods of business and of pleasure flowed on unobstructed.*

Napoleon immediately proclaimed a general pardon for all political offenses. He abolished the execrable tribunal of the Inquisition. He reduced one third the number of the convents, which were filled with lazy monks. One half of the proceeds of these convents was appropriated to the increase of the salary of the laboring clergy, the other half was set apart for the payment of the public debt. The vexatious line of custom-houses between the several provinces, embarrassing intercourse and injuring trade, he abolished entirely, and established collectors of imposts only at the frontiers. All feudal rights were annulled. General courts of appeal were organized, where justice could be obtained from the decisions of corrupt local authorities. Before the insurrection, Napoleon had refrained from these important measures, to avoid exasperating the clergy and the nobility. It was no longer necessary to show them any indulgence. These were vast benefits. They promised boundless good to Spain. It is humiliating to reflect that England, our mother land, could deluge the Peninsula in blood to arrest the progress of such reforms, and to plunge enfranchised Spain back again into the darkness and the tyranny of the Middle Ages.

Napier's Peninsular War affords demonstrative evidence that the conflict in Spain was a conflict between the friends of popular rights and the advocates of despotism. It was so understood and so declared by all parties. The dispatches of Wellington are filled with assertions of the necessity of crushing the spirit of *democracy* in Portugal and Spain. Joseph Bonaparte was the noble advocate of popular reform and of equal laws. The infamy of Ferdinand has as yet found no apologist; and the Princess Carotta of Portugal was, according to the declaration of the Duke of Wellington, "the worst woman in existence." Yet these were the rulers whom England fastened upon Spain.

Joseph returned, not to Madrid, but to the royal mansion of the Prado, about six miles from the capital. To the various deputations which called upon Napoleon, he declared that he would not restore King Joseph to the Spaniards till he deemed them worthy to possess a ruler so enlightened and liberal; that he would not replace him in the palace of the kings of Spain to see him again expelled; that he had no intention to impose upon Spain a monarch whom she wished to reject; but that, having conquered the coun-

* "In a short time every thing wore the appearance of peace; the theatres were reopened, the shop-keepers displayed their tempting wares, secure in the discipline of the conquerors; the Prado and public walks were crowded with spectators. Numerous deputations, embracing some of the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Madrid, waited on the Emperor, and renewed their protestations of fidelity to his brother Joseph. It then appeared how completely and fatally the corruptions and enjoyments of opulence and civilized life disqualified men from acting a heroic part in defense of their country."—*Atison*, vol. iii., p. 100.

try, he would extend over it the rights of conquest, and treat it as he should think proper. In a proclamation which he then issued, he said to the Spanish nation,

“I have declared, in a proclamation of the 2d of June, that I wished to be the regenerator of Spain. To the rights which the princes of the ancient dynasty have ceded to me, you have wished that I should add the rights of conquest. That, however, shall not change my inclination to serve you. I wish to encourage every thing that is noble in your own exertions. All that is opposed to your prosperity and your grandeur I wish to destroy. The shackles which have enslaved the people I have broken. I have given you a liberal Constitution, and, in the place of an absolute monarchy, a monarchy mild and limited. It depends upon yourselves whether that Constitution shall still be your law.”

Thus, in less than five weeks, Napoleon had become master of half of Spain. The Spanish armies had every where been scattered like dust before him. This whirlwind march of the conqueror had astonished the English, who were hastening to the aid of their allies. In their embarrassment, they hardly knew which way to turn. Advance was inevitable ruin. Retreat, without the firing of a gun, was the most humiliating disgrace. Sir John Moore, with an army of about 30,000 men, was marching rapidly from Portugal, to form a junction with Sir David Baird, who was approaching from Corunna with 10,000 men. With this army of highly-disciplined British troops, to form the nucleus of uncounted thousands of Spaniards, the English entertained little doubt of immediate and triumphant success. The tidings of disaster which they encountered left for them, however, no alternative but a precipitate retreat. Napoleon had done nothing to arrest the march of the English. He earnestly desired to draw them as far as possible from their ships, that he might meet them on an open field.

Establishing his head-quarters at a country seat about four miles from Madrid, he devoted the most unremitting attention to the welfare of the army. An intrenched camp was constructed, bristling with cannon, which commanded the city, where his sick and wounded would be safe, and where his military supplies could be deposited without fear of capture.

A deputation of 1200 of the notables of Spain called upon him. He recounted to them the services which he had rendered Spain, and closed by saying, “The present generation will differ in opinion respecting me. Too many passions have been called into exercise. But your posterity will be grateful to me as their regenerator. They will place in the number of memorable days those in which I have appeared among you. From those days will be dated the prosperity of Spain. These are my sentiments. Go consult your fellow-citizens. Choose your part, but do it frankly, and exhibit only true colors.”*

* The Marquis of Londonderry, at that time colonel in the 2d British regiment of Life Guards, thus testifies in reference to the perfidy of both Spain and Portugal: “The prospect of that rupture with Prussia which ended with the peace of Tilsit, struck Godoy as furnishing a favorable opportunity of stirring up all Europe against a man whose ambition seemed to be unbounded. A secret arrangement was accordingly entered into between him and the ambassador Strogonoff (the Russian minister), into which the Portuguese envoy was admitted, that the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal should instantly arm, for the purpose of attacking France, at a moment when her

Every speech which Napoleon made bears the impress of his genius. Every line which he wrote is stamped with his majestic power. Lamartine who assails Napoleon in terms of measureless animosity, and with a glow of eloquence rarely equaled, thus testifies to the Emperor's energy with the pen

"He was, perhaps, the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel. He is much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns. His style is not the written exposition alone—it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and the counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, nor a color wasted between the fact and the word, and the word is himself. His phrases, concise and struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them, with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment."

While here, two events occurred peculiarly characteristic of Napoleon. He had issued an order of the day enjoining the strictest discipline, and threatening the most severe military rigor against any person who should be guilty of acts of violence. Two of his soldiers had been arrested for a shameful assault upon a female. By a council of war they were condemned to death. Earnest petitions were presented for their pardon. Napoleon firmly refused, and they were shot. Their execution produced a very salutary effect upon the army, and restrained the outbreak of depraved passion.*

The Marquis of St. Simon, a French Royalist emigrant, had taken at Bayonne the oath of fidelity to King Joseph. He was captured, at the head of a band of Spanish insurgents, fighting against his country. A military commission condemned him to death. The daughter of the guilty man, aided by some of Napoleon's kind-hearted officers, obtained access to the Emperor. He was on horseback at the head of his staff. She sprang from her carriage, rushed through a file of soldiers, and threw herself upon her knees before the horse of the Emperor. "Pardon, sire, pardon!" she exclaimed, with suppliant hands and flooded eyes. Napoleon, surprised at the sudden apparition of the graceful and fragile maiden, reined in his horse, and, fixing his eye earnestly upon her, said,

"Who is this young girl? What does she wish?"

troops should be called away to oppose the Emperor of Russia in the north. These preparations were to begin in Portugal, with the ostensible view of overawing which, Spain was next to increase her armies, while, expeditions being fitted out in the English ports, a combined force was to invade the south of France, which, it was believed, would not be in a fit state to offer any efficient opposition. Had Bonaparte, as soon as the designs of Spain became known to him, directed his victorious legions upon Madrid, the dethronement of Charles would have been viewed by the rest of Europe as an arrangement of self-defense. But it was not in the nature of the French emperor to act, in any case, either with openness or candor. *Though a passionate lover of war, he never effected that by force of arms which he believed it practicable to effect by diplomacy.*—*Story of the Peninsular War, by the Marquis of Londonderry*, p. 24, 26. The perfidious court merited its overthrow. It was humane to try to save the benighted populace from the carnage of war.

* "The Spanish insurrection," says Napier, "presented, indeed, a strange spectacle. Patriotism was seen supporting a vile system of government; a popular assembly working for the restoration of a despotic monarch; the higher classes seeking a foreign master; the lower armed in the cause of bigotry and misrule. The upstart leaders, secretly abhorring freedom, though governing in her name, trembled at the democratic activity they had themselves excited; they called forth all the bad passions of the multitude, and repressed the patriotism that would regenerate as well as save."

“Sire,” she replied, “I am the daughter of St. Simon, who is condemned to die this night.” Suddenly a deathly pallor spread over her countenance, and she fell insensible upon the pavement.



NAPOLEON AND THE DAUGHTER OF ST. SIMON.

Napoleon gazed for a moment upon her prostrate form with a look expressive of the deepest commiseration. Then, in hurried accents, he exclaimed, “Let the very best care be taken of Mademoiselle St. Simon. Tell her that her father is pardoned.” With a slight movement of the reins he urged on his horse, evidently struggling to conceal his emotion, and at the same time looking back to see if his orders were executed. Offenses, ever so weighty, committed against himself, he could with magnanimity forgive. Wrongs inflicted upon helpless females were unpardonable.

General Moore was now directing his retreating steps toward Corunna. He had ordered a fleet of English transports to repair to that port to receive his troops. On the morning of the 22d of December, Napoleon left Madrid,

with an army of 40,000 men, to overtake and overwhelm the English. He well knew that the British soldiers would present a very different front from that which the Spaniards had opposed to him. He consequently took the whole of the Imperial Guard, foot and horse, and a large reserve of artillery. The Spaniards had all fled. The English, exasperated by the cowardice of their allies, were left alone. Napoleon was sweeping down upon them with a power which they could not resist. Their salvation depended upon the rapidity of their flight.*

Napoleon urged his troops impetuously on till they arrived in the savage defiles of the mountains of Guadarrama. It was necessary to make forced marches to overtake the retreating foe. Suddenly the weather, which had been till then superb, changed into a series of the most violent storms. The wind blew with hurricane fury. The snow, in blinding, smothering sheets, blocked up the mountain paths, clogged the ponderous wheels of the artillery carriages and baggage-wagons, and effectually prevented the advance of the army. The mighty host of horsemen and footmen, with all the appliances and machinery of war, became entangled in inextricable confusion. Napoleon forced his way through the thronged gorge to the head of the column, which he found held at bay by the fury of the hurricane. The peasant guides declared that it was impossible to effect the wild passes of the Guadarrama in such a tempest. But he who had set at defiance the storm-spirit of the Alps was not to be thus intimidated. Napoleon ordered the chasseurs of his guard to dismount and form into a close column, occupying the whole width of the road. Every cavalier led his horse. Thus each platoon was composed of eight or ten men, followed by an equal number of horses. These veteran warriors, with iron sinews, trampled down the snow, and made a path for those who followed.

* "The Spanish insurgents, conscious that they were fighting the battles of England, demanded ten millions of dollars instantly, five hundred thousand yards of cloth, four million yards of linen for shirts and for the hospitals, three hundred thousand pairs of shoes, thirty thousand pairs of boots, twelve millions of cartridges, two hundred thousand muskets, twelve thousand pairs of pistols, fifty thousand swords, one hundred thousand arrobas of flour, besides salt meats and fish."—*Napier*, vol. iii., p. 78.

"To restore Ferdinand to Spain, England expended one hundred millions sterling (\$500,000,000) on her own operations. She subsidized Spain and Portugal besides, and with her supply of clothing, arms, and ammunition, maintained the armies of both, even to the guerillas. From thirty up to seventy thousand troops were employed by her constantly, and while her naval squadrons continually harassed the French with descents upon the coast, her land forces fought and won nineteen pitched battles and innumerable combats; they killed and took about two hundred thousand enemies, and the bones of forty thousand British soldiers lie scattered on the plains and mountains of the Peninsula."—*Id.*, vol. iv., p. 438.

"The wife of the Rev. Dr. Thompson, late the agent of the British and Foreign Society at Madrid, suddenly sickened and died, while her husband was absent for a few days. Having died a heretic, it was with difficulty that her remains were allowed to be kept in the room of her hotel till they could be made ready for interment. Mrs. Colonel Stopford (wife of an English officer, long a resident of Madrid) alone dressed the body for the grave, because she could obtain no one who would assist her in these last sad offices to a heretic. With the utmost difficulty a place for a grave could be obtained, not in a consecrated cemetery, but on the premises, and in the obscure yard of a glass factory, owned by an English gentleman, who afterward, in selling the property, suffered a heavy loss in price because a heretic had been buried there. Her venerable husband still mourns the lonely grave of the loved one."—*New York Evangelist*, March 30, 1854. Such is the gratitude which Spain manifests toward a nation which calls itself her deliverer. Such is the "liberty" which England has established in Spain by the carnage of the Peninsular War.

Napoleon, in the midst of these toiling bands, climbed the mountains on foot. He placed himself behind the first platoon, and, leaning upon the arm of Savary, shared the fatigues of his grenadiers in breasting the storm, and in struggling along the drifted and tempest-swept defile. Such an example could not be resisted. The army with enthusiasm followed its leader. The



THE PASSAGE OF THE GUADARRAMA.

Emperor was greatly exhausted by the march. The main body of the army, encumbered by heavy guns and wagons, had not been able to keep pace with the advancing column. The Emperor stopped for the night at a miserable post-house in the midst of the mountains. Those engaged in his service were untiring in their endeavors to anticipate all his wants. Napoleon seemed ever to forget himself in thinking only of others. The single mule which carried his baggage was brought to this wretched house. "He was therefore provided," says Savary, "with a good fire, a tolerable supper, and a bed. On those occasions the Emperor was not selfish. He was quite unmindful of the next day's wants when he alone was concerned. He shared his fire and his supper with all who had been able to keep up with him, and even compelled those to eat whose reserve kept them back." As he gather

ed his friends around the glowing fire, he conversed with unusual cheerfulness and frankness upon the extraordinary incidents of his extraordinary life, commencing at Brienne, "to end," he said, "I know not where."

Having crossed the mountains, the snow was succeeded by rain. The troops, drenched and exhausted, waded knee-deep through the inundated roads, while the artillery wagons sank to the axle in the miry ruts. The anxiety of the Emperor was intense to throw a part of his forces in advance of the English, and to cut off their retreat. His measures had been so skillfully formed, that, but for the unusual severity of the weather and badness of the roads, the whole army would have been taken. "If the English retreat," he wrote to Marshal Soult, "pursue them with the sword at their loins. If they attack you, beat a retreat; for the farther they venture, the better it will be. If they remain one day longer in their present position, they are undone, for I shall be upon their flank." General Moore was now at Sahagun, and Napoleon, with his advance guard, was within one day's march of him. The British general had not a moment to lose to escape from the net in which he was nearly enveloped. With the utmost precipitation he urged his flight, blowing up the bridges behind him. The rain still continued to fall in torrents; the streams were swollen, and the roads, cut up by the passage of the retreating army, were almost impracticable.

No pen can describe the scene which now ensued. Notwithstanding the most firm and honorable endeavors of General Moore to restrain his troops, they plunged into every conceivable excess. Becoming furiously intoxicated with the wine which they found every where in abundance, they plundered without mercy, and wantonly burned the houses of the wretched peasants. Often, in helpless drunkenness, they perished in the midst of the flames which their own hands had kindled. The most bitter hostility sprang up between the English soldiers and the Spaniards. The English called the Spaniards ungrateful wretches. "We ungrateful!" exclaimed the Spaniards; "you came here to serve your own interests, and now you are running away without even defending us." The enmity became so inveterate, and the brutality of the drunken English soldiers so insupportable, that the Spaniards almost regarded the French troops, who were under far better discipline, as their deliverers.*

The road, league after league, was strewed with the wrecks of the British army. Baggage-wagons were abandoned; artillery carriages were broken down and overturned; the sick, the wounded, the dying, and multitudes of stragglers, in every grade of intoxication, strewed the wayside. Napoleon

* "The native and uneradicable vice of northern climates, drunkenness, here appeared in frightful colors. The great wine-vaults of Bembibre proved more fatal than the sword of the enemy. And when the gallant rear guard, which preserved its ranks unbroken, closed up the array, they had to force their way through a motley crowd of English and Spanish soldiers, stragglers and marauders, who reeled out of the houses in disgusting crowds, or lay stretched on the roadside, an easy prey to the enemy's cavalry, which thundered in close pursuit. The condition of the army became daily more deplorable; the frost had been succeeded by a thaw; rain and sleet fell in torrents; the roads were almost broken up; the horses foundered at every step; the few artillery wagons which had kept up, fell, one by one, to the rear; and, being immediately blown up to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, gave melancholy tokens, by the sound of their explosions, of the work of destruction which was going on. . . . Disorders went on accumulating with frightful rapidity along the whole line"—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iii., p. 105

pressed on vigorously, by day and by night, that he might overtake his fugitive foes. On the 2d of January he arrived, with his advance guard, at Astorga. In ten days he had marched an army of fifty thousand men two hundred miles. It was the dead of winter. Desolating storms clogged the passes of the mountains with snow, and deluged the plains. The rivers, swollen into rapid torrents, obstructed his path. Horses and men, knee-deep in the mire, painfully dragged the heavy guns along, as they sank to the axles in the ruts.

It was a stormy morning when Napoleon left Astorga. Gloomy clouds floated heavily in the sky. The snow-flakes, melting as they fell, were swept in blinding sheets over the drenched and shivering host. Napoleon, sharing all the exposure and fatigue of his devoted army, had proceeded but a few miles in the storm, when he was overtaken by a courier from France, bearing dispatches of the utmost importance. There was no house near. Napoleon immediately dismounted, and ordered a fire to be kindled by the roadside. His officers gathered respectfully around him, watching his countenance with intensest interest. Standing by the fire in the cold wintry air, with the snow-flakes falling thickly upon him, and his unfaltering battalions crowding by, as they breasted the storm, he read these documents.



RECEPTION OF DISPATCHES.

They informed him that Austria, taking advantage of his absence in Spain, and of the withdrawal of 100,000 troops from the army of the Rhine, was
VOL. III.—F

entering into an alliance with England to attack him in the North ; that the Turks, exasperated with his alliance with Alexander, were assuming a threatening aspect in the East ; that the queen mother of Russia and the great majority of the nobles were increasingly bitter in their hostility, since Napoleon would not consent to the annexation of Constantinople to the Russian empire ; and that Alexander, though still firm in his friendship, was struggling against an opposition daily increasing in strength.

The whole frightful vision of another Continental war at once flashed upon his mind. For a moment his herculean energies seemed paralyzed by the appalling prospect. He now bitterly regretted that he was involved in the Spanish war. But he could not abandon the struggle, for the combined English and Spanish armies would immediately throng the defiles of the Pyrenees in the invasion of France. He could do nothing to avert the rising conflict in the North, for he was the illustrious representative of those popular principles which banded Europe was determined to crush. It was a desperate enterprise to carry on war with England and Austria on the banks of the Danube, and with England, Spain, and Portugal south of the Pyrenees, while the other half of Europe were watching for an opportunity to spring upon their foe in the very first hour of his reverse. France was weary of war. Napoleon was weary of war. There was but one alternative before him : either to abandon the interminable conflict in despair, and surrender France to the tender mercies of the Allies, or to struggle to the last.

Napoleon, from the cheerless fire, whose flames were fanned by the storm, turned his horse, and slowly and sadly rode back to Astorga. Not a word was spoken. All about him were impressed with the entire absorption of his mind. But in an hour his dejection passed away ; his customary equanimity reappeared ; his plans were formed. Firmly and calmly he girded his strength to encounter the new accumulation of perils which thronged his path. It became necessary for him immediately to direct his energies toward the Rhine. He, consequently, relinquished the further pursuit, in person, of the English, and commissioned Marshal Soult to press them, in their flight, as vehemently as possible.

He then returned to Valladolid, where he remained for a few days, giving very minute directions respecting affairs in Spain, and dispatching innumerable orders for the organization of his armies in France, Italy, and Germany.*

* "But the event to which the Peninsula owed its escape from immediate conquest was the unlooked-for arming of Austria, and consequent departure of Bonaparte to another scene of operations."—*Story of the Peninsular War, by the Marquis of Londonderry*, p. 171.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW COALITION.

Retreat of Sir John Moore—Dreadful Condition of Spain—Siege of Saragossa—Perilous Position of the Emperor—Austrian Alliance with England—Views of Alexander—Vigorous Preparations of the French—The Emperor and Empress leave Paris.

MARSHAL SOULT pursued the enemy in one of the most disastrous retreats recorded in the annals of modern warfare. The wrecks of the fugitive host, in melancholy fragments, every where met the eye. Such was the precipitation and dismay of the flight, that the treasure casks of the English army, containing a large amount of money in specie, were rolled over the precipices, and the glittering coin was scattered among the rocks. The French soldiers, as they rushed along, filled their pockets with English gold. The sick and the wounded, in wan and haggard groups, threw themselves down by the wayside, and struggled, in the agonies of death, upon the storm-drenched sods. Almost every conceivable atrocity was perpetrated by the drunken soldiers upon the wretched inhabitants of the villages through which they passed. Women and children were driven from their plundered and burning dwellings to perish in the freezing air. The dying and the dead, upon the bleak hill-sides, every where presented a scene most revolting to humanity. "There was never," says Napier, "so complete an example of a disastrous retreat. The weather was frightful. The rigors of a Polish winter seemed to have been transported to Spain. Incessant storms of sleet and rain swept the frozen hills. The English dragoons, as fast as their horses gave out, shot them, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy."*

During this retreat, which was conducted with consummate skill by Sir John Moore, the advance guard of the pursuers had many conflicts with the rear guard of the pursued. The English, whenever they stood at bay, fought with the most determined valor. Having arrived at Corunna, the retreating army, taking a position upon the circuit of hills which almost inclosed the city, threw the gauntlet of defiance to their foes. They had gathered in a magazine, about three miles from the dwellings of the inhabitants, four thousand barrels of powder. To prevent these stores from falling into the hands of the enemy, the torch was applied. An explosion of inconceivable sublim-

* "That no horror might be wanting, women and children accompanied this wretched army. Some were frozen in the baggage-wagons, which were broken down, or left on the road for the want of cattle. Some died of fatigue and cold, while their infants were pulling at the exhausted breasts. One woman was taken in labor upon the mountain. She lay down upon the turning of an angle, rather more sheltered than the rest of the way from the icy sleet which drifted along. There she was found dead, and two babes which she had brought forth struggling in the snow. A blanket was thrown over her to cover her from sight, the only burial which could be afforded. The infants were given in charge to a woman who came up in one of the bullock-carts, to take their chance of surviving through such a journey."—*Southey*.

ity was the result. "When the train reached the great store," says Colonel Napier, who was an eye-witness of the scene, "there ensued a crash like the bursting forth of a volcano. The earth trembled for miles; the rocks were torn from their bases, and the agitated waters rolled the vessels as in a storm. A vast column of smoke and dust, shooting out fiery sparks from its sides, arose perpendicularly and slowly to a great height, and then a shower of stones and fragments of all kinds, bursting out of it with a roaring sound, killed many persons who remained near the spot. Stillness, slightly interrupted by the lashing of the waves, succeeded, and the business of the war went on."

A sanguinary battle ensued. Sir John Moore, the heroic leader of this awful retreat, fell fearfully mutilated by a cannon ball. Night and utter exhaustion separated the combatants. The mangled body of the unfortunate general, wrapped in his bloody cloak, was hastily and silently interred on the ramparts of Corunna. It was one of the most melancholy of earthly scenes. A gloomy winter's night brooded over the exhausted and bleeding armies. Not a word was spoken, as, by torch-light, a shallow grave was dug, and a few sods were thrown over upon his remains. The genius of the poet has recorded his burial in lines which will never perish.* The French officers, admiring the heroism of their fallen foe, erected a monument to his memory.

In the night, leaving their camp-fires blazing to conceal their movements, the English commenced the embarkation. This was accomplished with no very heavy addition to their disasters. The Spaniards manned the ramparts, and beat off the approaches of the French. In this calamitous retreat, the

- *
 "Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
 "We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.
 "No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.
 "Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought on the morrow.
 "We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.
 "But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.
 "Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone in his glory."

English lost nearly six thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Three thousand horses were shot by their riders. An immense quantity of the munitions of war were either destroyed or fell into the hands of the victors.*

Alison thus describes the effect produced in England by the return of these emaciated, war-worn, and bleeding columns: "The inhabitants of the towns along the Channel had seen the successive expeditions which composed Sir John Moore's army embark, in all the pride of military display, with drums beating and colors flying, amid the cheers and tears of a countless host of spectators. When, therefore, they beheld the same regiments return, now reduced to half their number, with haggard countenances, ragged accoutrements, and worn-out clothing, they were struck with astonishment and horror, which was soon greatly increased by a malignant fever which the troops brought back with them—the result of fatigue, confinement on shipboard, and mental depression—joined to the dismal and often exaggerated accounts which were spread by the survivors of the hardships and miseries they had undergone."

Spain was filled with robberies and assassinations. The fanatic populace, under pretense of attachment to their ancient kings, committed the most revolting acts of violence. There was no protection for property or life except in those portions of Spain occupied by the French armies. Some Spanish soldiers, enraged against one of their most brave and illustrious generals, Don Juan Benito, seized him in his bed, dragged him to a tree, hung him by the neck, and amused themselves for hours in riddling his body with balls. With a firm hand, Napoleon repressed these disorders wherever he had sway. At Valladolid he arrested a dozen well-known assassins, and promptly shot them.

He wrote to Joseph: "You must make yourself feared first, and loved

* Major Napier, a brother of Colonel Napier the historian, was wounded and taken prisoner in this battle. "Being hurt in the leg," says Colonel Napier, "he endeavored to retire, but was overtaken and thrown to the ground with five wounds. A French drummer rescued him; and when a soldier, with whom he had been struggling, made a second attempt to kill him, the drummer once more interfered. The morning after the battle, Marshal Soult sent his own surgeon to Major Napier, and, with a kindness and consideration very uncommon, wrote to Napoleon desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which, from the system of refusing exchanges, would have ruined his professional prospects; the drummer also received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. When the second corps quitted Corunna, Marshal Soult recommended his prisoner to the attention of Marshal Ney, and the latter treated him rather with the kindness of a friend than the civility of an enemy. He lodged him with the French consul, supplied him with money, gave him a general invitation to his house, and not only refrained from sending him to France, but when, by a flag of truce, he knew that Major Napier's mother was mourning for him as dead, he permitted him, and with him the few soldiers taken in the action, to go at once to England, merely exacting a promise that none should serve until exchanged. I would not have touched at all upon these private adventures, were it not that gratitude demands a public acknowledgment of such generosity, and that demand is rendered more imperative by the after-misfortunes of Marshal Ney. That brave and noble-minded man's fate is but too well known. He who had fought five hundred battles for France, and not one against her, was shot as a traitor! Could the bitterest enemy of the Bourbons have more strongly marked the difference between their interests and those of the nation?"—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 260.

According to Hart's Army List, Sir Charles had his leg broken by a musket shot, a bayonet stab in his back, a sabre cut on his head, several of his ribs broken by a spent ball, and severe contusions on his head from the butt end of a musket. Sir Charles died August 30, 1853.

afterward. They have been soliciting me here for the pardon of some bandits who have committed murder and robbery. But they have been delighted not to obtain it; and subsequently every thing has returned to its proper course. Be, at the same time, just and strong, and as much the one as the other, if you wish to govern." He ordered a hundred assassins in Madrid to be executed. These men had broken into the hospitals, and, with slow tortures, had murdered the wounded French soldiers in their beds. They had also burned the houses and taken the lives of many Spaniards, under the pretext that they, as friends of the French, were traitors to their country. Napoleon resolved to inspire the guilty with terror. With his accustomed magnanimity, he wished to draw upon himself the odium which these necessary acts of severity might excite. The popularity of all acts of clemency he endeavored to pass over to the credit of his brother.

In a complimentary letter on the occasion of the new year, Joseph wrote to Napoleon, "I pray your majesty to accept my wishes that, in the course of this year, Europe, pacified by your efforts, may render justice to your intentions."

Napoleon replied, "I thank you for what you say relatively to the new year. I do not hope that Europe can this year be pacified. So little do I hope it, that I have just issued a decree for levying 100,000 men. The rancor of England, the events of Constantinople, every thing, in short, indicates that the hour of rest and quiet is not yet arrived."

The Spaniards were every where vanquished in the open field. Numerous bands had, however, thrown themselves behind the walls of fortified cities. Here they prolonged the conflict with the most prodigious and desperate valor. But ere long the strongest posts were reduced by the skill of the French engineers and the valor of the French armies. The siege of Saragossa was one of the most memorable and one of the most awful recorded in ancient or modern annals. The English had filled the city with military supplies. Forty thousand Spanish soldiers, headed by monks and inspired with fanaticism, had intrenched themselves in stone houses behind its massive walls. One hundred thousand individuals thronged the streets of the city. With but 18,000 men the French invested the place. For two months the cruel conflict raged without cessation and without mercy. The walls were battered down and convents blown into the air. Still the infuriate bands fought from street to street, from house to house. At length the disciplined valor of the French triumphed over the fanatic enthusiasm of the Spaniards. When Marshal Lannes, with but eleven thousand men, took possession of the ruins of the smouldering city, a spectacle was presented such as has rarely been witnessed in this lost world of sin and woe. The city was filled with devastated dwellings and putrefying corpses. Fifty-four thousand of the inhabitants had perished. The cries of the mangled—men, women, and children—with their wounds inflamed and festering, ascended piteously from every dwelling. One third part of the city was entirely demolished. The other two thirds, shattered and bloodstained, were reeking with deadly miasmata. Of the forty thousand Spanish soldiers who had fought with such desperation from window to window and from roof to roof, but ten thousand infantry and two thousand horse, pale, gaunt, and hag-

gard, as prisoners defiled before their captors. Even the French veterans, inured as they were to the horrors of war, were deeply moved by the spectacle.

Joseph now returned to Madrid, amid the pealing of bells and the firing of cannon. He was received coldly by the populace, who considered themselves dethroned. The more respectable portion of the inhabitants, however, who had been living under a reign of terror, received him with satisfaction. Joseph had been presented to the Spaniards as their protector—as the one who, in their behalf, had implored the clemency of the resistless conqueror. Yet there was something in the inflexibly just and heroic character of Napoleon which won universal admiration. Notwithstanding his endeavors to promote the popularity of Joseph by drawing upon himself the odium of all necessary acts of severity, the Spaniards were more attracted by the grandeur of the Emperor than by the more gentle spirit of his brother.

Napoleon stopped five days at Valladolid, writing dispatches to every part of Europe. In those five days he accomplished work which would have engrossed the energies of any ordinary mind for a year. His armies in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany were spread out as a map before him, and he grasped all their possible combinations. Having finished his dispatches, he mounted his horse and posted for Paris. “In the first five hours,” says J. T. Headley, “he rode the astonishing distance of eighty-five miles, or seventeen miles the hour. This wild gallop was long remembered by the inhabitants of the towns through which the smoking cavalcade of the Emperor passed. Relays of horses had been provided along the road; and no sooner did he arrive at one post than he flung himself on a fresh horse, and, sinking his spurs in his flanks, dashed away in headlong speed. Few who saw that short figure, surmounted with a plain chapeau, sweep by on that day, ever forgot it. His pale face was calm as marble, but his lips were compressed, and his brow knit like iron; while his flashing eye, as he leaned forward, still jerking impatiently at the bridle, as if to accelerate his speed, seemed to devour the distance. No one spoke, but the whole suite strained forward in the breathless race. The gallant chasseurs had never had so long and so wild a ride before.”*

At Bayonne Napoleon took coach. Directing the Imperial Guard to march as rapidly as possible toward the Rhine, he departed for Paris. On the night of the 22d of January he arrived at the Tuileries, surprising every one by his sudden appearance. Napoleon, governing by the energies of his own mind, revealed but little to the people of the plots and counterplots which agitated Europe. Public opinion, uninformed of the secret and continued perfidy of the court of Madrid, had generally condemned the Spanish war, as involving an unnecessary expenditure of blood and treasure, and as an act of injustice toward stupid and degraded princes. Napoleon himself now deeply regretted that he was involved in this calamitous war. He had

* The Emperor had his saddle-horses arranged by divisions of nine at every ten miles along the road. These horses were ever kept in the most admirable condition. The horses belonging to the grooms carried portmanteaus with complete changes of dress, and with portfolios containing paper, pens, ink, maps, and telescopes. The Emperor often made these arrangements himself, and in the utmost secrecy.—*See Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. ii., part ii., p. 31.



POSTING FOR PARIS.

hoped to confer such benefits upon the Spanish nation that it would rejoice at the peaceful removal of its worthless and despotic princes. But for the intervention of England, Spain would thus have been regenerated. It is possible that, if Napoleon had not been engaged in this war, Austria might not have ventured to attack him. It is *certain* that the Spanish princes would have taken advantage of Napoleon's first hour of exposure to rush, in alliance with England, an invading host, upon the southern provinces of France.

Though Napoleon often subsequently expressed regret that he had attempted the overthrow of the Spanish Bourbons, there was no course which he could have pursued which was not fraught with the utmost peril. Had he left Spain to herself, a civil war would immediately have desolated the Peninsula, waged between the partisans of Don Carlos the father and Ferdinand the son. England would at once have espoused the cause of Ferdinand, and thus Spain would have become, as it were, an English colony. On the other hand, had Napoleon, the Emperor of the French Republic, the great champion of popular rights, marched his armies to rivet the chains of an intolerable despotism upon a benighted people, to strengthen the bars and

deepen the dungeons of the Inquisition, he would have done the most atrocious violence to his own principles. Napoleon, in the desperate endeavor for self-preservation, sought also to confer upon Spain a humane and enlightened prince and a liberal Constitution. England—and with pain we record it of our revered father-land—deluged the Peninsula in blood to arrest the establishment of free institutions, and to rivet upon the Spanish nation the shackles of perhaps the very worst system of civil and priestly slavery which ever cursed a civilized people. Look at Spain now, and see the result.*

From all quarters Napoleon had received intelligence that Austria, with intense activity, was urging her preparations for a new war. From Vienna, Munich, Dresden, and Milan, the Emperor was furnished with precise details of those military preparations. There was no room for doubt of the imminence and magnitude of the danger. All Napoleon's efforts for the promotion of peace had proved unavailing. There could be no peace. England refused even to treat with him—even to allow his flag of truce to visit her shores. Though the Bourbons had been dethroned when he was but a boy, and though he had been elevated to the supreme command by the almost unanimous suffrages of the nation, England declared him to be a usurper, seated upon the legitimate throne of the Bourbons.

“Down with the Democratic Emperor!” was the cry which resounded through Austria, and which was echoed from the lips of the queen mother and of the powerful nobles of Russia. “We wage no warfare against France,” exclaimed banded Europe. “Our warfare is directed solely against Napoleon, who has usurped the crown of France.”

Napoleon, in the hour of victory, was ever ready to make any concessions in behalf of peace. But when disasters thickened, and his enemies were exultant, his proud spirit, unintimidated, roused itself to the highest pitch of defiance. In two months he had scattered the Spanish armies to the winds, had driven the English out of the Peninsula, and had conducted back his brother in triumph to Madrid. Still, the Spanish war was by no means ended. New insurrections might break out in every province. The fleets of England still crowded the shores of Spain and Portugal, striving to rouse the people, and offering them abundant supplies of men, money, and the munitions of war.

It will be remembered that Napoleon had previously explained himself most fully to the Austrian ambassador. He had assured M. Metternich of his earnest desire for peace. He had declared to him that if Austria had

* The hostile historians of Napoleon have accused him of entering upon this war influenced by insatiable ambition and by love for the excitements of the battle-field. We have recorded *the motives which Napoleon has assigned for his conduct*. It is fair that he should be heard. Whether facts are in accordance with the declarations of Napoleon, or verify the accusations of his foes, the impartial reader must judge. Respecting the material facts there is no controversy. The treachery and perfidy of Spain, the degraded character of the royal family, the appeal to Napoleon, the scenes at Bayonne, the abdication of both father and son, the insurrection of the people, the efforts of England, the sanguinary war, all these *facts* are beyond dispute. The only question left for history to decide is whether this war was a measure of self-defense on the part of Napoleon, or an act of wanton, aggressive ambition. The friends of the English government and of the Bourbons have asserted it to be the latter. They have succeeded in communicating that impression very extensively.

any cause of complaint, if she would make that cause known, he would immediately endeavor to remove it. The immense military preparations which Austria was now making were known to all Europe, and the object of these preparations was perfectly understood. Austria, however, was not yet prepared to commence hostilities, and her minister was still in Paris. Napoleon, with the faint hope of still averting the calamities of another conflict, proposed to Russia the idea of offering to Austria the double guarantee of France and Russia for the integrity of her actual dominions. If Austria were actuated by an honest fear that Napoleon had designs upon her territory, this double guarantee would surely satisfy her and prevent a war. But Austria wished to reconquer Italy, and to arrest the progress of democratic ideas, and to remove from Europe the dangerous spectacle of an elected and plebeian monarch upon the throne of exiled legitimacy. Napoleon did not deem it consistent with self-respect to make any further advances toward winning the favor of Austria. He treated her ambassador with politeness, but with great distance and reserve. He assumed neither the aspect of defiance nor of obsequiousness.

To the ambassadors of other powers he, with the most perfect frankness, explained his views. He openly avowed that it was Austria and her armaments which had brought him back to Paris, that he might respond to them by armaments no less formidable. "It seems," he said one day to a group collected around him in the Tuileries, "that the waters of Lethe, not those of the Danube, flow past Vienna. They have forgotten the lessons of experience; they want fresh ones. They shall have them. And this time they shall be terrible. I do not desire war. I have no interest in it. All Europe is witness that all my efforts and my whole attention were directed toward the field of battle which England has selected in Spain. Austria, which saved the English in 1805, when I was about to cross the Straits of Calais, has saved them once more, when I was about to pursue them to Corunna. Had I not been called back, not one of the English would have escaped me. She shall pay dearly for this new diversion in their favor. Either she shall disarm instantly, or she shall have to sustain a war of destruction. If she disarm in such a manner as to leave no doubt on my mind as to her future intentions, I will myself sheathe the sword, for I have no wish to draw it except in Spain against the English. If she continue her military preparations, the conflict shall be immediate and decisive, and such that England shall for the future have no allies upon the Continent." "The Emperor produced upon all who heard him," says Thiers, "the effect he intended; for he was sincere in his language, and spoke the truth in asserting that he did not desire war, but that he would wage it tremendously if forced into it again."

"There must be," said Napoleon to Savary, "some plans in preparation which I do not penetrate, for there is madness in declaring war against me. They fancy me dead, but we shall soon see how matters will turn out. It will be laid to my charge that I can not remain quiet—that I am ambitious. But their follies alone compel me to war. It is impossible that they could think of fighting single-handed against me. I expect a courier from Russia. If matters go on there as I have reason to hope, I will give them work."

War was a fatal necessity of Napoleon. By accepting the throne of revolutionized France, he inevitably drew upon himself the blows of combined Europe. He could only choose between inglorious submission to despotic thrones, and a terrific conflict for national rights.

To the Russian ambassador Napoleon said: "If your emperor had followed my advice at Erfurth, we should now be in a different position. Instead of mere exhortations, we should have held out serious threats, and Austria would have disarmed. But we have talked instead of acting, and we are about, perhaps, to have war. In any case, I rely on your master's word. He promised that if the cabinet of Vienna should become the aggressor, he would place an army at my disposal. As for me, I will assemble on the Danube and on the Po 300,000 French and 100,000 Germans. Probably their presence will oblige Austria to leave us at peace, which I should prefer, for your sake and for my own. If these demonstrations are not sufficient—if we must employ force, then we will crush forever the resistance made to our common projects."

He immediately wrote to his allies, the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, and Westphalia, and to the Dukes of Baden, Hesse, and Wurtzburg. He assured them that he was very unwilling to expose them to premature expense, but that, as he was seriously threatened with war, he wished them to prepare to raise their contingencies. "I am about," said he, "to assemble forces which will either prevent war or render it decisive." Distrusting Prussia, he notified her that if she increased her military force above the 42,000 authorized by the treaty into which she had entered with France, he would declare war against her.

All France was again in a tumult of commotion. The superhuman energies of Napoleon's mind pervaded every province, and inspired with enthusiastic activity ten thousand agents. Orders were dispatched in every direction. He exhausted his amanuenses in keeping them at work by night and by day, writing letters innumerable to generals, ambassadors, engineers, kings, and princes. New conscriptions were levied. Vast magazines were established. Foundries glowed, and arsenals resounded, as the machinery of war was multiplied. Enormous bands of armed men were moving in every direction, apparently in inextricable confusion, yet all unerringly guided by the prescience of one mighty mind. He ordered twelve thousand fresh artillery horses to be purchased and accoutred. Anticipating every possible contingency of the war, he even laid in a store of fifty thousand pick-axes and shovels, which were to follow the army in artillery wagons. These shovels and pick-axes eventually contributed essential aid to his success. Conscious that the broad stream of the Danube would play an important part in the conflict, he joined with the Imperial Guard a battalion of 1200 sailors from Boulogne.* Carefully avoiding any act of hostility, he con-

* Paris, March 9, 1809.

"Vice-admiral Decrès,—I wish to have with the army of the Rhine one of the battalions of the flotilla. This is the object I have in view. Let me know if it can be accomplished. Twelve hundred sailors would be very serviceable to this army for the passage of rivers and the navigation of the Danube. Our sailors of the guard rendered me essential service in the last campaign; but the duty they performed was unworthy of them. Are all the sailors, comprising the battalions of the flotilla, men able to swim? Are they all competent to bring a boat into a road or a river? Do

spicuously displayed before the eyes of Austria his gigantic preparations, and placed his troops in such a position that it might be seen that he was abundantly prepared to meet any force she could bring against him. Napoleon had nothing to gain by the war. He hoped that these demonstrations might inspire Austria with more prudent reflections. "These very active and provident arrangements," says Thiers, "prove that Napoleon took as much pains to prevent war as to prepare for it."

Such vast preparations demanded enormous financial means. But Napoleon in the science of finance was as great as in the arts of war. To meet the estimated expenses of the year 1809, it became necessary to raise one hundred and seventy-eight millions of dollars. Philanthropy must weep over such enormous sums squandered in extending ruin and woe. Europe, from the North Cape to the Mediterranean, would now have been almost a garden of Eden, had the uncounted millions which have been expended in the desolations of war been appropriated to enriching and embellishing her sunny valleys and her romantic hill-sides.

Austria had now gone too far to retract. Every possible effort was made to rouse the enthusiasm of the nation. It was represented in every variety of colors, and stated in every form of expression, that Napoleon, harassed by England and Spain in the Peninsula, could not withdraw the veteran troops sent across the Pyrenees; that his unguarded positions invited attack; that his German allies would abandon him upon the first disaster; that Prussia would rise with enthusiasm to the last man to retrieve her disgrace; that the Emperor Alexander, entangled in a policy which the queen mother and the nobles condemned, would be compelled to abandon an alliance which threatened him only with danger. Napoleon, they affirmed, intends to treat Austria as he has treated Spain. It is his plan to supersede all the old dynasties by others of his own creation. In proof of this, extraordinary stress was laid upon an expression addressed by Napoleon to the Spaniards beneath the walls of Madrid: "If you do not like Joseph for your king," he said, "I do not wish to force him upon you. I have another throne to give him. And as for you, I will treat you as a conquered country." That *other throne*, they declared, was the throne of Austria.

Numerous agents of England were very busy in Vienna, endeavoring to excite the nation to arms. She offered to co-operate most cordially with her fleet, and to furnish abundant assistance in men and in munitions of war. Under the influence of such motives, the nation was roused to the most extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm. Regiments of artillery and infantry, with bugles and banners, daily traversed the streets of Vienna, amid the acclamations of the people. Five hundred thousand troops were daily exercised and inured to all the employments of the field of battle. Hungary had voted a levy *en masse*, which would bring into action a force whose numbers it would be difficult to estimate. An agent was immediately dispatched to Turkey to represent to the Porte that France and Russia were seeking the

they understand infantry exercise! If they possess these qualifications they would be useful to me. It would be necessary to send with them some officers of the naval artillery, and about a hundred workmen with their tools. They would be a great resource for the passage and navigation of a river.

NAPOLEON."

dismemberment of the Ottoman empire. Austria entreated the Porte, therefore, to forget the recent passage of the Dardanelles by an English squadron, and to join Austria and England to resist these formidable foes. The Turks were exasperated. Hardly a year ago, in high favor with France, they had chased the detested English through their straits, pelting them with red-hot balls. Now the whole population were invoking the presence of the English, and no Frenchman could show himself in the streets of Constantinople without being exposed to insult. England immediately sent a frigate to Constantinople; and the Porte, with enthusiasm, entered into the new coalition against France.

The Emperor Alexander began to show the most unequivocal signs of coldness and alienation. He had been perfectly sincere in his relations with Napoleon. He had, however, been much disappointed in the results of the friendly alliance. Constantinople was the great object of his all-engrossing ambition. For that his soul incessantly hankered, and that conquest Napoleon would not allow him to make.

Napoleon reluctantly consented not to interfere in the annexation to the Russian empire of the provinces at the mouth of the Danube. But even those provinces Alexander had not yet obtained, and he could only obtain them by the energies of conquest. A war with Austria would ally Austria and England with Turkey, and thus render the conquest of the Danubian provinces still more difficult. Influenced by these motives, and annoyed by constant reproaches at home, Alexander became very lukewarm in his friendship.

The Austrian cabinet clearly foresaw the embarrassments which must crowd upon the Czar, and were encouraged to believe that they could even draw him into their alliance. An ambassador, M. Schwartzemberg, was sent from Vienna with this object to the court at St. Petersburg. He was received with the utmost cordiality by the higher circles of society, and was very sanguine of success. He found every body opposed to France—even the members of the imperial family. He had an interview with Alexander. The emperor, with noble frankness, reproached Austria with dissimulation and falsehood in professing peace, while making every preparation for war. He declared that he was under formal engagements to France, which he was resolved honorably to fulfill. "If Austria," said he, "is foolish enough to come to a rupture, she will be crushed by Napoleon. She will force Russia to unite her troops with those of France. She will make him whom you call an overwhelming Colossus still more overwhelming, and she will give England the power of still longer postponing that peace which the Continent so greatly needs. I shall regard as an enemy whoever renders peace more remote." These were noble words. Unfortunately, we can not receive them at their full apparent value when we reflect that Alexander desired peace with Austria, because war with that power would frustrate his designs upon Turkey. He was eager at any moment to draw the sword, if, by so doing, he could annex to his dominions dismembered provinces of the Turkish empire. The Austrian minister was, however, confounded, and sent discouraging dispatches to his government.

Alexander then expressed himself with equal apparent frankness to M.

Caulaincourt, the minister of Napoleon at St. Petersburg. He declared that it would be extremely painful for him to fight against the old allies by whose side he had stood at Austerlitz. He affirmed that even the success of the new war would cause him extreme perplexity, for he should look with alarm on the extinction of Austria, and on the vast preponderance of France, which would be the necessary consequence. He therefore expressed the desire to do every thing in his power to prevent the war. He was unwilling to intrust a matter of so much importance to the two ministers of France and Russia, but decided personally to reassure Austria that no designs were entertained against her, and to warn her of the disastrous results which, by a renewal of the war, she would bring upon herself. "Our ministers," said he, "will make a medley of every thing. Let me be left to act and to speak, and if war can be avoided, I will avoid it. If it can not, I will act, when it becomes inevitable, loyally and frankly."

The pacific views of Alexander were in perfect accordance with those of Napoleon. So anxious was the Emperor of France to avoid a rupture, that he authorized Alexander to promise not only the joint guarantee of Russia and France for the integrity of the Austrian dominions, but also the complete evacuation of the territory of the Confederation of the Rhine. Thus not a single French soldier would be left in Germany.

But the banded foes of Napoleon now felt strong. They regarded his strenuous efforts for peace but as indications of conscious weakness. With renewed alacrity they marshaled their hosts, and combined their armies, and set their majestic columns in motion. Napoleon remained in Paris calmly awaiting the onset. He knew not upon what point the storm would fall. Engaged in myriad cares by day and by night, he provided for every possible emergency. The energies of his tireless spirit swept over the broad expanse of Spain, Italy, France, and Germany. Never before did a single mind grasp and control interests of such prodigious magnitude. All hope of peace was now at an end, and Napoleon issued his orders with extraordinary ardor and with unparalleled activity.

The King of Bavaria wished to place the Bavarian troops under the command of his son, a young man of energy, but inexperienced. Napoleon would not give his consent. "Your army," he wrote, "must fight in earnest in this campaign. It concerns the conservation and the extension of the aggrandizements which Bavaria has received. Your son may be able to command when he shall have made six or seven campaigns with us. Meanwhile, let him come to my head-quarters. He will be received there with all the consideration due to him, and he will learn *our trade*." Napoleon gave the young prince command of one of the Bavarian divisions. The King of Würtemberg furnished a quota of 12,000 men. They were placed under the command of General Vandamme. The king objected to the appointment. Napoleon wrote, "I know General Vandamme's defects, but he is a true soldier. In this difficult calling, much must be forgiven in consideration of great qualities." Napoleon concentrated divisions of his army amounting to over 100,000 men in the vicinity of Ratisbon. A line of telegraphs was established from the extreme frontiers of Bavaria to the Tuileries. Special relays of post-horses were kept, that Napoleon might pass, with the utmost

rapidity, from the Seine to the Danube. Thus prepared, Napoleon awaited the movements of the Austrians. He wished to remain as long as possible in Paris, to attend to the innumerable interests of his vast empire.

The River Inn forms the eastern boundary between Austria and Bavaria. The Austrians had assembled an army of nearly 200,000 men on the banks of that stream. The passage of the river, and the consequent violation of the territory of Bavaria, would be decisive of the war. Napoleon had been taught by past experience not to expect any declaration of hostilities. On the morning of the 10th of April, 1809, the Archduke Charles, with his formidable force, crossed the Inn, and marched resolutely upon Munich, the capital of Bavaria. He sent a letter at the same time to the King of Bavaria, stating that he had orders to advance and liberate Germany from its oppressor, and that he should treat as enemies whatever troops should oppose him. This letter was the only declaration of war addressed to France and her allies.*

Many noble Austrians were opposed to this perfidious attack upon Napo-

* "The repeated instances of gratuitous regal perfidy exhibited toward Napoleon might mislead us to suppose that sovereigns conceived treachery to be among their special prerogatives, but for our knowledge of the fact that the sophists of the day had decided that no offense against virtue or honesty was committed by any breach of faith or want of candor toward '*the common enemy of Europe.*' Justice was outraged only when Napoleon disregarded it. Truth had a twofold significance as applied for or against him. The most solemn treaties were esteemed but as waste parchment when they contained stipulations in favor of the '*Corsican soldier of Fortune.*' The whole code of morality seems to have been resolved into legitimacy and its opposite."—*History of Napoleon, by George M. Bussy, vol. ii., p. 84.*

Bourrienne remarks, "The Emperor Francis, notwithstanding the instigations of his counselors, hesitated about taking the first step; but at length, yielding to the open solicitations of England, and the secret insinuations of Russia, and, above all, seduced by the subsidies of Great Britain, he declared hostilities, not first against France, but against her allies of the Confederation of the Rhine."—*Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon, p. 434.*

In the Encyclopædia Britannica, a very noble article upon Napoleon is concluded with the following words:

"Posterity will judge of the treatment which Napoleon experienced at the hands of England. A prisoner in another hemisphere, he labored to defend the reputation which he knew history was preparing for him, and which various parties exaggerated or blackened, according to the dictates of their respective prejudices or passions. But death surprised him at the moment when he was putting his commentaries into shape, and he consequently left them imperfect. They contain much, however, that is not only valuable in itself, but calculated to dispel prejudice, and to throw light upon some of the most important events in his life; and no one can read them attentively without experiencing a feeling of respect and sympathy mixed with admiration. No man, perhaps, was ever made the object of such unsparing abuse, such bitter detraction, such inveterate and unrelenting rancor. But it is already certain that neither envy, nor hatred, nor malice, nor slander will ultimately succeed in depriving him of his just fame. By his victories of Montenotte, Castiglione, Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Abensberg, Ratisbon, Wagram, Dresden, Champaubert, Montmirail, and Ligny, he acquired enough of glory to efface the single disaster of Waterloo. His five codes embody a system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which he had a principal share, and which has not only proved a boon of inestimable value to France, but is even at this day received as authoritative in a great portion of Europe, thus justifying his own proud anticipation that he would go down to posterity with the codes in his hand. The monuments which he has left in France and Italy will also attest his grandeur to the most remote ages. And though he can never be freed from the reproach of ambition, yet, in extenuation of this '*glorious fault,*' he might say, like Mohammed.

Je fus ambitieux
 Mais jamais roi, pontife, ou chef ou citoyen
 Ne conçut un projet aussi grand que le mien.

leon. Count Louis von Cobentzel was then lying upon his death-bed. He addressed the Emperor Francis in a vigorous letter as follows: "Your majesty ought to consider yourself as fortunate with respect to the situation in which the peace of Pressburg has placed you. You stand in the second rank among the powers of Europe, which is the same your ancestors occupied. Avoid a war for which no provocation is given, and which will be the ruin of your house. Napoleon will conquer, and will then have the right to be inexorable." Manfredini obtained an audience with the Emperor, and ventured to express the opinion that the war would bring down ruin upon Austria. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Francis; "Napoleon can do nothing now. His troops are all in Spain." When Count Wallis saw the Emperor Francis set out to join the army, he said, "There is Darius running to meet an Alexander. He will experience the same fate."

The Inn is distant some six hundred miles from Paris. At ten o'clock at night, the telegraphic dispatch announcing the commencement of hostilities was placed in the hands of Napoleon. As he read the eventful communication, he calmly said, "Very well! Behold us once more at Vienna. But what do they wish now? Has the Emperor of Austria been bitten by a tarantula. Well! since they force me to it, they shall have war to their hearts' content." At midnight he entered his carriage, taking Josephine with him, and set out for Strasburg. England sent her fleet and her troops to cooperate with the Austrians. The Allies pressed vigorously on in their march of invasion, clamoring more vociferously than ever against "*the insatiable ambition of the bloodthirsty Bonaparte.*"

To this clamor Napoleon uttered no response. Sublimely leaving his reputation to be vindicated by history, he girded himself anew for the strife. He knew full well that no powers of despotism could obliterate that record of facts which would guide the verdict of posterity.

CHAPTER VI.

ECKMUHL.

Napoleon and Washington compared—The Archduke crosses the Inn—Error of Berthier—Spirited Dispatches—The Emperor's Bivouac—Battle of Eckmuhl—General Cervoni—Retreat of the Austrians—Napoleon Wounded—Extraordinary Achievements.

THERE are some, even in liberty-loving America, who still defend the cause of those banded kings by whom Napoleon was finally crushed. But their number is daily diminishing. The time is not far distant when the generous sympathies of an intelligent, unprejudiced people will with unanimity respond to the great advocate of republican equality. America taught France to hunger for liberty. Washington in the New World, and Napoleon in the Old, were struggling alike against aristocratic usurpation.* Na-

*I was ambitious
But never did king, pontiff, chief, or citizen
Conceive a project as grand as was mine.*

* "The great questions which the historians will have to decide in forming a judgment of Na-

oleon, overpowered by numbers, fell, contending heroically to the last. The barrier of the ocean alone rescued Washington from a similar doom. Had he perished upon the scaffold, "a hoary-headed traitor," as he was then called, and had his confederates been shot as rebels, it is instructive to reflect upon the position which Washington would now have occupied in the pages of the caressed historians of Buckingham Palace.*

Austria had now on the march an army of 500,000 men to crush "the child and the champion of democratic rights." With nearly 200,000 highly disciplined troops the Archduke Charles had crossed the Inn. Napoleon, embarrassed by the war in Spain, could not oppose these forces with equal numbers. He trusted, however, by superior skill in combinations, to be able successfully to meet his foes. Napoleon was at St. Cloud when the tidings arrived that the territory of his ally was invaded. It was late at night. In an hour he was in his carriage. His faithful Josephine sat by his side. He traveled day and night until he reached Strasburg. Here he left Josephine. He then crossed the Rhine, and pressed on with the utmost speed toward the head-quarters of his army. In his rapid passage he supped one night at the house of a ranger of the King of Würtemberg. It was one of the very interesting traits in the character of the Emperor that he invariably made it a point to converse with the owner of every house at which he had to alight. He asked this worthy man a variety of questions concerning his family, and learned that he had an only daughter who was of age to marry, but that he had no fortune to give her. The Emperor conferred upon this young lady a handsome dowry. Again he mounted his horse and pressed on his way, having, as usual, left a blessing beneath the roof which had sheltered him.

oleon seem to us to be, first, whether he was right in taking it for granted that a republic in France was impracticable; secondly, whether the situation of France actually required that development of the military spirit which Napoleon so completely effected; and, thirdly, whether Napoleon was obliged to concentrate the whole government in himself. If this growth of the military spirit was necessary, that is to say, if Napoleon could not prevent it in existing circumstances, and if it were even advisable to promote it, in order to prevent the greater evil of the loss of national independence; and if the concentration of the whole government in himself was required to avert internal dissensions, and all the miseries following from them, insecurity of justice, property, and person, then the *necessity is to be deplored, not the individual to be condemned*. A proper estimate of Napoleon's character depends upon the settlement of these points, which will require great study, comprehensiveness of view, and sagacity, with a sense of justice unbiassed by libels or panegyric. One remark, however, we must be permitted to make, that Napoleon can not be said to have abolished republican liberty, as it did not in fact exist when he took the reins of government. Republican forms, indeed, had been presented in abundance, but they had no living principle. The government had always been essentially concentrated in Paris. Equality had been effected, but liberty remained to be established. Until the former was properly secured, the latter could have no sufficient basis. It was expected, and still is insisted on by some writers, that he should have beaten foreign enemies, quelled civil dissensions, put a stop to anarchy, established justice and public confidence, counteracted conspiracies, recalled the emigrants, re-established the Church, and yet have left perfect liberty to all!"—*Encyclopædia Americana*, Article *Napoleon*.

* We would advise every intelligent reader, who wishes to see how strong a case can be made out against popular rights and republican equality, to turn to the History of Europe by Sir Archibald Alison. Even those who dissent entirely from his principles will be charmed with the unaffected sincerity of his convictions, the gentlemanly tone of his address, and the glowing eloquence of his periods. He is immeasurably the most efficient advocate of aristocratic usurpation the world has yet produced. His labors are appreciated by those whose cause he so cordially espouses. The court of St. James smiles gratefully upon him, and has conferred upon him the well-earned reward of a baronetcy.

It was late in the hours of the night when Napoleon, without guards, aids, or staff, arrived at Dillengen. The King of Bavaria, who had fled before the invaders, from Munich, his capital, was sojourning in this, his rural palace. Not expecting the Emperor, he had retired to rest. He immediately rose to meet Napoleon. For an hour they conversed very earnestly together. "In fifteen days," said Napoleon, "I will free your country from the invaders, and restore you to your capital." It was a bold promise. He could by no possibility assemble more than 200,000 men to encounter the 500,000 arrayed against him.* After a hurried interview of but an hour, the King of Bavaria returned to his pillow. Napoleon again mounted his horse and galloped forty miles farther to Donauworth. He immediately assembled his officers around him, and by hasty interrogations soon ascertained the condition of the two armies. He was astounded at the perilous position in which his troops were placed.



ECKMÜHL, ASPERN, AND WAGRAM.

Napoleon was perfectly aware of the vast numerical superiority of his foes. He knew that his army, if divided, could be easily overwhelmed by resistless numbers. He had accordingly enjoined it upon Berthier, upon the first hostile movement of the enemy, to concentrate all his forces either at Ratisbon or at Donauworth. To his utter consternation, he found that Berthier, seized with the insane idea of stopping the advancing Austrians at

* The forces which Napoleon had raised for this widely-extended conflict are thus given by M. Chauvet: In Poland, 18,000, commanded by Bernadotte; in Saxony, 12,000, under Gratien; in Westphalia, 15,000, under King Jerome. The main army consisted of the division of Lannes, 25,000; that of Davoust, 45,000; that of Massena, 30,000; that of Lefebvre, 30,000; that of Vandamme, 30,000. The Confederation of the Rhine furnished him with 12,000 men. Eugene, the King of Italy, had 45,000 men under his command. Marmont was in Dalmatia, at the head of 15,000. Dispersed through these various corps there were 560 pieces of artillery. This makes a total of 287,000 men. It is, however, impossible to state with precision the forces engaged in these vast campaigns. No two historians give the same numbers. Alison enumerates the French army of Germany at 325,000. Of these, he says, "At least 100,000 had not yet arrived. Still 140,000 French troops and 60,000 of the Confederation might be relied on for active operations in the valley of the Danube." Napoleon had at the same time an army of 200,000 in Spain. The mind which could grasp such interests and guide such enormous combinations must have been one of extraordinary mould.

all points, had widely dispersed his battalions. Had the Archduke Charles possessed a title of the activity of Napoleon he could have crushed the French at a blow. Napoleon was utterly amazed. In breathless haste, he dispatched officers in every direction, on their fleetest horses, countermanding all the orders of Berthier, and directing every corps to make immediate and the most desperate efforts for concentration. Davoust and Massena were separated more than a hundred miles from each other.*

He wrote to Berthier, "What you have done appears so strange, that if I were not aware of your friendship, I should think you were betraying me. Davoust is at this moment more completely at the disposal of the Archduke than of myself." "You can not imagine," said Napoleon afterward, "in what a condition I found the army on my arrival, and to what dreadful reverses it was exposed if we had had to deal with an enterprising enemy." To Massena, at Augsburg, he wrote, "Leave all the sick and fatigued, with two German regiments to protect them. Descend toward the Danube in all haste. Never have I had more need of your devoted *zeal, activity, and speed!*" To Davoust he wrote, "Quit Ratisbon immediately. Leave there a regiment to defend the town. Ascend the Danube with your division of the army. Break down the bridge at Ratisbon so effectually as to prevent its being repaired. Move cautiously, but resolutely, between the river and the mass of the Austrians. Beware of running any risk of permitting your troops to come to any engagements previously to joining me in the environs of Abensberg."

The whole French army was instantly in motion. A series of sanguinary conflicts ensued. Napoleon seemed to be every where present. His troops were every where victorious. These varied movements, by which Napoleon concentrated his army, in the midst of enemies so numerous and so advantageously posted, have ever been considered as among the most remarkable in the annals of war. In three days he had ninety thousand men drawn up before him. During these three days, in desperate battles which had transpired, the Austrians had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly twenty thousand men. The Archduke Charles, not a little disheartened by these reverses, had concentrated at Eckmuhl an army one hundred thousand strong. A decisive action was now inevitable.

Napoleon thus addressed his troops: "Soldiers! The territory of the Confederation of the Rhine has been violated. The Austrian general supposes that we are to fly at the sight of his eagles, and abandon our allies to his mercy. I arrive with the rapidity of lightning in the midst of you. Soldiers! I was surrounded by your bayonets when the Emperor of Austria arrived at my bivouac in Moravia. You heard him implore my clemency, and swear an eternal friendship. Conquerors in three wars, Austria has owed every thing to our generosity. Three times she has perjured herself! Our

* "Berthier, incapable of acting a principal part, was surprised, and made a succession of false movements, that would have been fatal to the French army if the Emperor, journeying day and night, had not arrived at the very hour when his lieutenant was on the point of consummating the ruin of the army. But then was seen the supernatural force of Napoleon's genius. In a few hours he changed the aspect of affairs, and in a few days, maugre their immense numbers, his enemies, baffled and flying in all directions, proclaimed his mastery in an art which up to that moment was imperfect; for never, since troops first trod a field of battle, was such a display of military skill made by man."—*Napier*, vol. i., p. 127.

former successes are our guarantee for our future triumphs. Let us march, then, and at our aspect let the enemy recognize his conquerors."

On the night of the 19th of April Savary announced to Napoleon the safe arrival of Davoust. He found the Emperor in a rude room, stretched upon a wooden bench, his feet close to a heated stove, and his head resting on a soldier's knapsack. He was carefully studying a map of the country. De-



THE EMPEROR'S BIVOUAC.

lighted with the intelligence, he leaped upon his horse, and galloped along the whole extent of the bivouacs of the troops. The Prince Royal of Bavaria and a few of his generals accompanied the Emperor. Napoleon, gratified with the zeal and energy which the Prince Royal displayed, tapped him gently on the shoulder and said,

"Well, Prince Royal, if you uphold, in this manner, the dignity of the King of Bavaria, when your turn comes to reign these gentlemen will never desert you. If, on the contrary, you should remain at home, they will all follow your example. From that moment you may bid farewell to your kingdom and to glory."*

* On the 18th Napoleon wrote to Massena, "It is indispensable that Oudinot, with his corps, and your three other divisions, with your cuirassiers and cavalry, should sleep at Pfaffenhofen to-morrow night. Those in the rear should do their utmost to reach Ascha, or at least get on as far as they can on the road from Augsburg to Ascha. One word will explain to you the urgency of affairs: Prince Charles, with 80,000 men, debouched yesterday from Landshut on Ratisbon. The Bavarians contended the whole day with his advance guard. Orders have been dispatched to Davoust to move with 60,000 in the direction of Neustadt, where he will form a junction with the Bavarians. To-morrow (19th), all your troops who can be mustered at Pfaffenhofen, with the Würtembergers, a division of cuirassiers, and every man you can collect, should be in a condition to fall upon the rear of Prince Charles. A single glance must show you that never was there more pressing occasion for diligence and activity than at present. With 60,000 good troops, Davoust may, indeed, make head against the Archduke, but I consider Prince Charles ruined without resource if Oudinot and your three divisions are on his rear before daybreak on the 19th, and you inspire the soldiers

Napoleon slept a few hours in his chair. Before the dawn of the morning he was marshaling his hosts for the battle. A dense fog enveloped the rural scene which was soon to be drenched with blood. Upon the fertile plain of Eckmühl a hundred thousand men were quietly sleeping, unaware of their impending peril. The military science of Napoleon was guiding from various points upon them ninety thousand troops flushed with victory. The mild, warm sun of a pleasant April day rose over the hills and dispelled the vapor. The green valley reposed before the eye in surpassing loveliness. Verdant meadows, winding streams, gardens, villages, and rural mansions embowered in trees, presented an aspect of extraordinary beauty. Banners were silently fluttering in the breeze. The white tents of the Austrians profusely sprinkled the plain. The gleam of polished armor flashed through the osiers and willows which, fringing the stream, were just bursting into leaf. Innumerable steeds were quietly cropping the fresh herbage. To the eye it was a perfect scene of peace and beauty. But the demon of war was there, to transform it into the most revolting aspect of misery and blood.

As the various divisions of the French army arrived upon the heights which commanded the plain, they involuntarily paused and gazed with admiration upon the varied and beautiful spectacle. The clangor of approaching battle now filled the air. Trumpets sounded. Martial bands poured forth their soul-stirring peals. Artillery, cavalry, infantry, all were in movement to take position for the fight. Squadrons of horse swept the field. Not a cannon or a musket was fired before noon. Both parties were as peacefully employed in taking their positions as if engaged in a holiday review. The sun was in the meridian when the first shot was fired. It was the signal for the burst of such a roar of battle as even this war-desolated globe has seldom witnessed. The awful sublimities of the scene deeply impressed even those who were most familiar with the horrors of war. The military genius of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than on this day. The various divisions of his army, guided by the highest teachings of military science, appeared upon the field with all the unembarrassed precision of the movements of a game of chess. For five hours the carnage continued.

The sun was now declining. The enemy began to falter. The cavalry of the Imperial Guard had been held in reserve, impatiently waiting the order for its resistless charge. Encased in helmets and breastplates of glittering steel, and mounted on steeds of enormous power, these squadrons, which had never yet moved but with the sweep of victory, rose majestically over the hills and poured down upon the plain. Their advance was at first slow and dignified, as their proud chargers, in a gentle trot, emerged into the view of both armies. The French regarded the Imperial Guard as Na-

with all they should feel on so momentous an occasion. In the 18th, 19th, and 20th the whole affairs of Germany will be decided."—*Savary*, vol. iv., p. 51, 52.

Again, at noon of the next day, he wrote to Massena, "Prince Charles, with his whole army, was this morning a day's march from Ratisbon. Davoust has evacuated Ratisbon to move upon Neustadt. I look, therefore, for an affair every moment. Every thing will be cleared up to-day. The moments are precious. The hours must be counted. Twelve or fifteen thousand of such rabble as you have defeated this morning should be easily disposed of by six thousand of our people."—*Peletier*, i., p. 285, 286.

oleon's right arm. They felt sure that a blow was now to be struck which would terminate the conflict. A wild shout of enthusiasm burst from their lips, which rose above the thunders of the battle. The Austrian cuirassiers, equally numerous, as heavily armed, and inspired with as determined courage, were on the alert, ready to repel the anticipated onset. Their swords and helmets glittered in the rays of the setting sun, and they also came sweeping down into the vast arena.



CAVALRY CHARGE AT ECKMUHL.

The opposing squadrons, now spurring their steeds into a headlong gallop, came rushing onward with the frantic energy of fiends. Innumerable trumpets in clarion tones pealed forth the charge. The plain seemed to tremble beneath the tread of the advancing hosts. With plumes and banners floating in the breeze, and helmets and sabres gleaming in the sun, and each party rending the skies with their unearthly shrieks, the two bodies, in full career, rushed upon each other. The spectacle was so sublime, so aw-

ful, so sure to be followed by decisive results, that each army, as by common consent, suspended its fire to await the issue of this extraordinary duel. The roar of musketry and the heavy booming of artillery ceased. The soldiers rested upon their muskets, and the exhausted cannoniers leaned upon their guns, as in intense absorption they gazed upon the appalling grandeur of the scene.

The concussion was terrific. Hundreds of horses and riders were instantly overthrown and trampled in the dust. Over their mangled bodies the rushing squadrons plunged and fought. It was a new spectacle, even to those most inured to all the aspects of war. The fresh breeze speedily swept the smoke from the plain. The unclouded sun shone down brilliantly upon the vast arena. The two armies, in breathless silence, intrusted the issue of the conflict to the Imperial Guards of Austria and of France. Nothing was heard but the blast of the trumpets and the clear ringing of steel, as sabre clashed against sabre, and cuirass and helmet resounded beneath the blows of these men of iron sinews. The sun went down, and the struggle still continued. Twilight darkened over the plain, but a blaze of intensest light from clashing steel gleamed over the contending hosts. One by one the stars came out calmly in the sky, and the moon, in silent beauty, rose serenely in the east, and looked down with her mild reproof upon the hideous carnage, and still the struggling squadrons, with unintermitted fury, dashed against each other. Beneath such blows men and horses rapidly fell; the clangor of the strife grew fainter and fainter. Still, in the gloom of the night, as the eye gazed upon the tumultuous mass swaying to and fro, it was impossible to judge who were gaining the victory.

At length, the Austrian horsemen, having lost two thirds of their number, were no longer able to withstand their foes. They wavered, recoiled, and then the tramp of rushing steeds was heard as they broke and fled. A wild shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* burst from the lips of the victorious cuirassiers. Spurring their steeds in the mad pursuit, they trampled down horses and riders, piled together on the ensanguined plain. The dispirited Austrians gazed in silent dismay upon the rout of their Imperial Guard and immediately commenced a retreat. The whole French army, with frantic enthusiasm, re-echoed the shout of their conquering comrades.

Instantaneously the thunders of war again filled the plain. The lightning flashes and heavy booming of the cannon, the clamor of rushing armies, pursuers and pursued, the storm of shot, shells, and bullets, which swept mutilation and death through the retreating ranks, and the sulphurous canopy of smoke, which darkened the moon and the stars, presented a spectacle which neither pen nor pencil can delineate. But immediately, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Lannes, Napoleon ordered the army to halt. The French soldiers, utterly exhausted by the herculean toils of the last five days, threw themselves upon the bloody sod of the hard-fought field and fell asleep. The Austrians, through the night, continued their retreat toward Ratisbon, hoping to escape across the Danube.

When Napoleon gave the order for this decisive attack of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, General Cervoni was holding a map of the country open before him. A heavy cannon ball struck this brave officer, and he vanished

from the Emperor's sight. Only the scattered fragments of his body could be found. Soon after, one of Napoleon's aids arrived to make known a position taken by the enemy. While in the act of communicating his errand, he pointed with his right hand. At that instant a shot, passing close by the head of the Emperor, struck the unfortunate officer's arm and tore it from his body. Napoleon manifested the most sincere sympathy for the wounded man, but made no movement to change his dangerous position. The officers who surrounded the Emperor, knowing that the salvation of the army depended upon his life, earnestly remonstrated with him for exposing himself so heedlessly. "What can I do?" he mildly replied; "I must see how matters go on."

For the first time in four days and nights, Napoleon indulged himself in a few hours of sleep; but before the dawn of another morning he was again on horseback, rousing his slumbering army to pursue the fugitives. The situation of the Archduke was now extremely critical. Napoleon, with a victorious army, was pressing upon him. The broad Danube, crossed by the single bridge of Ratisbon, was in his rear. His army was in a state of deep dejection. Whenever they met Napoleon, it was only to encounter discomfiture and ruin. Prince Charles had left six thousand dead and wounded upon the plain of Eckmühl. Nearly twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen standards, and an immense quantity of the munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victor.*

Under these circumstances, the Archduke resolved to cross the Danube as speedily as possible, and to seek refuge for his army in the wilds of Bohemia. He hoped soon to be able to form a junction with powerful divisions of Austrian troops, marching to re-enforce him. Keeping large watch-fires blazing all the night to conceal his design, he retreated rapidly to the Danube. A bridge of boats was immediately thrown across the stream. By that, and by the bridge at Ratisbon, the army defiled the whole night without intermission. Early in the morning, Napoleon moved forward his cavalry to attack the rear guard of the Austrians, which was drawn up in front of Ratisbon to protect the passage of the river. After a short conflict, the Austrians retreated behind the walls of the city, closed the gates, and lined the ramparts with infantry. The batteries of Napoleon were immediately reared.

* It is seldom easy to ascertain with accuracy the numbers who were engaged or who fell in these conflicts. We here give some of the estimates which have been made respecting the battle of Eckmühl.

"Twenty thousand prisoners, a great quantity of artillery, all the wounded of the enemy, and fifteen flags, were the trophy of the victory of Eckmühl."—*M. de Normans*, vol. iii., p. 137.

"The battle of Eckmühl cost the Austrians about six thousand killed and wounded, a great number of pieces of artillery, and three or four thousand prisoners."—*Thiers, History of the Consulate and Empire*, book xxxiv., p. 694.

"Five thousand men had been killed and wounded, and seven thousand made prisoners, in the battle [of Eckmühl], besides twelve standards and sixteen pieces of cannon which had fallen into the enemy's hands."—*Alison*, vol. iii., p. 189.

"The enemy left us fifteen thousand prisoners, the greater part of his artillery, all his wounded, and fifteen flags."—*M. Chauvet*, p. 312.

"Prince Charles, on quitting the field of Eckmühl, left twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen colors, and nearly all his artillery in the hands of Napoleon."—*George Mair Bussey*, vol. ii., p. 90.

"All the Austrian wounded, great part of their artillery, fifteen stand of colors, and twenty thousand prisoners, remained in the power of the French."—*Scott*, vol. ii., p. 48.

A storm of shells rained down destruction upon the masses crowding through the streets and hurrying across the bridge. A breach was soon battered in the walls. The French troops rushed into the city. French and Austrians were mingled together in inextricable confusion. A hand to hand fight ensued, with awful carnage.

While Napoleon was guiding this assault, a musket ball struck him upon the foot, not breaking the bone, but making a severe contusion, and causing intense pain. "Ah," said he, very coolly, "I am hit. It must have been a Tyrolese marksman to have struck me at such a distance. Those fellows fire with wonderful precision." He immediately dismounted, and his wound was dressed upon the spot. Had the ball struck a little higher up, the limb would have been shattered, and amputation would have been inevitable.



NAPOLEON WOUNDED AT RATISBON.

The news spread that the Emperor was wounded. The soldiers of the nearest corps, forgetting their own peril and the excitement of battle, broke from their ranks and crowded around their beloved chieftain. Regardless of the cannon balls which swept through the dense group, fifteen thousand men, leaving muskets, guns, and horses, hastened to the spot, with the most intense expressions of anxiety and affection. Napoleon smiled kindly upon them, shook hands with all who were within his reach, and assured them that the wound was merely a trifle. To relieve their solicitude, as soon as

the wound was dressed, though suffering excruciating pain, he mounted his horse and rode along the lines. An almost delirious shout of joy and enthusiasm greeted him. Such a shout no man ever won before. The pain, however, became so severe that he was compelled to retire to the hut of a peasant, where he fainted entirely away. Soon, however, recovering, he again mounted his horse, and, pale and exhausted, still guided the tremendous energies of battle.

As the French rushed through the breach into the city of Ratisbon, most of the Austrians had crossed the river. The retreating host rapidly disappeared over the wooded heights of the Bohmerwald. Napoleon, having thus driven the invaders from the territory of his ally, left the fugitives to wander among the mountains of Bohemia, and established his head-quarters at Ratisbon. Such achievements seem like the creation of fancy. But twelve days had elapsed since Napoleon left Paris. In six days he had passed over the vast space intervening between the Seine and the Danube. In forty-eight hours he had concentrated his army from its wide dispersion, fighting in the mean time almost an incessant battle, and gaining an incessant victory. By the most extraordinary combination of maneuvers he had assailed, at all points, an enemy superior in numbers upon the field of Eckmuhl, routed him entirely, and driven him across the Danube. Fifteen days before, 200,000 men, with the pride of resistless conquerors, had invaded the territory of Bavaria. Now, discomfited, bleeding, dejected, they were seeking refuge from the terrible blows of their victor in the wild passes of the Bohemian mountains. In these six disastrous days the Austrians had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 60,000 men. Of this number, 40,000 had been struck down by the fire of infantry or by the sabres of the cavalry.* The Austrians had also lost 600 ammunition wagons, 40 standards, more than a hundred pieces of artillery, two pontoon trains, and an incalculable quantity of baggage.

The physical and intellectual activity displayed by the Emperor during this extraordinary campaign would seem incredible were it not substantiated by conclusive evidence. It was a drive of nearly six hundred miles from Paris to the encampments of the army on the banks of the Danube. During this journey he took no rest but such as he could find in his carriage. At several places he was delayed for a few hours to examine fortifications, and to dictate orders to a thousand agents in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Germany. Upon reaching the army, he spent the succeeding five days and nights in a series of herculean labors. At midnight, leaning back in his chair, without removing either his hat or his boots, he would sleep for an hour, and then, with an invigorated mind, renew his dictation, or mount his horse, and gallop through darkness, storms, and mire, from post to post of the army. The letters which he wrote to his officers during these five days would fill a large volume. After the most exhausting ride on horseback of fifteen hours, he would impetuously, with apparently exhaustless energies, dictate dispatches half of the night.

* These are the numbers given by Thiers, after the most careful examination of the statements of both parties.

CHAPTER VII.

DESCENDING THE DANUBE.

The Traveling-carriage of Napoleon—Address to the Army at Ratisbon—The Syrian Soldier—Napoleon repairs Ratisbon—Bridge of Ebersberg—Dierstein—Vienna summoned to Surrender—Maria Louisa—Andreossi Governor of Vienna—Conversation with Savary—Letter to Eugene—The disgraced Surgeon.

THE traveling-carriage of Napoleon was taken at Waterloo. It is now to be seen at a museum in London. In all its arrangements it is characteristic of the Emperor. Perfectly simple in its structure, and unostentatious in its adornments, it was provided with all the conveniences for labor. A sliding-board supplied him with a table for writing. A neat desk, encased in the sides, contained stationery. Around the panels were a variety of boxes, filled with books, charts, dispatches, and the daily journals. A lamp from behind threw sufficient light to enable him to read and write by night as well as by day. The seat was so arranged that he could attain a half reclining attitude when traveling through the night, while cushions prevented his being too severely jostled by the rugged roads. As he dashed along, he examined the reports of military and civil engineers, of statesmen, of commanders of divisions, brigades, and battalions. As each paper was finished, it was torn into fragments and thrown from the windows. His marvelous memory retained every thing. It was his custom to have a copy of every new work that was published in Paris sent to him, whether literary, scientific, or religious. If, at a glance, he deemed the book worthless, he tossed it into the road. His route might be traced by fragments of papers, journals, and volumes scattered by the wayside. He had invariably suspended in the carriage before him the best possible chart of the district through which he was passing.

Whenever he halted, the order and system of the imperial household was immediately introduced. The most convenient apartment was at once selected as his cabinet or chamber of work. On a table placed in the middle of the room were arranged maps of the countries in which his armies were operating. The positions of each corps, division, and brigade were laid down. The roads, communications, bridges, and defiles were accurately delineated. The posts of the enemy, and the forces of different nations, were distinguished by pins with heads of various colors, red, black, and green. All this was accomplished with such perfect promptness and regularity by the devotion of those who surrounded him, that, let him reach his headquarters where he might or when he might, no time was lost.

At the four corners of the room tables were set for his secretaries. To these tireless servants he was accustomed to dictate simultaneously. He possessed the rare faculty of giving judgment upon almost any number of subjects at the same time. He usually paced the floor with his hat on, and his hands clasped behind his back. In short and pithy sentences he pro-

nounced his opinions or issued his orders. To one scribe he would dictate instructions for the maneuvers of the army. Turning to another, he would give his decisive opinion on a difficult question of finance, or on the administrative government of the empire. To a third he would communicate answers to the letters of his ambassadors in foreign countries. A fourth was not unfrequently intrusted with his private correspondence. Having thus dictated for a few hours, he would seize the pen, dash off a few glowing and scarcely legible lines to his faithful Josephine, and then, entering his carriage or mounting his horse, disappear like a meteor.

In the midst of these operations, he wrote thus to Josephine :

“Donauworth, April 18th, 1809.

“I arrived here yesterday, at four o'clock in the morning. I leave immediately. Every thing is in movement. Military operations are in intense activity. To this hour there is nothing new. My health is good. Entirely thine,
NAPOLEON.”

Napoleon shunned no fatigue which he imposed upon his soldiers. Not one of them underwent any thing like the bodily labor to which he exposed himself. At Ratisbon he thus addressed his army :

“Soldiers ! You have justified my anticipations. You have supplied by bravery the want of numbers, and have shown the difference which exists between the soldiers of Cæsar and the armed rabble of Xerxes. Within the space of a few days we have triumphed in the battles of Thaur, Abensberg, and Eckmuhl, and in the combats of Peissing, Landshut, and Ratisbon. One hundred pieces of cannon, forty standards, fifty thousand prisoners, three bridge equipages, three thousand baggage-wagons with their horses, and all the money-chests of the regiments, are the fruits of the rapidity of your marches and of your courage. The enemy, seduced by a perjured cabinet, appeared to have lost all recollection of you. His wakening has been speedy ; you have appeared more terrible than ever. Lately he crossed the Inn, and invaded the territory of our allies. Lately he talked of nothing less than carrying the war into the bosom of our country. Now, defeated, dispersed, he flies in consternation. Already my advance guard has passed the Inn. In one month we will be in Vienna.”

At St. Helena, Napoleon, speaking of this campaign, remarked : “The greatest military maneuvers I ever made, and those for which I give myself most credit, were performed at Eckmuhl. They were infinitely superior to those at Marengo, or to any other of my actions.” The next day the Emperor reviewed a part of his army at Ratisbon. The dead were all buried. The blood was washed from the streets. The mutilated and the dying, with splintered bones and festering wounds, were moaning upon beds of agony in the secluded wards of the hospitals. Nothing was seen but the glitter and the pomp of war. Plumes, and banners, and prancing steeds, and polished armor, reflected the rays of the unclouded sun. As each regiment defiled before him, Napoleon demanded of the colonel who of his soldiers had proved themselves worthy of distinction. He often conferred the reward on a common soldier which had been expected by those of a higher grade. As he

was tying the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole of one of these veterans from the ranks, the soldier inquired if the Emperor did not recognize him. "How should I?" answered Napoleon. "It was I," the soldier replied, "who, in the desert of Syria, at the moment of your utmost necessity, gave you a portion of my rations." Napoleon immediately rejoined, "Indeed! I recollect you now perfectly. I make you a knight, with an annual endowment of two hundred dollars." These appeals to honor and generous feeling inspired the bosoms of the French soldiers with incredible ardor and enthusiasm.

A large portion of Ratisbon was consumed by the flames. The city belonged to Napoleon's ally, the King of Bavaria. The Austrians, as they fled from the burning streets, witnessed with pleasure the conflagration. Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, repaired the damages, amounting to several millions of dollars, at his own expense. "From the morning of the 19th," says Alison, "when the battle of Abensberg began, till the night of the 22d, when that of Ratisbon terminated, he was on horseback or dictating letters at least eighteen hours a day. When all around him were ready to drop down with exhaustion, he began to read and dictate dispatches, and sat up half the night receiving reports from the generals and marshals, and completing the directions for the ensuing day."*

The Danube now flowed between Napoleon and the great mass of his foes. The road was open to Vienna. This city was situated on the same side of the river which was occupied by the French army. From Ratisbon to Vienna is a distance of about two hundred miles. Many rivers were to be crossed, and many defiles to be forced which were strongly guarded by the Austrians. Napoleon resolved, however, to march directly upon the capital, and there to settle his difficulties with that faithless cabinet which had so perfidiously assailed him. The conquering legions of France poured resistlessly down the valleys of the Danube. All opposition was swept before them. The retreating Austrians planted their batteries upon the opposite banks of every stream, having blown up the bridges and destroyed the boats. The crags which commanded every defile glittered with armed men, and were defended by the most destructive engine of war.

Napoleon had done every thing which mortal man could do to avert the conflict.† He now consecrated the entireness of his tremendous energies,

* In reference to these events, Sir Walter Scott remarks: "At no period in his momentous career did the genius of Napoleon appear more completely to prostrate all opposition; at no time did the talents of a single individual exercise such an influence on the fate of the universe. The forces he had in the field had been not only unequal to those of the enemy, but they were, in a military point of view, ill placed and imperfectly combined. Napoleon arrived alone, found himself under all these disadvantages, and we repeat, by his almost unassisted genius, came, in the course of five days, in complete triumph out of a struggle which bore a character so unpromising. It was no wonder that others, nay, that he himself, should have annexed to his person the degree of superstitious influence claimed for the chosen instrument of Destiny, whose path must not be crossed, and whose arms can not be arrested."

† Thiers was perfectly familiar with all the efforts which Napoleon had made to avoid these wars. He honestly records them all. And yet he could allow himself to say, "His real fault, his stupendous fault, was that unbridled policy which, after having carried him to the Niemen, whence he had returned only by dint of miracles, had next carried him to the Ebro and the Tagus, whence he had returned in person, leaving his best armies behind him, now hurried him to the Danube, where he contrived to maintain himself only by other miracles, the series of which might cease at

without any faltering, to drive the war to a decisive conclusion. Beneath the guns of the Austrians he constructed new bridges, and, reminding his veterans of Lodi and of Arcola, breasted all the engines of mutilation and death. The Austrians had so wantonly and pertinaciously provoked the war, that they were ashamed to ask for peace. The Archduke Charles had, however, from the beginning, been opposed to the hostile measures of his government. He now wrote to his brother, the Emperor Francis, giving an account of their sudden and overwhelming reverses. With the consent of the terrified emperor, he ventured to address the following lines of graceful flattery to Napoleon :

“Your majesty has announced your arrival by a salvo of artillery. I had no time to reply to it. But, though hardly informed of your presence, I speedily discovered it by the losses which I experienced. You have taken many prisoners from me. I have taken some from you in quarters where you were not present. I propose to your majesty to exchange them, man for man, rank for rank. If this proposal proves agreeable to you, point out the place where it may be possible to put it into effect. I feel flattered, sire, in combating the greatest captain of the age ; but I should esteem myself more happy if heaven had chosen me to be the instrument of procuring for my country a durable peace. Whatever may be the events of war, or the chances of an accommodation, I pray your majesty to believe that my desires will always outstrip your wishes, and that I am equally honored by meeting your majesty, either with the sword or the olive-branch in your hand.”

But, before this apologetic note reached Napoleon, he was far advanced in the valley of the Danube. Nothing now remained to arrest his triumphant march upon Vienna. He decided to send his reply from the palace of Schönbrunn. The French army was now approaching the River Traun, one of the tributaries of the Danube. Napoleon decided to cross it at several points some miles distant from each other. Massena, with seven thousand men, advanced to the Traun, opposite Ebersberg. Here occurred one of the most extravagant acts of reckless courage, and one of the most revolting scenes of human butchery recorded in military history. The river was very broad, and was crossed by a narrow bridge 1200 feet in length. At the farther end of the bridge was an escarped plateau. Above it rose the little town of Ebersberg, surmounted by a strong castle which was bristling with cannon. In front of the bridge, on the escarpment of the plateau, nearly 40,000 men were drawn up in line of battle. The bridge, at its western extremity, was enfiladed by houses all filled with musketeers. A formidable array of artillery, disposed on the heights above, commanded the whole extent of the frail structure. The bridge was of wood, and by the application of the torch would immediately have been enveloped in flames. The Aus-

any moment and give place to disasters.”—*Thiers*. book xxxv. p. 732. That England and Austria, as one of the artifices of war, should have filled the ears of benighted Europe with this cry, is not strange. But it is, indeed, no trivial offense thus to trifle with the sacredness of historic truth, and with the memory of the noble dead. Napoleon was struggling heroically in self-defense. He had left no efforts untried for the promotion of peace. The banded foes of revolutionized France gave him no alternative but to fight, or to surrender his country to be trampled down beneath the iron hoofs of their invading squadrons.

trians, however, deemed its passage so utterly impossible, that they did not suppose that the French would even attempt it.

But the impetuous Massena delayed not a moment.* He ordered an immediate charge, as he feared that an hour's delay might induce the Austrians to blow up the bridge. General Cohorn, a man of diminutive stature, but of the most intensely forceful and impetuous spirit, placed himself at the head of his brigade. At double-quick step the dense column pressed along the bridge. An unexampled scene of horror ensued. The troops were soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. A storm of grape-shot and canister swept mutilation and death through their ranks. Two or three ammunition-wagons blew up in the midst of the struggling throng, and scattered awful carnage around. The bridge was soon so encumbered with the wounded and the dead, that Massena deemed himself driven to the horrible necessity of commanding the fresh troops that came up to toss their mangled and struggling comrades into the swollen torrent which swept furiously below.

Those who performed this revolting service were soon struck down themselves, and were treated in the same manner by those who next came up to the attack. There was no alternative. But for this dreadful measure, the bridge would soon have become utterly impassable, and all upon it would have perished. Enveloped in smoke, deafened with the roar of battle, and with shots, shells, and bullets mowing down their ranks, these veteran soldiers, who, in becoming veterans, had almost ceased to be men, pressed sternly on, trampling upon severed limbs, wading through blood, and throwing their wounded and beseeching comrades into the surging flood. Well might the Duke of Wellington say, "A man of refined Christian sensibilities is totally unfit for the profession of soldier."

Through this frightful storm of shot, the French rushed along till they reached the gate at the farther end of the bridge. Here the whole head of the column was swept away; those in the rear, however, rushed on over their mangled comrades, dashed down the gates, and drove their foes before them. The Austrians retreated through the town, setting fire to the houses, and disputing every inch of ground. The French struggled on, trampling on the bodies of the dead and wounded of either army. In the blazing streets the conflict raged with unparalleled ferocity. Ebersberg was at last taken. It was, however, but a heap of smoking ruins. The town was so much in flames that the wounded could not be withdrawn. The blazing rafters fell

* "Massena," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previous to battle. It was not till the dead fell around him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, then Massena was himself—gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the greatest coolness and judgment. This is true nobleness of blood. It was truly said of Massena that he never began to act with judgment until the battle was going against him. He was, however, a robber. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often that if he would discontinue his speculations, I would make him a present of eight hundred thousand or a million francs. But he had acquired such a habit that he could not keep his hands from the money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious, and, had not his great parts been soiled by the vice of avarice, he would have been a great man."

on these wretched victims of war, and, shrieking in agony, their mangled limbs were slowly consumed by the fire. Their hideous cries blended with the hateful clamor of these demoniac scenes. An intolerable stench of burning corpses filled the air.

Still, through the blazing streets, and over the mangled and blackened fragments of human bodies, the French rushed on with horse, and artillery, and ammunition-wagons, crushing flesh, and bones, and cinders, and blood-mingled mire into a hideous mass of corruption. The Austrians, appalled at such incredible daring, sullenly retired, leaving six thousand of the slain behind them. Napoleon, at a distance, heard the loud cannonade. He spurred his horse to the scene of the conflict. Accustomed as he had long been to the horrors of war, he was shocked at the awful spectacle. Though admiring the desperate daring of Massena, he could not refrain from testifying his displeasure at the carnage which might, perhaps, have been averted by waiting for an attack upon the flank of the enemy by the corps of Lannes, which had passed the river a few miles above.

Napoleon, accompanied by Savary, entered the smouldering town. He found two or three of the wounded still alive, who had crawled into the square where the flames could not reach them. "Can any thing," says Savary, "be more dreadful than the sight of men first burned to death, then trodden under the horses' feet, and crushed to atoms by the wheels of gun-carriages? The only outlet from the town was by walking through a heap of baked human flesh, which produced an insufferable stench. The evil was so great that it became necessary to procure spades, such as are used to clear mud from the public roads, in order to remove and bury this fetid mass. The Emperor came to see this horrid sight, and said to us as he went over it, 'It were well if all promoters of wars could behold such an appalling picture. They would then discover how much evil humanity has to suffer from their projects.' He spoke some obliging words to General Cohorn on the feat of gallantry he had displayed, but pointed out to him that, if he had not suffered himself to be hurried along by his courage, but had waited for the troops that were coming up, previously to making the attack, this heavy loss would have been spared."

The army now pressed on with the utmost rapidity toward Vienna. There was but little more opposition to be encountered. Napoleon, with his peculiar thirst for knowledge, took with him a guide, who rode by his side, and who pointed out to him every object of interest by the way. Upon a distant eminence he descried the mouldering Gothic towers of Dierstein, the scene of the captivity of Richard the Lion-hearted. He reined in his horse, and for some moments riveted his eyes upon the pile which rose in gloomy magnificence before him; then, addressing Berthier and Lannes, who were with him, he said,

"Richard also was a warrior in Syria and Palestine. He was more fortunate than we were at St. Jean d'Acre. But the Lion-hearted was not more valiant than you, my brave Lannes. He beat the great Saladin. Yet hardly had he returned to Europe than he fell into the hands of persons who were certainly of very different calibre. He was sold by a duke of Austria to an emperor of Germany, who by that act only has been rescued from oblivion.

The last of his court, Blondel alone remained faithful to him. But the nation made no sacrifice for his deliverance."



THE RUINS OF DIERSTEIN.

After a moment's pause, still keeping his eyes riveted upon the towers, he continued :

"These were barbarous times, which they have the folly to represent to us as so heroic, when the father sacrificed his children, the wife her husband, the subject his sovereign, the soldier his general, and all without shame or disguise ! How much are times changed now ! You have seen emperors and kings in my power, as well as the capitals of their states, and I exacted from them neither ransom nor sacrifice of honors. The world has seen how I treated the Emperor of Austria, whom I might have imprisoned ; and that successor of Leopold and Henry, who is already more than half in our power, will not be worse treated on this occasion than on the preceding, notwithstanding that he has attacked us with so much perfidy." Little did Napoleon then imagine that on the rock of St. Helena he was to experience an imprisonment more barbarous in all the refinements of cruelty than Richard had endured beneath the towers of Dierstein.

On the 10th of May, just one month from the time when the Austrian standards crossed the Inn, Napoleon with his army appeared before the walls of Vienna. The Archduke Charles, having received powerful re-enforcements, was hurrying down the opposite banks of the river for the relief of the capital. The city is built on a small arm of the Danube, some two miles from the main stream. The central city is circular, and about three miles

in circumference. It contains 100,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by an ancient rampart of brick-work, flanked by strong bastions. A beautiful glacis, about one fourth of a mile in width, planted with trees, and laid out in public walks like the parks of London, girdles the city. Beyond this esplanade are reared the immense faubourgs, which contain 200,000 inhabitants, and which are also inclosed by a line of ramparts. The suburbs are about ten miles in circumference.

Napoleon was very anxious to save Vienna from the horrors of a bombardment. He immediately sent a flag of truce into the city. The bearer was assailed and wounded; and the butcher's boy who had struck him down was placed upon the officer's horse, and borne in triumph through the streets. Without difficulty Napoleon surmounted the ramparts and entered the faubourgs; but as soon as his troops appeared upon the esplanade, which extends between the faubourgs and the ramparts of the old city, they were met by volleys of grape-shot from the walls. Napoleon immediately invested the place on all points, and summoned it to surrender. A deputation from each of the faubourgs was selected to carry this summons.*

But the fire of the ramparts redoubled at the arrival of the deputies, and many of them were slain by their fellow-citizens. Napoleon's patience was now exhausted. Still he humanely resolved to spare the unfortunate faubourgs as much as possible. There are few conquerors who, under such circumstances, would not have availed themselves of the houses of their enemies. Accompanied by Massena, he rode around the southern portion of the fortifications of the city, *and selected a place for the erection of his batteries where the answering fire from the ramparts would endanger only very*

* The following is a copy of the letter sent by Berthier to the Archduke Maximilian, who conducted the defense of the city :

"Monseigneur,—The Duke of Montebello sent this morning to your highness an officer in the character of a flag of truce, with a trumpeter. That officer has not yet returned. I request to be informed when it is intended to send him back. The unusual course adopted on this occasion compels me to avail myself of the inhabitants of this city for holding communication with your highness. His majesty, the emperor and king, my master, having been brought to Vienna by the events of the war, is desirous of sparing the numerous and interesting population of that capital from the calamities which threaten it. He directs me to represent to your highness that, by persisting to defend the place, your highness will cause the destruction of one of the finest cities in Europe, and expose to the miseries of war a multitude of people who ought effectually to be protected by their condition, age, and sex from the evils which war necessarily occasions. The Emperor, my master, has always manifested, in every country where he has been brought by the events of war, his anxiety to save unarmed populations from such calamities. Your highness can not but be persuaded that his majesty is deeply affected at contemplating the approaching ruin of that great city, which he claims, as one of his titles to glory, to have saved on a former occasion. Nevertheless, contrary to the practice of all fortified towns, your highness has had guns fired in the direction of the suburbs, and the shot might have killed, not an enemy of your sovereign, but the child or wife of one of his most devoted subjects. I do myself the honor to submit to your highness that, during the whole day, the Emperor has refused to allow any troops to enter the suburbs, and merely had the gates occupied, and sent patrols round for the purpose of maintaining good order. But if your highness persists in attempting to defend the place, his majesty will be compelled to make his preparations for an attack, and the ruin of the capital will be accomplished in thirty-six hours by the howitzers and bombs of our batteries, at the same time that the exterior town must likewise be destroyed by the fire from your own batteries. His majesty is persuaded that these considerations will have their influence, and induce your highness to renounce an attempt which could only delay for a few moments the taking of the city. I beg to be made acquainted with your highness's final resolution.

(Signed),
BERTHIER."

thinly-scattered dwellings. Upon this spot he constructed very formidable batteries; and at nine o'clock in the evening, when all the awful enginery of war was arranged to rain down a horrible tempest upon the city, he sent another summons. The only answer was a continued discharge of cannon balls.

The terrible cannonade then commenced. For ten hours the storm of destruction fell upon the city. Three thousand shells were thrown into its thronged dwellings. The midnight sky was filled with these terrible meteors, curving in paths of fire through the air, and, by their continuous explosion, deafening the ear with unintermitted thunders. Flames were bursting forth from all parts of the metropolis, and immense volumes of black smoke, as if ejected from a volcano, blended with the portentous glare. In the



BOMBARDMENT OF VIENNA.

midst of this awful scene of unimaginable horror, when the heavens seemed rent by the explosions of artillery, and the crash of falling buildings, and the shrieks of the wounded, and the wild cry of two hundred thousand combatants, and when the wasting conflagration illumined the whole arena as with the lurid blaze of infernal fires, the gates of the city were thrown open, and a flag of truce emerged upon the plain. The flag was conducted to the head-quarters of the Emperor. It informed him that in the imperial palace, directly opposite the French batteries, a young princess, daughter of the Emperor Francis, lay sick. Upon the approach of Napoleon, the royal family had fled. They were under the cruel necessity of leaving their sick child behind them.

Napoleon immediately ordered the direction of all the pieces which could endanger the helpless maiden to be changed. This young princess, thus strangely rescued from the carnage of war, became subsequently the bride of Napoleon. Eloquently has Alison said, "It was by the thunders of artillery and the flaming light of bombs across the sky that Napoleon's first addresses to the Archduchess, Maria Louisa, were made. While the midnight sky was incessantly streaked with burning projectiles, and conflagration was commencing in every direction around her, the future Empress of France remained secure and unharmed in the imperial palace. Strange result of those days, not less of royal than of national revolution! that a daughter of the Cæsars should be wooed and won by a soldier of fortune from Corsica; that French arms should be exerted to place an Austrian princess on the throne of Charlemagne; that the leader of a victorious invading host should demand her for his bride; and that the first accents of tenderness should be from the deep booming of the mortars, which, but for his interposition, would have consigned her father's palace to destruction."

The Archduke Maximilian, intimidated by the flames which were enveloping the city, and alarmed at the prospect of being made a prisoner, precipitately retreated across the Danube by the great bridge of Thabor, which he blew up behind him. A subordinate was left in the city, who immediately requested a cessation of hostilities, and proposed to capitulate. Napoleon exacted no harsh terms. All the public stores, including the magnificent arsenal, containing four hundred pieces of cannon and immense military supplies, were surrendered. To all private property and to each person he guaranteed perfect security. In one month after Napoleon left the Tuileries, he entered in triumph the gates of Vienna. From the palace of the Emperor Francis he issued the following proclamation to his troops:

"In a month after the enemy passed the Inn, on the same day, at the same hour, we entered Vienna. Their militia, their levies *en masse*, their ramparts, created by the impotent rage of the house of Lorraine, have fallen at the first sight of you. The princes of that house have abandoned their capital, not like soldiers of honor, who yield to circumstances and the reverses of war, but as perjurers haunted by the sense of their own crimes. In flying from Vienna, their adieux to its inhabitants have been murder and conflagration. Like Medea, they have, with their own hands, massacred their own offspring. Soldiers! The people of Vienna, according to the expression of a deputation of the suburbs, *abandoned, widowed*, shall be the object of your regards. I take its good citizens under my especial protection. As to the turbulent and the wicked, they shall meet with exemplary justice. Soldiers! Be kind to the poor peasants; to those worthy people who have so many claims upon your esteem. Let us not manifest any pride at our success. Let us see in it but a proof of that divine justice which punishes the ungrateful and the perjured."

General Andreossy was appointed governor of Vienna. He had been Napoleon's ambassador to Austria, and was highly respected by the inhabitants of the capital. Napoleon, by this appointment, wished to indicate to the Viennese his friendly feelings. He took the utmost pains to mitigate the bitterness of their humiliation. Instead of employing his own troops to main

tain order in the city, he raised a burgher force of 6000 Austrians, 1500 of whom mounted guard every day. Provisions becoming scarce in consequence of the presence of such a vast number of men, he ordered herds of cattle and large quantities of grain to be brought from Hungary, that the citizens might be saved from paying an extravagant price for food. He furnished labor for the lower classes, paying them reasonable wages—often employing them in works to embellish the capital of his perfidious enemy, “that their bread,” says Thiers, “might not be too bitter.”

Napoleon, though thus victorious, was nevertheless in a situation extremely critical. The Austrian forces still outnumbered his own, three to one. All the energies of England, Austria, and Spain were combined against him. Let the reader for a moment contemplate the terrific and wide-spread conflict in the midst of which Napoleon was now struggling. He had liberated a portion of dismembered Poland from the despotism of Prussia, and placed it under the protection of the kingdom of Saxony, with Warsaw for its capital. The Archduke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Francis, with an army of 40,000 men, was ravaging the territory of this grateful ally of France. Alexander had tardily sent a small army into Saxony professedly to aid Napoleon. After a signal defeat of the Saxon troops by the Austrians, an Austrian courier was taken prisoner. There was found in his possession a letter from the commander of the Russian forces, addressed to the Archduke Ferdinand, *congratulating him upon his victory, and expressing the hope that very soon the Russian army would be permitted to co-operate with the Austrians against the French.* Napoleon immediately sent the letter to Alexander without note or comment. The Czar, embarrassed by the known wishes of the queen mother and of the nobles, received the letter in silence, and merely recalled the indiscreet officer.

Napoleon, though he lost no time in unavailing regrets, was much disappointed. He fully understood the peculiar difficulties which surrounded the Czar, and was conscious that his inefficient alliance might at any moment be turned into active hostility. Indeed, Alexander, finding all Europe rising against the republican monarch, and annoyed by the incessant reproaches of his mother and the nobles, began himself to regret the uncongenial alliance of the great champion of despotism with the great champion of popular rights. The extraordinary personal ascendancy alone of Napoleon had detached the Czar from that coalition to which he naturally belonged.

As Napoleon was one day riding along, with Savary by his side, after an interval of silence, in which he seemed to have been lost in thought, he said,

“It appears that Alexander is marching an army of 50,000 men into Poland to support me. This is something, though I certainly expected more.”

Savary replied, “It is but little that Russia is doing. The Austrians will hardly suspend their operations at the approach of 50,000 men. If Alexander does not furnish a greater force, it is my opinion that his army will not act at all. I should not wonder if it turned out to be a premeditated arrangement. Such co-operation as this is truly ridiculous when we consider that Alexander, in alliance with Austria, brought 200,000 men against us.”

“Therefore,” replied Napoleon, calmly but very seriously, “I must rely upon my own strength and not upon their assistance.”*

Again he said to Savary, upon the same subject, “I was perfectly in the right not to trust to such allies. What worse could have happened if I had not made peace with the Russians? What have I gained by their alliance? It is more than probable that they would have declared openly against me if a remnant of regard to the faith of treaties had not prevented them. We must not deceive ourselves; they have all fixed a rendezvous on my tomb, but they have not courage openly to set out thither. It is plain that I can no longer reckon on an alliance in that quarter. Perhaps he thinks that he does me a great favor by not declaring war. Had I, however, entertained any doubt on that subject before engaging in the affairs of Spain, I should have cared very little for the part which he took. And yet, after all, they will probably say that I am wanting to my engagements, and can not remain at peace.”

Prussia, by the treaty of Tilsit, was solemnly bound not to draw the sword against Napoleon. But the Prussian cabinet, restless under the humiliation which had befallen their arms, were eager to renew the war. Russia, Prussia, and Austria were accomplices in the infamous dismemberment of Poland. They, consequently, were bound together by the sympathies of copartnership in this most atrocious of political crimes. Innumerable conspiracies were formed to rouse the nation to arms. At last Colonel Schill, an enthusiastic officer in the Prussian army, marched boldly from Berlin, at the head of the whole cavalry of the garrison, and raised the standard of war against France. He every where proclaimed that the King of Prussia, with all his forces, was about to join the Allies. The national pride was aroused, and multitudes flocked to his banners.

The Tyrol, an ancient possession of the house of Austria, had been, by the treaty of Pressburg, annexed to Bavaria. In no other part of Europe did the priests and the monks hold so boundless a sway as with the superstitious peasantry of those wild mountain ravines. Napoleon had induced the King of Bavaria to avoid all invidious religious distinctions. Although the Roman Catholic was still the established religion, the Protestants were allowed the free exercise of their mode of worship, and were equally admissible with Catholics to all civil offices. In Prussia, which was a Protestant country, Napoleon exerted the same influence in behalf of the Catholics; and, notwithstanding the inveterate prejudices of the times, wherever he had power, he granted entire relief to the Jews.

He was ever true to his favorite principle of removing from the Continent of Europe all restraints on religious opinions, and of granting perfect liberty of conscience. This often armed against him all the energies of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The conspiracy in the Tyrol, fomented by emissaries from Austria, was wide-spread. At the preconcerted signal, when the Aus-

* “At that time, also, the Russian naval commander in the Adriatic, being ordered to sail to Ancona for the purpose of conveying Marmont's troops from Dalmatia to Italy, refused, on the plea that his ships were not seaworthy, yet secretly he informed the Governor of Trieste that they would be in excellent order to assist an Austrian corps against the French.”—*Napier*, vol. iii., p. 274.

trians were crossing the Inn, beacon-fires blazed from almost every crag in the Tyrol, and the convent bells in every valley tolled the tocsin of popular insurrection. The benighted populace, stimulated by religious fanaticism, were ready to fight against their own deliverer and against their own rights. The Bavarian government had failed to conciliate the Tyrolese, by neglecting to carry out in full the enlarged and humane policy of Napoleon. "The Bavarians," said Napoleon, "did not know how to govern the Tyrolese. They were unworthy to rule that noble country." The war which ensued was shocking in its barbarity. It is a remarkable fact, that, in all these wars, no troops were so ferocious as those guided by the Romish priests. In four days all the French and Bavarian troops were swept away by the torrent of a general insurrection.

At the same time, England was secretly fitting out an expedition to enter the Scheldt, to attack Antwerp, the great naval arsenal of France. Its garrison, consisting of but two thousand invalid soldiers, was quite unequal to the defense of the extensive works of this important maritime depôt. Napoleon, with all his energies absorbed by the war in Spain and on the Danube, could send no considerable force for its relief. The British armament consisted of one hundred and seventy-five vessels of war, besides innumerable transports, and conveyed, in soldiers and sailors, an army of one hundred thousand combatants. It was considered the largest and best-equipped expedition which had put to sea in modern times. The effect of the conquest of Antwerp would have been immense. "It would destroy at once," says Alison, "the principal naval resources and fleets of the enemy; animate all the north of Germany by the prospect of a powerful army having gained a footing on their own shores; and intercept, by pressing dangers at home, a large portion of the re-enforcements destined for the *Grand Army*." The expedition was intrusted to Lord Chatham, son of the illustrious statesman, and brother of William Pitt.*

In Italy, the Archduke John, with 80,000 Austrians, was driving before him Prince Eugene, who could oppose to him but 50,000 troops. Eugene had imprudently hazarded a battle, and was signally defeated.

His discomfiture had been so entire that he feared to announce the facts to Napoleon. He wrote to him, "My father, I need your indulgence. Fearing your censure if I retreated, I accepted the offer of battle, and have lost it." Napoleon was much embarrassed. He knew not how great the losses were, nor what danger might consequently menace him from his right flank. Displeased with Eugene, not for his defeat, but for withholding information, he wrote,

"You have been beaten. Be it so. I ought to have known how it would

* "The exertions of England at the same period," says Sir Walter Scott, "were of a nature and upon a scale to surprise the world. It seemed as if her flag literally overshadowed the whole sea on the coasts of Italy, Spain, the Ionian Islands, the Baltic Sea. Wherever there was the least show of resistance to the yoke of Bonaparte, the assistance of the English was appealed to, and was readily afforded. The general principle was indeed adopted that the expeditions of Britain should be directed where they could do the cause of Europe the most benefit, and the interests of Napoleon the greatest harm. But still there remained a lurking wish that they could be so directed as, at the same time, to acquire some peculiar and separate advantage to England, and to secure what was called a British object."

be when I named as general a young man without experience. As for your losses, I will send you wherewith to repair them. The advantages gained by the enemy I shall know how to neutralize. But to do this, I must be in possession of every particular; and I know nothing! I am compelled to seek in foreign bulletins for the facts of which you ought to inform me. I am doing that which I have never before done, and which must, of all things, be most repugnant to a prudent general; I am marching with my wings in the air, unconscious of what is passing on my flanks. Fortunately, I can brave all risks, thanks to the blows I have struck, but it is miserable to be kept in such a state of ignorance. War is a serious game, in which are staked one's reputation, one's troops, and one's country. A man should reason and examine himself, in order to learn whether or not he is fitted by nature for the art.

"I know that in Italy you affect to despise Massena. If I had sent him, this would not have occurred. Massena possesses military talents before which you all should bow; and if he has faults, they must be forgotten, for every man has some. In confiding to you my army of Italy, I have committed an error. I should have sent Massena, and have given you command of the cavalry under his orders. The Prince Royal of Bavaria admirably commands a division under the Duke of Dantzic. I think that, if circumstances become urgent, you should write to the King of Naples [Murat] to join the army. You will give up the command to him, and put yourself under his orders. It is a matter of course that you should have less experience in war than a man whose occupation it has been for eighteen years." Such were the disasters which were accumulating around Napoleon even in the hour of victory; so numerous and so unrelenting were the foes against whom he was most heroically struggling.

While at Vienna a little incident occurred which develops the native nobleness of character which all must recognize and admire. One of the chief surgeons of the army was lodged in the suburbs of the city, at the house of an aged canoness. The surgeon, having one day taken too much wine, wrote her an impertinent letter. She immediately appealed to General Androssy for protection, sending to him the letter. He forwarded her letter, and also the one she had received from the surgeon, to the Emperor. Napoleon immediately sent an order for the surgeon to appear on parade the following morning. At the appointed hour, Napoleon rapidly descended the steps of his palace, with a countenance expressive of deep indignation, and, without speaking to any one, advanced toward the ranks, holding the letters in his hand.

"Let M—— come forward," he exclaimed. As the surgeon approached, the Emperor extended the letter toward him, and said, in indignant tones, "Did you write this infamous letter?"

"Pardon, sire," the overwhelmed surgeon exclaimed; "I was intoxicated at the time, and did not know what I did."

"Miserable man," exclaimed Napoleon, "to outrage a canoness worthy of respect, and bowed down with the calamities of war. I do not admit your excuse. I degrade you from the Legion of Honor. You are unworthy to bear that venerated symbol. General Dersonne, see that this order is ex

ecuted. Insult an aged woman! I respect an aged woman as if she were my mother!"



THE SURGEON DISGRACED.

The news of Napoleon's astonishing triumph at Eckmühl, and of his resistless march to Vienna, spread rapidly through Europe. It animated the friends of Napoleon, and sent dismay to the hearts of his enemies. Schill was pursued, and his army entirely put to the rout. The Archduke Ferdinand, who was ravaging Saxony, and who had captured Warsaw, was compelled to retreat precipitately, to lend aid to the Archduke Charles. The Austrians were unable to send any succor to the Tyrolese, and the sanguinary insurrection was soon put down. In Italy Eugene was retreating before the forces of the triumphant Archduke John. At last, almost in despair, he resolved to try the issue of another battle. He concentrated his army near Verona. The Austrians, flushed with success, and far outnumbering the army of the viceroy, came rushing over the hills, sure of an easy victory.

Suddenly there was heard in the distance a tremendous cannonading. Neither party knew the cause. The Austrians, however, were confident that it was a division of the Austrian army commencing the attack. The Italians feared that it was so. But soon the tidings were brought to Eugene that the cannonading they heard was the rejoicing in Verona over a great victory of Napoleon—that he had scattered the Austrian army to the winds at Eckmühl, and was marching victoriously upon Vienna. At the same moment, a courier arrived at the head-quarters of the Archduke John, and informed him of the disasters which the Austrian arms had met upon the Danube. He was ordered to return with the utmost possible speed to Vienna to protect the capital. The Austrians were in dismay. A spontaneous shout of joy burst from the lips of the Italians. Eugene and one of his officers rode to a neighboring eminence, which commanded an extensive view of the region occupied by the hostile armies. Far off in the distant horizon they saw a long line of military wagons advancing toward the north. Eugene grasped the hand of his officer, exclaiming, “The Austrians have commenced their retreat.” Immediately his own army was put in motion to pursue the retiring foe.

Thus, while the legions of Napoleon were thundering down the valley of the Danube, sweeping all resistance before them, the Archduke Charles, having recruited his forces in Bohemia, was hurrying to the capital down the left banks of the river. The Archduke Ferdinand, abandoning Poland, was rushing from the north with a victorious army for the protection of the capital. The Austrian forces in the Tyrol, and the proud army of the Archduke John in Italy, were also hastening, by forced marches, to meet that audacious foe, who had dared to throw himself, with such apparent recklessness, into the midst of his multitudinous enemies. Thus Napoleon, the victor, was deemed by Europe irretrievably ruined. He was marching boldly upon Vienna, while five hundred thousand armed men, from every quarter of the compass, were rushing to meet him there. It was not thought possible that he could extricate himself from the assailment of such countless hosts. Even Paris was panic-stricken in view of his peril, and the Royalists fomented new plots for the restoration of the Bourbons.*

* Napoleon was now contending against the seventh coalition which had been formed against Republican France. The *first* coalition against France was concluded between Austria and Prussia, to check the progress of the French Revolution, February 7, 1792. The *second* coalition was that of 1793, in which Germany declared war against Republican France, and was joined by Portugal, Naples, Tuscany, and the Pope. The *third* coalition was formed at St. Petersburg, between England, Russia, and Austria, the 28th of September, 1795. Napoleon was then just emerging into manhood. He drove the English from Toulon; repelled the invading Austrians, and shattered the coalition by the tremendous blows he struck in the first Italian campaign. England, from her inaccessible island, continued the war, and organized a *fourth* coalition against France with Russia, Austria, Naples, and Turkey, December 28, 1798. The ties of this coalition Napoleon severed with his sword at Marengo. Peace soon smiled upon Europe. Napoleon was hailed as the great pacificator. Hardly had one short year passed ere England again declared war, and formed the *fifth* coalition, the 18th of April, 1803, between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. At Ulm and Austerlitz Napoleon again repelled his assailants, and again compelled them to sheathe the sword. But hardly had the blade entered the scabbard before it was again drawn and fiercely brandished, as England, Russia, Prussia, Saxony, and other minor powers formed a *sixth* coalition, and marched upon France. Napoleon met them at Jena and Auerstadt, at Eylau and Friedland, and disciplined them again into good behavior. The peace of Tilsit was signed the 9th of July.

CHAPTER VIII.

ISLAND OF LOBAU.

Preparations of the Emperor—Essling and Aspern—Rising of the Danube—Loss of the Bridge—Death of Lannes—The French retire to Lobau—Lofty Character of Napoleon—Council of War—New Bridge, and the Manner of its Construction—Narrow Escape of the Emperor and Oudinot.

NAPOLEON had now in Vienna nearly 90,000 men. The Archduke Charles, having recruited his forces in Bohemia, had marched down the left bank of the Danube, and was intrenched opposite the metropolis with an army 100,000 strong. From all parts of the widely-extended dominions of Austria powerful divisions were rapidly marching to join him. The Danube, opposite Vienna, is a majestic stream, one thousand yards in width. The river was swollen by the melting of the snow among the mountains. How could it be possible to transport an army across such a flood, with such formidable hosts on the opposite banks, prepared with all the tremendous engineering of war to dispute the passage? This was the great problem for Napoleon to solve.

A short distance below Vienna the Danube expanded into a bay, interspersed with many islands, where the water was more shallow, and the current less rapid. One of these islands, that of Lobau, divided the river into two branches. It was situated six miles below Vienna, and was about four and a half miles long and three miles wide. The two channels which separated Lobau from the banks of the river were of very unequal width. One or two small creeks, which in time of inundation were swollen into torrents, ran through the island.

To reach the island from the right bank of the river, where Napoleon's troops were encamped, it was necessary to cross an arm of water about 900 yards wide. Having arrived upon the island, and traversed it, there was another narrow channel to be crossed, but about one hundred and eighty feet in width, which separated it from the main land. Though the swollen torrent poured impetuously through these channels, it was not very difficult to throw a bridge from the right bank to the island, since the island, wide and overgrown with forest, afforded protection, not only from the balls, but also from the view of the enemy. The bridge, however, from the island to

1807. Not two years had passed before England had organized a *seventh* coalition with the insurgents of Spain and Portugal and with Austria. On the bloodstained field of Wagram Napoleon detached Austria from this alliance. The peace of Vienna was signed October 14, 1809. Then came the last great combination of nearly all the monarchs of Europe. England, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Naples, Denmark, and various minor princes, with more than a million of bayonets, rushed upon exhausted France. Napoleon, overpowered by numbers, yet struggling heroically to the last, fell, and the chains of feudal despotism were riveted anew upon Europe. The wrong which England has inflicted upon humanity by organizing and heading these coalitions of despotism she never can repair. As Napoleon thus saw coalition after coalition organized against him, he one day said sadly, "We shall have to fight till we are eighty years of age." See article "Coalition," *Encyclopædia Americana*.

the left bank of the river was to be constructed while the works were exposed to the batteries of the Austrians.

For these important operations a large number of boats was needed, and many thousand planks, and powerful cables. But the Austrians had destroyed most of the boats, and, though there was an abundance of wood, ropes were very scarce. It was impossible to drive piles for fastening the boats, since it would occupy too much time, and would attract the attention of the enemy. No heavy anchors, to moor the boats, could be obtained in Vienna, as they were not used in that part of the Danube. By great efforts, Napoleon succeeded in obtaining about ninety boats, some of which he raised from the river, where the Austrians had sunk them, and others were brought from a distance. A substitute for anchors was found by sinking heavy cannon, and chests filled with cannon balls. These were all carefully arranged, so that, at the last moment, there should be nothing to do but to throw them into the river.



At ten o'clock at night on the 19th of May, the operation of passing to the island of Lobau commenced. With such secrecy had all the preparations been conducted, that the Austrians anticipated no danger from that quarter. Concealed by the darkness, the first boat pulled off from the shore, at some distance above the contemplated spot for the bridge, and, steering around the intermediate islands, landed upon Lobau. The services of the sailors, whom Napoleon had brought from Boulogne, were now found to be of inestimable value. Seventy large boats were immediately brought into place, to support the planks for a floating bridge. This was a work of great difficulty, as the impetuous torrent swept them continually down the stream. The boats, however, were finally moored, and a spacious wooden bridge extended across the channel.

Along this single pass the French army began to defile. A few Austrian troops occupied the island, but they were speedily dispersed. The divisions which first crossed the bridge promptly erected batteries to sweep the opposite shore. By means of pontoons, the well-trained engineers, in a few hours, constructed a bridge across the narrow channel which separated the island from the left bank of the river. With so much energy were these works executed, that by noon of the next day the bridges were completed, and a

road cut across the island. During the afternoon and the whole of the succeeding night the troops defiled without intermission. The solicitude of the Emperor was so great, that he stationed himself at the point of passage, minutely examining every thing, superintending all the movements, and addressing a word of encouragement to almost every individual man.

For such a host to cross so narrow a pass, with horse, artillery, ammunition, and baggage-wagons, was a long and tedious operation. The earliest dawn of the 21st found, however, twenty thousand men drawn up in battle array upon the northern banks of the Danube. Still, not one half of the army had passed, and Napoleon's position was full of peril. The Archduke Charles, with an army 100,000 strong, was but a few miles distant. The danger was imminent that the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, might fall upon these divisions and cut them in pieces before others could come to their rescue. Recent rains were causing an appalling rise of the water. In the middle of the afternoon several of the boats composing the great bridge were swept away by the current. A division of cavalry, which was at the time crossing, was cut in two, one part drifting to the island, and the other part being left upon the opposite bank. During the night the bridge was repaired and the passage resumed.

The troops which had crossed the Danube took possession of the villages of Aspern and Essling, situated about a mile from each other, on the edge of the great plain of Marshfeld. Napoleon, surrounded by his guard, bivouacked in front of the forest which skirted the river between the two villages. Several officers were sent out during the night to reconnoiter. The whole northern horizon was illumined by the fires of the Austrian army, which was encamped upon the heights of Bisamberg. About noon of the next day, Napoleon, from the steeple of Essling, discerned with his telescope a cloud of dust in the distance. At intervals the wind would sweep the dust away, and the glitter of helmets and bayonets glanced in the sun's rays. It was the army of the archduke, marching down in proud array upon the plain of Marshfeld. Instead of being alarmed, Napoleon expressed his satisfaction, saying, "We shall now have once more the opportunity of beating the Austrian army, and of having done with it."

Just then the tidings came that there was a fresh rupture of the great bridge, caused by the hourly increasing flood, and that all the moorings were giving way to the force of the current. This was indeed appalling news. But twenty-three thousand men had crossed. They were but poorly supplied with artillery and ammunition. Nearly one hundred thousand men, in five heavy columns, were marching down upon them. While Napoleon was hesitating whether to retreat back to the island of Lobau, or to give battle behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, word was brought that the bridge was repaired, and that the ammunition-wagons were rapidly crossing. About three o'clock in the afternoon the conflict began, and three hundred pieces of Austrian artillery thundered upon the little band. Thirty-six thousand men came rushing upon Aspern. Seven thousand Frenchmen defended it. For five hours the desperate conflict raged unabated, and the Austrians and the French, alternately victors and vanquished, in horrid tumult swept up and down the long street of the village. More than half of the



THE CHURCH TOWER AT ESSLING.

French were now either killed or wounded. At that moment Massena appeared at the head of a fresh division which had just crossed the bridge, and drove the Austrians again from Aspern.

While this terrific strife was going on, a similar one, with similar inequality of numbers, took place at Essling, which Lannes defended with his heroic and invincible obstinacy. Both villages were now but heaps of smouldering ruins, in the midst of which the combatants were still furiously fighting. At the same time, a desperate battle was raging between the cavalry of the two armies, in equally disproportionate force, upon the plain of Marshfeld.

Napoleon was confident that, could he but sustain his position until 20,000 more men had crossed the bridge, he should have nothing to fear. Aware that the salvation of the army depended upon the issues of those dreadful hours, he was every where present, entirely exposed to the fire of the infantry and artillery, which was covering the ground with the dying and the dead. The waters of the Danube were still rising. The flood swept with

fearful velocity against the frail bridges, threatening every moment to tear them away. To break down these structures, the Austrians sent adrift large boats loaded with stones; and mills, which were loosed by the unwonted flood, and which they set on fire. These large buildings, filled with combustibles and with explosive engines, were hurled by the torrent against the bridges, making frequent breaches. At times, the enormous load of men and artillery wagons sank the boats, so that the soldiers were compelled to wade over the submerged planks. The sailors struck out in boats to tow the floating masses to the shore, fearlessly encountering in this service a storm of bullets and grape-shot which swept the water.

Darkness at length put an end to the bloody conflict. But the flashes of ten thousand bivouac fires, and of the floating masses blazing upon the river, illumined the scene, far and wide, with portentous light. The dead were left unburied. The surgeons were busy with knife and saw, cutting from the wounded their mangled limbs. The shrieks of the sufferers pierced the midnight air, but did not disturb the slumbers of the veteran soldiers, who slept soundly in the midst of smouldering ruins and upon the blood-stained sod. Napoleon sought no repose. All the night long he was urging the passage of the troops and of ammunition. The elements seemed to conspire against him. The flood rose seven additional feet during the day, making the enormous rise of fourteen feet above the usual level of the river.

Notwithstanding the herculean exertions of the sailors, who vied with each other, under the eye of their Emperor, to protect the bridges, frequent breaches were made, and the passage was as often interrupted. Yet, during the night, nearly 30,000 men had passed; and when the next morning dawned, Napoleon had about 60,000 men in order of battle. With these and with the fresh troops continually crossing, he had no fear of the 100,000 whom the Archduke Charles could bring against him. Still but 144 pieces of artillery had crossed, while the Austrians had 300 pieces. But a small supply of ammunition had as yet been conveyed over. The first dawn of the morning renewed the battle. Both parties fought with the utmost desperation. Massena was directed to defend Aspern. To General Baudet was assigned the task of holding Essling. The impetuous Lannes, animated by the most enthusiastic love of the Emperor, placed himself at the head of 20,000 infantry and 6000 horse, and with resistless vigor charged the centre of the enemy's line. Napoleon stood upon an eminence calmly regarding the awful spectacle. The movements he had ordered were perfectly successful. Both of his wings retained their position. The central charge swept every thing before it. The Austrians were driven back in confusion. The heroic Archduke Charles, appalled at the approaching catastrophe, seized a flag, and, placing himself at the head of a column, in the midst of the fire, attempted to stem the torrent. It was all in vain. The Austrians were defeated, and were driven tumultuously back over the plain. Shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" rang like thunder peals above the clangor of the battle.

At that critical moment the disastrous intelligence was brought to Napoleon that at last the flood had swept the great bridge completely away. A column of cuirassiers who were on it at the time were severed in two, and were carried with the boats down the stream—some to the right, others to

the left. The ammunition of the army was nearly exhausted. A large number of ammunition wagons, which were just upon the point of being passed over, were left upon the other side. More appalling tidings could hardly have been communicated to mortal ears. The resistless torrent of the Danube had split the French army in two. The Emperor, with but one half of his troops, and without ammunition, was left on one side of the river, with an army of 100,000 Austrians before him.

Still Napoleon did not indicate, by the slightest gesture, that he felt any alarm. His wonderfully trained spirit received the intelligence with perfect composure, as if it were merely one of the ordinary casualties of war. He immediately dispatched an aid to Lannes, directing him to suspend his movements, to spare his ammunition, and to fall back so gradually as not to embolden the enemy. With almost insupportable grief, Lannes found himself thus suddenly arrested in the midst of victory. The Austrians now heard of the destruction of the bridge, and in the slackened fire and the sudden hesitation of their victors they interpreted the defenseless state of the French. A shout of exultation burst from the lips of the vanquished, and the pursued became pursuers. Slowly, sullenly, and with lion-like obstinacy the division of Lannes retraced their steps across the plain of Marshfeld. Two hundred pieces of artillery plowed their ranks. Incessant charges of cavalry broke their serried squares. The ranks, continually thinned by the missiles of death, closed up, and, reserving their fire, that every shot might tell, retired in as perfect order as if on a field of parade.

Just at that moment a fresh disaster came, by which the Emperor was for a moment entirely unmanned. Lannes was struck by a cannon ball, which carried away both of his legs. Napoleon had but just heard this heart-rending intelligence, when he saw the litter approaching bearing the heroic marshal extended in the agonies of death. Forgetting every thing in that overwhelming grief, the Emperor rushed to the litter, threw himself upon his knees before it, and with his eyes flooded with tears, clasped the hand of Lannes, and exclaimed,

“Lannes! do you know me? It is the Emperor. It is Bonaparte. It is your friend. Lannes! you will yet be preserved to us.”

The dying warrior languidly raised his eyes to the Emperor, and, pressing his hand, said, “I wish to live to serve you and my country, but in an hour you will have lost your most faithful companion in arms, and your best friend. May you live and save the army.”

Napoleon was quite overcome with emotion. To Massena he said, “Nothing but so terrible a stroke could have withdrawn me for a moment from the care of the army.” But there was no time to indulge in grief in the midst of the thunders of the battle, the shock of rushing squadrons, and the unintermitted carnage. Napoleon silently pressed the hand of his dying friend, and turned again to the stern duties of the hour.*

* To Josephine he wrote: “The loss of the Duke of Montebello, who died this morning, deeply afflicts me. Thus all things end. Adieu, my love. If you can contribute to the consolation of the poor marchioness, do it.” Subsequently Napoleon paid the highest tribute in his power to the memory of his friend, by appointing the widowed Duchess of Montebello a lady of honor to the Empress.



NAPOLÉON AND LANNES.

After the amputation of both limbs, Lannes lingered for a few days, and died. "He would hear," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "of none but me. Undoubtedly he loved his wife and children better, yet he spoke not of them. He was their protector, I his. I was to him something vague and undefined, a superior being, a providence whom he implored. He was a man on whom I could implicitly rely. Sometimes, from the impetuosity of his disposition, he suffered a hasty expression against me to escape from him, but he would have blown out the brains of any one who would have ventured to repeat it. Originally his physical courage predominated over his judgment, but the latter was every day improving; and at the period of his death, he had reached the highest point of his profession, and was a most able commander. I found him a dwarf, but I lost him a giant. Had he lived to witness our reverses, it would have been impossible for him to have swerved from the path of duty and honor; and he was capable, by his own weight and influence, of changing the whole aspect of affairs."

Massena, in the midst of a scene of horrible slaughter, still held Aspern. The archduke directed an overwhelming force upon Essling. The salvation of the French army depended upon retaining that post. Napoleon sent to the aid of the exhausted division struggling there, in the midst of blood,

snoke, and flame, the fusileers of his guard, as perfect a body of soldiers as military discipline could create. To their commander Napoleon said, "Brave Mouton, make one more effort to save the army. Let it be decisive; for after these fusileers I have nothing left but the grenadiers and chasseurs of the Old Guard, a last resource, to be expended only in case of disaster."

Five times had the Austrian columns been hurled upon Essling. Five times had they been driven back by the indomitable defenders. The French were fighting one against four, and were rapidly falling before their assailants, when General Rapp and General Mouton, heading two divisions of the fusileers, came to their rescue. They saw the desperate state of affairs, and, grasping each other's hands in token of a death-defying support, rushed headlong, with fixed bayonets, through a tempest of balls and shells, and grape and bullets, upon the Austrians, and swept them from the village. A battery from the island of Lobau poured a raking fire of grape on the repulsed masses, and Essling was again saved.

The conflict had now raged, almost without interruption, for thirty hours. Fifty thousand mangled bodies, the dead and the dying, were spread over the plain. During the whole day Napoleon had been exposed to every peril, and had been deaf to all entreaties to shelter a life on which the safety of



MASSENA HOLDING THE POSITION

all depended. In the midst of the action, General Walther, appalled by the danger which threatened the Emperor, as bullets swept away the officers and the privates who were near him, exclaimed, "Retire, sire, or I will order my grenadiers forcibly to remove you."

The evening twilight was now approaching. Napoleon decided to retreat during the night into the island of Lobau. So long as the two posts of Aspern and Essling were secure, the retreat of the army was insured. The Austrians still kept up a tremendous canonnading, to which the French could make no reply. Napoleon sent to Massena to inquire if he could still hold Aspern. The staff-officer found the indomitable general, harassed with fatigue, blackened with smoke, and with bloodshot eyes, seated upon a heap of smoking ruins, with the mutilated bodies of the dead strewn all around him. In emphatic tones, characteristic of his iron will, he replied, "Go tell the Emperor that I will hold out two hours—six—twenty-four—so long as it is necessary for the safety of the army."

Satisfied upon this point, Napoleon crossed the bridge to the island, to select a site for the encampment of his troops. The spectacle which the banks of the river presented was indeed heart-rending. He pressed along through the wounded and the dying, painfully affected by their piteous moans which filled his ear. After exploring the island on horseback in all directions, he satisfied himself that the army could find in it an intrenched camp which would be unassailable, and where it might take shelter for a few days, until the great bridge could be repaired.

It was now night. Heavy clouds darkened the sky, and a cold and dismal rain drenched the exhausted armies. Napoleon crossed the island and looked out upon the wild and surging flood which had swept away his bridge, and which seemed hopelessly to separate him from one half of his troops. He immediately convened his general officers in a council of war. It was not, however, his object to ask advice, but to give it, and thus to infuse his own undying energy into the spirit of the desponding. He sat down, in the darkness and the rain, under a tree, upon the banks of the black and rushing flood, and waited for Massena, Davoust, Bessières, and Berthier to join him. The flame of a camp-fire illumined the sombre scene. "Let the reader," says Savary, who was present on this occasion, "picture to himself the Emperor, sitting between Massena and Berthier, on the banks of the Danube, with the bridge in front, of which there scarcely remained a vestige, Marshal Davoust's corps on the other side of the broad river, and behind, in the the island of Lobau, the whole army, separated from the enemy by a mere arm of the Danube, and deprived of all means of extricating itself from this position, and he will admit that the lofty and powerful mind of the Emperor could alone be proof against discouragement."

The Emperor was perfectly calm and confident, displaying as much of fortitude in the endurance of disaster as he had exhibited of heroism in braving death. Some of his generals were entirely disheartened, and proposed an immediate retreat across the island of Lobau, and then, by means of boats, across the broad arm of the Danube to the opposite shore, where they could be joined by the rest of the army, and could defend themselves in Vienna. Napoleon listened patiently to all the arguments, and then said :



THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

“The day has been a severe one, but it can not be considered a defeat, since we remain masters of the field of battle. It is doing wonders to retire safe after such a conflict, with a large river at our back and our bridges destroyed. Our loss in killed and wounded is great, but that of the enemy must be a third greater. It may therefore be assumed that the Austrians will be quiet for a time, and leave us at leisure to wait the arrival of the army of Italy, which is approaching victoriously through Styria; to bring back to the ranks three fourths of the wounded; to receive numerous reinforcements, which are on the march from France; to build substantial bridges over the Danube, which will make the passage of the river an ordinary operation. When the wounded shall have returned to the ranks, it will be but ten thousand men less on our side, to be set off against fifteen thousand on the adversary’s. The campaign will be merely prolonged two months. When fifteen hundred miles from Paris, maintaining war in the heart of a conquered monarchy, in its very capital, there is nothing in an accident to astound men of courage. Indeed, in what has happened, we must consider ourselves as very fortunate, if we take into account the difficulties of the enterprise, which were no less than crossing, in the teeth of a hostile army, the largest river in Europe, to go and give battle beyond it. We have no cause

for discouragement. It is necessary to cross the small arm of the Danube into the island of Lobau, there to wait for the subsidence of the waters, and the reconstruction of the bridge over the large branch. This retreat can be performed during the night without losing a single man, a single horse, a single cannon, and, more than all, without losing honor.

“But there is another retrograde movement both dishonoring and disastrous. It is to repass not only the small, but the great arm of the Danube, scrambling over the latter as we can, with boats which can carry only sound men, without one cannon, one horse, one wounded man, and abandoning the island of Lobau, which is a precious conquest, and which offers the true ground for ultimately effecting the passage. If we do this, instead of retiring with 60,000 men, which we numbered at our departure, we shall go back with 40,000 men, without artillery or horses, leaving behind us 10,000 of the wounded, who, in a month, might be capable of service. Under such circumstances, we should do well not to show ourselves to the Viennese. They would overwhelm their vanquishers with scorn, and would soon summon the Archduke Charles to expel us from a capital where we should no longer be worthy to remain. And in that case, it is not a retreat to Vienna, but to Strasburg, for which we are to prepare. Prince Eugene, now on his march to Vienna, would find the enemy there instead of the French, and would perish in the trap. Our allies, dismayed and made treacherous by weakness, would turn against us. The fortune of the empire would be annihilated, and the grandeur of France destroyed. Massena and Davoust,” said he, turning to them, “you live. You will save the army. Show yourselves worthy of what you have already done.”

Every man felt his energies invigorated by these words. In the ardor of the moment, the impetuous Massena grasped the hand of the Emperor, exclaiming, “You are a man of courage, sire! You are worthy to command us. No! we will not fly like cravens who have been beaten. Fortune has not been kind to us, but we are victorious nevertheless; for the enemy, who ought to have driven us into the Danube, has bitten the dust before our positions. Let us only cross the small arm of the Danube, and I pledge myself to drown in it every enemy who shall endeavor to cross in pursuit of us.” Davoust, on his part, promised to defend Vienna from any attack during the renovation of the bridges.

Massena immediately returned to Essling and Aspern. The cannonade of the Austrians was still sullenly continued, though the soldiers sank in exhaustion at their guns. Between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, Napoleon, with Savary, in a frail skiff, crossed the rushing torrent of the Danube to the right bank. It was a night of Egyptian darkness. The rain fell in floods. Enormous floating masses were continually swept down by the swollen current, and the passage was attended with imminent danger. Having safely arrived at the little town of Ebersdorf, upon the right bank of the Danube, he ordered every attainable barge to be collected and sent immediately across to Lobau, freighted with biscuit, wine, brandy, and every comfort for the wounded, and also with ammunition for the army. The boats which had composed the floating bridge were used for this purpose. The corps of sailors whom his foresight had provided were found invaluable in this trying hour.

At midnight Massena commenced the retreat, aided by the darkness, the rush of the tempest, and the utter exhaustion of the enemy. Division after division defiled by the small bridge, carrying with them all the wounded and all the material of war. It was not till the lurid morning dawned that the Austrians perceived the retrograde movement of the French. They immediately commenced the pursuit, and opened a brisk fire upon the crowded bridge. Massena remained upon the left bank, amid the storm of balls, resolved to be the last man to cross. Defiantly he looked about in all directions, to satisfy himself that not one wounded man, one cannon, or any object of value was left behind to fall into the hands of the enemy. All the straggling horses he caused to be driven into the river, and forced them to swim across it. At last, when every duty was performed, and the bullets of the Austrian sharpshooters were whistling around him, he stepped upon the bridge. The cables were then cut, and the floating mass was swept to the island shore, to which the other end of the bridge was attached. Thus terminated this horrid conflict of two days.

It is impossible to estimate with accuracy the numbers of the slain. As the French, behind the stone houses of Essling and Aspern, and by the configuration of the ground, fought much of the time under cover, while their foes were in the open field, the loss of the Austrians was much the most severe. It is generally stated that 26,000 Austrians and 15,000 Frenchmen perished on that bloody field. Of the wounded, also, multitudes lingered through joyless years in the military hospitals of Austria and of France. "It was the height of insanity," say the critics, who write by the peaceful fireside, "for Napoleon, under such circumstances, to attempt to cross the river in the face of so powerful a foe." "And it would have been still more insane," Napoleon calmly replied, "for me to have remained in Vienna, while five hundred thousand men were rushing from all quarters to cut off my communications, and to envelop my comparatively feeble army in ruin."

Napoleon, in the mean time, threw himself upon a bundle of straw, and for a few moments soundly slept. But before the dawn of the morning he was again on horseback, superintending the movements of the troops. He foresaw that a month at least would be requisite to await the subsidence of the flood, and to prepare for the passage of the Danube in a manner which would bid defiance to accident. He immediately commenced works of the most gigantic description. They still remain, an enduring monument of the energy of Napoleon and of the skill of his engineers. The resources of the whole army were called into requisition. In three weeks one large bridge was constructed across the stream, upon piles which reared themselves above the highest flood-mark. The bridge was twelve hundred feet long, formed of sixty arches, and upon which three carriages could pass abreast. Upon the broad platform of this magnificent structure any quantity of artillery and cavalry could pass. About a hundred feet below this, another bridge, on piles, was reared, and intended for the passage of the infantry. Both of these bridges were protected by strong works above them, to break the force of the current. Added to this there was a bridge of boats, so that the French could pass to the islands in three columns. The whole island of Lobau was converted into an intrenched camp of impregnable strength. Batteries were

reared, mounting howitzers and mortars capable of throwing projectiles to a great distance.

To deceive the archduke, he took all possible pains to convince the enemy that he would cross where he had effected a passage before. He consequently erected here numerous and magnificent works to command the opposite shore. But the most important preparations were secretly made to cross a few miles further down the river. He had every thing so admirably arranged, that in a few minutes several thousand men could cross the small branch and take the Austrian advance posts; that in two hours fifty thousand others could deploy on the enemy's side of the river; and that in four or five hours one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, forty thousand horses, and six hundred guns could pass over to decide the fate of the campaign.

In crossing a river under such circumstances, it is necessary, first, to send some resolute men to the opposite side in boats while exposed to the fire of the enemy. They disarm or kill the advance post, and sink the moorings to which the boats are to be attached which float the bridge. Planks are promptly spread upon the floats. The army then rushes along the defile as rapidly as possible. To facilitate the operation, Napoleon had large flat-bottomed boats constructed, capable of carrying three hundred each, and having a movable gunwale of thick plank to protect the men from musketry, and which, being let down upon hinges, would greatly facilitate the landing. Each corps of the army was provided with five of these boats. Thus fifteen hundred men could be carried over almost instantaneously at each point of passage. A hawser was to be immediately attached to a tree, and the boats were to ply along it to and fro. The construction of the bridges was immediately to begin. Every thing being precisely arranged, and each individual man knowing exactly what he had to do, and with formidable batteries beating off the enemy, Napoleon was satisfied that in two hours he could have four bridges completed, and fifty or sixty thousand men on the opposite side of the river in battle array.

To enable a column of infantry to debouch on the instant the advanced guards had crossed in the flat boats, Napoleon invented a bridge of a novel description. The common way of making a bridge is to moor a series of boats side by side, and then cover them with planks. Napoleon conceived the idea of having a bridge in one single piece, composed of boats bound together beforehand, in one long line capable of spanning the stream. One end was then to be made fast to the shore; the other, pushed out into the river, would be carried by the force of the current to the opposite bank, to which it was to be attached by men who were to run along it for the purpose. It was calculated, and rightly, as the result proved, that a few moments would be sufficient for this beautiful operation. To guard against any possible disappointment, timber, rafts, and pontoons were arranged that four or five additional bridges might very speedily be thrown across the stream. Napoleon was incessantly employed, galloping from point to point, watching the progress of the works, and continually suggesting new ideas. His genius inspired the engineers. At the same time, he took infinite pains to guard against any revolt from the inhabitants of Vienna. Discipline was rigorously observed. Not one offensive act or expression was permitted. Every

breach of good conduct on the part of his soldiers was punished upon the spot.

In the mean time, the Archduke Charles was constructing formidable works to arrest the passage of the French, and accumulating from all quarters fresh troops. Napoleon, busily employed behind the screen of woods on the island of Lobau, had packed together in that circumscribed place, but about three miles in diameter, one hundred and fifty thousand men, five hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, and forty thousand horses.

Napoleon at St. Helena said, "When I had caused my army to go over to the island of Lobau, there was, for some weeks, by common and tacit consent, on both sides, between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which, indeed, had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment on the edge of the island, which was about eighty yards distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and, knowing me by the little hat and gray coat, they pointed a three-pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder; but if they had fired a dozen guns at once, they must have killed us."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavors to promote the comfort of his soldiers. Walking one day with one of his marshals on the shore of the isle of Lobau, he passed a company of grenadiers seated at their dinner.

"Well, my friends," said Napoleon, "I hope you find the wine good."

"It will not make us drunk," replied one of the number; "there is our cellar," pointing to the Danube. The Emperor, who had ordered the distribution of a bottle of wine to each man, was surprised, and promised an immediate inquiry. It was found that forty thousand bottles, sent by the Emperor a few days before for the army, had been purloined and sold by the commissaries. They were immediately brought to trial and condemned to be shot.

CHAPTER IX.

WAGRAM.

The Archduke unconscious of Danger—Macdonald's Charge—Bessières Wounded—The Battle-field of Wagram—Testimony of Savary—Descent of the English on the Belgian Coast—The Emperor Francis seeks Peace—Interview between Napoleon and M. Bubna—Fourth Treaty with Austria—The young Assassin—Coolness of Alexander—Defeat of the French at Talavera—Proclamation to Hungary—War in Spain—Want of Discipline of the English Soldiers in Spain—Letter to the Pope—Hostility of the Papal Court—Rome annexed to France—Expenditures in Italy.

THE fourth of July, 1809, was dark and gloomy. As night came on, the wind rose to a tempest. Heavy clouds blackened the sky, and the rain fell in torrents. The lightning gleamed vividly, and heavy peals of thunder shook the encampment of the hostile armies. It was a favorable hour for the gigantic enterprise. At the voice of Napoleon the whole army was in motion.

To bewilder the Austrians, simultaneous attacks were made on all points. At once, nine hundred guns of the largest bore rent the air with their detonations. The glare of bombs and shells blended with the flashes of the lightning, and the thunder of Napoleon's artillery mingled with the thunder of the heavens. Never has war exhibited a spectacle more sublime and awful. Napoleon rode up and down the bank with perfect calmness. His officers and men seemed to imbibe his spirit, and all performed their allotted task without confusion or embarrassment, regardless of the rain, the bullets, the exploding shells, the rolling of the thunder, and the terrific cannonade. All Vienna was roused from its slumber by this awful outburst of war. The enterprise was highly successful.

At the earliest dawn of the morning, a most imposing spectacle was presented to the eyes of both armies. The storm had passed away. The sky was cloudless. One of the most serene and lovely of summer mornings smiled upon the scene. The rising sun glittered on thousands of bayonets, and helmets, and plumes, and gilded banners, and gayly-caparisoned horses prancing over the plain. Seventy thousand men had already passed the river, and were in line of battle, and the bridges were still thronged with horse, infantry, and artillery, crowding over to the field of conflict. The French soldiers, admiring the genius of their commander, who had so safely transported them across the Danube, greeted him as he rode along their lines with enthusiastic shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* The Archduke Charles was by no means aware of the peril with which he was threatened. He supposed that it would take at least four-and-twenty hours for the French to cross the river, and that he should have ample time to destroy one half of the army before the other half could come to its rescue. He stood upon the heights of Wagram, by the side of his brother Francis, the emperor, who was questioning him as to the state of affairs.

"The French have indeed," said the Archduke Charles, "forced the Danube, and I am letting a portion of them pass over." "*Very good,*" rejoined the Emperor; "but do not let too many of them come across."*

Napoleon had now seven bridges completed, and he had crossed in such a way as to take the enemy in flank, and to deprive him of all advantage from his intrenchments. During the day the two mighty armies passed through an incessant series of skirmishes, as they took their positions on the field of Wagram. Night came. A cold, dense fog settled down over the unsheltered troops. There was no wood on the plain for fires. Each man threw himself down on the wet ground, shivering with cold, and slept as he could.

Napoleon, however, did not sleep. He rode in the darkness to all points of the widely-extended field, that he might with his own eyes see the position of his troops. At midnight he sent for all the marshals, and gave them the most minute directions for the proceedings of the ensuing day. It was his principle to give his directions, not merely so that they *might* be understood, but so plainly that by no possibility could they be misunderstood. For three days and three nights he had allowed himself no repose whatever. At the earliest dawn of the next morning the battle was renewed. For twelve long hours, three hundred thousand men, extending in dense masses of infantry

* This remark became subsequently quite a by-word in the army.

and cavalry along an undulating line nine miles in length, fired into each others' bosoms with bullets, grape-shot, cannon balls, and shells. Sabre crossed sabre, and bayonet clashed against bayonet, as squadrons of horse and columns of infantry were hurled against each other. Whole battalions melted away before the discharge of eleven hundred pieces of artillery. No man in either army seemed to pay any more regard to the missiles of death than if they had been snow flakes. Napoleon was every where present, encouraging his men, and sharing with them every peril. The ground was covered with the bodies of the wounded and the dead in every conceivable form of mutilation. The iron hoof of the war-horse trampled the marred visage and the splintered bones of shrieking sufferers into the dust. Thousands in either army who were in search of *glory* on that bloody field, found only protracted agony, a horrid death, and utter oblivion.

Massena, though very severely wounded by a recent fall from his horse, was present, giving his orders from an open carriage, in which he lay swathed in bandages. In the heat of the battle, Napoleon, upon his snow-white charger, galloped to the spot where Massena, from his chariot, was urging on his men. A perfect storm of cannon balls plowed the ground around him. When Napoleon saw his impetuous marshal in the midst of the conflict, his unyielding soul triumphing over excruciating bodily pain, he exclaimed, "Who ought to fear death when he sees how the brave are prepared to meet it!" The Emperor immediately alighted from his horse, and took a seat by the side of the marshal. He informed him of a movement then in progress which he hoped would be decisive. Pointing to the distant towers of Neusiedel, he indicated that Davoust, with his veteran division, was to fall upon the left wing of the Austrian army there, while an immense reserve of infantry, artillery, and cavalry were to pierce the enemy's centre. Just then, there came up at a gallop a hundred pieces of artillery, making the very earth to tremble beneath their ponderous wheels. Behind this battery, in solid column, followed the infantry of Macdonald, with their fixed bayonets. Then came fourteen regiments of cuirassiers of the Guard, with sabres long accustomed to be bathed in blood. The hundred guns instantly commenced the most tremendous cannonade upon the enemy's lines, and the indomitable column moved sternly on. The Austrians, slowly retiring in front, but closing in on either side, opened a cross fire upon the advancing column, while the archduke in person hastened to meet the terrible crisis which was approaching. At every step huge chasms were made in the ranks.

"Nothing," says Headley, "could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene. The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of the cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Macdonald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the fire of its antagonist, the guns had one by one been dismounted, and, at the distance of a mile and a half from where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and a centre still unbroken. Marching over the wreck of his guns, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field and into the devouring cross-fire of the Austrian artillery, he continued to advance. The carnage then became terrible.

At every discharge the head of that column disappeared as if it sank into the earth, while the outer ranks on either side melted like snow-wreaths on the river's brink. Still Macdonald towered unhurt amid his falling guard; and, with his eye fixed steadily upon the enemy's centre, moved sternly on. At the close and fierce discharge of these cross batteries at its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald would ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the same desperate valor which filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled mass must break and fly. The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines, like two walls of fire, on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press forward. Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or to die to his devoted followers. But now he halts, and casts his eye over his little surviving band, that stand all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back upon his path, and as far as the eye can reach he sees the course of his heroes by the black swarth of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. *Out of the sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen.* And here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. Looking away to where his emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the 'Old Guard' in motion, and the shining helmets of the brave cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. 'Forward!' breaks from his iron lips. The rolling of drums and the pealing of trumpets answer the volley that smites the exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won, the empire saved, and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat."

"In the height of the danger," says Savary, "Napoleon rode in front of the line upon a horse as white as snow. He proceeded from one extremity of the line to the other, and returned at a slow pace. Shots were flying about him in every direction. I kept behind, with my eyes riveted upon him, expecting every moment to see him drop from his horse. The Emperor had ordered that, as soon as the opening which he intended to make in the enemy's centre should have been effected, the whole cavalry should charge, and wheel round upon the right wing of the Austrians."

As Napoleon, with his glass, earnestly watched the advance of Macdonald through this terrific storm of grape-shot and bullets, he exclaimed several times, "What a brave man!" For three miles Macdonald forced his bloody way, piercing, like a wedge, the masses of the Austrians. Anxiously Napoleon kept his eye upon the tower of Neusiedel, where Davoust, with a powerful force, was to attack in flank the wing of the Austrian army cut off by Macdonald. At length the cannon of Davoust were seen to pass the tower, and the slopes of the plateau beyond were enveloped in the smoke of his fire. "The battle is gained!" exclaimed Napoleon. Bessières was immediately ordered to charge with the cavalry of the Guard. Riding through a tempest



NAPOLEON AT WAGRAM.

of cannon balls at the head of his men, he was spurring furiously forward, when a heavy shot in full sweep struck his horse, and hurled it, torn and shattered, from under him. Bessières was pitched headlong to the ground, covered with blood and dust, and apparently dead. Napoleon, in anguish, averted his eyes, and, turning his horse, said, "Let us go; I have no time to weep." A cry of grief rose from the whole battalion of the Guard.

The Emperor sent Savary to see if the marshal were still alive. Most singularly, Bessières, though stunned, was but slightly wounded. When Napoleon next saw him after the battle, he said, "The ball which struck you, marshal, drew tears from all my Guard. Return thanks to it. It ought to be very dear to you."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Archduke Charles, leaving twenty-four thousand men, wounded or dead, stretched upon the plain, and twelve thousand prisoners in the hands of the French, gave orders for a general but cautious retreat. The Emperor Francis, from the towers of the imperial residence of Wolkersdorf, had watched the progress of this disastrous battle. In the deepest dejection he mounted his horse, and sought the protection of the retreating army.

Napoleon had performed a feat which, more than any other he ever performed, astonished the world. He had crossed the broadest river in Europe in the face of an army 150,000 strong, supplied with all the most destructive enginery of war. He had accomplished this with such precision, rapidity, and security, as to meet the enemy on their own ground with equal numbers. The Austrians could no longer keep the field, and Austria was at the mercy of the conqueror.

As soon as the conflict had terminated, Napoleon, according to his custom, rode over the field of battle. The plain was covered with the wounded and the dead. Twenty-four thousand Austrians and eighteen thousand of the French army were weltering in blood. The march of Macdonald's column was specially distinguishable by the train of dead bodies which lay along its course. The multitude of the wounded was so great that, four days after the battle, the mutilated bodies of those still living were found in the ravines and beneath the trampled grain. The vast battle-field of Wagram extended over a space nearly nine miles long and three or four miles wide. The weather was intensely hot. A blazing sun glared fiercely upon them. Flies in swarms lighted upon their festering wounds. And thus these mangled victims of war lingered through hours and days of inconceivable agony.

The Emperor frequently alighted, and with his own hand administered relief to the wounded. The love of these poor men for the Emperor was so strong that tears of gratitude filled their eyes as he approached them with words of sympathy and deeds of kindness. Napoleon alighted from his horse to minister to a young officer whose skull had been fractured by a shot; he knelt beside him, felt of his pulse, and with his own handkerchief wiped the blood and dust from his brow and lips. The dying man slightly revived, and recognized his emperor kneeling as a nurse by his side. Tears gushed into his eyes; but he was too weak to weep, and soon breathed his last.

After having traversed the field, Napoleon inspected the soldiers who were to march in pursuit of the enemy. He met Macdonald. A coldness had for some time existed between them, which had been increased by malevolence and misrepresentation. Napoleon stopped and offered his hand, saying, "Accept it, Macdonald. Let there be no more animosity between us. From this day we will be friends. I will send you, as a pledge of my sincerity, your marshal's staff, which you have so gloriously earned." Macdonald cordially grasped the proffered hand, exclaiming, as his eyes filled with tears and his voice choked with emotion, "Ah, sire, we are now united for life and for death!"*

Napoleon recognized among the slain a colonel who had given him cause for displeasure. He stopped, and gazed for a moment sadly upon his mutilated body stretched upon the gory field, and said, with emotions which every generous heart will understand, "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgotten every thing."†

Napoleon, having taken the utmost care of the wounded, was seized with

* Macdonald was the son of a Scotch gentleman, who joined the Pretender, and after the battle of Culloden escaped to France. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, Macdonald embraced its principles and joined the army. Upon Napoleon's return from Egypt he warmly espoused his cause. In consequence of remarks he was reported to have made in reference to the conspiracy of Moreau, the Emperor had for some time regarded him with coldness. At Wagram he won his marshal's staff. He continued the faithful friend of the Emperor until the abdication at Fontainebleau. After the fall of Napoleon, the new government made him a peer of France and Chancellor of the Legion of Honor. He died in Paris in 1840, leaving daughters, but no son.

† "There was no injury," says Savary, "Napoleon was so well disposed to forgive as that which was personal to himself. A single good action had the effect of removing from his mind the unfavorable impression created by ten bad ones. But a breach of the laws of honor, or a breach of courage, would forever ruin, in his mind, the person guilty of either."



NAPOLEON AND THE DYING OFFICER.

a burning fever, the effect of long-continued exposure and exhaustion. He, however, indulged himself in but a few hours of rest, and then mounted his horse to overtake and guide the columns which were pursuing the enemy.*

* "Napoleon's attention," says Savary, "was particularly directed to the hospitals, and he had them regularly visited by his aids-de-camp. After the battle he made them the bearers of a gratuity of sixty francs, in crown pieces, to each wounded soldier, and from one hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred francs to each of the officers, according to their respective ranks. He sent still larger sums to the wounded generals. The Emperor's aids-de-camp had for several days no other occupation to attend to. I can assert, as far as concerned myself, that I was constantly engaged, during forty-eight hours, in making the distribution to three of the hospitals. The Emperor had given orders that this should be done in the manner most calculated to soothe the feelings of the wounded. The visits to the hospitals, for example, were made by the aids-de-camp in full uniform.

A violent storm came on, and the rain fell in torrents. Napoleon, though sick and weary, sought no shelter from the drenching flood. He soon overtook the troops, and found that Marmont had received from the Austrians proposals for an armistice. With the utmost reluctance, Napoleon had been forced into this conflict. He had nothing to gain by it, and every thing to fear. Promptly he acceded to the first overtures for peace. "It has been the fashion," says Savary, "to represent Napoleon as a man who could not exist without going to war; and yet, throughout his career, he has ever been the first to make pacific overtures, and I have often and often seen indications of the deep regret he felt whenever he had to embark in a new contest."

All the marshals were assembled in the Emperor's tent, and the question of the proposed armistice was earnestly discussed. "Austria," said one party, "is the irreconcilable enemy of the popular government in France. Unless deprived of the power of again injuring us, she will never cease to violate the most solemn treaties whenever there is the prospect of advantage from any violation, however flagrant, of the public faith. It is indispensable to put an end to these coalitions perpetually springing up, by dividing Austria, which is the centre of them all." The other party contended: "Should Prince Charles retreat to the Bohemian Mountains, there is danger of an open declaration from Prussia; and Russia may join the coalition. In anticipation of the great and final conflict evidently approaching between the South and the North, it is of the utmost importance to conciliate Austria, and to terminate the war in Spain, so as to secure the rear in France, and liberate the two hundred thousand veteran soldiers engaged in an inglorious warfare there."

Napoleon listened patiently and in silence to the arguments on both sides, and then broke up the conference with the decisive words, "Gentlemen, enough blood has been shed; I accept the armistice."*

accompanied by the war commissary, the officers of health, and the director. The secretary of the hospital went before them, with the register of the sick in hand, and named the men as well as the regiment to which they belonged; after which, twelve five-franc pieces were placed at the head of the bed of each wounded soldier, this sum being taken out of baskets full of money, carried by four men dressed in the Emperor's livery. These gratuities were not drawn from the military chest, but entirely supplied out of the Emperor's private purse.

"A collection might have been made, no less valuable as materials for the Emperor's history than as redundant to his glory, of the many expressions of gratitude uttered by these gallant fellows, as well as of the language in which they gave vent to their love and attachment to his person. Some of the men could not hope to spend those twelve crown-pieces; but, at the very brink of death, the tears running down their cheeks strongly indicated how feelingly alive they were to this mark of their general's remembrance. At no time did I feel so enthusiastic an admiration of the Emperor as when he was attending to the wants of his soldiers. His heart expanded at hearing of any service rendered to them, or of his being the object of their affection. He has been accused of being unsparing of their lives; but they never encountered any danger without having him at their head. He was every thing at once. Nothing but the basest malevolence can calumniate the sentiment which was nearest his heart, and which is one of the numberless claims which his immense labors have given him to the homage of posterity. He was beloved by his soldiers, and he loved them in return. It is impossible that they could have for him a greater attachment than he entertained for them."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, written by himself*, vol. ii., p. 96, 97.

* Bernadotte ventured to arrogate to himself the privilege of issuing an independent bulletin, in which he claimed for the Saxon troops under his command a principal share in the victory. Napoleon, justly displeased, caused the following private order to be distributed to each marshal of his army: "His imperial majesty expresses his disapprobation of Marshal the Prince of Ponte Cor-

Immediately after exchanging friendly messages with the Archduke Charles, Napoleon set off for Schönbrunn, there to use all his exertions to secure peace, or to terminate the war by a decisive effort. By most extraordinary exertions, he raised his army to 300,000 men, encamped in brilliant order in the heart of Austria. He replenished the exhausted cavalry horses, and augmented his artillery to 700 guns. While thus preparing for any emergency, he did every thing in his power to promote the speedy termination of the war. The French and Austrian plenipotentiaries met to arrange the treaty of peace. Austria endeavored to prolong the negotiations, hoping that the English expedition against Antwerp would prove so successful as to compel Napoleon to withdraw a portion of his troops, and enable Austria to renew hostilities. The whole month of August thus passed away.

The English, on the 31st of July, had landed upon the island of Walcheren, at the mouth of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham was in command of the



expedition. Eighty thousand of the National Guard immediately marched to expel the invaders from the soil of France. Although Napoleon entertained a deep aversion for the vanity, the ambition, and the petty jealousy of Bernadotte, he fully appreciated his military abilities, and intrusted to him the chief command of this force. Napoleon was neither surprised nor alarmed by this formidable descent upon the coasts. He wrote: "Make no attempt to come to action with the English. *A man is not a soldier.* Your National

Guards, your young conscripts, led pell-mell, almost without officers, with an artillery scarcely formed, opposed to Moore's soldiers, who have met the troops of the Grand Army, would certainly be beaten. The English must be opposed only with the fever of the marshes, with inundations, and with soldiers behind intrenchments. In a month, the English, decimated by fever, will return in confusion."

He enjoined it upon the French to defend Flushing—a fortification at the mouth of the river—to the last extremity, so as to keep the English as long as possible in the fever district; immediately to break the dikes, and thus lay the whole island of Walcheren under water; to remove the fleet above Antwerp; but by no means to sink hulls of vessels in the channels of the river, as he did not wish to destroy the Scheldt by way of defending it.

vo's order, which was inserted in the public journals of the 7th of July. As his majesty commands in person, to him belongs the exclusive right of assigning to all their respective degrees of glory. His majesty owes the success of his arms to *French* troops, and not to others. The Prince of Ponte Corvo's order of the day, tending to give false pretensions to troops of secondary merit, is contrary to truth, to discipline, and to national honor. To Marshal Macdonald belongs the praise which the Prince of Ponte Corvo arrogates to himself. His majesty desires that this testimony of his displeasure may operate as a caution to every marshal not to attribute to himself more glory than is due to him. That the Saxon army, however, may not be afflicted, his majesty desires that this order may be kept secret."

In ten days fifteen thousand of the English troops were attacked by fever. They were dying by thousands. Seventeen days had been employed in forcing their vast armament of fifteen hundred vessels a few leagues up the crooked channel of the Scheldt. Lord Chatham became discouraged. Four thousand had died of the fever. Twelve thousand of the sick had been shipped for England, many of whom died by the way; and the number on the sick-list was daily increasing. A council of war was called, and it was determined to abandon the expedition. The English retired, covered with confusion.

Napoleon was exceedingly rejoiced at this result. He said that his lucky star, which for a time had seemed to be waning, was now shining with fresh lustre. He wrote: "It is a piece of the good fortune attached to present circumstances that this same expedition, which reduces to nothing the greatest efforts of England, procures us an army of 80,000 men, which we could not otherwise have obtained."

The Austrians now saw that it was necessary to come to terms. The perfidious monarchy was at Napoleon's disposal. He was at the head of an army which could not be resisted, and he had all the strong places of the empire under his control; and yet he treated Francis with a degree of generosity and magnanimity which should have elicited an honest acknowledgment even from the pens of his envenomed historians. Francis, finding it in vain any longer to protract negotiations, resolved to send his aid, M. Bubna, as a confidential agent to Napoleon, "who should," says Thiers, "address himself to certain qualities in Napoleon's character, his good nature and kindly spirit—qualities which were easily awakened when he was approached in the right way." Napoleon received the emissary with cordiality, threw off all reserve, and, in the language of ingenuousness and sincerity, said:

"If you will deal honestly with me, we will bring matters to a conclusion in forty-eight hours. I desire nothing from Austria. I have no great interest in procuring a million more inhabitants for Saxony or for Bavaria. You know very well that it is for my true interest either to destroy the Austrian monarchy by separating the three crowns of Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, or to attach Austria to me by a close alliance. To separate the three crowns will require more bloodshed. Though I ought, perhaps, to settle the matter in that way, I give you my word that I have no wish to do so.*

"The second plan suits me. But how can a friendly alliance be expected of your Emperor? He has good qualities, but he is swayed by the violence and animosity of those about him. There would be one way of bringing about a sincere and firm alliance. It is reported that the Emperor Francis is weary of his crown. Let him abdicate in favor of his brother, the Grand Duke of Würzburg, who likes me, and whom I like. He is an enlightened prince, with no prejudices against France, and will not be led by his ministry or by the English. Let this be done, and I will withdraw from Austria, without demanding a province or a farthing, notwithstanding all the war has cost me. I shall consider the repose of the world as secured by that event."

* "To separate the three crowns would be to destroy the house of Austria; and to do that required two or three more great victories, which Napoleon was very likely to gain, but which would, probably, make Europe desperate, alarm Russia, and disgust her with our alliance, and cause a general rising of the nations."—*Thiers' Consulate and Empire*, book xxxvii., p. 816.

Perhaps I will do still more, and give back to Austria the Tyrol, which the Bavarians know not how to govern."

As Napoleon uttered these words, he fixed his eyes with a penetrating gaze upon M. Bubna. The Austrian minister hesitatingly replied: "If the Emperor Francis thought this possible, he would abdicate immediately. He would rather insure the integrity of the empire for his successors than retain the crown upon his own head."

"Well," replied Napoleon, "if that be so, I authorize you to say that I will give up the whole empire on the instant, with something more, if your master, who often declares himself disgusted with the throne, will cede it to his brother. The regards mutually due between sovereigns forbid me to propose any thing on this subject. But you may hold me as pledged should the supposition I make be realized. Nevertheless, I do not believe that this sacrifice will be made. In that case, not wishing to separate the three crowns at the cost of prolonged hostilities, and not being able to secure to myself the reliable alliance of Austria by the transfer of the crown to the Archduke of Würzburg, I am forced to consider what is the interest which France may preserve in this negotiation. Territories in Galicia interest me little; in Bohemia not more; in Austria rather more, for they would serve to remove your frontiers farther from ours. In Italy, France has a great interest to open a broad route toward Turkey by the coasts of the Adriatic. Influence over the Mediterranean depends upon influence with the Porte. I can not have that influence but by becoming the neighbor of the Turkish empire. By hindering me from crushing the English as often as I have been upon the point of doing so, and obliging me to withdraw my resources from the ocean to the Continent, your master has constrained me to seek the land instead of the sea route in order to extend my influence to Constantinople. Let us meet half way. I will consent to fresh sacrifices. I renounce the '*uti possidetis*.'* I claimed three provinces in Bohemia; I will say no more about them. I insisted upon Upper Austria to the Ems; I give up the Ems, and even Traun, and restore Lintz. In Italy I will forego a part of Carinthia. I will retain Villach, and give you back Klagenfurth. But I will keep Carniola, and the right bank of the Save as far as Bosnia. I demanded of you 2,600,000 subjects in Germany. I will not require of you more than 1,600,000. If you will come back in two days, we will settle all in a few hours; while our diplomatists, if we leave them alone, will never have done, and will set us on a game to cut each other's throats."†

"After this long and amicable interview," says Thiers, "in which Napoleon treated M. Bubna so familiarly as to pull him by the mustaches, he made the latter a superb present, and sent him away fascinated and grateful." On the 21st of September, M. Bubna appeared again at Schönbrunn

* "*Uti possidetis*," a basis of settlement by which each party retains the territories which their respective armies occupy, subject to such exchanges as may be mutually convenient. Napoleon was in possession of Vienna and of nearly the whole valley of the Danube, including a population of nine millions of inhabitants, which amounted to one third of the Austrian empire. Upon this basis, Austria would be compelled to cede, from other portions of her dominions, as much territory and population as might be restored to her in the centre of her monarchy.

† Accounts of this interview, drawn up by both Napoleon himself and by M. Bubna, are deposited in the imperial archives.

with a letter from the Emperor Francis, stating that the concessions which Napoleon had made amounted to nothing, and that greater ones must still be proposed in order to render peace possible. On receiving this letter, Napoleon could not restrain a burst of impatience. "Your ministers," he exclaimed, "do not even understand the geography of their own country. I relinquish my claim to a population of more than a million of subjects. I have retained only what is necessary to keep the enemy from the Passau and the Inn, and what is necessary to establish a contiguity of territory between Italy and Dalmatia. And yet the Emperor is told that I have abated none of my claims! It is thus they represent every thing to the Emperor Francis. By deceiving him in this way they have led him to war. Finally, they will lead him to ruin." Under the influence of these feelings, he dictated a bitter letter to the Emperor of Austria. Upon becoming more calm, however, he abstained from sending it, remarking to M. Bubna, "It is not becoming in one sovereign to tell another, in writing, *You do not know what you say.*"

In all this delay and these subterfuges Napoleon saw but continued evidence of the implacable hostility of Austria, which no magnanimity on his part had been able to appease. He immediately gave orders that the army should be prepared for the resumption of hostilities. Earnestly as he desired peace, he did not fear the issues of war. Negotiations having been for a few days suspended, Napoleon sent for his ambassador, M. Champagny, and said to him, "I wish negotiations to be resumed immediately. I wish for peace. Do not hesitate about a few millions more or less in the indemnity demanded of Austria. Yield on that point. I wish to come to a conclusion. I leave it all to you." Time wore away, until the middle of October, in disputes of the diplomatists over the maps. At length, on the 14th of October, the treaty was signed. This was the fourth treaty which Austria had made with France within sixteen years. She soon, however, violated this pledge as perfidiously as she had broken all the rest.

Napoleon was full of satisfaction. With the utmost cordiality and freedom he expressed his joy. By the ringing of the bells of the metropolis, and the firing of cannon in all the encampments of the army, the happy event was celebrated. In twenty-four hours he had made his arrangements for his departure from Vienna. But a few days before this, on the 12th of October, Napoleon was holding a grand review at Schönbrunn. A young man, about nineteen years of age, named Staps, presented himself, saying that he had a petition to offer to the Emperor. He was repulsed by the officers. The obstinacy with which he returned again and again excited suspicion. He was arrested and searched, and a sharp knife was found concealed in his bosom, evidently secreted for a criminal purpose. With perfect composure, he declared that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor. The affair was made known to Napoleon, who sent for the lad. The prisoner entered the private cabinet of the Emperor. His mild and handsome countenance, and bright eye beaming with intelligence, interested Napoleon. "Why," said he, kindly, "did you wish to kill me? Have I ever harmed you?"

"No," Staps replied; "but you are the enemy of my country, and have ruined it by the war."

"But the Emperor Francis was the aggressor," Napoleon replied, "not I. There would have been less injustice in killing him."

"I admit, sire," the boy replied, "that your majesty is not the author of the war. But if the Emperor Francis were killed, another like him would be put upon the throne. But if you were dead, it would not be easy to find such another."

The Emperor was anxious to save his life, and, "with a magnanimity," says Alison, "which formed at times a remarkable feature in his character," inquired, "If I were to pardon you, would you relinquish the idea of assassinating me?"

"Yes," the young fanatic replied, "if we have peace; no, if we have war."



THE YOUNG ASSASSIN.

The Emperor requested the physician Corvisart to examine him, and ascertain if he were of sound mind. Corvisart reported that he was perfectly sane. He was reconducted to prison. Though Napoleon contemplated pardoning him, he was forgotten in the pressure of events, and, after the departure of the Emperor for Paris, he was brought before a military commission, condemned, and executed. He remained unrelenting to the last.*

One day General Rapp was soliciting for the promotion of two officers. "I can not make so many promotions," said Napoleon; "Berthier has al-

* "An adventure of a different character," says Alison, "befell Napoleon at Schönbrunn during this period. A young Austrian lady, of attractive person and noble family, fell so desperately in love with the renown of the Emperor, that she became willing to sacrifice to him her person, and was, by her own desire, introduced, at night, into his apartment. Napoleon was so much struck with the artless simplicity of this poor girl's mind, and the devoted character of her passion, that, after some conversation, he had her reconducted, untouched, to her own house."

ready made me do too much in that way." Then, turning to Lauriston, he continued, "We did not get on so fast in our time, did we? I continued for many years in the rank of lieutenant." "That may be, sire," General Rapp replied, "but you have since made up famously for your lost time." Napoleon laughed at the repartee, and granted the request.

As he left Vienna, he gave orders for the springing of the mines which had been constructed under the ramparts of the capital. He knew that Austria would embrace the first opportunity to enter into another coalition against him. The magistrates of Vienna, in a body, implored him to spare the fortifications of the city. The Emperor refused to comply with the request. "It is for your advantage," said he, "that they should be destroyed. It will prevent any one from again exposing the city to the horrors of bombardment to gratify private ambition. It was my intention to have destroyed them in 1805. On the present occasion, I have been under the painful necessity of bombarding the city. If the enemy had not opened the gates, I must either have destroyed the city entirely, or have exposed myself to fearful risks. I can not expose myself to the encounter of such an alternative again."

Alison thus eloquently describes the destruction of the fortifications, and his opinion of the act: "Mines had previously been constructed under the principal bastions, and the successive explosions of one after another presented one of the most sublime and moving spectacles of the whole revolutionary war. The ramparts, slowly raised in the air, suddenly swelled, and bursting like so many volcanoes, scattered volumes of flame and smoke into the air. Showers of stones and fragments of masonry fell on all sides. The subterraneous fire ran along the lines with a smothered roar, which froze every heart with terror. One after another the bastions were heaved up and exploded, till the city was enveloped on all sides by ruins, and the rattle of the falling masses broke the awful stillness of the capital. This cruel devastation produced the most profound impression at Vienna. It exasperated the people more than could have been done by the loss of half the monarchy. These ramparts were the glory of the citizens; shaded by trees, they formed delightful public walks; they were associated with the most heart-stirring eras of their history. They had withstood all the assaults of the Turks, and been witness to the heroism of Maria Theresa. To destroy these venerable monuments of former glory, not in the fury of assault, not under the pressure of necessity, but in cold blood, after peace had been signed, and when the invaders were preparing to withdraw, was justly felt as a wanton and unjustifiable act of military oppression. It brought the bitterness of conquest home to every man's breast; the iron had pierced into the soul of the nation. As a measure of military precaution, it seemed unnecessary, when these walls had twice proved unable to arrest the invader; as a preliminary to the cordial alliance which Napoleon desired, it was in the highest degree impolitic."

By the treaty of Vienna, Napoleon extended and strengthened the frontiers of *Bavaria*, that his ally might not be again so defenselessly exposed to Austrian invasion. He added fifteen hundred thousand souls to the kingdom of *Saxony*. Thus he enabled the portion of enfranchised and regenerated Po

land, rescued from Prussia, more effectually to guard against being again ravaged by Austrian troops.* The infant kingdom of *Italy* Austrian hoofs had trampled in the dust. Napoleon enlarged its territory, that it might be able to present a more formidable front to its despotic and gigantic neighbor. His only object seemed to be so to strengthen his allies as to protect them and France from future aggression. Had Napoleon done less than this, the world might justly have reproached him with weakness and folly. In doing no more than this, he signally developed the native generosity of his character. His moderation astonished his enemies. Unwilling to recognize any magnanimity in Napoleon, they allowed themselves to accuse him of the most unworthy motives. "When compared," says Lockhart, "with the signal triumphs of the campaign at Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation. Bonaparte soon after, by one of the most extraordinary steps of his personal history, furnished abundant explanation of the motives which had guided his diplomacy at Schönbrunn." According to such representations, Napoleon was indeed a wayward lover, making his first addresses to Maria Louisa in the bombardment of Vienna, prosecuting his suit by the bribe of a magnanimous treaty, and putting a seal to his proposals by blowing up the ramparts of the metropolis!†

Alison, on the other hand, following Bourrienne, ventures to suggest that Napoleon was frightened into peace by the sharp knife of Staps. The historian is safe when he records what Napoleon *did* and what he *said*. Upon such facts the verdict of posterity will be formed. In this case, friend and foe admit that he was dragged into the war, and that he made peace, upon the most magnanimous terms, as soon as he possibly could.

Alexander was much displeased that Napoleon had strengthened the Polish kingdom of Saxony, and thus rendered it more probable that the restoration of Poland might finally be effected. But Napoleon, aware that even the attempt to wrest from the iron grasp of Russia and Austria the provinces of dismembered Poland would but extend more widely the flames of war, resolved not to embark in the enterprise, which still enlisted all his sympathies. Alexander, however, complained bitterly that Prussian Poland had been restored, and that thus the danger of the final restoration of the whole kingdom was increased. The coldness of Alexander, and the daily-growing hostility of the haughty empress-mother and of the nobles, rendered it more and more evident that France would soon be involved again in difficulties with that mighty despotism which overshadowed with its gloom the boundless regions of the north.‡

* The Duchy of Warsaw, organized by Napoleon from Prussian Poland, was independent, though placed under the protection of the King of Saxony.

† Napoleon signed the treaty with but little confidence in the honor of Austria. "He could not forget," says the Baron Meneval, "that twelve years before Austria had implored peace when the French were at Leoben, and that, as soon as he was in Egypt, she had again grasped arms; that she had again signed the treaty of Luneville after the defeat of Hohenlinden, which she violated when she saw us seriously occupied in preparing for the descent upon England; that she had signed again a treaty of peace after the battle of Austerlitz, which she again violated when she hoped to surprise Napoleon while pursuing the English in the heart of Spain; and that now she reluctantly sheathed the sword only because Napoleon was in possession of Vienna."

‡ Alexander felt much solicitude about this treaty. He wrote to Napoleon, "My interests are

Alison, in the following terms, condemns Napoleon for his moderation in not wresting from Austria and Russia the Polish provinces: "He more than once touched on the still vibrating chord of Polish nationality, and by a word might have added two hundred thousand Sarmatian lances to his standard; but he did not venture upon the bold step of re-establishing the throne of Sobieski; and by the half measure of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, permanently excited the jealousy of Russia, without winning the support of Poland." It is with such unparalleled injustice that history has treated Napoleon. His efforts to defend France from her multitudinous assailants are alleged as proofs of his insatiable ambition and a bloodthirsty spirit. His generosity to his vanquished foes, and his readiness to make almost any sacrifice for the sake of peace, were stigmatized as weakness and folly.

A deputation from one of the provinces of Austria had called upon Napoleon just before the treaty, soliciting relief from some of the burdens imposed upon them by the presence of the French army. "Gentlemen," the Emperor replied, "I am aware of your sufferings. I join with you in lamenting the evils entailed upon the people by the conduct of your government, but I can afford you no relief. Scarcely four years have elapsed since your sovereign pledged his word, after the battle of Austerlitz, that he would never again take up arms against me. I trusted that a perpetual peace was cemented between us; and I have not to reproach myself with having violated its conditions. Had I not firmly relied upon the protestations of sincerity which were then made to me, rest assured that I should not have retired as I did from the Austrian territories. Monarchs forfeit the rights which have been vested in them by the public confidence from the moment that they abuse such rights and draw down such heavy calamities upon nations."

One of the members of the deputation began to defend the Emperor of Austria, and ended his reply in these words: "Nothing shall detach us from our good Francis."

"You have not rightly understood me," the Emperor rejoined, "or you have formed a wrong interpretation of what I laid down as a general axiom. Did I speak of your relaxing in your affection for the Emperor Francis? Far from it. Be true to him under any circumstances of good or bad fortune. But, at the same time, you should suffer without murmuring. By acting otherwise, you reproach him as the author of your sufferings."

While negotiations were pending, Napoleon received the untoward tidings of the defeat of the French by Wellington at the battle of Talavera. He was much displeased by the conduct of his generals in Spain. "Those

entirely in the hands of your majesty. You may give me a certain pledge in repeating what you said at Tilsit and Erfurth on the interests of Russia in connection with *the late kingdom of Poland.*" Napoleon replied, "Poland may give rise to some embarrassment between us; but the world is large enough to afford us room to arrange ourselves." Alexander promptly and energetically responded, "*If the re-establishment of Poland is to be agitated, 'the world is not large enough,' for I desire nothing further in it.*" The ferment in St. Petersburg was so intense that a national outbreak was contemplated, and even the assassination of the Emperor was openly spoken of if he should yield. Napoleon was not ignorant of this state of the Russian mind. He has been severely blamed for his *insatiable ambition* in restoring Prussian Poland by establishing the Duchy of Warsaw. He has been as severely blamed, and by the same historians, for not liberating the Austrian and Prussian provinces of dismembered Poland, though he could only have done this by involving Europe in the most destructive war—See *Bignon*, vol. viii., p. 351, 354.

men," said he, "are very self-confident. I am allowed to possess some superiority of talent, and yet I never think that I can have an army sufficiently numerous to fight a battle even with an enemy I have been accustomed to defeat. I collect about me all the troops I can bring together. They, on the contrary, advance boldly to attack an enemy with whom they are scarcely acquainted, and yet they only bring one half of their troops to the contest. Is it possible to maneuver more awkwardly? I can not be present every where."*

A deputation of Hungarians called upon Napoleon to implore him to take Hungary under his protection, and to aid the Hungarians in their efforts to break from the thralldom of Austria.† Napoleon had reflected upon this, and had thought of placing upon the throne of Hungary the Archduke of Würzburg, brother of the Emperor Francis. This young prince admired Napoleon, and was much influenced by his lofty principles. When Austria was striving to influence the whole Hungarian nation against France, Napoleon issued the following proclamation:

"Hungarians! The moment is come to revive your independence. I offer you peace, the integrity of your territory, the inviolability of your constitutions, whether of such as are in actual existence, or of those which the spirit of the time may require. I ask nothing of you. I desire only to see your nation free and independent. Your union with Austria has made your misfortune. Your blood has flowed for her in distant regions. Your dearest interests have always been sacrificed to those of the Austrian hereditary estates. You form the finest part of the empire of Austria, yet you are treated as a province. You have national manners, a national language; you boast an ancient and illustrious origin. Resume, then, your existence as a nation. Have a king of your own choice, who will reside among you, and reign for you alone."

Napoleon, in departing, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Vienna, in which he thanked them for the attentions they had bestowed upon the wounded of his army, and expressed how deeply he lamented his inability to lighten the burdens which had pressed upon them. "It was the Emperor's intention," says Savary, "to have had pavements laid in the suburbs of the metropolis, which stand much in need of them. He was desirous, he said, of leaving that token of remembrance to the inhabitants of Vienna. But he did not find time to accomplish this object."

"If I had not conquered at Austerlitz," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "I should have had all Prussia on me. If I had not proved victorious at Jena, Austria and Spain would have assailed me in my rear. If I had not tri-

* An important town of Spain had been lost in consequence of the treason of some who betrayed its weakness, and the criminal neglect of the commandant. "The persons," says Napier, "who had betrayed the place to Rovera were shot by Macdonald, and the commandant, whose negligence had occasioned the misfortune, was condemned to death; but Napoleon, who has been so foully misrepresented as a sanguinary tyrant—Napoleon, who had commuted the sentence of Dupont, now pardoned General Guillot: a clemency in both cases remarkable, seeing that the loss of an army by one, and of a great fortress by the other, not only tended directly and powerfully to the destruction of the Emperor's projects, but were in themselves great crimes; and it is to be doubted if any other sovereign in Europe would have displayed such a merciful greatness of mind."—*Napier*, vol. iii., p. 66.

† *Souvenirs Historiques de M. Le Baron Meneval*, vol. i., p. 303

umphed at Wagram—which, by-the-by, was a less decisive victory—I had to fear that Russia would abandon me, that Prussia would rise against me; and, meanwhile, the English were already before Antwerp.

“Yet what was my conduct after the victory? At Austerlitz I gave Alexander his liberty, though I might have made him my prisoner. After Jena, I left the house of Prussia in possession of a throne which I had conquered. After Wagram, I neglected to parcel out the Austrian monarchy. If all this be attributed merely to magnanimity, cold and calculating politicians will doubtless blame me. But, without rejecting that sentiment, to which I am not a stranger, I had higher aims in view. I wished to bring about the amalgamation of the great European interests in the same manner as I had effected the union of parties in France. My ambition was one day to become the arbiter in the great cause of nations and kings. It was therefore necessary that I should secure to myself claims on their gratitude, and seek to render myself popular among them. This I could not do without losing something in the estimation of others. I was aware of this. But I was powerful and fearless. I concerned myself but little about transient popular murmurs, being very sure that the result would infallibly bring the people over to my side.

“I committed a great fault, after the battle of Wagram, in not reducing the power of Austria still more. She remained too strong for our safety, and to her we must attribute our ruin. The day after the battle, I should have made known, by proclamation, that I would treat with Austria only on condition of the preliminary separation of the three crowns of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia.”

While these scenes were transpiring in Austria, the war in Spain was raging with renewed fierceness. The English and the Spanish insurgents had their hopes revived by the absence of Napoleon, and believing that he would be compelled soon also to withdraw his troops to meet his exigencies upon the Danube, they with alacrity returned to the conflict. Joseph Bonaparte was one of the most amiable and excellent of men, but he was no soldier. The generals of Napoleon were fully conscious of this, and had no confidence in his military operations. Having no recognized leader, they quarreled among themselves. It was difficult for Napoleon, in the midst of the all-absorbing scenes of Essling, and Lobau, and Wagram, to guide the movements of armies six hundred leagues distant, upon the banks of the Tagus and the Douro.

The Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed with 30,000 British troops in Portugal, and rallied around his banner 70,000 Portuguese soldiers, inspired by the most frantic energies of religious fanaticism. Marshal Soult had in Portugal 26,000 men under arms to oppose them. The most horrible scenes of demoniac war ensued. Retaliation provoked retaliation. No imagination can conceive the revolting scenes of misery, cruelty, and blood which desolated the land. The wounded French soldiers were seized even by women, and tortured and torn to pieces, and their mutilated remains polluted the road; villages were burned; shrieking women hunted and outraged; children, trampled by merciless cavalry, and torn by grape-shot, moaned and died, while the drenching storm alone sighed their requiem.

It was no longer man contending against his brother man, but demon struggling with demon. The French and English officers exerted themselves to the utmost to repress these horrible outrages, but they found that, easy as it is to rouse the degraded and the vicious to fight, it is not so easy again to soothe their depraved passions to humanity. The Duke of Wellington wrote to his government the most bitter complaints of the total insubordination of his troops. "I have long been of opinion," he wrote, "that a British army could bear neither success nor failure; and I have had manifest proofs of the truth of this opinion in the first of its branches in the recent conduct of the soldiers of this army. They have plundered the country most terribly, which has given me the greatest concern."

Again he wrote to Lord Castlereagh on the 31st of May, 1809: "The army behave terribly ill. They are a rabble who can not bear success, any more than Sir John Moore's army could bear failure. I am endeavoring to tame them; but, if I should not succeed, I must make an official complaint of them, and send one or two corps of them home in disgrace. They plunder in all directions."

Again, on the 17th of June, he wrote to Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of State: "I can not, with propriety, omit to draw your attention again to the state of discipline of the army, which is a subject of serious concern to me, and well deserves the consideration of his majesty's ministers. It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops. Notwithstanding the pains which I take, not a post or a courier comes in, not an officer arrives from the rear of the army, that does not bring me accounts of outrages committed by the soldiers who have been left behind on the march. There is not an outrage of any description which has not been committed on a people who have uniformly received us as friends, by soldiers who have never yet, for one moment, suffered the slightest want or the smallest privation."

The French army, by universal admission, was under far better discipline than the English. The English soldiers were drawn from the most degraded portion of the populace. The French army, levied by the conscription, was composed of men of much higher intelligence and education. The violent populace of Portugal, rioting unrestrained, rendered existence insupportable by the order-loving portion of the community. They were regarded with horror by those of their own countrymen whose easy circumstances induced a love of peace and quietness. They saw clearly that the zeal the English affected in behalf of Portugal was mainly intended to secure English commerce and their own aggrandizement. They complained bitterly that England had turned loose upon their doomed land all the reckless and ferocious spirits of Great Britain and of Portugal. "So, without liking the French," says Thiers, "who in their eyes were still foreigners, they were ready, if compelled to choose between them and the English, to prefer them as a lesser evil, as a means of ending the war, and as holding out the hope of a more liberal rule than that under which Portugal had lived for ages. As for the house of Braganza, the classes in question were inclined, since the Regent's flight to Brazil, to consider it as an empty name, which the English made use of to upset the land from top to bottom."

Neither Spain nor Portugal were at all grateful to England for the work which she had performed. Lord Wellington wrote: "The British army, which I have the honor to command, has met with nothing but ingratitude from the government and authorities in Portugal for their services. Every thing that could be done has been done by the civil authorities lately to oppress the officers and soldiers on every occasion in which it has, by any accident, been in their power. I hope, however, that we have seen the last of Portugal." "The only bond of sympathy," says Colonel Napier, "between the two governments [Spain and Portugal], was hatred of the English, who had saved both." England re-established upon thrones of despotism the most despicable tyrants, and these very tyrants requited her for her ignoble work with insult and outrage.

Napoleon had again vanquished his foes. He was still, however, exposed to the greatest peril. No one saw this more clearly than himself. England, unrelenting and heedless of all supplications for peace, continued her assaults.* With unrepressed zeal, she endeavored to combine new coalitions of feudal Europe against the great advocate of popular rights. It was her open avowal that the triumph of democratic principles threatened the subversion of every European throne.†

While Napoleon was marshaling his forces at Lobau for the decisive battle of Wagram, an English fleet was hovering along the shores of Italy, watching for an opportunity to aid the Austrians there. All the sympathies of the Pope were evidently with the enemies of France. The fanatic peasantry of Spain and of the Tyrol were roused by the emissaries of the Church. The danger was imminent that England, effecting a landing in Italy, and uniting with the Austrians and all the partisans of the old regime in that country, would crush the infant kingdoms of Italy and Naples. Under these circumstances, Napoleon wrote as follows to the Pope:

"The Emperor expects that Italy, Rome, Naples, and Milan should form

* "All the wars of the European Continent," says the *Encyclopædia Americana*, "against the revolution and against the empire, were begun by England, and supported by English gold. At last, the object was attained. Not only was the ancient family restored to the throne, but France was reduced to its original limits, its naval force destroyed, and its commerce almost annihilated. But victory brought bitter fruits even to England."

In 1793, the public debt of Great Britain was estimated at 1,200,000,000 of dollars. It is now estimated at about 4,000,000,000. The most of this enormous increase was caused by the wars against Napoleon. "It is impossible," says the *Encyclopædia Americana*, "to prevent the burden of the taxation from falling directly or indirectly, in a very great degree, upon the laboring or active classes; and in Great Britain, this has become so heavy to the mere laborer, who has no capital, that his wages will but just support, or will not support, himself and his family in the cheapest manner of living, and his life becomes one desperate struggle against want and starvation."

† "The assumption," says Richard Cobden, member of Parliament, "put forth that we were engaged in a strictly defensive war, is, I regret to say, historically untrue. If you will examine the proofs as they exist in the unchangeable public records, you will be satisfied of this. And let us not forget that our history will ultimately be submitted to the judgment of a tribunal over which Englishmen will exercise no influence beyond that which is derived from the truth and justice of their cause, and from whose decision there will be no appeal. I allude, of course, to the collective wisdom and moral sense of future generations of men. In the case before us, however, not only are we constrained by the evidence of facts to confess that we were engaged in an aggressive war, but the multiplied avowals and confessions of its authors and partisans themselves leave no room to doubt that they entered upon it to put down *opinions* by physical force—one of the worst, if not the very worst, of motives with which a people can embark in war."

a league, offensive and defensive, to protect the Peninsula from the calamities of war. If the Holy Father assents to this proposition, all our difficulties are terminated. If he refuses, he announces by that refusal that he does not wish for any arrangement, any peace with the Emperor, and that he declares war against him. The first result of war is conquest, and the first result of conquest is a change of government; for if the Emperor is forced to engage in war with Rome, will it not be to make the conquest of Rome, and to establish another government, which will make common cause with Italy and Naples against their common enemies? What other guarantee can the Emperor have of the tranquillity and the safety of Italy, if the two realms are separated by a state in which their enemies continue to have a secure retreat? These changes, which will become necessary if the Holy Father persists in his refusal, will not deprive him of any of his spiritual rights. He will continue to be Bishop of Rome, as his predecessors have been during the last eight centuries."

The continued refusal of the Pope to enter into an alliance with France induced the Emperor to issue a decree uniting the States of the Church with the French empire. The only apology which can be offered for this act is its apparent necessity. The Pope, claiming neutrality, was aiding the enemies of France. Napoleon, in the midst of ten thousand perils, was struggling, almost single handed, against the combined sovereigns of Europe. In self-defense, he was compelled to treat those with severity who were secretly assisting his foes. Solicitous for his good name, he announced to Europe as the reason for this arbitrary measure, "The sovereign of Rome has constantly refused to make war with the English, and to ally himself with the kings of Italy and Naples for the defense of the peninsula of Italy. The welfare of the two kingdoms, and also that of the armies of Italy and Naples, demand that their communication should not be interrupted by a hostile power."*

The French troops immediately entered Rome, and drove from it the emissaries of England and Austria, who, in the pontifical court, were secretly fomenting their intrigues. To this act of violence the Pope replied by a bull of excommunication. Murat, the King of Naples, with his usual thoughtless impetuosity, immediately arrested the Pope and sent him out of Italy. When Napoleon, who was then at Lobau, heard of this act, he expressed the most sincere regret that a measure so violent and inconsiderate had been adopted. But, with his accustomed disposition to regard himself as the child of destiny, he seemed to consider it an indication of Providence, or rather of Fate, that he was to organize the whole of Italy, with its twenty millions of

* "Have you any commands for France?" said a Frenchman at Naples to an English friend. "I shall be there in two days." "In France!" answered his friend; "I thought that you were setting off for Rome." "True; but Rome, by a decree of the Emperor, is now indissolubly united to France."

"I have no news to burden you with," said his friend; "but can I do nothing for you in England? I shall be there in half an hour." "In England!" said the Frenchman; "and in half an hour!" "Yes!" was the reply. "Within that time I shall be at sea, and the sea has been indissolubly united to the British empire." She who arrogated to herself the dominion of the wide world of waters, ought to have some charity for him who, when struggling against combined Europe, strove to avert from himself destruction by reluctantly annexing to France the feeble States of the Church.

inhabitants, into one homogeneous kingdom, glowing with the energies of free institutions, and with renovated Rome for its capital. It was a brilliant and an exciting vision. It was rich in promise for the welfare of Europe. It was almost probable that it would be realized. The Pope was sent to Savona, on the Gulf of Genoa, where a palace was prepared for his reception. He was afterward removed, for greater security, to Fontainebleau. Napoleon had a high regard for the Pope, and often expressed his sincere veneration for his character. He ordered that Pius should be treated with the greatest respect; gave him an annual income of four hundred thousand dollars, and sent gorgeous furniture and troops of domestics to the imperial palace, where he was securely but most magnificently detained. He ordered that the Pope should be allowed to do what he pleased, perform all the ceremonies of religion, and receive without restraint the homage of the numerous population who would flock to greet him. Thus Napoleon, though he at first regretted the injudicious seizure of the Pope, assumed the responsibility of his captivity.*

The energy of Napoleon immediately diffused its vivifying influence through the drowsy streets of Rome. Many of the most intelligent men rejoiced to escape from the lethargic sway of the Church. The fanatic populace, however, were horror-stricken in view of the sacrilege inflicted upon the Vicar of Christ. Still, there were many in Rome, then as now, weary of ecclesiastical domination. They were hungering and thirsting for political freedom and for republican liberty. A deputation of prominent Italians from Rome called upon Napoleon with expressions of confidence and congratulation.

“My mind,” replied the Emperor, “is full of the recollections of your ancestors. The first time that I pass the Alps, I desire to remain some time among you. France and Italy must be governed by the same system. You have need of a powerful hand to direct you. I shall have a singular pleasure in being your benefactor. Your bishop is the spiritual head of the Church, as I am its Emperor. I ‘render unto God the things that are God’s, and unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s.’”

Immense improvements were immediately undertaken by Napoleon in the time-hallowed metropolis. His herculean energies infused new life into the tombs of the departed. The hum of industry was diffused through all the venerable streets of Rome. The claims of utility and of beauty were alike

* Upon this subject Louis Bonaparte remarks, in his response to Sir Walter Scott :

“I was well acquainted with Pope Pius VII. At the time of his journey to Paris in 1804, and since then until his death, I have not ceased to receive from that venerable pontiff proofs, not only of friendliness, but even of confidence and affection. Since the year 1814 I have resided at Rome. I had frequent occasions to see him, and I can affirm that, in the greater number of my interviews with his Holiness, he has assured me that he was treated by the Emperor Napoleon with all the personal respect which he could desire. These are his words :

“‘Personalmente non ho avuto di che dolermi; non ho mancato di nulla; la mia persona fu sempre rispettata e trattata in modo da non potermi lagnare.’

“*I have no cause personally to complain. I was never permitted to want for any thing. My person was always respected, and treated in such a manner as to afford me no occasion for complaint.*”

The palace of Fontainebleau, with its magnificent furnishing and appliances, was a very different residence from the dilapidated, rat-infested hut at St. Helena. Napoleon was not an ungenerous foe.

regarded. Majestic monuments, half buried beneath the ruins of centuries, were restored to the world in renovated splendor. The stately column of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the beautiful pillars of the temple of Jupiter Stator, were relieved of encumbering loads of rubbish, and again exhibited their exquisite proportions in the bright Italian sun. The immense area of the Coliseum was cleared of the accumulated débris of ages, revealing to the astonished eye long-buried wonders. The buildings which deformed the ancient Forum were removed, and all the gigantic remains of ancient Rome were explored and rescued from destruction, by the wakeful eye and the refined taste of Napoleon. Large sums were expended upon the Quirinal palace. A salutary and efficient police was immediately organized, instantly arresting those multiplied disorders which had so long disgraced the Papal metropolis. A double row of ornamental trees was planted to embellish the walk from the Arch of Constantine to the Appian Way, and thence to the Forum. Energetic measures were adopted for the drainage of the immense Pontine Marshes, so fertile in disease and death. Preparations were commenced for turning aside the channel of the Tiber, to reclaim those inestimable treasures of art which were buried beneath its waves by Gothic invaders. Such were Napoleon's exertions for public improvement, while the combined monarchs of Europe were struggling to crush him.*

CHAPTER X.

THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

Duty of the Historian—Deeds and Sayings—Announcement to Josephine—Interview between the Emperor and Eugene—Consummation of the Divorce—Departure of the Empress—Letters of the Emperor—Interview at Malmaison of Napoleon and Josephine—Remarks of Napoleon at St. Helena.

IT is the duty of the historian of Napoleon faithfully to record what he has said and what he has done. His sayings are as remarkable as his doings. Both alike bear the impress of his wonderful genius. Fortunately, respecting the deeds which he performed, there is no room for controversy. They are admitted by all. The gaze of the world was upon him. Whether he had a right to do what he did, and what the motives were which impelled him, are questions upon which the world is divided. We are not aware that there is a single important fact stated in these pages which is not admitted by Napoleon's most hostile biographers.

The striking explanations of Napoleon, and his comments upon his career, are equally authentic. His words are presented as recorded by Count Pelet

* "Napoleon," says Sir Walter Scott, "was himself an Italian,¹ and showed his sense of his origin by the particular care which he always took of that nation, where, whatever benefits his administration conferred on the people, reached them more profusely and more directly than in any other part of his empire. That swelling spirit entertained the proud, and, could it have been accomplished consistently with justice, the noble idea of uniting the beautiful peninsula of Italy into one kingdom, of which Rome should once more be the capital. He also nourished the hope of clearing out the Eternal City from the ruins in which she was buried, of preserving her ancient monuments, and of restoring what was possible of her ancient splendor."

¹ Sir Walter is inaccurate: Napoleon was a Frenchman, of Italian ancestry.

de Lozerne, Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, Caulaincourt, the Duke of Vicenza, the Baron Meneval, the Duchess of Abrantes, General Rapp, Louis Bonaparte, General Count Montholon, Dr. O'Meara, Count Las Casas, Dr. Antommarchi, and others who were near his person, and who received his words from his own lips. In recording the sublime tragedy of the divorce, we act but as the scribe of history. The scenes which transpired and the words which were uttered are here registered.

Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, was perhaps as well acquainted with the secret thoughts of Napoleon as any one could be. He thus speaks of the motives by which the Emperor was influenced :

“ A thousand idle stories have been related concerning the Emperor's motives for breaking the bonds which he had contracted upward of fifteen years before, and separating from a person who was the partner of his existence during the most stormy events of his glorious career. It was ascribed to his ambition to connect himself with royal blood ; and malevolence has delighted in spreading the report that to this consideration he had sacrificed every other. This opinion was quite erroneous, and he was as unfairly dealt with on the subject as all persons are who happen to be placed above the level of mankind. Nothing can be more true than that the sacrifice of the object of his affections was the most painful that he experienced throughout his life, and that he would have preferred adopting any other course than the one to which he was driven by motives which I am about to relate. Public opinion was, in general, unjust to the Emperor when he placed the imperial crown upon his head. A feeling of personal ambition was supposed to be the main spring of all his actions. This was, however, a very mistaken impression. I have already mentioned with what reluctance he had altered the form of government, and that if he had not been apprehensive that the state would again fall a prey to those dissensions which are inseparable from an elective form of government, he would not have changed an order of things which appeared to have been the first solid conquest achieved by the Revolution. Ever since he had brought the nation back to monarchical principles, he had neglected no means of consolidating institutions which permanently secured those principles, and yet firmly established the superiority of modern ideas over antiquated customs. Differences of opinion could no longer create any disturbance respecting the form of government when his career should be closed. But this was not enough. It was further requisite that the line of inheritance should be defined in so clear a manner, that, at his death, no pretense might be made for the contention of any claimants to the throne ; for, if such a misfortune were to take place, the least foreign intervention would have sufficed to revive a spirit of discord among us. His feeling of personal ambition consisted, in this case, in a desire to hand his work down to posterity, and to resign to his successor a state resting upon his numerous trophies for its stability. He could not be blind to the fact that the perpetual warfare into which a jealousy of his strength had plunged him, had, in reality, no other object than his own downfall, because with him must necessarily crumble that gigantic power which was no longer upheld by the revolutionary energy he had himself repressed.

“ The Emperor had not any children. The Empress had two. But he

never could have entertained a thought of them without exposing himself to most serious inconveniences. I believe, however, that if the two children of the Empress had been the only ones in his family, he would have made some arrangements for securing his inheritance to Eugene. He, however, dismissed the idea of appointing him his heir, because he had nearer relations, and it would have given rise to disunions, which it was his principal object to avoid. He also considered the necessity in which he was placed of forming an alliance sufficiently powerful, in order that, in the event of his system being at any time threatened, that alliance might be a resting-point, and save it from total ruin. He likewise hoped that it would be the means of putting an end to that series of wars, of which he was desirous above all things to avoid a recurrence. These were the motives which determined him to break a union so long contracted. He wished it less for himself than for the purpose of interesting a powerful state in the maintenance of the order of things established in France. He reflected often on the mode of making this communication to the Empress. Still he was reluctant to speak to her. He was apprehensive of the consequences of her tenderness of feeling. His heart was never proof against the shedding of tears."

The moral sentiment of France had been severely shaken by the Revolution. The Christian doctrine of the unalterable sacredness of the marriage tie was but feebly recognized. "Though Josephine," says Thiers, "was loved as an amiable sovereign, who represented goodness and grace by the side of might, the French desired, with regret for her, another marriage, which should give heirs to the empire. Nor did they confine themselves to wishes on the subject." Such was the state of public feeling, which Napoleon fully apprehended. He sent for the Arch-chancellor Cambacères, and communicated to him the resolution he had adopted. He stated the reasons for the divorce, spoke of the anguish which the stern necessity caused his affections, and declared his intention to invest the act with forms the most affectionate and the most honorable to Josephine. "I will have nothing," said he, "which can resemble a repudiation; nothing but a mere dissolution of the conjugal tie, founded upon mutual consent—a consent itself founded on the interests of the empire. Josephine is to be provided with a palace in Paris; with a princely residence in the country; with an income of six hundred thousand dollars; and is to occupy the first rank among the princesses after the future empress. I wish ever to keep her near me as my best and most affectionate friend."

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement of the dreadful tidings to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. Rumors of the approaching calamity had for a long time reached the ears of the Empress, and had filled her heart with anguish. Napoleon and Josephine were at Fontainebleau. A general instinct of the impending woe seemed to have shrouded the palace in gloom. The guests had departed, and the cheerless winds of approaching winter sighed through the leafless forest. Josephine spent the morning alone in her chamber, bathed in tears. Napoleon had no heart to approach his woe-stricken and injured wife. He also passed the morning alone in his cabinet. They met at the dinner-table. They sat down in silence. It was a strange repast. Not a word was uttered. Not

a glance was interchanged. Course after course was brought in and removed untasted. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Josephine sat motionless as a marble statue. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically struck the edge of his glass with his knife, absorbed in painful musings. The tedious ceremony of the dinner was at last over. The attendants retired. Napoleon arose, closed the door, and was alone with Josephine. Pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, he approached the Empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and with a faltering voice said,

“Josephine, my own good Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the welfare of France.”



THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

The cruel blow, all expected as it was, pierced that loving heart. Josephine fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, rushed to the door, and called for assistance. The Count de Beaumont entered, and with the aid of the Emperor conveyed the helpless Josephine up a flight of stairs to her apartment. She murmured as they bore her along, “Oh, no! no! you can not do it. You surely would not kill me.”

Napoleon was intensely agitated. He placed her upon her bed, rang for her waiting-women, and hung over her with an expression of deep affection and anxiety. As consciousness seemed returning, he retired to his own apartment, where he paced the floor in anguish until the dawn of the morning.

He gave free utterance to his agitated feelings, regardless of those who were present. Trembling with emotion, and with tears filling his eyes, he said as he walked restlessly to and fro, articulating with difficulty, and frequently pausing between his words,

"The interests of France and my destiny have wrung my heart. The divorce has become an imperious duty, from which I must not shrink. Yet the scene which I have just witnessed cuts me to the soul. Josephine should have been prepared for this by Hortense. I communicated to her the melancholy obligation which compels our separation. I am grieved to the heart. I thought she had more firmness. I looked not for this excess of agony."

Every hour during the night he called at her door to inquire respecting her situation. The affectionate Hortense was with her mother. In respectful, yet reproachful terms, she assured the Emperor that Josephine would descend from the throne, as she had ascended it, in obedience to his will; and that her children, content to renounce grandeurs which had not made them happy, would gladly go and devote their lives to comforting the best and most affectionate of mothers. Napoleon could no longer restrain his emotion. He freely wept. He gave utterance to all the grief he felt, and reiterated the urgency of the political considerations which, in his view, rendered the sacrifice necessary.

"Do not leave me, Hortense," said he; "but stay by me with Eugene. Help me to console your mother, and render her calm, resigned, and even happy in remaining my friend, while she ceases to be my wife."

Eugene was summoned from Italy. His sister threw herself into his arms, and acquainted him with their mother's sad lot. Eugene hastened to the saloon of his beloved mother. After a short interview with her, he repaired to the cabinet of the Emperor, and inquired if he intended to obtain a divorce from the Empress. Napoleon, who was strongly attached to Eugene, could make no reply, but simply pressed the hand of the noble son. Eugene immediately recoiled from the Emperor, and said, severely,

"Sire, in that case, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How!" exclaimed Napoleon, looking upon him sadly; "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, forsake me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene replied; "the son of her who is no longer Empress can not remain viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Tears filled the eyes of the Emperor. "Eugene," said he, in a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, "you know the stern necessity which compels this measure; and will you forsake me? Whom then should I have for a son? the object of my desires and preserver of my interests; who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? who would bring him up? who is to make a man of him?"

Eugene, deeply moved, took Napoleon's arm, and they retired to the garden, where they conversed a long time together.

The noble Josephine, with a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice never surpassed, urged her son to remain the friend of Napoleon. "The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor, your more than father, to whom you are indebted for every thing, and to whom, therefore, you owe boundless obedience."

The melancholy day for the consummation of this cruel tragedy soon arrived. It was the 15th of December, 1809. In the grand saloon of the Tuileries there were assembled all the members of the imperial family and the most illustrious officers of the empire. Gloom overshadowed all. Napoleon, with a pallid cheek, but with a firm voice, thus addressed them:

“The political interests of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge the reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows how much such a determination has cost my heart. But there is no sacrifice too great for my courage when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. She shall always retain the rank and title of Empress. Above all, let her never doubt my affection, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend.”

Napoleon having ended, Josephine, holding a paper in her hands, endeavored to read. But her heart was broken with grief. Uncontrollable sobs choked her voice. She handed the paper to M. Reynaud, and, burying her face in her handkerchief, sank into her chair. He read as follows:

“With the permission of my august and dear spouse, I must declare that, retaining no hope of having children who may satisfy the requirements of his policy and the interests of France, I have the pleasure of giving him the greatest proof of attachment and devotedness that was ever given on earth. I owe all to his bounty. It was his hand that crowned me, and on his throne I have received only manifestations of affection and love from the French people. I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which is now an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know how much this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has rent his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country.”

“After these words,” says Thiers, “the noblest ever uttered under such circumstances—for never, it must be confessed, did vulgar passions less prevail in an act of this kind—Napoleon, embracing Josephine, led her to her own apartment, where he left her, almost fainting, in the arms of her children.”

On the ensuing day the Senate was assembled in the grand saloon to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. Eugene presided. He announced the desire of his mother and the Emperor to dissolve their marriage. "The tears of his majesty at this separation," said the prince, "are sufficient for the glory of my mother." The Emperor, dressed in the robes of state, and pale as a statue of marble, leaned against a pillar, care-worn and wretched. Folding his arms upon his breast, with his eyes fixed upon vacancy, he stood in gloomy silence. It was a funeral scene. The low hum of mournful voices alone disturbed the silence of the room. A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment. Upon it there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. The company gazed silently upon it as the instrument of the most soul-harrowing execution.



SUNDERING THE TIE.

A side-door opened, and Josephine entered. Her face was as white as the simple muslin robe she wore. She was leaning upon the arm of Hor-

tense. who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was sobbing most convulsively. The whole assembly, upon the entrance of Josephine, instinctively arose. All were moved to tears. With her own peculiar grace, Josephine advanced to the seat provided for her. Leaning her pale forehead upon her hand, she listened with the calmness of stupor to the reading of the act of separation. The convulsive sobbings of Hortense, mingling with the subdued and mournful tones of the reader's voice, added to the tragic impressiveness of the scene. Eugene, pale, and trembling as an aspen-leaf, stood by the side of his adored mother.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine, for a moment, in anguish, pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then, rising, in tones clear, musical, but tremulous with repressed emotion, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Eugene could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful yet sublime tragedy.

Josephine remained in her chamber overwhelmed with speechless grief. A sombre night darkened over the city, oppressed by the gloom of this cruel sacrifice. The hour arrived at which Napoleon usually retired for sleep. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful and devoted wife, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, her hair disordered, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. Hardly conscious of what she did in the delirium of her woe, she tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed of her former husband. Then irresolutely stopping, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had *now* no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon. In another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting every thing in the fullness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was entirely vanquished. He also wept convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and to comfort her. For some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The valet-de-chambre, who was still present, was dismissed, and for an hour Napoleon and Josephine continued together in this their last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish such as few human hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom she had so long and so faithfully loved. An attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the Emperor so buried beneath the bed-clothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left alone in darkness and silence to the melancholy companionship of his own thoughts.

The next morning, the death-like pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance, attested that the Emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and in suffering.

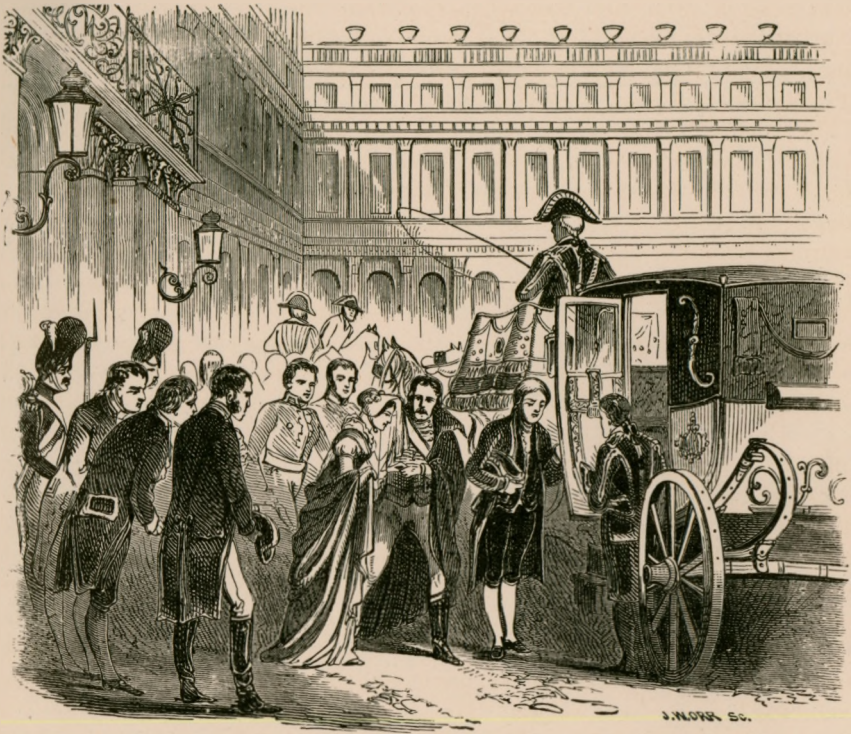
The beautiful palace of Malmaison, which Napoleon had embellished with every possible attraction, and where the Emperor and Empress had passed many of their happiest hours, was assigned to Josephine for her future residence. She retained the rank and title of Empress, with a jointure of about 600,000 dollars a year.

The grief of Napoleon was unquestionably sincere. It could not but be so. He had formed no new attachment. He was influenced by no vagrant passion. He truly loved Josephine. He consequently resolved to retire for a time to the seclusion of Trianon. He seemed desirous that the externals of mourning should accompany an event so mournful.

“The orders for the departure for Trianon,” says the Baron Meneval, Napoleon’s private secretary, “had been previously given. When, in the morning, the Emperor was informed that his carriages were ready, he took his hat and said, ‘Meneval, come with me.’ I followed him by the little winding staircase which, from his cabinet, communicated with the apartment of the Empress. Josephine was alone, and appeared absorbed in the most melancholy reflections. At the noise which we made in entering, she eagerly rose, and threw herself, sobbing, upon the neck of the Emperor. He pressed her to his bosom with the most ardent embraces. In the excess of her emotion she fainted. I rang the bell for succor. The Emperor, wishing to avoid the renewal of scenes of anguish which he could no longer alleviate, placed the Empress in my arms as soon as she began to revive. Directing me not to leave her, he hastily retired to his carriage, which was waiting for him at the door. The Empress, perceiving the departure of the Emperor, redoubled her tears and moans. Her women placed her upon a sofa. She seized my hands, and frantically urged me to entreat Napoleon not to forget her, and to assure him that her love would survive every event. She made me promise to write her immediately on my arrival at Trianon, and to see that the Emperor wrote to her also. She could hardly consent to let me go, as if my departure would break the last tie which still connected her with the Emperor. I left her, deeply moved by the exhibition of a grief so true, and an attachment so sincere. I was profoundly saddened during my ride, and I could not refrain from deploring the rigorous exigencies of state, which rudely sundered the ties of a long-trying affection, to impose another union offering only uncertainties. Having arrived at Trianon, I gave the Emperor a faithful account of all that had transpired after his departure. He was still oppressed by the melancholy scenes through which he had passed. He dwelt upon the noble qualities of Josephine, and upon the sincerity of the affection which she cherished for him. He ever after preserved for her the most tender attachment. The same evening he wrote to her a letter to console her solitude.”

At eleven o’clock all the household of the Tuileries were assembled upon the grand stair-case to witness the departure of their beloved mistress from scenes where she had so long been the brightest ornament. Josephine descended from her apartment, veiled from head to foot. Her emotions were

too deep for utterance. Silently she waved an adieu to the affectionate and weeping friends who surrounded her. A close carriage with six horses was before the door. She entered it, sank back upon the cushions, buried her face in her handkerchief, and, sobbing bitterly, left the Tuileries forever.



DEPARTURE OF JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon passed eight days in the retirement of Trianon. During this time he visited Josephine at Malmaison, and also received her to dine with him and with Hortense at Trianon.

The following letter, written to Josephine by Napoleon at this time, reveals his feelings :

“ Eight o'clock in the evening, Dec., 1809.

“ My Love,—I found you to-day more feeble than you ought to be. You have exhibited much fortitude, and it is necessary that you should still continue to sustain yourself. You must not yield to funeral melancholy. Strive to be tranquil, and, above all, to preserve your health, which is so precious to me. If you are attached to me, if you love me, you must maintain your energy, and strive to be cheerful. You can not doubt my constancy and my tender affection. You know too well all the sentiments with which I regard you to suppose that I can be happy if you are unhappy, that I can be serene if you are agitated. Adieu, my love. Sleep well. Believe that I wish it.

“ NAPOLEON.”

The Emperor soon returned to Paris, where he remained for three months.

burying himself entirely in the multiplicity of his affairs. He was calm and joyless, and a general gloom surrounded him. He expressed himself as much affected by the dreary solitude of the palace, which was no longer animated by the presence of Josephine. From the Tuileries he thus wrote to his exiled wife :

“ Wednesday noon.

“ Eugene has told me that you were yesterday very sad. That is not right, my love. It is contrary to what you have promised me. I have been very lonely in returning to the Tuileries. This great palace appears to me empty, and I find myself in solitude. Adieu, my love. Be careful of your health.

NAPOLEON.”

The following is a fac-simile of this letter, the first which he wrote to the Empress after his return to the Tuileries :*

Negotiations were now in progress for the new nuptials. It was for some time undecided whether the alliance should be with Austria, with Russia, or with Saxony.

*

“ Eugene m'a dit que tu avais été toute triste hier. Cela n'est pas bien, mon amie. C'est contraire à ce que tu m'avais promis. J'ai été fort ennuyé de revoir les Tuileries. Ce grand palais m'a paru vide, et je m'y suis trouvé isolé.

Adieu, mon amie. Porte-toi bien.

“ NAPOLEON.”

Josephine was still surrounded with all the external splendors of royalty. Napoleon frequently called upon her, though from motives of delicacy he never saw her alone. He consulted her respecting all his plans, and assiduously cherished her friendship. It was soon manifest that the surest way of securing the favor of Napoleon was to pay marked attention to Josephine. The palace of Malmaison consequently became the favorite resort of the court. Some time after the divorce, Madame de Rochefoucault, formerly mistress of the robes to Josephine, deserting the forsaken empress, applied for the same post of honor in the household of her successor. To the application Napoleon replied, "No, she shall retain neither her old situation nor have the new one. I am charged with ingratitude toward Josephine. But I will have no imitators, especially among those whom she has honored with her confidence and loaded with benefits."

Josephine remained for some time at Malmaison. In deeds of kindness to the poor, in reading, and in receiving, with the utmost elegance of hospitality, the members of the court, who were ever crowding her saloons, she gradually regained equanimity of spirits, and surrendered herself to a quiet and pensive submission. Napoleon frequently called to see her, and, taking her arm, he would walk for hours in the embowered paths of the lovely chateau, confidently unfolding to her all his plans. He seemed to desire to do every thing in his power to alleviate the intensity of anguish with which he had wrung her heart. His own affections still clung to Josephine. Her lovely and noble character commanded increasingly his homage.

Josephine thus describes an interview with Napoleon at Malmaison: "I was one day painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, when one of my women ran toward me, and made a sign by placing her finger upon her lips. The next moment I was overpowered—I beheld Napoleon. He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. Oh, then I was convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me, and his look was that of most tender affection. At length, in a tone of deepest compassion and love, he said,

"My dear Josephine, I have always loved you. I love you still. Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me, in spite of the relations I have again contracted, and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished you from my memory?"

"Sire!" I replied—

"Call me Bonaparte!" said he; 'speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever.'

"Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard only the sound of his retiring footsteps. Oh, how quickly does every thing take place on earth! I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved."

The divorce of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, was a violation of the immutable laws of God. Like all wrong doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. Doubtless Napoleon, educated in the midst of those convulsions which had shaken all the foundations of Christian morality, did not clearly perceive the extent of the wrong. He unquestionably felt that he was doing right—that

the interests of France demanded the sacrifice. But the penalty was none the less inevitable. At St. Helena Napoleon remarked,

“My divorce has no parallel in history. It did not destroy the ties which united our families, and our mutual tenderness remained unchanged. Our separation was a sacrifice demanded of us by reason for the interests of my crown and of my dynasty. Josephine was devoted to me. She loved me tenderly. No one ever had a preference over me in her heart. I occupied the first place in it, her children the next. She was right in thus loving me, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind.”

Again he said, “Josephine was really an amiable woman—she was so kind, so humane. She was the best woman in France.”

Upon another occasion he said, “A son by Josephine would have completed my happiness, not only in a political point of view, but as a source of domestic felicity. As a political result, it would have secured to me the possession of the throne. The French people would have been as much attached to the son of Josephine as they were to the King of Rome, and I should not have set my foot on an abyss covered with a bed of flowers. But how vain are all human calculations! Who can pretend to decide on what may lead to happiness or unhappiness in this life!”

CHAPTER XI.

MARIA LOUISA.

Assembling of the Privy Council—Noble Reply to the Wishes of Alexander—Napoleon's Overtures at the Austrian Court accepted—The Marriage solemnized at Vienna—Celebration of the civil Marriage in Paris—Letters from Josephine—Unavailing Efforts for Peace with England—Correspondence of the Emperor and the King of Holland—Von der Sulhn—Baron Kolli—Birth of the King of Rome—Letter of Josephine—Note of the Emperor—Letter of Josephine after seeing the Child—Testimony of Baron Meneval—Anecdote—Justice of the Emperor.

THE question was still undecided who should be the future empress. Many contradictory opinions prevailed; and Napoleon himself remained for a time in uncertainty. On the 21st of January, 1810, a Privy Council was assembled in the Tuileries to deliberate upon a matter of such transcendent importance to the welfare of France. Napoleon, grave and impassible, was seated in the imperial chair. All the grand dignitaries of the empire were present. Napoleon opened the meeting by saying,

“I have assembled you to obtain your advice upon the greatest interest of state—upon the choice of a spouse who is to give heirs to the empire. Listen to the report of M. de Champagny, after which you will please, each of you, give me your opinion.”

An elaborate report was presented upon the three alliances between which the choice lay—the Russian, the Austrian, and the Saxon. After the report there was a long silence, no one venturing to speak first. Napoleon then commenced upon his left, and called upon each individual, in his turn, for his opinion. There was in the council a strong majority in favor of the Austrian princess. During the interview Napoleon remained calm, silent, and impenetrable. Not a muscle of his marble face revealed any bias of his

own. At the close, he thanked the members for their excellent advice, and said,

"I will weigh your arguments in my mind. I am convinced that, whatever difference there may be between your views, the opinion of each of you has been determined by an enlightened zeal for the interests of the state, and by a faithful attachment to my person."

Some cautious words were at first addressed to the court of St. Petersburg. Alexander favored the alliance. He was, however, much annoyed by the opposition which he had already encountered from the queen mother and the nobles. He hoped to regain their favor by constraining Napoleon, as a condition of the alliance, to pledge himself never to allow the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, or any enlargement of the Duchy of Warsaw.

"To enter," Napoleon nobly replied, "into an absolute and general engagement that the kingdom of Poland shall never be re-established, were an undignified and imprudent act on my part. If the Poles, taking advantage of favorable circumstances, should rise up of themselves, alone, and hold Russia in check, must I then employ my forces against them? If they find allies, must I march to combat those allies? This would be asking of me a thing impossible—dishonoring. I can say that no co-operation, direct or indirect, shall be furnished by me toward an attempt at reconstituting Poland. But I can go no further. As to the future aggrandizement of the Duchy of Warsaw, I can not bind myself against them, except Russia, in reciprocity, pledges herself never to add to her dominions any portion detached from the old Polish provinces."*

The haughty empress mother was not prepared to decline so brilliant a proposal. She, however, was disposed to take time for consideration. "A Russian princess," said she, "is not to be won, like a peasant girl, merely by the asking." The impetuous nature of Napoleon could not brook such dalliance. With characteristic promptness, he dispatched a communication to St. Petersburg, informing Alexander that he considered himself released from

* Caulaincourt, the French minister at St. Petersburg, hoping to facilitate the negotiations then pending for a matrimonial alliance, signed a convention on the 5th of January, 1810, containing the following conditions: "That the Polish kingdom should never be re-established; that the names of Poland and the Poles should cease to be used in all public acts; and that the Duchy of Warsaw should receive no new territorial accessions from any portion of ancient Poland." *But Napoleon promptly refused to ratify such preliminaries.* To avenge the affront, Alexander immediately withdrew many of the restrictions by which British commerce had been excluded from his ports. Sir Archibald Alison, though aware of this fact, yet attributing to Napoleon the act of the French minister, which Napoleon refused to recognize, says:

"Napoleon, however, spared no efforts to appease the Czar; and, being well aware that it was the secret dread of the restoration of Poland which was the spring of all their uneasiness, he engaged not only to concur with Alexander in every thing which should tend to efface ancient recollections, but even declared that he was desirous that the name of Poland and of the Poles should disappear, not merely from every political transaction, but even from history. How fortunate that the eternal records of history are beyond the potentates who for a time oppress mankind!"

That Alexander desired this iniquity is universally admitted. But Alexander was the ally of England in the overthrow of Napoleon. *Alexander became the foe of Napoleon because Napoleon would not permit the Czar to annex Constantinople to his empire, and would not aid him in crushing the Poles. The guns of the Allies demolished the Duchy of Warsaw, and annihilated the hopes of Poland.* We marvel at the boldness of the historian who, in view of such uncontradicted facts, speak of the Allies as contending for the liberties of Europe.

the preference he had thought due to the sister of a monarch who had been his ally and his friend.

On the same day a communication was opened with the court of Austria. The propositions were with alacrity accepted. The Emperor Francis was highly pleased with the arrangement, as it sundered the union of Russia with France, and secured to his daughter the finest fortune imaginable. The young Princess Maria Louisa was eighteen years of age, of graceful figure, excellent health, and a fair German complexion. "She accepted," says Thiers, "with becoming reserve, but with much delight, the brilliant lot offered her." The Emperor of Russia was exceedingly disappointed and vexed at this result. He is reported to have exclaimed, when he heard the tidings, "This condemns me to my native forests." The alliance of Austria with France annihilated his hopes of obtaining Constantinople.*

Arrangements were immediately made for the nuptials. Berthier was sent as Napoleon's ambassador extraordinary to demand Maria Louisa in marriage. Napoleon selected his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles, to stand as his proxy and represent him in the marriage ceremony. How strange the change! But a few months before, Napoleon and the archduke had struggled against each other in the horrid carnage of Eckmühl, Essling, and Wagram. Now, in confiding friendship, the Austrian prince, personating the Emperor of France, received his bride.

On the 11th of March, 1810, the marriage ceremony was solemnized with a splendor which Vienna has never seen paralleled, and in the midst of a universal outburst of popular gladness. Maria Louisa was conveyed in triumph to France. Exultant joy greeted her every step of the way. It was arranged that at the magnificent royal palace of Compiègne she was to meet Napoleon for the first time, surrounded by his whole court. To save her from the embarrassment of such an interview, Napoleon set out from Compiègne, accompanied by Murat, that he might more privately greet her on the road. Neither of them had as yet seen the other. As the cavalcade approached, Napoleon, springing from his carriage, leaped into that of the Empress, and welcomed her with the most cordial embrace. The high-born

* "We are pleased with this event," said Romanzoff, the Chancellor of Russia, to Caulaincourt. "We feel no envy at Austria. We have no cause of complaint against her. Every thing that secures her tranquillity and that of Europe can not but be agreeable to us." "Congratulate the Emperor," said Alexander, "on his choice. He wishes to have children. All France desires it. This alliance is for Austria and France a pledge of peace, and I am delighted. Personally, I may have some reason to complain. But I do not do so. I rejoice at whatever is for the good of France." In the same interview, however, Alexander did complain most bitterly.

"When such," says Alison, "was the language of the Emperor, it may be conceived what were the feelings of St. Petersburg, and how materially the discontent of the court weakened the French influence, already so hateful to the nobles and the people. These details are not foreign to the dignity of history; they are intimately blended with the greatest events which modern history has witnessed; for though governed in his policy generally only by state policy, and a perfect master of dissimulation, Alexander was scrupulously attentive to his private honor; the coldness between the two courts soon became apparent; but such is the weakness of human nature, alike in its most exalted as in its humblest stations, that possibly political considerations might have failed to extricate the cabinet of St. Petersburg from the fetters of Tilsit and Erfurth if they had not been aided by private pique, and Napoleon been still on the throne if to the slavery of Europe and the wrongs of the Emperor had not been superadded, in the breast of the Czar, the wounded feelings of the man."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iii., p. 334.

bride was much gratified with the unexpected ardor and with the youthful appearance of her husband. The Emperor took his seat by her side, and seemed much pleased by her mild beauty, her intelligence, and her gentle spirit.* Napoleon was at this period of his life remarkably handsome. There was not a furrow upon his cheek; his complexion was an almost transparent olive, and his features were of the most classic mould. Maria Louisa was surprised to find her illustrious husband so attractive in his person and in his address. "Your portrait, sire," said she, "has not done you justice."

The marriage ceremonies which had taken place in Vienna were in accordance with the usages of the Austrian court. The marriage was complete and irrevocable. Napoleon made particular inquiries upon this point of the supreme judicial tribunal of France. The repetition of the ceremony at Paris was merely a formality, arranged as a mark of respect to the nation over which the new sovereign came to reign. Napoleon, among other benefactions on the occasion of his marriage, gave a dowry of one hundred and forty dollars to each of six thousand young girls who, on the day of the solemnization of his own nuptials, should marry a soldier of his army, of established bravery and good conduct.

The bridal party remained at Compiegne three days. The civil marriage was again celebrated at St. Cloud on the 1st of April. The next day Napoleon and Maria Louisa, surrounded by the marshals of the empire, and followed by the imperial family and the court in a hundred carriages, made their triumphal entry into Paris by the Arch of the Etoile. The Emperor and Empress were seated in the coronation carriage, whose spacious glass panels exhibited them to the three hundred thousand spectators who thronged that magnificent avenue. As the imperial couple moved slowly along, they were greeted in one continuous and exultant roar of enthusiastic acclaim. They traversed the Champs Elysées through a double range of most sumptuous decorations, and entered the palace of the Tuileries by the garden. The nuptial altar was erected in the grand saloon. Leading the Empress by the hand, Napoleon passed through that noble gallery of paintings, the longest and richest in the world, which connects the Louvre with the Tuileries. The most distinguished people of the empire, in two rows, lined his path and gazed with admiration upon the man whose genius had elevated France from the abyss of anarchy to the highest pinnacle of dignity and power.

In the evening, in a chapel dazzling with gold, and illuminated to a degree of brilliance which surpassed noonday splendor, he received the nuptial benediction. All Paris seemed intoxicated with joy. Every murmur was hushed. Every apprehension seemed to have passed away. The dripping

* Maria Louisa afterward confessed to Napoleon that, when her marriage was first proposed, she could not help feeling a kind of terror, owing to the awful accounts she had heard of him. Upon mentioning these reports to her uncles, they replied, "That was all very true while he was our enemy. But the case is altered now."

"To afford an idea of the sympathy and good-will with which the different members of the Austrian family were taught to regard me," said the Emperor, "it is sufficient to mention that one of the young archdukes frequently burned his dolls, which he called *roasting Napoleon*. He afterward declared that he would not roast me any more, for he loved me very much, because I had given his sister Louisa plenty of money to buy him playthings."



ENTRANCE INTO PARIS

sword was sheathed, and peace again smiled upon the Continent, so long ravaged by war.

The ringing of the bells and the booming of the cannon, which announced the marriage of Napoleon, forced tears of anguish into the eyes of Josephine in her silent chamber. With heroism almost more than mortal, she struggled to discipline her feelings to submission.

The beautiful chateau of Malmaison is but a few miles distant from Paris. Napoleon, to spare the feelings of Josephine, so far as possible, under this cruel trial, assigned to her the palace of Navarre, where she would be further removed from the torturing rejoicings of the metropolis. Soon after her arrival at Navarre, she wrote thus to the Emperor :

“Sire,—I received this morning the welcome note which was written on the eve of your departure for St. Cloud, and hasten to reply to its tender and affectionate contents. These, indeed, do not surprise me, so perfectly assured was I that your attachment would find out the means of consoling me under a separation necessary to the tranquillity of both. The thought that your care follows me into my retreat renders it almost agreeable. After having known all the sweets of a love that is shared, and all the sufferings of one that is shared no longer; after having exhausted all the pleasures that supreme power can confer, and the happiness of beholding the man whom I loved enthusiastically admired, is there aught else save repose to be desired? What illusions can now remain for me? All such vanished when it became necessary to renounce you. Thus the only ties which yet bind me to life are my sentiments for you, attachment for my children, the possibility of still being able to do some good, and, above all, the assurance that you are happy.

“I can not sufficiently thank you, sire, for the liberty you have permitted me of choosing the members of my household. One circumstance alone gives me pain, viz., the etiquette of custom, which becomes a little tiresome in the country. You fear that there may be something wanting to the rank I have preserved, should a slight infraction be allowed in the toilet of these gentlemen. But I believe you are wrong in thinking they would for one minute forget the respect due to the woman who was your companion. Their respect for yourself, joined to the sincere attachment they bear to me, secures me against the danger of being ever obliged to recall what it is your wish that they should remember. My most honorable title is derived, not from having been crowned, but, assuredly, from having been chosen by you. None other is of value. That alone suffices for my immortality.

“I expect Eugene. I doubly long to see him, for he will doubtless bring me a new pledge of your remembrance, and I can question him at my ease of a thousand things concerning which I desire to be informed, but of which I can not inquire of you; things, too, of which you ought still less to speak to me. Do not forget *your friend*. Tell her sometimes that you preserve for her an attachment which constitutes the felicity of her life. Often repeat to her that you are happy; and be assured that for her the future will thus be peaceful, as the past has been stormy and often sad.”

In less than three weeks after Napoleon had entered Paris with his Austrian bride, Josephine wrote to him the following touching letter, involuntarily revealing the intensity of her sufferings:

“Navarre, 19th April, 1810.

“Sire,—I have received by my son the assurance of your majesty’s consent to my return to Malmaison. This favor, sire, dissipates in a great degree the solicitude and even the fears with which the long silence of your majesty had inspired me. I had feared that I was entirely banished from his memory. I see that I am not so. I am consequently to-day less sorrowful, and even as happy as it is henceforth possible for me to be. I shall return at the close of the month to Malmaison, since your majesty sees no objection. But I ought to say, sire, that I should not so speedily have profited by the permission which your majesty has given me in this respect, if the house of

Navarre did not require for my health, and for that of the persons of my household, important repairs. It is my intention to remain at Malmaison but a short time. I shall soon put myself at a distance again by going to the waters. But during the time that I shall remain at Malmaison, your majesty may be sure that I shall live as though I were a thousand leagues from Paris. I have made a great sacrifice, sire, and every day I experience more fully its magnitude. Nevertheless, that sacrifice shall be as it ought to be—it shall be entirely mine. Your majesty shall never be troubled in his happiness by any expression of my grief. I offer incessant prayers that your majesty may be happy. That your majesty may be convinced of it, I shall always respect his new situation. I shall respect it in silence. Trusting in the affection with which he formerly cherished me, I shall not exact any new proof. I shall await the dictates of his justice and of his heart. I limit myself in soliciting one favor: it is, that your majesty will deign to seek himself occasionally the means to convince me, and those who surround me, that I have still a little place in his memory, and a large place in his esteem and in his friendship. These means, whatever they may be, will alleviate my sorrows, without being able to compromise that which to me is the most important of all things, the happiness of your majesty.

JOSEPHINE."

To this letter Napoleon replied in a manner which drew from Josephine's heart the following gushing response:

"A thousand, thousand tender thanks that you have not forgotten me. My son has brought me your letter. With what eagerness have I read it. And yet it took much time, for there was not one word in it which did not make me weep. But these tears were very soothing. I have recovered my heart all entire, and such as it will ever remain. There are sentiments which are even life, and which can pass away only with life. I am in despair that my letter of the 19th has wounded you. I can not recall entirely the expressions, but I know the very painful sentiment which dictated it. It was that of chagrin at not hearing from you. I had written you at my departure from Malmaison, and since, how many times have I desired to write to you! But I perceived the reason of your silence, and I feared to be obtrusive by a single letter. Yours has been a balm to me. May you be happy. May you be as happy as you deserve to be. It is my heart all entire which speaks to you. You have just given me my portion of happiness, and a portion most sensibly appreciated. Nothing is of so much value to me as one mark of your regard. Adieu, my friend. I thank you as tenderly as I always love you.

"JOSEPHINE."

Shortly after his marriage, Napoleon visited, with his young bride, the northern provinces of his empire. They were every where received with every possible demonstration of homage and affection. England, however, still continued unrelentingly to prosecute the war. Napoleon, in addition to the cares of the civil government of his dominions, was compelled to struggle against the herculean assaults of the most rich and powerful nation upon the globe. England, with her bombarding fleet, continued to assail France wher-

ever a shot or a shell could be thrown. She exerted all the influence of intrigue and of gold to rouse the Royalists or the Jacobins of France, it mattered not which, to insurrection, and to infuse undying hostility into the insurgents of Portugal and of Spain. She strove, with the most wakeful vigilance, to prevent the embers of war from being extinguished upon the Continent. With a perseverance worthy of admiration, had it been exerted in a better cause, she availed herself of all the jealousies which Napoleon's wonderful career excited, to combine new coalitions against the great foe of aristocratic usurpation, the illustrious advocate of popular rights. In this attempt she was too successful. The flames of war soon again blazed with redoubled fury over the blood-drenched Continent.*

Napoleon, being now allied with one of the reigning families of Europe, and being thus brought, as it were, into the circle of legitimate kings, hoped that England might at last be persuaded to consent to peace. He therefore made another and most strenuous effort to induce his warlike neighbors to sheathe the sword. He was, however, still unsuccessful. In thus pleading for peace again and again, he went to the very utmost extreme of duty. Truly did Mr. Cobden affirm, "*It is not enough to say that France did not provoke hostilities. She all but went down on her knees to avert a rupture with England.*"

"Ever since his alliance with the house of Austria," says Savary, "the Emperor flattered himself that he had succeeded in his expectations, which had for their object to bind a power of the first order to a system established in France, and accordingly to secure the peace of Europe; in other words, he thought he had no longer to apprehend any fresh coalition. Nothing was, therefore, left unaccomplished except a peace with England. A peace with England was the subject to which his attention was principally directed. Such, in fact, was our position, that, unless England could be prevailed upon to consent to peace, there could be no end to the war. The intervention of Russia had been twice resorted to for bringing about a negotiation with the English government, and it had been rejected by the latter in terms which did not even afford the means of calling upon her for the grounds of her refusal. Still the Emperor could not give up all hope of procuring a favorable hearing for reasonable proposals on his part. He sought the means of sounding the views of the English government for the purpose of ascertaining how far he was justified in not banishing all hope of an accommodation.

"It was necessary that a measure of this nature should be secretly resorted to, otherwise it would have shown his intentions in too open a manner. Holland stood much more in need of a maritime peace than France itself. King Louis enjoyed the good opinion of his subjects, and frankly told the Emperor of the personal inconvenience he should feel in being seated, for a much longer time, upon the throne of a country bereft of its resources. He was the first to open a correspondence with the Emperor's approbation. It

* "On his return from a tour in Holland, at the end of October, Napoleon clearly perceived that a speedy rupture with Russia was inevitable. In vain he sent Lauriston as ambassador to St. Petersburg in the place of Caulaincourt, who could no longer remain there. The most skillful diplomatist that ever existed could effect nothing with a powerful government whose determination was already fixed. In the state to which Europe was reduced, no one could effectually counteract the wish of Russia and her allies to go to war with France."—*Bourrienne's Napoleon*, p. 456.

was carried on under the disguise of a mere commercial intercourse. The firm of Hope, at Amsterdam, transacted more business with England than any other house, and owing to the high consideration which it enjoyed, that house might, while carrying on its commercial affairs, be vested, without any impropriety, with the character which the state matters between the governments would require it to assume. It had for one of its partners M. de Labouchere, who was connected by family ties with one of the first mercantile men in London. M. de Labouchere addressed his reports to the firm of Hope at Amsterdam, who handed them to the king; from the latter they were transmitted to the Emperor."

Fouché, the restless Minister of Police, had also ventured, at the same time, on his own responsibility, unknown to Napoleon, to send a secret agent to sound the British ministry. M. Ouvrard was dispatched on this strange mission. "The consequence was," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Ouvrard and the agent of the Emperor, neither of whom knew of the other's mission, entered about the same time into correspondence with the Marquis of Wellesley. The British statesman, surprised at this double application, became naturally suspicious of some intended deception, and broke off all correspondence both with Ouvrard and his competitor for the office of negotiator." These reiterated and unwearied endeavors of Napoleon to promote peace, notwithstanding repulse and insult, surely indicate that he did not desire war. Napoleon, again disappointed, was exceedingly incensed with Fouché for his inexcusable presumption.

"What was M. Ouvrard commissioned to do in England?" said Napoleon to Fouché, when he was examined before the council.

"To ascertain," Fouché replied, "the disposition of the new Minister for Foreign Affairs in Great Britain, according to the views which I had the honor of submitting to your majesty."

"Thus, then," rejoined Napoleon, "you take upon yourself to make peace or war without my knowledge. Duke of Otranto, your head should fall upon the scaffold."

Fouché was dismissed from the ministry of police. Yet Napoleon, with characteristic generosity, sent him into a kind of honorable banishment as Governor of Rome. "Fouché," said the Emperor, afterward, "is ever thrusting his ugly foot into every body's shoes."

"Marquis Wellesley,"* says Alison, "insisted strongly on the prosperous condition of the British empire, and its ability to withstand a long period of future warfare, from the resources which the monopoly of the trade of the world had thrown into its hands." The English fleet triumphantly swept all seas. The ocean was its undisputed domain. She had just sent a powerful armament and wrested the island of Java from France. "This splendid island," says Alison, "was the last possession beyond the seas which remained to the French empire. Its reduction had long been an object of ambition to the British government. A powerful expedition against Java was fitted out at Madras. The victory was complete. The whole of this noble island thus fell under the dominion of the British. Such was the termina-

* Richard Colley Wellesley, then Secretary of State, brother of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

tion of the maritime war between England and Napoleon. 'Thus was extinguished the LAST REMNANT of the colonial empire of France.' The moral courage which has enabled England, while thus grasping the globe in its arms, to exclaim against *the insatiable ambition* of Bonaparte, is astounding.

"England," continues Alison, "by wresting from her rival all her colonial settlements, had made herself master of the fountains of the human race. But the contest was not to terminate here. The rival powers, thus nursed to greatness on their respective elements, thus alike irresistible on the land and the sea, were now come into fierce and final collision. England was to launch her legions against France, and contend with her ancient rival on her own element for the palm of European ascendancy; the desperate struggle in Russia was to bring to a decisive issue the contest for the mastery of the ancient world."

France, with her fleet destroyed, her maritime commerce annihilated, her foreign possessions wrested from her, her territory bombarded in every vulnerable point by the most powerful navy earth has ever known, and with her reiterated and earnest supplications for peace rejected with contumely and insult, had no means left by which to resist her implacable foe but the enforcement of the Continental system—the exclusion of British goods on the Continent.

Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, more interested in the immediate pecuniary prosperity of his subjects than in the political views of his brother, neglected to enforce the imperial decree against English trade. Consequently, immense importations of English merchandise took place in the ports of Holland, and from thence were smuggled throughout Europe. Napoleon determined to put an end to a state of things so entirely subversive of the effectual yet bloodless warfare he was now waging. He considered that he had a right to demand the co-operation of all those new popular governments which his voice had called into being, and which were entirely dependent upon France for support against surrounding enemies. The overthrow of popular institutions in France would overwhelm them all in common ruin. And, in fact, when Napoleon was finally crushed, constitutional rights and popular liberty, all over Europe, went down into the grave together. Napoleon, consequently, did not feel that he was acting at all the part of a despot in calling upon all those associated and mutually dependent governments to co-operate in a common cause. They had all pledged to him their solemn word that they would do so. Their refusal to redeem this pledge seemed to him to insure the inevitable ruin of all. Prussia and Russia had also pledged the most solemn faith of treaties that they would thus assist Napoleon in his endeavor to spike the guns of England.

The following letter from Napoleon to Louis throws light upon the grounds of complaint against Holland: "Sire, my Brother,—I have received your majesty's letter. You desire me to make known to you my intentions with regard to Holland. I will do it frankly. When your majesty ascended the throne of Holland, part of the Dutch nation wished to be united to France. The esteem for that brave people which I had imbibed from history made me desirous that it should retain its name and its independence. I drew up myself its Constitution, which was to be the basis of your majesty's throne,

and placed you upon it. I hoped that, brought up under me, you would have had such an attachment to France as the nation has a right to expect from its children, and still more from its princes. I had hoped that, educated in my politics, you would have felt that Holland, weak, without an ally, without an army, could and must be conquered the moment she placed herself in direct opposition to France; that she ought not to separate her politics from mine; in short, that she was bound to me by treaties. Thus I imagined that, in placing a prince of my own family upon the throne of Holland, I had a means of reconciling the interests of the two states, and of uniting them in one common cause in a common hostility to England. I know that it is become the fashion with certain people to panegyryze me and deride France. But they who do not love France do not love me. Those who speak ill of my people I consider as my greatest enemies. Your majesty will find in me a brother if I find in you a Frenchman. But should you be unmindful of the sentiments which attach you to our common country, you will not take it amiss if I disregard those which nature formed between us."

Louis remonstrated against the interruption of trade between Holland and England, and finally, in displeasure, abdicated his throne and privately retired from Holland. Ill health, aggravating domestic discontent, embittered his days.

"Louis had been spoiled," said the Emperor at St. Helena, "by reading the works of Rousseau. He contrived to agree with his wife only for a few months. There were faults on both sides. On the one hand, Louis was too teasing in his temper, and, on the other, Hortense was too volatile. They were attached to each other at the time of their marriage, which was agreeable to their mutual wishes. The union was, however, contrived by Josephine, who had her own views in promoting it. I, on the contrary, would rather have extended my connection with other families, and, for a moment, I had an idea of forming a union between Louis and a niece of Talleyrand, who afterward became Madame Juste de Noailles.

"But Hortense—the virtuous, the generous, the devoted Hortense!—was not entirely faultless in her conduct toward her husband. This I must acknowledge in spite of all the affection I bore her, and the sincere attachment which I am sure she entertained for me. Though Louis's whimsical humors were, in all probability, sufficiently teasing, yet he loved Hortense, and in such a case, a woman should learn to subdue her own temper and endeavor to return her husband's attachment. Had she acted in the way most conducive to her interests, she might have avoided her late lawsuit, secured happiness to herself, and followed her husband to Holland. Louis would not then have fled from Amsterdam, and I should not have been compelled to unite his kingdom to mine, a measure which contributed to ruin my credit in Europe."

"There are," Louis wrote to Napoleon, "only three means of attacking England with effect—detaching Ireland from her; capturing her Indian possessions; or a descent on her coast. The two last are impossible without a navy. But I am astonished that the first has been so easily abandoned. These present a more certain means of securing peace than a system which

injures yourself and your allies in an attempt to inflict greater hurt upon your enemies."

Hortense was then in Paris with her two children. She had been separated from her husband. Napoleon took into his lap her little son Napoleon, brother of the present Emperor of France, and said to him, "Come, my son, I will be your father. You shall lose nothing. The conduct of your father grieves me to the heart; but it is to be explained, perhaps, by his infirmities. When you become great, you must add his debt to yours; and never forget that, in whatever situation you are placed by my politics and the interests of my empire, your first duty is toward me, your second toward France. All your other duties, even those toward the people I may confide to you, will rank after these."



THE EMPEROR AND YOUNG NAPOLEON.

"It can not be denied," says Savary, "that the abdication and flight of Louis seriously affected the Emperor's cause in public opinion. It was related to me by a person who was near the Emperor when he received the news of the event, that he never saw him so much struck with astonishment. He remained silent for a few moments, and after a kind of momentary stupor, suddenly appeared to be greatly agitated. He was not then aware of the influence which that circumstance would have over political affairs. His

mind was exclusively taken up with his brother's ingratitude. His heart was ready to burst when he exclaimed,

“ ‘ Was it possible to suspect so mischievous a conduct in the brother most indebted to me? When I was a mere lieutenant of artillery, I brought him up with the scanty means which my pay afforded me. I divided my bread with him. And this is the return he makes for my kindness.’ The Emperor was so overpowered by emotion that his grief is said to have vented itself in sobs.”

Commenting upon these acts at St. Helena, Napoleon said, “ When my brother mistook an act of public scandal for one of glory, and fled from his throne, declaiming against me, my insatiable ambition and intolerable tyranny, what remained for me to do? Was I to abandon Holland to our enemies, or to give it to another king? Could I, in such a case, have expected more from a stranger than from my own brother? Did not all the kings I created act nearly in the same manner? I derived little assistance from my own family. They have deeply injured me and the great cause for which I fought. For the caprice of Louis, perhaps an excuse is to be found in the deplorable state of his health, which must have had a considerable influence upon his mind. He was subject to cruel infirmities. On one side he was almost paralytic. My annexation of Holland to the empire, however, produced a most unfavorable impression throughout Europe, and contributed greatly to lay the foundation of our misfortunes.”

Perplexities were now rapidly multiplying around Napoleon. England was pushing the war in Spain with extraordinary vigor.* Russia, exasperated, was assuming every day a more hostile attitude. Not a French fishing-boat could appear upon the ocean but it was captured by the undisputed sovereign of the seas. The maritime commerce of France was annihilated. There seemed no possible way in which Napoleon could resist his formidable opponent but by the Continental system; and that system destroyed the commerce of Europe and provoked continual antagonism. There was no alternative left to Napoleon but to abandon the struggle, bow humbly to the dictation of England, and surrender France to the Bourbons, or to maintain the system, often by the exercise of arbitrary power. Thus, by the right of might alone, Napoleon annexed to France the little canton of the Valois, which commanded the new route over the Simplon to the kingdom of Italy. With the same usurping power, he established a cordon of troops from the mouth of the Scheldt to that of the Elbe, to protect the coasts of the German Ocean from the bark of the smuggler.†

* The tremendous energy with which England persisted in the war may be inferred from the fact that Parliament voted as supplies for the navy for that year 100,000,000 of dollars; for the army, 130,000,000. The British navy then consisted of 1019 vessels. The total expenditure of the British government for the year amounted to the enormous sum of 470,000,000 of dollars. By such herculean exertions the oligarchy of England finally succeeded in arresting the progress of republican equality, and in riveting anew upon the Continent the chains of feudal despotism. It is a remarkable fact, that Napoleon introduced such order and economy into every department of the government, by giving publicity to all the accounts, and watching them with an eagle eye, that, notwithstanding the incessant wars in which he was involved, the expenses of his administration were no greater than the ancient kingdom had required within greatly contracted limits and in times of peace. Upon his downfall he bequeathed to his country no insupportable burden of debt.

† “ The rigorous enforcement of the Continental system had become the Emperor's sheet anchor.

A young Saxon, twenty years of age, named Von der Sulhn, was arrested in Paris. He confessed that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor, and thus to immortalize his own name by connecting it with that of Napoleon. He said that he knew that the attempt would insure his own death, whether he succeeded or not. "I made a written report to the Emperor," says Savary, "of whatever had preceded and followed the arrest of the young Saxon, whose intentions admitted no longer of any doubt. The Emperor wrote in the margin of my report,

"This affair must be kept concealed, in order to avoid the necessity of publicly following it up. The young man's age must be his excuse. None are criminal at so early an age unless regularly trained to crime. In a few years his turn of mind will alter. Vain would then be the regret of having sacrificed a young madman, and plunged a worthy family into a state of mourning, to which some dishonor would always be attached. Confine him in the castle of Vincennes. Have him treated with all the care which his derangement seems to require. Give him books to read. Let his family be written to, and leave it to time to do the rest. Speak on the subject to the Arch-chancellor, whose advice will be of great assistance to you.'

"In consequence of these orders, young Von der Sulhn was placed at Vincennes, where he was still confined on the arrival of the Allies in Paris."

As Napoleon was engaged in a perpetual series of toils and cares, encouraging the industry and developing the resources of his majestic empire, warding off the blows of England, striving to conciliate foes upon the Continent, superintending the calamitous war in Spain, which was every day assuming a more fierce and sanguinary character, the year rapidly passed away.*

inasmuch as no other means could be devised for compelling England to agree to a peace. That system, which had to stand such severe attacks from public opinion, had been maturely weighed, and boldly carried into execution. At the risk of anticipating a little upon the order of events, I may be allowed to call to my assistance, in this place, the unsuspecting testimony of the Emperor Alexander.

"During the year 1814, that monarch was in the habit of visiting the Empress Maria Louisa at Schönbrunn. He met there the Baron Meneval, whom he soon recognized. In the course of conversation, he told him that during his late excursion to England, after the peace of Paris, he was desirous of satisfying himself as to the practicability of the views contemplated by the Continental system. He had visited Manchester, Birmingham, and the large manufacturing towns of England. He had seen, examined, and questioned with the utmost care, and brought back the conviction that, if the system had lasted another year, England must have yielded. What the Emperor Alexander's penetration had only discovered in 1814, had been foreseen in the outset by the genius of Napoleon. He accordingly attached great importance to the carrying into effect a measure so effectual and yet so little understood. Holland required to be more closely watched than any other part of Europe, in consequence of its numberless rivers, and the variety of forms which its commercial transactions assume."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. ii., p. 238.

* Another intrigue, of a singular character, and which terminated in an unexpected manner, originated in an attempt of the English ministry to achieve the liberty of Ferdinand, the lawful king of Spain. It is no doubt true, that, had the government of England known the real character of this prince, a wish for his deliverance from France or his presence in Spain would have been the last which they would have formed. This misapprehension, however, was natural, and was acted upon.

"A Piedmontese of Irish extraction, called the Baron Kolli (or Kelley), the selected agent of the British government, was furnished with some diamonds and valuable articles, under pretext of disposing of which he was to obtain admission to the prince, then a prisoner at Valençay, where his chief amusement, it is believed, was embroidering a gown and petticoat to be presented to the Virgin Mary. Kolli was then to have informed the prince of his errand, effected Ferdinand's es

Having been so long absent from France, conducting the war upon the banks of the Danube, he was under the necessity of intrusting the conduct of the Spanish war to his generals.

On the evening of the 19th of March, 1811, Maria Louisa was placed upon that couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or imperial rank can purchase exemption. The labor was long-protracted, and her anguish was dreadful. Her attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation, informed Napoleon that the case was one of extraordinary difficulty, and that the life of either the mother or the child must be sacrificed. "Save the mother," said Napoleon. He sat by the side of his suffering companion during twelve long hours of agony, endeavoring to soothe her fears and to revive her courage. Perceiving that M. Dubois, the surgeon, had lost his presence of mind, he inquired, "Is this a case of unheard of difficulty?" "I have met with such before," the surgeon replied, "but they are rare." "Very well," rejoined Napoleon; "summon your fortitude; forget that you are attending the Empress; do as you would with the humblest tradesman in the Rue St. Denis." This judicious advice was attended with happy results, and both mother and child were saved.

It had previously been announced that the cannon of the Invalides should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a

cape by means of confederates among the Royalist party, and conveyed him to the coast, where a small squadron awaited the event of the enterprise, designed to carry the King of Spain to Gibraltar, or whither else he chose. In March, 1810, Kolli was put ashore in Quiberon Bay, whence he went to Paris to prepare for his enterprise. He was discovered by the police, and arrested at the moment when he was setting out for Valençay. Some attempts were made to induce him to proceed with the scheme, of which his papers enabled the police to comprehend the general plan, keeping communication at the same time with the French ministers. As he disdained to undertake this treacherous character, Kolli was committed close prisoner to the castle of Vincennes, while a person, the same who betrayed his principal, and whose exterior in some degree answered the description of the British emissary, was sent to represent him at the castle of Valençay.

"But Ferdinand, either suspicious of the snare which was laid for him, or poor-spirited enough to prefer a safe bondage to a brave risk incurred for liberty, would not listen to the supposed agent of Britain, and, indeed, denounced the pretended Kolli to Barthelemy, the governor of the castle. The false Kolli, therefore, returned to Paris, while the real one remained in the castle of Vincennes till the capture of Paris by the Allies. Ferdinand took credit, in a letter to Bonaparte, for having resisted the temptation held out to him by the British government, who had, as he pathetically observed, abused his name, and occasioned, by doing so, the shedding of much blood in Spain. He again manifested his ardent wish to become the adopted son of the Emperor; his hope that the authors and abettors of the scheme to deliver him might be brought to condign punishment; and concluded with a hint that he was extremely desirous of leaving Valençay, a residence which had nothing about it but what was unpleasant, and was not in any respect fitted for him."—*Scott's Life of Napoleon*, vol. ii., p. 98.

To deluge the whole peninsula in blood and woe, in order to place a remorseless tyrant upon the throne, and then to plead ignorance of his character as an excuse! One of Ferdinand's first acts upon his restoration to power was to abolish the Constitution. "This perfidious decree," says the *Encyclopædia Americana*, "ended by declaring that the session of the Cortes had ceased, and that whoever should oppose this royal decree should be held guilty of high treason, and punished with an infamous death. From the promulgation of the decrees of May 4th may be dated what has not unappropriately been denominated the *Reign of Terror*. Ferdinand, supported by traitors to their oaths, pursued the most despotical course from 1814 to 1820. During these six years a vast number of patriots perished on the scaffold; the possessions on the coast of Africa were thronged with the most virtuous Spaniards. The foreign ministers did not make the least attempt to save the numerous victims of this most cruel despotism. The Duke of Wellington came from Paris, May 24th, to compliment the king on his restoration to the throne and his rights."

princess, twenty-one guns were to be fired; if a *prince*, one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns in annunciation of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every window was thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering in their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and in all her glowing veins the current of life stood still. The *twenty-first* gun was fired. The interest was now intense beyond conception. For a moment the gunners delayed the next discharge, and Paris stood waiting in breathless suspense. The heavily-loaded guns then, with redoubled voice, pealed forth the announcement. From the entire city one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome! how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who could then have imagined that his imperial father would have died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable at St. Helena, and that this child, the object of a nation's love and expectation, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and then sink into a forgotten grave!

By the ringing of bells and the explosion of artillery, the tidings of this birth were rapidly spread over the whole of France. Josephine was at Navarre. Her noble heart rejoiced in anguish. It was in the evening of the same day that she was informed, by the cannon of the neighboring garrison, that Napoleon had become a father. No one witnessed the tears she shed in her lonely chamber. But at midnight she thus wrote to Napoleon:

"Sire! Amid the numerous felicitations which you receive from every corner of France and from every regiment of your army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach your ear? Will you deign to listen to her who so often consoled your sorrows and sweetened your pains, now that she speaks to you only of that happiness in which all your wishes are fulfilled? Having ceased to be your wife, dare I felicitate you on becoming a father? Yes, sire! without hesitation; for my soul renders justice to yours, in like manner as you know mine. I can conceive every emotion you must experience, as you divine all that I feel at this moment. Though separated, we are united by that sympathy which survives all events.

"I should have desired to have learned the birth of the King of Rome from yourself, and not from the sound of the cannon of Evreux, or from the courier of the Prefect. I know, however, that, in preference to all, your first attentions are due to the public authorities of the state, to the foreign ministers, to your family, and especially to the fortunate princess who has realized your dearest hopes. She can not be more tenderly devoted to you than I am, but she has been enabled to contribute more toward your happiness, by securing that of France. She has, then, a right to your first feelings, to all your cares; and I, who was but your companion in times of difficulty—I can not ask more than for a place in your affections far removed from that occupied by the Empress, Maria Louisa. Not till you have ceased to watch by her

bed—not till you are weary of embracing your son, will you take your pen to converse with your best friend. I will wait.

“Meanwhile, it is not possible for me to delay telling you that more than any one in the world do I rejoice in your joy; and you will not doubt my sincerity when I here say, that, far from feeling an affliction at a sacrifice necessary for the repose of all, I congratulate myself on having made it, since I now suffer alone. But I am wrong; I do not suffer while you are happy, and I have but one regret in not having yet done enough to prove how dear you were to me. I have no account of the health of the Empress. I dare to depend upon you, sire, so far as to hope that I shall have circumstantial details of the great event which secures the perpetuity of the name you have so nobly illustrated. Eugene and Hortense will write me, imparting their own satisfaction; but it is *from you* that I desire to know if your child be well—if he resembles you—if I shall one day be permitted to see him. In short, I expect from you unlimited confidence, and upon such I have some claims, in consideration, sire, of the boundless attachment I shall cherish for you while life remains.”

Josephine had but just dispatched this letter when a courier was announced with a note from the Emperor. With intense agitation, she received from the fragile and youthful page the billet, and immediately retired to her private apartment. Half an hour elapsed before she again made her appearance. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and the billet, which she still held in her hand, was blurred with her tears. She gave the page a note to the Emperor in reply, and presented him, in token of her appreciation of the tidings which he had brought, a small morocco case, containing a diamond breast-pin and a thousand dollars in gold.

Then, with a tremulous voice, she read the Emperor’s note to her friends. Its concluding lines were: “This infant, in concert with *our Eugene*, will constitute my happiness and that of France.” As Josephine read these words with emphasis, she exclaimed, “Is it possible to be more amiable? Could any thing be better calculated to soothe whatever might be painful in my thoughts at this moment, did I not so sincerely love the Emperor? This *uniting my son with his own* is, indeed, worthy of him who, when he wills, is the most delightful of men. This is it which has so much moved me.”

Notwithstanding the jealousy of Maria Louisa, Napoleon arranged a plan by which he presented to Josephine the idolized child. The interview took place at the Royal Pavilion, near Paris.

Shortly after this interview, Josephine thus wrote to Napoleon:

“Assuredly, sire, it was not mere curiosity which led me to desire to meet the King of Rome; I wished to examine his countenance—to hear the sound of his voice, so like your own—to behold you caress a son on whom centre so many hopes, and to repay him the tenderness which you lavished on my own Eugene. When you recall how dearly you loved mine, you will not be surprised at my affection for the son of another, since he is yours likewise, nor deem either false or exaggerated sentiments which you have so fully experienced in your own heart. The moment I saw you enter, bearing the young Napoleon in your hands, was unquestionably one of the happiest of my life. It effaced, for a time, the recollection of all that had pre-

ceded, for never have I received from you a more touching mark of affection—it is more: it is one of esteem—of sincere attachment. Still, I am perfectly sensible, sire, that those meetings which afford me so much pleasure can not frequently be renewed, and I must not so far intrude on your compliance as to put it often under contribution. Let this sacrifice to your domestic tranquillity be one proof more of my desire to see you happy.”*

At St. Helena Napoleon said, “It is but justice to observe that, as soon as the Emperor showed himself resolved on the divorce, Josephine consented to it. It cost her, it is true, a severe sacrifice, but she submitted without murmuring, and without attempting to avail herself of those obstacles which she might, however uselessly, have opposed to the measure. She conducted herself with the utmost grace and address. She desired that the viceroy might conduct the proceedings, and she herself made offers of service with regard to the house of Austria.

“Josephine would willingly have seen Maria Louisa. She frequently spoke of her with great interest, as well as of the young King of Rome. Maria Louisa, on her part, behaved wonderfully well to Eugene and Hortense; but she manifested the utmost dislike, and even jealousy, of Josephine. I wished one day to take her to Malmaison, but she burst into tears when I made the proposal. She said she did not object to my visiting Josephine, only she did not wish to know it. But, whenever she suspected my intention of going to Malmaison, there was no stratagem which she did not employ for the sake of annoying me. She never left me; and, as these visits seemed to vex her exceedingly, I did violence to my own feelings, and scarcely ever went to Malmaison. Still, however, when I did happen to go, I was sure to encounter a flood of tears and a multitude of contrivances of every kind.”

Baron Meneval, private secretary to the Emperor, and also subsequently to Maria Louisa, thus testifies respecting Napoleon’s domestic character:

“The Emperor, burdened with care, and perceiving himself upon the eve of a rupture with Russia, occupied his time between the multiplied labors of his cabinet, reviews, and the work of his ministers. It was in the society of his wife and his son that he sought the only recreation for which he had any taste. The few moments of leisure which the toils of the day left him he

* “The personal intercourse between Napoleon and Josephine, though not unfrequent, was conducted with the most decorous attention to appearances. Their last interview but one took place before he left Paris for the Russian campaign. This enterprise the ex-empress had contemplated with well-grounded alarm, and repeatedly solicited a meeting. The Emperor at length arrived at Malmaison. He was in a calèche, which drew up at the park gate, and, with becoming delicacy, his repudiated wife received his visit in the garden. Seating themselves on a circular bench, within sight of the windows of the saloon, but beyond hearing, they continued in animated conversation for above two hours. The courtiers, concealed behind the window-drapery, endeavored to divine, from the changing expression of the speakers, the subject of their discourse. Josephine spoke at first anxiously, and almost in alarm. The Emperor replied with eager confidence, and seemed, by degrees, to reassure her, for it was evident that she felt satisfied with his arguments. In all probability, the conversation turned upon the intended expedition against Russia. At length Napoleon rose, kissed the Empress’s hand, and walked with her to his carriage. During the rest of the day Josephine appeared perfectly satisfied, and more than once repeated to her ladies that she had never seen the Emperor in better spirits, adding, ‘How I regret my inability to do any thing for that fortunate of the earth!’ Such was her expression. A few months sufficed to make the misfortunes of Napoleon a by-word among the nations.”—*Memoirs of Josephine*, p. 385.



NAPOLEON AND HIS CHILD.

consecrated to his son, whose tottering steps he loved to guide with even feminine solicitude. When the precious child stumbled and fell before his father could prevent it, he was received with caresses, and with shouts of joyous laughter. The Empress assisted in those family scenes, but she took a less active part than the Emperor. This trio, whose simplicity compelled one to forget their unspeakable grandeur, presented the touching spectacle of a citizen's household, united by ties of the most tender affection. Who could have imagined the destiny reserved for those who composed it? That man, who has been represented as insensible to sentiments of sympathy and kindness, was a tender husband and father.”*

The following well-authenticated anecdote, related by Baron Meneval, beautifully illustrates the social spirit of Napoleon. The remembrance of a taste imbibed in the familiarity of the domestic life which she had passed in her youth, inspired the Empress one day with the desire to make an omelet. While she was occupied in that important culinary operation, the Emperor, unannounced, entered the room. The Empress, a little embarrassed, endeavored to conceal her operations. “Ah!” exclaimed the Emperor, with a latent smile, “what is going on here? It seems to me I perceive a singular odor, as of frying.” Then, passing round the Empress, he discovered the

* “Though the Empress Maria Louisa,” says Alison, “was little more than an amiable nonentity, and she proved herself, in the end, altogether unworthy of being his wife, yet he was kind and considerate to her during the few years that she shared his fortunes; and toward the King of Rome he invariably felt the warmest affection; parental feelings, indeed—strong in almost all but the utterly selfish—were peculiarly warm in his bosom. The education and progress of his son occupied a large share of his attention, even on the most momentous occasion of his life; and one of the bitterest pangs which he felt during his exile at St. Helena was owing to his separation from that beloved infant, with whom his affections and prospective glories had been indissolubly wound up.”—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iii., p. 101.

chafing-dish, the silver saucepan in which the butter began to melt, the salad-bowl, and the eggs. "How!" exclaimed the Emperor; "are you making an omelet? You know nothing about it. I will show you how it is done." He immediately took his place at the table, and went to work with the Empress, she serving as assistant cook. The omelet was at last made, and one side was fried. Now came the difficulty of turning it, by tossing it over with artistic skill in the frying-pan. Napoleon, in the attempt, awkwardly tossed it upon the floor. Smiling, he said, "I have given myself credit for more exalted talents than I possess;" and he left the Empress undisputed mistress of the cuisine.

Madame de Montesquieu was appointed governess to the infant prince. She was a woman of rare excellence of character, and nobly discharged her responsibilities. "Madame Montesquieu," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "was a woman of singular merit. Her piety was sincere, and her principles excellent. She had the highest claims on my esteem and regard. I wanted half a dozen like her. I would have given them all appointments equal to their deserts. The following anecdote will afford a correct idea of the manner in which Madame Montesquieu managed the King of Rome. The apartments of the young prince were on the ground-floor, and looked out on the court of the Tuileries. At almost every hour in the day, numbers of people were looking in at the window in the hope of seeing him. One day, when he was in a violent fit of passion, and rebelling furiously against the authority of Madame Montesquieu, she immediately ordered all the shutters to be closed. The child, surprised at the sudden darkness, asked *Maman Quiéu*, as he used to call her, what it all meant. 'I love you too well,' she replied, 'not to hide your anger from the crowd in the court-yard. You, perhaps, will one day be called to govern all those people; and what would they say if they saw you in such a fit of rage? Do you think they would ever obey you if they knew you to be so wicked?' Upon this, the child asked pardon, and promised never again to give way to such fits of anger. This," the Emperor continued, "was language very different from that addressed by M. Villeroi to Louis XV. 'Behold all these people, my prince,' said he. 'They belong to you. All the men you see yonder are yours.'"

Napoleon cherished this child with an intensity of affection which no earthly love has, perhaps, ever surpassed.* "Do I deceive myself," said he,

* W. H. Ireland, Esq., in his *Life of Bonaparte*, which is written with much candor, gives the following lines, as composed by Napoleon at St. Helena. We know not on what authority he rests their authenticity. He says,

"Bonaparte had, in his youth, composed a poem on Corsica, some extracts of which are to be found in '*Les Annales de l'Europe*,' a German collection. It has not yet come to the knowledge of the public that he had ever, since that epoch, composed a single verse. It required nothing short of the solitude of exile, and the idolatry which he manifested for his boy, to inspire him with the following verses, in all probability destined for the portrait of that young infant, which he, nevertheless, kept always concealed:

“ AU PORTRAIT DE MON FILS.

“ De mon fils bien aimé délicieuse image!

Ce sont bien là ses traits, sa beauté, sa candeur,

Je ne le verrai plus : sur un plus doux rivage

Ne pourrais-je jamais le presser sur mon cœur ”

one day at St. Helena, to the Countess Montholon, "in imagining that this rock, all frightful as it is, would be an elysium if my son were by my side? On receiving into my arms that infant, so many times fervently implored of Heaven, could I have believed that one day he would have become the source of my greatest anguish? Yes, madame, every day he costs me tears of blood. I imagine to myself the most horrid events, which I can not remove from my mind. I see either the potion or the poisoned fruit which is about to terminate the days of that young innocent by the most cruel sufferings. Compassionate my weakness, madame; console me!"

Soon after the birth of the King of Rome, Napoleon contemplated erecting a palace for him upon the banks of the Seine, nearly opposite the bridge of Jena. The government accordingly attempted to purchase the houses situated upon the ground. They had obtained all except the dilapidated hut of a cooper, which was estimated to be worth about two hundred and fifty dollars. The owner, a mulish man, finding the possession of his hut to be quite essential to the plan, demanded two thousand dollars. The exorbitant demand was reported to the Emperor. He replied, "It is exorbitant; but the poor man will be turned out of his home; pay it to him." The man, finding his demand so promptly acceded to, immediately declared that, upon further reflection, he could not afford to sell it for less than six thousand dollars. All expostulations were in vain. The architect knew not what to do. He was afraid to annoy the Emperor again with the subject, and yet he could not proceed with his plan. The Emperor was again appealed to. "This fellow," said Napoleon, "trifles with us; but there is no help for it. We must pay the money." The cooper now increased his price to ten thousand dollars. The Emperor, when informed of it, said indignantly, "The man is a wretch. I will not purchase his house. It shall remain where it is, a monument of my respect for the laws." The plans of the architect

"O mon fils! mon cher fils! qu'aujourd'hui ta présence
A l'autour de tes jours epargnerait d'ennui!
Sous mes yeux, je verrais s'élever ton enfance;
Plus tard, de mes vieux ans tu deviendrais l'appui.
"Près de toi, j'oublierais mes malheurs et ma gloire;
Près de toi, sur ce roc, je me croirais aux cieus;
Dans tes bras, j'oublierais que quinze ans la victoire
Avait placé ton père au rang des demi-dieux.
" (Signe),

NAPOLEON."

(Translation.)

"TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY SON.

"O! cherished image of my infant heir!
Thy surface doth his lineaments impart;
But, ah! thou livest not. On this rock so bare
His living form shall never glad my heart.
"My second self! how would thy presence cheer
The settled sadness of thy hapless sire!
Thine infancy with tenderness I'd rear,
And thou shouldst warm my age with youthful fire
"In thee a truly glorious crown I'd find;
With thee, upon this rock, a heaven should own;
Thy kiss would chase past conquest from my mind,
Which raised me, demi-god, on Gallia's throne."

were changed. The works were in progress at the time of Napoleon's overthrow. The poor cooper, M. Bonvivant, finding himself in the midst of rubbish and building materials, bitterly lamented his folly. He was living, a few years ago, at Passy, still at work at his trade. The Bourbons, on their return to Paris, threw down the rising walls of the palace, and destroyed their foundations.

"One day, at Compiègne," says the Duke of Gaëta, "I was walking with the Emperor in the park, when the King of Rome appeared, in the arms of his nurse, accompanied by his governess, the Countess of Montesquieu. After caressing his son for a few moments, he continued his walk, saying to me, "Behold a child who would have been far happier to have been born a private individual, with a moderate income. He is destined to bear a heavy burden upon his shoulders."

The Duke of Rovigo, then minister of police, relates an anecdote highly illustrative of these times. We introduce it in his words. The event occurred in the autumn of the year 1810.

"A Sicilian brig of war hove in sight of one of the small ports of Dalmatia. It landed an officer belonging to the Sicilian navy, who was in the confidential employment of the late Queen of Naples and Sicily. She sent him officially to the principal officer in command, for whom he was the bearer of a most extraordinary commission. Marshal Marmont having sent him to me, I interrogated him, and received his written declaration, to which he affixed his signature. It related that the Queen of Sicily, who was impatient to shake off the English yoke, had resolved to attempt it by renewing against them the *Sicilian Vespers*,* as soon as she might feel satisfied that, in the event of failure, she might rely upon finding an asylum in some part of Italy, under the French dominion. The officer added that every thing was in readiness for the execution of this project. It was to take place immediately after his return to Sicily. He laid open all the means of success which the queen had at her command.

"After receiving the declaration of the Sicilian officer, it became my duty to communicate it to the Emperor. He read the whole proposal, and could not repress his indignation at the presumption that he could have lent his assistance to such a cowardly massacre. He ordered me to detain the Sicilian officer, who was, in consequence, lodged in the Castle of Vincennes, where he was still confined when the Allies entered Paris. He has since died. His name was Amelia, and must still be found inserted in the registers of the court of that dungeon, where it may readily be seen. A few months after this event, the foreign newspapers alluded to the discovery made by the English in Sicily of a project for putting them to death. Several arrests took place, which were followed by a trial and capital punishment. There is no doubt that, if I had not detained the Sicilian officer, he

* About the middle of the thirteenth century, Charles of Anjou established himself in possession of Naples and Sicily. A wide-spread conspiracy was organized against the French. On the 30th of March, 1282, at the hour of vespers, the conspirators suddenly arose upon their unsuspecting victims, and an awful scene of carnage ensued. Neither age nor sex was spared. Aged men, women, and children were cut down mercilessly in the chambers and in the streets. This massacre has ever since been called the *Sicilian Vespers*.

might have found his way back to the queen, and made her anticipate, by two months, the period for carrying her plan into effect, which would have happened previously to the English being apprised of it. It has been a very prevalent opinion that every means of destroying the English would find acceptance with the Emperor. In refutation of this, I have just related a fact which is personal to him, and which is still unknown in France, because he had ordered me not to divulge it to the world."

"Savary," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "relates a circumstance which is perfectly true. He appears to have preserved some order which I wrote on the occasion, as well as to have recollected some of my expressions. I did not like to have it publicly mentioned, as it implicated so near a relation to my son.* I did not wish to have it known that one so nearly allied by blood to him could be capable of proposing so atrocious an act as that made by Caroline to me. It was to make a second Sicilian Vespers; to massacre all the English army and the English in Sicily, which she offered to effect, provided I would support and afford her assistance after the deed was done. I threw the agent who was the bearer of the proposal into prison, where he remained until the revolution which sent me to Elba. He must have been found, among others, in the prisons that were allotted for state criminals."

CHAPTER XII.

THE RUSSIAN WAR.

Testimony of Napier to the Character of Napoleon—Remarks of Hazlitt—Admissions of Castle-reagh, Scott, and Lockhart—Nature of the Strife—Napoleon's Application to his Allies—Hostile Movements of Alexander—Rendezvous at Dresden—Confidence of the Emperor—Testimony of Savary—Reluctance of Napoleon's Generals—Mission of the Abbé de Pradt—Striking Remarks to the Duke of Gaëta—Magnificent Designs of the Emperor.

THE "*History of the Peninsular War*," by Colonel Napier, has become one of the British classics. It is a magnificent tribute to the genius and the grandeur of the Duke of Wellington. Colonel Napier, aiding with his sword in the overthrow of Napoleon, surely will not be accused of being the blind eulogist of his illustrious foe. He thus testifies respecting the character of the French Emperor, and the cause he so nobly advocated.

"Deep, unmitigated hatred of democracy was, indeed, the moving spring of the English Tories' policy. *Napoleon was warred against, not, as they pretended, because he was a tyrant and a usurper, for he was neither; not because his invasion of Spain was unjust, but because he was the powerful and successful enemy of aristocratic privilege.* The happiness and independence of the Peninsula were words without meaning in their state papers and speeches, and their anger and mortification were extreme when they found success against the Emperor had fostered that democracy it was their object to destroy.†

* Ferdinand VII., King of Naples and the Two Sicilies, was brother of Charles IV. of Spain. They were perfectly congenial spirits. Ferdinand married Caroline, daughter of Maria Theresa of Austria, and sister of Maria Antoinette. Caroline was, consequently, a near relative of Maria Louisa, the mother of the young King of Rome.

† Napier, vol. iv., p. 260.

“Such was Napoleon’s situation ; and as he read the signs of the times truly, he knew that in his military skill, and the rage of the peasants at the ravages of the enemy, he must find the means to extricate himself from his difficulties, *or, rather, to extricate his country, for self had no place in his policy, save as his personal glory was identified with France and her prosperity. Never before did the world see a man soaring so high and devoid of all selfish ambition.* Let those who, honestly seeking truth, doubt this, study Napoleon carefully. Let them read the record of his second abdication, published by his brother Lucien, that stern Republican who refused kingdoms as the price of his principles, *and they will doubt no longer.*”*

“Napoleon’s power was supported in France by that *deep sense of his goodness as a sovereign, and that admiration for his genius, which pervaded the poorer and middle classes of the people ; by the love which they bore toward him, and still bear for his memory, because he cherished the principles of a just equality.* They loved him also for his incessant activity in the public service, his freedom from all private vices, and because his public works, wondrous for their number, their utility, and grandeur, never stood still. Under him the poor man never wanted work. To France he gave noble institutions, a comparatively just code of laws, and glory unmatched since the days of the Romans.”†

“*The troops idolized Napoleon. Well they might. And to assert that their attachment commenced only when they became soldiers, is to acknowledge that his excellent qualities and greatness of mind turned hatred into devotion the moment he was approached. But Napoleon never was hated by the people of France ; he was their own creation, and they loved him so as monarch was never loved before.* His march from Cannes to Paris, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of poor men who were not soldiers, can never be effaced nor disfigured. For six weeks, at any moment, any assassin might, by a single shot, have acquired the reputation of a tyrannicide, and obtained vast rewards besides from the trembling monarchs and aristocrats of the earth, who scrupled not to instigate men to the shameful deed. Many there were base enough to undertake, but none so hardy as to execute the crime, and Napoleon, guided by the people of France, passed unharmed to a throne, from whence it required a million of foreign bayonets to drive him. From the throne they drove him, but not from the thoughts and hearts of men.”‡

“But, as I have before said, and it is true, *Napoleon’s ambition was for the greatness and prosperity of France, for the regeneration of Europe, for the stability of the system which he had formed with that end, never for himself personally ; and hence it is that the multitudes of many nations instinctively revere his memory.* And neither the monarch nor the aristocrat, dominant though they be by his fall, feel themselves so easy in their high places as to rejoice much in their victory.”§

* Napier, vol. iv., p. 331.

† Ibid., p. 228.

‡ Ibid., p. 229.

§ Ibid., p. 358.

At an Educational Convention, held not long since in Pittsburg, Penn., Bishop Alonzo Potter, of Pennsylvania, is reported to have made the following remarks :

“A series of articles are now being published in one of the popular periodicals of the day, said to be written by a clergyman. I hope, for the honor of the profession, this is not so. These articles throw the halo of glory around the character of a selfish, ambitious, and bloody man. They

“In 1814, the white colors (the Bourbon flag) were supported by foreign armies, and misfortune *had bowed the great democratic chief to the earth*; but when, rising again in his wondrous might, he came back alone from Elba, the poorer people, with whom only patriotism is ever to be found, and that because they are poor, and therefore unsophisticated, crowded to meet him and hail him as a father. Not because they held him blameless. Who born of woman is? They demanded redress of grievances, even while they clung instinctively to him as their stay and protection against the locust tyranny of aristocracy.”*

The principal charges which have been brought against Napoleon are the massacre of the prisoners at Jaffa, and the poisoning of the sick in the hospital there, the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, the invasion of Spain, the divorce of Josephine, and the war with Russia. He has also generally been accused of deluging Europe in blood, impelled by his love of war, and to gratify his *insatiable ambition*. We have thus far recorded, in reference to these cases, the facts, together with Napoleon's explanations, and also the searching comment of his foes. Before entering upon a narrative of the events of the Russian campaign, it is necessary, with some degree of minuteness, to explain the complicated causes of the war.

William Hazlitt, in the following terms, records his view of the influence of England in promoting the Russian war. “Let a country,” says he, “be so situated as to annoy others at pleasure, but to be itself inaccessible to attack; let it be subject to a head who is governed entirely by his will and passions, and either deprived of or deaf to reason; let it go to war with a neighboring state wrongfully, or for the worst of all possible causes, to overturn the independence of a nation and the liberties of mankind; let it be defeated at first by the spirit and resentment kindled by a wanton and unprovoked attack, and by the sense of shame and irresolution occasioned by the weakness of its pretended motives and the baseness of its real ones; let it, however, persevere, and make a vow of lasting hatred and of war to extermination, listening only to disappointed pride and revenge, and relying on its own security; let it join with others, influenced by similar counsels, but not exempted, by their situation, from suffering the consequences, or paying the just and natural forfeit of disgrace, disaster, and mortification for the wrong they had meant to inflict on truth and liberty; let it still hold out, watching or making opportunities to bully, to wheedle, to stir up the passions, or tempt the avarice of countries, smarting under old wounds, to engage in new wars for which they are not prepared, and of which they undergo all the punishment; let it laugh at the flames that consume the vitals of other kingdoms, exult in the blood that is shed, and boast that it is the richer for all the money that it squanders; let it, after having exhausted itself in invectives against anarchy and licentiousness, and made a military chieftain necessary make him out kind, benevolent, and almost every thing that is good—making his crimes virtues, because developed upon such an enormous scale. Now if a man *lies*, it is our duty, if we speak of him historically, to *say he lies*. Away with literature that would make a paragon of excellence out of a monster.”

The writer of these articles would respectfully submit the question to his highly-esteemed Christian brother, Bishop Potter, if the man who can win, even from his enemies, such testimony as we have given above, merits the epithet of a “*monster*.”

* Napier, vol. iv., p. 358

to suppress the very evils it had engendered, cry out against despotism and arbitrary sway ; let it, unsatisfied with calling to its aid all the fury of political prejudice and national hatred, proceed to blacken the character of the only person who can baffle its favorite projects, so that his name shall seem to taint the air and his existence to oppress the earth, and all this without the least foundation, by the means of a free press, and from the peculiar and almost exclusive pretension of a whole people to morality and virtue ; let the deliberate and total disregard of truth and decency produce irritation and ill blood ; let the repeated breach of treaties impose new and harder terms on kings who have no respect to their word, and nations who have no will of their own ; let the profligate contempt of the ordinary rules of warfare cause reprisals, and give a handle to complain against injustice and foul play ; let the uselessness of all that had been done, or that is possible, to bring about a peace, and disarm an unrelenting and unprincipled hostility, lead to desperate and impracticable attempts, and the necessary consequence will be that the extreme wrong will assume the appearance of the extreme right ; nations groaning under the iron yoke of the victor, and forgetting that they were the aggressors, will only feel that they are the aggrieved party, and will endeavor to shake off their humiliation at whatever cost ; subjects will make common cause with their rulers to remove the evils which the latter have brought upon them. In the indiscriminate confusion, nations will be attacked that have given no sufficient or immediate provocation, and their resistance will be the signal for a general rising. In the determination not to yield till all is lost, the war will be carried on to a distance and on a scale, when success becomes doubtful at every step, and reverses from the prodigious extent of the means employed, more disastrous and irretrievable ; and thus, without any other change in the object or principles of the war than a perseverance in iniquity, and an utter defiance of consequences, the original wrong, aggravated a thousand-fold, shall turn to seeming right—impending ruin to assured triumph ; and marches to Paris and exterminating manifestoes not only gain impunity and forgiveness, but be converted into religious processions, *Te Deums*, and solemn-breathing strains for the deliverance of mankind. So much can be done by the willful infatuation of one country and one man.”*

* “ Previously to entering into a narrative of this war,” says the Duke of Rovigo, “ I must relate how it was actually forced upon us ; for as to our desiring or courting it, I might afford ample proof of the assertion that nothing could be more opposed to the Emperor’s views, if the plainest common sense were not sufficient to remove all suspicion of his having brought it upon himself, in the midst of the numberless difficulties he had then to contend with. The powers of Europe were waging nothing short of a war of extermination against France, who no longer fought but in her own defense. The Emperor was anxious for the maintenance of peace in Europe. He could not, unaided, effect this object without keeping the nation continually under arms, and overburdening its finances. It had, moreover, been proved by experience that this was not the means of avoiding war, but was, on the contrary, a ground for alarm for foreign states, and afforded them a pretense for recurring to arms whenever a favorable opportunity might present itself. The alliance of Tilsit had no other object in view than the humiliation of England, or, in other words, a general pacification, as England was the only existing obstacle to it. Peace was the constant aim of the Emperor Napoleon, who was too enlightened not to discover that the stability of his power and his own safety depended only upon peace. England had, in full Parliament, proclaimed a perpetual war, and she kept up to this principle. Napoleon made every sacrifice, and exhausted every means of conciliation in his power to bring the Russians back to the real interests of Europe. He failed in this struggle against the artifices of the British cabinet—against the irresistible efforts of a power which

Russia was now continuing daily to exhibit a more hostile aspect. Disappointed in the co-operation expected from Napoleon, Alexander returned to the policy of the nobles. The inhabitants of Sweden, disgusted with the conduct of their mad king, Gustavus IV., ejected him from the throne. Hoping to secure popular rights, and to obtain the favor of France against the encroachments of Russia, they elected, after various political vicissitudes, Bernadotte to the vacant throne. The Prince of Ponte-Corvo was a marshal of France. He was one of the ablest of Napoleon's generals. He had married Mademoiselle Clary, a sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. The Swedish electors supposed that this choice would be peculiarly gratifying to Napoleon; but it was not so. Though Napoleon had ever treated Bernadotte with great kindness and forbearance, there was but little sympathy between them. When informed of the election, Napoleon replied, "It would not become me, the elected monarch of the people, to set myself against the elective franchise of other nations. I, however," he afterward said, "felt a secret instinct that Bernadotte was a serpent whom I was nourishing in my bosom."

The newly-elected prince immediately paid his respects to the Emperor, who received him frankly: "As you are offered the crown of Sweden," said Napoleon, "I permit you to accept it. I had another wish, as you know. But, in short, it is your sword which has made you a king, and you are sensible that it is not for me to stand in the way of your good fortune." He then entered very fully with him into the whole plan of his policy, in which Bernadotte appeared entirely to concur. Every day he attended the Emperor's levée with his son, mixing with the other courtiers. By such means he completely gained the heart of Napoleon.

He was about to depart poor. Unwilling that his general should present himself to the Swedish throne in that necessitous state, like a mere adventurer, the Emperor generously presented him with four hundred thousand dollars out of his own treasury. He even granted to his family the endowments which, as a foreign prince, Bernadotte could no longer himself retain; and they finally parted on apparently terms of mutual satisfaction.*

Alexander had for a long time been importunate in his demands that Napoleon should pledge himself that the kingdom of Poland should never be re-established, and that the duchy of Warsaw, which had been the Prussian share of Poland, should receive no accession of strength. On the absolute refusal of Napoleon to consent to these conditions, Alexander replied, in language of irritation and menace.

"What means Russia," said Napoleon to the envoy of Alexander, "by holding such language? Does she desire war? If I had wished to re-establish Poland, I need but have said so, and should not have, in that case, withdrawn my troops from Germany. But I will not dishonor myself by declaring that the Polish kingdom shall never be re-established, nor render myself ridiculous by using the language of the Divinity. It would sully my memory to put my seal to an act which recognized the partition of Poland. Much more

was fighting for its very existence, with the inexhaustible resources which the treasures and commerce of the world and her aptitude for business could not fail to place at her disposal."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iii., p. 137, 138.

* Segur's Expedition to Russia, vol. i., p. 4.

would it dishonor me to declare that the realm should never be restored. No! I can enter into no engagement that would operate against the brave people who have served me so well, and with such constant good-will and devotion."

Alexander next demanded that Napoleon should guarantee to him the possession of the right bank and the mouths of the Danube, and also of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. But Napoleon, in deference to Turkey and Austria, refused to lend his assistance to these acts of encroachment. He would simply consent to leave those nations to settle those difficulties among themselves, without any interference on his part.

The English cabinet immediately took advantage of these new perplexities into which Napoleon was plunged. Agents were sent to St. Petersburg to form a new coalition against Napoleon. Constitutional England and despotic Russia joined hands to crush the "Emperor of the Republic." The cabinet of St. James opened its treasures of gold to the Czar, and offered the most efficient co-operation with its resistless navy and its strong armies. The Russians were encouraged to hostilities by the assurance that Napoleon was so entangled in the Spanish war that he could withdraw no efficient forces to resist the armies of Russia.

"During the last months of my sojourn in St. Petersburg," says Caulaincourt, "how frequently did Alexander make me the confidant of his anxious feelings! England, the implacable enemy of France, maintained secret agents at the court of Russia for the purpose of stirring up disaffection and discontent around the throne. The English cabinet was well aware that a propaganda war was impossible as long as Russia should continue allied to France. On this point all the powers were agreed, and the consequence was that all the sovereigns were perjured, one only excepted. He was to be seduced from his allegiance or doomed to destruction. Alexander, at the period to which I am now referring, was no longer a gay, thoughtless young man. The circumstances by which he found himself surrounded had forced a train of serious reflection on his mind, and he seemed perfectly to understand the peculiarity of his personal position. In his private conversations with me, he often said many things which he would not have said to his own brothers, and which possibly he could not have said with safety to his ministers. Beneath an exterior air of confidence, he concealed the most gloomy apprehensions. In the irritated feeling which then pervaded the public mind in Russia, Alexander's intimacy with the French ambassador was severely reprehended, and he knew it. We sometimes enjoyed a hearty laugh at finding ourselves compelled to make assignments with as much secrecy as two young lovers.

"My dear Caulaincourt," said Alexander to me, one evening, when we were conversing on the balcony of the Empress's apartments, "Napoleon ought to be made acquainted with the plots which are here hatching against him. I have concealed nothing from you, my dear duke. In my confidence, I have perhaps overstepped the limits of strict propriety. Tell your Emperor all that I have revealed to you; tell him all that you have seen and read; tell him that here the earth trembles beneath my feet; that here, in my own empire, he has rendered my position intolerable by his violation of treaties.

Transmit to him from me this candid and final declaration. If once the war be fairly entered upon, either he, Napoleon, or I, Alexander, must lose our crown.'** The violation of treaties here referred to was Napoleon's seizure of the territories of Oldenburg to prevent smuggling.

Napoleon, weary of fields of blood, was extremely reluctant again to draw the sword. The consolidation of his empire demanded peace. France, after a struggle of twenty years against combined Europe, was anxious for repose. Under these circumstances, Napoleon again made the most strenuous endeavors to promote peace. He sent an envoy to the Czar with assurances of his most kind, fraternal feelings. He pledged himself that he would do nothing, directly or indirectly, to instigate the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland; promised any reasonable indemnification for past grievances; and even consented to allow Russia to *relax* the rigors of the Continental system, by opening her ports, under licenses, to English goods. But Russia was now under the influence of the cabinet of St. James. The English could not long retain their positions in the Peninsula unless they could cause Napoleon again to be assailed from the North. The war party was in the ascendant. In these concessions of Napoleon the Czar thought he saw but indications of weakness. He therefore, influenced by the hostile nobles, replied that he would accept the terms, provided, first, that Napoleon would pledge himself to *resist any attempt of the Poles to regain their independence; secondly, that he would allow Russia to take possession of a portion of the duchy of Warsaw; and, thirdly, that he would withdraw all his troops from Germany, and retire beyond the Rhine.*

Kourakin, the Russian ambassador, in submitting this insulting ultimatum to the cabinet of the Tuileries, signified his intention to quit Paris in eight days if they were not accepted. The indignation of Napoleon was strongly aroused. "It was long," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "since I had been accustomed to such a tone, and I was not in the habit of allowing myself to be anticipated. I could have marched to Russia at the head of the rest of Europe. The enterprise was popular. The cause was European. It was the last effort that remained to be made by France. Her fate, and that of the new European system, depended upon the struggle. Russia was the last resource of England. Yet Alexander and I were in the condition of two boasters, who, without wishing to fight, were endeavoring to frighten each other. I would most willingly have maintained peace, being surrounded and overwhelmed by unfavorable circumstances; and all I have since learned convinces me that Alexander was even less desirous of war than myself."†

* Recollections of Caulaincourt, vol. i., p. 76.

† "However, Napoleon, who always strove to cast upon his adversaries the responsibility of the wars, and who seemed to march but with regret to those fields of battle which constantly served to increase the glory of his name, would not commence hostilities with his friend of Erfurth without seeking to bring about a reconciliation between them, on which depended the repose of Europe. He wrote to him several times with this aim in view. In one of his letters he said:

"This is the repetition of that which I beheld in Prussia in 1806, and at Vienna in 1809. For myself, I shall remain the personal friend of your majesty, even if that fatality which misleads all Europe should one day place arms in the hands of our two nations. I shall regulate myself solely by your majesty. I shall never commence the attack. My troops will not advance until your majesty shall have broken the treaty of Tilsit. I shall be the first to disarm if your majesty will re-establish the confidence that existed between us. Have you ever had cause to repent thereof?"

In reference to these difficulties, Napier says: "The unmatched power of Napoleon's genius was now being displayed in a wonderful manner. His interest, his inclination, and his expectation were alike opposed to a war with Russia. But Alexander and himself, each hoping that a menacing display of strength would reduce the other to negotiation, advanced step by step, till blows could no longer be avoided. Napoleon, a man capable of sincere friendship, had relied too much and too long on the existence of a like feeling in the Russian Emperor; and, misled perhaps by the sentiment of his own energy, did not sufficiently allow for the daring intrigues of a court where secret combinations of the nobles formed the real governing power.

"With a court so situated, angry negotiations, once commenced, rendered war inevitable, and the more especially that the Russian cabinet, which had long determined on hostilities, though undecided as to the time of drawing the sword, was well aware of the secret designs and proceedings of Austria in Italy, and of the discontent of Murat. The Hollanders were known to desire independence, and the deep hatred which the people of Prussia bore to the French was matter of notoriety. Bernadotte, who very early had resolved to cast down the ladder by which he rose, was the secret adviser of these practices against Napoleon's power in Italy, and he was also in communication with the Spaniards. Thus Napoleon, having a war in Spain which required three hundred thousand men to keep in a balanced state, was forced, by resistless circumstances, into another and more formidable contest in the distant north, when the whole of Europe was prepared to rise upon his lines of communication, and when his extensive sea frontier was exposed to the all-powerful navy of Great Britain."*

Military preparations of enormous magnitude were now made on both sides, to prepare for a conflict which seemed inevitable. The war with England was the cause of all these troubles. Peace with England would immediately bring repose to the world. Napoleon was so situated that he was exposed to blows on every side from the terrible fleet of England. He could strike no blows in return. Britannia needed "no bulwarks to frown along the steep." No French battery could throw a shot across the Channel, but

"This moderate language made the Emperor Alexander believe that Napoleon feared an open rupture, and that he was not ready for war. He was confirmed in this opinion by the reports which M. de Romanzoff received from Paris, which represented the Emperor as disposed to make any sacrifices to avoid a fresh collision on the Continent."—*Life of Napoleon, by M. Laurent de L'Ardèche*, vol. xi., p. 68.

"The difference between France and Russia, it is generally stated, was caused by Napoleon's annexing the territories of several members of the Confederation of the Rhine to France. Among these was the Duke of Oldenburg, who refused to take Erfurth, with the territory appertaining to it, in exchange for his duchy, and preferred to retire to the court of the Emperor of Russia, his near relation. But, in fact, the chief cause of the war between France and Russia was, that Alexander would not adhere so closely to the Continental system as he had promised at Erfurth. Napoleon thought that peace could be obtained but by carrying this system through. He had made too many sacrifices already in maintaining it to be willing to give it up. Moreover, he saw that the two empires would necessarily come to war as soon as Russia should attempt to execute her plans upon Constantinople, which Western Europe would not permit. Napoleon was then at the head of such a force as he might never again be able to command, and thought it a great object to prevent the execution of the projects of the Russian Colossus. The formidableness of this gigantic power to the rest of Europe, and the necessity of clipping the wings of its ambition, are now sufficiently apparent."—*Encyclopædia Americana*, Article *Napoleon*.

* Napier, vol. iii., p. 273.

the fleet of England could bombard the cities of France and of her allies, ravage their colonies, and consume their commerce. Under these circumstances, Napoleon condescended to make still another effort to disarm the hostility of his implacable foe. "According to his usual custom," says Alison, "when about to commence the most serious hostilities, Napoleon made proposals of peace to England. The terms now offered were, 'That the integrity of Spain should be guaranteed; that France should renounce all extension of her empire on the side of the Pyrenees; that the reigning dynasty of Spain should be declared independent, and the country governed by the national institution of the Cortes; that the independence and security of Portugal should be guaranteed, and the house of Braganza reign in that kingdom; that the kingdom of Naples should remain in the hands of its present ruler, and that of Sicily with its present king; and that Spain, Portugal, and Italy should be evacuated by the French and British troops, both by land and sea.'

"To these proposals Lord Castlereagh replied, that if by the term 'reigning dynasty' the French government meant the royal authority of Spain and its government as now vested in Joseph Bonaparte and the Cortes assembled under his authority, and not the government of Ferdinand VII., no negotiations could be admitted on such a basis."

The desire for peace must have been inconceivably strong in the bosom of Napoleon to have rendered it possible for him thus perseveringly to plead with his arrogant foes. He was repulsed, insulted, treated with unblushing perfidy, renewedly assailed without warning, and yet, for the sake of suffering humanity, he never ceased to implore peace. He was finally crushed by the onset of a million of bayonets. His great heart yielded to the agony of St. Helena, and then his triumphant foes piled upon the tomb of their victim the guilt of their own deeds of aggression and blood. In consequence, the noble name of Napoleon is now, in the mouths of thousands, but a by-word and a mockery—but the synonym for *bloodthirstiness and insatiable ambition*. An act more ungenerous than this earth has never witnessed. But God is just. He will yet lay "judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

Sir Walter Scott, unable to deny this new pacific overture, disingenuously seeks to attribute it to some unworthy motive. "It might be," says he. "Lord Wellington's successes, or the lingering anxiety to avoid a war involving so many contingencies as that of Russia, or it might be a desire to impress the French public that he was always disposed toward peace, that induced Napoleon to direct the Duke of Bassano to write a letter to Lord Castlereagh. This feeble effort toward a general peace having altogether miscarried, it became a subject of consideration whether the approaching breach between the two great empires could not yet be prevented."*

In reference to these conciliatory efforts of Napoleon, Lockhart says, "He, thus called on to review with new seriousness the whole condition and prospects of his empire, appears to have felt very distinctly that neither could be secure unless an end were by some means put to the war with England. He, in effect, opened a communication with the English government when

* Scott's Napoleon, vol. ii., p. 112.

the fall of Badajos was announced to him ; but, ere the negotiation had proceeded many steps, his pride returned upon him with its original obstinacy, and the renewed demand that Joseph should be recognized King of Spain abruptly closed the intercourse of the diplomatists. Such being the state of the Peninsula, and all hope of an accommodation with England at an end, it might have been expected that Napoleon would have spared no efforts to accommodate his differences with Russia."

Napier says, "The proposal for peace which he made to England before his departure for the Niemen is another circumstance where his object appears to have been misrepresented. In this proposal for peace he offered to acknowledge the house of Braganza in Portugal, the house of Bourbon in Sicily, and to withdraw his army from the Peninsula, if England would join him in guaranteeing the crown of Spain to Joseph, together with a Constitution to be arranged by a national Cortes. This was a virtual renunciation of the Continental system for the sake of a peace with England, and a proposal which obviated the charge of aiming at universal dominion, seeing that Austria, Spain, Portugal, and England would have retained their full strength, and the limits of his empire would have been fixed. The offer was also made at a time when the Emperor was certainly more powerful than he had ever yet been—when Portugal was, by the avowal of Wellington himself, far from secure, and Spain quite exhausted. At peace with England, Napoleon could easily have restored the Polish nation, and Russia would have been suppressed. Now Poland has fallen, and Russia stalks in the plenitude of her barbarous tyranny."*

Napoleon was now compelled to gather up his strength to contend against England upon the sea, the gigantic empire of Russia in the North, and the insurgents of Spain and Portugal in the South, roused, strengthened, and guided by the armies of Great Britain. It was a herculean enterprise. With herculean energy Napoleon went forth to meet it. His allies rallied around him with enthusiasm. It was the struggle of liberty against despotism. It was a struggle of the friends of reformed governments and of popular rights throughout Europe against the partisans of the old feudal aristocracy.

In every country of Europe there were at this time two parties—the aristocratic and the popular. On the whole, they were not very unequally divided. Napoleon was the gigantic heart of the popular party, and the mighty pulsations of his energies throbbled through Europe. The aristocratic party was dominant in England. The popular party was trampled in the dust.† Aristocratic England and despotic Russia now grasped hands in congenial alliance.

* Napier, vol. iii., p. 275.

† Colonel Napier thus candidly describes the political state of England at this time: "The new administration, despised by the country, were not the less powerful in Parliament. Its domestic proceedings were therefore characterized by all the corruption and tyranny of Mr. Pitt's system, without his redeeming genius. The press was persecuted with malignant ferocity, and the government sought to corrupt all that it could not trample upon. Meanwhile, all thinking men, who were not biased by factions or dazzled by military splendor, perceived, in the enormous expenses incurred to *press the democratic principle*, and in the consequent transfer of property, the sure foundation of future reaction and revolution. The distress of the working classes had already

Some persons connected with the ancient nobility intimated that it would be hazardous for Napoleon to leave France upon so distant an expedition, as conspiracies might be formed against his government. "Why," exclaimed Napoleon, "do you menace my absence with the different parties still alleged to exist in the interior of the empire? Where are they? I see but a single one against me, that of a few Royalists, the principal part of whom are of the ancient *noblesse*, old and inexperienced. But they dread my downfall more than they desire it. That which I have accomplished of the most beneficial description is the stemming of the revolutionary torrent. It would have swallowed up every thing, Europe and yourselves. I have united the most opposite parties, amalgamated rival classes, and yet there exist among you some obstinate nobles who resist, who refuse my places. Very well! What is that to me? It is for your advantage, for your security, that I offer them to you. What would you do singly by yourselves and without me? You are a mere handful opposed to masses. Do you not see that it is necessary to put an end to this struggle between the *commons* and the *nobility* by a complete fusion of all that is worthy of preservation in the two classes? I offer you the hand of amity, and you reject it. But what need have I of you? While I support you, I do myself injury in the eyes of the people. *For what am I but the king of the commons?* Is not that sufficient?"

Napoleon immediately called upon his allies for assistance. Prussia, Austria, Italy, Bavaria, Saxony, Westphalia, and the various states of the Rhenish Confederation, responded generously to the call. All of these states, except Prussia and Austria, had thoroughly imbibed the principles of revolutionized France. Austria was now allied to Napoleon by marriage. Prussia, wavering between despotism and liberty, hesitatingly arrayed herself under the banners of France. Napoleon soon found nearly five hundred thousand men, all ready with enthusiasm to follow his guidance.*

produced partial insurrections, and the nation at large was beginning to perceive that the governing powers, whether representative or executive, were capacious usurpers of the people's rights.

"Napoleon's Continental system, although of the nature of a sumptuary law, which the desires of men will never suffer to exist long in vigor, was yet so efficient, that the British government was forced to encourage and protect illicit trading, to the great detriment of mercantile morality. The island of Heligoland was the chief point of deposit for this commerce, and either by trading energy, or by the connivance of Continental governments, the Emperor's system was continually baffled. Nevertheless, its effects will not quickly pass away. It pressed sorely upon the manufactures at the time, and, by giving rise to rival establishments on the Continent, has awakened in Germany a commercial spirit by no means favorable to England's manufacturing superiority. The foreign policy of the government was very simple, namely, to bribe all powers to war with France. Hence, to Russia, every thing save specie was granted. Hence, also, amicable relations with Sweden were immediately re-established, and the more readily, that this power had lent herself to the violation of the Continental system by permitting the entry of British goods at Stralsund."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iii., p. 276.

* Colonel Napier testifies to the treachery which, at that time, influenced the courts of Austria and Prussia.

"It has already been shown that, while negotiating with France an offensive and defensive treaty in 1812, the Austrian cabinet was cognizant of, and secretly aiding the plan of a vast insurrection, extending from the Tyrol to Calabria, and other Illyrian provinces. The management of this scheme was intrusted by the British cabinet to Lord Nugent and Mr. King, who were at Vienna. Their agents went from thence to Italy and the Illyrian coast. Many Austrian officers were engaged in the project, and Italians of great families entered into commercial houses, to enable them

Poland was almost in a phrensy of joy. She felt that the hour of her redemption had come. The nation was ready, as one man, to rally beneath the banners of Napoleon, if he would but shield them from their resistless oppressors. But sixteen millions of people, surrounded by hostile Russia, Prussia, and Austria, could do nothing alone. Napoleon was exposed to the most cruel perplexity. All his sympathies were with the Poles. But Francis of Austria had become his ally and his father-in-law. With Francis, political considerations were far stronger than parental ties. Austria would immediately have joined the Russian alliance had Napoleon wrested from her her Polish provinces. Napoleon was also still hoping to effect a speedy peace with Russia, and wished to do nothing to increase the animosity of the Czar.

Alexander had now assembled an immense army near the banks of the Niemen, and, about the middle of April, placed himself at the head of his troops. Napoleon, having made the necessary arrangements for the government of France during his absence, departed on the 9th of May for Dresden, on his way to join the grand army. Maria Louisa accompanied him. The progress of the imperial pair was a continual triumph. Banners of welcome, triumphal arches, processions of maidens, ringing of bells, music, and acclamations, greeted them wherever they appeared.

The enthusiasm was as great in Germany as in France. Crowds thronged the road-sides to catch a glimpse of the illustrious man whose renown filled the world.

Dresden, the capital of Saxony, had been named by Napoleon as the general rendezvous for the kings and princes in alliance with him. Among those who were there awaiting the arrival of the French Emperor and his consort were the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the King of Prussia, who



VICINITY OF DRESDEN.

came, however, uninvited, the Kings of Saxony, Naples, Bavaria, Wür-

with more facility to carry out this plan. Moreover, Austria, while actually signing the treaty with Napoleon, was, with unceasing importunity, urging Prussia to join the Russians in opposition to him. The feeble operations of Prince Schwartzberg, the manner in which he uncovered the Emperor's right flank, and permitted Tchitchagoff to move to the Beresina in the Russian campaign, were but continuations of this deceitful policy. And it was openly advanced, as a merit by the Austrian cabinet, that her offer of mediation, after the battle of Bautzen, was made solely with the view of gaining time to organize the army which was to join the Russians and Prussians. Finally, the armistice itself was violated, hostilities being commenced before its termination, to enable the Russian troops safely to join the Austrians in Bohemia."—*Napier*, vol. iv., p. 325

temberg, and Westphalia, and a crowd of minor princes. The Emperor occupied the grand apartments of the palace. The regards of all men were turned to him. The gates of the palace were ever thronged with multitudes eager to see that controlling spirit, at whose word nearly all Europe was ready to march into the unknown regions of the North. Napoleon was under the necessity of exerting a private influence to secure some attention being paid to the Emperor Francis, who was in danger of being entirely overlooked. Napoleon, on all occasions, granted the precedence to his father-in-law. Frederick William wandered through these brilliant scenes abject and melancholy.* It is worthy of remark, that Napoleon had not, at Dresden, a single armed Frenchman in attendance upon his person. He was entirely under the protection of his German allies. When, subsequently, at St. Helena, reminded of this fact, he remarked, "I was in so good a family, with such worthy people, that I ran no risk. I was beloved by all, and, at this moment I am sure that the King of Saxony daily prays for me."

Napoleon remained at Dresden about a fortnight. During this time he was incessantly occupied dictating dispatches relative to the campaign about to be opened, and to the conduct of the war in Spain. Immense quantities of men, horses, provisions, and baggage of every description, were moving from all parts of the European Continent to the banks of the Niemen. Such an array was congregated as had never before been seen in modern Europe. Napoleon, being thus prepared for war, and with such forces as to render success apparently certain, made a new attempt at negotiation with the Czar. He dispatched the Count Narbonne to Wilna, the head-quarters of Alexander, to propose terms of accommodation. But neither Alexander nor his ministers would condescend even to grant the envoy an audience. When Napoleon was informed of this contemptuous repulse, he calmly said, "The vanquished have assumed the tone of victors. They are drawn by fate, which has decreed their destiny." Orders were immediately given for the army to advance and to cross the Niemen. He then issued the following proclamation:†

"Soldiers! The second war of Poland has commenced. The first war terminated at Friedland and Tilsit. At Tilsit, Russia swore eternal alliance with France, and war with England. She has openly violated her oath, and refuses to offer any explanation of her strange conduct till the French eagle

* "The principal object of the Emperor Napoleon was to exhibit to the eyes of Russia, in this assembly of kings and princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, the evidence of his alliance with them, to bind his allies to him more closely, and, through the influence of that paternity, combined with a grand display of forces, to induce Russia to return to a friendly spirit; for I can not repeat too often that Napoleon entered upon this war with extreme reluctance, and to the very last moment he cherished the hope of avoiding it. But the cold and inflexible attitude of the Czar, his reserve, his persistence in requirements which could not be admitted, because they were humiliating, convinced Napoleon that Alexander had chosen his part, and that he was too deeply involved in engagements with England to draw back."—*Napoleon et Marie Louise, Souvenirs Historiques, de M. le Baron Meneval*, tome ii., p. 18.

† "A conqueror's march to Moscow amid such dangers was a design more vast, more hardy, more astounding than ever before entered the imagination of man; yet it was achieved, and solely by the force of his genius. Napoleon was undoubtedly anxious to avoid it (the war with Russia) while the Spanish contest continued, yet, with a far-reaching European policy, in which his English adversaries were deficient, he saw and desired to check the growing strength of that fearful and wicked power which now menaces the civilized world."—*Napier*, vol. iii., p. 275.

shall have passed the Rhine, and, consequently, shall have left her allies at her discretion. Russia is impelled onward by fatality. Her destiny is about to be accomplished. Does she believe that we have degenerated? that we are no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz? She has placed us between dishonor and war. The choice can not, for an instant, be doubtful. Let us march forward, then, and, crossing the Niemen, carry the war into her territories. The second war of Poland will be to the French arms as glorious as the first. But our next peace must carry with it its own guarantee, and put an end to that arrogant influence which, for the last fifty years, Russia has exercised over the affairs of Europe."

Napoleon seems to have entertained no apprehension respecting the result of the war. "Never," said he, "was the success of an expedition more certain. I see on all sides nothing but probabilities in my favor. Not only do I advance at the head of the immense forces of France, Italy, Germany, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Poland, but the two monarchies which have hitherto been the most powerful auxiliaries of Russia against me have now ranged themselves on my side. They espouse my cause with the zeal of my oldest friends. Why should I not number in a similar class Turkey and Sweden? The former is at this moment, in all probability, resuming its arms against the Russians. Bernadotte hesitates, it is true, but he is a Frenchman. He will regain his old associations on the first cannon shot; he will not refuse to Sweden so favorable an opportunity to avenge the disasters of Charles XII. Never again can such a favorable combination of circumstances be anticipated. I feel that it draws me on, and if Alexander persists in refusing my proposition, I shall pass the Niemen."*

In the following words Napoleon gave utterance to his peculiar ideas of destiny: "Do you dread the war as endangering my life? It was thus that, in the times of conspiracy, attempts were made to frighten me about Georges. He was said to be every where upon my track—that the wretched being was to fire at me. Well! suppose he had. He would, at the utmost, have killed my aid-de-camp, but to kill me was impossible. Had I at that time accomplished the decrees of Fate? I feel myself impelled toward a goal of which I am ignorant. The moment I have reached it, as soon as I am no longer of service, an atom then will suffice to put me down. But, till then, all human efforts will avail nothing against me. Whether I am in Paris or

* "The attack upon Russia," says Louis Bonaparte, "was so hazardous that I can not conceive how the Emperor Napoleon could have undertaken it. I am far from approving of the expedition to Russia. But he must be blinded by hostility who will not admit that resistance to the prodigious encroachments of that empire, and to a gigantic influence which menaced all Europe, is an idea the most grand, the most politic, and the most generous. The young Russian officers whom I had occasion to meet at the baths of Marienbad, in Bohemia, said, in their language, boastful and imprudent, perhaps, but chivalrous and true, '*It is we who are now the Romans.*' Let one imagine the Russians masters of Constantinople, and let one dare to affirm that they will not be masters of all Europe, not at some remote period, but almost immediately, since they will leave a supremacy incontestable both upon the land and the sea. As soon as Constantinople shall be in the power of the great empire of the north, which naturally exercises a great influence over Greece, the English dominion of the sea must soon yield to that of the Czar. The expedition to Russia, though audacious, gigantic, imprudent, perhaps, without the re-establishment of Poland and her aid, was, nevertheless, an idea grand, heroic, and profoundly politic."—*Réponse à Sir Walter Scott par Louis Bonaparte, frère de l'Empereur.*

with the army is, therefore, quite indifferent. When my hour comes, a fever, or a fall from my horse in hunting, will kill me as effectually as a bullet. Our days are numbered."

M. Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, was at this time the Minister of Police. He says, "Previous to quitting France, Napoleon disposed of every public business which required his presence. This was his practice whenever he undertook a journey. He generally had a private conversation with each minister for the purpose of giving his special instructions when he was desirous of having any business carried on without further correspondence with him. He never overlooked the smallest details. They all appeared deserving his attention. When he came to the last week of his stay, he replied to all outstanding cases referred to him by his ministers. This is what he called 'clearing his closet.' On the occasion of his departure, he conversed with me relating to every subject to which he was desirous I should attend during his absence. This was a general instruction on his part, and by no means so severe as it was supposed to be by men whose whole life has been engaged in representing him as a tyrant, devoid of every sense of justice and of all kindly feelings; and yet these are the qualities for which he was most conspicuous. He felt particularly beholden to any one who would afford him an opportunity of doing an act of justice, and, as he was never weary of granting favors, so there could be no hesitation in soliciting them.

"In the instructions given me by the Emperor before his departure, I was particularly enjoined to be mild and considerate toward every one. He observed to me that there never came any good out of creating a feeling of hostility, and that in the ministry of police, more than any other, it was necessary to act with gentleness. He repeatedly cautioned me to avoid every arbitrary arrest, and always to have justice on my side in every measure I might adopt.

"He spoke to me in this conversation respecting the war he was compelled to undertake, complained of not having been faithfully served, and of being driven to engage in a contest with Russia alone, in the present year, in order not to have to fight the next with Austria and Prussia. He said that he had now a numerous army, fully adequate to the enterprise, while he might have to contend with inferior numbers on his side if fresh enemies should rise next year against him. He deeply deplored the confidence he had placed in those sentiments which had induced him to make peace at Tilsit, and often repeated these words, 'Whoever could have saved me from this war would have rendered me an essential service. Now we have it, we must extricate ourselves the best way in our power.'"

"If Alexander," said Napoleon to General Belliard, "persists in his refusals to execute the conventions which we have mutually entered into, if he will not accede to the last proposals I made to him, I will pass the Niemen, defeat his army, and possess myself of Russian Poland. This last territory I will unite to the Grand Duchy;* I will convert it into a kingdom, where I will have 50,000 men, whom the country must support. The in-

* The Grand Duchy of Warsaw was that portion of dismembered Poland which Napoleon had rescued from Prussia, and to which he had given independence.

habitants wish to form themselves again into a national corps. They are a warlike people, and will soon possess a numerous and disciplined force. Poland wants arms; I will supply them. She will be a check upon the Russians—a barrier against the irruption of the Cossacks. But I am embarrassed on one point: I know not what course to pursue with regard to Galicia.* The Emperor of Austria, or rather his council, is reluctant to part with it. I have offered ample remuneration, but it has been refused. I must await the course of events, which alone can show us what ought to be done.”

On the 29th of May, 1812, Napoleon left Dresden, and was accompanied as far as Prague by the Empress; then, parting with Maria Louisa, he hastened to Dantzic, where he had collected vast quantities of military stores. General Rapp, a blunt soldier, and who had always been a favorite of the Emperor, was governor of that city. On the evening after his arrival, the Emperor supped at the hotel of the government with General Rapp, Murat, the King of Naples, and Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel. Passing through the hall, he observed a bust of the Queen of Prussia. Turning to the governor, he said with a smile,

“Master Rapp, I give you notice that I shall inform Maria Louisa of your infidelity.”

“You recently informed me,” replied the accused, “that the King of Prussia had become one of your allies, and surely I may keep in my apartment the bust of a pretty woman who is the wife of your friend.”

Not a little embarrassment prevailed at the supper-table. Napoleon’s generals, enriched, loaded with honors, and surrounded with pomp and luxury, were but little disposed again to encounter the perils and the hardships of the field of battle. After a period of silence, the Emperor inquired the distance from Cadiz to Dantzic.

“It is too far, sire,” General Rapp replied.

“I understand you,” said the Emperor; “but in a few months we shall be still farther distant.”

“So much the worse, sire,” continued General Rapp.

There was another interval of silence. Nether Murat nor Berthier ventured to speak. For a few moments Napoleon rigidly scrutinized the countenances of the three. At length, in a low and serious tone, but with much emphasis, he said,

“Gentlemen, I see clearly that you have no relish for this war. The King of Naples has reluctantly quitted the fine climate of his own kingdom. Berthier desires nothing better than to hunt on his estate at Grosbois, and Rapp is impatient to inhabit his mansion at Paris.” The king and the prince both remained silent; but Rapp frankly avowed that his majesty had spoken the truth.

It was Napoleon’s hope that Russia would be compelled to yield to those terms which appeared to him indispensable for the repose of Europe, and for the salvation of all those popular governments which were leaning upon him for protection. He believed that Alexander would be forced to submit to the recognition of Poland. This kingdom of twenty millions of inhabitants, thus restored to independence, and imbued with the principles of revo-

* Galicia was that fragment of the kingdom of Poland which Austria had grasped.

lutionized France, would be a formidable barrier to protect the rest of Europe from the colossal despotism of the North. Being in alliance with popular governments, its position would enable it to present serious obstacles to any coalitions between Russia, Austria, and Prussia. By compelling Russia, also, faithfully to enforce the Continental system, which by treaty she had solemnly promised to do, but which treaty she had perfidiously violated, England, starved into peace, would be compelled to sheathe the sword. The objects at which Napoleon aimed were grand and glorious. Apparently, it is deeply to be deplored that he did not accomplish his ends. Where is the intelligent man now, in England or America, who does not wish that Poland were free, and that the despotism of Russia could be checked?

“That war,” said Napoleon at St. Helena, “should have been the most popular of any in modern times. It was a war of good sense and true interests; a war for the repose and security of all. It was purely pacific and preservative, entirely European and Continental. Its success would have established a balance of power, and would have introduced new combinations, by which the dangers of the time present would have been succeeded by future tranquillity. In this case ambition had no share in my views. In raising Poland, which was the keystone of the whole arch, I would have permitted a king of Prussia, an archduke of Austria, or any other, to occupy the throne. I had no wish to obtain any new acquisition, and I reserved to myself only the glory of doing good, and the blessing of posterity. Yet this undertaking failed, and proved my ruin, though I never acted more disinterestedly, or better merited success.

“As if popular opinion had been seized with contagion in a moment, a general outcry, a general sentiment arose against me. I was proclaimed to be the destroyer of kings—I, who had created them. I was denounced as the subverter of the rights of nations—I, who was about to risk all to secure them; and people and kings, those irreconcilable enemies, leagued together and conspired against me. All the acts of my past life were now forgotten. I said truly that popular favor would return to me with victory, but victory escaped me, and I was ruined. Such is mankind, and such my history. But both people and kings will have cause to regret me, and my memory will be sufficiently avenged for the injustice committed upon me. That is certain.”

That Napoleon was sincere in these sentiments is proved beyond all possibility of doubt by the instructions which he gave his ambassador, the Abbé de Pradt, whom he sent to Warsaw. This all-important document was dated April 18, 1812, two months before his armies entered Russia.

“Sir,—The Emperor has sufficient confidence in your ability and devotion to his service to intrust to you a mission of the greatest political importance—a mission requiring activity, prudence, and discretion.

“You must go to Dresden, the apparent object of your journey being to present to his majesty, the King of Saxony, a letter which the Emperor will send you to-morrow after his levée. His imperial and royal majesty has already given you his instructions; he will communicate to you verbally his wishes with regard to the overtures you must make to the King of Saxony.

“The intention of the Emperor is, that the King of Saxony should be

treated with that consideration to which he has a claim, from the particular esteem which his imperial majesty feels for him personally. You will explain yourself frankly both to the king and his ministers. You may feel confidence in the opinion of the Count of Senft-Pilsac.

“Saxony will not be required to sacrifice *any thing without compensation.*

“Saxony attaches little value to the sovereignty of Warsaw. Such as it is at present, it is a precarious and burdensome charge. The possession of this fragment of Poland places her in a false position with regard to Prussia, Austria, and Russia. You will develop these ideas, and you will treat this question in the same manner as in the discussion which took place on the 17th, in his majesty’s cabinet, when you were present. You will find the cabinet of Dresden little inclined to oppose you; its diplomacy has several times suggested to us the same observation. The question is not about the dismemberment of the King of Saxony’s dominions.

“After a short stay at Dresden you will announce your departure for Warsaw, where you must wait fresh orders from the Emperor.

“His imperial majesty requests the King of Saxony to accredit you to his Polish ministers.

“You will concert your measures at Warsaw with the Emperor’s High Chamberlain, and with General Z——. These two persons are descended from the most illustrious families of Poland: they have promised to make use of their influence with their fellow-citizens to induce them to exert themselves for the happiness and independence of their country.

“You must instigate the government of the Grand Duchy to prepare for the great changes which the Emperor proposes to bring about in favor of the Polish nation.

“The Poles must second the designs of the Emperor, and co-operate themselves in their regeneration; *they must only look upon the French as powerful auxiliaries.* The Emperor does not conceal from himself the difficulties which he must experience in the re-establishment of Poland. The work of policy must be opposed to *the apparent and actual interests of his allies.*

“The re-establishment of Poland by the arms of the French empire is a hazardous and even a perilous enterprise, in which France will be obliged to struggle equally against her friends and her enemies. Let us enter into particulars:

“*The object which the Emperor has in view is the organization of Poland, with the whole or a part of its ancient territory; and this he wishes to accomplish without a war, if it be possible.* To this end, his majesty has given very extensive powers to his ambassador at St. Petersburg; and he has sent to Vienna a negotiator who is authorized to treat with the principal powers, and to offer to make great sacrifices of territory on the part of the French empire, as indemnity for the relinquishment of what is required for the establishment of the kingdom of Poland.

“Europe is divided into three great parts: the French empire at the west; the German states in the centre; and the empire of Russia in the east. England can have, in Continental affairs, only so much influence as the powers are willing to concede to her.

“An important object is to strengthen the central division sufficiently to

prevent Russia and France from acquiring the sovereignty of too much of Europe by extending their dominions. The French empire is in the actual enjoyment of its greatest energy : if it does not now settle the political constitution of Europe, it may before long lose the advantage of its position, and have to give up its enterprises.

“The establishment of a military government in Prussia, the reign and conquest of the great Frederick, the ideas of the age, and those of the French Revolution put in circulation, have annihilated the ancient German Confederation. The Confederation of the Rhine is only a provisional system. The princes who gained, wished, perhaps, for the consolidation of that system ; but the princes who lost, the people who suffered the miseries of war, and the states which dreaded the too great power of France, would oppose the maintaining the Confederation of the Rhine whenever an occasion presented itself. Even the princes who were aggrandized by this new system would feel disposed to withdraw from it, in proportion as time confirmed them in the possession of what they had acquired. France might see herself, in the end, deprived of that protectorship, which she would assuredly have purchased by too many sacrifices.

“The Emperor thinks that, at a final epoch which can not long be delayed, it will be proper to restore the confederation of the powers of Europe to all their independence.

“The house of Austria, which possesses three vast kingdoms, ought to be the soul of this independence, on account of the topographical position of its territories ; but she ought not to be the ruler in a case of rupture between the two empires of France and Russia ; for, if the confederation of the intermediate powers were moved by the same impulse, it would necessarily involve the ruin of one of the contending parties. The French empire would be more exposed than the Russian empire.

“The centre of Europe ought to consist of nations unequal in their power, each of which would have a system of policy peculiar to itself ; and which, from their situation and their political relation, would look for support in the protectorship of a preponderating power. These nations would be interested in maintaining peace because they would always be the victims of war. With these views, after having created new kingdoms, and added to the territories of the old, in order to strengthen for the future our system of alliance, it was most important for the Emperor, and at the same time for Europe, to re-establish Poland. Without the restoration of that kingdom, Europe would be without a frontier on that side ; Austria and Germany would find themselves face to face with the most vast empire in the universe.

“The Emperor can foresee that Poland, like Prussia, will be at last in alliance with Russia ; but if Poland owes to him her restoration, the epoch of the union of those two powers may be sufficiently distant to allow of the established order of things being consolidated. Europe being thus organized, there would be no longer any reason for rivalry between France and Russia : these two empires would have the same commercial interests, and would act upon the same principles.

“Before the coolness with Prussia, an idea of the Emperor’s had been to make a solid alliance with the King of Prussia, and to place on his head the

crown of Poland. There were fewer obstacles to overcome, because Prussia already possessed a third part of that kingdom. We should have left to Russia what she meant absolutely to keep, and would have given an indemnity to Austria. The march of events, however, necessitated a change in the Emperor's projects.

"At the time of the negotiations at Tilsit, it was necessary to create more kingdoms precisely in the countries which most dreaded the power of France. The moment was propitious for the re-establishment of Poland, although it would have been a work of violence and force. The war must have been continued; the French army was suffering from cold and from want of provisions; Russia had an army on foot. The Emperor was touched with the generous sentiments which the Emperor Alexander professed for him. He had obstacles to encounter on the part of Austria. He allowed his policy to be overcome by a desire to sign a peace, which he hoped to render durable, if, by the influence of Russia and Austria, England would consent to a general pacification.

"After her reverses of fortune, Prussia felt so much hatred toward us as to make it prudent for us to moderate her power: it was with this view that the Grand Duchy of Warsaw was organized. The King of Saxony was selected as its sovereign, a prince whose life had been spent in promoting the happiness of his subjects; and an attempt was made to satisfy the feelings of the Poles by institutions which should be agreeable to them, and conformable to their character and manners. But this was a great mistake in every point of view.

"Saxony, separated from her near possessions by Prussia, could not become sufficiently incorporated with Poland to constitute a strong and powerful state. The overture of having a military route through the Prussian territory, in order to enable Saxony to communicate with Poland, greatly offended the Prussian nation, and her people complained of being deceived in their hopes.

"The Emperor stipulated for the occupation of the Prussian fortresses, in order to make sure that this power would not seek to rekindle the war. The campaign of 1809 showed the prudent foresight of his policy, and had confirmed him in the resolution of laboring without relaxation in such an organization of Europe as should put an end to disastrous wars.

"The Emperor thought that he ought to make formidable demonstration, by pushing forward a number of troops on the Vistula, and by occupying the fortresses of Prussia, in order to secure the fidelity of his allies, and to obtain by negotiation that which he ought, perhaps, to have expected from war alone.

"In these circumstances there were imminent dangers. Troops can not be sent five hundred leagues from their own territory without peril; and Poland should depend as much upon her own resources as on the support of the Emperor. If war breaks out, I repeat, that if war should ensue, the Poles should look upon France only as an auxiliary operating in aid of their own resources. Let them call to mind the time when, by their patriotism and bravery, they resisted the numerous armies who assailed their independence.

“The people of the Grand Duchy wish for the re-establishment of Poland; it is for them, therefore, to prepare the way by which the usurped provinces can have an opportunity of declaring their wishes also. The government of the Grand Duchy should, as soon as events permit, unite under the banner of independence the dismembered provinces of their unfortunate country. If there be Poles under the dominion of Russia, or of Austria, who decline returning to the mother country, no attempt should be made to compel them to do so. The strength of Poland should consist of her public spirit, and in her patriotism, as much as in the institutions which will constitute her new social state.

“The object of your mission, then, is to enlighten, to encourage, and to direct in their operations the Polish patriots. You will give an account of your negotiations to the Minister for Foreign Affairs; he will inform the Emperor of your success, and you must also send me extracts from your reports.

“The misfortunes and the weakness of the Polish Republic have been caused by an aristocracy without law or restraint. Then, as now, the nobility were powerful, the middle class submissive, the people *nothing*. But in the midst of these disorders there remained in this nation a love of liberty and independence which long supported its feeble existence. These sentiments must have become strengthened by time and oppression. Patriotism is natural for the Poles, even to the members of distinguished families. The Emperor intends strictly to abide by the promise he made in Article 29 of the treaty of the 9th of July, 1807: *To regulate the Grand Duchy by institutions which should secure its liberty and the privileges of the people consistently with the tranquillity of the neighboring states. Poland shall have independence and liberty.* As to the choice of a sovereign, that will be regulated by the treaty which his majesty will sign with the other powers. His majesty lays no claim to the throne of Poland, either for himself or for any of his family. In the great work of the restoration of Poland, he has no other object than the happiness of the Poles and the tranquillity of Europe. His majesty authorizes you to make this declaration, and to make it formally, whenever you consider it useful for the interests of France and of Poland.”

“Toward the end of the year 1811,” says the Duke of Gaëta, “when rumors of an approaching war with the North began to circulate, I availed myself of the liberty which the Emperor had always granted me in our private conversations, to express to him my solicitude.

“The affairs of your majesty,” I said to him, “are certainly now the most prosperous of any in Europe. A new war, conducted at the distance of eight hundred leagues, would impose upon us a very heavy expense, of which but a small portion could be defrayed by that distant country, which offers no resources. What, then, would become of the present easy state of our finances, particularly should the events of the war prove disastrous?”

“You thus speak,” Napoleon replied, “because you do not fully comprehend our true political condition. I am sure that Russia is preparing for a rupture, which she only defers in hopes of seeing us weakened before she declares war by some defection fomented by England. I have also strong reasons to believe that Austria, who will now *march with us*, soon will march

against us. Now that is an event which I must carefully guard against; for, without relying upon any frank and cordial concurrence on the part of Austria, it is still essential that we should not have that power to combat while an important part of our forces are employed elsewhere.

“I can not refrain from preparing for war, without, at the same time, neglecting to adopt measures to keep its ravages at a distance. Thus I am driven to obey a necessity which my position unhappily exacts, that I should be now the *fox* and now the *lion*. But if my efforts to preserve peace prove unavailing, and we are compelled to fight, I shall at once be released from the promise which I have made to Russia *not to favor any enterprise which tends to the re-establishment of Poland*. The success of the first campaign will enable me to purchase from Austria the share which she possesses of that ancient country, paying her, as an equivalent, the Illyrian provinces. And then what a security for France and for all the south of Europe will be the re-establishment of that barrier, which has so long preserved us from the irruptions of the people of the North! And as to our finances, can it be possible that those nations whose safety we have thus secured will not requite such a service? And think you that, to the French nation, after the victory, they will dare to oppose a refusal?”*

Las Casas records the following conversation upon this subject which occurred at St. Helena. “‘Sire,’ said Las Casas, ‘may I presume to ask, if Moscow had not been burned, did your majesty intend to establish your quarters there?’

“‘Certainly,’ replied the Emperor; ‘and I should then have exhibited the singular spectacle of an army wintering in the midst of a hostile nation which was pressing upon it from all points. It would have been the ship caught in the ice. You would have been in France without any intelligence from me for several months. But you would have remained quiet; you would have acted wisely; Cambacères would, as usual, have conducted affairs in my name, and all would have been as orderly as if I had been present. The winter in Russia would have weighed heavy upon every one. The torpor would have been general. The spring, also, would have revived for all the world. All would have been at once on their legs, and it is known that the French are as nimble as others.

“‘On the first appearance of fine weather I should have marched against the enemy. I should have beaten them. I should have been master of their empire. Alexander, be assured, would not have suffered me to proceed so far. He would have agreed to all the conditions which I might have dictated, and France would then have begun to enjoy all her advantages. And truly my success depended upon a mere trifle; for I had undertaken the expedition to fight against armed men, not against nature in the violence of her wrath. I defeated armies, but I could not conquer the flames, the frost, stupefaction, and death. I was forced to yield to Fate. And, after all, how unfortunate for France—indeed, for all Europe!

“‘Peace concluded at Moscow would have fulfilled and wound up my hostile expeditions. It would have been, with respect to the grand cause, the

* Supplement aux Mémoires et Souvenirs de M. Gaudin, Duke de Gaëta, p. 113.

end of casualties and the commencement of security. A new horizon, new undertakings would have unfolded themselves, adapted in every respect to the well-being and prosperity of all. The foundations of the European system would have been laid, and my only remaining task would have been its organization. Satisfied on these grand points, and every where at peace, I should also have had my Congress and my Holy Alliance. These were plans which were stolen from me. In that assembly of all the sovereigns, we should have discussed our interests in a family way, and settled our accounts with the people as a clerk does with his master.*

“‘The cause of the age was victorious, the revolution accomplished. The only point in question was to reconcile it with what it had not destroyed; but that task belonged to me. I had, for a long time, been making preparations for it, at the expense, perhaps, of my popularity. No matter. I became the arch of the old and new alliance, the natural mediator between the ancient and modern order of things. I maintained the principles and possessed the confidence of the one—I had identified myself with the other. I belonged to them both. I should have acted conscientiously in favor of each. *My glory would have consisted in my equity.*’

“After having enumerated what he would have proposed between sovereign and sovereign, and between sovereigns and their people, he continued,

“‘Powerful as we were, all that we might have conceded would have appeared grand. It would have gained us the gratitude of the people. At present, what they may extort will never seem enough to them, and they will be uniformly distrustful and discontented.’

“He next took a review of what he could have proposed for the prosperity, the interests, the enjoyments, and the well-being of the European confederacy. He wished to establish the same principles, the same system every where. A European code, a court of European appeal, with full powers to redress all wrong decisions, as ours redresses at home those of our tribunals; money of the same value, but with different coins; the same weights, the same measures, the same laws, &c.

“‘Europe would, in that manner,’ he said, ‘have really been but the same people, and every one who traveled would have every where found himself in one common country.’

“He would have required that all the rivers should be navigable in common; that the seas should be thrown open; that the great standing armies should, in future, be reduced to the single establishment of a guard for the sovereign. In fine, a crowd of ideas fell from him, some of the simplest nature, others altogether sublime, relative to the different political, civil, and

* “Napoleon early judged, and the event has proved that he judged truly, that the democratic spirit of France, however violent, was unable to overbear the aristocratic and monarchic tendencies of Europe; wisely, therefore, while he preserved the essence of the first by fostering equality, he endeavored to blend it with the other two, thus satisfying, as far as the nature of human institutions would permit, the conditions of the great problem he had undertaken to solve. *His object was the reconstruction of the social fabric which had been shattered by the French Revolution, mixing with the new materials all that remained of the old sufficiently unbroken to build with again. If he failed to render his structure stable, it was because his design was misunderstood, and the terrible passions let loose by the previous stupendous explosion were too mighty even for him to compress.*”—Napier, vol iv., p. 358.

legislative branches, to religion, to the arts, and commerce. They embraced every subject. He concluded,

“On my return to France, in the bosom of my country, at once great, powerful, magnificent, at peace, and glorious, I would have proclaimed the immutability of boundaries, all future wars purely defensive, all new aggrandizements anti-national. I would have associated my son with the empire, my dictatorship would have terminated, and his constitutional reign commenced. Paris would have been the capital of the world, and the French the envy of nations. My leisure and my old age would have been consecrated, in company with the Empress, and during the royal apprenticeship of my son, in visiting, with my own horses, like a plain country couple, every corner of the empire; in receiving complaints, in redressing wrongs, in founding monuments, and in doing good every where and by every means. These, also, my dear Las Casas, were among my dreams.’”

Extravagant as is this ambition, it certainly does not indicate an ungenerous or an ignoble spirit. Wild as was the dream, by the extraordinary genius of Napoleon it came near to its fulfillment.

On another occasion he said to O'Meara, “In the course of a few years Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattering which Alexander practiced toward me was to gain my consent to effect this object. I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. The powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia, and Austria. Now as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominion reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England will ever be allied with sincerity will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia united can not prevent it. Russia and Austria can, at any time, effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and a hundred thousand *canaille*, Cossacks, and others, and England loses India. Above all other powers, Russia is most to be feared, especially by you. Her soldiers are braver than the Austrians, and she has the means of raising as many as she pleases. In bravery, the French and English soldiers are the only ones to be compared to them. All this I foresaw. I see into futurity farther than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king. But your imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be applauded (*encensé*), and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the finest countries in Europe overcome, and a prey to those northern barbarians, they will say, ‘*Napoleon was right.*’”

CHAPTER XIII.

MOSCOW.

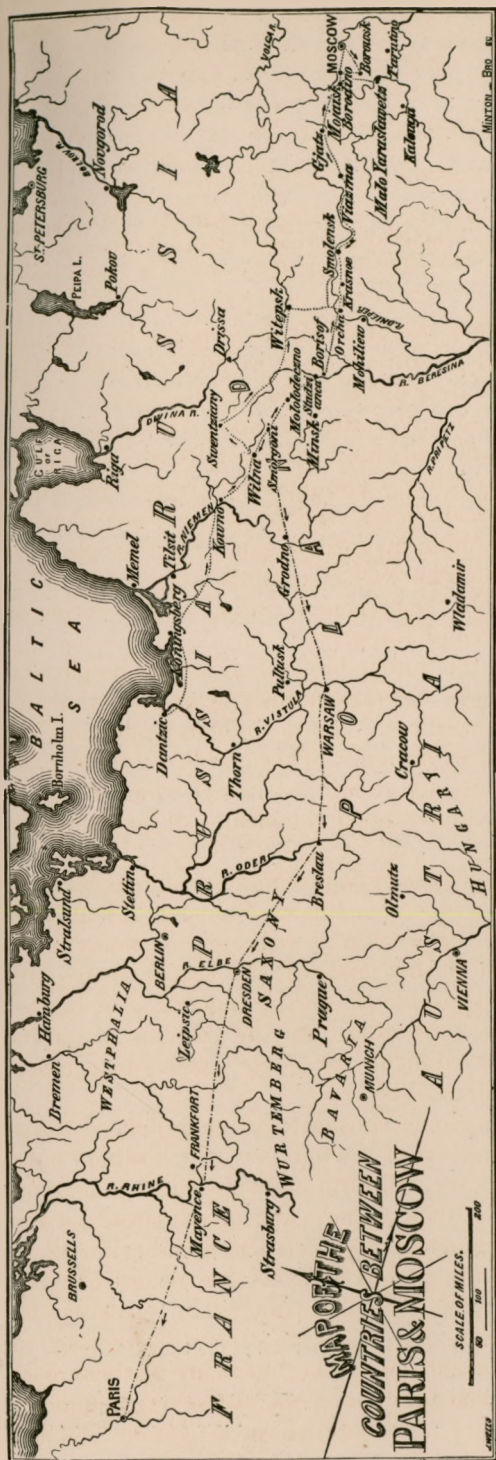
Hostility of England to Napoleon—Of the Bourbonists in France—Impartiality of the American People—Departure from Dantzic—Movement of the Grand Army—Crossing the Niemen—Wilna—Witepsk—Smolensk—Borodino—Moscow—The Conflagration—Anxiety of Napoleon—Efforts for Peace—Financial Skill.

WE have not deemed it necessary to encumber these pages by referring to authorities to establish facts which are admitted by all historians. The prominent events of Napoleon's career need no longer be proved. The campaigns of Italy, the expedition to Egypt, the march to Austerlitz, Friedland, and Wagram, the war in Spain, and the invasion of Russia, are established facts which call only for narrative. The questions respecting which there is any room for controversy are few. Did Napoleon *usurp* power? Having obtained power, did he trample upon the rights of the people? Is he responsible for the wars in which he was incessantly involved? What judgment must history pass upon the "massacre at Jaffa," the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, and the divorce of Josephine?

Upon these controverted points the author has endeavored to be particularly explicit. Upon these subjects he has scrupulously given his authorities to establish the facts which he has recorded. As to *opinions* respecting Napoleon, the world has been deluged with them. These *facts, with their documentary proof*, are presented to the only impartial tribunal which can now be found on earth, to pronounce judgment upon Napoleon—to the American people.

England dares not, even now, do justice to Napoleon, lest the popular feeling should be aroused against the aristocracy, still so dominant in that land. The Bourbon party in France, with its wealth, its rank, and its many intellectual resources, combines with all in that land who are hostile to the government of Louis Napoleon in casting obloquy on the reputation of his renowned uncle; and in our own country there are the remains of former party enmities, which render it very difficult for many persons to contemplate the character of Napoleon without bias.

But the masses of the American people constitute an unprejudiced tribunal. They can look at *facts*, regardless of the *opinions* which others have expressed. In view of these facts, they will form an independent judgment, unbiassed by the party differences of their fathers, and uninfluenced by the conflict between aristocracy and democracy, which again is beginning to agitate Europe. To this tribunal the author presents the record of what Napoleon, by universal admission, *did*. To this tribunal he presents the *explanations* which no one will deny that *Napoleon uttered*. He also, to aid in judgment, gives, on all important points, the testimony of those who were co-operating with Napoleon, and the admissions and severe denunciations of his foes. The most careful and thorough investigation of facts



has led the writer to the conviction, notwithstanding the intense prejudices of his earlier years, that Napoleon was one of the noblest of men. He feels no disposition to withhold this avowal. Even obloquy, encountered in the defense of those whom we believe to be unjustly assailed, brings its own reward. When Napoleon saw a hospital wagon passing by, laden with the mutilated bodies of his friends, he did but give utterance to the heart's noblest impulses in saying, "We can not refrain from wishing to share the wounds of those brave men."

The Emperor left Dantzic on the 11th of June, and on the 12th arrived at Konigsberg. He had here collected immense stores for the supply of the army during its advance into the barren wastes of Russia. The indefatigable mind of the Emperor attended to the minutest details of these important operations. "The day," says Segur, "was passed in dictating instructions on questions of subsistence and discipline, and the night in repeating them. One general received six dispatches from him in one day, all displaying the most anxious solicitude." In one of these dispatches Napoleon wrote: "For the masses we are about to move, unless proper precautions be adopted, the grain of no country could suffice. The result of my movements will be the concentration of four hundred thousand men upon one point. Little, therefore, can be expected from the country. We must carry every thing with us."*

* "The next war, the one with Russia,

The Grand Army was now every where in motion. It consisted of about four hundred and twenty thousand men. It was divided into thirteen corps, exclusive of the Imperial Guard. The first corps was commanded by Davoust; the second by Oudinot; the third by Ney; the fourth by Prince Eugene, viceroy of Italy; the fifth by Poniatowski; the sixth by Gouvion St. Cyr; the seventh by Regnier; the eighth by Jerome, king of Westphalia; the ninth by Victor; the tenth by Macdonald; the eleventh by Augereau; the twelfth by Murat; the thirteenth by the Austrian prince, Schwartzenberg. The Imperial Guard, about seventy-five thousand strong, advanced in three overwhelming columns, headed by the Marshals Lefebvre, Mortier, and Bessières. This enormous host of nearly half a million of men, among whom were eighty thousand cavalry, in all the splendor of military array, accompanied by six bridge equipments, one besieging train, several thousand provision wagons, innumerable herds of oxen, thirteen hundred and sixty-two pieces of cannon, twenty thousand carriages and carts of all descriptions, and the unprecedented number of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand horses employed in the artillery, the cavalry, and the conveyance of baggage, now approached the gloomy forest which every where frowns along the inhospitable banks of the Niemen.*

It was midsummer; the weather was superb; "the fields were green and the skies were blue." Every bosom in that mighty host was glowing with enthusiasm. The glittering eagles, the waving banners, the gleam of pol-

grew out of the irritation of the latter at the great accession of territory to the French empire, and from the fear that Napoleon would attempt to reinstate Poland. Leaving aside all other ostensible and real motives, the war would doubtless have been prevented had Napoleon consented to the demand of Russia, 'that the kingdom of Poland should never be established, and that her name should be effaced forever from every public and official act.' There were other causes of grievances on both sides, but not enough to have disturbed the peace of Europe, could this have been guaranteed. Napoleon consented 'to bind himself to give no encouragement tending to its re-establishment,' but he would not go a step further. The slight of the Emperor's sister, by abruptly breaking off the negotiation of marriage, and the swallowing up of the possessions of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, his brother-in-law, were among other incitements to hostility; but the fear that this Colossus, who strode with such haughty footsteps over Europe, might yet lay his hand on Poland, and wrest from him his ill-gotten possessions, was at the bottom of the warlike attitude which he assumed. This fact, which can not be denied, shows that Napoleon had done nothing that could sanction Russia in breaking that alliance, offensive and defensive, formed at the peace of Tilsit. But France needed but little provocation to justify her in assailing a power that, with short intervals, had so long waged an unprovoked war against her. Removed so far from the theatre of hostilities, Russia had been able to inflict severe troubles on France, while the latter could do nothing in return but crush her armies."—*The Imperial Guard of Napoleon, by J. T. Headley, p. 302.*

* "The army was disposed in the following manner in front of the Niemen. In the first place, on the extreme right, and issuing from Galicia, was Prince Schwartzenberg, with thirty-four thousand Austrians. On their left, coming from Warsaw, was the King of Westphalia, at the head of seventy-nine thousand two hundred Westphalians, Saxons, and Poles. By the side of them was the Viceroy of Italy, with seventy-nine thousand five hundred Bavarians, Italians, and French. Next came the Emperor, with two hundred and twenty thousand men, commanded by the King of Naples, the Prince of Eckmühl, the Dukes of Dantzic, Istria, Reggio, and Elchingen. These, advancing from Thorn, Marienwerder, and Elbing, on the 23d of June had assembled in a single mass a league above Kowno. Finally, in front of Tilsit was Macdonald, with thirty-two thousand five hundred Prussians, Bavarians, and Poles, composing the extreme left of the Grand Army."—*General Count Philip de Segur.*

Other accounts vary from this, but not materially. General Gourgaud estimates the French army when it crossed the Niemen at 325,900 men; 155,400 of these being French troops, and 170,500 those of the Allies.

ished helmets and cuirasses, the clash of arms, the tramp and neighing of horses, the winding of bugles and horns from thousands of martial bands, and the incessant bustle and activity, presented a spectacle of military splendor which earth has never paralleled. It was war's most brilliant pageant, without any aspect of horror. In three divisions the army approached the river, to cross the stream at points about a hundred miles distant from each other. Masses so immense could not, without confusion, traverse the same route. They were all directed to meet in the city of Wilna, about one hundred miles from the Niemen. About two hundred thousand men were with the Emperor.

On the evening of the 23d of June, 1812, as the departing twilight was shrouding in gloom the immense forests of firs and pines which darkened the banks of this wild and solitary river, these vast columns pressed to the margin of the stream. At two o'clock in the morning Napoleon reached his advanced posts in the neighborhood of Kowno. The banks were savage and desolate. He galloped forward, accompanied by a single aid, to select a favorable spot to cross the stream. Not an individual was to be seen upon the opposite shore. Not the gleam of a single camp-fire revealed the presence of a hostile force. The Russians, conscious of their inability to resist such an army, had adopted a desperate measure of defense, which could only be possible with a semi-barbarian people, and with a government of utter despotism. Alexander had resolved that Russia should not yield to the conqueror of Europe. He had therefore given directions that his army, three hundred thousand strong, should retire before the invaders, that they should blow up behind them every bridge, destroy the cities and villages, remove all the necessaries of life, and leave behind them to their famishing foes but a desert waste.

Napoleon immediately threw three bridges over the river, and, before the morning dawned, his troops were rapidly defiling across the Niemen. Napoleon took his stand near one of the bridges, and encouraged the men as they passed by his presence and exhortations. The heavens were rent with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" as the dense battalions crowded past their beloved chieftain. For two days and two nights the impetuous torrent rolled across the stream. Napoleon, anxious to overtake the retreating Russians, urged his columns forward with the greatest celerity. They soon came to a rapid river, whose flood, swollen and impetuous from recent rains, seemed to arrest their progress. A squadron of Polish light-horsemen recklessly plunged into the turbid stream to swim across. The torrent swept them like bubbles away. A few struggled to the opposite shore. Many perished, but even in sinking they turned their last looks to the Emperor, who, with deep emotion, was watching them from the bank, and shouted "Vive Napoleon!"

Here Napoleon waited three days till his army was gathered around him. Having established hospitals and garrisons, he marched for Wilna, about one hundred miles from Kowno. He arrived there with his advanced guard on the evening of the 27th, having traversed a savage country of firs and pines, and having encountered no enemy. Wilna was the capital of those provinces which Russia had wrested from dismembered Poland. Napoleon had made it the head-quarters of his army. Alexander was dancing at a ball in the

castle of one of his nobles when intelligence was brought to him that the French were crossing the Niemen. He immediately withdrew, and gave orders for a retreat, first setting fire to his provisions and stores, that they might not fall into the hands of the French.

At noon of the 28th of June, Napoleon, surrounded by his guard of Polish lancers, made his public entry into Wilna. The Poles regarded him as their liberator. Amid shouts of exultation the national banner was unfurled. Young men embraced each other in the streets, and wept for joy. The aged dressed themselves in the ancient Polish costume. The National Diet met, and declared the re-establishment of Poland, and summoned all their countrymen to rally around the banner of the conqueror. The enthusiasm was so great, that Poland furnished Napoleon for the campaign no less than eighty-five thousand men. A deputation was sent to Napoleon imploring his aid toward the restoration of the plundered and dismembered kingdom.

“Why,” said the petitioners, “have we been effaced from the map of Europe? By what right have we been attacked, invaded, dismembered? What have been our crimes, who our judges? Russia is the author of all our woes. Need we refer to that execrable day, when, in the midst of the shouts of a ferocious conqueror, Warsaw heard the last groans of the population of Praga, which perished entirely by fire and sword? These are the titles of Russia to Poland. Force has forged them. Force alone can break their fetters. We implore the support of the hero to whose name belongs the history of the age, and who is endowed with the might of Providence. Let the great Napoleon pronounce his fiat that the kingdom of Poland shall exist, and it will be established.”

Napoleon had but to utter the word, and a nation of twenty millions would have sprung into being, and would have rallied around his banner. But that same word would also have repelled from his alliance Prussia and Austria, who would have joined their armies to those of the Czar, and would have exasperated to tenfold intensity the hostility of Russia. The answer of Napoleon reveals his embarrassment. He was willing to encourage the *Polish provinces of Russia*, but he was bound by treaty to do nothing to encourage revolt among the subjects of his allies.

“If I had reigned,” he said, “when the first, second, or third partition of Poland took place, I would have armed my people in your behalf. When I conquered Warsaw, I instantly restored it to freedom. I approve of your efforts. I will do all in my power to second your resolutions. If you are unanimous, you may compel the enemy to recognize your rights. But in these widely-extended regions, so remote from France, it is mainly through your united efforts that you can hope for success. Let the Polish provinces of Russia be animated by the same spirit which I have witnessed in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and Providence will crown your efforts with success. I must at the same time inform you that *I have guaranteed the integrity of the Austrian dominions, and can sanction no movement which may endanger the peaceable possession of her Polish provinces.*”

These last words Napoleon uttered with anguish. They awoke a responsive emotion of grief from every Polish heart. Strongly as he desired the alliance of regenerated Poland, the congenial alliance of a nation who would

have shaken off feudal despotism, and who would have espoused with ardor the political principles of revolutionized France, he was still shackled, beyond the possibility of extrication, by his engagement with Austria and Prussia. The supplies of his troops, the advance of his re-enforcements, his communications with France, and his retreat in case of disaster, all depended upon their sufferance.*

Napoleon was now fourteen hundred miles from his metropolis, in an uncultivated country of almost boundless wastes. Strong as was the provocation he had received, and weighty as were the motives which led to the war, the impartial mind is embarrassed in either condemning or justifying the invasion. It is true that Alexander had enacted hostile decrees against France; it is true that he had entered into an alliance with the most formidable and most implacable foe of France; it is true that Napoleon could in no possible way, but by excluding English goods from the Continent, *hope* even to bring England to consent to peace. It is true that the refusal of Russia to fulfill her treaty in this respect left Napoleon exposed without resource to the blows of England. Admitting all this, still it may be said that it does not justify Napoleon in his war of invasion. It was his terrible misfortune to be thus situated. Russia was an independent kingdom, and had an undoubted right to exclude French goods from her dominions, and to introduce English merchandise, without regard to the salvation or the destruction of republicanized France. While, therefore, many will condemn Napoleon for the invasion of Russia, no one can refrain from sympathizing with him in that almost resistless temptation which led to the enterprise.

Alexander, however, had no right to complain. He had already twice abandoned his own country to attack Napoleon, without having received any provocation. He was now violating his solemn treaty, and had again, and as a token of hostility, entered into an alliance with Napoleon's most implacable foe. But with tenfold severity must the voice of History condemn the cabinet of Great Britain for its unceasing warfare against the elected monarch of France. To crush Napoleon, to reinstate the Bourbons, and to retain her proud dominion of the seas, the government of England organized coalition after coalition, and deluged the Continent with blood. Napoleon made every effort which a monarch could make, consistently with self-respect, to promote peace with England. All his efforts were unavailing. The crime of the English aristocracy in instigating these sanguinary wars, from nearly all the miseries of which England was protected in her sea-girt isle, is immeasurably increased by the attempt, so ignoble, to throw the blame of these wars upon the heroic, but finally immolated victim of St. Helena.

Napoleon remained for eighteen days at Wilna, attending to the innumer-

* Napoleon is alike denounced by his enemies for what *he did* and for what he *refrained from doing*. He has been condemned, with merciless severity, for liberating portions of Italy and the Duchy of Warsaw, and he is condemned for not doing the same thing to Russian and Austrian Poland. "He more than once," says Alison, "touched on the still vibrating chord of Polish nationality, and, by a word, might have added two hundred thousand Sarmatian lances to his standards; but he did not venture on the bold step of re-establishing the throne of Sobieski; and, by the half measure of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, permanently excited the jealousy of Russia, without winning the support of Poland."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iv., p. 90.

able wants of his army, organizing the government of the conquered, or, rather, the liberated provinces, and awaiting the arrival of supplies for his almost countless hosts. Before the middle of July ten thousand horses had died from hunger and fatigue, and though not a battle had been fought, more than twenty-five thousand patients encumbered the hospitals. Alexander, alarmed at the magnitude of the invasion, in order to gain time to effect his retreat and to obtain re-enforcements, sent an envoy to Wilna, under pretense of opening negotiations for peace. Napoleon received Count Balachoff with kindness, and expressed the liveliest regret that there should have occurred a rupture between himself and the Russian emperor. The envoy stated that if the French army would repass the Niemen, Alexander would consent to negotiate. Napoleon instantly rejected the proviso.

"I will treat here on the field at Wilna," said Napoleon. "Diplomatists will come to no conclusion when the exigencies of the case are removed. Let Alexander sign admissible preliminaries, and I will at once repass the Niemen, and thus render peace certain."

Alexander, now entangled with a coalition with England, declined this proposition. He was concentrating his troops at the intrenched camp of Drissa, about one hundred and fifty miles further in the interior. The various corps of Napoleon's army were pursuing the retreating monarch. Two or three partial actions had ensued between the advanced guard of the French and the rear guard of the Russians. The path of the retiring foe was marked by every species of barbaric devastation—the ruin of towns and villages, the flames of burning corn-fields, and the mutilated bodies of the murdered Poles. As the French advanced, the Czar hastily evacuated his position at Drissa, and, ascending the Dwina, re-established himself at Witepsk, a hundred miles further into the heart of the country.*

On the 16th of July Napoleon left Wilna, visiting the various posts of his widely-extended army, and, with caution which never slept, superintending every movement. Early in the morning of the 27th, before the first rays of the sun had appeared in the east, he reined in his horse upon the summit of a hill which commanded a wide sweep of the valley, where, in the midst of fertile fields, the town of Witepsk reposed in beauty. Far off in the distance he saw the Russian army encamped in great strength. They were upon the other side of the Dwina, which, here broad and deep, seemed to protect them from their invaders. All the approaches to the city were guarded by formidable intrenchments. The assured aspect of the Russians, and their strong position, led Napoleon to believe that they meant to give battle.

The French army now began rapidly to make its appearance. The order

* "One great fear of the Russians was, that their slaves would rise up and throw off their bondage; and it was, therefore, an object to prevent their having any communication with the French. They made use of the most improbable and disgusting fables to excite their terror and hatred, and of their ignorance and degradation to perpetuate that ignorance and degradation. It was their dread that the doctrines of the Revolution might loosen their grasp on the wretched serfs who composed the population of the country, that first made them send their barbarous hordes against the French territory, the consequences of which now came back to themselves, to their infinite horror and surprise, in the shape of an invasion which might produce the same effects. Napoleon should have availed himself of the offers that were made to him to detach the serf from the proprietor and the soil."—*Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon*, vol. iii., p. 57

of march had been laid down by Napoleon so clearly, and with such marvelous skill, and it had been executed with such precision, that the various divisions, having left the Niemen by different routes and at different periods, and having traversed three hundred miles of a wild and hostile country, were reassembled at their appointed rendezvous, near the walls of Witepsk, on the same day and at the same hour. As these mighty masses of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with all the cumbrous machinery of war, came pouring down over the hills, a scene of apparently chaotic confusion ensued. But the energies of a single mind guided every footstep. The intermingling currents gradually separated, and flowed off in clearly-defined channels. Perfect harmony emerged from the confusion, and as the evening twilight came on, all these vast battalions were encamped in order, and the profoundest calm succeeded the tumult of the day. Napoleon had concentrated in a single day one hundred and eighty thousand men from their wide dispersion. The rest of his vast army were either established at posts in his rear, or were in the hospitals.

In the morning a bloody battle ensued, or, rather, a series of sanguinary conflicts, as the French drove their foes from post to post, and approached the city. Night, dark and gloomy, separated the combatants. During the day the masses of the Russians had been accumulating. They were so strong in numbers and in position, that Napoleon had no doubt that the dawn of the morning would usher in a decisive conflict. "To-morrow," said he to Murat, "you will behold the 'Sun of Austerlitz.'"

Before the break of day Napoleon was on horseback, preparing for the strife. Soon, however, he found, to his great disappointment, that the foe had again retreated. The Russians had retired during the night so skillfully and silently, and with so much order and precipitation, that scarcely a trace could be discovered of the route they had taken. Napoleon, unopposed, entered the city. It was desolate. All the provisions had been destroyed or carried away. The inhabitants, formerly Poles, had either fled, or had been driven from their homes by the retreating army.

Napoleon was in great perplexity. He was in the midst of a sterile and dismal country, of apparently boundless extent, abandoned by its inhabitants, and destitute of supplies. His horses were dying for want of forage, and his troops were perishing of famine. He had already penetrated those illimitable wastes, nearly five hundred miles beyond Tilsit, and yet knew not where to look for a foe. It was now the height of summer, and yet, in reality, nothing had been accomplished. He called a council of war. The majority advised that the army should halt until spring. To this advice the Emperor could not listen with patience. It was necessary that something should be done to maintain the glory of the imperial arms and to revive the confidence of the soldiers.

Napoleon now learned that Alexander had assembled his forces at Smolensk, a strong walled city about one hundred miles further into the interior. On the 13th of August Napoleon again put his forces in motion, marching by several different routes to attack the Russians and to cut off their retreat. Crowds of Cossacks fled before the invaders, destroying all the provisions and forage which could be found in the line of march. The heat was in

tense, and the sufferings of the French dreadful. Their path was marked by the bodies of the dying and the dead. On the evening of the 16th Napoleon arrived before the walls of Smolensk. He ascended an eminence to reconnoiter. As he saw the immense columns of men gathered within and around the city, and distinguished the long array of glittering arms, he could not refrain from expressing his satisfaction. "At length I have them!" he exclaimed. The walls were thick and high, and strongly flanked by towers and bastions. A day of hard fighting ensued, during which the Russian commander-in-chief dispatched a strong corps from the city to cover the flight of the inhabitants. Night darkened over the unhappy town, and the conflict was still sullenly continued by the exhausted combatants. Soon after midnight, thick columns of smoke, pierced by pyramidal flames, were seen bursting from all quarters of the city. These soon met and mingled, enveloping dwellings, magazines, and churches in one wild ocean of smoke and fire. The day had been hot and sultry, the night was serene and beautiful. The Emperor sat in front of his tent, surrounded by the carnage and the wreck of battle, gazing in gloomy silence upon the awful conflagration. "The spectacle," said Napoleon, "resembled that offered to the inhabitants of Naples by an eruption of Vesuvius."

About two o'clock in the morning of the 18th, a division of the French army succeeded in penetrating within the walls. They found that the Russians had evacuated the city, which they had set on fire, leaving their dead and wounded in the midst of the burning ruins. Napoleon entered, over huge heaps of mangled bodies, blackened by smoke and flame, many of whom still retained life and consciousness. The French soldiers were horror-stricken at the revolting spectacle. The first cares of the Emperor were devoted to the suffering wretches who had been thus cruelly abandoned by their comrades. A pacific overture was dispatched from this city by Berthier to the Russian general, which was concluded by the following remarkable words:

"The Emperor commands me to entreat you that you will present his compliments to the Emperor Alexander, and say, that neither the vicissitudes of war, nor any other circumstance, can impair the friendship which he entertains for him."

As soon as the light of the morning dawned, Napoleon ascended an ancient turret, from an embrasure of which, with his telescope, he discerned in the distance the retreating Russians. The army had divided, one half taking the road to St. Petersburg, the other, under Bagratian, that toward Moscow. Napoleon ordered a vigorous pursuit, which was confided to Ney, to be made in the direction of Moscow.

A Russian priest had heroically remained in the blazing city to minister to the wounded. The venerable man had been taught that Napoleon was a fiend incarnate, recklessly deluging the world in blood and woe. He was brought before the Emperor, and in fearless tones he reproached Napoleon with the destruction of the city. Napoleon listened to him attentively and respectfully.

"But," said he to him at last, "has your church been burned?" "No, sire," the priest replied: "God will be more powerful than you. He will

protect it, for I have opened it to all the unfortunate people whom the destruction of the city has deprived of a home."

"You are right," rejoined Napoleon, with emotion. "Yes! God will watch over the innocent victims of war. He will reward you for your courage. Go, worthy priest, return to your post. Had all the clergy followed your example, they had not basely betrayed the mission of peace they have received from Heaven. If they had not deserted the temples which their presence alone renders sacred, my soldiers would have spared your holy edifices. We are all Christians. Your God is our God."

Saying this, Napoleon sent the priest back to his church with an escort and some succors. A shriek of terror arose from the inmates of the church when they saw the French soldiers entering. But the priest immediately quieted their alarm. "Be not afraid," said he; "I have seen Napoleon. I have spoken to him. Oh, how have we been deceived, my children! The Emperor of France is not the man he has been represented to you. He and his soldiers worship the same God that we do. The war that he wages is not religious; it is a political quarrel with our Emperor. His soldiers fight only against our soldiers. They do not slaughter, as we have been told, women and children." The priest then commenced a hymn of thanksgiving, in which they all joined with tearful eyes.*

The enemy were soon overtaken, and attacked with fearful slaughter. The retreat and the pursuit were continued with unabated vigor. Napoleon, though in the midst of uninterrupted victories, was still experiencing all the calamities of defeat. A ravaged country, plunged into the abyss of misery, was spread around him. Provisions were with great difficulty obtained. His troops were rapidly dwindling away from exhaustion and famine. Fifteen large brick buildings, which had been saved from the flames in Smolensk, were crowded with the sick and wounded. Large numbers had also been left behind at Wilna and at Witepsk. The surgeons were compelled to tear up their own linen for bandages, and when this failed, to take paper, and, finally, to use the down gathered from the birch-trees in the forest. Many deaths were occurring from actual starvation. The anguish of the Emperor was intense, and the most melancholy forebodings overshadowed the army. To retreat, exposed Napoleon to the derision of Europe. To remain where they were was certain destruction. To advance was the dictate of despair.

Alexander had left his army and hastened to Moscow. It was a weary march of five hundred miles from Smolensk to this renowned capital of Russia. Napoleon resolved, with his exhausted and half-famished troops, to press on. He supposed that in Moscow he should find food and rest. He had not thought it possible that Alexander would burn the dwellings of a city containing three hundred thousand inhabitants.

Alexander remained in Moscow but a few days. Arrangements were made for the conflagration of the city, should Napoleon succeed in taking it. The Czar then hastened to St. Petersburg, where "*Te Deums*" were sung in the churches for the *constant victories* obtained by the Russian troops.

* Segur's History of the Expedition to Moscow, vol. i., p. 233.

When Napoleon was informed of this circumstance, he exclaimed, "*Te Deums!* They dare then to lie, not only to man, but to God."

On the 28th of August Napoleon resumed the pursuit. It was a march of awful suffering. Day after day, and night after night, the exhausted army pressed on, encountering every obstacle, and occasionally engaging in bloody skirmishes, until the evening of the 4th of September. They then found a hundred and twenty thousand Russians strongly intrenched on the broken and rocky banks of the Moskwa, near the village of Borodino. General Kutusoff had here accumulated all his forces in the most advantageous positions, resolved to make a desperate stand in defense of the capital. Six hundred pieces of heavy artillery were ranged in battery. A vast redoubt was thrown up upon a height which commanded the whole plain. Side batteries were also placed, by their cross fires, to mow down any advancing foe. Behind these formidable field-works a hundred and seventy thousand men were arrayed to meet the shock of battle.

The French army, numbering a hundred and twenty thousand men, in three great columns, approached the field. Napoleon rode forward to an eminence in front of his advance guard, and, carefully scrutinizing the position of the foe, with his accustomed promptness instantly decided upon his point of attack. Immediately issuing the necessary orders to his generals, he retired to his tent and dictated the following proclamation to his troops:

"Soldiers! The battle is at hand which you have so long desired. Henceforth the victory depends upon yourselves. It has become necessary, and will give you abundance. Conduct yourselves as you did at Austerlitz, Friedland, Witepsk, and Smolensk. Let the remotest posterity recount your actions on this day. Let your countrymen say of you all, 'He was in that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'" These words were received with enthusiasm, and shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rolled along the lines.

The night was cold and dark. Heavy clouds obscured the sky, and a drizzling rain began to fall upon the weary army. A chill autumnal wind moaned through the forests, and swept the bleak heights of Borodino. The bivouac fires of the Russians flamed in an immense semicircle, extending for many miles. The French troops, as they arrived and took their positions, also kindled their fires. Napoleon pitched his tent in the midst of the squares of the Old Guard. His anxiety was so great during the night lest the enemy should again retreat, that he could not be persuaded to give himself any repose. He was continually dictating dispatches until midnight, and was sending messengers to ascertain if the Russians still held their ground. It was a gloomy hour, and gloom overshadowed the soul of Napoleon. The penumbra of his approaching fate seemed to darken his path. Tidings of disaster rolled in upon him. A courier brought the news of the fatal battle of Salamanca, and of the occupation of Madrid by Lord Wellington.*

* Respecting this event Colonel Napier thus writes: "Napoleon had notice of Marmont's defeat as early as the 2d of September, a week before the battle of Borodino. The news was carried by Colonel Fabvier. However, the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont), suffering alike in body and in mind, had excused himself with so little strength or clearness, that the Emperor, contemptuously remarking that the dispatch contained more complicate stuffing than a clock, desired his war minister to demand why Marmont had delivered battle without the orders of the king? Why he had not made his operations subservient to the general plan of the campaign? Why he broke from the

He had just been informed that Russia had made peace with Turkey, and that a powerful Russian army, thus released, was hastening to attack him from the mouths of the Danube. He also learned that Bernadotte, with treason which has consigned his name to infamy, had allied the army of Sweden with those of the great despot of the North.*

He read some of the proclamations of Alexander to his people. In the bitterness which inspired them, and in the reckless acts of destruction with which Alexander was resisting the approach of his foe, he saw indications of malignity on the part of his old friend, for which he knew not how to account. As he caused these proclamations to be read over to him again, he exclaimed,

“What can have wrought such a change in the Emperor Alexander? Whence has sprung all the venom which he has infused into the quarrel? Now there is nothing but the force of arms which can terminate the contest. War alone can put a period to all. It was to avoid such a necessity that I was so careful at the outset of the contest, not to implicate myself by any declarations in favor of the re-establishment of Poland. Now I see that my moderation was a fault.”

In the midst of these melancholy reflections, a courier arrived, bringing him a letter from Maria Louisa, and the portrait of his idolized son. The dawn, which was to usher in a bloody and perhaps a decisive battle, was approaching. It was supposed that the Emperor would postpone opening the box containing the lineaments of his child. But his impatience was so great, that he ordered it immediately to be brought to his tent. At the sight of the much-loved features of his son, Napoleon melted into tears. The royal infant was painted, seated in his cradle, playing with a cup and ball. The affectionate father wished that his officers, and even the common soldiers, whom he regarded as his children, might share his emotions. With his own hand he conveyed the picture outside of his tent, and placed it upon a chair, that all who were near might see it. Groups of war-worn veterans gathered around, and gazed in silence upon the beautiful picture of happy, peaceful life. It presented a strong contrast to the horrid scenes of demoniac war. At last Napoleon said sadly to his secretary, “Take it away, and guard it carefully. He sees a field of battle too soon.”

defensive into the offensive operations before the army of the centre joined him? Why he should not wait, even two days, for Chauvet's cavalry, which he knew were close at hand? ‘From personal vanity,’ said the Emperor, with seeming sternness, ‘the Duke of Ragusa has sacrificed the interests of his country and the good of my service; he is guilty of the crime of insubordination, and is the author of all this misfortune.’ But Napoleon's wrath, so just, and apparently so dangerous, could not, even in its first violence, overpower his early friendship. With a kindness, the recollection of which must now pierce Marmont's inmost soul, twice in the same letter he desired that these questions might not even be put to his unhappy lieutenant, until his wounds were cured and his health re-established.”—*Napier*, vol. iii., p. 336.

* “In this great contest between Aristocracy and Democracy, the ranks of the former were joined by one who had been its most determined enemy. Bernadotte, being thrown almost singly among the ancient courts and nobility, did every thing to merit his adoption by them, and succeeded. But his success must have cost him dear, as, in order to obtain it, he was first obliged to abandon his old companions and the authors of his glory in the hour of peril. At a later period he did more; he was seen marching over their bleeding corpses, joining with all their and his former enemies to overwhelm the country of his birth, and thereby place that of his adoption at the mercy of the first Czar who should be ambitious of reigning over the Baltic.”—*Count Philip de Segur*.

Napoleon entered his tent, and retired to that part where he slept, which was separated by a partition of cloth from the portion which was occupied by the aids in attendance. Fatigue and anxiety had brought on a feverish irritation and violent thirst, which he in vain endeavored to quench during the night. His anxiety was so great that he could not sleep. He expressed great solicitude for the exhausted and destitute condition of his soldiers, and feared that they would hardly have strength to support the terrible conflict of the next day. In this crisis, he looked upon his well-trained guard as his main resource. He sent for Bessières, who had command of the Guard, and inquired with particularity respecting their wants and their supplies. He directed that these old soldiers should have three days' biscuit and rice distributed among them from their wagons of reserve. Apprehensive lest his orders might be neglected, he got up, and inquired of the grenadiers on guard at the entrance of his tent if they had received these provisions. Returning to his tent, he fell again into a broken sleep. Not long after, an aid, having occasion to speak to the Emperor, found him sitting up in his bed, supporting his fevered head with both of his hands, absorbed in painful musings. He appeared much dejected.

"What is war?" he said, sadly. "It is a trade of barbarians. The great art consists in being the strongest on a given point. A great day is at hand. The battle will be a terrible one. I shall lose twenty thousand men."

He had been suffering during the preceding day excruciating pain. When riding along he had been observed to dismount frequently, and, resting his head against a cannon, to remain there for some time in an attitude of suffering. He was afflicted temporarily with a malady,* induced by fever, fatigue, and anxiety, which, perhaps, more than any other, prostrates moral and physical strength. A violent and incessant cough cut short his breathing.

As soon as the first dawn of light was seen in the east, Napoleon was on horseback, surrounded by his generals. The energies of his mind triumphed over his bodily sufferings. The vapors of a stormy night were passing away, and soon the sun rose in unclouded brilliance. Napoleon smiled, and, pointing toward it, exclaimed, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!" The cheering words flew with telegraphic speed along the French lines, and were every where received with enthusiastic acclamations. Napoleon stood upon one of the heights of Borodino, scrutinizing the field of battle and the immense columns of Russian troops, in long black masses, moving to and fro over the plain. Though accompanied by but a few attendants, in order to avoid attracting the enemy's fire, he was observed by the Russians. The immediate discharge of a battery broke the silence of the scene, and the first shot which was to usher in that day of blood whistled through the group.

Napoleon then gave the signal for the onset. A terrific peal of echoing thunder instantaneously burst from the plain. The horrid carnage of horrid war commenced. Three hundred thousand men, with all the most formidable enginery of destruction, fell upon each other. From five o'clock in the morning until the middle of the afternoon, the tides of battle rapidly ebbed and flowed in surges of blood. Davoust was struck from his horse by a cannon ball, which tore the steed to pieces. As he was plunged, headlong and stun-

* Dysuria.

ned upon the gory plain, word was conveyed to the Emperor that the marshal was dead. He received the disastrous tidings in sad silence. But the wounded marshal soon rose from the ground, mounted another horse, and intelligence was sent to the Emperor that the Prince of Eckmuhl was again at the head of his troops. "God be praised," Napoleon cried out with fervor.

General Rapp received four wounds. A ball finally struck him on the hip, and hurled him from his horse. He was carried bleeding from the field. This was the twenty-second wound which General Rapp had received. Napoleon hastened to see his valiant friend. As he kindly took his hand, he said, "Is it always, then, your turn to be wounded?"

Napoleon had with him a young officer, to whom he was strongly attached, Count Augustus Caulaincourt, brother of Caulaincourt, the Duke of Vicenza. During the anxious night before the battle this young man did not close his eyes. Wrapped in his cloak, he threw himself on the floor of his tent, with his eyes fixed upon the miniature of his young bride, whom he had left but a few days after their marriage. In the heat of the battle, Count Caulaincourt stood by the side of the Emperor awaiting his orders. Word was brought that General Montbrun, who had been ordered to attack a redoubt, was killed. Count Caulaincourt was immediately instructed to succeed him. As he put spurs to his horse, he said, "I will be at the redoubt immediately, dead or alive."

He was the first to surmount the parapet. At that moment a musket ball struck him dead. He had hardly left the side of the Emperor ere intelligence was brought of his death. The brother of the unfortunate young man was standing near, deeply afflicted. Napoleon, whose heart was touched with sympathetic grief, moved to his side, and said, in a low tone of voice, "You have heard the intelligence. If you wish, you can retire." The duke, in speechless grief, lifted his hat and bowed, declining the offer. The mangled remains of the noble young man were buried in the blood-red redoubt on the field of Borodino.

Thus all day long tidings of victory and of death were reaching the ears of the Emperor. With melancholy resignation he listened to the recital of courier after courier, still watching with an eagle eye, and guiding with unerring skill the tremendous energies of battle. From the moment the conflict commenced, his plan was formed, and he entertained no doubt whatever of success. During the whole day he held in reserve the troops of the Imperial Guard, consisting of about 20,000 men, refusing to allow them to enter into the engagement. When urged by Berthier, in a moment of apparently fearful peril, to send them forward to the aid of his hard-pressed army, he replied calmly, "No! the battle can be won without them. And what if there should be another battle to-morrow?"

Again, in the midst of the awful carnage, when the issues of the strife seemed to tremble in the balance, and he was pressed to march his indomitable Guard into the plain, he quietly replied, "The hour of this battle is not yet come. It will begin in two hours more."

The well-ordered movements of Napoleon's massive columns pressed more and more heavily upon the Russians. Each hour some new battery opened

its destructive fire upon their bewildered and crowded ranks. The Russians had commenced fighting behind their intrenchments. The French, more active and perfectly disciplined, rushed upon the batteries, and, trampling their dying and dead beneath their feet, poured like an inundation over the ramparts. Gradually the surges of battle rolled toward the great redoubt. At last all the fury of the conflict seemed concentrated there. Behind, and upon those vast intrenchments, one hundred thousand men were struggling. Dense volumes of sulphurous smoke enveloped the combatants. Incessant flashes of lightning, accompanied by a continuous roar of deafening thunder, burst from this cloud of war. Within its midnight gloom, horsemen, infantry, and artillery rushed madly upon each other. They were no longer visible. Napoleon gazed calmly and silently upon that terrible volcano, in the hot furnace of whose crater fires his troops, with the energies of desperation, were contending. The struggle was short. Soon the flames were quenched in blood. The awful roar of battle abated. The passing breeze swept away the smoke; and the glittering helmets of the French cuirassiers gleamed through the embrasures, and the proud eagles of France fluttered over the gory bastions.

The sun was now descending. The Russian army sullenly commenced its retreat, but with indomitable courage disputing every inch of ground. The carnage would have been far more dreadful had Napoleon let loose upon the retreating foe the terrible energies of his guard. But, influenced by the united dictates of prudence and humanity, he refused. In a military point of view, he has been very severely censured for this. He said at the time to General Dumas and Count Daru,

“People will perhaps be astonished that I have not brought forward my reserves to obtain greater success. But I felt the necessity of preserving them, to strike a decisive blow in the great battle which the enemy will probably give to us in the plains in front of Moscow. The success of the action in which we have been engaged was secured. But it was my duty to think of the general result of the campaign, and it was for that I spared my reserves.”

Sir Archibald Alison, who is not unfrequently magnanimous in his admissions, says truly, “Had the Guard been seriously injured at Borodino, it is doubtful if any part of the army, of which it was the heart, and of which, through every difficulty, it sustained the courage, would have repassed the Niemen. It is one thing to hazard a reserve in a situation where the loss it may sustain may very easily be repaired; it is another and a very different thing to risk its existence in the centre of an enemy’s country, at a distance from re-enforcements, when its ruin may endanger the whole army.”

Napoleon, with his accustomed generosity, took no credit for this extraordinary achievement to himself. He ascribed the victory to his soldiers and his generals. “The Russian troops,” said he, at St. Helena, “are brave, and their whole army was assembled at the Moskwa. They reckoned 170,000 men, including those in Moscow. Kutusoff had an excellent position, and occupied it to the best advantage. Every thing was in his favor—superiority of infantry, of cavalry, and of artillery, a first-rate position, and a great number of redoubts—and yet he was beaten. Ye intrepid heroes,

Murat, Ney, Poniatowski, to you belong the glory. What noble and brilliant actions will history have to record! She will tell how our intrepid cuirassiers forced the redoubts, and sabred the cannoneers at their pieces. She will recount the heroic devotion of Montbrun and of Caulaincourt, who expired in the midst of their glory. She will tell what was done by our cannoneers, exposed upon the open plain, against batteries more numerous and covered by good embankments; and she will make mention also of those brave foot soldiers, who, at the most critical moment, instead of requiring encouragement from their general, exclaimed, 'Have no fear; your soldiers have all sworn to conquer to-day, and they will conquer.' What parallels to such glorious deeds can future ages produce? Or will falsehood and calumny prevail?"

The evening of victory was not an evening of exultation. Napoleon was silent, and appeared absorbed in melancholy thought. Every one around him had to mourn the loss of a brother, a relative, or a friend. Forty-three generals had been either killed or wounded. Thirty thousand of the soldiers had also been struck down by the sabres or the shot of the enemy. These were dreadful tidings to send back to Paris, to the widows and to the orphans. The victory of Borodino shrouded France in mourning. The loss of the Russians was still more dreadful. Fifty thousand Russian soldiers were stretched upon the field, weltering in blood.

The sun had not yet gone down, and the sullen roar of the retreating battle was still heard in the distance, when Napoleon mounted his horse to ride over the field, which was strewn with the wounded and the dead. The horror of the scene no imagination can depict. An autumnal storm had again commenced. The clouds hung low and dark in the gloomy sky. A cold and chilling rain drenched the gory ground, and the wounded struggled with convulsive agony in beds of mire. A violent wind moaned through the sombre firs and pines of the north. Villages, converted into heaps of blackened and smouldering ruins, deformed the plain. Every where was to be seen only the aspects of ruin, misery, death. Soldiers, blackened with powder and spotted with blood, were wandering over the field, in the increasing darkness of the tempestuous night, picking up the mutilated bodies in which life was not extinct, and seeking for food in the haversacks of the dead. No songs of victory were heard, no shouts of triumph. Great numbers of the wounded were found in the ravines and gullies, where they had dragged themselves to escape the tempest of shot, the trampling of iron hoofs, and the crush of artillery wheels. Mutilated horses, maddened with pain, limped over the ground, or reared and plunged in dying agonies. From every direction a wail of woe filled the ear. The field of battle extended over several miles of hills, and forests, and wild ravines. Many of the wretched victims of the strife lingered upon the ground, deluged by the cold storm, for many days and nights before they were found. Not a few must have perished from the prolonged agonies of starvation. Some of the wounded were seen straightening a broken limb by binding a branch of a tree tightly against it, and then, with the fractured bones grating, hobbling along in search of help. One poor creature was found alive, and actively conscious, with both legs and one arm shot off. A wounded Russian lived several days in the carcass

of a horse, which had been eviscerated by a shell. His only food was what he gnawed from the inside of the animal. It is a duty to record these revolting details, that war may be seen in its true aspect.

"Amid the heaps of slain," says Count Segur, "we were obliged to march over, in following Napoleon, the foot of one of our horses came down upon a wounded man, and extorted from him a last sign of life and suffering. The Emperor, hitherto silent, and whose heart was oppressed at the number of the victims, shrieked at the sight. He felt relieved in uttering cries of indignation, and lavishing the attentions of humanity upon this unfortunate creature. To soothe his feelings, some one remarked that 'it was only a Russian.' He replied with warmth, 'After victory there are no enemies, but only men.' He dispersed the officers of his suite to succor the wounded, who were heard groaning in every direction. Napoleon devoted the same care to the wounded Russians which he bestowed upon his own soldiers. In the midst of these scenes, it was announced to him that the rear guard of Kutusoff was about to advance upon the important town of Mojaisk. 'Very well,' Napoleon replied; 'we will still remain some hours longer with our unfortunate wounded.'"

The Russians continued slowly to retreat toward Moscow, establishing their batteries wherever they could make a stand even for a few hours. They drove before them the wretched serfs, blew up the bridges behind them, burned the towns as they passed along, and carried away or destroyed all the provisions and forage. For seven days the French, emaciated and desponding, with tottering steps pursued their foes over the dreary plains. They were every where victorious, and yet they obtained no results from their victories. Rostopchin was making effectual preparations for the conflagration of the capital, and was urging, by every means in his power, the evacuation of the city by the inhabitants.

About noon of the 14th of September, Napoleon, cautiously advancing through a country of excessive monotony and gloom, from the summit of a hill descried in the distance the glittering domes and minarets of Moscow. He reined in his horse, and exclaimed, "Behold! yonder is the celebrated city of the Czars." After gazing upon it, through his telescope, for a few moments in silence, he remarked, "It was full time!"

The soldiers, thinking that their sufferings were now at an end, and anticipating good quarters and abundant supplies, gave way to transports of exultation. Shouts of "Moscow! Moscow!" spread from rank to rank, and all quickened their pace to gain a view of the object of their wishes. They approached the city. To their amazement, they met but silence and solitude. The astounding intelligence was brought to Napoleon that the city was utterly deserted. A few miserable creatures, who had been released from the prisons to engage in the congenial employment of setting fire to the city as soon as the French should have taken possession, were found in the streets. They were generally intoxicated, and presented a squalid and hideous spectacle. Napoleon was amazed at the entire abandonment of the

* "Napoleon," says General Gourgaud, "is, of all generals, whether ancient or modern, the one who has paid the greatest attention to the wounded. The intoxication of victory never could make him forget them. His first thought after every battle was always of them."

city. Rumors of the intended conflagration reached his ears. Such an awful sacrifice he had not supposed it possible for any people to make. None but a semi-barbarian nation, under the influence of an utter despotism, could be driven to such an act. More than a hundred thousand of the wretched inhabitants—driven by the soldiery from the city, parents and children—perished of cold and starvation in the woods. Other countless thousands, who had attached themselves to the army of Kutusoff, perished from fatigue and exposure. Napoleon, as if anxious to avoid the sight of the desolate streets, did not enter Moscow. He stopped at a house in the suburbs, and appointed Mortier governor of the capital.

“Permit,” said he, “no pillage. Defend the place alike against friends and foes.” The soldiers dispersed through the city in search of provisions and quarters. Many of the inhabitants had left in such haste, that the rich ornaments of the ladies were found on their toilets, and the letters and gold of men of business on their desks.

Napoleon was now more than two thousand five hundred miles from Paris. The apprehension of some dreadful calamity oppressed his mind. He threw himself upon a couch for repose, but he could not sleep. Repeatedly during the night he called his attendants to ask if any accident had occurred. In the morning he removed his head-quarters to the gorgeous palace of the Kremlin, the imperial seat of the ancient monarchs of Russia. Napoleon, according to his custom, wrote immediately to the Emperor Alexander, proposing terms of peace. A Russian officer, who was found in the hospital, was made bearer of the letter.

“Whatever,” wrote Napoleon, “may be the vicissitudes of war, nothing can diminish the esteem felt by me for my friend of Tilsit and Erfurth.” It will be observed that Napoleon reiterated these assurances of friendly feelings, for he supposed that Alexander was forced into hostile measures by the queen-mother and the nobles.

The day passed in establishing the army in their new quarters. The soldiers wandered through the deserted streets, and quartered themselves in the most gorgeous palaces. Some twenty thousand men and women, of the lowest class, fierce and revolting in aspect, gradually stole from their hiding-places and mingled with the French troops. Ten thousand prisoners, whom Rostopchin had liberated, were stealthily preparing to convert the magnificent metropolis into a vast infernal machine for the destruction of the French army. Immense magazines of powder were placed beneath the Kremlin, where Napoleon and his staff were established, and beneath other large palaces which would be filled with soldiers. Shells and other destructive engines of war were secreted, in vast quantities, in chambers and cellars, that their explosion might destroy those who should attempt to extinguish the flames. The fountains had been destroyed, the water-pipes cut, the fire-engines carried off or rendered useless. In this barbaric act, unparalleled in the history of the world, the despotic government of Russia paid no more regard to its subjects than if they had been wolves.

These preparations were secretly made, and, in the confusion of the entrance into the city, were not observed by the French. Still, there were rumors of the approaching conflagration, which, in connection with the strange

abandonment of the city, filled the minds of the captors with undefinable dread. The day, however, passed in tranquillity.

As night approached, gloomy clouds darkened the sky, and a fierce equinoctial gale howled over the metropolis. The houses were of wood. A long drought had prepared the city for the fire. God seemed to co-operate with the Russians. Napoleon was a victor. He had marched in triumph more than two thousand miles from his capital; he had taken the metropolis of the most powerful nation on the Continent, though that nation was aided by the coalition of England, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. Europe was amazed at such unequaled achievements. They surpassed all that Napoleon had accomplished before; and yet the victor, in this hour of amazing triumph, was desponding. His mind was oppressed with the forebodings of some dreadful calamity.

It was the 16th of September, 1812. At midnight, Napoleon, in utter exhaustion of body and of mind, retired to rest. The gales of approaching winter shrieked portentously around the towers of the Kremlin. Suddenly the cry of "Fire!" resounded through the streets. Far off in the east, immense volumes of billowy smoke, pierced with flame, were rolling up into the stormy sky. Loud explosions of bursting shells and upheaving mines scattered death and dismay around. Suddenly the thunders as of an earthquake were heard in another direction. A score of buildings were thrown into the air. Flaming projectiles, of the most combustible and unquenchable material, were scattered in all directions, and a new volcano of smoke and flame commenced its ravages. Earthquake succeeded earthquake, volcano followed volcano. The demon of the storm seemed to exult in its high carnival of destruction. The flames were swept in all directions. A shower of fire descended upon all the dwellings and all the streets. Mines were sprung, shells burst, cannon were discharged, wagons of powder and magazines blew up, and in a few hours of indescribable confusion and dismay, the whole vast city was wrapped in one wild ocean of flame. The French soldiers shot the incendiaries, bayoneted them, tossed them into the flames; but still, like demons, they plied their work.

Napoleon awoke early in the morning, and looked out upon the flames which were sweeping through all parts of the city. For the first time in his life he appeared excessively agitated. His far-reaching mind apprehended at a glance the measurelessness of the calamity which was impending. He hurriedly paced his apartment, dictated hasty orders, and from his window anxiously watched the progress of the fire. The Kremlin was surrounded with gardens and shrubbery, and seemed for a time to afford shelter from the flames. But mines of powder were in its vaults, with various combustibles arranged to communicate the fire. As Napoleon gazed upon the conflagration, he exclaimed, "What a frightful spectacle! such a number of palaces! the people are genuine Scythians." "Not even the fictions of the burning of Troy," said Napoleon afterward, "though heightened by all the powers of poetry, could have equaled the reality of the destruction of Moscow."

During the whole of the 17th, and of the ensuing night, the gale increased in severity and the fire raged with unabated violence. The city now seemed but the almost boundless crater of an inextinguishable volcano. Various

colored flames shot up to an immense height into the air. Incessant explosions of gunpowder, saltpetre, and brandy deafened the ear. Projectiles of iron and stone, and burning rafters, were hurled far off into the surrounding plain, crushing many in their fall. Multitudes, encircled by the flames, in the narrow streets, were miserably burned to death. The scene of confusion and dismay has probably never been equaled. The soldiers, stifled with smoke, singed with flame, and lost in the streets of the burning city, fled hither and thither before a foe whom they were unable even to attack. They were often seen staggering beneath immense packages of treasure, which they were frequently compelled to abandon to effect their escape. Miserable women were seen carrying one or two children on their shoulders, and dragging others by the hand, attempting, often in vain, to flee from these accumulating horrors. Old men, with beards singed by the fire, crept slowly and feebly along, and in many cases were overtaken and destroyed by the coils of flame that pursued them. Napoleon was indefatigable in his exertions for the rescue of his soldiers and the remaining inhabitants.

At length it was announced that the Kremlin was on fire. The flames so encircled it that escape seemed almost impossible. The fire was already consuming the gates of the citadel. It was not until after a long search that a postern could be found through which the imperial escort could pass. Blinded by cinders, and smothered with heat and smoke, they pressed along on foot till they came to a roaring sea of fire, which presented apparently an impassable barrier; at last a narrow, crooked diverging street was found, blazing in various parts, and often overarched with flame. It was an outlet which despair alone would enter. Yet into this formidable pass Napoleon and his companions were necessarily impelled.

With burning fragments falling around, and blazing cinders showered upon them, they toiled along, almost blinded and suffocated with heat and smoke. At length the guide lost his way, and stopped in utter bewilderment. All now gave themselves up for lost. It was remarked that in this terrible hour Napoleon was perfectly calm and self-possessed. Just then they caught a glimpse of Marshal Davoust, who, with a company of soldiers, was in search of the Emperor. The marshal had signified his intention of rescuing "the hope of France," or perishing in the attempt. Napoleon affectionately embraced the devoted prince. They soon encountered in the blazing streets a convoy of gunpowder, along which they were compelled to pass, while flaming cinders were falling around. The energies of Napoleon's mind were so disciplined for the occasion, that not the slightest indication of alarm escaped him.

They soon emerged from the walls of the city, and Napoleon retired to the castle of Petrowskoi, about three miles from the burning metropolis. The Emperor, as he looked back upon the city, gloomily remarked, "This forebodes no common calamity." "It was," said he, years afterward, "the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

The fire began slowly to decrease on the 19th, for want of fuel. "Palaces and temples," says Karamzin, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages long since passed, and the creations of yesterday; the tombs of remotest ancestry and the cradles of children of the rising generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the remembrance of its former grandeur."

The French army was now encamped in the open fields around the smouldering city. Their bivouacs presented the strangest spectacle which had ever been witnessed. Immense fires were blazing, fed by the fragments of the most costly furniture of satin-wood and mahogany. The soldiers were sheltered from the piercing wind by tents reared from the drapery of regal palaces. Superb arm-chairs and sofas, in the richest upholstery of imperial purple and crimson velvet, afforded seats and lounges for all. Cashmere shawls, Siberian furs, pearls and gems of Persia and India, were strewed over the ground in wild profusion. In the midst of all these wrecks of boundless opulence, the soldiers were famishing. From plates of solid silver they voraciously ate roasted horseflesh, or black bread of half-ground wheat, baked in ashes. The French army was now in a state of utter consternation. It was at an immense distance from France, in the heart of a savage and hostile country, and surrounded by armies brave, highly disciplined, and capable of any sacrifices. Winter was approaching—the dreadful winter of the icy north. The comfortable quarters and the abundance which they hoped to have found in Moscow had been devoured by the flames. More than a thousand miles of barrenness, swept by the winds, and still more mercilessly swept by the Cossacks, extended between them and the banks of the Niemen; and at the Niemen they were still more than a thousand miles from the valleys of France.

A large portion of the Kremlin had escaped the conflagration. Consequently, on the 19th, Napoleon again established his head-quarters in this ancient palace of the Czars. As he was entering the ruins of the city, he passed near the Foundling Hospital. "Go," said he to his secretary, "inquire for me what has become of the little unfortunate occupants of yonder mansion." The governor of the hospital, M. Toutelmine, an aged Russian, informed the secretary that the building and inmates had been preserved from destruction solely through the care of the French guard, appointed by the Emperor for their protection. "Your master," said the governor, "has been our Providence. Without his protection, our house would have been a prey to plunder and the flames!" The children of the hospital were introduced to the French secretary. They gathered around him with the liveliest expressions of confidence and gratitude. Napoleon was deeply affected when informed of the scene. He desired the governor to be brought into his presence. At the interview, the venerable man was so impressed with the urbanity of Napoleon, that he desired permission to write to his imperial patroness, the mother of the Czar, and inform her how the hospital and its inmates had been preserved.

Before the conversation was concluded, flames were suddenly seen to issue from some houses on the opposite side of the river. This sight renewed the indignation of the Emperor against Rostopchin. "The miserable wretch,"

said he, "to the dire calamities of war, he has added the horrors of an atrocious conflagration, created by his own hand, in cold blood! The barbarian! he has abandoned the poor infants, whose principal guardian and protector he should have been, and has left the wounded and dying, whom the Russian army had confided to his care! Women, children, orphans, old men, the sick and helpless, all were devoted to pitiless destruction! Rostopchin a Roman! he is a senseless savage."

Napoleon waited for some time, hoping to receive a communication from Alexander. In the mean time, he occupied himself, with his accustomed energy, in repairing the condition of the army, making arrangements for the transmission of supplies, establishing a police in the smouldering city, and issuing decrees respecting the government of France. He wished to induce a belief among the Russians that he still intended to establish his winter quarters at Moscow, and to resume the war in the spring.

On the 4th of October, no answer having been returned from the Czar, Count Lauriston was sent to the head-quarters of Kutusoff as the bearer of official proposals of peace. "The Emperor," said Napoleon to the officers of his council, "is my friend. But should he yield to his inclinations and propose peace, the barbarians by whom he is surrounded might, in their rage, seek to dethrone and put him to death. To prevent the odium, therefore, that would attach in being the first to yield, I will myself offer a treaty."*

Lauriston, on reaching the Russian camp, was denied a passport. Kutusoff alleged that he had no power to grant one. He offered, however, to forward the letter himself to St. Petersburg. No answer was ever returned to

* " 'From Smolensk to Moscow,' says Napoleon, 'there are about five hundred miles of hostile country—that is, Moskwa. We took Smolensk, and put it in a state of defense, and it became the central point of the advance on Moscow. We established hospitals for eight thousand men, magazines and munitions of war, twenty-five thousand cartridges for cannon, and considerable stores of clothing and provisions; two hundred and forty thousand men were left between the Vistula and the Borysthènes. Only one hundred and sixty thousand men crossed the bridge at Smolensk to go against Moscow. Of these, forty thousand remained to guard the magazines, hospitals, and stores at Dorogobouj, Niazma, Ghjat, and Mojaïsk. One hundred thousand men entered Moscow, twenty thousand having been killed or wounded on the march, or at the great battle of the Moskwa, where fifty thousand Russians perished.

" 'Not a wounded man, not a man without connections, not a courier, not a convoy was seized in this campaign on the march from Mayence to Moscow. Not a day passed on which we did not hear news from France, nor was Paris a single day without receiving letters from the army. At the battle of Smolensk sixty thousand cannon shots were fired, and thrice that number at the battle of the Moskwa. The consumption of ammunition was considerable in the less important combats also; and yet, on leaving Moscow, each piece was provided with three hundred and fifty rounds. There was such a superfluity of wagons of ammunition and provisions, that five hundred were burned in the Kremlin, where we also destroyed vast quantities of powder, and sixty thousand muskets. The supply of ammunition never failed, for which Generals Lariboissière and Ebla, commanding the artillery, deserve the highest praise. Never did officers of that department serve with greater distinction, or show a greater degree of skill, than in this campaign.'

"The slaves were very favorable to the French, for they expected to gain their liberty by their assistance. The *bourgeois*, or slaves who had been enfranchised, and who inhabited the little towns, were well disposed to head an insurrection against the *noblesse*. This was the reason why the Russians resolved to set fire to all the towns on the route of the army—an immense loss, independent of that of Moscow. They also burned down the villages, notwithstanding the opposition of the inhabitants, by means of the Cossacks, who also, being at enmity with the Muscovites, felt great joy in having an opportunity to do them harm."—*History of the Captivity of Napoleon*, by Montholon, vol. iii., p. 202.

either of Napoleon's communications. The great mass of the Russian people are slaves. A government of utter despotism represses every outburst of intelligence and every aspiration for liberty. Notwithstanding the desperate exertions of the imperial government to prevent all intercourse between the Russian serfs and the French soldiers, by burning the towns and the villages, by driving the miserable population from the line of march, by representing Napoleon as a demon, and his soldiers as fiends incarnate, greedy for every outrage, the enslaved population had begun to mingle with their conquerors, and had caught a glimpse of the meaning of freedom.

Their first panic gave place to astonishment, which was soon succeeded by admiration. When they saw that Napoleon was every where victorious, and the armies of the Czar were scattered like dust before him, they thought it a favorable opportunity to strike for their own rights as men. There were here and there among them leading minds, who roused and guided their ambition. They made repeated offers to come to the assistance of Napoleon in countless numbers, if he would guarantee their emancipation and restoration to the rights of manhood. Napoleon replied coldly to these proffers of services. He argued that such a course could only lead to a servile war, which must inevitably defer the prospect of peace with the Russian government, and which would deluge the whole country in blood. "The serfs," said he, "are unfit to be trusted with the liberty they desire. If I encourage the subjects of the Czar to rise against him, I can not hope that he will ever again become my friend."*

Thus was Napoleon involved in embarrassments from whence there was no extrication. By refusing to re-establish Poland, he led the Poles in discouragement to withdraw from his support. On the other hand, by the attempt to re-establish Poland, he would inevitably have converted his Prussian and Austrian allies into inveterate foes. By encouraging the revolt of the subjects of Alexander, he would have rolled over that vast empire the blood-red surges of a savage revolution, and he would have exasperated to a tenfold degree every monarchical government in Europe. By refusing to cherish their longings for liberty, he deprived himself of most efficient aid, and turned the knives of brutal thousands against his freezing troops. A mysterious Providence had decreed the downfall of Napoleon. No human foresight could have averted the doom. "St. Helena," said Napoleon, "was written in destiny." Sir Robert Wilson, who was present in Russia during

* "By proclaiming the emancipation of the slaves," said Napoleon subsequently, to the Senate of France, "I could have armed the greater portion of the Russian population against herself. In several villages this enfranchisement was demanded of me. But the war I made upon Russia was political; and besides, the brutality of this numerous class of the Russian people is such, that this measure would devote many families to the most horrid barbarities. This latter consideration was sufficient to induce me to refuse to employ the means offered against my enemies."

"There is no doubt," says Robert Wilson, an English writer, "that a civil war could have been fomented in Russia; and it was Bonaparte who rejected the offers of insurrection which were made to him during the time he was in Moscow."

When we reflect that England, in her conflict with the United States, did not hesitate to call to her aid "the tomahawk and the scalping-knife of the savage," we must, in historical justice, award to Napoleon the benefit of the contrast. He would not arm a barbarian, and consequently merciless peasantry against their masters. He chose rather to endure the humiliation and the disasters of the retreat from Moscow.

most of the campaign, says, "That in the rejection of the offers of insurrection which were made from every quarter, Napoleon was actuated by a horror of civil war, and a humane consideration of the torrents of blood which must have deluged the land."*

Winter was now approaching, with many omens that it would set in with terrible severity. The Grand Army was dwindling away. That of the enemy was rapidly increasing. Napoleon's communications with France, and with the garrisons in his rear, were now becoming exceedingly precarious. Clouds of Cossacks, on fleet and hardy steeds, swept the country, preventing any provisions from being sent to the enemy; attacking the French foraging parties, and harassing the outposts on every assailable point. Under these embarrassing circumstances, a council of war was called. After a long and painful conference, it was decided to abandon Moscow and return to winter in Poland.

Through this most terrific struggle which earth has ever witnessed, Napoleon directed the financial concerns of France so skillfully as to save the people from any oppressive burden of taxation. With candor which ennobles his name, Colonel Napier, though an Englishman and an enemy, and aiding with his sword to cut down Napoleon, thus testifies to the grandeur of the man who for twenty years held all the combined despotisms of Europe at bay.

"The annual expenditure of France," says Napier, "was scarcely half that of England, and Napoleon rejected public loans, which are the very life-blood of state corruption. He left no debt. Under him, no man devoured the public substance in idleness merely because he was of a privileged class. The state servants were largely paid, but they were made to labor effectually for the state. They did not eat their bread and sleep. His system of public accounts, remarkable for its exactness, simplicity, and comprehensiveness, was vitally opposed to public fraud, and therefore extremely unfavorable to corruption. The *Cadastre*, more extensive and perfect than the Domesday Book, that monument of the wisdom and greatness of our Norman conqueror, was alone sufficient to endear him to the nation. Rapidly advancing under his vigorous superintendence, it registered and taught every man the true value and nature of his property, and all its liabilities, public or private. It was designed, and most ably adapted, to fix and secure titles to property, to prevent frauds, to abate litigation, to apportion the weight of taxes equally and justly, to repress the insolence of the tax-gatherer without injury to the revenue, and to secure the sacred freedom of the poor man's

* "Nevertheless, the military grandeur of that expedition," says Colonel Napier, "will not be hereafter judged from the wild triumph of his enemies, nor its military merits from the declamation which has hitherto passed as the history of the wondrous, though unfortunate enterprise. It will not be the puerilities of Labaume, of Segur, and their imitators, nor even that splendid military and political essay of General Jomini, called the '*Life of Napoleon*,' which posterity will accept as the measure of a general who carried four hundred thousand men across the Niemen, and a hundred and sixty thousand men to Moscow. And with such a military providence, with such a vigilance, so disposing his reserves, so guarding his flanks, so guiding his masses, that, while constantly victorious in front, no post was lost in his rear, no convoy failed, no courier was stopped, not even a letter was missing. The communication with his capital was as regular and certain as if that immense march had been but a summer excursion of pleasure. However it failed, and its failure was the safety of the Peninsula."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 14.

home. The French *Cadastré*, although not original, would, from its comprehensiveness, have been, when completed, the greatest boon ever conferred upon a civilized nation by a statesman.”*

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RETREAT.

The Approach of Winter—The Snow—Preparations for retiring to Poland—Duty of the Rear Guard—Eugene's Conflict with the Russians—The Pass at Kalouga—The Retreat commenced—Dreadful Anxiety of the Emperor—Alarm of the Russians—Aspect of Borodino—Viasma—Marshal Ney in command of the Rear Guard—The Midnight Storm—Arrival at Smolensk—Alarming News from France—Adventures of Eugene—Krasnoe—Adventures of Ney—Passage of the Beresina—Smorgoni—Interview with the Abbé de Pradt—Return to Paris—Heroism of Ney.

THE French army remained four weeks at Moscow. Napoleon had entered the city with a hundred and twenty thousand men. He devoted a month to incessant labors in reorganizing his exhausted troops, in obtaining supplies, and in healing the sick. His tender care of the wounded endeared him to every man in the army. He preferred to encounter almost any risks rather than abandon the sufferers in the hospitals to the savage cruelty of the Cossacks. He was also quite sanguine in the hope of effecting a reconciliation with Alexander.

The army, under the efficient discipline of Napoleon, soon presented again a noble and imposing appearance. Perfect order was established. The soldiers, having entire confidence in their chieftain, were free from care and in good spirits. Napoleon, however, discerned distinctly the impending peril. His anxiety was intense. He grew pale, and thin, and restless.

The month of October had now arrived. The leaves had fallen from the trees. Cold winds from the north swept over the smouldering ruins of Moscow, whose buried embers were still smoking. Napoleon had carefully consulted the registers of the weather for the last forty years, to ascertain at what time winter usually commenced. On the 13th of October, almost three weeks earlier than was ever known before, a heavy fall of snow whitened the fields.

Napoleon looked out with dismay upon the scene. He decided at once to

* “Your system of land tax,” said Napoleon, in one of those lucid conversations which so often excited the admiration of the Council of State, “is the worst in Europe. The result is, that there is no such thing as property or civil liberty in the country; for what is freedom without security of property? A man who has 3000 francs (\$600) of rent a year, can not calculate upon having enough the next year to exist. A mere surveyor can, by a mere stroke of the pen, overcharge you several thousand francs. In Lombardy and Piedmont there is a fixed valuation. Every one knows what he is to pay. No extraordinary contributions are levied but on extraordinary occasions, and by the judgment of a solemn tribunal. If a contribution is augmented, every one, by applying to his valuation, knows at once what he has to pay. In France, every proprietor has to pay his court to the tax-gatherers and surveyors of his district. If he incurs their displeasure, he is ruined. Nothing has ever been done in France to give security to property. The man who shall devise an equal law on the subject of the *Cadastré* will deserve a statue of gold.” Such was the vigilance and the comprehensive wisdom with which Napoleon was ever studying the interests of the people of France.

return, and establish his winter quarters in the friendly cities of Poland. It required a dreary march of nearly a thousand miles, through regions of desolation and gloom. The imagination was appalled at the contemplation of such a retreat, wading through drifted snows, pursued by the storms of the north, and harassed by clouds of Cossacks, even more merciless than the hostile elements.

It was necessary to move with much apparent leisure and circumspection, that no despondency might pervade the army, and that the activity of the foe might not be aroused. Napoleon resolved to retire to Smolensk by a new route. The region through which he had already passed was so entirely ravaged by the desolations of war as to present no hope for supplies. With the utmost care, the sick and wounded were placed in the most comfortable vehicles which could be obtained, and were sent forward, under a strong escort, toward Smolensk. The soldiers obeyed every order of Napoleon with great alacrity. On the evening of October 18th, the troops commenced their march. The next morning, before daybreak, Napoleon left Moscow, and placed himself at the head of his troops, to advance upon Kalouga, about a hundred miles from Moscow. Kutusoff was established there with a strong army to watch the movements of the French. As Napoleon left the city, he said to Mortier, who had been appointed governor of Moscow, and who was superintending its evacuation,

“Pay every attention to the sick and wounded. Sacrifice your baggage, every thing to them. Let the wagons be devoted to their use, and, if necessary, your own saddles. This was the course I pursued at Jean d’Acre. The officers will first relinquish their horses, then the sub-officers, and finally the men. Assemble the generals and officers under your command, and make them sensible how necessary, in their circumstances, is humanity. The Romans bestowed civic crowns on those who preserved their citizens. I shall not be less grateful.”

During the month in which Napoleon was at Moscow, the army had been assembled within the walls of the city, in repaired dwellings, and in houses which had escaped the conflagration. Many of the sick and wounded had been healed, so that Napoleon left Moscow with more than a hundred thousand effective men, fifty thousand horses of all kinds, five hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, two thousand artillery wagons, and an immense baggage train.

The rear of the army consisted of a confused crowd of about forty thousand stragglers, Russian serfs who desired emancipation, recruits without uniforms, valets, wagoners, and a large number of women and girls, wives of the soldiers, or abandoned followers of the camp. Calashes, carriages, trucks, and wheelbarrows followed, filled with bales of the richest merchandise, costly articles of furniture, precious furs and robes, and various trophies of the conquest of Moscow.

Napoleon was still a victor. He had advanced with resistless tread to the very heart of his enemy’s empire. He was now marching, with banners floating in the breeze, to attack the foe at Kalouga, thence to retire with dignity to Poland, where he intended to establish himself in winter quarters, and to resume his operations in the spring. Tremendous as was the peril

which surrounded him, he had been surrounded with still greater peril before.

It was the 19th of October, 1812. The dawn of the morning had not yet appeared as Napoleon left the Kremlin. The stars shone brilliantly in the unclouded sky. The air was cold and serene. Napoleon, at the head of a division of his faithful guard, had just passed out from the gates of Moscow, when the sun rose in cloudless splendor over the frozen hills. He pointed to it, and said,

“There you behold my protecting star. We will advance upon Kalouga. Woe to those who attempt to obstruct our progress.”

For several days the interminable throng was pouring out of the gates. Like a prodigious caravan, the army extended for many leagues along the road. The head of the column could afford no protection to the centre or the rear. Vast armies had been assembled to cut off its retreat. Swarms of Cossacks, on fleet and wolfish horses, were every where hovering around. The casualties which interrupt and embarrass such a march are innumerable.

For two days the head of this column pressed unassailed along the road, drawing after it its enormous serpentine train. To Mortier, with a band of but eight thousand men, was assigned the perilous task of remaining behind, to superintend the evacuation of the city. The Russian army had accumulated in such strength, that there was every reason to fear that the rear guard would be destroyed. There were vast quantities of powder and of military stores which could not be removed, and which was not to be abandoned to the enemy. Napoleon embraced his devoted marshal in taking leave, and said to him frankly, yet sadly,

“I rely on your good fortune. Still, in war, we must sometimes make part of a sacrifice.”

The heroic soldier, without a murmur, assumed his allotted task. His companions in arms bade him adieu, never expecting to see him again. The Cossacks crowded upon him in vast numbers. For four days, while the enormous mass of men and carriages were retiring, Mortier defended himself within the massive walls of the Kremlin, keeping the enemy at bay. In the vaults over which he stood and fought, he placed one hundred and eighty-three thousand pounds of gunpowder. Barrels of powder were also deposited in all the halls and apartments. He was compelled to do this, even while the flames of war were blazing fiercely around him. It might be necessary at any hour to retire before the accumulating numbers, and to touch the torch. A single spark from one of the enemy's guns would have blown the heroic soldier and his whole division into the air together.

Having successfully protected the march of the army from the city, Mortier placed in connection with the mines of powder a lighted fuse, whose slow combustion could be nicely calculated. With rapid step, he hurried from the volcano, which was ripe for its eruption. The Cossacks, eager for plunder, rushed within the deserted walls. Suddenly the majestic fabric was raised into the air. The earth shook under the feet of Mortier. The explosion, in most appalling thunder peal, startled the army in its midnight bivouac. From the darkened and sulphurous skies there was rained down upon

the city a horrible shower of fragments of timber, rocks, shattered weapons, heavy pieces of artillery, and mangled bodies. Napoleon was thirty miles distant from Moscow. That terrific peal roused him from sleep, and told him that the Kremlin had fallen, and that his rear guard had commenced its march. Mortier hastened his flight, and succeeded in rejoining the army.

On the evening of the 23d, Napoleon slept at Borowsk, about sixty miles from Moscow. Eugene, with eighteen thousand French and Italians, was encamped some twelve miles in advance of head-quarters. At four o'clock in the morning, as the soldiers, exhausted by their march, were soundly sleeping, fifty thousand Russians, with loud outcries, burst upon the encampment, spearing and sabring all they met. Prince Eugene rallied his troops. After a desperate conflict, which lasted many hours, the Russians, though vastly outnumbering their foes, were, with immense slaughter, driven into the woods. The next morning the Emperor advanced to the scene of battle. The plain was still covered with the dead and the wounded, the Russians having lost more than two to one. Napoleon, with paternal pride, embraced Eugene, exclaiming,

“This is the most glorious of your feats of arms.”

He was here informed that the Russians, in great numbers, were occupying positions in defiles, through which it would be impossible for Napoleon to force his way. Bessières was sent to reconnoitre. He reported that at least a hundred and thirty thousand Russians were established in positions quite unassailable. Napoleon, for a moment, seemed struck with consternation.

“Are you certain?” he eagerly demanded. “Did you see rightly? Will you vouch for the fact?”

The marshal repeated his statement. The Emperor crossed his arms, his head fell upon his breast, and he paced the room slowly and heavily, absorbed in the most intense and gloomy thought. He slept not that night, but lay down and rose up incessantly, examined the maps, and asked a thousand questions. His restlessness indicated intense anxiety. Not a word, however, escaped him to betray his distress.

At four o'clock in the morning, though informed that bands of Cossacks, under cover of the darkness, were gliding between his advanced posts and the main army, he mounted his horse and proceeded forward. In passing a wide plain, a band of mounted Cossacks came sweeping along like a pack of wolves, making the sombre morning hideous with the wild war-cry of their country. The Emperor, disdaining to fly, drew his sword, and reined his horse to the side of the road, when the phantom-like troop dashed past, and within spear's length of the imperial party. Rapp and his horse were wounded by the savage lancers.

A moment after, Bessières and the cavalry of the Guard came up, pursuing the Cossacks as the whirlwind pursues the chaff. A council of war was held in a dark and comfortless hovel. It was deemed impossible to advance upon Kalouga. The Russians were so posted, and in such strength, that to march into these defiles, bristling with batteries, seemed to insure the annihilation of the army.

With anguish unutterable, Napoleon decided to retreat, and to strike

across the country to the war-scathed road through which he had proceeded to Moscow. Until this moment, Napoleon had been every where during the campaign, and at all times a victor. He left Moscow in triumph, not retreating before his foes, but to scatter them from his path, that he might establish his winter quarters in Poland. But here, before the defiles of Kalouga, for the first time he found the Russians too strong for him, and he was compelled to turn from them. And now commenced that Iliad of woes, to which history presents no parallel. Along a line of seven hundred and fifty miles there were but two points at which Napoleon could halt and refresh his troops. At Smolensk and at Minsk he had established immense magazines, and had left a strong guard.

The terror inspired by the name of Napoleon was, however, then unimpaired; and it is a singular fact, that, at the same hour, the Russians also, alarmed by the extraordinary victory of Eugene, and by the bold front of the approaching army, had decided to abandon their positions and retreat. Thus each army, leaving a rear guard to conceal its motions, turned its back upon the other, and sullenly retired. Had Napoleon been informed of the retreat of the Russians, he would have advanced rapidly and triumphantly onward, and the disasters of the retreat from Moscow would never have occurred. Upon what casualties, apparently so slight, are the great destinies of earth suspended.

The retreat commenced on the morning of the 26th of October. Every soldier shared the anguish of his chieftain. Gloomy and silent, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, they turned from that foe whom they had never met but to vanquish. The moment the Russians heard that the French were retiring, with the wildest enthusiasm they commenced a pursuit. The most shocking barbarities ensued. Napoleon made strenuous efforts to infuse more humanity into the struggle. He issued a decree, stating that he had refused to give orders for the entire destruction of the country he was quitting.

“I feel a repugnance,” said he, “to aggravate the miseries of the inhabitants. To punish a Russian incendiary and a few wretches, who make war like Tartars, I am unwilling to ruin nine thousand proprietors, and to leave two hundred thousand serfs, who are innocent of all these barbarities, absolutely destitute of all resources.”

Through Berthier he wrote to Kutusoff, proposing “to regulate hostilities in such a manner that they might not inflict upon the Muscovite empire more evils than were inseparable from a state of war, the devastations that were then taking place being no less detrimental to Russia than they were painful to Napoleon.”

Kutusoff returned an insolent reply, stating “that it was not in his power to restrain Russian patriotism.” This was the signal for the demon of war to run riot. The barbarian Cossacks practiced every conceivable atrocity. The French retaliated with frightful devastation.

On the 28th, the retreating army passed over the field of Borodino. Thousands of unburied corpses, half devoured by wolves, still deformed the ground. Even the veteran soldiers were appalled by the sickening spectacle, and silently hurried by. On the 29th, Napoleon came to a large and

gloomy monastery, which had been used as a hospital. To his surprise, he found that many of the most desperately wounded had been left, under the pretense that there were not sufficient carriages for their conveyance. He gave instant orders that every carriage, of whatever description, should furnish room for at least one of the sufferers. Those whose wounds were in such a state that they could not be moved, he left under the care of wounded Russians who had been healed, and treated with the utmost kindness by the French.

He halted to see with his own eyes that this order was carried into effect. As he stood warming himself by a fire, kindled from the fragments of his wagons, he heard repeated explosions. They proclaimed to him the melancholy fact that it had been found necessary to blow up many ammunition and baggage wagons, which the horses, diminished in numbers and enfeebled by famine, could no longer drag along.

Napoleon had thus far, from the commencement of the retreat at Kalouga, kept with the rear guard of the army. On the 31st he reached Viasma, where he remained for two days to rest his weary troops and to concentrate his forces. Here the perilous command of the rear guard was assigned to Marshal Ney. On the 2d of November the retreat was recommenced. The Russians, sixty thousand strong, fell upon the rear guard of the French, but thirty thousand in number. The Russians, abundantly supplied with artillery and cavalry, anticipated an easy victory. Many of the French were still covered with bandages, or bore their arms in slings, on account of their wounds received at Borodino; they, however, fought with desperation for seven hours, repelled their foes, and, leaving four thousand of their comrades dead upon the ground, having slain also an equal number of the Russians, in good order pressed on their way. For three days the retreat was rapidly continued with but little molestation.

Napoleon had now traversed in ten days about three hundred miles. Still he had many weary marches before him. The pursuing foe was gathering strength and confidence, and the weather was becoming very inclement. On the evening of the 5th of November, dense clouds commenced forming in the sky; the wind rose and howled through the forests, and swept freezing blasts over the exhausted host. At midnight a furious snow-storm set in, extinguishing the fires of the bivouacs, and covering houseless troops in cheerless drifts. A dreadful morning dawned. No sun could be discovered through the dense atmosphere, swept by the tempest. The troops, blinded and bewildered by the whirlwinds of sleet, staggered along, not knowing whither they were going. The wind drove the snow into the soldiers' faces, and penetrated their thin and tattered clothing. Their breath froze and hung in icicles from their beards. Their limbs were chilled and stiffened. The men could no longer keep their ranks, but toiled on in disordered masses. It was an awful day. Many, stumbling over a stone, or falling into concealed cavities by the wayside, were unable to rise again, and were soon covered with a winding sheet of snow; a small white hillock alone marked their cold graves.

Nothing could be seen above and around but desolation and the storm. A few gloomy pines, surging in the gale, added to the bleakness and the

desolation of the scene. Innumerable men and horses fell and perished. The muskets dropped from the benumbed hands of the soldiers, while many had their hands frozen to their weapons of war. Flocks of ravens, emerging from the forest, mingled their shrieks with the uproar of the elements, and, with bloody fangs, tore the flesh of the prostrate soldier almost before life was extinct.

To add to the horrors of the scene, clouds of Cossacks hovered around the freezing host, making frequent attacks. These barbarians stripped the wounded and the dying, cut them with their sabres, goaded them with their bayonets, and with shouts of laughter derided them as they reeled and staggered in convulsive agonies, expiring naked in the snow.

Night came on—a dreadful night. There was no shelter. There was no dry wood to kindle a fire. The storm still raged with pitiless fury. One wide expanse of snow spread every where. The wretched soldiers, exhausted, supperless, and freezing, threw themselves upon the drifts, from which thousands never arose. During the long hours of that stormy night, they moaned, and died, and ascended to the judgment-seat of a righteous God. The horses perished as rapidly as the men. The soldiers stripped off the reeking skins of the horses as they fell, and used them as cloaks for protection against the storm. Many horses were killed, that the perishing soldiers might obtain a little nutriment by drinking their warm blood. The Russians offered thanksgiving to God and to their saints for the potent alliance of the wintry tempest, and prayed for its continuance.

This awful night, of sixteen hours' duration, at last passed away. A cold, bleak winter's morning dawned. The scene of horror presented to the eye appalled the stoutest hearts. Circular ranges of the soldiers, stiff in death, and covered with the drifted snow, marked the site of the bivouacs. Thousands of snowy mounds, scattered over the plain, showed where, during the night, horses and men had perished, while the storm had wrapped rudely around them their winding sheet.

Winter was now enthroned with all its majesty. Marshal Ney, with herculean struggles, and through unequalled sufferings, protected this awful retreat. Slowly retiring before an enemy, by whose countless hordes he was often surrounded, he disputed every mile of the road—with extraordinary genius availed himself of every chance, and, often turning back upon the foe, plunged into their dense masses with superhuman energy. The heroism with which Marshal Ney conducted this retreat has excited the admiration of the world.

The indomitable army again resumed its line of march through scenes of woe which can never be told. At every step guns and baggage wagons were abandoned. With the younger soldiers, all subordination was lost. Officers and men, in a tumultuous mass of confusion, struggled along. The Imperial Guard alone retained its discipline and its character.* The fierce Cossacks followed close in the rear. They picked up the exhausted and the dying, and tortured them to death with savage barbarity.

Marshal Ney, shocked at the wild disorder and ruin into which every thing

* For the organization and discipline of this extraordinary body of men, see the admirable work of J. T. Headley on the Old Guard of Napoleon.

was plunged, sent an aid to Napoleon with a soul-harrowing recital of his disasters. Napoleon, conscious that there was now no remedy for these woes, and that nothing remained for the army but a succession of the most terrible sacrifices, interrupted the aid in his narrative by saying mournfully, "Colonel, I do not ask you for these details." Through all this awful retreat, Napoleon appeared grave, silent, and resigned. He seemed quite insensible to bodily sufferings, and uttered no complaint. It was, however, at times, evident to those about his person that his mental anguish was extreme.

On the 9th of November Napoleon reached Smolensk. He had hoped to find shelter, clothing, and provisions. He found only rain and famine. There was brandy in abundance. The soldiers, in despair, drank to utter stupefaction, and during the night perished miserably in the icy streets. In the morning the pavements were covered with the frozen bodies of the dead. Enormous quantities of provisions had been accumulated here. The most gigantic efforts had been made for transporting these provisions to scattered divisions of the army; but, by the casualties of war, the magazines were now found nearly empty.

Just at that time a convoy of provisions reached Napoleon. He immediately forwarded it to Marshal Ney, saying, "Those who are fighting must eat before the rest." At the same time, he sent word to Ney to arrest the progress of the Russians for a few days, that he might have time in Smolensk to refresh and reorganize his army. The indomitable marshal immediately faced about, and attacked the Russians with such determined courage as to compel them to retreat. The French had lost nearly all their artillery. But the marshal seized a musket, and exposed himself in the ranks like a common soldier! While thus, under these circumstances, exhibiting the reckless valor of a private in the ranks, he also displayed in his arrangements the genius of the consummate general. His skillful maneuvers, and the impetuosity of his men, so effectually thwarted and overthrew the multitudinous foe, that the army obtained a respite of twenty-four hours.

Just before Napoleon entered Smolensk, an express reached him upon the road. It was a stormy day. Clouds of sleet and snow were sweeping both earth and sky. A circle of videttes immediately formed about the Emperor as he opened the important dispatches. Troubles were indeed multiplying. A conspiracy had been formed in Paris, taking advantage of the disasters in Russia, for the overthrow of the imperial government, and the establishment of the Jacobin mob.

An officer by the name of Mallet forged an account of the death of Napoleon. Availing himself of the panic which the announcement caused, he gathered around him a few hundred of the National Guard, and made the most audacious attempt to take into his own hands the reins of power. The conspirator was soon, however, arrested and shot. But the event alarmingly showed how entirely the repose of France depended upon the life of Napoleon. It seemed very evident that the imperial government was by no means firmly established, and that the death of the Emperor would be but the signal for a strife of parties.

Napoleon was greatly agitated when he read the dispatches. He saw

that the tidings of his death was the signal for the overthrow of the empire, and for the bloody struggle of rival parties; that the government which he had organized with such toil and care, to be a permanent blessing to France, and his memorial to posterity, was all suspended upon his personal supremacy, and could not survive his death. It had been the object of his constant study so to establish and consolidate a government as to secure the repose of his beloved country after his death. To accomplish this, he had made the tremendous sacrifice, and had committed the sin of separating himself from the noble Josephine, and had married a daughter of the degenerate house of Hapsburg. He now found, to his inexpressible chagrin, that the King of Rome had no more been thought of than if he had never been born. He now saw, when it was too late, that the repudiated Josephine would have been a far more potent ally for himself and for France than the daughter of the Cæsars. It is clear that Napoleon had no intention of doing wrong in the divorce of Josephine. It was a "sin of ignorance," but it was none the less a sin. It was committed in the eyes of the world, and before the whole world he received his fearful punishment. In the anguish of his feelings at this time, he exclaimed, in the presence of his generals,

"Does my power, then, hang on so slender a thread? Is my tenure of sovereignty so frail that a single person can place it in jeopardy? Truly my crown is but ill fitted to my head if in my very capital the audacious attempt of two or three adventurers can make it totter. After twelve years of government, after my marriage, after the birth of my son, after so many oaths, my death would have again plunged the country into the midst of revolutionary horrors. Napoleon II. was forgotten."

He immediately formed the resolution to return, as soon as he could honorably leave the army, to Paris. Retiring to his chamber, he said to General Rapp,

"Misfortune never comes singly. This event fills up the measure of evil here. I can not be every where, but I must absolutely return to my capital. My presence there has become indispensable to restore public opinion. We have need of men and money. Great successes and victories will repair all." This intention was, however, communicated to but few, lest it should increase the prevailing disorders.

Napoleon remained at Smolensk five days, collecting his scattered forces, receiving reports from those divisions of the army which were traversing different roads, and making arrangements for rendering the continuation of the retreat less disastrous. Eugene, who was endeavoring to retreat by way of Witepsk, had suffered dreadfully in killed and wounded, and was now struggling along, having abandoned all his artillery and baggage. Swarms of Cossacks were also prowling about the divisions of Davoust and Ney, afraid to venture upon an open attack, but breaking down the bridges and burning the villages; taking advantage of woods, forests, defiles, and heights, to attack the French in flank and rear, cutting off the stragglers, and precipitately retreating before any blows could be returned.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 14th of November, the retreat was resumed. It was dark and bitter cold as the troops gloomily defiled from the ruined city of Smolensk. The army was now reduced to about forty

thousand effective men. It was divided into four corps, commanded by Murat, Eugene, Davoust, and Ney. Thirty thousand stragglers hung upon them, encumbering their march. The Emperor placed himself at the head of the first column, which was under the command of Murat. Marshal Ney, who was to remain in the city until it was evacuated, was ordered to drive all stragglers before him, to saw off the trunnions of the cannon he would be compelled to abandon, and to blow up in the towers of the city the munitions of war which could not be removed.

The horses, with their shoes worn smooth, or lost from their feet, continually fell beneath their riders. With incredible toil, the men were obliged to drag the cannon and baggage wagons up the icy hills. Frequently, in the darkness, men, horses, and artillery were rolling down the slippery declivities together. The cannon balls and the grape-shot of the enemy were often at the same time plowing their ranks. The days were short, the nights were long and dreadful. The sufferings of the wounded were awful beyond description. The first day the artillery of the Guard advanced but fifteen miles in twenty-two hours.

Kutusoff, with an army of ninety thousand men, well clothed and armed, and with abundant supplies, was marching on a line parallel to that of the French. He soon outstripped the exhausted fugitives, and took a strong position in their advance, across the road, planting batteries upon the adjacent heights, and attempted to dispute the passage; but the Imperial Guard sternly, proudly, desperately advanced, and swept their assailants before them. The Russians retired to their batteries on the hills, and showered innumerable bullets upon their foe. As Napoleon marched through this storm of iron and of lead, which was scattering death on every side, the grenadiers of the Guard closed in a dense circle around him, that they might protect him by their own bodies from harm, and the band commenced playing the air, "Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his family?" The Emperor, considering this exclusively applicable to himself, requested them to play instead, "Let us watch over the safety of the empire."*

The first division of the army having forced its passage, the Russians made an effort to stop Eugene, who was several miles behind. They intrenched themselves in great force in the road before him, and summoned him to surrender. A terrible battle ensued. Fifteen hundred of Eugene's division, in advance of the rest of the corps, for an hour resisted the onset of more than

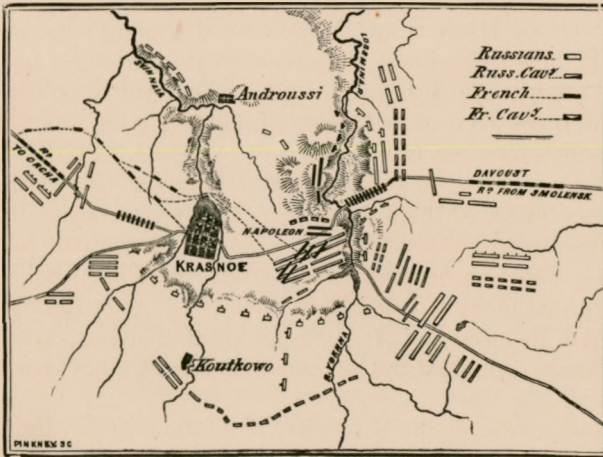
* Sir Archibald Alison thus describes Napoleon's habit of passing through the corps of the army: "The imperial suite, like a whirlwind, swept through the columns, too fast for the men either to fall into the ranks or to present arms, and, before the astonished crowd could find time to gaze on their beloved chief, the cortège was disappearing in the distance. Room, however, was always cleared; the outriders called out to make way, and, at the magic words, 'the Emperor,' infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were, pell mell, hurried to the side, often in frightful confusion, and with fractures of legs and arms."

It is curious to witness the complacency with which hostile historians represent Napoleon as a monster of depravity, while, at the same time, they are compelled to confess that he was loved almost to adoration by all who approached his person. In the above absurd calumny, Mr. Alison represents the soldiers as looking up with gratitude to their "*beloved chief*," even while writhing in mutilation beneath his chariot wheels. We may well inquire, with Colonel Napier, to what undiscerning men do these writers venture to make such representations? Napoleon is represented as a demon in character, who won almost superhuman love from all who knew him.

twenty thousand Russians by whom they were surrounded. Repelling all demands to capitulate, they resolved to cut their way back again through the Russian lines to join the viceroy. They formed themselves into a solid square, and rushed upon the enemy's columns.

The Russians opened their ranks, and allowed the feeble and almost defenseless band to advance into their midst. Then, after they comprehended their object, either from pity or admiration, the enemy's battalions, which lined both sides of the road, entreated them to surrender. They seemed reluctant mercilessly to shoot down such brave men; but the only answer they received was a more determined march, stern silence, and the present-ed bayonet. The whole of the enemy's fire was then poured in upon them at once, at the distance of but a few yards, and the half of this heroic column was stretched lifeless or wounded upon the ground. The survivors instantly closed up into another compact square. Not a man wavered. Thus they marched on through this awful fire, until nearly every individual had fallen. A few only of these resolute men saw the advancing divisions of Eugene. They then ran and threw themselves into those feeble ranks, which opened to receive them.

Eugene had now to fight his way through more than double his own numbers, while breasting batteries, which plowed his ranks with grape-shot. It is difficult to conceive how a single man escaped. The enemy occupied a position which swept the road. There seemed to be no hope unless that wooded height, bristling with cannon, could be carried. Three hundred men were selected to ascend to the forlorn assault. The battery opened upon the devoted band, and, in a few minutes, every individual was weltering in blood. Not one survived those terrific discharges.



MAP OF KRASNOE.

Eugene had only 4000 men now left. Night, cold, long, and dark, came roughly to his aid. Leaving their fires burning to deceive the foe, these indomitable men, with a noiseless step, their breath well-nigh suspended, crept, at midnight, along the fields, and passed around the unassailable position. There was a moment of fearful peril in this critical march. The

moon suddenly burst from the clouds, revealing the retreating band to a Russian sentinel. He immediately challenged them. They gave themselves up for lost. A Pole ran up to the Russian, and speaking to him in his own language, said, with great composure, "Be silent! We are out on a secret expedition." The sentinel, deceived, gave no alarm. Eugene thus

escaped, and early in the morning rejoined the Emperor. Napoleon had been waiting all the preceding day for the viceroy, in intense anxiety, on the plains of Krasnoe.

Napoleon now became extremely anxious for the safety of Ney and Davoust. Notwithstanding the peril of his position, in the midst of accumulating hosts of Russians, he resolved to await their arrival. For two days that little band stood upon the plain, bidding defiance to the hostile armies which frowned upon them from all the adjacent heights. The name of Napoleon was such a terror that the Russians dared not march from their encampments.

“Kutusoff,” says Sir Walter Scott, “seems to have acted toward Napoleon and the Grand Army as the Greenland fishers do to the whale, whom they are careful not to approach in his dying agonies, when pain, fury, and a sense of revenge render the last struggle of the leviathan peculiarly dangerous.”

Still no tidings could be heard respecting the lost marshals. Napoleon now adopted the most extraordinary resolve to turn back for their rescue. A bolder or more magnanimous deed history has never recorded. Napoleon, with his little band accompanying him, was now safe. He had forced his way through the last barrier. An unobstructed retreat through Lithuania was open before him. By delay, he was enabling the enormous forces of the enemy to get possession of rivers and defiles in his advance, and cut off his retreat. He distinctly saw all this; and yet he determined to fight his way back into the wilds of Russia, to deliver his friends or to perish with them.

England and America have wondered why those who knew Napoleon loved him with such strange devotion. It was because he was worthy of their love; because he was one of the most generous, magnanimous, and self-denying of mortals. Could Davoust and Ney forget this man, who, regardless of famine and the blasts of winter, and of a retreat still before him of more than a thousand miles, could turn back into the snow-drifted wilderness for their rescue, and in the face of an army outnumbering his own almost ten to one! With but *nine thousand men*, half famished, exhausted, and almost without arms, he resolved to assail *eighty thousand of the enemy*. By plunging into the very midst of their batteries and their thronged intrenchments, he would draw upon himself the sabres and the shot of the foe, and thus might produce a diversion in favor of Davoust and Ney. By so doing, there was a chance that his friends might be enabled to break through those defiles which barred their escape from the wilds of Russia. Such traits of character resistlessly command the love and homage of all generous hearts.

Napoleon was nearly surrounded by the Russians. Unintimidated by those perils, he vigorously adopted measures for breaking through the foe.

“I have acted the Emperor long enough,” said he, as he left his miserable quarters; “it is time I should again become a general.”

A powerful division of the enemy occupied an important position on his left. He called General Rapp, and said to him, “Set out immediately, and, during the darkness, attack that body with the bayonet. This is the first time the enemy has exhibited such audacity. I am determined to make

him repent it in such a way that he will never again approach my headquarters."

After a few moments' thought, he recalled him, saying, "No! let Roguet and his division go. Remain where you are. I must not have you killed. I shall have occasion for you at Dantzic."*

Two nocturnal attacks were made preparatory to the great conflict in the morning: they were perfectly successful. The French, without firing a musket, plunged with the bayonet into the densest masses of the foe, and the Russians, amazed at such desperate valor, retired before them.

Morning dawned. The Russian battalions and batteries encircled the French on three sides. Napoleon, placing himself at the head of his six thousand Guards, advanced with a firm step into the centre of that terrible circle, to break through. Mortier, with a few thousand men, deployed to protect his right. A battalion of footmen of the Old Guard, formed in a square, like a fortress of rock, to support the left wing of this feeble, yet indomitable column of attack.

The battle commenced. The enemy were still sufficiently numerous to crush Napoleon and his wasted battalions by their mass alone, in marching forward, without firing a gun. But they did not dare to move from their intrenchments. With their artillery they made wide and deep breaches in the ranks of the French, whose advance they could not retard. The enemy's guns were flashing in the east, the west, and the south. The north alone remained open. A heavy column of the Russians were marching to an eminence, there to rear a battery which would complete the inclosing circle, and which seemed to render the escape of the French impossible. Napoleon was apprised of the peril.

"Very well," said he, calmly; "let a battalion of my *chasseurs* take possession of it." Giving no more heed to this peril, he continued, with unflinching perseverance, to pierce the masses of his foe.

The battle continued till two o'clock in the afternoon. At last Davoust made his appearance. Aided by the attack of Napoleon, he had been able to force his way through the Russians, driving swarms of Cossacks before him. The valiant bands met, struggling through clouds of smoke, and reeling before the terrific discharges of batteries which incessantly plowed their ranks. There was no time for congratulations upon that field of peril and of blood. Napoleon inquired eagerly for Ney. He had not been heard from. He was probably lost.

Still Napoleon hesitated to retire. He could hardly endure the thought of leaving his heroic marshal in the hands of his foe. At last the danger that all would be destroyed was so imminent that Napoleon reluctantly decided to continue the retreat. He called Mortier to his side. Sorrowfully pressing his hand, he said,

"We have not a moment to lose. The enemy is overwhelming us in all

* "Rapp, as he was carrying this order to Roguet, could not help feeling astonished that his chief, surrounded by eighty thousand of the enemy, whom he was going to attack the next day with nine thousand, should have so little doubt about his safety as to be thinking of what he should have to do at Dantzic, a city from which he was separated by the winter, two hostile armies, famine, and one hundred and eighty leagues of distance."—*Count Philip de Segur*, vol. ii., p. 188.

directions. Kutusoff may reach the last elbow of the Borysthenes before us, and cut off our retreat. I must, therefore, proceed rapidly thither with the Old Guard. You and Davoust must endeavor to hold the enemy in check until night. Then you must advance and rejoin me."

Napoleon, his heart almost bursting with grief at the thought of abandoning Ney, slowly retired from the field of battle. Mortier and Davoust, with three thousand men, remained to arrest the advance of fifty thousand enemies. A shower of balls and grape-shot swept their ranks. Proudly refusing to accelerate their steps, they retired as deliberately as they would have done from a field of summer parade. Their path was marked by the gory bodies of the dead. Their wounded comrades they bore in their arms. "Do you hear, soldiers?" said General Laborde; "the marshal orders ordinary time! ordinary time, soldiers!"*

Napoleon, with a beechen stick in his hand, toiled along on foot. He proceeded slowly and hesitatingly, as if still half resolved to turn back again in pursuit of Ney. As he advanced, he manifested the deepest grief for the lost marshal. He spoke of him incessantly, of his courage, of his genius, his true nobility of character. The twilight of the short winter's day soon disappeared, and another dismal night of woe and death darkened over the wasted and bleeding army. In the night Napoleon was overheard saying to himself,

"The misery of my poor soldiers cuts me to the heart; yet I can not relieve them without establishing myself in some place. But how is it possible to stop without ammunition, provisions, or artillery? I am not strong enough to halt. I must reach Minsk as quickly as possible."

He had hardly uttered these words when an officer entered, and informed him that Minsk, where he had centered his last hope, with all its magazines, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. For a moment Napoleon seemed overpowered by the blow. But, instantly recovering himself, he said firmly, yet sadly,

"Very well! we have now, then, nothing to do but to force our way with the bayonet."

At one o'clock in the morning he sent for General Rapp.

"My affairs," said the Emperor, "are going very badly. These poor soldiers rend my heart. I can not, however, relieve them."

At that time an alarm of attack was made upon the encampment. The silence of midnight was suddenly interrupted by the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. A scene of indescribable confusion and clamor ensued. Napoleon seemed as tranquil as if seated on a sofa at St. Cloud.

"Go," said he, gently, to General Rapp, "and see what is the matter. I am sure that some of those rogues of Cossacks want to prevent our sleeping."

The midnight alarm, like the rapid sweep of the whirlwind, soon passed away. The exhausted troops again threw themselves upon the snow-covered ground, where the freezing blast was even more merciless and fatal than the bullet of the foe.

The extreme sufferings of the French army during this period were faith-

* For a more full account of this extraordinary enterprise, see "Napoleon's Russian Expedition, by Count Philip de Segur."

fully narrated to France by Napoleon in his twenty-ninth bulletin. In this celebrated document, he made no attempt to conceal the measurelessness of the disaster.

“The cold,” says the bulletin, “suddenly increased after the 7th. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th, the thermometer was sixteen and eighteen degrees below freezing point, and the roads were covered with ice. The cavalry, artillery, and baggage horses died every night, not by hundreds, but by thousands, especially those of Germany and France. The cavalry were all on foot. The artillery and baggage were without means of conveyance.

“The army, which was so fine on the 6th, was very different on the 14th, almost without artillery, cavalry, and transports. Without cavalry, we had no means of reconnoitering a quarter of a league, while, without artillery, we could not firmly await or risk a battle. It was requisite, therefore, to march, in order not to be forced into an engagement, which the want of ammunition prevented our desiring. It was necessary for us to occupy a certain space of ground, and that without cavalry to lead or to connect our columns. This difficulty, added to the immense frost, rendered our situation miserable. Those whom nature had not sufficiently steeled to be superior to fate or fortune, lost their gayety and good-humor, and dreamed only of misfortunes and catastrophes. Those whose constitutions enabled them to brave vicissitudes, preserved their spirits and ordinary manners, and saw new glories in the difficulties to be surmounted. The enemy, finding upon the road traces of the disasters which had befallen the French army, endeavored to take advantage of them. They surrounded all the columns with Cossacks, who carried off, like the Arabs of the desert, the trains and carriages which for a moment diverged from or loitered on the march. This contemptible cavalry, which can only make a noise, and is incapable of penetrating through a company of voltigeurs, was rendered formidable by circumstances. Nevertheless, the enemy had to repent of all the serious attempts which he made.”

The enfeebled army soon crossed the Dnieper, and entered the town of Orcha. Here they found houses, fire, and provisions. For the first time since leaving Moscow, the soldiers enjoyed shelter, comfort, and abundant refreshments. “Napoleon entered Orcha,” says Segur, “with six thousand guards, the remains of thirty-five thousand; Eugene with eighteen hundred soldiers, the remains of forty-two thousand; and Davoust with four thousand, the remains of seventy thousand.”*

The heroic marshal had lost every thing. He was emaciate with toil, sleeplessness, and fasting. His clothes were in tatters. He had not even a shirt. Some one gave him a handkerchief with which to wipe his face, which was white with frost. He seized a loaf of bread, and devoured it voraciously, exclaiming, “None but men of iron constitutions can support such trials. It is physically impossible to resist them. There are limits to human strength, the utmost of which have been exceeded.” Still, his determined spirit had never for one moment been vanquished. At every defile

* The apparent inconsistency in the numbers which are frequently mentioned in the narrative, arises from the fact that each day thousands were perishing, while other thousands were joining the army from divisions posted along the line of retreat.

he halted and beat back the foe, struggling incessantly against an inundation of disorder.

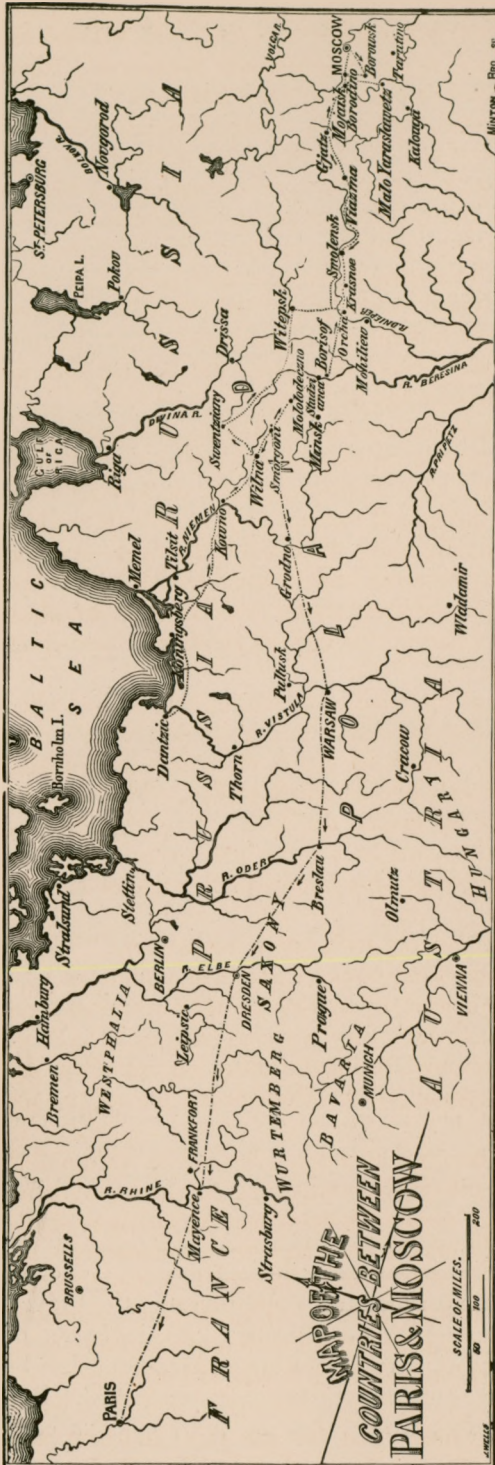
Napoleon was still inquiring for Ney. A feeling of grief pervaded the whole army. Four days had now passed since he had been heard from. Nearly all hope had vanished. Still, every one was looking back across the Dnieper, hoping to obtain a glimpse in the distant horizon of the approach of his columns. They listened to catch, if possible, the sound of his conflict with the foe. But nothing was heard but the cold sweep of the wintry wind; nothing was to be seen but swarms of Cossacks, crowding the opposite banks of the stream, and menacing the bridges. Some proposed, since there was no more hope, to blow up these bridges, and thus retard the pursuit of the Russians. Others, however, would not consent, as it seemed to seal the doom of their lost companions in arms.

Night again set in, and the weary soldiers, in comfortable quarters, for a moment forgot their woes. Napoleon was partaking of a frugal supper with General Lefebvre, when a joyful shout was heard in the streets, "Marshal Ney is safe!" At that moment a Polish officer entered the room, and reported that the marshal was a few leagues distant, on the banks of the river, harassed by swarms of Cossacks, and that he had sent for assistance. Napoleon sprang from his chair, seized the informant by both arms, and exclaimed, with intense emotion,

"Is that really true? Are you sure of it?" Then, in an outburst of rapture, he added, "I have two hundred millions of gold in my vaults at the Tuileries: I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney!"

It was a cold and gloomy winter's night. The soldiers were exhausted by almost superhuman toil and suffering; but without a murmur, five thousand men, at the call of Eugene, roused themselves from their slumbers, and left their warm fires, to proceed to the rescue of the marshal. They traversed unknown and snowy paths for about six miles. Often they stopped to listen, but no sound of their lost friends could be heard. The river, encumbered with ice, flowed chill and drear at their side. Dismal forests of pines and firs frowned along their way. The gloom and silence of midnight enveloped them. In this state of suspense, Eugene ordered a few cannon to be discharged. Far off in the distance they heard the faint response of a volley of musketry. The marshal had not a single piece of artillery left. Eagerly the two corps hastened to meet. Eugene Beauharnais, one of the noblest of men, whom no perils could daunt, and whom no sufferings could subdue, threw himself into the arms of his rescued friend, and wept for joy. Soldiers, officers, generals, all rushed together, and mingled in affectionate embraces.

The reunited bands returned rejoicingly to Orcha. As Marshal Ney related to the Emperor the perils through which he had passed, Napoleon grasped his hand, and hailed him by the proud title of "Bravest of the Brave." The unconquerable marshal had infused his own energy into the bosom of his troops. In view of these extraordinary achievements, accomplished by the genius of one man, Napoleon, in characteristic language, remarked, "Better is an army of deer commanded by a lion, than an army of lions commanded by a deer."



Ney had left Smolensk, about one hundred miles distant, on the 17th, with but six thousand soldiers. He arrived at Orcha with but fifteen hundred, and without a single cannon. He had been compelled to leave all his sick and wounded to the mercy of the enemy. The road over which he passed he found strewn with the traces of the dreadful rout of his friends who had preceded him. Every where were to be seen broken muskets and sabres, overturned carriages, dismounted cannon, and the frozen bodies of men and horses.

He passed the battle-field of Krasnoe, where the Emperor had halted, and had so heroically fought for the rescue of his lost companions. It was covered with the icy bodies of the dead. On the ensuing day a wintry mist enveloped them, so that they could see but a few feet in advance. Suddenly they found themselves directly in front of a Russian battery, where the enemy, in vastly superior numbers, disputed their passage. A Russian officer presented himself, and demanded the sword of Ney. The commander of the Russian forces was so conscious of the valor of this extraordinary man, that, with the demand for surrender, he sent an apology for making such a summons.

"Field-marshal Kutusoff," said the envoy, "would not have presumed to make so cruel a proposal to so great a general, to a warrior so renowned, if there remained a single chance of safety for him. But there are eighty thousand Russians sur-

rounding Marshal Ney. If the marshal doubts this, Kutusoff will permit him to send a man to pass through his ranks and count his forces." Ney gave the noble response, "A marshal of France never surrenders!"

Even while this scene was passing, the enemy, either through treachery or by mistake, discharged a battery of forty guns, loaded with grape-shot, directly into the bosoms of the French. The carnage was awful. A French officer darted forward to cut down the Russian messenger as a traitor. Ney restrained him, and the man, who was probably innocent of all guile, was disarmed and made prisoner. The enemy's fire was now poured in upon the French without mercy and without cessation. "All the hills," says an eye-witness, "which but a moment before looked cold and silent, became like so many volcanoes in eruption." But these perils did but fan into increased intensity the ardor and the courage of Ney.

"Kutusoff," says Segur, "had not deceived him. On his side there were indeed eighty thousand men, in complete ranks, well fed and in double lines, full and deep; a numerous cavalry; an immense artillery, occupying a formidable position; in short, every thing, and fortune to boot, which is alone equal to all the rest. On ours, five thousand half-famished soldiers—a straggling and dismembered column, a wavering and languid march; arms defective and dirty, and the greater part of them mute, or shaking in enfeebled hands. And yet the French leader had no thought of yielding or perishing, but to cut his way through the enemy."

Ney, undaunted, placed himself at the head of a column, and rushed upon the hostile intrenchments. With five thousand men he undertook to force a passage through eighty thousand. With six pieces of cannon he ventured to march upon batteries bristling with two hundred pieces. The unequal combat was maintained until night enveloped the field. Ney, then finding it impossible to break through, and leaving half of his little army dead upon the field, ordered a retreat back again into the inhospitable wilds of Russia, toward Smolensk.

His troops heard this strange command with utter amazement. They however, instantly obeyed. Turning their backs upon their comrades who had preceded them, upon their Emperor, upon France, they retraced their steps into those frozen regions from which they were so anxious to escape. For an hour or two they hastily traversed, in the darkness, an unknown and savage road, until they came to a small river. Ney broke the ice to see which way the current ran.

"This stream," said he, "flows into the Dnieper. It shall be our guide." Cold, hungry, weary, and bleeding, the feeble band struggled along the frozen banks of the stream until they came to the Dnieper, the Borysthènes of the ancients. A lame peasant, the only inhabitant whom they encountered, informed them where they might probably pass on the ice. A bend in the river had at this point clogged the floating masses. The cold had cemented them. Above and below, the stream was still filled with movable fragments. In this spot only was a passage possible, and here it was full of danger.

Ney, wrapped in his cloak, threw himself upon the snow, and slept while the troops pressed across in single file. The ice was thin, and bent and crackled under their feet. The wagons, laden with the sick and wounded

soldiers, next attempted to pass, but the frail surface broke beneath the weight. Many of the wagons sank. A few faint shrieks were heard as the mutilated sufferers were submerged in the icy waves, their cold and silent sepulchre. The Cossacks tracked the retreat of the French, and, keeping beyond the reach of musket-shot, fired incessantly upon their helpless victims with artillery. Ney pressed vigorously on, by day and by night, without rest, and a little after midnight on the 20th, the wrecks of the Grand Army were sadly united at Orcha.

During this retreat, an unnatural mother abandoned her child in the snow. Marshal Ney took the little sufferer in his arms, soothed it with tenderness, and carried it back to its parent. Again the wretched woman, rendered fiend-like by misery, cast the poor child from the overladen sledge. Again the marshal, as tender-hearted as he was brave, rescued the child. The indignant soldiers threw the mother from the sledge to perish in the ice. They covered the friendless child with furs and blankets. They subsequently watched over him with great care. This little orphan was afterward seen at the Beresina, then at Wilna, and again at Kowno. He finally escaped all the horrors of the retreat.

Napoleon could now muster but about twelve thousand effective men. Still, a vast and uncounted train of stragglers encumbered the army. For the next three days the suffering band pressed on, defying all the efforts of their multitudinous foes to arrest them. When Napoleon left Moscow to attack Kutusoff, with his assembled army, at Kalouga, General Wittgenstein, with a large army, was three hundred miles in the rear of Napoleon's left wing. Six hundred miles farther off, General Tchitchagoff was returning with his army of sixty thousand men, which had just been released from warfare with the Turks. Both of these well-appointed hosts were marching to unite their forces upon the banks of the Beresina. Three armies were thus crowding upon the Emperor. The passage of the Beresina had now become the great point of peril.*

Napoleon had left a strong force, with abundant magazines, at Borisoff, an important town which covered the passage of the stream. At this place he was sanguine in his expectation of finding refreshment, repose, and powerful additions to his army in men and in the enginery of war.

On the evening of the 23d, Napoleon received intelligence that, through the great negligence of one of his generals, Borisoff had been captured, and,

* "A secret treaty of peace had been signed at Bucharest between the Russians and the Turks. This peace was the work of England, and was secured through the instrumentality of a false document, which the cabinet of London caused to be presented to the Grand Vizier. It was a forged letter from Napoleon, in which he proposed to Alexander the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. Joseph Fonton, who for a long time had been a stipendiary of England, being consulted by Galib Effendi, testified to the authenticity of the document. When the Sultan learned of the entrance of Napoleon into Russia, he refused to ratify the treaty, and was only induced to do so by the menacing attitude of England. This delay of the ratification delayed the Russian army in Moldavia, and did not release it until October. It consequently was unable to oppose the French army at any time during the retreat, until it encountered the French at the famous passage of the Beresina."—*Histoire de Napoleon, par M. de Norvins.*

Thus Russia became hostile to Napoleon because he would not consent to the dismemberment of the Turkish empire; and the Turks became his foes because England had convinced them, by false documents, that Napoleon was co-operating with Alexander for the conquest of Constantinople.

with all its stores, was in the hands of the enemy. He was quite unprepared to hear of this terrible disaster. For a moment he was silent; then, raising his hand toward heaven, he sighed heavily, and said,

“Is it written there that we shall commit nothing but errors?”

“Nevertheless,” says Napier, “these first words of impatience were the only ones which escaped him, and the valet-de-chambre who assisted him was the only one who witnessed his agitation. Duroc, Daru, and Berthier all said that they knew nothing of it—that they saw him unshaken. This was doubtless so as to outward appearance, for he retained sufficient command over himself to avoid betraying his anxiety.”

The path of the army seemed now entirely hedged up. Escape was apparently impossible. Napoleon was still nearly seven hundred miles from where he had crossed the Niemen at Kowno. The officers who were with him expressed their earnest wishes that their sovereign, by abandoning the army, might himself reach France, “were it even through the air,” said M. Daru, “since the passage of the earth seems barred. Your majesty could much more certainly serve the army in Paris than here.”

Napoleon carefully studied the maps, examined the situation of Borisoff, and suggested one or two other points of passage. It was, however, found that the Russians had strongly defended all those places. The weakened army, freezing and starving, could not force the stream in the face of such formidable hostile batteries. He finally determined to attempt a passage at Studzianca, a village a little to the right of Borisoff. The river was here about three hundred yards wide, and six feet deep. It was a desperate venture. There was no bridge. The stream was filled with floating ice. The landing on the opposite side was in a marsh, surrounded by heights, occupied by a powerful and well-organized army. Napoleon, however, relied firmly upon the resources of his genius, and upon the courage and devotion of his followers. With alacrity he made preparations for the fearful enterprise.

He collected all the remaining Eagles of the several regiments, and caused them to be burned. All the unnecessary carriages were destroyed. Eighteen hundred of his dismounted guard were formed into two battalions. He assembled around his own person all the officers who had been able to save their horses. This corps, being formed into a company of five hundred officers, was denominated “the Sacred Squadron.” Generals of division performed the functions of captains and inferior officers with cordial good-will, shouldered the musket, and took their places in the ranks. The spirit of this feeble band, animated by the indomitable energy of Napoleon, still remained unbroken.

These arrangements being completed, the troops again commenced their march through the dark pine forest which there covers the country. The retreating army presented a motley array of about forty thousand men, women, and children. As they approached Borisoff, loud shouts were heard, which they supposed arose from the exultant and defiant Russians. A party was sent forth to reconnoitre. They soon returned with the almost blissful news that the corps of Marshals Victor and Oudinot had retaken Borisoff, and were waiting for Napoleon.

The joy and anguish of this meeting of the French soldiers can not be de-

scribed. Victor's men were ignorant of the disasters which the Grand Army had encountered since its evacuation of Moscow. They were totally unprepared for such a spectacle of misery. Their comrades presented themselves clothed in rags, pieces of carpet, and untanned horse-skins. Their feet were covered with wretched substitutes for shoes. They were emaciate, haggard, frozen, and bleeding. The veterans wept together over the recital of hitherto unheard-of woes; and all were horror-stricken when informed that this skeleton band of fugitives was all that remained of that triumphant army which had recently been proclaimed throughout Europe as the conquerors of the capital of Russia. With the addition of the divisions of Victor and Oudinot, Napoleon had now twenty-seven thousand troops and forty thousand stragglers.

Through all these disasters the attachment of the soldiers to Napoleon continued unbroken. "Thus, amid so many persons," says Segur, "who might have reproached him with their misfortunes, he marched on without the least fear, speaking to one and all without affectation, certain of being respected as long as glory could command respect. Knowing perfectly that he belonged to us as much as we to him, his renown being, as it were, a common national property, we should have sooner turned our arms against ourselves, which was the case with many, than against him, as being the minor suicide.

"Some of them fell and died at his feet; and though they were in the most frightful delirium, their suffering never gave its wanderings the turn of reproach, but of entreaty. And, in fact, did he not share the common danger? Who of them all risked so much as he? Who had suffered the greatest loss in this disaster? If any imprecations were ever uttered, it was not in his presence; for it seemed that, of all misfortunes, that of incurring his displeasure was the greatest."

The River Beresina flows rapidly along its channel a few miles beyond Borisoff. The retreating Russians had destroyed the bridge. Upon the opposite bank of the river they had planted very formidable batteries. Napoleon remained two days at Borisoff refreshing his troops. On the 25th, a variety of movements were made to deceive the enemy as to the point at which he intended to cross the river. In the mean time, with secrecy, arrangements were made for constructing a bridge where a dense forest would conceal their operations from view. The Russians, in vast numbers, occupied the adjacent heights. The French troops were secreted all day in the woods, ready to commence the construction of the bridge the moment night should come. Hardly had the winter's sun gone down behind the frozen hills ere they sprang to their work. No fire could be allowed. They worked through the long and dark night, many of them often up to their necks in water, and struggling against immense masses of ice, which were floated down by the stream. The tires of the wheels were wrenched off for cramp-irons, and cottages were torn down for timber.

Napoleon superintended the work in person, toiling with the rest. He uttered not a word which could indicate any want of confidence in this desperate adventure. He was surrounded by three armies, constituting a mass of one hundred and fifty thousand men. "In this situation," says the Rus-

sian historian Boutourlin, "the most perilous in which he had ever found himself, the great captain was in no way inferior to himself. Without allowing himself to be dismayed by the imminence of his danger, he dared to measure it with the eye of genius, and still found resources when a general less skillful and less determined would not even have suspected its possibility."

The French generals deemed the passage of the river utterly impracticable. Rapp, Mortier, and Ney declared that, if escape were now effected, they should forever after believe in the Emperor's protecting star. Even Murat, constitutionally bold and reckless as he was, declared that it was impossible to save the army. He urged that it was time to relinquish all thoughts of rescuing any but the Emperor, on whose fate the salvation of France depended. The soldiers in the ranks expressed similar fears and desires. Some Polish officers volunteered to extricate Napoleon by guiding him through obscure paths in the forest to the frontiers of Prussia. Ponia-towski, who commanded the Polish division, offered to pledge his life for the success of the enterprise; but Napoleon promptly rejected the suggestion as implying a cowardly and dishonorable flight. He would not forsake the army in this hour of its greatest peril.

"Napoleon," says Segur, "at once rejected this project as infamous, as being a cowardly flight; he was indignant that any one should dare to think for a moment that he would abandon his army so long as it was in danger. He was, however, not at all displeased with Murat, either because that prince, in making the proposition, had afforded him an opportunity of showing his firmness, or, what is more probable, because he saw in it nothing but a mark of devotion, and because, in the eyes of a sovereign, the first quality is attachment to his person."

At last the day faintly dawned in the east. The Russian watch-fires began to pale. Napoleon, by the movements of the preceding day, had effectually deceived his foes. The bewildered Russian admiral consequently commenced withdrawing his forces from Studzianka just as Napoleon commenced concentrating his army there. The French generals, who were anxiously, with their glasses, peering through the dusk of the morning to the opposite heights, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the Russians rapidly retreating. The Russians had received orders to hasten to a point some eighteen miles down the river, where the admiral was convinced, by the false demonstrations of Napoleon, that the French intended to attempt the passage.

Oudinot and Rapp hastened to the Emperor with the joyful tidings. Napoleon exclaimed, "Then I have outwitted the admiral."* A squadron of horsemen swam, on their skeleton steeds, through the icy waves, and took possession of the opposite bank. The bridge was soon finished, and two light rafts were constructed. The passage of the troops was now urged with the utmost rapidity. In the course of a few hours the engineers succeeded in constructing another bridge for the transportation of the baggage and the cannon. During the whole of that bleak winter's day, and of the succeeding night, the French army, with its encumbering multitude of strag-

* Admiral Tchitchagoff.

glers, were crowding across these narrow defiles. In the mean time the Russians began to return. They planted their batteries upon the adjacent heights, and swept the bridges with a storm of cannon balls. Early in the morning of the 27th, the foe had accumulated in such numbers as to be prepared to make a simultaneous attack upon the French on both sides of the river. Napoleon had crossed with the advanced guard. On attaining the right bank of the river, he exclaimed, "My star still reigns."

An awful conflict now ensued. The Russians were impelled by the confidence of success; the French were nerved by the energies of despair. In the midst of this demoniac scene of horror, mutilation, and blood, a fearful tempest arose, howling through the dark forests, and sweeping with hurricane fury over the embattling hosts. One of the frail bridges broke beneath the weight of artillery, baggage, and troops with which it was burdened. A vast and phrensied crowd were struggling at the heads of the bridges. Cannon balls plowed through the living, tortured mass. They trampled upon each other. Multitudes were crowded into the stream, and with shrieks which pierced through the thunders of the battle, sank beneath the floating ice. The genius of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than on this occasion. It is the testimony alike of friend and foe, that no other man could have accomplished what he accomplished in the awful passage of the Beresina.

Undismayed by the terrific scene and by the magnitude of his peril, he calmly studied all his chances, and, with his feeble band, completely thwarted and overthrew his multitudinous foes. It is difficult to ascertain the precise numbers in this engagement. According to Segur, who is perhaps the best authority to whom we can refer, Napoleon had but twenty-seven thousand fighting men, and these were exhausted, half famished, and miserably clothed and armed. There were also forty thousand stragglers and wounded embarrassing his movements and claiming his care. Sixty thousand Russians, well fed and perfectly armed, surrounded him. General Wittgenstein, with forty thousand effective men, marched upon the portion of the army which had not yet crossed the stream. Marshal Victor, with but six thousand men, baffled all his efforts, and for hours held this vast force at bay. Admiral Tchitchagoff, with twenty thousand men, attacked the columns which had crossed. Ney, with eight thousand troops, plunged into the dense mass of foes, drove them before him, and took six thousand prisoners.

Through all these awful hours the engineers worked in preserving and repairing the bridges, with coolness which no perils could disturb. The darkness of the night put no end to the conflict. The Russians trained their guns to bear upon the confused mass of men, horses, and wagons crowding and overwhelming the bridges.

In the midst of all the horrors of the scene, a little boat, carrying a mother and her two children, was overturned by the floating ice. A soldier plunged from the bridge into the river, and, by great exertions, saved the youngest of the two children. The poor little thing, in tones of despair, kept crying for its mother. The tender-hearted soldier was heard endeavoring to soothe it, saying, "Do not cry. I will not abandon you. You shall want for nothing. I will be your father."

Women were in the midst of the stream, struggling against the floating ice, with their children in their arms; and when the mother was completely submerged in the cold flood, her stiffened arms were seen still holding her child above the waves. Across this bridge the soldiers bore tenderly the orphan child which Marshal Ney had saved at Smolensk.

Many persons were crushed and ground to pieces by the rush of heavy carriages. Bands of soldiers cleared their way across the bridge, through the encumbering crowd, with their bayonets and their swords. The wounded and the dead were trampled miserably under their feet. Night came, cold, dark, and dreary, and did but increase these awful calamities. Every thing was covered with snow. The black mass of men, horses, and carriages, traversing this white surface, enabled the Russian artillerymen, from the heights which they occupied, unerringly to direct their fire. The howling of the tempest, the gloom of midnight, the incessant flash and roar of artillery, the sweep of cannon balls through the dense mass, and the frightful explosion of shells, the whistling of bullets, the vociferations and shouts of the soldiers, the shrieks of the wounded and of the despairing, and the wild hurrahs of the Cossacks, presented one of the most appalling scenes which demoniac war has ever exhibited. The record alone one would think enough to appal the most selfish and merciless lover of military glory. At last Victor, having protected the passage of all the regular troops, led his valiant corps across, and set fire to the bridges. The number lost on this occasion has never been ascertained. When the ice melted in the spring, twelve thousand dead bodies were dragged from the river.*

On the 29th of October the Emperor resumed his march. Each hour brought an accumulation of horrors. For four days the army passed along the icy road, marking their path by an awful trail of frozen corpses. On the 3d of November they arrived at Molodeczno. Here they were met by convoys sent to them from Wilna, and found provisions and forage in abundance. The wounded officers and soldiers, and every thing which could embarrass the movements of the army, were sent forward under an escort to Wilna. Several thousand fresh horses were obtained, and the cavalry remounted.

* Let those who are emulous of the glory which war brings, contemplate the following spectacle, described by an eye-witness at Berlin :

“On Sunday forenoon last I went to one of the gates, and found a crowd collected around a car, in which some wounded soldiers had just returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have so disfigured them as I beheld them, the victims of the cold. One of them had lost the joints of all his ten fingers, and he showed us the stumps. Another looked as if he had been in the hands of the Turks—he wanted both ears and nose. More horrible was the look of a third, whose eyes had been frozen; the eyelids hung down rotting; the globes of the eyes were burst, and protruding from their sockets. It was awfully hideous. But a spectacle more horrible was to present itself. Out of the straw in the bottom of the car I now beheld a figure creep painfully, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and distorted were the features. The lips were rotted away, the teeth stood exposed. He pulled the cloth from before his mouth, and grinned on us like a death's head. Then he burst into wild laughter, gave the word of command in broken French, with a voice more like the bark of a dog than any thing human, and we saw that the wretch was mad—mad from a frozen brain! Suddenly a cry was heard, ‘Henry! my Henry!’ and a young girl rushed up to the car. The poor lunatic rubbed his brow at the voice, as if trying to recollect where he was. Then he stretched out his arms toward the distracted girl, and lifted himself up with his whole strength. But it was too much for his exhausted frame: a shuddering fever-fit came over him, and he sank lifeless on the straw.”—*Forster to Korner, January 14th, 1814.*

The artillery was repaired; and the troops, refreshed and reorganized, were placed in marching order.

But intelligence was also brought to Napoleon that portions of Prussia, taking advantage of his reverses, were arming against him; and that even the Austrian aristocracy, deeming this a favorable hour to put down democracy in France, were assuming a hostile attitude. Napoleon called a council of all his officers, related to them these new impending perils, and informed them of his consequent determination to return speedily to Paris. The generals unanimously approved of this design. He, however, remained with the army two days longer. On the 5th the troops arrived at Smorgoni.

They were now within the borders of ancient Poland. Though still within the dominions of Russia, they here met with sympathy and friends. The great difficulties of the retreat were now surmounted. Napoleon invited all his marshals to sup with him. At the conclusion of the repast, he informed them that he should set out that night for France. He assured them that he would soon return at the head of three hundred thousand men, and repeat the conquest which the frost had retarded.

"I leave," said he, "the command of the army to the King of Naples. I hope that you will obey him as you would me, and that the most perfect harmony will reign among you." He then embraced them all and took leave. It was ten o'clock at night. Two sledges were drawn up before the door. The officers gathered sadly and affectionately around the Emperor. Napoleon took his seat in one of the sledges, with Caulaincourt by his side; Duroc and Lobau followed in the other sledge. Their only escort consisted of a few Poles of the Royal Guard.

For leaving the army under these circumstances, Napoleon has been severely censured. It has been called a shameful and a cowardly abandonment. A Russian historian has, however, been more just. General Bourtoulin, aid-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, says,

"Various judgments have been formed respecting this departure; yet nothing would be more easy than to justify it. Napoleon was not merely the general of the army which he left; and since the fate of all France was dependent upon his person, it is clear that, under existing circumstances, his first duty was, less to witness the death-throes of the remnant of his army, than to watch over the safety of the great empire which he ruled. Now he could not perform that duty better than by going to Paris, that by his presence he might hasten the organization of new armies to replace that which he had lost."

Even Bourrienne, though unable to conceal the hostility with which he was animated, exclaims, "It is not without indignation that I have heard that departure attributed by some to cowardice and fear. Napoleon a coward! They know nothing of his character who say so. Tranquil in the midst of danger, he was never more happy than on the field of battle."

In reference to this astonishing retreat, Colonel Napier says,

"To have struggled with hope under such astounding difficulties was scarcely to be expected from the greatest minds; but, like the Emperor, to calculate and combine the most stupendous efforts with calmness and accuracy; to seize every favorable chance with unerring rapidity; to sustain

every reverse with undisturbed constancy, never urged to rashness by despair, yet enterprising to the utmost verge of daring consistent with reason, was a display of intellectual greatness so surpassing, that it is not without justice Napoleon has been called, in reference as well to past ages as to the present, the foremost of mankind."

"I am enabled to affirm," says Caulaincourt, "that never before, under any circumstances, did I see him manifest such heroic magnanimity as during fourteen days and nights which followed the disasters of Moscow. Seated by my side in a narrow sledge, suffering severely from cold, and often from hunger, for we could not stop any where, leaving behind him the scattered wrecks of his army, Napoleon's courage never forsook him. Yet his spirit was not buoyed by any illusory hope. He had sounded the depth of the abyss. His eagle eye had scanned the prospect before him."

"Caulaincourt," said he, "this is a serious state of things; but rest assured my courage will not flinch. My star is clouded, but all is not lost. In three months I shall have on foot a million of armed citizens, and three hundred thousand fine troops of the line. I, the Emperor, am only a man; but all Frenchmen know that on that man depend the destinies of their country, the destinies of their families, and the safety of their homes."

After a very narrow escape from being captured by the Russians, Napoleon passed rapidly through Wilna, and on the 10th of December entered Warsaw. The Abbé de Pradt, who was then the French ambassador at Warsaw, has given a very singular account, in his "Embassy to Warsaw in 1812," of an interview he had at that time with the Emperor. It is regarded by Napoleon's friends as a gross caricature, intended to represent him in an odious light.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, referring to the Abbé de Pradt, said, "But the abbé did not fulfill at Warsaw any of the objects which had been intended. On the contrary, he did a great deal of mischief. Reports against him poured in from every quarter. Even the young men, the clerks attached to the embassy, were surprised at his conduct, and went so far as to accuse him of maintaining an understanding with the enemy, which I by no means believed. *But he certainly had a long talk with me, which he misrepresents, as might have been expected*; and it was at the very moment when he was delivering a long, prosy speech, which appeared to me a mere string of absurdity and impertinence, that I scrawled on the corner of the chimney-piece the order to withdraw him from his embassy, and to send him, as soon as possible, to France; a circumstance which was the cause of a good deal of merriment at the time, and which the abbé seems very desirous of concealing."*

It will be found in a succeeding chapter that the abbé subsequently paid

* The Abbé de Pradt subsequently wrote of Napoleon in a far more appreciative tone. Las Casas, in his Memorial of St. Helena, says, "At this part of my journal were inserted several pages, full of details very discreditable to the Archbishop of Malines (the Abbé de Pradt), which were received from the Emperor's own mouth, or collected from the individuals about him. I, however, strike them out, in consideration of the satisfaction which I was informed the Emperor subsequently experienced in perusing M. de Pradt's Concordats. For my own part, I am perfectly satisfied with numerous other testimonies of the same nature, and derived from the same source. An honorable and voluntary acknowledgment is a thousand times better than all the retorts that can be heaped on an offender."

a noble tribute to the character of the Emperor, as he indignantly repelled the insults which the Allies heaped upon their fallen foe. Napoleon, who is represented by all who knew him as one of the most forgiving of men, was much gratified by this virtual *amende*.

Napoleon was well aware of the perfidy of his feudal allies. The celerity of his movements alone prevented his being made a prisoner as he passed through Bavaria. He was, however, reserved for a more melancholy fate than that of Richard Cœur de Lion. Earth could have no heavier woes for him than the lingering torments of St. Helena. The Emperor drove forward without intermission, by night and by day. At one o'clock in the morning of the 14th of December, his solitary sledge entered the streets of Dresden. But a few months before, Napoleon had left that city surrounded by magnificence such as no earthly monarch has ever equaled. He immediately held a long private conference with the King of Saxony, the most faithful and devoted of all his allies. Again entering his sledge, and outstripping even his couriers in speed, in four days he reached Paris.

It was midnight on the 18th of December. The Empress, sick, anxious, and extremely dejected, had just retired to rest at the Tuileries. She supposed that the Emperor was still struggling with his foes in the midst of the wilds of Russia. Suddenly the voices of men were heard in the ante-chamber. A cry from one of the maids of honor made the Empress aware that something extraordinary had happened. In her alarm she leaped from the bed. At that moment the door was opened, and a man, enveloped in furs, rushed in and clasped her in his arms. It was the Emperor.

The news of the Emperor's arrival spread rapidly through the metropolis. Napoleon had issued a bulletin, frankly communicating the whole extent of the disaster which had been encountered. He had made no attempt whatever at concealment. Though the bulletin had been dispatched from the army before the departure of the Emperor, it did not arrive in Paris until the morning after his return. The important document was immediately published. A calamity so awful and unexpected filled Paris with amazement and consternation.

At nine o'clock in the morning the Emperor held a levee. It was numerously attended. Gloom and anxiety pervaded every countenance. The Emperor appeared calm. He made no attempt to evade the questions which all were so anxious to ask. Frankly and fully he communicated the details of the retreat.

"Moscow," said he, "had fallen into our power. We had surmounted every obstacle. The conflagration even had in no way lessened the prosperous state of our affairs. But the rigor of the winter induced upon the army the most frightful calamities. In a few nights all was changed. Cruel losses were experienced. They would have broken my heart if, under such circumstances, I had been accessible to any other sentiments but the welfare of my people. I desire peace. It is necessary. On four different occasions, since the rupture of the peace of Amiens, I have solemnly made offer of it to my enemies. But I will never conclude a treaty but on terms honorable and suitable to the grandeur of my empire."

After the departure of the Emperor from the army, the cold increased in

intensity. As they approached Wilna, the mercury sank to 36° below zero, Fahrenheit. The misery which ensued can never be told. Sixty thousand men, troops and stragglers, had crossed the Beresina. Twenty thousand had since joined them. Of these eighty thousand, scarce forty thousand reached Wilna. This destruction was caused almost entirely by the cold. The Russians who were in pursuit perished as miserably as did the French. It is a remarkable fact, but well attested, that the soldiers from a more southern clime endured the cold better than did the native Russians.

On the 12th of December, the French arrived at Kowno, upon the banks of the Niemen. On the 13th they crossed the bridge, but about thirty thousand in number. The "Old Guard" was now reduced to three hundred men. They still marched proudly, preserving, even unto death, their martial and indomitable air. The heroic Ney, through miracles of suffering and valor, had covered the rear through this awful retreat. The march from Viasma to the Niemen had occupied thirty-seven days and nights. During this time, four rear guards had melted away under his command. Receiving four or five thousand men, the number would soon be reduced to two thousand, then to one thousand, then to five hundred, and finally to fifty or sixty. He would then obtain a fresh supply to be strewn in death along the road. Even more perished from fatigue and the cold than from the bullets of the enemy.

In the following way he conducted the retreat. Each afternoon, at about five o'clock, he selected some commanding position, and stopped the advance of the Russians. His soldiers then, for a few hours, obtained such food and rest as was possible under such circumstances. At ten o'clock he again resumed, under cover of the night, his retreat. At daybreak, which was about seven o'clock, he again took position, and rested until ten o'clock. By this time the enemy usually made his appearance. Cautiously retiring, Ney fought them back all day long, making as much progress as he could, until five o'clock in the evening, when he again took position.

In order to retard the advance of the Cossacks, powder and shells were placed in the wagons which it was found necessary to abandon, and a long lighted fuse attached. The Cossacks, observing the smoke, dared not approach until after the explosion. Thus, for more than a month, by night and by day, Ney struggled along against blinding storms of snow and freezing gales, with his ranks plowed by the shot and the shells of the enemy.

At Kowno, Marshal Ney collected seven hundred fresh troops, and, planting a battery of twenty-four pieces of cannon, beat back the enemy during the whole day, while the army was defiling across the bridge. As these troops melted away before the fire of the foe, he seized a musket, and with difficulty rallied thirty men to stand by his side. At last, having seen every man safely across the river, he slowly retired, proudly facing the foe. The bullets flew thickly around him; still, he disdained to turn his back upon the foe or to quicken his pace. Deliberately walking backward, he fired the last bullet at the advancing Russians, and threw his gun into the stream. He was the last of the "Grand Army" who left the Russian territory.

General Dumas was seated in the house of a French physician, on the German side of the river, when a man entered, enveloped in a large cloak.

His beard was long and matted, his emaciate visage was blackened with gunpowder, his whiskers were singed by fire, but his eyes beamed with the lustre of an indomitable mind.

"At last I am here," said he, as he threw himself into a chair. "What General Dumas, do you not know me?"

"No," was the reply; "who are you?"

"I am the rear guard of the Grand Army, Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno, I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms, and I have walked hither, as you see me, across the forest."*

CHAPTER XV.

LUTZEN AND BAUTZEN.

Report of the Minister of the Interior—Testimony of Enemies—Noble Devotion of Napoleon's Allies—New Coalition—Confession of Metternich—Death of Bessières—Battle of Lutzen—Entering Dresden—Battle of Bautzen—Death of Duroc—Armistice—Renewal of Hostilities—Caulaincourt's Interview with the Emperor—Striking Remarks of Napoleon.

GREAT as were the military resources which the Emperor's genius had created, the skill and vigor of his civil administration were still more extraordinary. The Minister of the Interior† at this time made the following report to the Legislative Body.

"Gentlemen,—Notwithstanding the immense armies which a state of war, both maritime and Continental, has rendered indispensably necessary, the population of France has continued to increase. French industry has advanced. The soil was never better cultivated, nor our manufactures more flourishing, and at no period of our history has wealth been more equally diffused among all classes of society. The farmer now enjoys benefits to which he was formerly a stranger. He is enabled to purchase land, though its value has greatly risen. His food and clothing are better and more abundant than heretofore, and his dwelling is more substantial and convenient.

"Improvements in agriculture, manufactures, and the useful arts are no longer rejected merely because they are new. Experiments have been made in every branch of labor, and the methods proved to be the most useful have been adopted. Artificial meadows have been multiplied, the system of fallows is abandoned, rotation of crops is better understood, and im-

* "During the Russian campaign, France is believed to have lost about three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers; a hundred thousand were killed in the advance and retreat, a hundred and fifty thousand died from hunger, fatigue, and the severity of the climate, and about a hundred thousand remained prisoners in the hands of the Russians, not more than half of whom ever returned to France. The account has been swollen by including the Jews, sutlers, women, and children who followed the army, and by those who joined it in its retreat from Moscow, amounting to about fifty thousand persons. Upward of sixty thousand horses were destroyed, a thousand cannon, and nearly twenty thousand wagons and carriages.

† Alexander's losses have never been well ascertained; but, including the population of the abandoned cities, who perished for want of food and shelter, they must have far exceeded those of the invaders. In commemoration of his deliverance, the Czar caused a medal to be struck, remarkable for the simplicity and literal truth of the inscription, '*Not to us, not to me, but to Thy name.* January, 1812.'"—*M. Laurent de l'Ardèche*, vol. ii., p. 166. † Count Montalivet, Feb. 25, 1813.

proved plans of cultivation augment the produce of the soil. Cattle are multiplied, and their different breeds improved. This great prosperity is attributable to the liberal laws by which the empire is governed; to the suppression of feudal tenures, titles, mortmains, and the monastic orders—measures which have set at liberty numerous estates, and rendered them the free patrimony of families formerly in a state of pauperism. Something is due also to the more equal distribution of wealth, consequent on the alteration and simplification of the laws relating to freehold property, and to the prompt decision of lawsuits, the number of which is now daily decreasing.”

Notwithstanding the enormous wars in which Napoleon had been engaged, he had expended in works of public improvement the following sums: on palaces and buildings, the property of the crown, \$12,500,000; on fortifications, \$27,000,000; on sea-ports, docks, and harbors, \$25,000,000; on roads and highways, \$35,000,000; on bridges in Paris and the various departments, \$6,250,000; on canals, embankments, and the drainage of land, \$25,000,000; on public works in Paris, \$20,000,000; on public buildings in the departments, \$30,000,000; making a total of more than \$200,000,000, which, in the course of nine years, he had expended in improving and embellishing France.*

“These miracles,” says a French writer, “were all effected by steadiness of purpose—talent armed with power, and finances wisely and economically applied.”

Count Molé, the Minister of Finance, after a very faithful review of the flattering condition of the empire, concluded his report with the following words: “If a man of the age of the Medici, or of Louis XIV., were to revisit the earth, and at the sight of so many marvels, ask how many ages of peace and glorious reigns had been required to produce them, he would be answered, *‘Twelve years of war and a single man.’*”

“The national resources of the French empire,” says Alison, “as they were developed in these memorable reports, and evinced in these strenuous exertions, are the more worthy of attention, as this was the *Last Exposition* of them which was made to the world; this was the political testament of Napoleon to future ages. The disasters which immediately after crowded round his sinking empire, and the extraordinary difficulties with which he had to contend, prevented any thing of the kind being subsequently attempted; and when order and regularity again emerged from the chaos, under the restored Bourbon dynasty, France, bereft of all its revolutionary conquests, and reduced to the dimensions of 1789, possessed little more than two thirds of the territory, and not a fourth of the influence which it had enjoyed under the Emperor. To the picture exhibited of the empire at this period, therefore, the eyes of future ages will be constantly turned, as presenting both the highest point of elevation which the fortunes of France had ever attained, and the greatest assemblage of national and military strength which the annals of modern times have exhibited.”

* “When it is recollected that an expenditure so vast on objects so truly imperial, amounting to nearly £3,500,000 (\$17,500,000) a year, took place during a period of extraordinary warlike exertion, and almost unbroken maritime and territorial hostility, it must be confessed that it demonstrates an elevation of mind and grandeur of conception on the part of Napoleon, which, as much as his wonderful military achievements, mark him as one of the most marvelous of mankind.”—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iv., p. 31.

Napoleon in person superintended the entire administration of both military and civil affairs. Every ministerial project was submitted to his examination. The financial accounts were all audited by himself. The governmental correspondence passed under his eye, and was corrected by his pen. The apparently exhaustless mental and physical energies of the Emperor amazed all who were thrown into contact with him. Though Paris had been plunged into consternation by the terrible disaster in Russia, the calm demeanor and intrepid countenance of the Emperor, which accompanied his frank admission of the whole magnitude of the calamity, soon revived public confidence. *The Journal of Paris*, the next morning, contained the following comments upon the celebrated 29th bulletin :

“These details can not but add to the glory with which the army has covered itself, and to the admiration which the heroic firmness and powerful genius of the Emperor inspire. After having vanquished the Russians in twenty battles, and driven them from their ancient capital, our brave troops have had to sustain the rigors of the season and the severities of an inhospitable climate during a march of more than fifty days through an enemy’s country, deprived of artillery, transports, and cavalry ; yet the genius of the sovereign has animated all, and proved a resource under the greatest difficulties. The enemy, who had the elements for his auxiliaries, was beaten wherever he appeared. With such soldiers and such a general, the eventual success of the war can not be uncertain. Napoleon will give his name to the nineteenth century.”

The words of Napoleon were eagerly gathered, and circulated through the empire. Innumerable addresses, containing assurances of loyalty and affection, were presented to him by the principal bodies of Paris, and from all the principal cities of France. The cities of Rome, Milan, Florence, Turin, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Mayence, manifested the noblest spirit of devotion. They rallied around their noble leader in this his hour of extremity with a zeal which does honor to human nature. We give the address from Milan as a specimen of all the rest.

“Our kingdom, sire, is your handiwork. It owes to you its laws, its monuments, its roads, its prosperity, its agriculture, the honor of its arts, and the internal peace which it enjoys. The people of Italy declare, in the face of the universe, that there is no sacrifice which they are not prepared to make to enable your majesty to complete the great work intrusted to you by Providence. In extraordinary circumstances, extraordinary sacrifices are required, and our efforts shall be unbounded. You require arms, armies, gold, fidelity, constancy. All we possess, sire, we lay at your majesty’s feet. This is not the suggestion of authority ; it is conviction, gratitude, the universal cry produced by the passion for our political existence.”*

Austria and Prussia, who had with no little reluctance allied themselves with the armies of Republican France, now began to manifest decided hostility. The commander of the Prussian forces announced his secession from the Prussian alliance, and soon again Prussia joined the coalition of Russia and England against Napoleon. It is said by Savary,

“The king long resisted the entreaties with which he was assailed in

* Address from Milan, December 27, 1812.

Prussia to join the Russians. The natural sincerity of his character kept him firm to our alliance, in spite of the fatal results which it could not fail to draw upon him. He was driven to the determination he adopted by men of restless spirit, who told him plainly, but respectfully, that they were ready to act either with him or without him. 'Well, gentlemen,' replied the king, 'you force me to this course; but remember, we must either conquer or be annihilated.'

The Austrian commander, Prince Schwartzberg, also imitated the example of the Prussians. He not only refused to render any service to the French in their awful retreat, but overawed the Poles to prevent their rising to assist Napoleon, and then, entering into an armistice with the Russians, quietly retired to the territories of his sovereign. Murat, dejected by these tidings, and alarmed by intelligence which he had received from Naples, abruptly abandoned the army and returned to Italy. Napoleon was incensed at this desertion. He wrote to his sister Caroline, Murat's wife, "Your husband is extremely brave on the field of battle, but out of sight of the enemy he is weaker than a woman. He has no moral courage."

Murat, before leaving the army, had assembled a council of war, and had publicly vented his spleen against the Emperor for calling him from sunny Naples to take part in so disastrous a campaign.

"It is impossible," said he, "to continue to serve a madman who is no longer able to afford security to his adherents. Not a single prince in Europe will hereafter listen to his word or respect his treaties. Had I accepted the proposals of England, I might have been a powerful sovereign like the Emperor of Austria or King of Prussia."

Davoust indignantly replied, "The sovereigns you have named are monarchs *by the grace of God*. Their power has been consolidated by time, by long-accustomed reverence, and hereditary descent; but you are king merely by the grace of Napoleon and the blood of French soldiers. You can remain a king only by the power of Napoleon and by an alliance with France. You are inflated with black ingratitude. I will not fail to denounce you to the Emperor."

To Murat, Napoleon wrote: "I do not suspect you to be one of those who think that the lion is dead, but if you have counted on this you will soon discover your error. Since my departure from Wilna you have done me all the evil you could. Your title of king has turned your head."

Eugene was appointed to the chief command. "The Viceroy," wrote Napoleon, "is accustomed to the direction of military movements on a large scale, and, besides, *enjoys the full confidence of the Emperor*." This oblique reproach added to the disaffection of Murat.

Frederick William of Prussia, encouraged by the utter wreck of the French armies, on the 1st of March concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Russian autocrat, and declared war against France. When the hostile declaration was notified at St. Cloud, Napoleon merely observed,

"It is better to have a declared enemy than a doubtful ally." He afterward said, "My greatest fault, perhaps, was not having dethroned the King of Prussia when I could have done it so easily. After Friedland, I should have separated Silesia from Prussia, and abandoned this province to Saxony."

The King of Prussia and the Prussians were too much humiliated not to seek to avenge themselves on the first occasion. If I had acted thus, if I had given them a free constitution, and delivered the peasants from feudal slavery, the nation would have been content."

Napoleon had wished, by a generous treaty, to conciliate his foes. He was ready to make very great concessions for the sake of peace; but the banded despots of Europe were entirely regardless of his magnanimity. "The system," said Napoleon, truly, "of the enemies of the French Revolution is *war to the death.*"*

Immediately after the defection of Prussia, the Allies signed a convention at Breslau, which stipulated that all the German princes should be summoned to unite against Napoleon. Whoever refused was to forfeit his estates. Thus the Allies trampled upon the independence of kings, and endeavored with violence to break the most sacred treaties. The venerable King of Saxony, refusing thus to prove treacherous to his faithful friend, and menaced by the loss of his throne, was compelled to flee from his capital.

The Allies overran his dominions, and marched triumphantly into Dresden. They were cordially welcomed by those who dreaded the liberal ideas which were emanating from France. The English government also made an attempt to compel the court of Copenhagen to join the grand alliance. A squadron appeared before the city, and demanded a categorical answer within forty-eight hours, under the pain of bombardment. The blood of the last atrocious cannonade was hardly as yet washed from the pavements of the city. It was another of those attacks of piratical atrocity with which the English government so often dishonored itself during these tremendous struggles. "This measure," says Alison, "which, if supported by an adequate force, might have been attended with the *happiest effects*, failed from want of any military or naval force capable of carrying it into execution."†

The Tories of England were exultant. After so long a series of disastrous wars, they were now sanguine of success. Their efforts were redoubled. Thousands of pamphlets were circulated in all the maritime provinces of France by the agents of the English government, defaming the character of Napoleon, accusing him of ambitious, despotic, and bloodthirsty appetites, and striving to rouse the populace to insurrection. Napoleon was basely accused of being the originator of these long and dreadful wars, of opposing all measures for peace, of delighting in conflagration and carnage, of deluging Europe with blood to gratify his insatiable ambition and his love of military glory. Most recklessly the English nation was plunged into hopeless debt, that gold might be distributed with a lavish hand to all who would aid to crush the great leader of governmental reform.

On the 11th of February, 1813, Metternich said to the French ambassador,

* "This was a gigantic contest. for his enemies, by deceiving their subjects with false promises of liberty, had brought whole nations against him. More than eight hundred thousand men were in arms in Germany alone; secret societies were in full activity all over the Continent, and in France a conspiracy was commenced by men who desired rather to see their country a prey to foreigners, and degraded with a Bourbon king, than have it independent and glorious under Napoleon; wherefore that great monarch had now to make application, on an immense scale, of the maxim which prescribes a skillful offensive as the best defense."—*Napier's War in the Peninsula*, vol. iv., p. 38.

† Alison, vol. iv., p. 205.

in reference to the bribe which the English government had offered Austria to induce her to turn against Napoleon, "Besides the thirty-five millions of dollars which England gives to Russia, she offers us fifty millions if we change our system. We have rejected the offer with contempt, although our finances are in the most ruinous state."* "Meanwhile," says Napier, "the allied sovereigns, by giving hopes to their subjects that constitutional liberty should be the reward of their prodigious popular exertions against France, hopes which, with the most detestable baseness, they had previously resolved to defraud, assembled greater forces than they were able to wield, and prepared to pass the Rhine."†

As the Allies entered Saxony, they scattered innumerable proclamations among the people, calling upon them to rise against Napoleon. "Germans," said General Wittgenstein, "we open to you the Prussian ranks. You will there find the son of the laborer placed beside the son of the prince. All distinction of rank is effaced in these great ideas—the king, liberty, honor, country. Among us there is no distinction but talent, and the ardor with which we fly to combat for the common cause."

With such false words did the leaders of despotic armies endeavor to delude the ignorant multitude into the belief that they were the advocates of equality. Treacherously they raised the banner of democracy, and rallied around it the enthusiasm of simple peasants, that they might betray that cause, and trample it down hopelessly in blood. Many were deceived by these promises. Seeing such awful disasters darkening upon the French Emperor, they thought he was forsaken by God as well as by man, and they abandoned their only true friend.

Napoleon gazed calmly upon the storm which was gathering around him. He knew that it would be in vain, when his enemies were so exultant, to make proposals for peace. Nothing remained for him but to redouble his efforts to defeat their machinations. The people of France enthusiastically responded to his call. Parents cheerfully gave up their children for the decisive war. Every town and village rang with the notes of preparation. As by magic, another army was formed. By the middle of April nearly three hundred thousand men were on the march toward Germany, to roll back the threatened tide of invasion. The veteran troops of France had perished amid the snows of Russia. A large army was struggling in the Spanish peninsula against the combined forces of England, Portugal, and Spain. The greater portion of those Napoleon now assembled were youthful recruits, "mere boys," says Sir Walter Scott.‡

* Montholon, vol. iv., p. 133.

† Napier, vol. iv., p. 326.

‡ "Austria and Prussia had both entered into a solemn treaty with Napoleon, and put their troops under his command in the invasion of Russia. Yet no sooner did they behold his army in fragments, than, with a perfidy and meanness unparalleled in the history of civilized nations, they joined hands with Russia, and rushed forward to strike, with deadlier blows, an already prostrate ally. It is generally regarded as a point of honor among men never to desert a friend and ally in distress; and to fight by the side of a friend one day against a common enemy, and on the next turn and smite him, for no other reason than because, bleeding and struggling under the discomfiture he has met with, he is no longer able to defend himself, is considered the meanest act of an ignoble soul, and the last step to which human baseness can descend."—*The Imperial Guard of Napoleon*, by J. T. Headley, p. 304.

§ "Napoleon, the most indefatigable and active of mankind, turned his enemies' ignorance on



MARCH OF CONSCRIPTS.

On the 15th of April, at four o'clock in the morning, Napoleon left St. Cloud for the head-quarters of his army. Caulaincourt, who accompanied him, says,

“When the carriage started, the Emperor, who had his eyes fixed on the castle, threw himself back, placed his hand on his forehead, and remained for some time in that meditative attitude. At length, rousing himself from his gloomy reverie, he began to trace in glowing colors his plans and projects, the hopes he cherished of the faithful co-operation of Austria, &c. Then he resumed his natural simplicity of manner, and spoke to me with emotion at the regret he felt in leaving his *bonne Louise* and his lovely child.

this head to profit; for scarcely was it known that he had reached Paris by that wise, that rapid journey from Smorgoni, which, baffling all his enemies' hopes, left them only the power of foolish abuse—scarcely, I say, was his arrival at Paris known to the world, than a new and enormous army, the constituent parts of which he had, with his usual foresight, created while yet in the midst of victory, was on its march from all parts, to unite in the heart of Germany.”—*Napier*, vol. iv., p. 37.

“ ‘I envy,’ said he, ‘the lot of the meanest peasant in my empire. At my age he has discharged his debts to his country, and he may remain at home, enjoying the society of his wife and children ; while I, I must fly to the camp and engage in the strife of war. Such is the mandate of my inexorable destiny.’ ”

“ He again sunk into his reverie. To divert him from it, I turned the conversation on the scene of the preceding evening, when, at the Elysée, the Empress, in the presence of the princes, grand dignitaries, and ministers, had taken the solemn oath in the character of Regent.

“ ‘My good Louise,’ said the Emperor, ‘is gentle and submissive. I can depend on her. Her love and fidelity will never fail me. In the current of events there may arise circumstances which decide the fate of an empire. In that case, I hope the daughter of the Cæsars will be inspired by the spirit of her grandmother, Maria Theresa.’ ”

Napoleon had ordered his troops to concentrate at Erfurth, and, on the 25th of April, he reached the encampment of his youthful and inexperienced army. The Allies, flushed with success, overwhelming in numbers, and animated by the prospect of a general rising of the Royalist party all over Europe, were every where gaining ground. A series of indecisive conflicts ensued, in which the genius of Napoleon almost unceasingly triumphed over his multitudinous enemies.

In one of these actions, Bessières, who commanded the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, was struck by a ball in the breast, and fell dead from his horse.

Marshal Bessières had been commander of the Guard ever since the campaign in Italy in 1796. Like all those who were honored with the friendship of Napoleon, he was a man of exalted worth. He was humane and tender-hearted in the extreme, and yet no peril in the hour of battle could daunt him. Firmly believing in the righteousness of those principles of popular equality for which he was contending under his adored Emperor, and by which he had risen from obscure parentage to power and renown, he nerved himself to endure the carnage over which his sympathies wept. He was universally beloved. Even those against whom he was contending have united in pronouncing his eulogy. The character of Napoleon is illustrated by the lofty character of the friends he cherished.

The loss of this faithful friend deeply affected Napoleon. He wrote to the Empress,

“ Bessières is justly entitled to the name of brave and good. He was distinguished alike for his skill, courage, and prudence ; for his great experience in directing cavalry movements, for his capacity in civil affairs, and his attachment to the Emperor. His death on the field of honor is worthy of envy. It was so sudden as to have been free from pain. His reputation was without a blemish—the finest heritage he could have bequeathed his children. There are few whose loss could have been so sensibly felt. The whole French army partakes the grief of his majesty on this melancholy occasion.”

Amid these overwhelming cares and perils, Napoleon forgot not the widow of his friend. He wrote to her the following touching letter :

“My cousin,—Your husband has died on the field of honor. The loss which you and your children have sustained is doubtless great, but mine is still greater. The Duke of Istria has died the noblest death, and without suffering. He has left a spotless reputation, the best inheritance he could transmit to his children. My protection is secured to them. They will inherit all the affection which I bore to their father.”



MAP OF CAMPAIGN IN SAXONY.

At last the hostile forces met in great strength on the plains of Lutzen. It was the 2d of May. Napoleon, not expecting an attack, was on the march, his army extending thirty miles in length. Suddenly the allied army appeared in all its strength, emerging from behind some heights where it had been concealed. In four deep black columns, eighty thousand strong, with powerful artillery in front, and twenty-five thousand of the finest cavalry in reserve, these veterans, with deafening cheers, rushed resistlessly upon the leading columns of the young conscripts of France. Two villages were immediately enveloped in flames. A heavy concentric fire of infantry and artillery plowed their ranks. Courier after courier was dispatched to Napoleon, pressing for re-enforcements, or all was lost. The Emperor soon arrived at the theatre of action. He had but four thousand horse. Calmly, for a moment, he contemplated the overwhelming numbers thus suddenly bursting upon his little band, and then said, without any indication of alarm,

“We have no cavalry. No matter, it will be a battle as in Egypt. The French infantry is equal to any thing. I commit myself, without fear, to the valor of our young conscripts.”

Napoleon himself galloped across the plain, directing his steps to the spot where the dense smoke and the incessant roar of artillery indicated the hottest of the strife. The scene of carnage, confusion, and dismay which here presented itself was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. The young conscripts, astounded and overwhelmed by the awful fire from the Russian bat-

teries, which mowed down their ranks, were flying in terror over the plain. A few of the more experienced columns alone held together, and, torn and bleeding, slowly retired before the advancing masses of the allied infantry. Immense squadrons of cavalry were posted upon a neighboring eminence, just ready, in a resistless torrent of destruction, to sweep the field and sabre the helpless fugitives.

The moment the Emperor appeared with the imperial staff, the young soldiers, reanimated by his presence, rushed toward him. A few words from his lips revived their courage. Instantly the broken masses formed into little knots and squares, and the rout was arrested. Never did the Emperor receive a more touching proof of the confidence and the devotion of his troops. The wounded, as they were borne by, turned their eyes affectionately to the Emperor, and shouted, often with dying lips, *Vive l'Empereur!* Whenever his form appeared, flitting through the confusion and the smoke of the battle, a gleam of joy was kindled upon the cheeks even of those struggling in death's last agonies. The devotion of the soldiers, and the heroism of the generals and officers, never surpassed what was witnessed on this occasion. Napoleon rode through a storm of bullets and cannon balls as if he bore a charmed life. He seemed desirous of exposing himself to every peril which his faithful soldiers were called to encounter. He felt that the young soldiers, who now for the first time witnessed the horrors of a field of battle, needed this example to stimulate their courage.

For eight hours the battle raged. It was sanguinary in the extreme. The ground was covered with the mutilated bodies of the dying and the dead. General Gérard, though already hit by several bullets, and covered with blood, still headed his troops, exclaiming, "Frenchmen! the hour is come in which every one who loves his country must conquer or die."

The decisive moment at length arrived. Napoleon brought forward the Imperial Guard, whose energies he had carefully preserved. Sixteen battalions in close column, preceded by sixty pieces of incomparable artillery, pierced the wavering mass of the Allies. One incessant flash of fire blazed from the advancing column. The onset was resistless. Enveloped in clouds of dust and smoke, the determined band was soon lost to the sight of the Emperor. But the flash of their guns through the gloom, and the receding roar of their artillery, proclaimed that they were driving the enemy before them. The victory was complete. But Napoleon, destitute of cavalry, gave strict orders that no pursuit should be attempted. He slept upon the hard-won field of battle. The Allies retreated to Leipsic, and thence to Dresden, amazed at the unexpected energy which Napoleon had developed. They had supposed that the disasters in Russia had so weakened his strength that he could present but feeble resistance.

The Emperor immediately transmitted news of this victory to Paris, and to every court in alliance with France. The tidings filled the hearts of his friends with joy.

"In my young soldiers," said Napoleon, "I have found all the valor of my old companions in arms. During the twenty years that I have commanded the French troops, I have never witnessed more bravery and devotion. If all the allied sovereigns, and the ministers who direct their cabinets, had

been present on the field of battle, they would have renounced the vain hope of causing the star of France to decline."

He wrote to the Empress, whom he had appointed Regent, requesting her to forward, in her name, the following circular to each of the bishops of the empire :

"In the name of the Emperor, the Empress Queen and Regent, to the Bishop of ——. The victory gained at Lutzen by his majesty the Emperor and King, our beloved spouse and sovereign, can only be considered as a special act of divine protection. We desire that, at the receipt of this letter, you will cause a *Te Deum* to be sung, and address thanksgivings to the God of armies ; and that you will offer such prayers as you may judge suitable, to draw down the divine protection upon our armies, and particularly for the sacred person of his majesty, the Emperor and King. May God preserve him from every danger. His preservation is as necessary to the happiness of the empire as to the religion which he has re-established, and which he is called to sustain."

A similar circular was sent to all the bishops in Italy.*

At daybreak on the following morning Napoleon rode over the field of battle. With emotions of the profoundest melancholy, he gazed upon the bodies of six thousand of his young conscripts strewn the plain. Their youthful visages and slender figures proclaimed how little they were adapted to the stern horrors of the field of battle. Twelve thousand of the wounded, many of them from the first families in France and Germany, had been conveyed, in every form of mutilation, from the bloody field to the hospitals.

As Napoleon was thoughtfully and sadly traversing the gory plains, he came to the dead body of a young Prussian, who, in death, seemed to press something closely against his bosom. The Emperor approached, and found that it was the Prussian flag which the soldier, in dying, had grasped so tenaciously. For a moment he stopped, and gazed in silence upon the touching spectacle. Then, with a moistened eye, and a voice tremulous with emotion, he said,

"Brave lad ! brave lad ! you were worthy to have been born a Frenchman. Gentlemen," said he, turning to his officers, his voice still trembling, "you see that a soldier has for his flag a sentiment approaching to idolatry. It is the object of his worship, as a present received from the hands of his mistress. I wish some of you immediately to render funeral honors to this young man. *I regret that I do not know his name, that I might write to his family.* Do not separate him from his flag. These folds of silk will be for him an honorable shroud." Napoleon could thus honor fidelity and courage even in an enemy.

The battle of Lutzen is invariably regarded as one of the most brilliant proofs of Napoleon's genius, and of the fervid affection with which he was cherished by every soldier in the army. The Allies had chosen their own point of attack. Concealed behind a barrier of hills, they had drawn the French almost into an ambuscade. Surprised in a scattered line of march, extending over a distance of thirty miles, Napoleon was assailed by the concentrated masses of the enemy on his right and centre. Still, the Emperor,

* Souvenirs Historique de M. le Baron Meneval, tome ii., p. 74.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

with his young recruits, arrested the advance of the enemy, sustained the conflict for eight hours, brought up his re-enforcements, and gained the victory. It was Napoleon's personal ascendancy over his troops which secured this result.

His instinctive acquaintance with the human heart was almost supernatural. On this occasion he made extraordinary efforts to encourage and animate his *children*, as he ever called his soldiers. A colonel of a battalion had, for some fault, been degraded from his rank. He was a very brave man, and much beloved by those whom he had commanded. In the midst of the battle, when that battalion was needed to perform a feat of desperate daring, Napoleon appeared at its head with the beloved commander. Addressing to him, in the presence of his troops, a few words of forgiveness and commendation, he restored him to the command. A shout of joy burst from the lips of the battalion. The cry spread from rank to rank, and rose above the awful roar of the battle. The troops, thus animated, headed a column, and, breasting the storm of war, accomplished the feat for which it was thus prepared.

It is not easy to ascertain the precise numbers engaged in this conflict. "Although," says Alison, "the superiority of numbers, upon the whole, was decidedly on the side of the French, yet this was far from being the case with the forces actually engaged, until a late period in the day."

"It was, indeed," says Bussey, "an achievement worthy of gratulation, that an army of nearly a hundred and thirty thousand men, with upward of twenty thousand cavalry, had been defeated by not more than eighty thousand men, including only four thousand cavalry."

The Allies, having lost twenty thousand in killed and wounded, conducted their retreat in much confusion. Ten thousand chariots, more than half of them loaded with the wounded, encumbered the road. The French followed close upon their rear, continually harassing them. On the 7th of May the discomfited army passed through Dresden without venturing to halt. They crossed the Elbe, blew up the bridges, and the few Cossacks who were left behind swam their horses across the stream.

It was one of the most lovely of May mornings when the French army approached this beautiful city. Even the meanest soldier gazed with delight upon the amphitheatre, encircled by hills, which were crowned with gardens, orchards, and villas. The placid waters of the Elbe, fringed with the foliage and with the flowers of spring, meandered through the lovely landscape. The rising sun was brilliantly reflected from the steeples, domes, and palaces of the city. From the distant eminences glittered the bayonets



APPROACH TO DRESDEN.

of the retreating foe. Batteries frowned on the heights, and the cannonade of the pursuers and the pursued mingled with the clangor of bells which welcomed the approach of Napoleon to the capital of his noble and faithful ally, the King of Saxony.

This monarch was a man of great moral excellence. Napoleon often quoted with admiration, as illustrative of his character, one of his remarks, that "*Probity and truth are the best artifices in politics.*"

The aristocratic party but a few days before had hailed with enthusiasm the entrance of the Czar and the King of Prussia. Now the mass of the inhabitants sincerely rejoiced at the restoration of their monarch. As Napoleon approached the city, he was waited upon by the magistrates, who had been treacherous to him and to their king, and had welcomed the Allies.

"Who are you?" said Napoleon severely.

"Members of the municipality," replied the trembling burgomasters.

"Have you bread for my troops?" inquired Napoleon.

"Our resources," they answered, "have been entirely exhausted by the requisitions of the Russians and Prussians."

"Ah!" replied Napoleon, "it is impossible, is it? I know no such word. Get ready bread, meat, and wine. You richly deserve to be treated as a conquered people. But I forgive all, from regard to your king. He is the savior of your country. You have been already punished by having had the Russians and Prussians among you, and having been governed by Baron Stein."

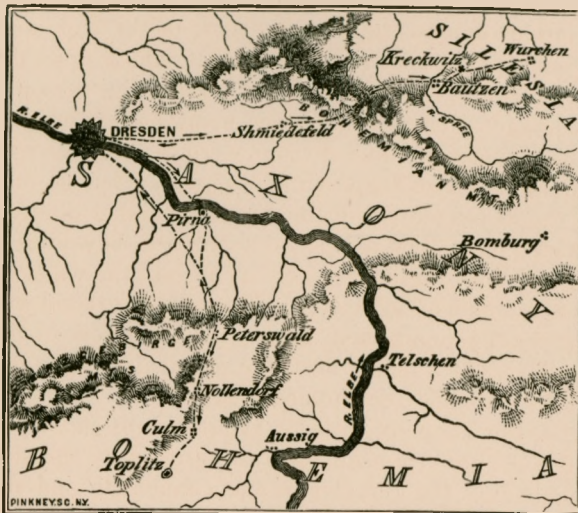
The Emperor dismounted, and, accompanied by Caulaincourt and a page, walked to the banks of the river. Balls from the opposite batteries fell around him. Having, by a thorough personal reconnoissance, made himself acquainted with the various localities, and having rescued from conflagration the remains of a bridge, he called upon General Drouet to bring forward a hundred pieces of cannon. He posted himself upon an eminence to direct their disposition. A tremendous cannonade was immediately commenced between these guns and the opposing batteries of the Russians. The Emperor was exposed to the enemy's fire. His head was grazed by a splinter which a ball shattered from a tree near by. "Had it struck me on the breast," said he, calmly, "all was over."

The Russian battery was soon silenced. The Allies, having done every thing in their power to prevent the passage of the Elbe, concentrated their forces at a formidable intrenched position at Bautzen. Here they resolved to give a decisive battle. By the indefatigable exertions of the French engineers, a bridge was soon constructed, and boats made ready to cross the stream. During the whole of the 11th Napoleon superintended the passage. He sat upon a stone by the water side, animating his men. He promised a napoleon to every boat which was ferried across, and was, in his turn, cheered by the enthusiastic shouts of the young conscripts, as, with long trains of artillery, and all the enginery of war, they pressed to the right bank of the Elbe.

On the 12th of May, Napoleon and the King of Saxony rode side by side through the streets of Dresden to the royal palace. They were accompanied by the discharges of cannon, the music of martial bands, the pealing of bells, and the acclamations of the people. Flowers were scattered in their path, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and the smiles of ladies, from windows and balconies, lined their way. It was the last spectacle of the kind Napoleon was destined to witness. He fully comprehended the fearful perils which

surrounded him, and in that hour of triumph he reflected with a calm and serious spirit upon the ruin with which his course was threatened.

"I beheld," he afterward remarked, "the decisive hour gradually approach-



DRESDEN AND VICINITY.

ing. My star grew dim. I felt the reins slipping from my hands. Austria, I knew, would avail herself of any difficulties in which I might be placed to secure advantages to herself. But I had resolved on making the greatest sacrifices. The choice of the proper moment for proclaiming this resolution was the only difficult point, and what chiefly occupied my attention. If the influence of physical force be great, the power of opinion is still greater.

Its effects are magical. My object was to preserve it. A false step, a word inadvertently uttered, might forever have destroyed the illusion. While successful, I could offer sacrifices honorably."

According to his usual custom, Napoleon, now again a conqueror, sent pacific overtures to the Allies. He was sincerely anxious for peace, but he was not prepared to submit to degradation. The Allies, anticipating the speedy union of Austria with their armies, demanded terms so exorbitant as to prove that they would be contented with nothing less than the entire overthrow of Napoleon's power. Upon this rejection of his proposals, Napoleon sent Eugene to Italy for the defense of that kingdom. Austria was secretly raising a powerful army, and Napoleon foresaw that his treacherous father-in-law would soon march to recover his ancient conquests in the plains of Lombardy.

After remaining a week in Dresden, awaiting the result of the negotiations for peace, Napoleon resumed his march to meet his enemies, who had planted themselves behind the intrenchments of Bautzen. In his route he passed the ruins of a small town. It had been set on fire in an engagement between the French and Russians. He was deeply affected by the spectacle of misery. Presenting the inhabitants with twenty thousand dollars for their immediate necessities, he promised to rebuild the place. Riding over ground still covered with the wounded, he manifested much sympathy for their sufferings. He directed the attention of his surgeon to a poor Russian soldier apparently in dying agonies. "His wound is incurable," said the surgeon. "But try," replied Napoleon. "It is always well to lose one less."

On the morning of the 21st the French army again arrived within sight of the camp of the Allies. They were intrenched behind the strong town

of Bautzen. The River Spree flowed in their front. A chain of wooded hills, bristling with Russian batteries, protected their right. The cannon of the Prussians frowned along the rugged eminences on their left. Napoleon saw at a glance that he could not take the camp by storm. Ney was accordingly directed to make a large circuit around the extreme right of the Russians, while the attention of the enemy was engrossed by a fierce attack upon the left by Oudinot, and upon the centre by Soult and the Emperor in person.

For four hours the French made charge after charge upon these impregnable works. At length the bugle notes of Ney's division were heard in the rear of the enemy. With shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and with a terrific roar of musketry and artillery, the dense masses of the French marshal plunged into the camp of the exhausted foe. The Allies, panic-stricken, bewildered, and assailed on every side, fled with the utmost celerity toward the wilds of Bohemia. Napoleon was again undisputed victor. Though the ground was covered with the slain, but few prisoners were taken, and but a few of the trophies of war were secured. The French, destitute of cavalry, were unable to follow up their victory with the accustomed results.*

In the midst of the battle, the Emperor, utterly exhausted by days and nights of sleeplessness and toil, threw himself upon the ground by the side of a battery, and, notwithstanding the thunder of the cannonade and the horror and peril of the conflict, fell soundly asleep.

The loss of the victors, who marched boldly to the muzzles of the batteries of their foes, is represented as greater than that of the vanquished. The Allies lost fifteen thousand in killed and wounded. Five thousand of the French were killed outright, while twenty thousand of the mutilated victims of war moaned in anguish in the gory hospitals in Bautzen and the surrounding villages. Napoleon pitched his tent in the middle of the squares of his faithful Guard, near Wurchen, where the allied sovereigns had held their head-quarters the night before. He immediately dictated the bulletin of the battle, and the following generous decree :

"A monument shall be erected on Mount Cenis. On the most conspicuous face the following inscription shall be written, 'The Emperor Napoleon, from the field of Wurchen, has ordered the erection of this monument, in testimony of his gratitude to the people of France and Italy. This monument will transmit from age to age the memory of that great epoch, when, in the space of three months, twelve hundred thousand men flew to arms to protect the integrity of the French Empire.'"

* "No period in the career of Napoleon is more characteristic of the indomitable firmness of his character, as well as resources of his mind, than that which has now been narrated. When the magnitude of the disasters in Russia is taken into consideration, and the general defection of the north of Germany, which immediately and necessarily followed, it is difficult to say which is most worthy of admiration, the moral courage of the Emperor, whom such an unheard of catastrophe could not subdue, or the extraordinary energy which enabled him to rise superior to it, and for a brief season again chain victory to his standards. The military ability with which he combated at Lutzen—with infantry superior in number indeed, but destitute of the cavalry which was so formidable in their opponents' ranks, and for the most part but newly raised—the victorious veteran armies of Russia and ardent volunteers of Prussia, was never surpassed. The battle of Bautzen, in the skill with which it was conceived, and the admirable precision with which the different corps and reserves were brought into action, each at the appropriate time, is worthy of being placed beside Austerlitz or Jena."—*Alison, History of Europe*, vol. iv., p. 84.



ASLEEP ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

The overthrow of Napoleon prevented the execution of this honorable design. The admirers of patriotic virtue, the lovers of the fine arts, and the advocates of popular liberty, have alike cause to mourn over the triumph of the Allies.

Napoleon was busily employed dictating dispatches during most of the night. At three o'clock in the morning, accompanied by General Drouet alone, he left his tent and directed his steps toward the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus. He was profoundly sad. The death of Bessières heavily oppressed his spirit. He walked along without uttering a word. Having arrived at the poplar-trees which surround the mausoleum, he said to Drouet, "Leave me, general, I wish to be alone." Making himself known to the sentinel who challenged him, he passed under the trees. The silence of the night, the imposing monument illumined by the rays of the moon, the seriousness of his affairs, in the midst of a conflict which might be decisive of his fate, all conspired to communicate to his spirit, naturally so pensive, a

still deeper shade of melancholy. Napoleon did not often surrender himself to the influence of exterior things, but he afterward remarked, "That in this pilgrimage to the shrine of the illustrious dead, he had experienced strange presentiments, and, as it were, a revelation of his fate." After an hour passed in silence and solitude, he rejoined Drouet. He simply remarked, "It is well sometimes to visit the tomb, there to converse with the dead." Then, in perfect silence, he returned to his tent.

At the earliest dawn of the morning he was again, in person, directing the movements of his troops. He soon overtook the rear guard of the enemy, strongly posted to protect the retreat of the discomfited army. A fierce conflict ensued. A shower of balls fell upon the imperial escort, and one of Napoleon's aids was struck dead at his feet.

"Duroc," said he, turning to the Duke of Friuli, "fortune is determined to have one of us to-day."

In the afternoon, as the Emperor was passing at a rapid gallop through a ravine, with a body of his Guard four abreast, the whole band being enveloped in a cloud of dust and smoke, a cannon ball, glancing from a tree, struck General Kirgenir dead, and mortally wounded Duroc, tearing out his entrails. In the midst of the obscurity and the tumult, Napoleon did not witness the disaster. When informed of the calamity, he seemed for a moment overwhelmed with grief, and then exclaimed, in faltering accents,

"Duroc! Duroc! gracious Heaven, my presentiments never deceive me. This is indeed a sad day—a fatal day."

He immediately alighted from his horse, and walked backward and forward in silent thoughtfulness. Then, turning to Caulaincourt, he said,

"Alas! when will Fate relent? When will there be an end of this? My eagles will yet triumph, but the happiness which accompanied them has fled. Whither has he been conveyed? I must see him. Poor, poor Duroc!"

The Emperor found the dying marshal in a cottage, stretched upon a camp-bed, and suffering excruciating agony. His features were so distorted that he was hardly recognizable. The Emperor approached his bed, threw his arms around his neck, and inquired, "Is there, then, no hope?"

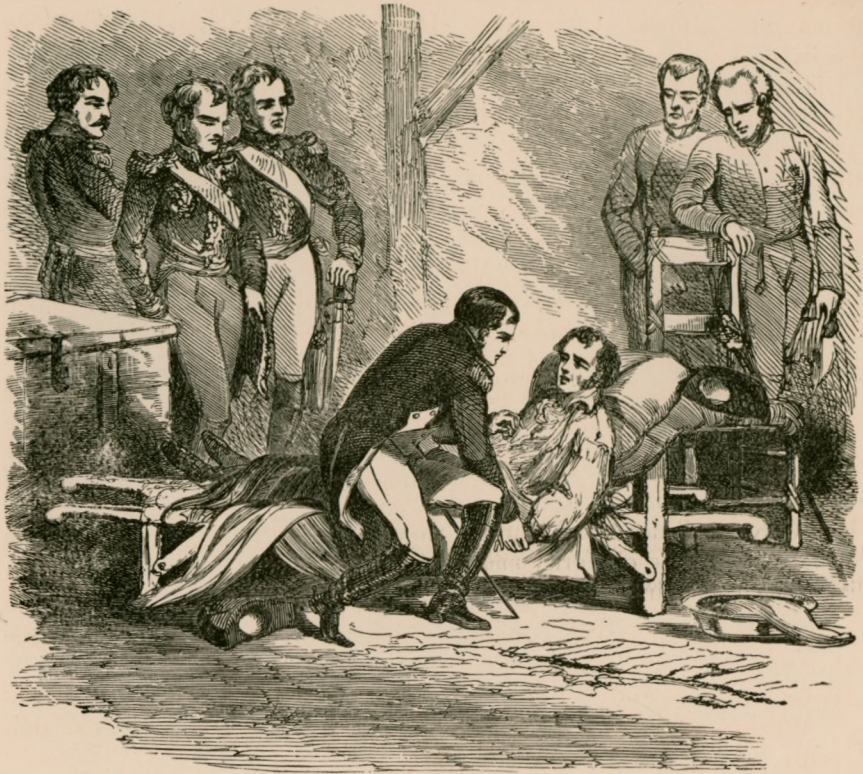
"None whatever," the physicians replied.

The dying man took the hand of Napoleon, pressed it fervently to his lips, and, gazing upon him affectionately, said, "Sire! my whole life has been devoted to your service; and now my only regret is that I can no longer be useful to you."

Napoleon, in a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, replied, "Duroc! there is another life. There you will await me. We shall one day meet again."

"Yes, sire!" feebly returned the marshal, "but that will be thirty years hence, when you have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have lived as an honest man; I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have a daughter to whom your majesty will be a father."

Napoleon was so deeply affected that he remained for some time incapable of speaking, still affectionately holding the hand of his dying friend. Duroc was the first to break silence.



DEATH OF DUROC.

“Sire!” he said, “this sight pains you; leave me.”

The Emperor took his hand, pressed it to his bosom, embraced him once more, and saying sadly, “Adieu, my friend,” hurried out of the room.

Supported by Marshal Soult and Caulaincourt, Napoleon, overwhelmed with grief, retired to his tent, which had been immediately pitched in the vicinity of the cottage.

“This is horrible!” he exclaimed. “My excellent, my dear Duroc! Oh, what a loss is this!” Tears were observed flowing freely from his eyes as he entered the solitude of his inner tent.

The squares of the Old Guard, sympathizing in the deep grief of their sovereign, took up their positions around his encampment. Napoleon sat alone in his tent, wrapped in his gray great-coat, his forehead resting upon his hand, entirely absorbed in agonizing emotions. For some time no one was willing to intrude upon his grief. At length, two of his generals ventured to inquire respecting arrangements for the following day. Napoleon shook his head, and replied,

“Ask me nothing till to-morrow.” Again, with his hand pressed upon his brow, he resumed his attitude of meditation.

Night darkened the scene. The stars came out, one by one. The moon rose brilliantly in the cloudless sky. The soldiers moved noiselessly, and spoke in subdued tones, as they prepared their repast. The rumbling of

baggage-wagons and the occasional booming of a distant gun alone disturbed the mournful stillness of the scene. Here and there the flames of burning villages shed a portentous light through the gloom.

"Those brave soldiers," says J. T. Headley, "filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down by such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length, to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the band struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior. But still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes, till the heavens rang with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon, as he returned, flushed with victory, till his eye kindled with exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections. His friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life was throbbing its last pulsations. What a theme for a painter, and what a eulogy on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart, which the enmity of the world could not shake, nor the terrors of the battle-field move from its calm repose, nor even the hatred, nor the insults of his, at last, victorious enemies humble, here sank, in the moment of victory, before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory? And what soldiers ever loved their leader so?"

Duroc breathed faintly for a few hours, and died before the dawn of morning. When the expected tidings were announced to Napoleon, he exclaimed, sadly,

"All is over. He is released from misery. Well, he is happier than I." He then silently placed in the hands of Berthier a paper, ordering a monument to be reared, with the following inscription, upon the spot where he was struck by the ball,

"Here General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the palace of the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon ball, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend."

He immediately issued a decree in favor of Duroc's young and accomplished widow and child. He then summoned to his presence the proprietor of the farm on which Duroc fell, and gave him four thousand dollars, eight hundred of which were to be spent in erecting a suitable monument. The rest was to remunerate the farmer for the losses he had sustained during the action. The money was paid in the presence of the rector and magistrate of Makersdorf, who undertook to see the monument erected.*

This generous design of the Emperor was, however, never fulfilled. The Allies had the unparalleled meanness to wrest this money from the farmer, as a part of the spoils of war. They put the eight hundred dollars into their own pockets, and thus prevented a monument from being erected to one of the noblest of men, and defrauded Napoleon of the privilege of paying this last tribute of affection to one of the most devoted of his friends. Banished from the world on the rock of St. Helena, Napoleon was faithful

* *Hist. de Napoleon*, par M. de Norvin, t. iii., p. 423.

to the souvenirs of Makersdorf. Upon his dying bed he remembered in his will the daughter of his friend, the Duke of Friuli.*

The pursuit of the retreating army was now resumed. Napoleon entered the village of Bruntzlau. Here the Russian commander, Kutusoff, had died a few weeks previous, of typhus fever, caused by the suffering and exhaustion attending his march from Moscow. No monument marked his grave. Napoleon immediately, with that magnanimity which was an essential part of his nature, ordered an obelisk to be reared in memory of his old antagonist. The subsequent misfortunes which overwhelmed the Emperor prevented this honorable design from being carried into execution. How different this conduct from that of the Allies!

Napoleon was constantly with his advanced posts, directing all their movements. He had regained his cheerfulness, and, as he rode along, was often heard peacefully humming French and Italian airs. The allied sovereigns were in great alarm. Vast re-enforcements were on the march from Russia and from Prussia, but it would require several weeks before the most advanced columns could reach the allied head-quarters. To gain time for these re-enforcements to come up, a messenger was dispatched to the French Emperor, imploring an armistice, stating "that the allied sovereigns were prepared to enter into the views of the Emperor Napoleon."

Napoleon cordially responded to this appeal, and wrote a letter requesting a personal interview with the Emperor Alexander. This proposal was evaded by an answer "that a Russian envoy would be dispatched to the French advanced posts, which would save his imperial majesty the trouble of the journey." Napoleon was extremely anxious for peace. The Allies only desired to gain time, that they might obtain re-enforcements, and draw the armies of Austria into the coalition. The negotiations were consequently protracted. Austria assumed the office of mediator, and finally that of umpire. At last, having gained their end, Metternich was sent to Napoleon with the following insulting proposals: †

"That France should surrender to Austria the Illyrian Provinces and Venetian Lombardy—that Holland, Poland, and all the fortresses upon the Oder and the Elbe should be surrendered to the Allies—that the French armies should be immediately withdrawn from Spain and Portugal, and that Napoleon should resign his titles of Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine and Mediator of the Helvetic Republic."

* That Duroc was worthy of this warm friendship of the Emperor is evident from the eulogium pronounced upon him by the Duke of Vicenza:

"The Emperor was cut to the heart by the loss of his dear friend Duroc. Marshal Duroc was one of those men who seem too pure and perfect for this world, and whose excellence helps to reconcile us to human nature. In the high station to which the Emperor had wisely raised him, the Grand Marshal retained all the qualities of the private citizen. The splendor of his position had not power to dazzle or corrupt him. Duroc remained simple, natural, and independent; a warm and generous friend; a just and honorable man. I pronounce on him this eulogy without fear of contradiction."—*Caul. Souvenirs*, vol. i., p. 149.

† "It was openly advanced as a merit, by the Austrian cabinet, that her offer of mediation, after the battle of Bautzen, was made solely with the view of gaining time to organize the army which was to join the Russians and Prussians. Finally the armistice itself was violated, hostilities being commenced before its termination, to enable the Russian troops safely to join the Austrians in Bohemia."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 325.

“These extravagant propositions,” said Napoleon afterward, “were made that they might be rejected. Even had I consented to them, what would it have benefited France? I should have humbled myself for nothing, and furnished Austria with the means of making further demands, and opposing me with greater advantage. One concession granted would have led to the enforcement of new ones, till, step by step, I should have been driven back to the castle of the Tuileries, whence the French people, enraged at my weakness, and considering me the cause of the disasters, would have justly banished me for yielding them a prey to foreigners.”

To Metternich Napoleon firmly and frankly replied, “The interference of Austria was delayed to see if France might not be reduced to a lower state than at the opening of the campaign. Now, however, that I have been victorious, your sovereign thrusts in his mediation, in order to prevent me from following up my success. In assuming the office of pacificator, he is neither my friend, nor an impartial judge between me and my adversaries; he is my enemy. You were about to declare yourselves when the victory of Lutzen rendered it prudent first to collect additional forces. You have now assembled behind the Bohemian Mountains upward of two hundred thousand men, under the command of Schwartzenberg. You seek only to profit by my embarrassments. Will it suit you to accept Illyria, and remain neuter? Your neutrality is all I require. I can deal with the Russians and Prussians with my own army.”

“Ah, sire!” said Metternich, who was eager to join either party who would pay the highest bribe, “why should your majesty enter singly into the strife? It is in your majesty’s power to unite our forces with your own. We must be with or against you.”

Napoleon, at these words, conducted Metternich into a private cabinet. The tables were covered with maps.

For some time their conversation could not be overheard. At last the excited voice of Napoleon again became audible to those in the adjoining room:

“What!” he said, “not only Illyria, but the half of Italy, and the return of the Pope to Rome, and Poland, and the abandonment of Spain, Holland, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Switzerland? And is this what you call the spirit of moderation? You are intent only on profiting by every chance which offers. You alternately transport your alliance from one camp to the other, in order to be always a sharer in the spoil. And you yet speak to me of your respect for the rights of independent states! You would have Italy, Russia, Poland, Sweden, Norway, Prussia, Saxony, England, Holland, and Belgium. In fine, peace is only a pretext. You are all intent upon dismembering the French empire, and Austria thinks she has only to declare herself to crown such an enterprise. You pretend here, with a stroke of the pen, to make the ramparts of Dantzic, Custrin, Glogau, Magdeburg, Wessel, Mayence, Alexandria, Mantua—in fine, all the strong places of Europe, sink before you, of which I did not obtain possession but by the force of victories! And I, obedient to your policy, am to evacuate Europe, of which I still hold the half; recall my legions across the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees; subscribe a treaty which would be nothing but a vast



NAPOLEON AND METTERNICH IN COUNCIL.

capitulation, and place myself at the mercy of those of whom I am at this moment the conqueror. And it is when my standard still floats at the mouth of the Vistula and on the banks of the Oder, when my victorious army is at the gates of Berlin and Breslau, when in person I am at the head of three hundred thousand men, that Austria, without striking a blow, without drawing a sword, expects to make me subscribe such conditions! And it is my father-in-law who has matured such a project! It is he that sends you on such a mission! In what position would he place me in regard to the French people? Does he suppose that a dishonored and mutilated throne can be a refuge in France for his son-in-law and grandson? Ah! Metternich, how much has England given you to make war upon me?!”*

The embarrassment of the Emperor now amounted almost to anguish. The Allies were amply re-enforced. Austria was ready, should he refuse these terms, to fall upon his rear. Even Talleyrand, Cambacères, and Fouché, advised him to yield to terms so dishonorable to himself and so fatal to the interests of France.

“How greatly was I perplexed,” said he, when speaking of this crisis at St. Helena, “to find that I alone was able to judge of the extent of our danger! On the one hand, I was harassed by the coalesced powers, which

* This remarkable conversation is given on the authority of Baron Fain, and from the corroborative testimony of Capefigue, who derived his information from Metternich himself.—*Histoire de l'Europe, par Capefigue*, tome x., p. 141.

threatened our very existence; and on the other, by my own subjects, who, in their blindness, seemed to make common cause with the foe. Our enemies labored for my destruction; and the importunities of my people, and even of my ministers, tended to induce me to throw myself on the mercy of foreigners. I saw that France, her destinies and her principles, depended upon me alone. The circumstances in which the country was placed were extraordinary, and entirely new. It would be vain to seek for a parallel to them. The stability of the edifice, of which I was the keystone, had depended upon each of my battles. Had I been conquered at Marengo, France would have encountered all the disasters of 1814 and 1815, without those prodigies of glory which succeeded, and which will be immortal. At Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, and at Wagram, it was the same. The vulgar failed not to blame my ambition as the cause of these wars, but they were not of my choosing. They were produced by the nature and force of events. They arose out of that conflict of the past and the future, that permanent coalition of our enemies, which compelled us to subdue under pain of being subdued."

That Napoleon was sincerely desirous of peace, and that he was willing to make immense sacrifices to secure it, was evinced by his offer to accede to the following basis of pacification: "The dissolution of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the division of its territory between Russia, Prussia, and Austria; the cession of the Hanse towns; the reconstruction of Prussia, which was to have a frontier on the Elbe; the transfer of Illyria and of the port of Trieste to Austria; the surrender of Holland and Spain, and the establishment of German and Swiss independence."

This was nearly all that the Allies had at first demanded. Powerful as they were, they still stood in awe of their majestic foe, and were just upon the eve of signing these terms, when news came of the fatal battle of Vitoria, which gave the death-blow to the French power in Spain. Napoleon had been compelled to weaken his forces in the Spanish Peninsula to meet his foes in Germany. The Duke of Wellington, at the head of one hundred thousand men flushed with victory, was now ready to pour down, like an inundation, into the defenseless valleys of France. These tidings were received with shouts of exultation in the camp of the Allies. They resolved immediately to cut off negotiations and to renew hostilities. Again the cry was raised against the *insatiable ambition* of Bonaparte, and their armies were mustered for battle.*

In reference to this victory of Spain, Alison thus testifies: "Great and decisive was the influence which this immense achievement produced upon the conferences at Prague."

"Metternich," says Fain, "could not fail to learn the details of this victory from the mouths of the English themselves the moment he returned to Bohemia, and we shall soon see the *fatal influence* which it exercised on the progress of the negotiations."

* There was in the Spanish Peninsula a democratic party bitterly opposed to the Duke of Wellington. On the 16th of October, 1813, the Duke wrote to the British ministry, "It is quite clear to me that, if we do not beat down the democracy at Cadiz, the cause is lost. How that is to be done. God knows!"

“The impression of Lord Wellington’s success,” says Lord Londonderry, “was strong and universal, and produced, ultimately, in my opinion, the commencement of hostilities.”*

“I know,” said the Emperor to the Duke of Gaëta, “that I shall be reproached with having loved war, and with having sought it through mere ambition. Nevertheless, they will not accuse me of avoiding its fatigues nor of having fled from its perils. That, at least, is something. But who, indeed, can hope to obtain justice while living?”

“When, however, I am no more, it will be admitted that, situated as I was, menaced incessantly by powerful coalitions roused and supported by England, I had, in the impossibility of avoiding the conflict, but two choices to make—either to wait until the enemy should pass our frontiers, or to prevent this by attacking him in his own territories. I chose that course which would protect our country from the ravages of inevitable war, and which would save it, in some degree, from the expense. If our contemporaries persist in reproaching me, posterity, I am confident, will do me justice. It will at least be admitted that, in repelling the attacks which we have not provoked, I did but fulfill the obligations which nature imposes, and not the incitements of an insane ambition.

“The war in Spain, which was not so directly connected with the coalitions provoked by England, may, perhaps, be criticised by those who are ignorant of the position in which we found ourselves in respect to that government. The conduct of the Spanish court, while I was in the heart of Germany, conclusively proved that France could place no dependence upon Spain. Every one who surrounded me, whatever may be said to the contrary, was, without an exception, of that opinion. Circumstances unparalleled in history induced me to take the initiative in that enterprise; an unfortunate event, which augmented the difficulties, increased still more by the shameful and fatal capitulation of Baylen. Nevertheless, it was of extreme importance to withdraw the Peninsula from the influence of England, otherwise our destruction might be secured whenever we should again be called to a distance from home. I was ever hoping that the time would come when, surrendering myself to the employments of peace, I could prove to France that in the cabinet as in the camp I lived only for her happiness.”†

The Allies were now in a condition to prosecute the war with every prospect of success. Alexander had received a re-enforcement of fifty thousand

* “The hatred of what were called French principles was at this period in full activity. The privileged classes of every country hated Napoleon because his genius had given stability to the institutions that grew out of the Revolution, because his victories had baffled their calculations, and shaken their hold of power. As the chief of Revolutionary France, he was constrained to continue his career until the final accomplishment of her destiny; and this necessity, overlooked by the great bulk of mankind, afforded plausible ground for imputing insatiable ambition to the French government and to the French nation, of which ample use was made.”—*Napier’s Peninsular War*, vol. i., p. 16.

† “While France was in this state, England presented a scene of universal exultation. Tory politics were triumphant. Opposition in the Parliament was nearly crushed by events. The press was either subdued by persecution or in the pay of the ministers; and the latter, with undisguised joy, hailed the coming moment when aristocratic tyranny was to be firmly established in England.”—*Ibid.*, vol. iv., p. 330, 331.

† Supplement aux Memoires et Souvenirs de M. Gaudin, Duc de Gaëta.

men. The Swedish army had arrived at the scene of action, headed by Bernadotte, to fight against his old companions in arms and his native land. Even General Moreau, whom Napoleon had so graciously pardoned, hastened from America, and entered the camp of the Allies in their crusade against the independence of France. General Jomini, chief staff-officer of one of the corps of the French army, imitating the example of Benedict Arnold, in this hour of accumulating disasters went over to the enemy, carrying with him all the information he had been able to collect of the Emperor's plans.*

The conditions of Napoleon were therefore rejected. On the night of the 10th of August, a number of brilliant rockets, of peculiar construction, blazed in the sky, gleaming from height to height along the Bohemian and Silesian frontier, proclaiming that hostilities were recommenced. The next day Austria issued its declaration of war. Napoleon received the not unexpected news with perfect equanimity. Calmly and nobly he said,

“It would be a thousand times better to perish in battle, in the hour of the enemy's triumph, than to submit to the degradation sought to be inflicted on me. Even defeat, when attended by magnanimous perseverance, may leave the respect due to adversity. Hence I prefer to give battle; for should I be conquered, our fate is too intimately blended with the true political interests of the majority of our enemies to allow great advantages to be taken. Should I be victorious, I may save all. I have still chances in my favor, and am far from despairing.”

Caulaincourt first informed Napoleon of these calamitous events. He thus describes the interview :

“‘Has Austria officially declared herself against me?’ asked Napoleon.

“‘I believe, sire, that Austria will make common cause with Prussia and Russia.

“‘That may be your opinion,’ said he, sharply, ‘but it is not, therefore, a fact.’

“‘It is a fact, sire; and your majesty may be assured that on a subject of such importance my opinion is not founded on mere conjecture’

“‘On what, then, is it founded?’

“‘Two days preceding that fixed for the rupture of the armistice, Blucher, at the head of a hundred thousand men, marched into Silesia, and took possession of Breslau.’

“‘This is, indeed, a serious affair! Are you sure of it, Caulaincourt?’

“‘I had, sire, a warm altercation with Metternich on the subject the day before my departure from Prague. Also, on the very day on which Breslau was taken, *General Jomini deserted the staff of Marshal Ney*, and is at this moment with the Emperor Alexander.’

“‘Jomini! a man overwhelmed with my favors—the traitor! To abandon his post on the eve of a battle! To go over to the enemy with a report of our forces and means! Incredible!’ As he uttered these words, there

* “General Jomini, who was a Swiss in the French service, probably thought that the Emperor could not stand against such a host of enemies; and presuming that on the fall of Napoleon he should be left unprovided, he preferred seizing this new opportunity of trying his fortune, in which he thought himself as secure as when he first entered upon his military career.”—*Savary*, vol iv., p. 103.

was mingled with the feeling of deep indignation portrayed in his countenance an expression of increasing uneasiness, which he evidently could not subdue. I was unable to proceed.

“Is this all?” resumed he, holding out his hand to me. “Speak, Caulaincourt! Let me know all! I must know all!”

“Sire, the coalition has taken a wide range. Sweden, too, is in arms against us.”

“What do you say?” interrupted he, with impetuosity. “Bernadotte! Bernadotte in arms against France? This is the ass’s kick indeed!”

“Bernadotte,” resumed I, “not satisfied with turning his arms against his country, has recruited for deserters among our allies, as if unable singly to endure the maledictions of his countrymen.”

“What mean you?”

“*General Moreau is in the camp of the Allies.*”

“Moreau with the Allies! This is not possible. Caulaincourt, I can not believe this. Bernadotte, the *King of Sweden*, may color his odious treason by some specious pretext, but Moreau! Moreau! take revenge on his countrymen—on his country! No, no, it can not be! Moreau is weak, devoid of energy, and of boundless ambition. Yet there is a wide difference between him and Jomini—a renegade, a traitor! No, this report is not to be credited. How did you hear it?”*

In reference to the negotiations with the Allies, M. Caulaincourt, who took an active part in them, records: “With respect to Austria, I cherished but faint expectations. On the part of Russia and Prussia I saw nothing to hope for. You may easily believe that it cost me a painful effort to conceal, beneath an outward show of confidence, my profound conviction of the inutility of Napoleon’s efforts to avert the storm. I saw that it must inevitably and surely break over our heads, even at the very moment when, to the Emperor’s dictation, I wrote those pages which must ever remain a monument of the sincerity of Napoleon’s desire to make peace on reasonable conditions. But all our sacrifices, all our efforts were unavailing, when opposed by the machinations of England—England, our implacable and eternal enemy. Five powers were leagued against one! A contingent of two millions of

* “But we were in a difficult situation; we were to be crushed without mercy; though the Emperor, far from taking any undue advantage of any of his victories, had always refrained from oppressing the vanquished. He constantly checked himself in his triumphs, being reluctant, as he used to say, to reduce a nation to despair. In Italy he made the first step toward reconciling the French Revolution with Europe, and he laid the basis of a peace which was signed at Campo Formio. After the battles of Marengo and Hohenlinden he stopped, when it was in his power to have marched to Vienna; after the battle of Austerlitz he stopped short, when it was in his power to have confounded the most shameful of aggressions; and at Tilsit, after the battle of Friedland, he renounced all the advantages of a war still more fortunate than the first, and did not follow up his successes against a power whose forces were exhausted, because he wished to facilitate peace, and to secure the tranquillity of Europe on a steady foundation. Such examples of magnanimity deserve to be remembered.

“There was another consideration which ought not to have been lost sight of by the sovereigns. Napoleon had calmed the revolutionary ferment, and had given laws to the democracy, by which they had so long been menaced. He was reproached for his insatiable thirst for glory—of love of war; but he had given a pledge of his wish to live in peace, by contracting an alliance with the house which had reason to cherish the strongest resentment against him, and which he would have had but little difficulty in ruining.”—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iii. p. 81, 82.

men nullified at once their defeats and our victories. In vain did the sons of France perform prodigies of valor on the field of battle, which they watered with their blood. They but enfeebled the resources of their country, which sooner or later was doomed to succumb in the unequal conflict.

“When we had gained the victory of Lutzen, I offered, in the Emperor’s name, peace to Russia and Prussia. But the offer was refused. A few days after this we were again victorious at Bautzen, but we sealed our triumph with the bravest blood in the French army. Bruyère, Kirgenir, and Duroc were among the lamented trophies of the enemy’s defeat. The Emperor informed me that his conference with M. Budna (the Austrian envoy) had produced no result. ‘Caulaincourt,’ said he, ‘among these men, *born kings*, the ties of nature are matter of indifference. The interests of his daughter and grandson will not induce Francis to deviate one hair’s breadth from the course which the Austrian cabinet may mark out. Oh! it is not blood which flows in the veins of these people, but cold policy. The Emperor of Austria, by rallying cordially with me, might save all. United to France, Austria would be formidable. Prussia and Russia could no longer maintain the conflict. But Austria is ruled by an ambitious traitor. I must yet humor him a little ere I can destroy him. Metternich will do a great deal of mischief.’

“I could never understand,” continues Caulaincourt, “how the Emperor bore up under the physical privations and bodily fatigues of that campaign. The days were occupied by battles and rapid movements from place to place. The Emperor, who, during the day, was incessantly on his horse, usually passed his nights in writing. The memorable battle of Bautzen lasted thirty-four hours, and during the whole of that time the Emperor took no rest. On the second day, overcome with lassitude and fatigue, he alighted from his horse and lay down on the slope of a ravine, surrounded by the batteries of Marshal Marmont’s corps, and amid the roaring of a terrific cannonade. I awoke him an hour after by announcing that the battle was won. ‘Ah!’ he exclaimed, ‘it may truly be said that good comes to us in sleep.’ He immediately mounted his horse, for, though the engagement was actually decided, the fighting was partially kept up until five in the evening.”

CHAPTER XVI.

RETROSPECT.

Testimony of Alison—Napoleon not responsible for the Wars which succeeded the French Revolution—Napoleon not a Usurper—State of the French Republic—The Consular Throne—The Imperial Throne—Political Views of Sir Walter Scott—Napoleon not a Tyrant—Proof of the Love of the People—Admissions of Sir Walter Scott—Testimony of the Abbé de Pradt—Honesty of the Elections—State of Europe now.

BEFORE proceeding with the melancholy recital of Napoleon’s last struggles, it may be well briefly to glance upon the past, and to introduce to our readers some of the concessions which the career of this extraordinary man has extorted from the most malignant of his enemies. It is not necessary here to introduce their antagonistic anathemas. The world is flooded with them.

“Never,” says Sir Archibald Alison, “were talents of the highest, genius of the most exalted kind, more profusely bestowed upon a human being, or worked out to greater purposes of good or of evil. Gifted at once with a clear intellect, a vivid imagination, and a profound judgment, burning with the fervent passions and the poetic glow of Italy, and yet guided by the highest reasoning and reflective powers, at once the enthusiastic student of the exact sciences and a powerful mover of the generous affections, imbued with the soul of eloquence, the glow of poetry, and the fire of imagination, he yet knew how to make them all subservient to the directions of sagacious reason, and the dictates of extensive observation.

“He was not merely illustrious on account of his vast military achievements, but from his varied and often salutary civil efforts. He was a great general because he was a great man. The prodigious capacity and power of attention which he brought to bear on the direction of his campaigns, and which produced such astonishing results, were but a part of the general talents which he possessed, and which were not less conspicuous in every other department, whether of government or of abstract thought. It was hard to say whether he was greatest in laying down strategical plans for the general conduct of a campaign, or in seizing the proper direction of an attack on the field of battle, or in calculating the exact moment when his reserves could be most effectually employed. And those who are struck with astonishment at the immense information and just discrimination which he displayed at the council board, and the varied and important public improvements which he set on foot in every part of his dominions, will form a most inadequate conception of his mind, unless they are at the same time familiar with the luminous and profound views which he threw out on the philosophy of politics in the solitude of St. Helena. Never was evinced a clearer proof of the truth which a practical acquaintance with men must probably have impressed upon every observer, that talent of the highest order is susceptible of any application, and that accident, or supreme direction alone, determines whether their possessor is to become a Homer, a Bacon, or a Napoleon.

“It would require the observation of a Thucydides directing the pencil of a Tacitus to portray, by a few touches, such a character; and modern idiom, even in their hands, would probably have proved inadequate to the task. Equal to Alexander in military achievement, superior to Justinian in legal information, sometimes second only to Bacon in political sagacity, he possessed, at the same time, the inexhaustible resources of Hannibal, and the administrative powers of Cæsar. Enduring of fatigue, patient of hardship, unwearied in application, no difficulties could deter, no dangers daunt, no obstacles impede him; a constitution of iron, a mind, the ardor of which rendered him almost insensible to physical suffering, enabled him to brave alike the sun of Egypt and the snows of Russia; indefatigable in previous preparation, he was calm and collected in the moment of danger; often on horseback for eighteen hours together, and dictating almost the whole night to his secretaries, he found a brief period for slumber during the roar of the battle, when the enemy’s balls were falling around him. Nor was peace a period of repose to his genius, or the splendor of courts a season merely of relaxation. When surrounded by the pomp of a king of kings, he was un-

ceasingly employed in conducting the thread of interminable negotiations, or stimulating the progress of beneficent undertakings.

“It was the pains which he took to seek out and distinguish merit and talent among the private men or inferior ranks of the army, joined to the incomparable talent which he possessed of exciting the enthusiasm of the French soldiers by warlike theatrical exhibitions, or brief, heart-stirring appeals in his proclamations, which constituted the real secret of his success; and if the use of proper words in proper places be the soul of eloquence, never did human being possess the art in higher perfection than Napoleon.

“No words can convey an adequate idea of the indefatigable activity of the Emperor, or of his extraordinary power of undergoing mental or bodily fatigue. He brought to the labors of the cabinet a degree of industry, vigor, and penetration which was altogether astonishing. Those who were most in his confidence were never weary of expressing their admiration at the acuteness, decision, and rich flow of ideas which distinguished his thoughts when engaged in business. No one better understood or more thoroughly practiced De Witt’s celebrated maxim, the justice of which is probably well known to all engaged extensively in active life, that the great secret of getting through active business is to take up every thing in its order, and to do only one thing at a time. During a campaign, he set no bounds to the fatigue which he underwent. Often, after reading dispatches, or dictating orders to one set of secretaries, during the whole day, he would commence with another relay at night, and, with the exception of a few hours’ sleep on a sofa, keep them hard at work until the following morning. The fervor of his imagination, the vehemence of his conceptions, seemed to render him insensible to the fatigues of the moment, which were felt as altogether overwhelming by his attendants, less wrapped up than him (he) in the intense anticipations of the future.

“Although the campaigns were the great scene of Napoleon’s activity, yet peace was very far from being a season of repose to his mind. He was then incessantly engaged in the maze of diplomatic negotiations, projects of domestic improvements, or discussions in the Council of State, which filled up every leisure moment of the forenoon. He rose early, and was engaged in his cabinet with his secretary till breakfast, which never lasted above half an hour. He then attended a parade of his troops, received audiences of ambassadors, and transacted other official business, till three o’clock, when he generally repaired to the Council of State, or rode out, till dinner, which was always at six. Dinner occupied exactly forty minutes. The Emperor conversed a great deal, unless his mind was much preoccupied, but never indulged in the slightest convivial excess. Coffee succeeded at twenty minutes to seven, unless some special occasion required a longer stay at table; and the remainder of the evening, until eleven, when he retired to rest, was engaged in discussions and conversation with a circle of officers, ambassadors, scientific, or literary men, artists of celebrity, or civil functionaries.

“In their society he took the greatest delight. On such occasions he provoked discussion on serious and interesting topics—not unfrequently morals, intellectual philosophy, and history—and never failed to astonish his auditors by the extent of his information and the original views which he started

on every subject that came under discussion. A little talent or knowledge, doubtless, goes a great way with an emperor, and suspicions might have been entertained that the accounts transmitted to us by his contemporaries of the ability of his conversation were exaggerated, did not ample and decisive evidence of it remain in the Memorials of St. Helena, and the luminous speeches, superior to any other at the council-board, which are recorded by Thibaudeau and Pelet, in their interesting works on the Council of State during the Consulate and Empire.*

If there be such a thing as moral demonstration, it is in these pages demonstrated that the Allies are responsible for the wars which succeeded the French Revolution. Whatever reckless assertions individuals may make, no intelligent man will attempt to prove the reverse from historical documents. It is easy to ring the changes upon "monster," "insatiable ambition," "blood-thirsty conqueror," "tyrant," "usurper;" but the *fact* that France was heroically struggling, in self-defense, for national independence, against the encroachments of her banded foes, no man can deny. War was as hostile to Napoleon's interests as to his wishes. He was assailed by coalition after coalition of the despots of Europe in a never-ending series, until France, after a long and glorious struggle, fell, overwhelmed by numbers, and aristocracy again riveted upon Europe her chains.

This is so far admitted by the despots themselves, that they urge, in extenuation, that the democratic government of France was so dangerous to the repose of Europe that it was necessary for the surrounding governments, in self-defense, to effect its destruction. The despots of Europe knew perfectly well that Napoleon was the Emperor of the *Republic*—that he was the able and determined advocate of *democratic rights*. William Pitt asserted that Napoleon, though on the throne, was still "the child and champion of democracy," and that therefore he must be put down. When Napoleon made proposals of peace to England, it was contended by the British min-

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. iv., chap. lxx.

In glaring contradiction to the facts which even Sir Archibald Alison is constrained to record, he endeavors, in the following terms of reckless denunciation, to excuse the insolence and the aggression of the British government.

"If we contemplate him in one view, never was any character recorded in history more worthy of universal detestation. We behold a single individual, for the purposes of his own ambition, consigning whole generations of men to an untimely grave, desolating every country of Europe by the whirlwind of conquest, and earning the support and attachment of his own subjects by turning them loose to plunder and oppress all mankind. In the prosecution of these objects we see him deterred by no difficulties, daunted by no dangers, bound by no treaties, restrained by no pity; regardless alike of private honor and public faith, prodigal at once of the blood of his people and the property of his enemies, indifferent equally to the execrations of other nations and the progressive exhaustion of his own. We perceive a system of government at home, based upon force, and resting upon selfishness, which supported religion only because it was useful, and spoke of justice only because it passed current with men; which at once extinguished freedom and developed talent, which dried up the generous feelings by letting them wither in obscurity, and ruled mankind by selfish, by affording them unbounded, gratification. We see a man of consummate abilities wielding unlimited powers for the purposes of individual advancement; straining national resources for the fostering of general corruption; destroying the hopes of future generations in the indulgence of the present; constantly speaking of disinterested virtue, and never practicing it; perpetually appealing to the generous affections, and ever guided by the selfish; everlastingly condemning want of truth in others, yet daily promulgating falsehoods among his subjects with as little hesitation as he discharged grape-shot among his enemies."

isters, as a reason for refusing peace and for urging on the war, that the democratic tendencies of France, threatening to undermine the thrones of legitimacy, remained unchanged. "France," said Lord Grenville, "still retains the sentiments, and is constant to the views which characterized the dawn of her revolution. She was innovating, she is so still—she was Jacobin, she is so still."

Despotic Europe consequently redoubled its blows upon the imperial republic. France, to repel the assault, was compelled to draw the sword. "The hostility of the European aristocracy," says Colonel Napier, with his honorable candor, "caused the enthusiasm of Republican France to take a military direction, and forced that powerful nation into a course of policy which, however outrageous it might appear, was in reality one of necessity."

In noble language, in a spirit characteristically lofty, frank, and generous, Napoleon said to Lord Whitworth, when remonstrating with him against the rupture of the peace of Amiens,

"You well know that in all I have done it has been my object to complete the execution of the treaties and to secure the general peace. Now is there, any where, a state that I am threatening? Look; seek about. None, as you well know. If you are jealous of my designs upon Egypt, my lord, I will endeavor to satisfy you. I have thought a great deal about Egypt, and I shall think still more if you force me to renew the war; but I will not endanger the peace which we have enjoyed so short a time for the sake of reconquering that country.

"The Turkish empire threatens to fall. For my part, I shall contribute to uphold it as long as possible. But if it crumble to pieces, I intend that France shall have her share. Nevertheless, be assured that I shall not precipitate events.

"Do you imagine that I deceive myself in regard to the power which I exercise at this moment over France and Europe? Now that power is not great enough to allow me to venture, with impunity, upon an aggression, without adequate motive. The opinion of Europe would instantly turn against me. My political ascendancy would be lost. And as for France, it is necessary for me to prove to her that war is made upon me, that I have not provoked it, in order to inspire her with that enthusiastic ardor which I purpose to excite against you if you oblige me to fight. *All the faults must be yours, and not one of them mine.* I contemplate, therefore, no aggression."

Was Napoleon a usurper? It is in these pages not merely asserted, but proved beyond all controversy, that Napoleon was elected to both the consular and the imperial throne by the almost unanimous suffrages of his countrymen. Whether wisely or unwisely, the French nation *chose* the consular government, and *elected* Napoleon as First Consul. The act of daring by which Napoleon restored to his enslaved countrymen the power to choose, won their gratitude. France, in the exercise of its unquestioned right, decided that, in the peculiar circumstances in which it was placed, with all the despots of Europe in arms against the Republic, with a powerful party of Royalists at home and abroad, doing every thing in their power to organize conspiracies and to bring back the Bourbons, and with a Jacobin mob clam-

orous for plunder, it was in vain to attempt to sustain a republic; and it is by no means certain that this was not the wisest measure which could then be adopted.

Sir Archibald Alison, who will not be accused of framing apologies for Napoleon, says, in reference to the state of France at this time,

“While the republic, after ten years of convulsions, was fast relapsing into that state of disorder and weakness which is at once the consequence and punishment of revolutionary violence, the hall of the Jacobins resounded with furious declamations against all the members of the Directory, and the whole system, which, in every country, has been considered as the basis of social union. The separation of property was, in an especial manner, the object of invective, and the agrarian law, which Babœuf had bequeathed to the last democrats of the Revolution, universally extolled as the perfection of society. Felix Lepelletier, Arena, Drouet, and all the furious Revolutionists of the age, were there assembled, and the whole atrocities of 1793 speedily held up for applause and imitation. In truth, it was high time that some military leader of commanding talent should seize the helm, to save the sinking fortunes of the republic. Never, since the commencement of the war, had its prospects been so gloomy, both from external disaster and internal oppression.”*

In confirmation of these views, Thiers presents the following picture of France at this time: “Merit was generally persecuted; all men of honor chased from public situations; robbers every where assembled in their infernal caverns; the wicked in power; the apologists of the system of terror thundering in the tribune; spoliation re-established under the name of forced loans; assassination prepared; thousands of victims already designed, under the name of hostages; the signal for pillage, murder, and conflagration anxiously looked for, couched in the words, the ‘country is in danger;’ the same cries, the same shouts, were heard in the clubs as in 1793; the same executioners, the same victims; liberty, property could no longer be said to exist; the citizens had no security for their lives, the state for its finances. All Europe was in arms against us. America, even, had declared against our tyranny; our armies were routed, our conquests lost, the territory of the republic menaced with invasion.”

That, under these circumstances, France should have decided upon a change of the form of government, is not strange. Still, it matters not whether France acted wisely or foolishly in making the change. *The act was an exercise of her own undoubted right.* To accuse Napoleon of *usurpation* for his co-operation with his countrymen in that act is surely unjust. “*Napoleon,*” said Fontanes, “*dethroned nothing but anarchy.*”

As a mob of a few hundred individuals can overrun a whole city, so can a few resolute persons, holding the reins of government, trample upon a whole nation. An overwhelming majority of the people of France were opposed to this anarchy. So universal was the desire for the consular government, that it was established, says Alison, “*with entire unanimity.*” Napoleon was placed upon the consular throne by *three million eleven hundred and seven votes.* But *fifteen hundred and sixty-two votes* were cast in the

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. i., p. 567.

negative. Such unanimity is unprecedented in the history of the world. And yet for half a century Europe has asserted, and many in America have re-echoed the assertion, that Napoleon *usurped* the consular throne!

The change from the Consulate to the Empire was an act of concession to monarchical Europe. Admitting that it was a very unwise change, *still that was a question for France to decide, in the exercise of her own nationality, without asking the permission of foreigners.* This change was not forced upon a reluctant people by a tyrant who was trampling upon their liberties. It was the free act of the French nation. And who will say that the French nation had not a right to make this change? It may have been a very impolitic act. It may have been exceedingly gratifying to the ambition of Napoleon. Still, it was a question for France to decide. The French people thought that the substitution of monarchical forms would enable them better to sustain the principles of popular equality against the hostility of the surrounding kings.

"Addresses flowed in," says Alison, "from all quarters—from the army, the municipality, the cities, the chambers of commerce, all imploring the First Consul to ascend the imperial throne." The senate, without a single dissentient voice, passed the decree, "That Napoleon Bonaparte be named Emperor, and in that capacity invested with the government of the *French Republic.*" The ratification of this decree was referred to the people. "The appeal to the people," says Alison, "soon proved that the First Consul, in assuming the imperial dignity, had only acted in accordance with the wishes of the immense majority of the nation. Registers were opened in every commune of France, and the result showed that there were *three million, five hundred and seventy-two thousand, three hundred and twenty-nine* votes in the affirmative, and only *two thousand five hundred and sixty-nine* in the negative. History has recorded no example of so unanimous an approbation of the foundation of a dynasty."*

And yet Napoleon has been so universally called a *usurper*, that one becomes almost an outlaw from ordinary literary courtesies by venturing to affirm that he was not. In respect to this so called usurpation, Sir Walter Scott says, "Another and a more formidable objection remains behind, which pervaded the whole pretended surrender by the French nation of their liberties, and rendered it void, null, and without force or effect whatsoever. It was from the commencement what jurists call a *pactum in illicito*; the people gave that which they had no right to surrender, and Bonaparte accepted that which he had no title to take at their hands. *The people are in this respect like minors, to whom the law assures their property, but invests them with no title to give it away or consume it; the national privileges are an estate entailed from generation to generation, and they can neither be the subject of gift, exchange, nor surrender, by those who enjoy the usufruct, or temporary possession of them.*"

This plump denial of the right of France to choose its own ruler, and its own form of government, though the universal doctrine in despotic Europe, will find few advocates in Republican America. American freemen will declare, in the language of Napoleon, that "*the sovereignty dwells in the na-*

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. ii., p. 236.

tion;" and they will also declare that Napoleon, elected to the highest office in the state by the free suffrage of the nation, *was no usurper*.

That a European Loyalist, cherishing the views of Sir Walter Scott, should call Napoleon *a usurper*, is perhaps not strange; but that any American should re-echo that cry, thus denying to the people of France the right to adopt their own form of government, and to choose their own ruler, is strange indeed. England, in her leading journals, has heaped such insult upon the democratic institutions of America as to create in the United States unfriendly feelings, which half a century of kindly intercourse will hardly efface. It would be well for the United States not to imitate her offensive example. We all, in this country, prefer a republic; but let us not insult a people who, under circumstances vastly different from ours, choose an empire and an emperor. The intercourse of friendly nations, as well as that of individuals, should be courteous.

But it may be asked, admitting that Napoleon was entitled to the throne by the votes of the people, did he not afterward abuse that power? did he not become a tyrant? did he not trample the liberties of his country in the dust? Despots, who were fighting against him, say that *he did*; but the French people, who placed him on the throne, who sustained him with their love, and who still adore his memory, say that he *did not*. Napoleon and the nation acted together, and struggled, shoulder to shoulder, in the tremendous conflict with their foes. The most rigorous measures which he adopted, the nation approved and sustained. Perhaps they were unwise; but the people and their emperor went hand in hand in all the sacrifices which were made, and in all those herculean efforts which baffled their enemies and astounded the world. In the fearful peril which environed them, they deemed the conscription necessary, and the censorship of the press necessary, and the concentration of dictatorial power in the hands of Napoleon necessary. Admitting that they judged unwisely, still they did so judge. They deemed Napoleon the savior of France. They loved him for what he did as monarch was never loved before.

This is proved beyond all intelligent denial by the enthusiasm with which the French nation ever rallied around their Emperor, by the readiness with which the French people followed him to Marengo, to Austerlitz, and to Moscow, ever ready to shed their blood like water in defense of their Emperor, and of the institutions which he had conferred upon them. It is proved by the almost supernatural enthusiasm with which France, as one man, rose to welcome Napoleon upon his return from Elba. It is proved by the universal demand of France, after his death, for his revered remains, that his ashes might repose among the people he loved so well. It is proved by the gorgeous mausoleum which the nation has reared to his memory, and by the affection, the adoration almost, with which his name is now pronounced in every peasant's hut in France. Tyranny does not bear such fruit. To call such a man *a tyrant* is absurd. The autocrat and the anarchist may hate the principles of his government; but he who wins through life, and after death, the blessings of a nation, and whose resurrection from the grave would win from that nation a shout of gratitude and love, such as the world has never seen paralleled, surely must not be called a tyrant.

“An apology, or rather a palliation,” says Sir Walter Scott, “of Bonaparte’s usurpation has been set up by himself and his more ardent admirers, and we are desirous of giving to it all the weight which it shall be found to deserve. They have said, and with great reason, that Bonaparte, viewed in his general conduct, was no selfish usurper, and that the mode in which he acquired his power was gilded over by the use which he made of it. *This is true*; for we will not underrate the merits which Napoleon thus acquired by observing that shrewd politicians have been of opinion that sovereigns who have only a *questionable right* to their authority are compelled, were it but for their own sakes, to govern in such a manner *as to make the country feel its advantages in submitting to their government*. We grant, willingly, that in much of his internal administration Bonaparte showed that he desired to have no advantage separate from that of France, that he conceived her interests to be connected with his own glory, that he expended his wealth in ornamenting the empire, and not upon objects more immediately personal to himself. We have no doubt that he had more pleasure in seeing treasures of art added to the museum than in hanging them upon the walls of his own palace; and that he spoke truly when he said that he grudged Josephine the expensive plants with which she decorated her residence at Malmaison, because her taste interfered with the public botanical garden of Paris. We allow, therefore, that Bonaparte fully identified himself with the country which he had rendered his patrimony, and that, while it should be called by his name, he was desirous of investing it with as much external splendor and as much internal prosperity as his gigantic schemes were able to compass.

“No doubt it may be said, so completely was the country identified with its ruler, that as France had nothing but what belonged to its emperor, he was, in fact, improving his own estate when he advanced her public works, and could no more be said to lose sight of his own interest than a private gentleman does who neglects his garden to ornament his park. But it is not fair to press the motives of human nature to their last retreat, in which something like a taint of self-interest may so often be discovered. It is enough to reply, that the selfishness which embraces the interests of a whole kingdom is of a kind so liberal, so extended, and so refined as to be closely allied to patriotism, and that the good intentions of Bonaparte toward that France over which he ruled with despotic sway can be no more doubted than the affections of an arbitrary father, whose object it is to make the son prosperous and happy, to which he annexes the only condition that he shall be implicitly obedient to every tittle of his will.” In such language does one of the most hostile of Napoleon’s historians reluctantly acknowledge his greatness as a sovereign.

The Congress of Laybach was held by the allied sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia in the year 1821. It was on this occasion that the Emperor of Austria made his famous speech to the professors of the University in that city.

“*Be careful,*” said he, “*not to teach your pupils too much. I do not want learned or scientific men. I want obedient subjects.*”

Laybach was the capital of those Illyrian provinces into which Napoleon

had infused the intellectual life of civil and religious liberty. At the close of the Congress the allied sovereigns issued a declaration insulting to the memory of Napoleon. This called forth the following observations from the pen of the Abbé de Pradt, Archbishop of Malines. It is a noble atonement for his previous injustice :

“It is too late to insult Napoleon, now that he is defenseless, after having for so many years crouched at his feet while he had the power to punish. Those who are armed should respect a disarmed enemy. The glory of a conqueror, in a great measure, depends on the just consideration shown toward the captive, particularly when he yields to superior force, not to superior genius. It is too late to call Napoleon a revolutionist, after having, for such a length of time, pronounced him to be the restorer of order in France, and consequently in Europe. It is odious to see the shaft of insult aimed at him by those who once stretched forth their hands to him as a friend, pledged their faith to him as an ally, sought to prop a tottering throne by mingling their blood with his.

“This representative of a revolution, which is condemned as a *principle of anarchy*, like another Justinian, drew up, amid the din of war and the snares of foreign policy, those codes which are the least defective portion of human legislation, and constructed the most vigorous machine of government in the whole world. This representative of a revolution, which is vulgarly accused of *having subverted all institutions*, restored universities and public schools, filled his empire with the master-pieces of art, and accomplished those stupendous and amazing works which reflect honor on human genius. And yet, in the face of the Alps, which bowed down at his command ; of the ocean subdued at Cherbourg, at Flushing, at the Helder, and at Antwerp ; of rivers smoothly flowing beneath the bridges of Jena, Serres, Bordeaux, and Turin ; of canals uniting seas together in a course beyond the control of Neptune ; finally, in the face of Paris, metamorphosed as it is by Napoleon, he is pronounced to be the agent of general annihilation ! He, who restored all, is said to be the representative of that which destroyed all ! To what undiscerning men is this language supposed to be addressed ?”

All historians alike admit the honesty of these elections and the fairness of these returns. No intelligent man has ventured to deny that the popularity of Napoleon was real and almost boundless, and that the people of France, with enthusiasm unparalleled, raised him to power. There were in Paris generals and statesmen of commanding character, vast influence, and lofty pride, who were watching the proceedings with the eagle eye of rivalry, but neither then nor since have they ventured to affirm that there was any unfairness in the elections. Even Sir Walter Scott admits the unanimity to be undeniable, and endeavors to account for it by saying,

“The rich favored Bonaparte for the sake of protection ; the poor for that of relief ; the emigrants because they desired to return to France ; the men of the Revolution because they were afraid of being banished from it ; the sanguine and courageous crowded around his standard in hope of victory ; the timid cowered behind it in the desire of safety.”

For these reasons, he says that it is not strange that the consular throne should have been erected by the general sanction of the people. All agree

that Napoleon was elevated to the supreme power by an outburst of popular enthusiasm. That Napoleon was and is the idol of France, no intelligent man will deny. Hostility must be driven to utter desperation before it can venture to affirm that the suffrages of the French people were not given to Napoleon. His unconstrained election to the chief magistracy of France is as demonstrative as any truth which history has recorded. And with this fact thus established beyond all cavil, forever palsied must be the tongue that will continue to say to the Emperor, *Thou art a usurper*.*

Look at Europe now, with Napoleon in his tomb, and aristocracy dominant. See Russia marching her legions into Hungary, to crush, with iron hoofs, that brave people struggling for liberty. Hearken to the moans of Hungarian ladies bleeding beneath the lash of their Austrian oppressor, and gaze, till tears of indignation blind your eyes, upon the melancholy train of Hungarian, Polish, and Italian exiles perishing in all lands. Penetrate the dungeons of Naples, and wipe the oozing agony from the brow of the martyrs of liberty there. Look at Poland, fettered and lashed by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, till she lies still in exhaustion and despair. These are the despots with whom the Tory government of England formed an alliance to crush Napoleon. Such are the "*liberties*" which the battle of Waterloo conferred upon Europe. "*When I heard of the result of the battle of Waterloo, I felt as if the clock of the world had gone back six ages.*" Thus spake Robert Hall, one of the greatest and most eloquent of English divines.

Napoleon struggled, with energy unparalleted, to arrest the progress of Russian despotism. England joined the great tyranny of the North, and combined every despot of Europe in an iniquitous coalition against Napoleon. The illustrious champion of popular rights, after a gigantic struggle, was thus finally overthrown. And now Russia pours her tyrannic legions over prostrate nations unresisted, and is pressing proudly upon Constantinople. And England is now compelled to solicit another Napoleon, whose imperial title, though founded on popular suffrage, she no longer ventures to deny, to assist her in checking these Russians. She is now, with fear and trembling, compelled to attempt, almost in despair, the very enterprise which she prevented Napoleon from accomplishing. Bowed down beneath a debt of four thousand millions of dollars, which her Tory government incurred to uphold the aristocratic institutions of Europe, she now sees those despotisms trampling justice and mercy in the dust. Never was a nation placed in a more humiliating attitude. For one quarter of a century she deluged Europe in blood to arrest republican equality, and now she sees the necessity of again deluging Europe in blood to arrest the progress of those very despotisms which she established. We pity her embarrassment. We wonder not at her hesitancy and vacillation. The memory of Napoleon is avenged. The sin of the British government was committed before the eyes of the

* "Universal suffrage chose him. Neither as consul nor emperor had he any need to deal surreptitiously with that new and mighty element of public favor. Public functionaries, prefects of departments, electoral colleges, inhabitants of towns, peasantry, all rallied to his promotion.

"There was no need of seduction, intimidation, force, or fraud. National instinct and common sense indicated Napoleon as the best protector of every one's dearest rights, their property, religion, peace, honor, and advancement; as the man best disposed, and no monarch so able, to restore and preserve justice, order, equality, and even liberty."—*Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll*.

world. God is just. Before the whole world she has been compelled to utter her confession. The prediction of Napoleon is fulfilled :

“I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians, by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king, but your imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be applauded, and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the finest countries in Europe overcome, and a prey to those northern barbarians, they will say, ‘Napoleon was right!’”

CHAPTER XVII.

TRIUMPHS AT DRESDEN.

Exultation of the Allies—March to the Elbe—The Attack of the Allies upon Dresden—Sanguinary Battle—Scene at a Battery—Gloomy Night—The Fall of Moreau—Testimony of Caulaincourt—The Soldier rewarded—Sudden Sickness of Napoleon—Unexpected Disasters—Energy of the Emperor.

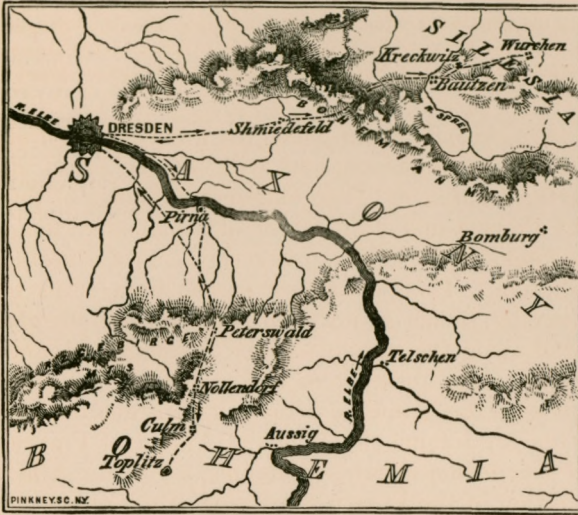
ON the 12th of August, 1813, Austria again joined the great coalition of the sovereigns of Europe to crush Napoleon, and, with him, to crush all hopes of popular liberty on the Continent. The anticipated tidings of this abandonment of Napoleon by Francis, and of the march of two hundred thousand Austrians to swell the ranks of the Allies, was received in the hostile camp with unbounded exultation. The intelligence spread from corps to corps of their armies, awakening shouts of joy. Brilliant rockets pierced the skies, and bonfires blazed along the summits of the Bohemian Mountains. The Allies had now augmented their forces to five hundred thousand men. Napoleon could oppose to this immense array but two hundred and sixty thousand soldiers. General Jomini, the Benedict Arnold of France, having deserted and passed over to the enemy, communicated to the Allies all his knowledge of the position of the French army, and of the orders of the Emperor. Moreau and Bernadotte, caressed by the haughty monarchs of the coalition, planned the campaign.*

This important matter had been confided to them, as best understanding

* “Moreau, ever since his trial and condemnation by the First Consul in 1804, had lived in retirement in America, beholding the contest which still raged in Europe as the shipwrecked mariner does the waves of the ocean from which he has just escaped. Moreau’s arrival on the shores of the Baltic was felt, as Marshal Eessen, the Swedish commander expressed it, as a re-enforcement of a hundred thousand men. He was received at Stralsund with the highest military honors by Bernadotte, who, amid the thunders of artillery and the cheers of an immense concourse of spectators, conducted him to his head-quarters. But though the meeting between the hero of Hohenlinden and the old Republican of the Sambre and the Meuse was extremely cordial, yet they experienced considerable embarrassment when they came to consult on the ulterior measures to be pursued in France in the event of Napoleon being dethroned. Moreau, whose republican ideas had undergone no change by his residence in America, was clear for reverting to the Constitution of 1792, and perhaps indulged the secret hope that, in such an event, he might be called to an elevated place in its councils. Bernadotte, whose democratic principles had been singularly modified by the experience he had had of the sweets of royalty, inclined to a monarchical constitution, and nursed the expectation that the choice of the French people, as well as of the allied sovereigns, might fall upon himself. But, though the seeds of future and most serious discord might thus be perceived germinating in the very outset of their deliberations, yet a common hatred of Napoleon kept them united in all objects of present policy.”—*Alison’s History of Europe*, vol. iv., p. 126.

the tactics of that noble foe, before whose renown the Allies still trembled. The orders which these generals issued showed how little reliance they ventured to place in the vast numerical superiority of the Allies. No general was to allow himself to be drawn into a battle. Each one was to do every thing in his power to bewilder the French by false demonstrations. Should any maneuver succeed in thus withdrawing the Emperor from his central position, other troops were to advance and attack his marshals while the dreaded Emperor was absent. They hoped thus to baffle and elude him, till his resources should be exhausted and his army wasted away. They could then, with the countless thousands of troops at the disposal of these allied monarchies, either destroy him or make him a prisoner.

It was a wise plan, which Napoleon at once divined. Instead, therefore,



DRESDEN AND VICINITY.

of waiting to be attacked, as had been his original plan, he took with him the divisions of Ney and Macdonald, and rushed upon "the debauched old dragoon," Blucher, who, with eighty thousand Russians and Prussians, was posted in advance of Breslau. Blucher, faithful to his instructions, fled. A column of twenty-five thousand Prussians was, however, overtaken and routed. Immediately the grand army of the Allies, two hundred thousand strong,

broke up its encampment among the Bohemian Mountains, and the innumerable host poured down through all the defiles of the Erzgebirge to attack Dresden. The Saxon capital was defended by St. Cyr alone, with but thirty thousand men. It was of the utmost importance to Napoleon to retain possession of this city, since it was the pivot of his operations, and the key to his line of communications with Paris. Leaving Macdonald, therefore, to hold Blucher in check, Napoleon, with the Imperial Guard and the troops of Ney, returned rapidly to the Elbe. The march of Napoleon on this occasion was conducted with such celerity as to amaze even those who were accustomed to his almost supernatural energy.

On the evening of the 25th, the heights which surrounded Dresden were glittering with the arms of the allied host. Dreadful was the consternation in the city. This beautiful capital of Saxony contained about sixty thousand inhabitants, dwelling peacefully in their homes. An army of two hundred thousand men was all the night planting its batteries to rain down upon the devoted city a horrible tempest of destruction. The troops of St. Cyr were insufficient to man the walls and defenses of the city. He, however,

resolved to be true to his trust, and to defend his post to the last possible moment. The inhabitants, fathers, mothers, and children, trembling in view of the impending horrors, were anxious to capitulate. St. Cyr could not listen to such a word. Such are the stern necessities of demoniacal war.

At midnight he dispatched the following urgent message to Napoleon: "An immense army, composed of Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, is at this moment all around Dresden, with a prodigious train of artillery. From the vast amount of force which he has collected, it would appear that the enemy is determined to hazard an immediate attack, knowing that your majesty is not far off, though perhaps not suspecting that you are so near as you actually are. We are determined to do all in our power, though I can answer for nothing more, with such young soldiers."

The next morning the assault commenced. In six immense columns, each headed by fifty pieces of artillery, the foe advanced against the walls. The batteries opened their fires. The storm of war concentrated all its fury upon those thronged dwellings. The balls and shells fell thickly in the crowded streets. The pavements were red with blood. Gory bodies were strewed over the shattered parlors of refinement and luxury. There was no place of safety for mother, or infant, or maiden. Two regiments of Westphalian hussars, deeming Napoleon's fate now sealed, abandoned their posts in the garrison, and went over to the Allies. The terrified inhabitants were clamoring for a surrender. In the mean time, Napoleon pressed forward with the utmost earnestness. Courier after courier met him, in breathless haste, announcing that the feeble garrison could hold out but a short time longer. Napoleon, in advance of the main body of his troops, soon arrived upon a height which gave him a view of the distant city. With his glass he saw the French desperately fighting in the redoubts and behind the works; while the beleaguering hosts, in interminable lines, seemed to threaten their immediate and entire destruction. His horses were spurred onward at their utmost speed. The Allies swept the road over which Napoleon was to pass with grape-shot and shells. So violent was the fire of bullets from the Russian batteries on the one side, and of bombs from the redoubt Marcellini on the other, that the Emperor was compelled to leave his carriage and traverse the exposed portions on foot. While the air was filled with the missiles of death, and the ground was plowed into furrows at his feet, he passed along unharmed.

It was now nearly midday. Suddenly loud acclamations and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were heard in the direction of the river, and Napoleon appeared, accompanied by universal and most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. He immediately rode to the palace of the aged king, and cheered the royal family by the assurance that his Guard, and a division of sixty thousand troops, would soon be in the city. Caulaincourt, who accompanied the Emperor at this time, says:

"It would be impossible to describe the demonstrations of joy evinced by the troops when they beheld the Emperor at the further end of the bridge. Both the Young and Old Guard marched forward to meet him. The joyous enthusiasm of the troops was raised to the highest possible degree. 'There he is! there he is! that is he!' they exclaimed, and shouts resounded

along the whole banks of the river. The authority of the officers was insufficient to restrain the troops.

“ ‘ Let them alone ! let them alone ! ’ said the Emperor. ‘ They will presently make room for me to lead them on to face the enemy.’ ”

“ These words were repeated from mouth to mouth, and in a few moments the troops were almost stifling each other in their efforts to make room for us. Napoleon’s entry into Dresden was truly triumphal, and it will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. As we approached the city, nothing was heard but clapping of hands and cries of enthusiasm. Men, women, and children mingled with the troops, and escorted us to the palace. The consternation and alarm which had hitherto prevailed, were now succeeded by boundless joy and confidence.”*

The Emperor rode out of the city to examine the exterior works. He was accompanied but by a single page, that he might avoid attracting observation. The youth was struck down at his side by a musket ball. With



THE RECONNOISSANCE.

his accustomed promptness, Napoleon formed his plan to repel his assailants. Soon the Guard and the cuirassiers came pouring like a torrent over the bridge into the city. Almost perishing with thirst, and fainting beneath the rays of a blazing sun, these devoted men, fully aware of the dreadful emer-

* Caulaincourt. Souvenirs, vol. i., p. 212.

gence, refused to lose a moment even to receive the refreshments which the inhabitants gratefully offered them. Without the slightest confusion, cavalry, infantry, and artillery took their appointed positions in the various suburbs, and the conflict raged with redoubled horror. The batteries of the Allies, numbering six or seven hundred guns, were formed in a semicircle, and the balls and shells, falling without intermission in the thronged streets of Dresden, produced awful devastation.

The incessant roar of more than a thousand pieces of artillery, the rattling of the musketry, the shouts of three hundred thousand combatants, the frequent explosion of ammunition wagons, the bursting of shells, the heavy rolling of gun-carriages, and of all the ponderous enginery of war over the pavements, the flames, which were bursting out in all parts of the city, the suffocating clouds of smoke, which darkened the sun, and produced almost midnight gloom, the shrieks of the wounded women and children, who were every moment mangled by the bullets, balls, and shells, which, like hail-stones, were falling upon the dwellings and in the streets, presented a scene of crime, of horror, and of woe which neither pen nor pencil can delineate, and which no imagination can conceive. It was a woe which continued long, long after the dreadful storm of war had passed away. Thousands were reduced from competence to beggary; thousands, mangled and deformed, passed the remainder of their wretched lives objects of pity and repulsion. Parents were rendered childless. Children were made orphans; and once happy mothers, plunged suddenly into the desolations of poverty and widowhood, lingered through the remainder of their threescore years and ten in the endurance of woes which death alone could terminate. By such measures of carnage and misery, the despots of Europe finally succeeded in crushing those principles of popular liberty which threatened to overturn their thrones.

At length Napoleon, whom the Allies did not as yet suspect of being in the city, seizing the proper moment, directed Murat to make a sortie on the right, Mortier on the left, and Ney to pierce the centre of the allied army. With their accustomed impetuosity, these troops rushed from the city, and fell upon the foe with such desperation of valor, that the assailing columns of the combined army broke and fled in all directions. The cavalry of the Guard immediately swept the plain, and cut down all who attempted resistance. Prince Schwartzenberg stood by the side of Alexander and Frederick William, upon an eminence which commanded the field of battle. When he saw this discomfiture, so sudden, so unexpected, he said to his royal companions,

“The Emperor must certainly be in Dresden. The favorable moment for carrying the city has been lost. The utmost we can now hope is to rally.”

In the midst of this dreadful fight, two of the French redoubts were taken by an overwhelming force of the enemy. Napoleon, perceiving the disaster, which threatened serious consequences, immediately placed himself at the head of a body of troops, and galloped forward through a storm of bullets for their recapture. Nearly all of his aids were struck down at his side by the shot of the enemy. But he recovered the redoubts, and received no wound.

“It was curious,” says Caulaincourt, “to observe the attachment, confidence, and familiarity which existed between the humblest of the soldiers and the most absolute sovereign that ever existed. There was not one of Napoleon’s intimate friends who would have ventured to indulge in that sort of companionship which was kept up between the Emperor and his old *Mus-taches*; and these same men would not have ventured to speak to one of their lieutenants in the familiar tone in which they addressed the redoubted chief of the army. They regarded Napoleon as a being different from all others, and combining within himself the attributes of sovereign, country, and family. He inspired them with a language which they addressed only to him, and words which they uttered only in his presence. Nothing used to amuse Napoleon so much as this familiarity of the soldiery, and he always replied to them with truly paternal kindness.”

As the day advanced, the violence of the storm increased, and the rain fell in floods. Still the dreadful battle raged. One incessant roar of destruction swept the field, mingling with the dismal wailings of the storm. Napoleon had been on horseback since the break of day, and was soaked to the skin. The sleeplessness and incredible toil of many days and nights had so exhausted his physical energies, that an appearance of extreme lassitude was observable in all his movements.

A battalion of the grenadiers of his old Guard had, for many hours, repulsed repeated and terrific attacks from the powerful cavalry of the enemy. The conservation of that battery was of immense importance. At one moment the enemy’s fire appeared to relax, and Napoleon, observing the circumstance, put spurs to his horse, and galloped between the guns of the battery and the enemy’s cavalry, to speak a word of encouragement to his soldiers. Piles of the dying and of the dead encumbered the ground.

“This position costs us dear,” said he, sadly. Then, turning to its brave defenders, he added, with a look of satisfaction, “I knew that my Guard would not surrender it to the Russians.”

“Let them come back again at their peril,” exclaimed an old artilleryman, who had received a frightful sabre gash upon his head, which was bandaged with a handkerchief saturated with blood. Then turning to the Emperor, he said, “But this is not a fit place for you. You are more ill than any of us. Go and take some rest.”

“I will, my friend,” said the Emperor, “when we have won the battle.”

“My comrade is right,” rejoined a veteran grenadier. “Your majesty is wet to the skin. Pray go and get your clothes changed.” He uttered these words in tones of tenderness and supplication, such as a child would address to a beloved father.

“I will rest,” Napoleon replied, “when you can all rest, my lads, that is to say, when the battle is ended.”

“I know that your majesty has that battery at heart,” continued the grenadier, “but we will take care that the Russians do not get it; will we not, comrades?” He was answered by a shout of acquiescence from all around the guns. “Now, sire,” he added, “since we answer for the safety of the battery, surely you may go and take a little rest.”

“Very well, my good friends, very well,” said Napoleon, regarding these



THE BATTERY.

devoted men with a grateful smile ; “ I trust to you.” Then, plunging his spurs into his horse, he again disappeared in the smoke and the confusion of the battle. He rode through storms of grape-shot, and animated his soldiers by presenting himself at every point where danger was most imminent.

“ Only those,” says Caulaincourt, “ who knew Napoleon in the intercourse of private life, can render justice to his character. For my part, I know him, as it were, by heart ; and in proportion as time separates us, he appears to me like a beautiful dream. And would you believe that, in my recollections of Napoleon, that which seems to me to approach most nearly to ideal excellence is not the hero, filling the world with his gigantic fame, but the man, viewed in the relations of private life. This is a contrast which often affords me a theme for curious and interesting reflections.”

Night came, with clouds, and darkness, and floods of rain. With pitiless violence the torrents fell, all the night long, drenching the exhausted troops. In the darkness the defeated Allies rallied upon the heights from whence they had descended with so much confidence in the morning. Napoleon, allowing himself no rest, was hour after hour employed dictating dispatches. An immense weight of anxiety, however, evidently oppressed his mind. He saw clearly the most insuperable difficulties of his position.

At midnight he, for some moments, with hurried steps, and in perfect si-

lence, paced up and down his chamber. Then, suddenly stopping short, and turning to Caulaincourt, he said, without introducing the subject with any preliminary remark,

“Murat has arrived.”

Then he again resumed his walk, apparently absorbed in deep thought. After a short silence he again stopped, and, fixing his eye upon Caulaincourt, continued,

“I have given him the command of my Guard.”

The Duke of Vicenza, remembering Murat's unworthy conduct at the close of the retreat from Moscow, could not repress a gesture of astonishment.

“Ah! indeed,” Napoleon quickly added, “I thought that you would be surprised. At first I gave him a bad reception, but finally I yielded to his importunities. He, at least, will not betray me. Caulaincourt, there are certain forebodings which it is our duty to overcome. As long as I am fortunate, Murat will continue to follow my fortune. But the cares of the present are sufficient to occupy me. I will not anticipate the future.”

It was now an hour after midnight. The cold storm swept furiously through the streets, and drenched the poor soldiers, shivering in their bivouacs upon the dark and flooded plains. Napoleon, aware of the fearful issues which the morning would introduce, regardless of the tempest, passed from the gates of the city on foot to visit the outposts of his army. He traversed the bivouacs of his soldiers, and addressed to them words of sympa-



VISIT TO THE OUTPOSTS.

thy and encouragement. He seemed to court the hardships to which they were exposed, and loved to have them know that his head was not reposing upon a pillow of down while they were stretched upon the storm-drenched sod. After carefully reconnoitering the lines of the enemy, as revealed by their camp-fires, he formed his plan for the attack in the morning, and returned to his head-quarters in the city.

He immediately issued minute directions to all his marshals and generals, and dispatched couriers to hasten the march to Dresden of such bodies of French soldiers as were near the city. To this order there was such a prompt response, that, before the night had passed away, Napoleon had at his command a hundred and thirty thousand men. The Allies also had received re-enforcements, and with more than two hundred thousand soldiers were prepared to renew the attack.

A gloomy morning of wind and rain dawned upon the hostile armies. With the first rays of light the battle commenced. It raged with ceaseless fury until three o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon was then at every point a victor. The Allies were precipitately retreating along the flooded roads toward the mountains of Bohemia. Alexander and Frederick William again saw their armies defeated, and were again obliged to flee before the genius of Napoleon. The Emperor received, as the trophies of this great victory, between twenty and thirty thousand prisoners, forty standards, and sixty pieces of cannon. The Allies, in killed and wounded, lost also more than ten thousand men.

In the midst of this conflict, Napoleon observed that one of the batteries of his Guard slackened its fire. On inquiring the reason, he was informed that the guns were placed too low, and that the balls did not reach the enemy.

"No matter," said he, "fire on; it is necessary to occupy the attention of the enemy at that point." They immediately renewed their discharges. At that moment a group of horsemen appeared on the brow of an eminence, at the distance of two thousand yards, to reconnoitre Napoleon's position, and to detect the maneuvers which the French troops, concealed by the mist, were executing. Napoleon resolved to disperse them, and sent an order to the captain of the battery,

"Jettez une douzaine de bullets à la fois, dans ce groupe là; peut-être il y a quelques petits généraux." (Throw a dozen bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.)

It so happened that Moreau was there, with the Emperor Alexander, pointing the batteries of the combined despotisms against his own countrymen. One of the shot struck General Moreau, and, passing through his horse, shockingly lacerated both his legs. By the great disorder into which the group was thrown, it was perceived that some person of distinction had fallen. An immediate amputation was necessary. Moreau, with his mangled limbs hanging by the skin, was borne on a litter, made of Cossacks' pikes, to a cottage at some distance from the field. The wounded man, during this melancholy route, was drenched with the rain, which fell in torrents. A few blankets alone protected him from the inclemency of the weather. He was placed upon a table, and the knife of the surgeon speedily did its work in



THE FALL OF MOREAU.

cutting off one of the limbs. He endured the operation with extraordinary fortitude, smoking a cigar, and not uttering a groan while the knife was severing the quivering nerves. The surgeon, having amputated one limb, examined the other, and said, sorrowfully,

“It can not be saved.”

“Had I been informed of that before,” said Moreau, “I should rather have died. However, cut it off,” and he resumed his cigar.

Toward evening the cottage became so much exposed to the fire of the victorious French, that, hastily, another litter was constructed, and he was conveyed, in excruciating pain, several miles further from the field of conflict. The next morning it became necessary again to remove him, notwithstanding the anguish of his inflamed and throbbing wounds. He was placed in a baker’s house, in a little village on the frontiers of Bohemia. He there wrote the following characteristic letter to his wife :

“My dearest,—At the battle of Dresden, three days ago, I had both my legs carried off by a cannon ball. That rascal Bonaparte is always fortu

nate. They have performed the amputation as well as possible. Though the army has made a retrograde movement, it is by no means a reverse, but of design, to draw nearer to General Blucher. Excuse my scrawl. I love and embrace you with my whole heart."

In two days from this time he expired. He manifested to the last the same stoic insensibility which had characterized his life. He died without giving the slightest indication of any regard for God, or of any interest in the awful reality of eternity. Such a death is not heroic; it is brutal. His embalmed body was conveyed to St. Petersburg, and buried in a Russian cemetery with the highest funeral honors. Alexander immediately wrote a touching letter to his wife, making her a present of one hundred thousand dollars. He also settled upon her a pension for life of seven thousand five hundred dollars. Moreau now sleeps in the midst of the enemies of his native land. France, without a dissenting voice, demanded from St. Helena the ashes of Napoleon, that they might repose in the midst of the people he loved so well. The remains of Moreau will probably never be disturbed.

During the action, the Emperor found himself commanding in person a terrific cannonade against the Austrian troops. His feelings seemed painfully agitated in thus contending against the soldiers of his father-in-law. He turned to Caulaincourt and said,

"The wicked advisers of the Emperor Francis deserve to be hanged. This is an iniquitous, impious war. How will it all end?"

In the evening of this bloody day, Napoleon, drenched with rain and utterly exhausted, returned to Dresden. The inhabitants and the royal family received him with raptures. Napoleon expressed the deepest regret that the capital of his faithful ally had been subjected to the horrors of a bombardment, and that France was remotely the cause. All the generous impulses of his generous nature were moved. He immediately distributed large sums of money to all whose property had been injured, spoke in tones of subdued and peculiar kindness to those who approached him, caused the utmost attention to be paid to the wounded, not only of his own troops, but also of the allied army, and relieved, with almost parental care, the wants of his prisoners. With generosity unparalleled, he included in this provision even those prisoners who were deserters from the contingent corps in his pay. The sympathies of this great man were with the people, even when in their ignorance they were betrayed to fight against him.

The Emperor did not return to the palace until after midnight. He had indulged in no rest for thirty-six hours. During much of this time he had been soaked with rain, while the blasts of the cold storm swept over him. Still he sat up the whole night dictating orders. Caulaincourt was so exhausted that he had frequently fallen asleep while sitting upon his horse, although the roar of artillery was thundering in his ears, and the air was filled with the shrill whistle of bullets and of balls. "It required a constitution of iron," says Caulaincourt, "to bear up under the fatigue to which we had been exposed for the last five months. But how could we think of ourselves when we saw the Emperor exposing his life and health to continual danger?"

At four o'clock in the morning, Napoleon threw himself upon a camp-bed,

and was instantly asleep. After resting but twenty minutes, he suddenly awoke and sprang from his bed, exclaiming,

“Caulaincourt, are you there? Proceed to the camp, and take with you the plan which I have drawn up. The corps of Victor and Marmont have arrived to-night. Examine the amount of their forces, and see if they are strong enough to maintain the positions which I have assigned to them. This is essential, Caulaincourt. See with your own eyes, and trust only to your own observation.”

Napoleon went to a window and looked out anxiously at the state of the weather. The rain beat violently against the panes. Fierce gusts of wind swept by. The streets were flooded, and the lamps flickered and burned dimly in the stormy air. The camp presented an indescribable image of desolation and misery. The fires were all extinguished by the ceaseless torrents. The soldiers, exhausted by forced marches, were vainly seeking repose upon the muddy ground. The Emperor went down into the court-yard of the palace. The squadron on duty consisted of the grenadiers of the Old Guard, who, on the preceding day, had served as the escort of the Emperor, and, soaked through with the rain, had returned with him to Dresden. In their intense desire to gratify their beloved Emperor, fatigued as they were, they had passed many hours in removing the mud from their garments, and in preparing themselves to present a soldierly appearance in the morning. And now, in the earliest dawn, they were in martial array, presenting arms, and looking as trim as if they had been on parade at the Tuileries. Napoleon was surprised. It seemed like the work of magic.

“Why, my lads,” said he, in those tones of kindness which ever touched the hearts of his soldiers, “you have had no rest. You must have spent the whole night in equipping yourselves.”

“No matter for that,” one of the men replied; “we have had as much rest as your majesty has had.”

“I am accustomed to go without rest,” Napoleon replied. Then, casting a glance along the line, his eye rested upon a soldier whom he seemed to recognize, and he addressed him, saying, “You served in Egypt, I think?”

“I am proud to say that I did,” the soldier replied. “I was at the battle of Aboukir, and the work was hot enough there.”

“You have no decoration, I perceive,” Napoleon rejoined.

“It will come some time or other,” the soldier replied.

“It has come,” said the Emperor. “I now give you the cross.”

“The poor fellow,” says Caulaincourt, who narrates this scene, “was entirely overcome with joy and gratitude. He fixed upon the Emperor a look which it is impossible to describe, and the tears filled his eyes. ‘I shall lay down my life for your majesty to-day, that is certain,’ said he. In his transport he seized the skirt of the Emperor’s famous gray greatcoat, and, putting it into his mouth, bit off a fragment, which he placed in his button-hole. ‘This will do till I get the red ribbon,’ said he, ‘please your majesty.’”

The whole escort, rejoicing in the honor conferred upon their deserving comrade, simultaneously raised a shout of *Vive l’Empereur!* Napoleon, deeply touched by these proofs of devotion and love, spurred his horse and galloped from the court-yard. The King of Saxony, who witnessed this



SOLDIER REWARDED.

scene, sent the same evening twenty gold Napoleons to the soldier, with a message informing him the money was to purchase a red ribbon.

According to his usual custom, Napoleon rode immediately to visit the field of battle. It was, indeed, a ghastly spectacle which there met the eye. Upon a space of ground but a few leagues in extent, three hundred thousand men, with a thousand pieces of artillery, and with the most destructive weapons of infantry and of cavalry, for two days had contended with the utmost desperation of valor. The ground was covered with the gory bodies of the dead, in every conceivable form of mutilation. Dismembered limbs, and headless trunks, and shapeless masses of flesh of men and horses, presented an aspect, as far as the eye could extend, inconceivably revolting. Those fiends in human form, both male and female, who ever, in vast numbers, follow in the track of armies for the sake of plunder, had stripped the bodies of the dead. In parts of the field where the action had been unusually severe,

these unclotted and bloodstained corpses were piled together in vast masses. Though thousands of the wounded had been removed, multitudes still remained, filling the air with dying moans, through which occasionally pierced the sharp shriek of unutterable agony. The Allies had marshaled their hosts not only from nearly all the nations of Europe, but even from the savage tribes of Asia. The wolfish Cossacks and the polished noble met hand to hand in the deadly combat, and mingled their blood, and bit the dust together. "The blue-eyed Goth," says Alison, "lay beneath the swarthy Italian; the long-haired Russian was still locked, in his death struggle, with the undaunted Frank; the fiery Hun lay athwart the stout Norman; the lightsome Cossack and roving Tartar repose far from the banks of the Don or the steppes of Samarcand."

By such enormous slaughter the Allies accomplished their purposes. They have postponed for perhaps half a century the regeneration of Europe, and now, in all probability, these awful battles are to be fought over again; but where are we to look for a Napoleon, who will confer upon the people equal rights, while he sustains sacred law, and rescues Europe from the horrors of blind and maddened revolution. The future of Europe we contemplate in despair.

Having for some time silently and sadly gazed upon this awful spectacle, the Emperor urged onward his horse, and proceeded to ascertain the positions of the retreating foe, and to direct the vigorous pursuit. Utterly worn down as he was by exposure, sleeplessness, and exhaustion, he had not advanced far in the chill and driving storm before he was seized with severe colic pains, accompanied with burning fever and violent vomitings. He was compelled to take a carriage and return to Dresden. While thus suddenly thrown upon a bed of helplessness and anguish, the pursuit was necessarily intrusted to his generals.

But for this sudden indisposition, it is by no means improbable that the foe, bewildered and overwhelmed, would have been compelled again to sue for peace. Now, however, disaster after disaster rapidly fell upon the French arms. Russia, Prussia, and Austria were raising vast re-enforcements. Notwithstanding the losses of the Allies, each day their numbers were increasing. But France was exhausted. Though Napoleon was in the midst of victories, his army was continually diminishing, and it was almost impossible for him to replenish his wasted battalions. The popular governments friendly to France, surrounded by triumphant foes, were disheartened. The old Royalist party in those states and kingdoms were animated to more vigorous opposition.

General Vandamme, a French officer of remarkably fiery temperament, was stationed in the mountains of Bohemia. Napoleon once said of him,

"Were that general lost, I know not what I should refuse to have him restored. But if I had two such, I should be compelled to make one shoot the other."

While Murat, Marmont, and St. Cyr were pursuing the enemy, Napoleon expected from Vandamme, in his peculiar position, almost the total overthrow of the routed host. But by the unforeseen casualties of war, this stern soldier became surrounded by overwhelming numbers. After a bloody con-

flict, in which many were slain, some twenty thousand of his troops, under General Corbineau, succeeded in cutting a passage through the Allies. General Vandamme, however, and seven thousand men, remained prisoners of war.

General Oudinot had been ordered to give battle to Bernadotte. Suddenly he found himself assailed by a combined force of eighty thousand soldiers. He was defeated, with the loss of fifteen hundred men and eight guns. General Gerard sallied from Magdeburg with six thousand troops to aid General Oudinot. He was immediately assailed by resistless forces, and put to flight, with the loss of fifteen hundred prisoners, and nearly all his baggage.

General Macdonald was marching against Blucher. He became entangled in a narrow defile flooded with rains, and sustained a defeat. General Lauriston, who commanded Macdonald's right wing, being surrounded by the Allies, was compelled to surrender, with a garrison of a thousand men.

Such were the disastrous tidings which were brought to Napoleon while he was prostrate on his sick-bed at Dresden. By these calamitous events he had lost more than thirty thousand soldiers.

"This," said he to Murat, "is the fate of war; exalted in the morning, low enough before night. There is but one step between triumph and ruin."

A map of Germany was lying upon the table by his bedside. He took it up, and seemed to be carefully studying it, as, in low tones, he repeated to himself the words of the poet Corneille :

" J'ai servi, commandé, vaincu quarante années.
Du monde, entre mes mains j'ai vu les destinées ;
Et j'ai toujours connu qu'en chaque événement,
Les destin des états dépendait d'un moment."*

But disasters still continued to accumulate. Ney, near the walls of Wittenberg, was assailed by an overwhelming force of the Allies. A corps of the Saxon army, disheartened by the desperate odds against which Napoleon was now contending, in the midst of the engagement abandoned their post and fled, in all probability by previous agreement. Into the gap thus produced, the cavalry of the Allies plunged, cutting Ney's division in two, and taking ten thousand men and forty pieces of artillery. The separated bodies were compelled to retire in different directions.†

Though Napoleon's serious sickness continued, he could no longer endure

* I have served, commanded, conquered for fourteen years.
Of the world, in my hands, I have seen the destinies ;
And I have always known, that in each event,
The destiny of states depended upon a moment.

† St. Cyr, who was present when Napoleon received the intelligence of this disaster, says, "The Emperor interrogated the officer minutely, and entered, with the most imperturbable composure, into the movements of the different corps ; after which he explained, in a manner equally lucid and satisfactory, the causes of the reverse, but without the slightest expression of ill-humor, or any manifestation of displeasure at Ney, or any of the generals engaged. That conversation was brought on by the recital of one of the greatest disasters of the campaign—a disaster attended with terrible effects to the interests of many, and of none so much as himself. He spoke of it, nevertheless, as calmly as he would have done of the affairs of China, or of Europe in the preceding century."—*Histoire Militaire*, vol. iv., p. 149, 150.

the torture of such calamitous tidings. He rose from his sick-bed, and, in pain and exhaustion, again placed himself at the head of his troops. And now ensued, by the confession of both friend and foe, the most extraordinary display of genius, of heroism, and of fortitude the world has ever witnessed. Through a series of almost uninterrupted victories, Napoleon was conducted to ruin. Overwhelmed by numbers, surrounding him and assailing him at all points, victories were to him of no avail. The enemy, vanquished to-day, presented themselves in redoubled numbers on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DISASTER AT LEIPSIĆ.

Renewed Discomfiture of the Allies—Extraordinary Plan of the Emperor—Defection of his Generals—Anguish of Napoleon—The Retreat to Leipsic—Battle of Leipsic—Proposals for an Armistice—Sickness of the Emperor—Second Day of Battle—Desertion of the Saxon Troops—Failure of Ammunition—The Retreat—Last Interview with the King of Saxony—Extraordinary Magnanimity of the Emperor—Battle of Hanau—Surrender of Fortresses—False Faith of the Allies—Napoleon's Return to Paris.

It was on the 4th of September that Napoleon joined the corps of Macdonald near Bautzen. The Allies, under Blucher, occupied a strong position on some neighboring heights. Within an hour of Napoleon's arrival in the camp the corps of Macdonald was in motion. The Allies were attacked, driven from their positions, and were pursued furiously all the next day. In the midst of the victorious tumult, a courier arrived in breathless haste, and informed Napoleon that a portion of the allied army, in immense force, was pouring down from the mountains of Bohemia, and threatening Dresden. The Emperor immediately turned upon his track, and hastened to the Elbe. At seven o'clock in the evening of the next day, he came in sight of the advanced guard of the Allies at Pirna, about fifteen miles from Dresden. The Allies, not willing to hazard a battle, immediately retreated to the fastnesses of the mountains, "afraid," says Sir Walter Scott, "of one of those sudden strokes of inspiration, under which their opponents seemed almost to dictate terms to fate."

The Emperor pursued them some twenty miles, through wild ravines, to Peterswald. Blucher was now marching from another direction, with a powerful army, upon Dresden. Napoleon turned upon him. Upon the Emperor's approach, Blucher immediately wheeled about and fled. Napoleon, however, encountered the Austrians under Schwartzenburg near Töplitz, attacked them, routed them entirely, and drove them in wild confusion through the valley of Culm to Nollendorf.

A terrific storm, rendering the roads impassable, arrested his farther pursuit. The discomfited Austrians, better acquainted with the by-paths of the country, effected their escape. Again Napoleon returned a victor, but fruitlessly a victor, to Dresden. Here he was informed that Bernadotte, with an army far more powerful than Napoleon had at his command, had crossed the Elbe, to cut off the French communications with Paris. Napoleon impetuously advanced to attack him. Bernadotte, afraid to await the indig-

nant blows of his old companion in arms, precipitately retreated toward Dresden. Thus the Allies incessantly for a month renewed their attempts to seize Dresden, and thus Napoleon incessantly baffled their endeavors, without being able to draw them into any decisive action.

But every day the army of Napoleon was growing weaker, while the Allies, notwithstanding their defeats, were constantly growing stronger. Napoleon had in his ranks many men belonging to the contingent troops furnished by the princes of the Rhenish Confederation. These men, frequently mere mercenary soldiers, were ready to fight for any cause which would pay the best. Foreseeing, in these hours of disaster, the inevitable downfall of Napoleon, as all the monarchies of Europe were arrayed against him, they began to desert in great numbers. The gold of England was distributed with a lavish hand to all who would join in this, now prosperous, crusade against England's dreaded foe.

Lord Cathcart, Sir Robert Wilson, and other English commissioners were in the camp of the Allies, to make bargains with all who, individually or in bodies, would unite with the enormous coalition. Pamphlets and proclamations were scattered like autumn leaves, defaming the character of Napoleon in every way, audaciously accusing him of being the author of these sanguinary wars, and calling upon the people of France and of Europe to crush the tyrant, and thus to restore peace and liberty to the world. Many of the fickle and uninformed populace believed these slanders. They were not acquainted with the intrigues of diplomacy. They knew that for many weary years Napoleon had been struggling against all Europe, and they began to think that, after all, it was possible that the overthrow of Napoleon might bring that peace for which France and Germany ardently longed.

Napier, in the following indignant strain, shows how thoroughly corruption had at that time pervaded the British government, and how effectually, in England, liberty of speech and of the press was trampled down under aristocratic usurpation: "Such was the denuded state of the victorious Wellington at a time when millions, and the worth of more millions, were being poured by the English ministers into the Continent; when every petty German sovereign, partisan, or robber, who raised a band or a cry against Napoleon, was supplied to satiety. And all this time there was not, in England, one public salary reduced, one contract checked, one abuse corrected, one public servant rebuked for negligence; not a writer dared expose the mischief, lest he should be crushed by persecution; no minister ceased to claim and to receive the boasting congratulation of the Tories; no Whig had sense to discover or spirit to denounce the iniquitous system."*

Before the end of September Napoleon received a sorrowful letter from Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, whose daughter Eugene had married, informing him that it would be impossible for Bavaria to maintain its alliance with France more than six weeks longer. The Allies, in overwhelming numbers, had overrun nearly the whole of Germany. They would allow of no neutrality. Bavaria must either join the Allies against France, or come under that iron rule which is the fate of a conquered kingdom. The defection of Bavaria would sever at a blow, from the French alliance, a kingdom

* Napier, vol. iv., p. 336.

containing between three and four millions of inhabitants. The Allies offered the king, in case he would abandon France and join the coalition against Napoleon, his full sovereignty and the integrity of his dominions. The king had to choose between this and inevitable and total ruin.

Jerome was King of Westphalia. This kingdom contained about two millions of inhabitants. The Westphalians, terrified in view of their danger, and anxious to make the best terms possible with the enormous armies swarming through Germany, revolted, and Jerome was compelled to abandon the capital and retire to the Rhine.

About four millions of inhabitants were embraced in the kingdom of Saxony. The king, Frederick Augustus, has immortalized his name by the fidelity with which he adhered to his noble friend and ally; but the Saxon people, fickle like all uninformed multitudes, were anxious to abandon a sinking cause, and attach themselves to one so manifestly destined to be triumphant.

Frederick I. of Wurtemberg had one million three hundred thousand subjects under his sway. The Allies threatened to desolate his kingdom with the whirlwind of war. His terrified subjects were clamorous for peace. Napoleon could no longer protect them. But peace with the Allies could only be obtained by turning their arms against their benefactor. The Allies would allow no neutrality. Such were the difficulties with which the Emperor was now surrounded; yet he manifested no agitation, yielded to no outbursts of passion, in view of the treachery which was securing his ruin, but with serenity, dignity, and fearlessness, which has won the admiration of his bitterest foes, he struggled till hope expired.

“He had conceived,” says Colonel Napier, “a project so vast, so original, so hardy, so far above the imagination of his contemporary generals, that even Wellington’s sagacity failed to pierce it, and he censured the Emperor’s long stay on the Elbe as an obstinacy unwarranted by the rules of art. But Napoleon had more profoundly judged his own situation.”*

The extraordinary plan which Napoleon had adopted was this: The Allies had already crossed the Elbe; had established themselves in great force on the left bank, and were threatening speedily to close on his rear, and to cut off all possibility of retreat. Napoleon, under these circumstances, resolved, instead of retreating to the Rhine, to cut through the allied army before him, and march boldly to the north, some two hundred miles from the banks of the Elbe, toward the banks of the Oder, and thus to carry the war into the territory of his enemies. Napoleon could now muster but one hundred thousand men. The Allies had five hundred thousand. By this extraordinary movement he would compel the Allies hastily to retrace their steps, to prevent the capture of their own cities.

“Under these circumstances, Napoleon would have been finally successful,” says Colonel Napier, “but for the continuation of a treachery, which seemed at the time to be considered a virtue by sovereigns who were unceasingly accusing their more noble adversary of the baseness they were practicing so unblushingly.”†

* Nothing can show more conclusively than this the folly of literary gentlemen, by their peaceful firesides, criticising the strategy of Napoleon.

† Napier’s *Peninsular War*, vol. iv., p. 326.

This plan was in process of successful execution, and different corps of the French army were advancing upon Berlin, when Napoleon received the appalling intelligence that the King of Bavaria, instead of waiting the promised six weeks, had gone over with his whole force to the Allies; that the King of Wurtemberg, yielding to the same tremendous pressure of circumstances, had followed his example; that thus his friends, converted into foes, were combined in his rear to cut off his supplies; that the Russians had just received a re-enforcement of eighty thousand men; that an army of a hundred thousand were marching upon Mayence, to carry the war into France; and that the Allies, with half a million of troops, were converging upon Dresden.

One would suppose that such tidings would have crushed any spirit. Napoleon received them, however, with his accustomed equanimity. He immediately appealed to France for an extraordinary levy of men to preserve the empire from invasion. Maria Louisa proceeded in person to the Legislative Chambers, and pronounced a discourse which Napoleon had prepared for her. The Senate promptly and unanimously voted a supply of one hundred and eighty thousand conscripts. This force was raised with alacrity, and sent forward to aid their countrymen, struggling against overwhelming numbers upon the frontiers of France. Such was one of those acts of *conscription*, for resorting to which the Allies have had the audacity to abuse Napoleon. Indignant justice will reverse their verdict. These terrible disasters, however, disheartened the French generals, and they recoiled from the apparently desperate enterprise which the Emperor had projected.

Napoleon's plan of thus boldly marching upon Berlin is now universally considered as one of the grandest of the combinations of his genius. He had carefully contemplated it in every possible point of view. His officers, however, were exhausted by toil, and disheartened by the defection of their friends, and by the overwhelming forces in the midst of whom they were struggling. When the plan was communicated to them, there was a general expression of dissatisfaction. They were not prepared for so perilous an enterprise. They complained loudly, and clamored to be led back to the Rhine. These remonstrances, now heard for the first time, wounded the Emperor deeply. The hour of adversity was darkening around him, and his long-tried friends began to fail in their fidelity.

"There was something," says Caulaincourt, "very odious in insurrection thus excited by unmerited misfortune. I was in the Emperor's saloon when the officers of his staff came to implore him to abandon his design on Berlin, and march back to Leipsic. It was an exceedingly distressing scene. None but those who knew the Emperor as I knew him can form any idea of what he suffered. The subject was opened by a marshal of France. I will not name him. His existence has since been poisoned by cruel regret. After he had spoken, several others delivered their opinions."

The Emperor listened in silence to their remonstrances. The flush of his cheek and the fire of his eye alone betrayed the intensity of his emotions. He had sufficient control over himself to refrain from any expression of resentment. When they had concluded, he replied with calmness and dignity, though an unusual tremor was observable in his voice :

“I have maturely reflected on my plans, and have weighed the defection of Bavaria in the balance of circumstances adverse to our interests. I am convinced of the advantage of marching on Berlin. A retrograde movement, in the circumstances in which we are placed, will be attended by disastrous consequences. Those who oppose my plan are taking upon themselves a fearful responsibility. I will consider what you have said, gentlemen.”

He then retired into his cabinet alone. Hour passed after hour, and yet he did not make his appearance, and no one was admitted to his solitude. Caulaincourt at last became anxious, and walked up and down the saloon adjoining the cabinet, hesitating what to do. It was a cold, dark, and stormy night. The wind shrieked around the towers, and howled through the corridors of the gloomy castle of Duben, rattling the windows in their antique leaden frames. It was a melancholy hour, and sadness oppressed all hearts. Night advanced, and still the Emperor remained in the solitude of his cabinet, and the uproar of the elements alone disturbed the silence of the scene. Caulaincourt at last tore a leaf from his memorandum book, and wrote with a pencil, “I am here; will your majesty be pleased to see me?” Summoning an usher, he directed him to enter the Emperor’s apartment and give him the slip of paper. Caulaincourt approached the door as the usher entered. As the Emperor read the paper, a faint smile passed over his dejected countenance, and he said aloud, “Come in, Caulaincourt.”

The Emperor was lying upon a sofa. A little table stood by his side covered with maps. His eyes were dim and vacant, and an expression of profound melancholy was spread over his features. In a state of nervous agitation, he unconsciously took up and threw down the objects which were near him.



DRESDEN AND LEIPSIĆ.

Caulaincourt approached him, and said, imploringly, “Sire, this state of mind will kill you.”

Napoleon made no reply, but by a gesture seemed to say, "It matters not."

Caulaincourt, trying to frame an apology for the remonstrances of the generals, said, "Sire, the representations which have been made to you are submitted for your majesty's consideration."

Napoleon fixed his languid eyes upon Caulaincourt, and said, "You are not under the delusion, Caulaincourt; no, it can not be! You must be aware of the fatal result of this spirit of insubordination. It must be followed by fearful and incalculable consequences. When bayonets deliberate, power escapes from the sceptre of the sovereign. I see growing up around me a spirit of inertness more dangerous than positive revolt. A hundred generals in open insurrection could not embarrass me. My troops would put down the fiercest rebellion. They do not argue—they obey; and are willing to follow me to the farthest extremity of the earth. But in the critical circumstances in which we are at present placed, it is a matter of life or death to the country that a good understanding should exist between the leaders of the army and myself. Distrust and hesitation will bring about our destruction more speedily than the swords of the Allies."

The Emperor rose from the sofa, walked two or three times up and down the floor, slowly and thoughtfully, and then continued, as if speaking to himself, "All is lost! I am vainly contending against Fate. The French know not how to bear reverses." He then threw himself again upon the sofa and was absorbed in reverie.

The morning dawned, and another day of painful suspense lingered away. The embarrassment of the Emperor was distressing in the extreme. He could not execute his bold march upon Berlin without the most energetic and cordial co-operation of his generals. A retreat toward the Rhine would, in his judgment, almost certainly secure the ruin of the army and of France. At length he came to a decision. The agitation of his mind was now over. He was calm, firm, determined, as he made up his mind to return to Leipsic and struggle heroically till the last.

With prophetic solemnity he said to Caulaincourt, "Fate marks the fall of nations."

"But, sire," said Caulaincourt, "the will of a people may counterbalance the decree of Fate."

"Yes," Napoleon replied; "but that will has not been shown. Bear this in mind, Caulaincourt! Let not the French invoke maledictions on my memory. May they who have urged this movement not have reason to repent it."*

Orders were immediately given for the retreat of the army. On the evening of the 15th of October he had assembled his small but valiant band around the walls of Leipsic. On the same evening, the Allies, pouring in from all quarters, had encircled the city with their enormous host of three hundred and fifty thousand men. During the night the sentinels of the hostile armies were posted within musket-shot of each other. With such a vast superiority of numbers, the Allies were confident of success. The French troops, however, though outnumbered three to one, and though they had but

* Souvenirs de Caulaincourt.

six hundred pieces of artillery to repel the assault of a thousand, still, accustomed to victory whenever Napoleon was present, yielded to no despondency. The Emperor passed the night in surveying the ground where the Allies were ranged, in issuing orders to his marshals and generals, in visiting all the posts of his army in person, and in distributing Eagles to such regiments as had not yet received them. The soldiers were roused to enthusiasm by his presence and his words of encouragement.

"Yonder lies the enemy," said Napoleon; "swear that you would die rather than see France dishonored."

"We swear it," the soldiers responded, and cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* resounded through the camp, and fell in prolonged echoes upon the ears of the astonished foe.

Napoleon was fully conscious of the fearful odds against which he was to contend. The hurried manner in which he issued his commands alone indicated the disturbed state of his mind.

"While pointing out to me," says Caulaincourt, "the plan which he had traced, the Emperor said, 'There are no scientific combinations which can compensate, on this point, for the thinness of our squares. We shall be overpowered by mere numbers. One hundred and twenty-five thousand men against three hundred and fifty thousand, and this in a pitched battle! Well, they would have it thus!' This phrase, which he repeated for the second time, in a tone of despair, rang in my ears like a sentence of death."

At nine o'clock in the morning of the 16th of October, the terrible battle of Leipzig commenced. The awful battle raged with unabated fury hour after hour, through the morning and through the afternoon, till the lurid sun went down veiled in the clouds of war. Struggling against such odds, a decisive victory was impossible. "It required thunderbolts," said Napoleon, "to enable us to conquer such masses."

The Allies, during the day, lost twenty thousand men. The loss of the French, protected by their redoubts, was much less. Among the prisoners taken by the French was Count Merfield, who, in former years, had been sent to Napoleon's head-quarters at Leoben to implore, in behalf of Austria, the cessation of hostilities. Napoleon had, on that occasion, treated Francis with extraordinary magnanimity. He now caused Merfield to be brought to his tent, liberated him on his parole, and made him bearer of a message to the Allies soliciting an armistice.

Napoleon conversed with the utmost frankness with the Austrian general, and expressed how deeply he was disappointed and wounded that his father-in-law should take up arms against him.

"Our political alliance," said he, "is broken up, but between your master and me there is another bond, which is indissoluble. That it is which I invoke; for I shall always place confidence in the regard of my father-in-law. I shall never cease to appeal to him from all that passes here. You see how they attack me, and how I defend myself."

In reference to the peril with which Europe was threatened by the despotic power of Russia, Napoleon said, "For Austria to gain at the expense of France, is to lose. Reflect on it, general. It is neither Austria, nor Prussia, nor France, singly, that will be able to arrest, on the Vistula, the inun-

dation of a people half nomade, essentially conquering, and whose dominions extend from this to China."

In conclusion, he said, "Depart on your honorable mission of peace-maker. Should your efforts be crowned with success, you will secure the affection and gratitude of a great nation. The French people, as well as myself, earnestly wish for peace. I am willing to make great sacrifices for this end. If it be refused, we will defend the inviolability of our territory to the last drop of our blood. The French have already shown that they know how to defend their country against foreign invaders. Adieu, general! When, on my entreaty, you mention the word armistice to the two Emperors, I doubt not that the voice that strikes their ears will awaken the most impressive recollections."*

Francis, Alexander, and Frederick William had all been in the power of Napoleon. He had treated them, especially the two former, with a generosity which had excited the surprise of all Europe. But now that disasters were thickening around their magnanimous foe, they would not treat *him* with ordinary courtesy. They did not condescend even to return an answer to the application for an armistice.

"The allied sovereigns," says Alison, "were too well aware of the advantages of their situation either to fall into the snare which Napoleon had laid for them, by sending back Merfield with proposals for an armistice, or to throw them away by precipitating their attack before their whole force had come up. Under pretense, therefore, of referring the proposals to the Emperor of Austria, Schwartzberg eluded them altogether, and no answer was returned to them till after the French had recrossed the Rhine."

During the 17th the battle was not renewed. The Allies, though outnumbering the French three to one, rendered cautious by the heroic resistance which Napoleon had presented, were waiting for Bernadotte, who, with a powerful re-enforcement of sixty thousand troops, was hurrying to lend his aid in the slaughter of his countrymen. Napoleon did not renew the conflict, as he hoped the Allies were deliberating upon the proposal for a cessation of hostilities. He, however, devoted the whole day in preparing for the worst. He seemed incapable of fatigue, as, regardless of food and sleep, he directed every movement in person.

At night he returned to his tent in a painful state of agitation, anxiously looking for the return of General Merfield. The unspeakable magnitude of the interests at stake overwhelmed the soul of the Emperor. There rose before him the vision of another day of merciless slaughter, the possible annihilation of his army by resistless numbers, the overthrow of the independence of France, and of all the free governments of Europe, and his own personal ruin. He was also worn down with sleeplessness and exhaustion, and was sick and in pain. He could not conceal his anxiety, which increased every moment. His features were contracted, and his countenance lividly pale. He threw himself into an easy-chair which stood at the farther end of the tent, and, placing his hand upon his stomach, where the fatal disease was probably commencing its ravages, said, languidly,

"I feel very ill. My mind bears up, but my body fails."

* Fain, vol. ii., p. 412. Caulaincourt, vol. i., p. 242.

Caulaincourt was alarmed, and exclaimed, hurrying toward the door, "I will send for your physician, Ivan."

"No! no!" the Emperor replied, "I desire that you do not. The tent of a sovereign is as transparent as glass. I must be up, to see that every one is at his post."

"Sire," said Caulaincourt, taking the burning hands of the Emperor in his own, "I implore you to lie down and take some rest. Lie down, I entreat you."

"I can not," said the Emperor. "A sick soldier would receive a hospital order; but I—I can not share the indulgence which would be granted to the poor soldier."

"As he uttered these words," says Caulaincourt, "he heaved a deep sigh, and his head sank languidly on his bosom. This scene will never be effaced from my memory. The recollection of it inspired me with courage in those subsequent hours when all was irreparably lost. During those terrible scenes, when my energy was nearly exhausted, when my resolution was on the point of yielding in the struggle with despondency, I thought of Napoleon on the night of the 17th of October. How trivial my own sufferings appeared in comparison with those of the noble victim."

The Emperor took the hand of his faithful and sympathizing friend, and pressing it feebly, said, "It is nothing; I shall soon be better. Take care that no one enters."

"I was in an agony of alarm," says Caulaincourt, "at seeing the Emperor in this sad condition. The enemy was pressing on all sides. The fate of thousands who were on the field of battle hung on the fate of Napoleon. I offered up to heaven one of those tacit prayers to which no language can give adequate expression. After a little interval, the Emperor, though still breathing with difficulty, said, 'I feel somewhat better, my dear Caulaincourt.' He took my arm, and walked two or three times slowly up and down the tent. His countenance gradually resumed its wonted animation. Half an hour after this serious fit of sickness, the Emperor was surrounded by his staff, and was giving orders and dispatching messages to the different commanders of corps. Day was beginning to dawn, and the carnage was about to recommence."

As Napoleon mounted his horse, he said to his escort, "This day will resolve a great question. The destiny of France is about to be decided on the field of Leipsic. Should we be victorious, all our misfortunes may yet be repaired. Should we be conquered, it is impossible to foresee what may be the consequences of our defeat."

As the sun rose in the cloudless sky, the whole allied army was put in motion. The spectacle now presented from the steeples of Leipsic was awful in its sublimity. As far as the eye could extend in every direction, the dense columns of the Allies, in multitudes which seemed innumerable, were advancing upon the city. The clangor of martial bands, the neighing of horses, the gleam of polished armor in the bright rays of the morning sun, and the confused murmur of the interminable host, presented a spectacle of the pageantry of war which has never been surpassed. A mass of nearly five hundred thousand men, armed with the most terrible instruments of de-

struction which human ingenuity can create, were concentrating in a circle but a few leagues in extent.

Soon, louder than ten thousand thunders, the appalling roar of the battle commenced. A day of tumult, blood, and woe ensued. The French could oppose to their foes but about one hundred thousand men. The Allies, three hundred and fifty thousand strong, were rushing upon them.*

Napoleon, reckless of danger, was moving through clouds of smoke and over heaps of the slain, from place to place, with such rapidity that it was extremely difficult for his escort to follow him. He seemed to bear a charmed life; for while others were continually falling at his side, he escaped unharmed. "During the whole of this eventful day," says Sir Walter Scott, "in which he might be said to fight less for victory than for safety, this wonderful man continued calm, decided, collected, and supported his diminished and broken squadrons in their valiant defense with a presence of mind and courage as determined as he had so often exhibited in directing the tide of onward victory. Perhaps his military talents were more to be admired when thus contending at once against fortune and the superiority of numbers, than in the most distinguished of his victories when the fickle goddess fought on his side."

At three o'clock in the afternoon, in the very hottest of the battle, Bernadotte was advancing with a combined corps of Swedes, Russians, and Prussians, against his old companion in arms, Marshal Ney, who was defending an important post with some French and Saxon troops, and the cavalry of Wurtemberg. It will be remembered that, at the battle of Wagram, Bernadotte had command of the Saxon contingent force, and that Napoleon reproved him for commending them at the expense of the rest of the army. Suddenly the whole Saxon corps, together with the cavalry of Wurtemberg, twelve thousand men, taking with them forty guns and all their ammunition and equipments, abandoned their post and passed over to the lines of Bernadotte. As they retired, they turned the muzzles of their guns against the French lines, and poured into the bosoms of their former comrades a point-blank discharge. "The allied troops," says Alison, "excited to the greatest degree by these *favorable circumstances*, now pressed forward at all points to encircle the enemy."

While these infamous deserters were received by the Allies with shouts of exultation, Ney, left defenseless, was compelled to retreat. An aid-de-camp was dispatched to Napoleon with the intelligence of this disastrous event. The Emperor reined in his horse, and for a moment sat motionless as a statue, stunned by the blow. Then raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, as if appealing to God for justice, "*Infamous!*" But not another word was wasted—not another moment was lost in useless repinings. He promptly placed himself at the head of a corps of his guard, and hastened to the menaced point. The French soldiers were so indignant at this unheard-of perfidy, that they fell with such vehemence upon the corps of Bernadotte, with their traitorous allies, as to force them into a tumultuous retreat. Shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" "*Death to the Saxons!*" they plunged, with resistless fury, into the enemy's ranks. Thus all the day the conflict raged. The

* Caulaincourt.

French, with almost superhuman exertions and courage, every where beat back their assailants.*

Night at last came, and threw its silence and its gloom over the scene of blood and misery. Both armies were utterly exhausted by this long and dreadful struggle. With an unyielding spirit Napoleon resolved to renew the battle on the following day. He issued the necessary orders, and retired to his tent to arrange his plan of action. But at seven o'clock he received the appalling tidings that there was not sufficient ammunition left to sustain the action for two hours. During the battles of the 16th and the 18th, upward of two hundred and twenty thousand charges had been expended. Retreat was now inevitable; a retreat of one hundred thousand men destitute of ammunition, in the presence of three hundred and fifty thousand men flushed with success.

A council of war was immediately convened. Imagination can not paint



THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

a more melancholy scene. The awful uproar of battle had ceased, and nothing disturbed the silence of the night but the wail of anguish which as-

* "The situation of the King of Saxony was a very painful one, inasmuch as he was exposed to the resentment of other sovereigns who had pursued a line of conduct less honorable than his. The Saxon army deserted from our ranks, and entered those of our enemy; that was without his order or participation. His name, however, was made use of to seduce the troops. They were told that the king had joined the alliance against France, and that the French were carrying him off. Russia neglected no paltry artifice of this kind to destroy the influence of France over the armies of the German princes; but of all the members of the coalition, he who resorted to the most unworthy means was Bernadotte. He had commanded the Saxons when he was one of our generals, and he availed himself of the advantages which this circumstance afforded to deceive them. Correspondence, proclamations, were actively employed, and no kind of seduction was spared."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. iii., p. 123.

cended from the wounded and the dying over the extended field. The whole circumference of the horizon, blazing with the bivouac fires of the enemy, indicated the apparent hopelessness of the condition of the French. They had no reserves to bring into action, no re-enforcements to expect, and their grand park of ammunition was at Torgau, fifty miles distant. The marshals and generals of Napoleon, in silence and dejection, gathered around him. There was little to be said, as no one, in this dreadful emergency, ventured to give any decisive counsel. In the midst of the conference, Napoleon, utterly overcome by fatigue, fell asleep in his chair. His arms were negligently folded, and his head fell upon his breast, as, in the oblivion of slumber, his spirit found a momentary respite from care and anguish. His officers, commiserating his woes, gazed sadly on him in profound silence. At the end of fifteen minutes he awoke, and, casting a look of astonishment on the circle around him, exclaimed, "Am I awake, or is it a dream?"

Napoleon uttered not a word of reproach to add to the anguish of those who, by refusing to march upon Berlin, had brought upon the army this awful disaster. All his tireless energies were aroused anew to extricate his troops with the same alacrity as if his own counsels had prevailed. On what page has history recorded an act of higher magnanimity? In one hour the exhausted soldiers, hungry and bleeding, were on the march, urging the desperate retreat.

Leipsic, containing about forty thousand inhabitants, was situated in a large and fertile plain. There was but one bridge across the River Elster by which the French could retire. At this point there was witnessed a scene of awful confusion, as, in the darkness of the night, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with all the ponderous and lumbering machinery of war, crowded and choked the narrow passage. Napoleon passed most of the night in superintending in person the perilous retreat. The camp fires were replenished and kept blazing to deceive the foe. Marmont and Ney were charged to protect the flanks of the retiring columns. To Macdonald was assigned the arduous command of the rear guard.

During the carnage of the preceding day, Napoleon, on the field of battle, had rewarded the heroism of Poniatowski with a marshal's baton. He now called the noble Pole before him, and said,

"Prince, to you I assign the defense of the southern faubourg."

"Sire," answered the marshal, "I fear that I have too few soldiers left."

"Well," replied the Emperor, sadly yet firmly, "but you will defend it with those you have."

"Doubt it not," rejoined the heroic prince; "we are all ready to die for your majesty."

During the whole night the French army was rapidly defiling along the narrow bridge. All the streets of the city leading to that passage were crowded with a prodigious throng of men, horses, and wagons. In the first gray of the morning the Allies detected the retreat of the French. The peal of bugles and the thunder of artillery instantly roused the whole hostile army. They sprung to arms, and rushed, with shouts of exultation, upon their comparatively defenseless foe. But the wise precautions which Napoleon had adopted still held them at bay.

Napoleon was anxious to save the unhappy city of Leipsic from the horror of a battle in its streets between the rear guard of the French and the advance guard of the Allies. Such a conflict would necessarily be attended with every conceivable brutality, with the conflagration of dwellings, and with the carnage of peaceful inhabitants. He resolved to appeal in their behalf to the mercy of the Allies, and sent a flag of truce, with proposals to spare the town. "But when," says Sir Walter Scott, "were victorious generals prevented from prosecuting military advantages by the mere considerations of humanity? Napoleon, on his side, was urged to set fire to the suburbs to check the progress of the Allies on his rear guard. As this, however, must have occasioned a most extensive scene of misery, Bonaparte generously refused to give such a dreadful order."*

"The Emperor," says Norvin, "wished to save the unhappy city from the horrors with which it was menaced. By his orders a deputation was sent to intercede for Leipsic. These demands of humanity were haughtily rejected by the Allies. '*Let Leipsic perish;*' such was the response of the combined sovereigns. Napoleon, as generous in adversity as in prosperity, was more humane toward a German city than were those who called themselves the *saviors of Germany.*" And this is the man whom the Allies have stigmatized as a *bloodthirsty monster!* He ordered the city to be protected, though by doing so he vastly increased the peril with which he was already overwhelmed; and he did this, notwithstanding the Saxon army had abandoned him, and the Royalists were already firing from the windows upon his retreating troops.

While the balls and shells of the Allies were thickly falling in the streets of Leipsic in the gloom of the morning, Napoleon entered the city and held his final interview with the King of Saxony, who had accompanied him from Dresden. It was a melancholy and a sublime parting of two friends, endeared to each other by the noblest ties of friendship. The aged king, having heard of the infamous conduct of his army, was overwhelmed with anguish. Napoleon, forgetting his own woes, endeavored to assuage the grief of his faithful ally. Napoleon was sad, yet calm. He expressed sincere re-

* Sir Walter Scott, with disingenuousness which we regret to record, adds, "which, besides, could not have been executed without compromising the safety of a great part of his own rear, to whom the task of destruction must have been committed, and who, doubtless, would have immediately engaged in an extensive scale of plunder."

It is painful to witness the earnestness with which Sir Walter Scott endeavors to ascribe every noble deed of Napoleon to some unworthy motive. There are, indeed, two Napoleon Bonapartes: the one the true Napoleon, as he exists in his own words and his actions; the other the false Napoleon, as he is portrayed in the hostile criticisms of his foes. We would not speak disrespectfully of Sir Walter Scott. The world owes him a debt of gratitude. He was a high-minded and an honorable man, and merits commiseration rather than censure. Bowed down with adversity and overwhelmed with debt, to extricate himself he performed the herculean task of writing the life of Napoleon in one year. He had no time for investigation. Writing with the utmost rapidity, he could only record, in those glowing words which his genius ever dictated, the current rumors respecting Napoleon which were at his hand in the English journals. The success of his enterprise depended upon his writing a book adapted to the prejudices of the higher classes of English society; and he doubtless thought that the views cherished by the English aristocracy were correct. Himself a high Tory in political principles, and breathing the very atmosphere of hostility to all democratic tendencies, it would be demanding too much of frail human nature to expect from him an impartial delineation of the career of the great foe of aristocratic privilege.

gret that he was thus compelled to leave the king in the midst of his triumphant enemies. In the utterance of these sentiments of affection and sympathy, he prolonged the conversation till a brisk cannonade before the very gates of the city proved the imminent danger that his retreat would be cut off. The king, alarmed for the safety of his guest, urged the Emperor, without delay, to mount his horse and depart.

"You have done all that could be done," he said, "and it is carrying your generosity too far to risk your personal safety in order to afford us a few additional moments of consolation."

Napoleon was deeply affected. He had been betrayed by so many, that his heart clung to those friends who remained faithful. He still lingered, reluctant to depart. At last, the rattle of musketry, drawing nearer and nearer, showed the rapid approach of the Allies. The Queen and the Princess Augusta now united with tears in imploring the Emperor to consult his own safety. Reluctantly, Napoleon yielded.

"I would not leave you," said he, "but that I perceive that my presence increases your alarms. I will insist no longer. Receive my adieus. When her power shall return, France will repay you the debt of gratitude which I have contracted."

The Emperor then descended to the gates of the palace, accompanied by Frederick Augustus. The two monarchs there, in a final embrace, took leave of each other, never to meet again. Napoleon mounted his horse, and, addressing a few noble words to the king's body guard who had been in his service, discharged them from all future obligations to him, and exhorted them to watch over the safety of their own sovereign and his family. He then directed his course to the nearest gate which led to the bridge. But the streets were so encumbered with a prodigious crowd of horsemen, carriages, and foot soldiers, that the Emperor could not force his passage through them. He was compelled to retrace his steps, and, passing through the centre of the city, issued by a gate on the opposite side, while the bullets of the enemy were falling thickly around him. Riding along the boulevards, he made the entire circuit of the city, till he arrived at the suburb near the head of the bridge. Here he again encountered such an accumulation of baggage-wagons, artillery-wagons, and the tumultuous host of the retreating army, that further advance was impossible. In this emergence, a friendly citizen conducted him into a garden through a narrow lane, and led him by a circuitous route to the head of the bridge. Thus narrowly he effected his escape.

The great stone bridge of the Elster, across which the disordered mass of the French army were crowding, had been mined. Many barrels of gunpowder were placed beneath its arches. Colonel Montfort had orders to apply the torch the moment the last of the French troops had passed, in order to arrest the pursuit of the enemy. Montfort, instead of attending to this most important duty himself, intrusted the charge to a corporal and four miners. Napoleon had hardly crossed the bridge ere the allied troops, in locust legions, were pouring into Leipsic, rending the heavens with their exultant shouts, and driving all opposition before them. The rear guard sullenly retired, bravely disputing every inch of ground against overwhelming

numbers. An enormous mass of soldiers, and wagons of every description, were now crowding the bridge in awful confusion. The bullets and cannon balls of the Allies fell like hailstones into their ranks.

The corporal, losing his presence of mind in this scene of tumult and carnage, applied the fatal torch. With a frightful explosion, the bridge was thrown into the air. Twenty-five thousand of the French army, with two hundred pieces of cannon and several hundred baggage-wagons, were thus cut off from the main body, without any possibility either of defense or retreat. A cry of horror burst from those who were near the chasm opened before them. The moving masses behind could not at once be stopped, and thousands of men and horses, with cannon and wagons, were crowded into the deep stream, presenting a scene of horror and destruction which the passage of the Beresina hardly paralleled.



DESTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE.

The French troops thus cut off in despair broke and fled in all directions. Macdonald spurred his horse into the river, and saved himself by swimming. Poniatowski, farther in the rear, and almost surrounded by the enemy, when he heard the fearful explosion, drew his sword, and exclaimed to the officers around him,

“Gentlemen, it now becomes us to die with honor.”

With his little band he dashed into the midst of the enemy's troops, and cut a passage through. Faint and bleeding, with one arm shattered by a bullet, he reached the River Plaisse, a small stream which it was necessary to cross before he reached the Elster. He plunged into the water while his pursuers were close after him. His exhausted horse sank beneath his weight, and was swept down the stream. The heroic marshal, however, attained

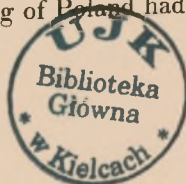
the opposite shore, and there, fainting through fatigue and loss of blood, with the bullets of his pursuers whistling around him, he with difficulty mounted another charger which he found upon the bank, whose rider had fallen. Spurring rapidly across a narrow space of ground swept by a storm of shot, he plunged boldly into the Elster. The steed bore him safely across; but, in endeavoring to struggle up the precipitous bank, he fell back upon his wounded, bleeding, exhausted rider, and Poniatowski sank to rise no more.



DEATH OF PONIATOWSKI.

Thus died this noble Pole. His body was found floating upon the stream a few days after his death, and was buried by his enemies with all the accompaniments of martial pomp. An unassuming monument now marks the spot where he perished. Napoleon, at St. Helena, pronounced his brief but well-merited eulogy:

“Poniatowski was a noble character, full of honor and bravery. It was my intention to have made him King of Poland had I succeeded in Russia.”



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