defended his country, is now in the grave, and cannot remove
the veil with which jealousy and envy would envelop his fame.
It remains therefore for me, the mother of his children, to fulfil
that sacred duty, and throw in all the light and all the truth
which can leave him to be fairly judged.

CHAPTER I.

The Comnene family—Place and date of my birth—The Greek Colony in
Corsica—Constantine Comnenus—Treaty with the republic of Genoa—
Prosperity of the colony—Destruction of the property of the Greeks—My
grandfather wishes to resign his name—Abolition of the original rank of the
Comnenes in Corsica—Appeal of my uncle Demetrius—Greek origin of the
Bonaparte family.

I was born at Montpellier on the 6th of November, 1784.
My family was then temporarily established at Languedoc, to
enable my father the more easily to exercise the duties of an
official appointment which he had obtained on his return from
America. My mother, like myself, was born beneath the tent
which her parents had pitched in a foreign land. From the
shores of the Bosphorus her family had emigrated to the solitudes
of the Taygeta, which they quitted to inhabit the mountains of
Corsica. I shall here insert a short explication relative to my
family, as I shall have occasion to revert to it later.

When France became mistress of Corsica by the treaty which
she concluded with the republic of Genoa, her troops had been
long attempting the conquest or rather the reduction of that
island, on the pretence that they were the allies of the Genoese.*
But the Corsicans, intrenched in their wild rocks, and animated
by an ardent love of liberty, set our troops at defiance; and
they would never have been subdued had they not committed
the error of provoking the hostility of the Greeks of the colony
of Paonia, who never forgave them for having ravaged their
plains, burned their houses, and destroyed their whole social
existence. It required these just grounds of revenge to induce
the Greeks to aid in the subjugation of a free people—they who
during two hundred years had resisted a great nation in defence
of their own rights and liberties.

* This was in the reign of Louis XV. The Duke de Choiseul, then minister
for foreign affairs, and the Marquis de la Sorba, plenipotentiary of the republic
of Genoa, concluded the treaty, by the terms of which France was to occupy
the island for ten years. At the expiration of that period, when it was expected
the spirit of revolt might be quenched, Corsica was to be restored to its
entire liberty.
The Greek colony of Paomia was composed of refugee families whom the senate of Genoa had received, when led by Constantine Stephanopoulos, and flying from the civil discord of their country, they left Mania to seek an asylum in Italy. The Greeks of that part of the Peloponnesus were then subject to a chief: that chief was still one of the Comneni. Constantine Comnenus, the tenth Protogeras of Mania, on the 3d of October, 1675, quitted his adopted country, and established himself in another land of exile. He was followed by three thousand individuals, who preferred exile to the slavery of the Mussulmans. The Greek colony landed at Genoa on the 1st of January, 1676. The definitive arrangements were concluded between the senate and Constantine Comnenus. When they were signed, the new colonists once more embarked, and arrived in Corsica on the 14th of March, 1676. The districts of Paomia, Salogna, and Reviuda, belonging to the republic of Genoa, were ceded to the Greeks on certain conditions, which Constantine pledged himself should be observed. The senate of Genoa secured to him the title of Privileged Chief; and he as well as the whole family of the Comneni were treated with marked honour: the clergy received orders to offer him incense on his arrival.

But the happiness of the colony was of short duration. The colonists of Nilo and Vico became jealous of the new comers, and the protection afforded to them by the republic. The Greeks enjoyed tranquillity only fifty-three years, from 1676 to 1729, when the Corsicans rose to emancipate themselves from the yoke of the Genoese. The Vicolesians, taking advantage of the difficult situation in which the Greeks stood, solicited their assistance, which being refused, they destroyed their property. In vain did Cecaldi and Giafferi, the two leaders of the insurrection, desire them to refrain from molesting the Greeks: they continued their violence; plantations were destroyed, and houses burnt. But they gratified their hatred and envy at their own expense; for all Corsica had benefited by the presence of the Greeks. This insurrection crowned the disastrous vicissitudes to which the Greeks had been continual victims for the space of two centuries. The misfortunes of their original country seemed to pursue them in their new asylum! They were obliged to quit Paomia and retire to Ajaccio.

At this time the privileged chief of the Greeks was John Stephanopoulos, Comnenus. He was the first of his family born, the subject of a foreign power, and he was a man worthy of his Spartan and Messenian descent. With despair he beheld the departure of the colony for Ajaccio. He stood with his arms crossed on his bosom, and saw women, children, and old men abandon an asylum created by their fathers. It was a sight which might justly call forth a vow of vengeance! John Comnenus would not quit the ruins of Paomia until the colony should return. He stayed there until the 1st of May, when the troops of the republic landed at Ajaccio, and the Greeks were treated with kindness. He remained in Corsica until 1687.
being intercepted by a troop of insurgent Corsicans, he had only
time to throw himself with eighty men who accompanied him
into the tower of Omigia, an indifferent place on the sea-coast.
There he was besieged by more than three thousand Corsicans.
Comnenus and his Greeks defended themselves with the courage
of lions; but at the expiration of three days their provisions and
ammunition failed them. “Shall we surrender?” exclaimed
John Comnenus in a tone which indicated that he knew what
would be the answer of his faithful followers. “No!” they re-
üplied. “Follow me, then,” returned their chief, and placing
himself at their head, he made a sortie from the fort, attacked
the Corsicans, made a great number of prisoners, and returned
victorious to Ajaccio.

John Comnenus had five sons, of whom the eldest, Theodoric,
entered the church, and died at the age of twenty-six, just after
he had been created Archbishop of the Greeks in Rome. He
was my grand uncle. Constantine succeeded his father. With
the courage and excellent qualifications of John he combined a
greater knowledge of the world, which he had acquired in his
travels. He was a soldier at twelve years of age, and at seven-
teen he marched at the head of the Greeks, of whom the republic
of Genoa acknowledged him the privileged chief by a treaty, as
it had done with regard to the three chiefs who preceded him.
Constantine died young; but though his life was short it was
imbittered by trouble. This inspired him, singularly enough,
with an aversion for his own origin. This aversion became so
strong that he conceived the design of extinguishing his family.
This design was confirmed when, on the union of Corsica with
France, he experienced the most revolting injustice. He had
four children: three sons and a daughter, who was my mother.
He made his eldest son John Stephen Comnenus enter the
church. The second was sent to Rome to the college of the
Propaganda-Fida, and was also destined for the ecclesiastical
profession. The third, who was very young, was also doomed to
eternal celibacy, and was to enter the church on attaining the
proper age. Thus, when my grandfather died, he quitted the
world with the firm conviction that his name would become ex-
tinct. On hearing of his father’s dangerous illness, my uncle
Demetrius left the college of the Propaganda-Fida and hurried
to Corsica. But his father died two days before his arrival.
The loss of a parent was not the only grief that awaited him on
his natal shore. The original rank which Genoa had secured to
his family, by various treaties passed between the republic and
the Comneni, was abolished, and the personal property of the
family united to the crown of France. Demetrius was painfully
affected at this breach of faith; for it can be called by no other
name, considering the voluntary sacrifices which the Greeks had
made for the cause of France. The young chief was then only
nine years old; with a smile which showed no bitterness he
said:—
claims at the foot of the throne, they were favourably listened to. The government granted him a compensation for his property, which had already been disposed of. As to his other claims, he was informed that the dignity which his ancestors had possessed was incompatible with the usages of the French monarchy; but that he might enjoy all the privileges assigned to nobility, and for that purpose he had only to prove his extraction. After an investigation before the king’s council, a direct filiation from David II., last emperor of Trebisonde, who was killed by order of Mahomet II., to Demetrius Comnenus was acknowledged, and confirmed by letters patent of Louis XVI., dated September 1, 1783.

I will now describe the close friendship and intimacy which subsisted between the Bonaparte family and mine. We were indeed united by the bonds of origin as well as of friendship, for it is a curious fact that Napoleon Bonaparte was reputed to be of Greek descent.

CHAPTER II.

Calomeros and Bonaparte—My father’s departure for America—Intimacy between my mother and Madame Letitia—Bonaparte’s boyhood—The basket of grapes and the flogging—Saveria, and the Bonaparte family—Character of the Corsicans—My father’s return—My birth, and my mother’s illness.

When Constantine Comnenus landed in Corsica, in 1676, at the head of the Greek colony, he had with him several sons, one of whom was named Calomeros. This son he sent to Florence, on a mission to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Constantine dying before the return of his son, the grand duke prevailed on the young Greek to renounce Corsica, and fix his abode in Tuscany. After some interval of time, an individual named Calomeros came from Italy—indeed from Tuscany, and fixed his abode in Corsica, where his descendants formed the family of Buonaparte; for the name Calomeros, literally Italianized, signified buona parte or bella parte.* The only question is, whether the Calomeros who left Corsica, and the Calomeros who came there, have a direct filiation. Two facts, however, are certain, namely, the departure of the one, and the arrival of the other. It is a singular circumstance that the Comneni, in speaking of the Bonaparte family, always designate them by the names Calomeros, Calomeri, or Calomeriani, according as they allude to one individual or several collectively. Both families were united by the most intimate friendship.

When the Greeks were obliged to abandon Paomia to escape the persecutions of the insurgent Corsicans, they established
themselves temporarily in towns which remained faithful to the republic of Genoa. When at a subsequent period, Cargesa was granted to the Greeks, for the purpose of forming a new establishment, a few Greek families continued to reside at Ajaccio. Among these was the family of the privileged chief; and my mother lived alternately at Ajaccio and Cargesa. At this time she contracted a friendship with Lætitia Ramolini, the mother of Napoleon. They were about the same age, and both extremely beautiful. Their beauty, however, was of so different a character, that no feeling of jealousy could arise between them: Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was graceful and pretty; but without any filial vanity I may truly say that I never, in all my life, saw so fine a woman as my mother. At fourteen, she was the gayest and most sprightly young girl in the whole colony, and it might be said, in the whole island, but for Lætitia Ramolini. Lætitia was indeed a lovely woman. Those who knew her in advanced life thought her countenance somewhat harsh; but that expression, instead of being caused by any austerity of disposition, seemed on the contrary to have been produced by timidity. She was a woman who evinced very superior qualities in all the circumstances in which she was placed, in bad as well as good fortune. Her son rendered her justice, though somewhat tardily. He himself helped to keep up an erroneous opinion respecting her; and though he corrected it, yet the impression was given and received.

Previously to entering into negotiation with the republic of Genoa, France supplied troops for the purpose of reducing the Corsicans to obedience. Among the French who were connected with the army, there was a young man of twenty, possessing an agreeable person. He fenced like the celebrated Saint-George, was a delightful performer on the violin, and though distinguished by the elegant manners of a man of rank, he was nevertheless only a commoner. He had said, “I will risk my fortune, and will advance myself in the world;” and he had said it with that sort of determination which nothing can resist, because it overcomes everything. On his arrival in Corsica he had already an honourable fortune to offer to the lady whom he might wish to make his wife. He fixed his choice on the pearl of the island. He sought and obtained the hand of my mother. This gentleman was M. de Permon, my father.

My parents left Corsica and came to France, where my father’s affairs demanded his presence. Some years after, he obtained an important appointment in America, whither he proceeded, taking with him my brother, then only eight years of age. My mother, with the rest of her young family repaired to Corsica, to reside with my grandmother, until my father’s return. This was before my birth. It was on my mother’s side that I was born. My father never lived with her.
child, and she has often carried him in her arms. He was the playmate of an elder sister of mine, who died a melancholy death. Napoleon recollected her perfectly, and used to speak of her after he came to Paris. He was fond of conversing about Corsica, and often, after having dined at our family table, he would sit before the fireplace, his arms crossed before him, and would say: "Come, Signora Panoria, let us talk about Corsica, and Signora Lætitia." This was the name he always gave his mother, when he was speaking of her to persons with whom he was intimate. "How is Signora Lætitia?" he used to say to me—or when addressing her, he would say: "Well, [Signora Lætitia, how do you like the court? You do not like it, I see. That is because you do not receive company enough. I have given you a handsome palace, a fine estate, and a million a year, and yet you live like a citizen's wife of the Rue Saint Denis. Come, come, you must see more company; but company of another kind from the C—s and Cl—de—s."

My mother and my uncles have a thousand times assured me that Napoleon in his boyhood had none of that singularity of character which has often been attributed to him. He had good health, and was in other respects like other boys:

Madame Bonaparte had brought with her to France a nurse, named Saveria. It was curious to hear this woman speak of the family she had brought up, each member of which was seated on a throne. She related a number of curious anecdotes respecting them, and I used to be very fond of conversing with her. I observed that she was less attached to some members of the family than to others, and I asked her the reason of this. As I know not whether she may yet be living, I will say nothing to compromise her with persons to whom her preference might be offensive. All I shall say is, that she adored the Emperor and Lucien. She one day described to me several little scenes connected with the boyhood of Napoleon, who remained in Corsica until he was nine years of age; and she confirmed to me one fact, which I had frequently heard from his mother, viz., that when he was reprimanded for any fault, he seldom cried.

In Corsica, the practice of beating children is common in all classes of society. When Napoleon happened to be beat, he would sometimes shed a few tears, but they were soon over; and he would never utter a word in the way of begging pardon. On this subject, I will relate an anecdote which I heard from himself. He told it me to give me an example of moderation.

He was one day accused by one of his sisters of having eaten a basket full of grapes, figs, and citrons, which had come from the garden of his uncle the canon. None but those who were acquainted with the Bonaparte family can form any idea of the enormity of this offence. To eat fruit belonging to the uncle the canon was infinitely more criminal than to eat grapes and figs which might be claimed by any body else. An inquiry took
place. Napoleon denied the fact, and was whipped. He was told that if he would beg pardon he should be forgiven. He protested that he was innocent, but he was not believed. If I recollect rightly, his mother was at the time on a visit to M. de Marbeuf, or some other friend. The result of Napoleon’s obstinacy was, that he was kept three whole days upon bread and cheese, and that cheese was not broccio.* However, he would not cry: he was dull, but not sulky. At length, on the fourth day of his punishment, a little friend of Marianne Bonaparte returned from the country, and, on hearing of Napoleon’s disgrace, she confessed that she and Marianne had eaten the fruit. It was now Marianne’s turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not accused his sister, he replied that though he suspected that she was guilty, yet out of consideration to her little friend, who had no share in the falsehood, he had said nothing. He was then only seven years of age.

This fact, which would have been nothing extraordinary in any other child, appeared to me worthy of a place among recollections which are connected with the whole life of Napoleon. It is somewhat characteristic of the man. I ought to add that the affair was never forgotten by Napoleon. Of this I observed a proof in 1801, at a fête given by Madame Bacciochi (formerly Marianne Bouaparte) at Neuilly, where she resided with Lucien.

Saveria told me that Napoleon was never a pretty boy, as Joseph had been; his head always appeared too large for his body, a defect common to the Bonaparte family. When Napoleon grew up, the peculiar charm of his countenance lay in his eye, especially in the mild expression it assumed in his moments of kindness. His anger, to be sure, was frightful, and though I am no coward, I never could look at him in his fits of rage without shuddering. Though his smile was captivating, yet the expression of his mouth when disdainful or angry could scarcely be seen without terror. But that forehead which seemed formed to bear the crowns of a whole world; those hands, of which the most coquetish women might have been vain, and whose white skin covered muscles of iron; in short, of all that personal beauty which distinguished Napoleon as a young man, no traces were discernible in the boy. Saveria spoke truly when she said, that of all the children of Signora Letitia, the Emperor was the one from whom future greatness was least to be prognosticated. Saveria liked me tolerably well. I make use of this expression because she detested France, and the hatred or love of a Corsican must not be measured by the ordinary feelings of mankind. How often has Saveria wept bitterly when she has heard me repeat that beautiful ode on Italy which contains these lines:—

O Italia, Italia;  
O sia men bella, o almen piu forte!
I obtained some grace in the eyes of Saveria, because, though I was not a Corsican, I was, at least, not a French woman. I spoke Italian too, and therefore I was not absolutely a savage. Early one morning she came into the room when I was sitting at the piano playing a little song which is sung by the goatherds in the mountains of Corsica, and which I intended to arrange as a notturno for two voices, for the purpose of singing it to Madame. Saveria heard it, and she stood sobbing behind my chair. I rallied her on her sensibility—"Basta, basta," she exclaimed, "buon sangue non è bugiardo. E si vede, signora mia benedetta, si vede che il vostro è rosso e caldo, si vede. E! che non siete di questi cani di Francesi! Vi sentite voi, E! . . . . ."

Saveria was a very superior woman in her way. She was a true model of those Corsicans whom the Romans feared to buy for slaves, but every one of whom would lay down his life to serve the master he loved.

The Corsicans felt that there was a sort of bad faith in the conduct of France towards them. At the onset it was the opinion of many of the Corsicans that the French intended to make themselves masters of the country. The character of the man who placed himself at their head speaks volumes for the justice of their cause. Paoli is a great character in history. Who will dare to despise the country which gave birth to him?

My family prides itself in its Greek descent, but this is mere absurdity. A race which has lived for two hundred and fifty years in a country must be considered as the children of the soil. My mother, proud as she was of her Greek origin was, nevertheless, a true daughter of Corsica. When she spoke Italian to Bonaparte, he would sometimes pretend to have forgotten it, and would say he was a Frenchman. "Come, come, Napoleon, none of this nonsense," she would say, with that lively air which in her was so peculiarly charming: "What do you mean by You are a Frenchman? Does any body accuse you of being a Chinese? You are a Frenchman, but you were born in one of the provinces of France called Corsica. A man may be an Auvergnese, but he is, nevertheless, a Frenchman. Who would not be proud to be the countryman of Paoli? No more of this absurdity, or I shall think the honours of your republic have turned your head." In this manner my mother addressed him after the 13th Vendémiaire.

By hearing the expression of my mother's feelings respecting Corsica, I have imbibed a notion of that country very different from that which is usually entertained. How often, during our sanguinary revolution, have I seen my mother weep, while she thought of the mountains of her island! "There every man is

* "Good blood never belies itself: and, my dear lady, it is easy to see that yours is red and warm, and that you have not sprung from those dogs of French.
free," she would exclaim, while she every moment trembled lest she should be dragged to the scaffold. But the recollection of poor Saveria has led me far out of my course. I will now return to Ajaccio, where I left my mother and her two children.

During her residence in that place my mother renewed her intimacy with her friend Lætitia and her children. Napoleon was then in France. On her return thither my mother promised her good offices in favour of the young Corsican if he should be in want of friends at such a distance from his family. A coldness subsisted between M. Charles Bonaparte and my mother's family, from what cause I know not; however that is a matter of very little importance.

At the close of the American war my father returned to his country, where he purchased the situation of receiver-general of departmental taxes. The duties of this situation caused him to fix his abode temporarily at Montpellier, and an event which had well nigh been attended with fatal consequences, detained him there far beyond the period he had fixed upon. My mother was at that time pregnant with me. She was in perfect health, and there was every reason to believe that her delivery would be attended with a favourable result. On the 6th of November, after having supped with Madame de Moncan, the wife of the second commandant of the province, she returned home quite well and in excellent spirits. At one o'clock she retired to bed, and at two she was delivered of a daughter. Next morning it was discovered that her right side and part of her left were struck with paralysis. The physicians of Montpellier, a town then celebrated for medical science, prescribed for her in vain. They could neither relieve her disease nor discover its cause. My poor mother spent three months in agony: she was scarcely able to articulate. At length she was cured, and her cure was no less extraordinary than her illness.

A countryman who brought fruit and vegetables for sale to the house, one day saw the female servants weeping in great distress. He inquired the cause, and was informed of the situation of my mother. He requested to be conducted to my father; "I ask for no reward," said he, "but from what I have heard from your servants, I think I know the nature of your lady's illness, and if you will permit me I will cure her in a week."

My father was at that moment plunged in the deepest despair; for he had that very morning heard from the physicians that my mother was in great danger, and they afforded him no hope of her recovery. In that hour of anguish he very naturally seized at any thing which could afford the slightest chance. "What effect does your remedy produce?" said he to countryman. The man replied that it was topical, and, therefore, unattended by any danger to the organs of life; but it is to be taken on the在国外.
excruciating pain. My father summoned the doctors who were in attendance on my mother. All were men of acknowledged talent. "Nature is unbounded in her benefits," said M. Barthès, "how do we know what she may have in reserve through the hands of this man? Let him try his remedy." My mother was asked whether she felt sufficient strength to undergo an increase of pain. She declared she would submit to any thing. She had already relinquished all hope of life. The countryman asked permission to return home. His village was not far off, and he promised to return next morning. My father was alarmed when he heard that the man came from Saint-Gilles;* but the man appeared perfectly sane. His preparations were rather methodical. He made five little round loaves or rolls: the dough was compounded by himself. The efficient ingredients were of herbs which he gathered, and in which consisted his secret. He boiled these herbs, and with their juice, added to a little strong beer, and mixed with maize flour, he made a dough, which he baked into loaves. While they were hot from the oven he cut them into halves, and applied them to the part affected. I have often heard my mother say that no words could convey an idea of the painful sensation she experienced, and have seen her turn pale at the recollection of it. This torture was repeated every day for the space of a week. At the expiration of that time the pain ceased, and she was able to move her limbs. A month afterwards my mother was up and in her balcony.

It is an extraordinary fact, that during her illness she had lost all recollection of her pregnancy and delivery. My father at first supposed that the agonizing pain my mother had suffered had alienated her affection from the infant to whom she had given birth. As soon as he observed my mother’s indifference towards me, he ordered the nurse to keep me in a distant part of the house. His affection both for his wife and child dictated this order, for my mother was yet in too weak a state to bear any agitation of mind. In the month of March, about four months after her recovery, my mother was seated in her balcony inhaling the balmy freshness of a spring day. My father was with her, and they were arranging a plan for spending a summer which should compensate for all her recent sufferings. They proposed going to Bagnères. In the midst of their conversation she suddenly shrieked, and with one hand seizing my father’s arm, she pointed with the other to a child which a nurse was carrying in the street. She did not know that it was her own, but she exclaimed, "Charles, I have an infant. Where is it? Is not that my child?" My brother, who was seventeen years of age, has often told me that nothing could convey an idea of my mother’s

*A village near Montpellier, remarkable for the prevalence of insanity among its inhabitants. Madness may be said to be indigenous at Saint-Gilles. There is scarcely a house in the place which does not contain a lunatic apartment.
joy when her child was placed in her arms. She was to me the fondest of mothers. She insisted on having my cradle placed beside her bed, and the nurse slept in an adjoining chamber. Every morning when I awoke she pressed me to her bosom, and said, "Oh! my dear child, how dearly must I love you to make amends for five months' banishment from your mother's heart!" My beloved parent faithfully kept her word. I have been assured, that for a woman to lose the recollection of her delivery is by no means so wonderful a circumstance as may at first sight appear. Baudelocque, to whom I related the circumstance, told me that he had witnessed more extraordinary cases than that of my mother.

CHAPTER III.

My mother's drawing-room—The Countess de Perigord—The Duchess de Mailly and the Prince de Chalais—Louis XV. and the Countess de Perigord—The Duchess de Mailly and the Princess de Lamballe—Bonaparte's first arrival in Paris—His intention of presenting a memorial to the Minister of War—His character when a young man—His first lodging in Paris.

We arrived in Paris in 1785. My mother could not reconcile herself to a country life were it ever so agreeable, and my father was equally desirous of returning to town. He had long wished to purchase the office of one of the farmers of public revenue, and at this very juncture M. Rougeau was disposed to sell his situation. Negotiations were immediately opened by the friends of both parties. My father resolved to manage this business personally, and that circumstance determined our hasty journey. My father wished to see a great deal of company, and after the fashion of the time, set a day of the week apart for giving dinner parties. My mother possessed every qualification for an agreeable hostess. Her good temper and frankness of manner made her a favourite with every body: she united to a rare beauty of person, grace, tact, and, above all, a natural intelligence. She was, however, exceedingly deficient in education. She used to say she had never read but one book, Telemachus; but, in spite of that, those who had once enjoyed her conversation, never could quit her society without reluctance and regret. How many poets and distinguished literary characters have I seen spell-bound by the charm, not of her person, but of her manners! No one could tell a story with more piquant originality. Often have my brother and myself sat up until three o'clock in the morning listening to her. But what particularly marked her character was her perfection in that most difficult art of presiding in her drawing-room, or, as the Emperor used to style it, "l'art de tenir son salon."

MADAME VERON. 18.
Of the friends whom my mother had made at Montpellier, she rejoined one at Paris with great satisfaction. This was the Count de Perigord, the uncle of M. de Talleyrand, and the brother of the Archbishop of Rheims. He was governor of the states of Languedoc, wore the cordon bleu, and though as great a dignitary as one could wish to see, was still the most amiable and worthy of men. My parents knew him during his presidency, and the friendship they contracted lasted during their lives. His children, the Duchess de Mailly and the Prince de Chalais, inherited their father's excellent disposition, and after his death they gave my mother proofs of their friendship and esteem. Of the Count de Perigord I retain the most perfect recollection. He was very kind to me; and children are ever grateful for attentions bestowed on them. I remember he used often to give me very expensive things, but had I known their value, which I did not, the presents he made me would not have inspired my regard for him more than for any other of our visitors, all of whom were in the habit of making me presents: it was the notice he took of me; his readiness to praise any just or smart remark I made, and his constant desire to save me from reproof: this it was that made me love him. I can see him even now entering the spacious drawing-room of the hotel we occupied on the Quai Conti; treading cautiously with his club-foot, leading me by the hand; for no sooner was his name announced, than I was at his side. He, on his part, was never weary of my company; on the contrary, he always encouraged my prattle. I loved him, and painfully regretted his loss.

It was the fate of his wife the Countess de Perigord to attract the notice of Louis XV. This degrading distinction could not but be repugnant to the feelings of a virtuous woman; and the Countess de Perigord saw in it nothing but an insult. She silently withdrew herself from court before the King offered to name her his favourite. On her return the King's attentions were fixed on a new object, and the virtue of Madame de Perigord was all that dwelt upon the memory of the monarch. The Countess's daughter, the Duchess de Mailly, the lady in waiting, and cherished friend of Marie Antoinette, died young. The Queen was strongly attached to her. She used to call her ma grande.* However, notwithstanding this attachment, Madame de Mailly's feelings received a wound sufficiently severe. This was about the period of the rise of the Princess de Lamballe, and many circumstances combined to mortify Madame de Mailly. She was moreover in a bad state of health, and gave in her resignation.

Her brother, the Prince de Chalais, was a nobleman in the literal signification of the term. He was a man of the most scrupulous honesty, and a most rigid observer of all the forms

* The Duchess de Mailly was very tall. She measured five feet four inches (French measure), without her high-heeled shoes.
which belonged to his rank. When a mere youth he was re-
marked at the court of Louis XVI, as one who was likely to
distinguish himself in after years. On his return from emi-
igration, when I saw him at my mother’s, I could easily discern
that all I had heard of his excellent character was correct.

The Count de Perigord foresaw early the misfortunes which
befel the king, and consequently France. He was an enemy to
emigration, and used to say that the proper place for men of his
order was always near the throne: in peace to adorn it, and in
times of trouble to defend it. The refugees at Worms and Cob-
lentz could not seduce him from the path which he considered it
his duty to pursue. The unfortunate gentleman nearly became
the victim of his resolution.

My mother’s first care on arriving in Paris was to inquire after
Napoleon Bonaparte. He was at that time in the military school
of Paris, having quitted Brienne in the September of the pre-
ceding year. My uncle Demetrius had met him just after he
alighted from the coach which brought him to town; “And
truly,” said my uncle, “he had the appearance of a fresh im-
portation. I met him in the Palais Royal, where he was gaping
and staring with wonder at every thing he saw. He would have
been an excellent subject for sharpers; if, indeed, he had had
any thing worth taking!” (My uncle invited him to dine at
his house; for though he was a bachelor, he did not choose
to dine at a coffee-house. He told my mother that Napoleon
was very morose. “I fear,” added he, “that that young man
has more self-conceit than is suitable to his condition. When
he dined with me he began to declaim violently against the
luxury of the young men of the military school. After a little
he turned the conversation on Mania, and the present education
of the young Maniotes, drawing a comparison between it and
the ancient Spartan system of education. His observations on
this head he told me he intended to imbody in a memorial to be
presented to the minister of war. All this, depend upon it, will
bring him under the displeasure of his comrades, and it will be
lucky if he escape being run through.”

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

“Albert is not wrong in this matter,” said my father, who happened to be present. “Napoleon suffers on account of his pride, but it is pride not to be censured. He knows you; he knows too that your family and his are in Corsica equal with regard to fortune. He is the son of Lætitia Bonaparte, and Albert is your’s. I believe that you are even related; now he cannot easily reconcile all this with the difference in the education he receives gratis in the military school, separated from his family, and deprived of those attentions which he sees here lavishly bestowed upon our children.”—“But you are describing envy, not pride,” replied my mother.—“No, there is a great difference between envy and the feelings by which this young man is disturbed; and I fancy I know the human heart well enough to understand the workings of his. He suffers, and perhaps more keenly in our house than elsewhere. You are warmhearted, but you cannot comprehend how misplaced kindness may sometimes fail to effect a cure. When you wished to make use of the credit of M. de Fargueyretes to obtain leave of absence for Napoleon for more than a day or two, I told you you were doing wrong. You would not listen to me. The warmth of your friendship for the mother has caused you to place the son in a continually painful situation; for painful it must be, since the reflection will recur to him: Why is not my family situated like this?”—“Absurd,” cried my mother; “to reason thus, would be both foolish and wicked in him.”

“He would be neither more foolish nor more wicked than the rest of the world. It is but feeling like a man. What is the reason he has been in a constant state of ill-humour since his arrival here? Why does he so loudly declaim against the indecent luxury (to use his own words) of all his comrades? Why? because he is every moment making a comparison between
these young men should keep servants, when he has none. He finds fault with two courses at dinner, because, when they have their pic-nics, he is unable to contribute his share. The other day I was told by Dumarsay, the father of one of his comrades, that it was in agitation to give one of the masters a déjeuné, and that each scholar would be expected to contribute a sum, certainly too large for such boys. Napoleon’s reprehension is so far just. Well! I saw him this morning, and found him more than usually gloomy. I guessed the reason, and broke the ice at once by offering him the small sum he wanted for the occasion. He coloured deeply, but presently his countenance resumed its usual pale yellow hue. He refused my offer.”

“That was because you did not make it with sufficient delicacy,” cried my mother. “You men are always such bunglers.”

“When I saw the young man so unhappy,” continued my father, without being disconcerted by my mother’s warmth of manner, to which he was accustomed, “I invented an untruth, which heaven will doubtless pardon. I told him that before his father expired in our arms at Montpellier, he gave me a small sum to be applied to the wants of his son in cases of emergency. Napoleon looked at me steadfastly, with so scrutinizing a gaze, that he almost intimidated me. ‘Since this money comes from my father, sir,’ said he, ‘I accept it; but had it been a loan, I could not have received it. My mother has already too many burthens, and I must not increase them by expenses beyond my means, particularly when they are imposed upon me by the stupid folly of my comrades.’ You see, then,” continued my father, “if his pride is so easily wounded at the school by strangers, what must he not suffer here, whatever tenderness we may show him? Albert must not be less kind and attentive to him; although I very much doubt whether it will lead to any mutual friendship.”
CHAPTER IV.


I must now recur to some events previous to those detailed in my last chapter: for this little derangement of dates, I trust the reader will pardon me.

While we were residing at Montpellier, my father, on returning home one day, told my mother a curious piece of news: he said he had just heard that three Corsicans had arrived at a miserable inn in the town, and that one of them was very ill—"Is it possible?" exclaimed my mother, with her usual animation of manner. "Go and inquire, I beg of you. How can you come and tell me that one of my countrymen is ill at an inn in Montpellier? Charles, this is unkind in you." With these words my mother almost forced my father out of the house. On his return, she learned with mingled feelings of grief and joy, that her sick countryman, for whom she had felt interested while he was unknown to her, was no other than the husband of Lætitia Ramolini! "He is very ill," said my father; "and I think he cannot be well attended where he is. We must get him removed to a private house." "My dear," observed my mother, "recollect how much you suffered when you fell ill at Philadelphia, with no one to attend you but servants, and a boy of nine years old. It is our duty to save our friends from such misery." My father did not like the Corsicans. He was willing to show M. Bonaparte all the attention which his situation demanded; but it required all the influence of my mother to induce him to receive the invalids into his house.

Some of the numerous friends we had at Montpellier, many of whom are still living, have often described to me the praiseworthy conduct of my mother on that occasion. She was young, beautiful, and rich, and surrounded by a circle of admiring friends: and yet she was seldom from the bed-side of the sick stranger. All that fortune could procure to alleviate the sufferings of a protracted illness, was furnished by my
his relations the difficulty which was frequently experienced in gratifying the capricious wishes of a dying man. I say nothing of pecuniary sacrifices; but kindness of heart certainly deserves gratitude. My mother was at M. Bonaparte’s bed-side when he breathed his last, like an angel sent from Heaven to soothe his dying moments. He strongly recommended to her his young son Napoleon, who had just left Brienne, and entered the military school at Paris.*

My mother did not confine herself to her pious attention to the husband of her friend. Joseph Bonaparte and his uncle Fesch received from her and my father all the consolation which friendship can offer to an afflicted heart; and when they departed for Corsica, every thing that could contribute to the comfort of their journey was provided by my father. I have seen Joseph Bonaparte often since that time; and he constantly alluded to the infinite obligations he lay under to my family. Excellent man! For King Joseph I always entertained a high respect. The world has been unjust to him as well as to other members of his family, because he had been guilty of some venial faults, which would have been passed over in the chivalrous reign of Louis XIV., applauded in the profligate reign of Louis XV., and tolerated in the degenerate reign of Louis XVI. But he laid his conduct open to censure. And in what place? In Spain.—And why? Because, perhaps, the mistress of the Grand Inquisitor became his favourite. Joseph Bonaparte left Montpellier with his uncle, who was about his own age, if, indeed, he was not something younger.

My parents removed from Languedoc to Paris. They left Montpellier with regret, for they left behind them many beloved friends. Death, however, deprived them of several in one year. One of these was M. de Saint-Priest, Intendant of Languedoc, a man universally beloved and esteemed. Another loss no less profoundly felt by my father, was that of M. Séguyier, of Nîmes. In one of those daily excursions which he made either to Narbonne or to the environs of Montpellier, my father met M. de Séguyier while he was botanizing near the ruins of the temple of Diana. My father had a great taste for botany, and they soon became friends. He used to speak to him of the mountains of Corsica, where he had often lost himself while searching for plants, and of the botanical curiosities which those regions contain. M. de Séguyier wished to make a journey thither; but my father wrote to one of his cousins, who, like himself, was a botanist, and the plants were transmitted to France in all their pristine freshness. My father used often to go from Montpellier to Nîmes, where he invariably found M. de Séguyier either engaged in his favourite science, or in antiquarian researches. He died of apoplexy at an advanced age, on the 1st of September, 1784.
In the following year, the province of Languedoc had to regret the death of its Syndic General, the Marquis de Montferrier, a distinguished friend of art and science, to whom the province of Languedoc is indebted for many of its noblest monuments, particularly the construction of the new Pont du Gard.

These three men were the particular friends of my father or mother, and being my countrymen they have a right to this feeble tribute of my respect in a work in which my recollections are the only annals I consult. I have now to notice another friend of my family, whom I cannot pass by without a brief description.

At Saint-Roch, near the third pillar of the Chapel of the Virgin, on the left as you enter by the grand portal, a lady may be seen dressed in black, or in silk of a dark colour. On her head she always wears a very large bonnet of black gros-de-naples, over which is a green veil. The children call her the lady with the green veil, and the poor give her the name of the good lady. When she enters the chapel it is easy to perceive that she is familiar with the house of God. The beadle, the assistant, and the sacristan, respectfully make their obedience to her. Formerly she used to bring several prayer-books with her; but now she prays without a book, for she cannot see; but she does not pray with the less fervour. Sometimes she joins in the sacred choir, and then, those who are placed near her hear the clear and silvery voice of a young girl, singing to the glory of heaven. The projecting brim of her bonnet conceals the face, but two small white hands counting the beads of a rosary reveal to the curious observer, that she who prays so devoutly must be a female of the higher class. When she rises from her seat, or when she sits down, she diffuses around her a delicious perfume; thus affording indication of refinement and elegance.

"Who is she?" enquire the surrounding observers. "Is she young? or is she old?" At length she rises to depart. Her head, which has hitherto been inclined downwards, once more salutes the tabernacle. Then, beneath her large bonnet, is perceived a countenance which must once have been beautiful, and which even retains traces of beauty at the age of seventy-four, and after a life of severe suffering. She looks calm and resigned, and it is evident that her hope is not in this world. I call her Mamma, for she was present at my birth. She loved me tenderly, and I cherished for her the affection of a daughter. The Countess de Lamarlière (for that is her real name), was the companion and friend of Madame de Provence, as well as of the Countess d’Artois. She therefore had the opportunity of seeing and hearing a great deal that was interesting and extraordinary; and she relates a multitude of anecdotes with a grace and animation scarcely to be expected in one of her advanced age; in short, she is one of those few remaining living traditions, who
When Madame quitted France, the Countess Lamarlière could not accompany her, much as she wished to do so. But she was a wife and a mother, and to those ties she was obliged to sacrifice the sentiments of gratitude which animated her heart. She remained in France to suffer persecution and misery. She saw her husband arrested at the head of the troops he commanded, cast into a dungeon, condemned to death, and conducted to the scaffold. She had the courage to implore the mercy of him who never knew mercy: she threw herself at the feet of Robespierre. Madame Lamarlière had then the look of a young woman; a complexion of dazzling brilliancy, a profusion of fair hair, fine eyes and teeth, could not fail to render her exceedingly attractive. Her beauty was perhaps rather heightened than diminished by her despair, when she threw herself at the feet of the dictator, and with a faltering voice implored the pardon of the father of her child. But the axe was in the hand of the executioner, and amidst a nuptial festival Robespierre pronounced the sentence which made a widow and an orphan.

During the examinations preparatory to his trial, M. de Lamarlière was confined in the Conciergerie. The queen was there before him. Madame Lamarlière had permission to go to the prison to visit her husband, and to take him any thing which might comfort him in his captivity. She took the opportunity of conveying to the queen such things as she thought would be agreeable to her. Madame Richard, the wife of the head concierge, seeing that the presents thus sent were articles to which there could be no reasonable objection, humbly lent herself to the innocent deception.† "Did the queen know who sent the presents?" said I one day to Madame Lamarlière. "No," replied she; "why should I have informed her?"—"To receive the reward of your generosity by a grateful word from the unfortunate princess."—"Certainly that would have been gratifying to me. But I was then unfortunate myself, and I was actuated by no other motive than that of alleviating the misery of another. However," she added, with a deep sigh, "the queen did know it, and she addressed to me a few words

* Robespierre that day gave away in marriage the daughter or sister of a carpenter, named Duplay, in whose house he lodged in the Rue St.-Honoré. This Duplay was the president of the jury on the queen’s trial. The Countess Lamarlière arrived before the hour fixed for the marriage ceremony, and she was obliged to wait in the dining-room where the table was laid for the nuptial feast. Her feelings may easily be imagined! However, there she waited, and was introduced to the carpenter’s wife, and I believe to Barrere. After she was gone Robespierre said: "That woman is very pretty;—very pretty indeed!" accompanying the observation by some odious remarks.

† Madame Richard was very attentive to the queen. When the Marquis de Rougeville dropped a carnation, in which a note was concealed, at the feet of the queen, he, as well as all Richard’s family, were thrown into the dungeons of La Force. There was also at the Conciergerie a young girl named Rosalie, who furnished Madame Lamarlière with some very interesting details respecting
of kind remembrance.” I often broached the subject, but I never could get further than this. My poor friend was like a person grievously wounded, whom one fears to touch, even to dress the wound.

Among the individuals whom my parents left with regret at Montpellier, was M. d’Aigrefeuille, president of the Cour des Comptes of that town. He was an excellent man, and those who saw him merely in the office of arch-chancellor could know little either of his talents or his worth. It happened that he supped with my mother at Madame de Moncan’s on the evening before I was brought into the world; consequently he knew precisely the date of my birth, and he made no secret of this fact. Whenever I dined at his own house or met him in company, he used constantly to repeat:—“On the 6th of November, 1784. Come, come, you cannot conceal your age from me.” As I was at that time a very young woman, I was not much annoyed at this memorandum.

I will conclude this chapter with a few words relative to an individual who has played a conspicuous part on the scene of life. I allude to Cambacérès. He was counsellor of the Cour des Aides at Montpellier. At that time he was a mere acquaintance of my parents, and he subsequently became the friend of Junot and myself: whenever I solicited his assistance upon any occasion, I always found him ready to serve me. If the thing were impossible he told me so candidly, for he never made deceitful promises. Indeed Cambacérès was an honest man in every sense of the word, and party spirit has vainly endeavoured to assail him. His honour, integrity, and the amiability of his manners, made him generally beloved. Cambacérès was in easy circumstances, though not rich, when he was at Montpellier. He was a relative of the Marquis de Montferrier, whom as well as d’Aigrefeuille, he remembered when he rose to greatness and power. As to his political life I shall have occasion to speak of that in another place.

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CHAPTER V.

Marianne Bonaparte at Saint-Cyr—Humbled pride—Bonaparte made sub-lieutenant—His first appearance in uniform—His singular present to my sister—Scene at Malmaison—The Countess d’Escarbagnas and the Marquis de Carabas.

Joseph Bonaparte had addressed a letter to my uncle Demetrius, thanking him for his kind attention to Marianne Bonaparte.
Cyr. My mother undertook the task of visiting her occasionally, and during the long time which Marianne passed at Saint-Cyr, my mother was a kind and affectionate friend to her.

One day my mother and some other members of my family went on a visit to Saint-Cyr, and Bonaparte accompanied them. When Marianne came into the parlour she appeared very melancholy, and at the first word that was addressed to her she burst into tears. My mother embraced her, and endeavoured to console her. It was some time before Marianne would tell the cause of her distress. At length my mother learned that one of the young ladies (Mademoiselle de Montluc) was to leave the school in a week, and that the pupils of her class intended giving her a little entertainment on her departure. Everyone had contributed, but Marianne could not give any thing, because her allowance of money was nearly exhausted: she had only six francs remaining. "If I give the six francs," said she, "I shall have nothing left, and I shall not receive my allowance for six weeks to come: besides, six francs are not enough." Napoleon's first movement, as my mother told me when she related this anecdote, was to put his hand into his pocket. However, a moment's reflection assured him that he should find nothing there; he checked himself, coloured slightly, and stamped his foot. My mother could not refrain from laughing when she thought of the singular resemblance between the luncheon of Saint-Cyr and the breakfast at the military school of Paris, and she mentioned this in Greek to my uncle. The coincidence was easily explained; both the brother and sister were boursiers (free pupils) in the schools at which there were, at the same time, the children of many noble and wealthy families. Now the Bonaparte family were poor: this fact was openly acknowledged by M. Bonaparte, the father, when he wrote to the minister of war for the purpose of getting Lucien placed at Brienne. A great deal of discussion has been started on the question of the wealth or poverty of the Bonaparte family. The reproaches which have been founded on their supposed poverty are too contemptible for notice; and in my opinion it matters little what were the pecuniary circumstances of the family, before they entered upon that career of greatness which the genius and fortune of Napoleon opened to them.

But we will return to Marianne. My mother asked her what money she wanted. The sum was small: ten or twelve francs. My mother gave her the money, and her distress was ended. When they got into the carriage, Napoleon, who had restrained his feelings in the presence of his sister, vented violent invectives against the detestable system of such establishments as Saint-Cyr and the military schools. It was evident that he deeply felt the humiliation of his sister. My uncle, who was of a hasty temper, soon got out of patience at the bitterness with
were not very agreeable to him. Napoleon was silent immedi-
dately, for at that time young people were educated in the
observance of great respect to those who were older than them-
selves; but his heart was full: he soon brought back the con-
versation to the same subject, and at length his language be-
came so violent, that my uncle exclaimed: “Silence! it ill
becomes you who are educated by the king’s bounty to speak as
you do.” I have often heard my mother say that she thought
Napoleon would have been stifled with rage. He was pale and
red in the space of a moment. “I am not educated at the
king’s expense,” said he; “but at the expense of the state.”—
“A fine distinction, truly!” returned my uncle. “Is not the
king the state? I will not suffer you to speak thus disrespec-
tfully of your benefactor in my presence.”—“I will say nothing
that may be displeasing to you, sir,” replied the young man;
“only give me leave to add, that if I were the sovereign, and
had power to alter these regulations, I would change them so
that they should be for the advantage of all.”

I need not point the reader’s attention to the remarkable
words, if I were the sovereign. When he really did become a
sovereign, it was well known on what an admirable footing he
established his military schools. I am convinced that he long
retained the recollection of the painful humiliations he had suf-
f ered at the military school of Paris. He certainly was no
favourite there. Several of the heads of the establishment, who
were acquainted with my father, assured him that young Na-
poleon Bonaparte possessed a temper which there was no pos-
sibility of rendering even sociable. He was dissatisfied with
everything, and expressed his dissatisfaction in a way which
could not but be disagreeable to his elders, who regarded him
as an ill-tempered, wrong-headed youth. His conduct accele-
rated his departure from the college: his removal was unani-
mously urged.* He obtained a sub-lieutenancy in a regiment
of artillery, and he went to Grenoble, Valence, Auxonne, &c.,
before he returned to Paris.

Preceding to his departure he came to pass some time at our
house. My sister was then at her convent, but she frequently
came home while Napoleon was with us. I well recollect that,
on the day when he first put on his uniform, he was as vain as
young men usually are on such an occasion. There was one
part of his dress which had a very droll appearance—that was
his boots. They were so high and wide that his little thin legs
seemed buried in their amplitude. Young people are always
ready to observe any thing ridiculous; and as soon as my sister
and I saw Napoleon enter the drawing-room, we burst into a
loud fit of laughter. (At that early age, as well as in afterlife,
Bonaparte could not relish a joke; and when he found himself the object of merriment, he grew angry. My sister, who was some years older than I, told him, that since he wore a sword, he ought to be gallant to ladies; and instead of being angry, should be happy that they joked with him. "You are nothing but a child—a little pensionnaire," said Napoleon, in a tone of contempt. Cecile, who was twelve or thirteen years of age, was highly indignant at being called a child, and she hastily resented the affront, by replying to Bonaparte, "And you are nothing but a puss in boots." This excited a general laugh among all present except Napoleon, whose rage I will not attempt to describe. Though not much accustomed to society, he had too much tact not to perceive that he ought to be silent when personalities were introduced, and his adversary was a woman.

Though deeply mortified at the unfortunate nickname which my sister had given him, yet he affected to forget it, and to prove that he cherished no malice on the subject, he got a little toy made and gave it as a present to me. This toy consisted of a cat in boots, in the character of a footman running before the carriage of the Marquis de Carabas. It was very well made, and must have been rather expensive to him, considering his straightened finances. He brought along with it a pretty little edition of the popular tale of Puss in Boots, which he presented to my sister, begging her to keep it as a token of his remembrance. "Oh, Napoleon," said my mother, "if you had merely given the toy to Loulou it would have been all very well; but the tale for Cecile shows that you are still offended with her." He gave his word to the contrary; but I think with my mother that some little feeling of resentment was still rankling in his mind. This story would probably have vanished from my recollection had I not heard it often told by my mother and brother. My recollection of it was afterwards useful to me in a curious way.

When Bonaparte indulged in raillery he did not use the weapon with a very light hand; and those he loved best often smarted under the blow. Though Junot was a particular favourite of his during the consulate and the first years of the empire, yet he frequently selected him as the object of some coarse joke; and if accompanied by a pinch of the ear, so severe as to draw blood, the favour was complete. Junot, who cherished for him a sentiment of attachment which set every other consideration at nought, used to laugh heartily at these jokes, and then thought no more about them. However, it sometimes occurred, that those by whom they had been heard thought proper to repeat them; and it happened that on one occasion this was very annoying to me. One day, when we were at Malmaison, the first consul was in high spirits. We were dining under the trees which crown the little eminence on the left of the meadow before the castle. Madame Bonaparte that day.
the first consul did nothing but laugh at her, and said she would do admirably to act the Countess d'Escarbagnas. Josephine was evidently displeased at this, and Bonaparte added, "What, are you afraid you will not have a cavalier? There is the Marquis de Carabas (pointing to Junot), he will offer you his arm, I am sure."

The first consul had often before, called both Junot and Marmont the Marquis de Carabas; but it was always in perfect good humour. It was, he said, on account of their taste for dramatic representation. They of course merely laughed at the joke. Madame Bonaparte, however, took it more seriously, and betrayed symptoms of vexation. This was not the way to please Bonaparte. He took his glass in his hand, and looking towards his wife, he bowed his head and said, "To the health of Madame la Comtesse d'Escarbagnas." The continuance of this pleasantry brought tears into Madame Bonaparte's eyes. Napoleon observed this, and he was, I believe, sorry for what he had said. To make amends, he again took up his glass, and winking at me, he said, "To the health of Madame la Marquise de Carabas." We all burst into a fit of laughter, in which Madame Bonaparte joined, but her heart was nevertheless full. The fact is, I was only sixteen, and she was forty.

Thus far the affair did not much concern me; but now for the sequel. Among the comrades of Junot, and those who surrounded the first consul, there were many varieties of character. Courage was, to be sure, a virtue common to them all; but among these valiant sons of France, there were many who were not gifted with much common sense. One of these took it into his head to repeat the first consul's joke about the Marquis de Carabas. His folly might have reached the ears of Junot, and have turned to something more serious than a joke. I wished to put a stop to it, and I consulted my mother as to what I should do. She gave me my instructions, and I returned to Malmaison, where we were then spending a few days. On the following day, Junot, who was then commandant of Paris, was prevented coming to dinner, but he came the day after. We were all on the bridge leading to the garden, and the first consul was sitting on the edge of the parapet. "My dear," said I to Junot, "the first time we go to your country seat, you must not forget one thing which is indispensably necessary in your retinue. If you neglect it, I will not go with you, and so I warn you. I am sure the general will say you ought to have it." "What is it?" inquired the first consul.—"A puss in boots for a running footman." The whole party laughed immoderately; but I shall never forget the look of the first consul. He was a subject for a caricaturist. "I have preserved," continued I with great gravity, "a plaything which was given me when I was a little girl. You shall have it for a model."

There was a great deal of laughter, but the matter went no
further that day. Some days afterwards we had assembled after dinner in the gallery next to the drawing-room, and the individual who had so frequently repeated Bonaparte's joke, made the same allusion to the marquisate. I fixed my eye on the first consul; he turned towards his Sosia, and said drily: "When you wish to imitate me, you should choose your subject better; methinks you might copy me in better things." In about a quarter of an hour after this rebuke, he stepped up to me, and pinching my nose till he made me cry out, he said, "My dear, you are a clever girl; but you are very wicked. Correct this disposition. Remember that a woman ceases to charm whenever she makes herself feared." The result of all this was that I heard no more about the marquisate. My mother, who had certainly been more malicious in the affair than I had, inquired the particulars of the whole scene, and when I described it she laughed heartily and said, "I was sure that would do."

CHAPTER VI.

The parliament of 1787—Disturbances at Rennes—M. de Nouainville—M. Necker—Project of M. de Loménié—His dismissal from the ministry—Burning of the effigy—Riots in Paris—Louis XVI., the queen, and the royal family.

At the period when our family came to settle in Paris, the popularity enjoyed by the parliament was immense, and it might have made use of that popularity for the benefit and happiness of all, had it given a right direction to public feeling. France, though she contained within herself all the elements of the commotions which were soon after developed, had not as yet unfurled the flag of revolution: her wounds were sufficiently manifest, and might easily have been healed by proper remedies. We then saw what we now see, and what will always be seen, viz., views of private interest succeeding patriotic professions. The desire of shining in a lengthened harangue, stuffed with scraps of erudition, was a universal mania; while some unfortunate little village, of which the orator was perhaps the mandatory, was left undefended and uneulogized. Such was the conduct of Desprémenil, who, after having had the courage to defeat the projects of the archbishop of Toulouse, and shown himself in that affair a true tribune of the people, subsequently appeared in the character of an illuminato, or rather of a fool, in his reply to M. de Malesherbes, on the subject of the Protestants.

Desprémenil had procured, by dint of bribery, a proof sheet
chambers, the most profound indignation, and a thirst for vengeance, kindled up the fatal war between the court and the parliament. Seeing its interests wounded on all sides, that body became an enemy, and a dangerous one. The rupture became every day more and more serious. The ministry, irritated at the surreptitious promulgation of their plans, ordered the arrest of Despréménil in the most arbitrary manner. The parliament renewed its clamours: Paris was filled with murmurs, and a most ominous fermentation prevailed every where. At this juncture M. de Brienne, who neither knew how to yield with grace, or to act with decision when the occasion required it, prorogued all the parliaments of the kingdom. This was a second appeal to insurrection, which indeed seemed too slow in its advances. My brother at that period went to join his regiment, which was then in garrison at Sainte-Briex; but having many letters of recommendation at Rennes, he spent in that town all the time he had at his disposal, before he joined his comrades. Rennes was then in such a state of ferment and irritation, as threatened an immediate explosion. The magistracy and noblesse had united to protest in anticipation against every infringement of their rights. The noblesse indeed were most violent: they declared* that all who accepted any of the new posts were scoundrels, and they conveyed this protestation by deputies who were arrested on their route by order of the ministry.

One morning my brother was awakened by a great tumult. He soon learned that Bertrand de Molleville, and the Count de Thiars,* were in the most imminent danger, in consequence of endeavouring to register the edicts. He immediately dressed himself, seized his sword and pistols, and ran to the barracks of the Rohan-Chabot regiment, which was then in garrison at Rennes. My brother had many friends there, and naturally was anxious on their account, though he was aware of their honourable sentiments. The excitement was at its height, when he arrived at the scene of action. The soldiers, irritated and insulted by the people, had lost all patience, and the business would in all probability have terminated in bloodshed, had not an individual, whose name is not sufficiently celebrated, that day immortalized himself by his admirable conduct. The people were proceeding to acts of violence; the soldiers only waited for the order to fire, when M. Blondel de Nouainville was commanded to execute the painful duty of directing an attack on the people. Throwing himself into the midst of the crowd, he exclaimed: “My friends, what is it you do? Do not sacrifice yourselves! Are we not all brothers? Soldiers, halt!” The troops and the people suspended their advance; at the same instant tranquillity was restored, and M. de Nouainville was at the town in triumph.

* The former, the intendant, the latter—the commandant of the province.
My father, whom confidential relations placed in communication with M. Necker, introduced my brother to him, in order that he might hear from his mouth the recital of the affairs of Rennes. My father was decidedly of opinion that, in a province like Brittany, such a proceeding was more likely to add fuel to the flame than to extinguish it. My brother was then twenty-two years of age, and his judgment ripened by much travelling, and a solid education directed by an able father, enabled him, in spite of his youth, not only to observe, but to draw useful inductions from his observations. M. Necker perceived this as he listened to his narrative, and he mentioned it to my father.

Alas! how desirable it would have been if M. Necker, who possessed a mind of such rectitude, had but listened to my father, and used his influence with the queen, who was all powerful, to arrest that fatal proceeding, which, as she said, would reduce Brittany to the condition of a conquered province. What torrents of French blood were shed in Brittany! and yet the revolution had not then commenced; for many date that event from the taking of the Bastile. M. de Loménie’s burlesque and tragi-comic ministry was still inundating us with its errors and its follies. Although the devotion of a true citizen had stopped the effusion of blood at Rennes, Grenoble was steeped in gore. An admirable address conveyed to the foot of the throne a statement of the grievances which pressed on the people of Dauphiny. For an answer it received an insult, dictated to Louis XVI. by the delirium of an insane ministry. One false step was the parent of another, and error succeeded error without the means of providing a remedy. Finally, after trying over and over again the dangerous experiment of a coup d’état—after the patience of the nation was entirely exhausted, the archbishop made the fatal promise of assembling the states-general.*

The acts of men are only good and proper in relation to the time of their performance. Thus an appeal to the three bodies of the state, inviting them to rally round the throne, and to aid the sovereign in doing what was necessary to alleviate the people’s misery, would have been a measure praiseworthy and useful at a period of ordinary misfortune; but at a time when animosity was excited to the highest pitch, it was at once tempting fate and defying the storm.

It is certain that the hopes of the Archbishop of Sens, in the distressing situation into which his imprudence and folly had thrown him, rested upon a fragile edifice of machiavelian conception, which assuredly the wily Italian would never have avowed under similar circumstances. Monsieur de Loménie’s project was to embroil the two privileged orders, and reconcile them again through the medium of the king and the third state; the object of this fine plan was to destroy the influence of the

* The king promised they should meet on the 1st of May, 1789.
first two orders. This is actually true, improbable as it may appear. What infatuation! and it was to such a man that the destinies of a great people were, for fifteen months, entrusted! Truly it is difficult to determine which is most strange, his absurdity or the people's toleration of it!

But patience must have its term. The treasury was drained; famine and bankruptcy stared us in the face; all was ruin around us! The public indignation at length overawed M. de Loménie, and he retired from the ministry, pursued by the execrations of all parties. On the day that terminated his administration, some young men prepared an effigy, the size of life, and dressed like the archbishop in a velvet-coloured robe, in which three-fifths were composed of satin, and the two others of paper, by way of allusion to the decree of the 16th of August preceding. This effigy they burned with all due ceremony in the Place Dauphine, with every demonstration of extravagant exultation. There was at that time in Paris a Chevalier Dubois, who commanded the guard called the guet, or patrol. This guet was the gendarmerie of the time. The burning of the effigy displeased M. Dubois; and next day, when an attempt was made to renew the ceremony, he presented himself in person to forbid it. The young men desired him to go about his business; he refused, and some altercation arose. He then desired his troop to employ their arms, and they did so without mercy. At sight of the killed and wounded the people became furious; they attacked and drove away the guet; several guard-houses were forced, and the arms seized. The riot continued to increase. It was now night. A detachment of the French guards, concealed under the arcade of Saint-Jean, and in the Rue Martrouis, fired on the crowd, and killed a great number. The dead bodies were thrown into the Seine, and tranquillity was for a time restored. But, on the resignation of the keeper of the seals, who was as much disliked as the Archbishop of Toulouse, the discontent of the people again broke out. Great rioting ensued in the streets of Paris, and numbers of people were killed by the military.

M. Necker was called to the head of the department of finance, and affairs took a favourable aspect. The finances of the country improved by confidence, the prisoners were released from the Bastile, and the parliament recalled. The double representation of the third state was the wish of every just and reasonable man. It was found necessary to adopt it; and, on the 27th of December, 1788, at a royal council at which the queen was present, it was determined to grant the double representation. This measure produced enthusiastic joy throughout all France, the demonstration of which was attended by considerable disturbance at Montmartre, Rennes, and other towns in that part of the country. It seemed indeed as if the whole of
and the Franche-Comté. Hence it was that the people constantly insisted on the revival of their old rights and prerogatives; hence those perpetual contests between the states, the parliaments, and the king's council. For example, in Franche-Comté, thirty-two members of the noblesse protested against the decree of the majority of the states. The parliament cancelled the protest, and the king's council, in its turn, cancelled the decree of the parliament. The fact is, Louis XVI. might have been competent to govern in ordinary times; his virtues might have shed lustre over a peaceful throne; but the storm could only be allayed by a degree of courage and decision in which he was wanting. The king had near him a perfidious enemy in his privy council. The queen, too, exercised great influence over him, and was a most dangerous guide; she was passionate, full of prejudices, and ready to make any sacrifice to revenge herself when her private interests were wounded. But her misfortunes, and those of the king, must throw a veil over their faults.

As to the other members of the royal family, they were so divided that they could afford no rallying point. The king's aunts, one of whom had previously possessed great influence over the royal couple, had been superseded by other favourites. Madame Victoire had no power; and as to the pious Madame Elizabeth, she conceived she had no other duty to perform than to offer up prayers for the safety of those about her. Monsieur had set up a sort of opposition, which in France was infinitely more dangerous than it would have been in England, where it seems to be quite orthodox that the heir to the throne should head an opposition. Monsieur, however, did his brothers great injury, without perhaps intending it,* and the conduct of Madame was even more mischievous. As to the Count d'Artois, he might have been null though standing on the steps of the throne, had he not considered it a point of honour to disavow any other law than the old authority of the crown. Such was the situation of France and the royal family in 1789, just before the opening of the States-general.

* Among his most serious faults may be ranked the assumption of the title of regent, in 1791. Louis XVI. felt this keenly, and immediately wrote to Vienna to Baron Breteuil, desiring him to disavow, not only to the Emperor of Austria, but to all the other Powers, the authorized existence of the regency. "This proceeding," said the unfortunate monarch in his letter, "may be fatal to me, as it will only serve to irritate my people against me. I am master of my actions." The queen added a few lines to this letter. The Baron de Breteuil showed it to several individuals with whom I am acquainted; among others to the Abbé Junot and Cardinal Maury.
CHAPTER VII.

Opening of the states—General conversation between Bonaparte and Count Louis de Narbonne—Baron de Breteuil—The Queen and M. de Vergennes—Mirabeau—Advances made by the court—A bribe refused—The Queen’s anger—Mirabeau solicits an interview with the Queen—Errors of M. Necker’s administration.

On the 5th of May, 1789, the States-general were opened.* I was then too young to understand the solemnity of the spectacle presented by the states, when they proceeded to the church of St. Louis at Versailles, to hear mass on the day preceding their sitting; but I well recollect the immense and joyful crowd which thronged the three avenues, and lined the road along which the deputies passed. The States commenced their labours. Had union prevailed throughout all the parts of the great whole, that admirable work would have been brought to a favourable issue. Unfortunately, there was not only a want of union, but there was no wish to establish it. The third state grew tired of not being heard, or rather of receiving, by way of answer, demands made by the clergy and nobility, in a tone of authority ill suited to prevailing circumstances. At length came the separation of the third state from the two privileged orders: this was the finishing stroke; the grand contest between the throne and the nation was now about to be decided. The retreat of the third estate into the tennis court produced an effect which years would not have brought about. The deputies, by declaring themselves to be the representatives of a great nation, acquired new power: the people began to measure their strength, and they found that they might venture very far in attempting the great work of their deliverance.

One of the causes which contributed to overthrow the throne of France, at this disastrous period, was occult government. Napoleon, when one day conversing about the revolution with Count Louis de Narbonne, said: “But you had great influence, had you not?” M. de Narbonne observed that nothing could be more unfounded than that supposition. His constitutional opinions withheld him alike from advocating or opposing the

* It is a curious coincidence that Napoleon died at St. Helena on the 5th of May.
revolution. M. de Narbonne added, that it was the queen herself who insisted on the double representation of the royal authority, though without any hostile feeling towards France, which she loved and regarded as her adopted country. Many absurdities have been advanced on this subject: for example, what could be more ridiculous than to suppose the queen to have been more attached to her brother than to her husband, her children, and her crown? "I believe, however," said M. de Narbonne, "that in 1792, the queen was so irritated by all she had suffered for three years previously, that her love for France was very much diminished." As to the occult government, the Baron de Breteuil is the individual who is most to be reproached on that score. While he declared it to be his wish to establish the English constitution in France, he would have introduced the constitution of Constantinople, if there had been such a thing. That man did a great deal of mischief in France, with his loud voice and narrow ideas.

My mother described to me the enthusiastic admiration with which the queen was received on one occasion when she appeared at the opera soon after her marriage. The performance was *Iphigénie en Aulide*. The queen arrived very late, and the fine chorus *Chantons, célébrons notre reine*, had just been sung. As soon as the queen entered, the repetition of the chorus was unanimously called for, and it was sung by the whole audience with such affectionate ardour, that the queen melted into tears. Alas! unfortunate princess, how soon was this love changed to hatred! The following is one of the many circumstances which combined to effect that change. While M. de Vergennes was in the department of foreign affairs, he was one day summoned by the queen on some very singular business. The queen's brother, the Emperor, had requested her to obtain a loan of twelve millions for him. Of course, it was understood that the money was to be repaid, but in the public ferment which then existed, it was necessary that both the loan and the repayment should be kept a profound secret. The matter was very difficult; for on the queen's own acknowledgment, the king was decidedly opposed to it. The queen informed M. de Vergennes that she wished him to devise some means of raising the money, and above all of inducing the king to consent to it. "With all the respect I entertain for your majesty," replied the minister, "I am unfortunately obliged to disobey your commands. The state treasury is empty; we are approaching a terrible crisis, and I should consider myself very culpable were I, by my advice, to urge the king to a step which cannot but be fatal to your majesties and to France."—"Sir," said the queen, haughtily, "I sent for you to request your intercession, not to ask for your advice. But I shall, without your aid, prevail on the king to do what will strengthen the links of friendship
procure the funds; and I will, if necessary, be the security. The queen of France may love her adopted country without forgetting that she is an Austrian archduchess. I want no new taxes. I do not even wish that the department of finance should be applied to in this affair; but a loan may be raised, and let it be done.”

M. de Vergennes returned home much disconcerted. The queen’s determination seemed to be positive, and the minister plainly saw that the king would yield to the entreaties of the woman he loved. That very evening the king sent for him, and informed him, with an embarrassed air, of the promise which the queen had extorted from him, and expressed his wish that the sum, or at least half of it, should be raised. It was not easy at that time to raise money for the government, and great address was requisite to attain that object. There was in Paris an immensely rich banker named Durhuet. He was commissioned by M. de Vergennes to raise the loan. After a great deal of trouble, and one or two journeys, he at length succeeded. The courier who was to convey to Vienna the intelligence that the king had given his consent to a loan of twelve millions, when France wanted bread, was ready to start. M. de Vergennes delivered to him his dispatches with secret instructions. The courier set out; but when he had got about twenty leagues from Paris, he was suddenly taken ill, and was obliged to suspend his journey for forty-eight hours. This interval was well employed by the minister. He threw himself at the king’s feet, and so earnestly implored him to consider that the step he was about to take would be attended by fatal consequences, that Louis XVI. consented to the recall of the courier. The money was restored to M. Durhuet, and the king’s refusal was sent to Vienna instead of the loan.

After the separation of the third state from the two privileged orders, but few means of reconciliation really remained, though at first there appeared many, and among them was the acquisition of Mirabeau. This astonishing man was without doubt the greatest political character of our revolution. His portrait has been drawn in every attitude, under all possible lights; and yet they have but little understood this wonderful orator, who think they have said enough when they echo the expressions, “What inimitable talent! he was surely inspired! but then the immorality of his writings!” and such like. I am indeed far from wishing to represent Mirabeau as an estimable character; but the brilliancy of that colossal talent with which nature had gifted him still remains to elicit admiration, and make us overlook, by the contrast, the shades which darken so splendid a picture. It would be the height of absurdity in me to lay a tint upon the portrait of Mirabeau, which would in any degree diminish its truth to nature. I merely contend that, in
which have been laid to his charge. It matters little to us that the old magisterial peruke of the President Le Monier was compromised in the tribunals. What business have we with the matrimonial squabbles of M. and Mme. de Mirabeau?

I cannot class Mirabeau with the rest of the men who figured in the Revolution. I flatter myself I knew more of his real character than those who were acquainted with him at the epoch of his brilliant existence. The fact is, that I was in the habit of seeing regularly, almost every day, for at least seven years of my early life, the two individuals who were best able to give me an accurate opinion of Mirabeau. The first was his dearest friend, the man he cherished above all others, and who in return almost worshipped his memory. This man, who followed the political path of Mirabeau, and who by means of his intimacy with him, and subsequently with Dumouriez, obtained a sort of influence in the government, was Bonneecarère. He lived at Versailles at the time I resided there. The other individual was Cardinal Maury, who, when only an abbé, was the opponent of Mirabeau, by whom, however, he was constantly defeated. From the sentiments of these two men, and likewise from some documents which have been placed at my disposal, I have drawn my inferences. I have formed an opinion which is, I trust, divested of all prejudice. Excluded from the rank to which his birth entitled him, Mirabeau determined to recover it at any price. He vowed vengeance against his enemies, and with this bitterness of feeling did Mirabeau take his seat in the assembly of the states-general. As he entered the hall, on the day of opening, he cast a threatening glance on the ranks which he was not allowed to approach. A bitter smile played on his lips, which were habitually contracted by an ironical and scornful expression. He proceeded across the hall, and seated himself upon those benches from which he was soon to hurl the thunderbolts which shook the throne.

A gentleman, strongly attached to the court, but likewise a friend of Mirabeau, the Count de Reb——, who had observed the rancorous look which he darted around him when he took his seat, entered into conversation with him the same day, and pointed out to him that his peculiar position in the world closed against him the door of every saloon in Paris. "Consider," said the count, "that society when once wounded is not easily conciliated. If you wish to be pardoned, you must ask pardon." Mirabeau listened with impatience to what the count said, but when he used the word "pardon," he could contain himself no longer, but started up and stamped with violence on the ground. His bushy hair seemed to stand on end, his little piercing eyes flashed fire, and his lips turned pale and quivered. This was always the way with Mirabeau when he was strongly excited. "I am come hither," cried he in a voice of thunder, "to be
very evening to the queen. Her majesty used to note in her memorandum book those deputies whose talents were worthy her notice. We may conclude that Mirabeau stood at the top of her red ink list.

That Mirabeau was corruptible, all the world knows. To manage a negotiation with him was, however, a difficult and delicate task. Nevertheless, intrigue and cunning afforded hopes of success at a moment when fears and misgivings were becoming more and more acute and deeply seated.

On the 7th of May, 1789, the queen was informed of Mirabeau’s hostile intentions.* M. Necker was consulted, and his opinion was, that Mirabeau was possessed of extraordinary talent, but wanted judgment; and M. Necker considered him not very formidable. But M. Necker ought to have known enough of our nation to be aware what might be produced by brilliant oratory and an eloquence teeming with facts. Now, the cause that Mirabeau had undertaken to defend was in itself the most just of all causes, and that M. Necker knew better than most people. He, however, declined to have any thing to do with the negotiation, and merely yielded to the queen’s wish to place at her disposal a sum of money to assist the execution of her designs.

Furnished with his instructions, and a well stocked purse, the Count de Reb—went one morning to Mirabeau, plied him with much art, and finally made him offers which he felt confident he would not hesitate to accept. But fate ordained that the man who had always been needy, and tormented by creditors, was at that moment well supplied with money. What was the result? He rejected the proposition of Count de Reb—I’s offers, and asked him for whom he took him? Mirabeau dismissed the count with all the dignity of an ancient Greek, telling him that offers of money could not be listened to by him. The count, though chagrined at his disappointment, did not lose hope. He knew Mirabeau well enough, and was sure he would not remain long in his present frame of mind.

That same evening a man who served Mirabeau in the capacity of a pacolet called upon the count. This man, as Joulevet, was a kind of factotum to the tribune of the people. He had been implicated in the trial of Madame Lemonnier, and since that period had served, though distantly, his dangerous patron, whom he loved. He was a practised intriguer, and had been attracted to Paris by the assembling of the states-general, reasonably presuming that there his talents would find occupation. He waited on his old patron, and through the medium of M. de Bonnecarère, of whom I had these facts, was introduced

* That is to say, that it was known by his own avowal, what he intended to do, and what he required for pursuing a directly contrary line of conduct. The
to Mirabeau. Mirabeau found him of use; and obscure as this
man was, he was of singular assistance to Mirabeau. Of this I
have seen written proofs.

Joulevet opened the conference with the Count de Réb—,
by announcing to him that Mirabeau consented to place all his
influence at the disposal of the court, but required, he said, an
honourable treaty; and not a paltry bargain:* that he did not
wish to supersede M. Necker, whose talents he respected (this
by the way is not true, for Mirabeau made him the constant
but of his raillery†), but that any other department of the
ministry would suit him. On these terms he would devote him-
self to the court. The Count de Réb—l, who was a good
simple man, thought, on hearing this, that ambition had wrought
this change in Mirabeau. He went to him, and was this time
well received, and heard all the reasons he gave for his readiness
to sacrifice himself by entering the ministry at such a moment.
The same day the count saw the individual who was to speak to
the queen, and he on the first intelligence of the capitulation of
Mirabeau (for he was really a strong hold), ran immediately to
acquaint the queen with the happy news. The count followed,
and when he entered the queen's cabinet, her majesty advanced
towards him, her countenance beaming with pleasure. "The
king will be gratified by your zeal, monsieur," said she to the
plenipotentiary. "Well! had you a good bargain of this man?
How much has he cost?" The Count de Réb—l then said
that Mirabeau, with true magnanimity, had rejected all pro-
positions of a pecuniary nature. He then mentioned the ap-
pointment to the ministry.

At the mention of this the queen reddened, and then turned
deadly pale. She closed her eyes, and striking her forehead
with her hand, exclaimed: "A minister! Make Requette
Mirabeau a minister! Never! never will I allow the threshold
of the king's council to be sullied by the footsteps of such a
man." She trembled with rage. "Let him have money! Give
him all he asks for! But to make him a minister!—Is it
possible that my friends can give me this advice?" She then
paced the room with every mark of violent agitation, repeating
the words, "A minister, forsooth! a minister!" The sequel of
the story is curious. The sum offered to Mirabeau might
be regarded as considerable at a period when money, being

* My memory is rather in doubt, with regard to the amount of the sum
stipulated. I think 100,000 fr.; but I am not certain. I have likewise for-
gotten whether or no this sum was part of the personal property of M. Necker.
But M. Necker's honourable character would lead to that inference.
† Since writing the above, I have seen a work of Madame de Staël, in which
she states that Mirabeau had a high opinion of M. Necker. In this she is
certainly deceived. I know that Mirabeau used among his intimate friends to
call him a fool, and a political Cassandra. Madame de Staël's conduct is very
distributed about in every direction, was not very abundant at Versailles. After Mirabeau had refused it three times, the queen desired the individual employed in the negotiation to return it. This individual departed for Germany, and after he was gone Mirabeau became pressed for money, and did not know how to raise it. He had missed the opportunity, and the channel of communication was gone. When that individual returned it was too late: Mirabeau was fairly in the list; he had thrown down the gauntlet, and now wanted both money and office. It is curious that Mirabeau earnestly solicited an interview with the queen. But the queen would consent to it only on condition that it should be in the presence of M. de Réb—I, or Monsieur. Mirabeau, however, would not accede to that condition. What could be Mirabeau’s object in so urgently pressing this interview? Did he not believe the truth of the story of the necklace? Did he found any hopes on the powers of captivation with which nature had endowed him, in spite of his personal disadvantages?

It is not surprising that Mirabeau should have maintained profound silence on the whole of this affair. It was a point of the utmost importance that members of the states-general should preserve, in the opinions of the citizens, a character for purity, independence, and disinterestedness. All and each of the deputies pledged themselves on their honour not to solicit or accept any pension or favour directly or indirectly. These considerations rendered Mirabeau circumspect, and whatever might be his habitual imprudence, he betrayed no levity in this affair, the details of which were not known till some years afterwards.

CHAPTER VIII.

Louis XVI. at the Hôtel de Ville on the 14th of July—Revolutionary scenes—Departure of my father and brother for England—My father’s return—His duel with M. de Som-le—Return of my brother—Domiciliary visit to my father’s house—Napoleon’s remarks upon it—The 10th of August—We save two of our friends—M. de Condorcet—My father denounced—Departure of my father and mother from Paris—My sister and I placed at boarding-school.

When, after the 14th of July, the king was conducted to the Hôtel de Ville to sanction the revolution which had been made against himself, my father informed me that his deep distress and calm dignified deportment, inspired respect from all who surrounded him. The king had long seen the storm gathering in the horizon; it had now burst upon his head. The danger was present and full before him. My father said that
the pious expression of the king’s countenance showed how he viewed his situation. He judged it as a christian, if he did not judge it as a king. Before the revolution of the 14th of July, M. Necker had been dismissed. He was recalled after that event. From this indecision it was clear that the ship had no pilot. At this period a report which had long been circulated assumed a semblance of truth. The Duke of Orleans had been accused of being the head of a party, and the newspapers of the day employed his name in the hints which they daily set forth that France should follow the example of England. The Duke of Orleans was fixed upon, because, in the English revolution, the direct part of the royal family had been expelled in favour of the Prince of Orange. The thing was so often repeated, that the Duke of Orleans began at last to believe that he might place himself at the head of a party, and become the leader of a faction, without the qualification for such an office.

Robespierre and others set the Duke of Orleans forward, because they wanted something that would please the moderate and reasonable party. That party allowed itself to be caught in the snare. But this stone, which it was intended to hurl on the royal head, could not roll of itself. It was only dangerous from the hands which were to move it. I recollect, as though they were terrible dreams, the 14th of July, the 6th of October, the 21st of June, and several other days which formed the most fatal in the calendar. On the 6th of October, in particular, I remember seeing my mother, at three in the afternoon, ordering the servants to shut the drawing-room shutters which looked on the quay. My father wished to go to Versailles; but she wept and held him by the arm, entreatling him not to leave us. My father, alarmed at the aspect of affairs, which was every day becoming more threatening, converted his property into English stock, and set off with my brother to London. There he remained for some weeks, and then returned to France, leaving my brother in England to await his further instructions.

Many events occurred in our family during the absence of my brother. My father’s constitutional principles were well known, and yet his attachment to the king led him into several disputes. He fought a duel with M. de Som—le, an officer in my brother’s regiment, who, in my father’s presence, made some remarks on the opinions of Albert. M. de Som—le was slightly wounded in the arm, but my father escaped unhurt.

At that period a family who kept many servants could not be sure of them all. My father took all possible precautions. The duel was not known, it is true; but the quarrel which gave rise to it was repeated about with various commentaries. This was attended by dangerous consequences. In the preceding year, a man, who said he was an upholsterer, established himself in a little shop in the neighbourhood of the Mint. He came to
already an upholsterer whom she was not inclined to discard for a stranger. He was insolent, and a dispute arose between him and the servant. The noise drew my father to the door, and the result was that M. Thirion was turned out of the house. My father, and the rest of the family, thought no more about this affair, but Thirion remembered it, and he vowed deadly hatred against us.

The sections were formed. This man acquired some influence in ours. He became secretary, clerk, or I know not what. A few days after my father's return from England, a domiciliary visit was made to our house. It was under the direction of Thirion, who had probably instigated it. My father had just risen and was shaving, when, to his surprise, Thirion entered his dressing room, and informed him that he had come to enquire his age, his qualifications, and the object of his recent journey. My father insisted on seeing the order, and Thirion refused to show it. My father flew into a violent rage, and seizing on a large stick would probably have insisted on inflicting a severe chastisement on Thirion, but for my mother's intercession; Thirion took his departure, after declaring that he should make a report against my father. In the midst of the agitation into which this scene threw my mother and me, Napoleon Bonaparte happened to call. On being informed of what had taken place, he expressed great indignation, and immediately repaired to the section, the club, the committee, or whatever might be the authority which at that time ordered domiciliary visits. Thirion had already made his report; but Napoleon, nevertheless, animadverted strongly on Thirion's refusal to produce his order.

"If," said he, "M. de Permon had fired a pistol at that man, he would only have been defending his house against an insolent intruder, and no one could have blamed him."

This happened on the 7th or 8th of August. The 10th was a day which I shall never forget. It was the day of my fête, and hitherto I had always spent it happily. Some of my young friends had been invited to visit me, and my little chamber was filled with flowers, toys, and sweetmeats. But our festival day proved a day of mourning. In the streets the cries of the people mingled with the thundering of artillery and the groans of the wounded. About noon my brother entered with one of his companions in arms, who was wrapped in a great coat. The young man had tasted nothing for forty hours, and he had just escaped from the pursuit of those who would have massacred him if they had found him. His family lay under great obligations to the queen. His duty and his opinions happened to coincide. In the course of a few days he had fought three duels, two of which had terminated fatally. One of his deceased adversaries was a relation of Manuel; consequently there was every thing to fear. The young gentleman was concealed in Paris and was only on the point of returning to the
answers I should give in case of the house being searched. The cautious prudence I had then to observe in behalf of a stranger, afterwards became useful to me when those I most dearly loved were in similar danger.

My father was out, and my mother had anxiously expected his return for several hours. My brother went frequently to the gate to look for him. He even ventured as far as the quay, where he heard of the deposition of the king, but could see nothing of my father. The storm seemed to be subsiding, but the firing of musketry was still heard at intervals. Night was drawing in, and my father had not yet returned. My brother again went down to the gate to look for him, and he saw a man quickly turn round the corner of our hotel. He immediately recognised the figure of my father. He called to him, and my father advanced, looking cautiously behind him. He desired my brother to leave the door open, observing that he was merely going round the corner to fetch a person who was in the arcade of the mint. He returned, bringing with him a gentleman who was scarcely able to walk. He was leaning on the arm of my father, who conducted him silently to a bed chamber. Alas! when the wounded man threw off the large military cloak which enveloped him, what was our distress to recognise M. de Bevy! He was pale and faint, and the blood was flowing copiously from his wounds. Tranquillity was not restored during the whole of the night. Owing to the situation of our house, we were in greater safety than many of our neighbours, for we were less in sight, and more out of hearing of the threats and imprecations uttered by the crowds who paraded Paris during the whole of the night.

On the morning of the 11th, a message was sent by the valet-de-chambre of my brother's young friend, informing him that he was in great danger, as Manuel was making strict search for him. A strange idea then occurred to my brother, though in its result it proved very fortunate. M. de Condorcet lodged at that time in an entresol in the mint. My brother had occasion to see him several times, and he had always treated him in a very friendly way. My brother went to him. I do not know what passed in the interview; but Albert's friend was saved.

My father entertained no fears for his own safety. He was engaged in writing a letter for M. de Bevy, when our butcher, an honest, worthy man, who was a lieutenant or captain in the National Guards, sent to inform us that my father had been denounced for having harboured enemies of the people. My father paid little attention to this warning; but in about an hour afterwards he received more positive information that he would be arrested that very night. The individual who brought him this information added to it the promise of a passport for one of the cities in the south of France, and undertook to conduct my father, accompanied by my mother, but my mother only, to the place of safety.
leaving her children behind her at such a moment; but there
was no alternative.

After long deliberation as to what would be the best way of
disposing of myself and my sister, it was determined that we
should be placed at a boarding-school, and that my brother
should have a lodging near us. This plan was no sooner resolved
than executed, and before night my sister and I were installed
in a boarding-school in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, kept by
Mésdemoiselles Chevalier.

CHAPTER IX.

Murder of Madame de Lamballe—Our removal to Toulouse—My father sum-
moned before the section—My mother’s letter to Salicetti—He makes my
brother his secretary—Death of the king and Madame Elizabeth—My father’s
illness—Friendly warning of Couder—Our journey to the waters of Cauterets
—Death of Robespierre.

My sister and I were miserable during the time we remained
at boarding-school. Our only intervals of happiness were when
my brother came to see us, which he did as often as he could.
One day, when my brother came to pay us a visit, he perceived
as he came along groups of individuals whose sanguinary drunk-
eness was horrible. Many were naked to the waist, and their
arms and breasts were covered with blood. They bore tattered
garments upon their pikes and swords. Their countenances
were inflamed, and their eyes haggard; in short, their appear-
ance was hideous. These groups became more frequent and
more numerous. My brother, in his uneasiness about us, de-
termined to come to us at all risks, and drove rapidly along the
Boulevard, until he arrived opposite the house of Beaumarchais.
There he was stopped by an immense mob, composed also of
half-naked individuals besmeared with blood, and who had the
appearance of demons incarnate. They vociferated, sang, and
danced. It was the Saturnalia of Hell! On perceiving Albert’s
cabriolet they cried out, ‘‘Let it be taken to him! Let it be
taken to him! He is an aristocrat!’’ In a moment the
cabriolet was surrounded by the multitude, and from the middle
of the crowd an object seemed to arise and approach. My
brother’s troubled sight did not enable him at first to perceive
long auburn tresses clotted with blood, and a countenance still
lovely. The object came nearer and nearer, and rested upon his
face. My unhappy brother uttered a piercing cry. He had re-
ognised the head of Madame de Lamballe!*

* During the horrible massacres of September, 1792, the Princess of Lam-

We received a letter from my mother, dated Toulouse. She and my father had fixed their temporary abode in that city, and they desired us to join them. We accordingly left Paris for that purpose. We lodged in the house of M. de Montauriol, president of the parliament of Toulouse. It was situated in the finest part of the town, and was divided between four families. We were no sooner established in our new abode, than my father was summoned to appear before the president of the section, or district. My father was in such a state of irritability that my mother would not suffer him to go, and my brother went in his stead.

It was some time before my brother could make the worthy magistrate comprehend that the citizen Permon he saw before him was not citizen Permon the elder, and that the latter was too ill to attend. When at length this was explained to him, after considerable difficulty, he exclaimed, "And what do you do here? coward! aristocrat! why are you not with the army?" My brother replied that he was not with the army because his father, being ill, his mother and sisters required his protection. However, this explanation was not considered satisfactory, and my brother narrowly escaped being arrested on the spot. When he returned home he was in great distress and alarm. He consulted my mother on the means of securing my father's safety; and she, with the admirable spirit and presence of mind which never forsook her, determined to write to her countryman Salicetti, who was then in Paris, awaiting the king's trial.

My father had been intimately acquainted with M. Durosol, who edited a journal entitled "L'Ami du Roi."* M. Durosol, who was afterwards removed to the Abbey, to be questioned before two ferocious men of the name of Hébert and L'Hullier, appointed to sit as judges. The following is the whole of her trial: Question. Who are you?—Answer. Maria Louisa, Princess of Savoy. Q. Your quality?—A. Superintendent of the queen's household. Q. Had you any knowledge of the plots of the court on the 10th of August?—A. I do not know that there were any plots on the 10th of August; but thus I know, that I had no knowledge of them. Q. Will you swear to liberty, equality, and a detestation of the king, the queen, and royalty?—A. I shall readily swear to the two first, but I cannot swear to the last, as I have no such sentiment in my heart. A bystander whispered, "If you do not swear, you are a dead woman." She was led into a court of the prison already stewed with dead bodies, where, on receiving the blow of a dagger, she fell, fainting with the loss of blood; and soon afterwards her body was pierced with a lance, and her noble spirit fled. We dare not relate all the horrors and indignities that were heaped on her. Her head was cut off, and carried through Paris to the Palais Royal, and exposed beneath the window of the Duke of Orleans, who gazed on it for awhile without uttering a syllable. He was charged with being privy to this murder by the double thirst of revenge and interest; for, by her death, he gained her jointure of a hundred thousand crowns, which she received out of the fortune of the Duchess of Orleans, who was her sister-in-law.

* "L'Ami du Roi" (the King's Friend) was written by Counsellor Montjoie, the author of a valuable history of the revolution. The unfortunate M. de Rosoi...
who was firmly wedded to his own opinions, happened to meet Salicetti one day in my father's house, and a warm discussion arose between them; my father supporting the arguments of Durosoi, and my mother those of Salicetti. The latter left the house much out of humour, and the course of events obliged my mother and father to quit Paris before they had an opportunity of seeing him again. My mother feared that he might bear in mind the part my father had taken in the discussion above-mentioned; and this fear was not so unfounded as it may appear. My father's opinions might be expected to influence his conduct as well as his language; and this reflection would naturally occur to the man who was asked to be a sort of security for him. My mother felt this difficulty, but she nevertheless determined to write. The letter was that of a wife and a mother. She appealed to his past friendship, to the remembrance of their common country; and concluded by assuring Salicetti that she should owe to him the lives of her husband and her children.

The danger was no doubt great, but, perhaps, not so great as my mother's fears led her to imagine, at least as far as regarded my father. My brother was really in much greater danger; for he was required to join the army, and to do that would have been to march to certain death, for the fatigue he had already undergone had brought on a pulmonary inflammation. By the next courier, Salicetti returned an exceedingly kind answer to my mother's letter. After thanking her for giving him an opportunity to serve her, he informed her that he had placed her husband under the immediate protection of the authorities of Toulouse. As to my brother, he appointed him his secretary, and sent him his nomination, together with leave to spend three months with his family.

My brother accepted the offer of Salicetti, though without the knowledge of my father, whose feelings were at that time so deeply wounded, that we did not think it advisable to add to his distress by requiring him to consent to such a step. In a very grateful letter, my brother informed Salicetti that he should join him in the month of March following. He was then twenty-four years of age.

Meanwhile the king's fate was decided. This was a severe stroke to my poor father, who was greatly attached to his sovereign. American liberalism had had an influence upon him as well as upon all who had served in the American war; his opinions were fixed, and he was never happier than on the day when the king accepted the constitution. On this point, my
father's opinions coincided with those of the great majority of the nation; and while the illusion lasted, that we had or could have a constitutional sovereign, joy and satisfaction predominated. When the fate of the king was made known in the provinces, the grief it excited was sincere and profound, for as a man, Louis the XVth was universally beloved. My father owed much to the king, and much also to Madame Elizabeth. He trembled for his benefactress, and the blow he had already received became mortal, when he saw the death of Madame Elizabeth announced in the journals. He had already been partially confined to his chamber; but he now shut himself up entirely, and kept his bed for whole days together.

We had brought with us from Paris only one servant, my father's valet-de-chambre. My mother was therefore obliged to hire domestics at Toulouse. These servants gossipped to their acquaintances about my father, and the most ridiculous stories, respecting the cause of his supposed disappearance were soon circulated about the town.

There was a shoemaker, named Couder, who exercised great influence in the commune. This man, whose name I never utter without gratitude, warned my mother of the reports which were circulated respecting my father. He was to be summoned and interrogated, and in that case he would have been ruined. We had then a representative of the people, who certainly would not have tolerated my father's answers. At that time my brother was with Salicetti. My mother wrote to him, and the next post brought back a letter in Salicetti's own hand-writing, containing testimonials in favour of my father, and recommending him to his colleague.* Couder was a very honest man. His opinions were those of a staunch and sincere republican. His merit was, therefore, the greater in what he did for us, for he was perfectly aware of my father's sentiments. "All I want," said he to my mother, "is your promise that you will not emigrate. When I see the French going abroad, they appear to me like children abandoning their parents."

My mother had for two years been suffering from a complaint of the chest. She was recommended to try the waters of Cauterets, and she set off, taking me and my sister with her. My father could not accompany us: indeed, he remained behind almost as a hostage. On our return from Cauterets, we found my father still very ill. Public affairs maintained a gloomy and threatening aspect. Robespierre had perished; but the revolutionary executions still continued. Terror was not yet sufficiently abated to admit of a free expression of the joy which the intelligence of his death excited in the provinces.

* This colleague was Mallarmé. He at that time lived with a beautiful female of Toulouse, known by the name of Madame Mac Mahon. One evening she appeared at the theatre in an elegant cap of liberty, gracefully placed on one side of her head. She is now Madame D——.
CHAPTER X.

Arrest of Bonaparte—His conduct in Corsica—Jacobin club—Bonaparte disguised as a sailor—Bonaparte, Junot, and Robespierre the younger—Friendship between Bonaparte and Junot—Rivalry of Bonaparte and Salicetti—Examination of Bonaparte’s papers—Easure of his name from the list of generals.

After our return to Toulouse, my mother received letters from my brother which much distressed her. They informed her of the arrest of General Bonaparte, and the circumstances which had caused that measure. Albert was very indignant. He thought Salicetti’s conduct in that affair was not what it ought to have been to a countryman and an old friend. My mother wrote to Salicetti, expressing the pain she felt on hearing of Bonaparte’s arrest. “Do not,” she said, “let his mother add this new affliction to those with which she is already burdened.”

My brother delivered this letter to Salicetti, and in his mother’s name implored a favourable answer. After having read it, Salicetti said to my brother: “Inform Madame Permon, that I am sorry I cannot do what she wishes for General Bonaparte. But you must see yourself that the thing is impossible. The intelligence which I have received from Corsica would dictate the step I have taken, even if the affairs of Genoa did not render it indispensable. Are you not of my opinion, Permon? My brother could not answer yes, for he was not of Salicetti’s opinion. Bonaparte was accused of being a spy, and my brother did not think him guilty. Besides, he thought that at all events it did not become Salicetti to accuse him of Jacobinism. He therefore remained silent.

On the subject of the affairs of Corsica, about which so much was said by Salicetti and Albitte, I have recently been furnished with some details by an eye-witness perfectly competent by his intelligence and information to observe all that was passing. These details are as follows:

In the spring of 1793, Bonaparte, before he went to Toulon, having obtained leave of absence made a visit to Corsica. After his arrival at Ajaccio he lodged near the seaport in the house of
was formed in a barrack situated without the city, in what is called the Sea-square. In this club several orators distinguished themselves, and Napoleon Bonaparte was a frequent speaker.

Some of the inhabitants at Ajaccio, alarmed at the formidable aspect of this club, established another assembly which was attended by several persons of my acquaintance. Among others by a naval officer, whose ship was lying in the roads of Corsica, and who by his talent and courage was very capable of counteracting the measures of the first mentioned club, should they have become dangerous. This assembly was held in a large house on the opposite side of the square. Its object was to maintain tranquillity, and prevent disorder. The club, of which Bonaparte was a member, at length became so threatening to the public tranquillity, that the moderate assembly resolved to send a deputation to it to point out the mischief it was likely to occasion to the country.

The naval officer, to whom I have above alluded, was at the head of this deputation, which consisted of himself and three other members of the assembly. They advised the club to be peaceable, above all, to wait for the decision of France, and to follow the movement of the republican government. Bonaparte immediately mounted the tribune, and delivered a vehement speech, the object of which was to show that in times of revolution people must be either friends or enemies, that Solon punished with death every man who remained neutral in civil discord, and that the moderates ought, therefore, to be considered enemies by true patriots. When the sitting was at an end Napoleon went out into the square. He was very much heated, and seemed but little disposed to any thing conciliating. However his violence did not intimidate my friend who was at the head of the deputation. He reproached him for what he had said in the tribune. "Bah," said Bonaparte, "a mere club speech, nothing else. But, my friend, do you not see the necessity of firmness, and of choosing a wide road instead of a narrow path."—"You," replied my friend, "will, perhaps, lose yourself in the road you have chosen; and in the name of friendship I conjure you to alter your course." Bonaparte frowned, turned on his heel, and went off to join some of his turbulent colleagues.

Some days afterwards my friend learned from some of his correspondents in the interior of the island, that four thousand peasants intended to make a descent from the mountains, and that their hostility would be particularly directed against the families of Salicetti and Bonaparte. My friend warned Bonaparte of the danger. Napoleon wished to know whence my friend had obtained the information. He was exceedingly angry because my friend would not tell him. At length he said, "No matter, I fear no one." He parted from him very coolly. Early next morning my friend's gondolier came to inform him that he had just seen Bonaparte in the disguise of a sailor
stepping into a gondola for the purpose of proceeding to Calvi.
My friend immediately went out to ascertain the truth of this
statement, which was corroborated by all the sailors of the port.
On inquiring what had become of the Bonaparte family, he was
informed they had taken refuge at Cargesa.

At the time when these circumstances occurred, Bonaparte
had just received his commission of captain of artillery. Shortly
after he was sent to Toulon to command the works of the siege.
About this period of his life, Bonaparte was very intimate with
Robespierre, the younger, with whom Junot was also well ac-
quainted. Young Robespierre was what might be called an agree-
able young man, animated by no bad sentiments, and believing,
or feigning to believe, that his brother was led on by a parcel of
wretches, every one of whom he would banish to Cayenne if he
were in his place. On his arrival at Toulon, Bonaparte had the
reputation of being a warm patriot. Junot has frequently told
me that the general-in-chief, who was very moderate, at first
entertained a sort of prejudice against the young officer, whose
opinion he seemed to regard as much too violent.

The mission given to Bonaparte by the representative Ricord,
on the 25th Messidor, year II., was rather diplomatic than
military. In short, it was an order for supervision and inquisi-
tion. He was especially instructed to keep a watchful eye upon
the French minister and charge-d'affaires at Genoa. It is, there-
fore, evident that he enjoyed the full confidence of the proconsuls,
who then had the control of every thing, and this confidence
could only have resulted from the knowledge of his opinions and
sentiments. Bonaparte was then only five-and-twenty years of
age. Ricord must, therefore, have been very sure of him.
Salicetti succeeded Ricord, and it was naturally to be expected
that Bonaparte would enjoy the protection of the new repre-
sentative. They were countrymen, and even friends, in spite of
the difference of their age; and though Salicetti came in imme-
diately after a reaction, it is very certain that he entertained
what were called terrorist opinions.

When Bonaparte was arrested, Junot, who loved him af-
fectionately, determined to save him either by artifice or force.
The punishments of the reign of terror were not yet at an end,
and an individual who was the object of any accusation what-
ever, was in great danger. Bonaparte, however, forbade Junot
to resort to any violence. “I am innocent,” said he, “and I
will trust to the laws.” The following is a letter which Bona-
parte wrote from his prison to Junot:

“I see a strong proof of your friendship, my dear Junot, in
the proposition you make to me, and I trust you feel convinced
that the friendly sentiments that I have long entertained for you
remain unabated. Men may be unjust towards me, my dear
friend, but never distrust your friend Junot.”
conscience is the tribunal before which I try my conduct. That conscience is calm when I question it. Do not, therefore, stir in this business. You will only compromise me.

“Adieu, my dear Junot, your’s,

“Bonaparte.”

This letter was an answer to one which Junot had sent him by a soldier, within the first twenty-four hours after his arrest, when he was not permitted to see him. I do not know why Junot was refused admittance to him, but I think it was because orders had been given to keep Bonaparte in solitary confinement. Junot, in his letter, proposed to aid him in effecting his escape, and suggested some plans which could only have entered the head of an enthusiastic young man like himself.* He declared his determination to share his imprisonment, even if it were doomed to be eternal.

One motive, I do not mean to say the only one, of the animosity shewn by Salicetti to Bonaparte, in the affair of Loano, was, that they were at one time suitors to the same lady. I am not sure whether it was in Corsica or in Paris, but I know for a fact that Bonaparte, in spite of his youth, or perhaps I should rather say on account of his youth, was the favoured lover. It was the opinion of my brother, who, as I have already mentioned, was secretary to Salicetti, that Bonaparte owed his life to a circumstance which is not very well known. The fact is, that Salicetti received a letter from Bonaparte, the contents of which appeared to make a deep impression on him. Bonaparte’s papers had been delivered into Salicetti’s hands, who, after an attentive perusal of them, laid them aside, with evident dissatisfaction. He then took them up again, and read them a second time. Salicetti declined my brother’s assistance in the examination of the papers, and after a second examination, which was probably as unsatisfactory as the first, he seated himself with a very abstracted air. It would appear that he had seen among the papers some document which concerned himself. Another curious fact is, that the man who had the care of the papers after they were sealed up, was an inferior clerk entirely under the control of Salicetti; and my brother, whose business it was to have charge of the papers, was directed not to touch them. He has often spoken to me of this circumstance, and I mention it here as one of importance to the history of the time. Nothing that relates to a man like Napoleon can be considered useless or trivial.

What, after all, was the result of this strange business which might have cost Bonaparte his head?—for had he been taken to Paris and tried by the Committee of Public Safety, there is

* Madame Mère, the mother of Bonaparte, always entertained a grateful re-
little doubt that the friend of Robespierre the younger would have been condemned by Billant-Varennes and Collot d’Herbois. The result was the acquittal of the accused. This result is the more extraordinary, since it would appear that at that time Salicetti stood in fear of the young general. A compliment is even paid to Bonaparte in the decree, by which he was provisionally restored to liberty. That liberation was said to be granted on the consideration that General Bonaparte might be useful to the republic. This was foresight; but subsequently, when measures were taken which rendered Bonaparte no longer an object of fear, his name was erased from the list of general officers, and it is a curious fact that Cambacérès, who was destined to be his colleague in the consulate, was one of the persons who signed the act of erasure.

Bonaparte, who was then very unfortunately situated, came to Paris to obtain justice or to endeavour to put into execution some of the thousand projects, which, as he used to tell us, he formed every night when he lay down to rest. He had with him only one aide-de-camp—one friend, whom his adverse fortune attached the more strongly to him. This was Junot, who from that moment gave him abundant proofs of the sincere friendship which never terminated but with his life. Duroc was not connected with Bonaparte until the latter took the command of the army of Italy. It has been frequently asserted that they were acquainted at Toulon, but this is a mistake. Bourrienne, who is well instructed in all these details, relates these facts in their true light. Salicetti and Bonaparte were not good friends, for the former feared his young compatriot, and they were never in each other’s confidence.

The opinion of Bonaparte, after he became consul, respecting the men of the revolution, is well known. He employed in the first offices statesmen who had taken part in the revolution; but, with the exception of Fouché, whom he never liked,* these were not the individuals who made the most distinguished figure in the revolutionary history. It may be remembered that on the occasion of the Infernal Machine, he made a furious attack, in the Council of State, on those whom he denominated the men of blood—the men of September. “France,” said he, “will never be happy until they are driven away. It is they who do all the mischief!”

* It is certain that Bonaparte was never partial to Fouché. He employed him, it is true, but it seemed to be in spite of an instinctive conviction which assured him that Fouché was one of those who would contribute to his downfall.
CHAPTER XI.

M. Brunetière—Curious mode of correspondence—My mother’s visit to Paris—The hotel de la Tranquillité—Bonaparte’s visit to us—Paris after the 9th Thermidor—Bonaparte and the Muscadins—Scarcity of bread—The sections declaiming against the Convention—Politics banished from conversation—Salicetti’s boots.

My father had an old friend, an advocate, named Brunetière, who maintained communications with the powerful men of the day, and who informed him of all that was going on in Paris, at least as far as he could do so with safety. We were not then in the height of the reign of terror; but there was reason to fear that the revolutionary flame might be rekindled, and caution was advisable. It was no unusual thing to send letters concealed in pies, and in this manner questions and answers travelled under the protection of gastronomic dainties. News was frequently sent from Paris to the country in the lining of a coat, the crown of a hat, or a box of artificial flowers. It was customary to send with these packets a letter, saying, “In compliance with your request, I send you such or such a thing.” My mother was sometimes very reluctant to pull to pieces the beautiful articles of millinery which came from Paris in this way. I recollect she once wore a hat in which a letter was concealed a whole fortnight, without telling my father where it came from, because she knew he would have had it pulled to pieces without mercy. It was to be sure at a moment when no very interesting news was likely to be communicated.

At length affairs assumed a more serene aspect, and my father received repeated invitations to proceed to Paris. My mother, finding that she could not prevail on him to go, determined herself to set out for Paris, and take me along with her; and it was agreed that my father should repair to Bordeaux, where he had some business to settle, and remain there during my mother’s absence. On her arrival in the capital, my mother was to ascertain whether it would be safe for my father to join her, and to determine on his future plans. On our arrival in Paris, we alighted at the Hotel de la Tranquillité, in the Rue des Filles Saint-Thomas. We were lodged in a very good suit of apartments on the second floor, overlooking a garden.
My brother had returned to Paris in company with Salicetti, but he was no longer in his employment: he had given up the situation of secretary two months before. His intention was to go to Holland, and to enter into trade. A day or two after our arrival, my mother received visits from some of her friends who had escaped the terrorist proscription, and who felt as if they were restored to a new life. Among the number was M. de Périgord, who owed his miraculous preservation to his valet-de-chambre, Beaulieu. Before the revolution my mother had been acquainted with many Corsicans; though their opinions did not coincide with her own, they nevertheless were frequent visitors at her house. As soon as they knew she had returned, they all flocked to see her. Among them were, Moltedo, the Abbé Arrighi, Aréna, Malicetti, Chiappe, and above all, Bonaparte. My brother Albert had informed him of my mother’s arrival, and he came immediately to see us.

I may say that it was then I first knew Bonaparte. Previously I had only a confused recollection of him. When he came to see us after our return to Paris, his appearance made an impression upon me which I shall never forget. At that period of his life, Bonaparte was decidedly ugly; he afterwards underwent a total change. I do not speak of the illusive charm which his glory spread around him, but I mean to say that a gradual physical change took place in him in the space of seven years. His emaciated thinness was converted into a fullness of face, and his complexion, which had been yellow and apparently unhealthy, became clear and comparatively fresh; his features, which were angular and sharp, became round and filled out. As to his smile, it was always agreeable. The mode of dressing his hair, which has such a droll appearance as we see it in the prints of the passage of the bridge of Arcola, was then comparatively simple; for young men of fashion (the muscadins), whom he used to rail at so loudly at that time, wore their hair very long. But he was very careless of his personal appearance; and his hair, which was ill combed and ill powdered, gave him the look of a sloven. His little hands, too, underwent a great metamorphosis: when I first saw him they were thin, long, and dark; but he was subsequently vain of the beauty of them, and with good reason. In short, when I recollect Napoleon entering the court-yard of the Hotel de la Tranquillité in 1793, with a shabby round hat drawn over his forehead, and his ill-powdered hair hanging over the collar of his grey great-coat, which afterwards became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV., without gloves, because he used to say they were a useless luxury, with boots ill made and ill blackened, with his thinness and his sallow complexion, in fine, when I recollect him at that time, and think what he was afterwards, I do not the same man in the two pictures.
women, frankly expressed all the pleasure she felt at seeing him
again. She spoke to him of Salicetti, whom, she said, she had
blamed for his treatment of him. A smile passed rapidly over
the lips of Bonaparte. "He wished," said he, "to ruin me, but
my star prevented him. However, I must not boast of my star,
for who knows what may be my fate." I never shall forget the
expression of his countenance as he uttered these last words.
My mother endeavoured to soothe him, and she succeeded
better than I could have imagined. I confess that I was much
surprised when I saw Salicetti and Bonaparte come next day to
dine with us, to all appearance very good friends.

At this period Paris was in a most disturbed state. Tragical
scenes daily arose in the bosom of the convention, and disgraced
its national majesty. The accomplices of Robespierre, alarmed
at the death of Danton, had overthrown the Dictator to save
themselves. They knew not what to do, for they could no
longer keep up the mask they had borrowed to effect the Ther-
midorian revolution.

Immediately after the 9th Thermidor, the members of the
Committee of Public Safety were accused. It was, I think,
Legendre who attacked Collot-d’Herbois, Billaud-Varennes,
Barrère, Amar-Vouland and David. This attack took place
about the 10th Fructidor. Carrier was also brought to the
convention, but it was to be condemned. He perished on the
26th Frimaire following, and it must be confessed that his last
moments were certainly marked by courage. It is true that
courage may be an attendant on crime as well as on virtue.

It was in the midst of these circumstances that we arrived in
Paris. On the day of our arrival M. Brunetière told us he was
very sorry that he had advised us to come. Bonaparte con-
formed his apprehension. He had just then received a letter
from his mother, in which she observed that the re-action would
probably deluge the south of France in blood.

"It is those royalist coxcombs," said Napoleon, "who are
making all this uproar. They would be very glad to glean after
the battle of the patriots. What fools there are in that Con-
vention! I am very glad to see that Permon has not adopted
the ridiculous fashion of these young men. They are all worth-
less Frenchmen." Those to whom Bonaparte alluded wore
grey great-coats with black collars and green cravats. Their
hair instead of being à la Titus, which was the prevailing fashion
of the day, was powdered, plaited, and turned up with a comb,
while on each side of the face hung two long curls called dog-
ears (oreilles de chien.) As these young men were very fre-
frequently attacked, they carried about with them large sticks
which were not always merely weapons of defence; for the frays
which arose in Paris at that time were often provoked by them.

The scarcity of bread and the necessaries of life now began to
be sensibly felt. My sister secretly sent us flour from the south.
In so doing she was obliged to resort to various subterfuges, for a serious punishment would have been the result of the discovery. The people who had endured misery under Robespierre, because Robespierre flattered them, now openly threatened to rebel. Every day the bar of the Convention was invaded by the sections of Paris, and crowds of people traversed the streets exclaiming, "Bread, bread! We, at least, had bread in 1793! Down with the republic!"

One day Bonaparte came to dine with us, and after dinner we took a walk out in the direction of the Tuileries. Bonaparte offered my mother his arm, and I walked with my brother. After we had crossed the Passage Feydeau and reached the Boulevard, we heard horrid vociferations against the Convention. "Madame Peron," said Napoleon, "let me advise you not to go any further. These are not scenes for women to witness. Let me conduct you home, and I will come and gather what news I can, and return to inform you of what I hear." We immediately returned home, and Bonaparte and Albert afterwards went out. Neither of them returned that night. They informed us that they had found it impossible to get back, and, besides, they had been to the Convention. "There they were," said Bonaparte, "roaring for the constitution of 1793: they were like so many madmen."—"And you, Napoleon," said my mother, "what is your opinion of it? I think the constitution of 1793 is a good one." Bonaparte was off his guard, and replied, "Why, it is good in one sense, to be sure, but all that is connected with carnage is bad." Perceiving that my mother smiled, he recollected himself and said: Ah! Signora Panoria! Signora Panoria! quest'è malissimo! come! mi volete prendere per sopresa?" Then he added with a smile: "Oh no! no constitution of 93, I do not like it." That same day Salicetti came to see us. He appeared out of humour, was abstracted, and frequently did not answer to the purpose when he was spoken to. When he was in this sort of humour and conversing with Bonaparte, the discussion was sure to take an angry tone, so that my mother always tried to turn the conversation from politics.

A few evenings before the first of Prairial† my mother had a little party. She told the gentlemen whom she invited that she would have no politics introduced. "Is it not enough," said she, "to be roused out of one's sleep of a night by your tocsins and your drums, to say nothing of the harmonious choruses of your market-women; promise me that you will not speak of politics!" The promise was given; but the difficulty was to keep it. What was to be talked about? All subjects of conversation were annihilated. The theatres produced nothing, and literature was dead.

* "Ah! Madame Panoria! that is very mischievous of you. How! You wish to take me by surprise, do you?"
Bonaparte for a long time endeavoured to maintain the conversation; but what could he do? Even M. de Narbonne or M. de Talleyrand must have failed. At length it was proposed to tell stories: Bonaparte liked this way of passing an evening, and he began to relate a number of anecdotes which were interesting in themselves, but which were rendered doubly so by his original manner of telling them. He spoke French very badly, frequently committing the grossest faults of language, and his ignorance on certain points of ordinary education was remarkable. Yet, in spite of those disadvantages, everyone listened to him with delight. However, after a time the conversation flagged, and an inclination to touch upon the forbidden subject soon predominated. I recollect that at that moment Salicetti, who was in no case of the best of humours, was walking about the drawing-room, while the creaking of his boots made that monotonous and irritating noise which always annoyed my mother, but which was now quite intolerable to her, for she was vexed by the dulness of the company. “Salicetti,” said she, “can you not be at ease yourself and permit others to be so?” Salicetti, whose thoughts were at that moment wandering in a world far removed from my mother’s tea-table circle, suddenly turned round, and bowing with an air of constrained politeness, said, “No more, I thank you, I have taken two cups, and I already feel the effect on my nerves.” He then resumed his pacing backwards and forwards, while his odious boots creaked more loudly than ever.

Patience was never my mother’s prevailing virtue. She hastily rose from her seat, and advanced towards Salicetti with that light step which was so peculiarly her own. Seizing his stout arm with her little hand, she turned him completely round, and he stood not a little astonished at his own pirouette. “Salicetti,” said she, “I like to be heard when I speak, and when I make a request I wish it to be complied with. This is somewhat despotic, perhaps, but I cannot help it. I am too old to accommodate myself to your new fashioned customs, and what is more I will not. We women are all queens without kingdoms. We are deposed; I feel this to my cost, but still, I trust, I retain a little power in my own house. Here at least I am a sovereign and my subjects must obey me. Do you mean to rebel against my authority?”—“No,” exclaimed Salicetti, delighted at the graceful manner in which my mother had rebuked him, and seizing her two little hands which he kissed alternately, said, “I rebel against your authority! certainly not. What have I done that could lead you to suppose so?” His answer was repeated to him, and it turned out as the company had already guessed, that he thought my mother was offering him another cup of tea.
CHAPTER XII.

New troubles in Paris—Bonaparte’s poverty—His servant and my mother’s femme-de-chambre—The Jardin des Plantes—Mutual confidence—Junot in love with Paulette Bonaparte—Napoleon’s characteristic reply—Revolutionary scenes.

My mother proposed to make a visit to Gascony to settle some business, and afterwards to return to Paris with my father, the state of whose health made her uneasy. She wished to bring him within reach of the best medical assistance; but how was she to return to Paris at a moment when the revolution, suffering from the crimes committed in its name, could offer no guarantee or security to any one. The Convention, which at that time included many pure and honest republicans, beheld its power braved and disavowed: every thing seemed to be returning to that unhappy state, the bare remembrance of which excited horror. In spite of this, balls were resumed, and the theatres were filled every evening. It may truly be said of the French that they meet death singing and dancing. Balls, theatres, and concerts were nightly crowded, while famine was staring us in the face, and we were threatened with all the horrors of anarchy.

Bonaparte came daily to visit my mother, and he frequently entered into warm political discussions with persons whom he met at her residence. These discussions almost always led to violent language, which displeased my mother. But Bonaparte was unfortunate: she knew it, and that consideration rendered her indulgent to him.

My mother told me one day that she had learned some particulars respecting General Bonaparte which very much distressed her, the more especially as she could do nothing to assist him. These particulars had been communicated to her by Mariette, her femme-de-chambre. Mariette was a very pretty and a very good girl; Bonaparte’s servant admired her and wished to marry her. She, however, did not like him, and as he was moreover very poor, she declined his offer. I give these details because they are connected with an affair which I shall presently have to allude to. Bonaparte’s servant informed Mariette that he should marry another, and this application, made on the spot, was at once accepted.
added he, “he has an aide-de-camp who shares with him all he gets. When he is lucky at play, the largest share of his winnings is always for his general. The aide-de-camp’s family sometimes sends him money, and then almost all is given to the general. The general,” added the man, “loves this aide-de-camp as dearly as if he were his own brother.” This aide-de-camp was no other than Junot, who was destined at a later period to be my husband.

On Bonaparte’s return to Paris, after the misfortunes of which he accused Salicetti of being the cause, he was in very destitute circumstances. His family, who were banished from Corsica, found an asylum at Marseilles; and they could not now do for him what they would have done had they been in the country whence they derived their pecuniary resources. From time to time he received remittances of money, and I suspect they came from his excellent brother Joseph, who had then recently married Mademoiselle Clary; but with all his economy, these supplies were insufficient. Bonaparte was therefore in absolute distress. Junot often used to speak of the six months they passed together in Paris at this time. When they took an evening stroll on the Boulevard, which used to be the resort of young men, mounted on fine horses, and displaying all the luxury which they were permitted to show at that time, Bonaparte would declaim against fate, and express his contempt for the dandies with their whiskers and their oreilles de chien, who as they rode past were eulogizing in ecstasy, the manner in which Madame Scio sang paole paumée, paole panachée.* “And it is on such beings as these,” he would say, “that fortune confers her favours: Heavens! how contemptible is human nature!”

Junot, whose friendship for Bonaparte was of that ardent kind which is formed only in youth, shared with him all that he received from his family, who though not rich were in easy circumstances. He used sometimes to resort to the gaming-table, but before he did so, he invariably deposited in the hands of Bonaparte, three-quarters of the allowance he had received from Burgundy: the other quarter was allotted to the chances of vingt-et-un. Junot was often successful at play: on those occasions the two friends used to make merry, and pay off their most pressing debts. One morning Bonaparte and Junot were walking together in the Jardin des Plantes. Bonaparte was always fond of these solitary promenades: they rendered him communicative and confiding, and he seemed to feel himself nearer to the presence of the deity, of whom he used to say, a faithful friend is the true image.†

About this time the Jardin des Plantes had been greatly im-

* This affected mode of dropping the r was common among the dandies of that time, or as they used to be called the incurables.
proved by the exertions of a man whom France ought to remember with gratitude. The Jardin des Plantes, which had originally been confined exclusively to the cultivation of medical plants, became under the superintendence of M. Tournefort, a nursery for all branches of botany. Buffon, conjointly with Daubenton, formed the cabinet of natural history. Thibaudefau, who was a member of the committee of public instruction, promoted the advancement of the arts and sciences with the enlightened zeal with which he discharged his duty in every other department. He was aided by able auxiliaries in the Jardin des Plantes. Junot’s uncle, the Bishop of Metz, a distinguished naturalist, was the intimate friend of Daubenton and Buffon. Junot therefore was always kindly received by him, and he often visited the Jardin des Plantes accompanied by his general.

“There,” Junot used to say, “we not only inhale pure air, but it seemed, as soon as we passed the gate, that we left a heavy burthen behind us. All around us presented the aspect of peace and kindliness. The evening was generally the time for our visits to M. Daubenton. We used to find him like a patriarch, surrounded by his labourers, whose planting and digging he was superintending. He was actively assisted by the brothers Thouin, whose zeal for the science of botany induced them to work in the plantations like common gardeners.” The eldest of these two brothers was a man of rare acquirements; and Bonaparte used to be fond of walking with him round the extensive hot-houses, which were already beginning to be filled with rare plants, and which subsequently, under his auspices, became the finest temple ever raised to nature in the midst of a city.

On one of Bonaparte’s visits to the Jardin des Plantes, after he had lingered longer than usual in conversation with the brothers Thouin, he strolled with Junot into some of the shady avenues of the garden. It was a delicious evening, and a thousand rose trees in full bloom scattered perfume through the air. The two friends walked together arm in arm, and in confident conversation; they were then in closer communion with each other than they ever were afterwards in a gilded cabinet. A lovely night has always a powerful influence on minds susceptible of ardent feeling. Bonaparte was afterwards governed by an overpowering passion, which subjugated every other within him, and reigned paramount: I need not name it. But at this period he was very young, and his heart beat warmly, for he loved. He made Junot his confident, and spoke on the subject with much acerbity, for his love was not returned. Junot has often told me that if Bonaparte had not himself torn asunder the fetters which then bound him, the consequences of his passion might have been terrible. On this occasion his voice
affected by his emotion. But it was even then plain that there was within him an extraordinary force which struggled against his weakness. He broke off the conversation himself, and appeared to have forgotten the cause of his agitation.

Confidence creates confidence. Junot had also a heart full of feelings which required to be disclosed to a friend, and the ear of Bonaparte had often heard his story. Junot loved, to infatuation, Paulette Bonaparte. His youthful warmth of feeling could not withstand so charming a creature as Paulette then was. His passion was a delirium; but his secret was not a week old when it was made known to his general. Honour commanded the disclosure, since his reason had not enabled him to resist his passion. Bonaparte received his declaration neither with assent nor dissent. He consoled him, however. But what gave him more satisfaction than all the words of his friend, was a belief, amounting almost to certainty, that Paulette would say Yes with pleasure, as soon as he should be able to offer her an establishment—not a rich one, as Bonaparte used to remark, but sufficient to be a security against the distressing prospect of bringing into the world children destined to be miserable.

On the very day of which I have been speaking, Junot, emboldened by what Bonaparte had told him in disburthening his own heart, was more than ever urgent on the subject of Paulette. He had received a letter from his father which he shewed to Bonaparte. In this letter M. Junot informed his son that he had nothing to give at the moment, but that his part of the family property would one day be 20,000 francs. “I shall then be rich,” said Junot, “since with my pay I shall have an income of 1,200 livres. My dear general, I beseech you, write to Madame Bonaparte, and tell her that you have seen my father’s letter. Would you wish him to write to Marseilles himself?”

On leaving the Jardin des Plantes, they crossed the river in a boat, and passed through the streets to the Boulevard. Having arrived in front of the Chinese Baths, they walked about in the opposite alley. While ascending and descending this part of the Boulevard, Bonaparte listened attentively to Junot; but he was no longer the same man as when under the odoriferous shades they had just quitted. It seemed that on returning to the bustle of life, the tumult of society, he resumed all the fetters and obligations imposed by the state. His manner was, however, always kind. He only pretended to give advice. “I cannot write to my mother, to make this proposal,” he said; “for you are to have at last it seems 1,200 livres of income, and that is very well; but you have not got them yet. Your father wears well, my good fellow, and will make you wait a long time for your livres. The truth is, you have nothing but your lieutenant’s pay; as to Paulette, she has not so much. So then
total? Nothing. You cannot then marry at present. You must wait. We shall perhaps see better days, my friend—yes! We shall have them, even should I go to seek them in another quarter of the world.”*

At this period insurrections were things of daily occurrence. That of the 12th of Germinal, which was almost entirely the work of women, had a peculiar character. In the evening and in the course of the following day, we saw several deputies who described the events. Some were quite cast down, and constantly exclaimed, “France is ruined!” The account they gave of what had passed was doubtless alarming. Women had forced their way into the hall in which the representatives of the nation were assembled and had driven them out. “It was from mere fatigue,” said my brother, “that the mob retired.” “And what did the mountain do during the disturbance?” asked my mother. “It supported the demands of the mob. All that I can further say is, that I was told that the noise made by the female insurgents was so great that nobody could understand what was going on. After their departure the deputies ventured to resume their seats and to proceed to business.” Amidst our conversation, Salicetti was gloomy and silent. He made me as usual sit down beside him, and spoke of my sister’s marriage or any thing else, without paying attention to what I said. However, he thus kept himself in countenance, and avoided a conversation, the subject of which was to him too important to allow of his treating it with indifference.

At the epoch of the first of Prairial there were elements in the Convention capable of producing the most terrible effects. The terrorist party sought to save such of its members as were compromised not only in public opinion, but by the fact of being subject to a regular charge of impeachment. The contest was terrible, for it was for life or death. Billaud-Varennes, Collot-d’Herbois, and Barrère were the men chiefly dreaded. From Carnot, Robert Lindet, and others no evil was to be apprehended, because, though they might perhaps be misled by adopting an erroneous opinion, the public could rely on their honesty. But, good heaven! what a reaction would there have been, had the Thermidor party been overthrown! That, however, was the point at issue. The terrorists stirred up the people, who, in a season of scarcity, were easily led astray; and consequently we had mobs daily assembled by the cry, “Vive la Constitution de 93!” Fortunately the seditions were suppressed. During the trials of the terrorists, Carnot was the only one who displayed a noble character; all the others were miserable

* I have described this conversation fully as Junot related it, because I think the conduct of Bonaparte during the evening in which it occurred was very remarkable. Junot recollected all that passed minutely, and could point out the part of the Boulevard on which they were when Bonaparte spoke those words which later events have rendered so worthy of notice.
creatures; and the whole Convention was almost as contemptible. Had not André Dumont moved and urged with energy the banishment of Barrère, Billaud-Varennes and Collot-d’Herbois, it is not improbable that the whole Convention would have been outlawed.

The sentence of exile was voted by acclamation, and six deputies were condemned to imprisonment in the castle of Ham.* But such was the infatuation of the Convention, that if two steps were made forward towards a public good, they were sure to be followed by four backward. The deputies ordered to be arrested walked about Paris, and if they had chosen they might have gone to the theatre on the night of the 13th, though condemned they were still at liberty: these were indeed the days of anarchy!

It was necessary to act decisively; but at a moment when every journeyman perruquier took the name of Brutus, or Mutius Scaevola, there was not in the whole Convention, notwithstanding the great talents which formerly shone in it, a man whom any one would have been simple enough to call a Cicero. However, Thibaudeau at last arose. In an energetic speech he reminded the Convention of its duty to watch over the public safety. The outlawry of the deputies was decreed. General Pichegru received the necessary orders of the Convention, which were speedily executed. Paris remained tranquil, and three deputies were sent to Rochefort.†

CHAPTER XIII.

The 20th May—Project of bombarding the Faubourg Saint-Antoine—Death of Ferraud—Salicetti on the list of the proscribed—Ille flies for refuge to my mother’s lodgings—His concealment—Bonaparte’s visit to my mother—Remarkable conversation.

The victory thus obtained over the terrorist party on the 1st of April, might have induced a belief that that party, as far at least as it had power to do mischief, was annihilated, and that the pure republicans who composed its extreme right, brought round to the good cause, would promote centralization as a means of union, and more especially as a means of averting the

* Leonard Bourdon, Hugues, Châles, Faussedoise, Duhem, and Choudien.
† Barrère went there with the others, but as usual he took care not to make one in a disagreeable party. He contrived to stop at Rochefort and did not embark. The French, who laugh at every thing, said this was the first time that Barrère did not follow the stream. A man of wit has said of him that he is one of those characters who are neither esteemed nor hated.
anarchy which threatened the state. But the Convention, which was then the sole representative power, was so wretchedly organized, and held out so discouraging a prospect, that the genius of disorder raised its head, and threatened once more to plunge all into chaos.

The Convention was no longer popular, because it manifested no readiness to alleviate the sufferings of the people, now rendered intolerable. Aversion had succeeded to the attachment which the public once fondly cherished for the Convention, and this was especially the case in Paris. Meanwhile the enemies of order took advantage of these elements of mischief, and did all in their power to fan the flame.

On the morning of the 20th of May we were awakened by loud shouts in the streets; the tocsin sounded to arms, and another day of blood was added to the calendar which took its date from 1789! Enough has already been said of that dreadful day. I recollect that terror reigned everywhere. The conspirators had promised a day of pillage to the three faubourgs, and particularly to that of St. Antoine. The whole population of this last district was in arms: they were in the extreme of misery. There was greater reason to dread the issue of this day than that of the 14th of July, the 6th of October, or the 10th of August. It was not a castle or a court to which the animosity of the people was directed, but every thing elevated above the very lowest grade of society was marked out in the list of proscription. This it was that saved France as well as the Convention. All those who had anything to lose united themselves into corps, which were very superior to unorganized masses acting without any plan, and apparently without leaders.

Whilst the most frightful scenes were passing in the Convention, the respectable inhabitants of Paris shut themselves up in their houses, concealed their valuables, and awaited with fearful anxiety the result. Towards evening, my brother, whom we had not seen during the whole day, came home to get something to eat; he was almost famished, not having tasted food since the morning. Disorder still raged, and we heard the most frightful noise in the streets, mingled with the beating of drums. The faubourg St. Antoine, which had been regularly armed in pursuance of the proposition of Talienne, excited the most serious alarm. My brother had scarcely finished his hasty repast, when General Bonaparte arrived to make a similar demand upon our hospitality. He also told us, he had tasted nothing since the morning, for all the restaurateurs were closed.* He contented himself with that which my brother had left, and, while eating, he told us the news of the day. It was most appalling! My brother had informed us but of part. He did not know of the assassination of the unfortunate Ferraud, whose body had
been cut almost piecemeal. "They took his head," said Bonaparte, "and presented it to poor Boissy-d'Anglas,* and the shock of this fiend-like act was almost death to the president in his chair. Truly," added he, "if we continue thus to sully our revolution, it will be a disgrace to be a Frenchman."

Perhaps the most alarming circumstance was the project entertained by Barras of bombarding the faubourg St. Antoine. "He is at this moment," said Bonaparte, "at the end of the boulevard, and proposes, so he tells me, to throw bombs into the faubourg: I have counselled him by no means to do so. The population of the faubourg would issue forth, and disperse through Paris, committing every excess. It is altogether very sad work. Have you seen Salicetti during the last few days?" he inquired, after a moment's silence; "they say he is implicated in the affair of Soubrani and Bourbotte. It is likewise suspected that Romme is compromised in that business. I shall be very sorry for it. Romme is a worthy man, and I believe a stanch and honest republican. As to Salicetti!" Here Bonaparte paused, struck his forehead with his hand, contracted his eyebrows, and his whole frame seemed agitated. In a voice trembling with emotion, he continued, "Salicetti has injured me greatly. He has thrown a cloud over the bright dawn of my youth—he has blighted my hopes of glory! I say again, he has done me much wrong. However, I bear him no ill will." My brother was about to defend Salicetti. "Cease, Permon, cease," exclaimed Bonaparte; "that man, I tell you, has been my evil genius. Dumerbion really loved me, and would have employed me suitably; but that report spread at my return from Genoa, and to which malice lent its venom to make it the foundation of an accusation—that report ought, in reality, to have been a source of honour to me! No! I may forgive, but to forget is another matter. Yet, as I said before, I bear him no ill will." While speaking thus, Bonaparte appeared abstracted. About midnight he departed with my brother.

Next day we learned that the Convention had ordered the arrest of several of its members, among whom were Soubrani, Romme, Bourbotte, &c.; Salicetti's name was not mentioned. "Here are more proscriptions," said my mother. "My dear," said she to Albert, "we are, no doubt, under great obligations to Salicetti for what he has done for your father and you; but gratitude cannot make me indifferent to the impropriety of receiving a man who is accused of wishing to bring back the days of 1793. Salicetti is not on the list of the proscribed, therefore I can, with a clear conscience, give him to understand that his visits are not agreeable. His opinions are becoming, every day, less and less in unison with mine."

* The admirable conduct of Boissy-d'Anglas on that day will always be mentioned in history.
This was on the 21st of May; my mother expected a party of friends to dinner. She was to leave Paris in a few days for Bordeaux, and in four months was to return with my father to Paris. Bonaparte was one of the company invited to dine with us that day. It was six o'clock. One of the guests had arrived, and my mother was sitting in the drawing-room conversing with him, when Mariette came and whispered to her that there was somebody in her chamber who wished to speak with her alone. The girl added, “I know who it is, madam—you may come.” My mother immediately rose and went to her chamber, and beheld near the window a man, half-concealed by the curtain. He made a sign to her with his hand. My mother called me, and desiring me to shut the door, advanced towards this man, whom, to her astonishment, she discovered to be Salicetti. He was as pale as death; his lips were as white as his teeth, and his dark eyes appeared to flash fire! He was truly frightful. “I am proscribed,” he said to my mother, in an under-tone, and in breathless haste; “that is to say, I am condemned to death. But for Gautier, whom I just now met on the boulevard, I was going to that den of brigands, and should have been lost.”

“Madame Permon,” he continued, after a pause, during which his eyes were steadfastly fixed on my mother, “Madame Permon, I hope I have not been deceived in relying on your generosity. You will save me. To prevail on you to do so, I need not, I am sure, remind you that I saved your son and husband.”

My mother took Salicetti by the hand, and conducted him into the next room, which was my bed-chamber. Several persons had now assembled in the drawing-room, and she thought she heard the voice of Bonaparte. She was ready to faint with terror. In my chamber, she knew she could not be overheard. “Salicetti,” she said, “I will not waste time in words. All that I can grant, you may command; but, there is one thing more dear to me than life, that is, the safety of my children. By concealing you for a few hours, and this house cannot afford you any longer security, I shall not save you, and I only bring my own head to the scaffold, and probably endanger the lives of my children. I owe you gratitude, but I leave you to yourself to determine whether I ought to carry it thus far.”

I never saw my mother look so beautiful as when at this moment she fixed her eyes earnestly on me. “I am not so selfish,” replied Salicetti, “as to ask for any thing which may expose you to such danger. My plan is this, and on it rests my only hope. This house being an hotel, will be the last to be suspected. The woman who keeps it has, I presume, no objection to get money; I will give her plenty: let me remain concealed here only eight days. At the expiration of that time you are to set out for Gascony; you can take me with you, and the children.”
hours, I shall be dragged to the scaffold, there to forfeit my life, while I saved that of your husband and your son.” “Salicetti,” said my mother, “this is unkind and ungenerous: you know my obligation to you, and you take advantage of it. I ask you again, what I can do for you, situated as I am in this public hotel, a house which is filled with strangers, and which is the daily resort of your enemies; for you know that Bonaparte is your enemy. Besides, the mistress of this house is hostile to your opinions, and I doubt whether any reward could induce her to hazard her life to serve you. In short, we are surrounded by difficulties.”

At this moment the chamber-door opened, and my mother ran towards the person who was about to enter. It was Albert, he came to inquire why dinner was delayed. “All the company have arrived,” he said, “except Bonaparte, and he has sent an apology.” My mother clasped her hands, and raised them to heaven: she desired him to go down stairs, and she followed him. “I was just reading a letter which I have received from your sister. She has sent me a dinde aux truffes, and if our friends will wait so long for dinner, we will have it cooked for to-day; if not, it will be a reason for another little party.” My mother uttered these words as she entered the drawing-room, holding in her hand a letter which she had snatched up in passing through her own chamber.

Her reason for inventing this long story was, that the gentleman whom she left in the drawing-room, when Mariette called her out, was a most notorious gossip, and she took it for granted, that he had already told all the company, that there was something very mysterious in her disappearance. But her manner was so natural, that no one had the least doubt of the arrival of the dinde aux truffes, which it was unanimously agreed should be cooked next day. My mother then begged leave to retire for a few moments to finish her letter. She hastened to her chamber, slipped the bolt of her door, and rejoined Salicetti, whom she found seated in a chair with his head leaning on both his hands. “We may esteem ourselves happy,” said she, “that Bonaparte is not here to scrutinize our words and looks. Now let us settle what is to be done.”—“If you are willing,” said Salicetti, “the thing is easy: will you consent to save me?” My mother did not give an immediate reply. Her frequent change of colour betrayed the violent agitation of her feelings. At length she became so pale, that I thought she would have fainted away. Salicetti, who interpreted her silence as a refusal, took up his hat, muttered some words which I did not distinctly hear, and was about to leave the room, when my mother caught him by the arm.

“Stay,” she said, “this roof is yours. My son must discharge his debt, and it is my duty to discharge my husband’s.”
and join your company. Mariette will take care of me. I have said but two words to her, yet those two magic words have power to make her lay down her life to serve me. My dear girl," said he to me, drawing me back as I was about to follow my mother, "I have spoken before you because I know you cannot remain in ignorance of this affair. I need not warn you of the consequences of indiscretion." "Ah! fear nothing," I exclaimed, throwing myself into my mother's arms, whose eyes were fixed upon me with an expression of despair. My dear mother thought only of her children at that moment when her own head was at stake. She stayed a minute longer in her chamber to recover herself. Her ardent feelings rendered her agitation extreme; but she was gifted with wonderful self-control, and when she entered the drawing-room, nobody would have suspected that she had to conceal an important secret from the knowledge of those who surrounded her.

The dinner was very gay. The company were animated by a feeling of satisfaction at the result of the events of the two preceding days. Brunetière was of the party, and though never deficient in cheerfulness, his spirits seemed that day to be doubled. As soon as the company had departed, my mother acquainted Albert with Salicetti's concealment. My brother trembled for her and for me; but he saw the necessity of actively adopting some precautions for Salicetti's security.

After some deliberation, it was resolved to adopt Salicetti's suggestion, and communicate the secret to Madame Grétry, the mistress of the hotel. She readily entered into our views. "I can manage this affair," said she. "It is only necessary that Madame Permon should change her apartment. There is a hiding-place in her chamber which saved four people during the reign of terror. It shall save more. At least while I live here."

All the necessary arrangements were immediately made. We gave out to our friends that my mother had received a letter from my father, in which he mentioned that he was coming to Paris, and that consequently, my mother was not to set off. Some time after, we were to pretend we had received a second letter from my father, requesting my mother to come to him. It was important to have a reason for everything we did.

Next morning about eleven o'clock, we received a visit from General Bonaparte, and as the scene which then ensued, made a greater impression on me than almost any event of my life, I will describe it minutely: Bonaparte was at that time attired in the costume he wore almost ever after. He had on a gray great-coat, very plainly made, buttoned up to his chin, a round hat, which was either drawn over his forehead, so as almost to conceal his eyes, or stuck upon the back of his head, so that it appeared in danger of falling off, and a black cravat, very plain and tight. This was Bonaparte's mode of wear. At that
period, indeed nobody, either man or woman paid any great attention to elegance of appearance, and I must confess that Bonaparte's costume did not then appear so droll as it now does on recollection. He brought with him a bouquet of violets which he presented to my mother. This piece of gallantry was so extraordinary on his part, that we could not help smiling at it. He smiled too, and said, "I suppose I make but a sorry cavalier servante."

"Well, Madame Permon," said he after some further conversation, "Salicetti will now in his turn, be able to appreciate the bitter fruits of arrest! And to him they ought to be the more bitter, because the trees which bear them, were first planted by him and his adherents."—"How," exclaimed my mother with an air of astonishment, at the same time motioning me to close the drawing-room door, "is Salicetti arrested?"—"How! do you not know that he has been proscribed since yesterday? I presumed that you must know the fact since it was in your house that he was concealed."—"Concealed in my house!" cried my mother, "surely, my dear Napoleon, you are mad! Methinks before I entered into such a scheme, it would be as well to have a place I could call my house. I beseech you, General, do not repeat such a joke in any other place. I assure you it would be endangering my life."

Bonaparte rose from his seat, advanced slowly towards my mother, and crossing his arms, fixed his eyes on her for some time in silence. My mother did not flinch beneath his eagle glance. "Madame Permon," he said, "Salicetti is concealed in your house; nay, do not interrupt me, I know that yesterday, at five o'clock, he was seen on the boulevard, speaking with Gauthier, who advised him not to go to the Convention. He then proceeded in this direction; and it is very well known, that he has not in this neighbourhood any acquaintance, you excepted, who would risk their own safety as well as that of their friends by secreting him. Now, he has not been at the Palais Egalité, he therefore must have fled to you for an asylum."

"And by what right," replied my mother, with unshaken firmness, "should Salicetti seek an asylum here? He is well aware that our political sentiments are at variance: he knew too, that I was on the point of leaving Paris; for, had I not received a letter from my husband, I should have been on the road to Gascony to-morrow morning."—"My dear Madame Permon, you may well ask by what right he should apply to you for concealment? To come to a lone woman, who might be compromised for affording some few hours of safety to an outlaw who merits his fate, is an act to which no consideration ought to have driven him. You owe him gratitude: that is a bill of exchange you are bound to honour; and he has come in person to demand payment. Has he not, Mademoiselle Loulou?" As he spoke, he took my hand, and kissed it.
I was sitting at the window at work, and at the moment he spoke, I pretended to be looking at one of the pots of flowers which were before me. My mother, who understood my meaning, said, "Laurette, General Bonaparte speaks to you, my dear!" Thus challenged, I looked up, and my embarrassment might naturally have been attributed to my consciousness of having been unintentionally rude; so I hoped at least; but we had to deal with one who was not to be imposed upon. Bonaparte took my hand, and pressing it between both his own, said to my mother, "I ask your pardon, madam, I have done wrong: your daughter has taught me a lesson."—"You give her credit for what she does not deserve," replied my mother; "she has taught you no lesson, but I will teach you one by and by, if you persist in an assertion for which there is no foundation, and which, if repeated abroad, would entail very serious consequences to me."

In a tone of considerable emotion, Bonaparte replied: "Madame Permon, you are an excellent woman, and Salicetti is a villain; you could not close your doors against him, he was well aware; and he would cause you to compromise your own safety and that of your child! I never liked him, now I despise him; he has done me mischief enough; but for that he has had his motives, and you have known them. Is it not so?" My mother shook her head. "What, has Permon never told you?"—"Never."—"Well! that is astonishing! But you shall know some day or other. Salicetti, in that affair of Loano, behaved like a wretch. Junot would have killed him if I had not prevented him. That spirited youth, animated by friendship for me, wanted to challenge him, and swore he would throw him out of the window if he refused to meet him. Now, Salicetti is proscribed, and in his turn will have to experience all the misery attendant on a broken fortune!"—"Napoleon," said my mother, taking him by the hand, and fixing upon him a look of kindness, "I assure you, on my honour, that Salicetti is not in my apartments; but stay—shall I tell you all?"—"Tell me, tell me," exclaimed Napoleon, with a vehemence uncommon to him. "Well then, Salicetti was under my roof yesterday at six o'clock; but he left it a few hours after. I pointed out to him the moral impossibility of his remaining with me, living as I do in a hotel. Salicetti admitted the justness of my objection, and took his departure."

Whilst my mother was speaking, Bonaparte kept his eyes fixed upon her with indescribable earnestness; when she had concluded, he began to pace about the room with hurried steps. "'Tis just as I suspected," he exclaimed; "'he was coward enough to say to a woman, 'Exposé your life for mine.' But did the wretch who came to interest you in his fate, did he tell you that he had just assassinated one of his colleagues? Had
yours to implore your protection?"—“Napoleone! Napoleone!” exclaimed my mother, “quest’ è troppo! Tacete; se non tacete, me ne vado. Se hanno ammazzato quest’ uomo, poi non è colpa sua!”*

Whenever my mother was violently excited, she always spoke Italian or Greek, and often to people who understood neither the one or the other. Salicetti heard the whole of this conversation, for he was separated from us only by a thin partition; as for me, I trembled under the momentous expectation of seeing him issue from his hiding-place. I then knew but little of the world. After some further conversation of the same kind, Bonaparte rose to take his leave. “Then you really believe he returned home?” said he, as he took up his hat. “Yes,” replied my mother; “I told him that since he must conceal himself in Paris, it were best to bribe the people of his own hotel, because that would be the last place where his enemies would think of searching for him.” Bonaparte then left us, and it was high time, for my poor mother was exhausted. She beckoned me to go and bolt her chamber-door, and open that of Salicetti’s retreat.

I never liked Salicetti. There was something about him, which to me was always repulsive. When I read the story of the Vampire, I associated that ideal character with the recollection of Salicetti. His pale jaundiced complexion, his dark glaring eyes, his lips, which turned deadly white whenever he was agitated by any powerful emotion, all seemed present to me. When I opened the door after Bonaparte’s departure, the sight of Salicetti produced in me a feeling of horror which I shall never forget. He sat on a small chair, at the bedside, his head leaning on his hand which was covered with blood, as was likewise the bed itself, and a basin over which he was leaning, was full. He had been seized with a hæmorrhage, and streams of blood were running from his mouth and nose. His face was frightfully pallid, and his whole appearance affected me to such a degree, that it haunted me in dreams a long time after. My mother ran to him; he had nearly swooned. She took his hand; it was quite cold. We called up Mariette; and on her applying some vinegar to his nose, he recovered.

* Napoleon! Napoleon! this is too much! Be silent: if you are not, leave me! Though the man has been murdered, it does not follow that it is his fault.
CHAPTER XIV.

The trial of Romme, Soubrani, and their colleagues—Project for saving Salicetti—Sentence and death of the prisoners—Horrible scene.

Preparations were making for the trial of the parties accused of the proceedings of Prairial. The officers were on the lookout for Salicetti, and another representative. Salicetti was not beloved by his colleagues. He was certainly a man of talent, and full of ambition; but the projects he wished to realize were of a nature to bring down on their author severe retribution. Romme, a distinguished mathematician, was already arrested, as was also Goujon, who, since the opening of the Convention, had rendered himself remarkable for his private virtues and republican sentiments; Soubrani, Duquesnoi, Duroi, and Bourbotte, were also in custody. Each of these individuals were distinguished, as well by their personal character as by their statesman-like qualities. What reflections were awakened at seeing such men seated on the criminal bench!

My mother received a letter from my father, who, having heard of the danger of Salicetti, desired her to do whatever she could to render him assistance. This letter was delivered to her by M. Emilhau, of Bordeaux, a gentleman who appeared to possess the full confidence of my father.

One day, when M. Emilhau called upon my mother, he brought with him a Spanish general, named Miranda. While these gentlemen were in the drawing-room, conversing with my mother, I had occasion to pass through the antechamber; but no sooner had I entered, than I started suddenly. I thought I saw Salicetti standing before me. Never was resemblance more striking, except that the individual whom I for a moment mistook for Salicetti, was not quite so tall as he. The man was a Spaniard, in the service of General Miranda.

By chance I mentioned this resemblance, without thinking it a matter of any importance. However, it happened to suggest a lucky idea to my mother. "We are saved!" she exclaimed. "It will be hard, indeed, if we cannot find in all Paris a man five feet six inches (French) high, with a face like General Miranda's servant." My brother, Salicetti, and Madame Grétry
out for a valet,” said my mother; “and when I find one who will suit me, I will take him to the section to get a passport: Having got possession of the passport, I can easily find a pretence to quarrel with my valet, and if I turn him off with a month’s wages, he will no doubt be very well satisfied.” My mother clapped her little hands at the thought of this stratagem. She was quite overjoyed; but, alas! a scene speedily ensued, which changed all her happiness to grief and horror.

Meanwhile the trial of the prisoners came on. They had been brought to Paris, and the special court-martial appointed to try them, held its sittings in the Rue Neuve-des-Petits Champs. Salicetti was the only one who had escaped the grasp of justice; and, urged by his anxiety, my brother was constantly on the road from our hotel to the Rue Neuve-des-Petits Champs, during the short time that was expended in deliberating on the fate of the unfortunate men. One day he returned home dreadfully agitated. He had witnessed an awful scene. Romme, Soubrani, Duroi, Duquesnoi, Goujon, and Bourbotte, were condemned. During their trial they had exhibited the most admirable fortitude, feeling, and patriotism. The conduct of Romme, in particular, is said to have been sublime.

When sentence was pronounced on them, they surveyed each other calmly and serenely; and on descending the grand staircase, which was lined with spectators, Romme looked about as if seeking somebody. Probably the person who had promised to be there had not the courage to attend. “No matter,” said he, “with a firm hand this will do. *Vive la Liberté!*” Then drawing from his pocket a very large penknife, or perhaps it might more properly be called a small poniard, he plunged it into his heart, and, drawing it out again, gave it to Goujon, who, in like manner, passed it to Duquesnoi. All three fell dead instantly without uttering a groan. The weapon of deliverance, transmitted to Soubrani by the trembling hands of Duquesnoi, found its way to the noble hearts of the rest; but they were not so fortunate as their three friends. Grievously wounded, but yet alive, they fell at the foot of the scaffold, which the executioners made them ascend, bleeding and mutilated as they were. Such barbarity would scarcely have been committed by savages.

My brother stood so near Romme, to whom he wished to address a few words of friendship and consolation, that the blood of the unfortunate man dropped upon him. My brother’s coat was stained with the scarcely cold blood of a man, who, only a few days before, was seated in the very chamber, perhaps in the very chair, in which Albert was then sitting. The appearance of Salicetti inspired nothing but horror; indeed, I could not bear to look on him, so much did I dread his aspect. With horror and dread, I passed through the funeral chamber, and...
him repeat, over and over again, the dreadful details of the tragedy he had just witnessed.

Bonaparte had gone to Saint-Maur to spend a few days. He was in the habit of going there occasionally, though I do not know to whom. I have since put the question to Junot, who declared he knew nothing of the matter, and added that Bonaparte was very reserved on some subjects. When informed of the horrible catastrophe detailed above, he expressed the genuine emotions of his heart; and in spite of all that Madame Bourrienne says,* I maintain that at this period he was a very feeling man. Bonaparte had in general a bad delivery; I mean to say, he was not eloquent in his manner of expressing himself. His concise style took from his language that air of courtesy, or, at least, of elegance, which is indispensable to the most ordinary conversation. The fact is, he was only eloquent at moments when his heart expanded: then it was, as the fairy legends say, that pearls and rubies dropped from his mouth.

The present was one of those occasions; and the unfortunate men who had just suffered, found in Bonaparte an admirable panegyrist. Far different was his language towards Salicetti, Fréron, and all those who, he said, wanted to renew the reign of terror. The mention of these names led him to speak of himself, and of his blighted hopes, and his misfortunes. “Yet I am only twenty-six years old,” exclaimed he, striking his forehead, “only twenty-six.” He then regarded my mother with a look so melancholy, that she said, after he was gone, “When I think on that young man’s unhappiness, I almost reproach myself for what I have done for his enemy.”

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CHAPTER XV.

Salicetti’s proxy—We procure our passports—Our departure for Bordeaux—The first post—Generous letter from Bonaparte—Salicetti’s ingratitude—Our arrival at Bordeaux—Difficulty of obtaining a vessel for Salicetti—We proceed to Cette—Salicetti sails for Genoa—Our arrival at Montpellier.

We had above thirty applicants for the valet’s situation, but none of them would do. When any one presented himself who did not possess the requisite personal qualifications, my mother immediately sent him about his business. What trampling there was up and down the staircase of the hotel de la Tranquillité! At last an overgrown boy, named Gabriel Tachard, made his appearance. He bore, it is true, no resemblance to
Salicetti, yet we thought he might pass very well for his proxy at the section. He was a stupid fellow, who would not certainly have remained in my mother's service a week, but he possessed the conjoined recommendations of being exactly five feet six, with black eyes and hair, a straight nose, round chin, and a sallow complexion, and slightly marked with the smallpox. The next quality to be combined with all these was the right age, or at least the semblance of it; for Salicetti was, I believe, at that period thirty. However, we went to the section, my mother, myself, Mariette, Gabriel Tachard, and Madame Grétry, who was to answer for her lodger.

We were supplied with passports, and all returned pleased, my mother and myself at the prospect of leaving Paris, Gabriel at having, as he thought, obtained a good place, and Madame Grétry at getting rid of her lodgers; for, spite of its name, her hotel had been one uninterrupted scene of tumult ever since Salicetti had, by dint of gold, obtained permission to make it his hiding-place.

For the last eight days my mother had given out to her friends that my father expected her at Bordeaux. She now received another letter, enjoining her instant departure. In consequence, she determined to set off in two days. "You do well to go," said Bonaparte, taking her hand, and looking at her significantly; "and yet you were wise in not going sooner. Why so?"—"Oh, I cannot tell you now; but you shall know before your return to Paris."—"But I cannot wait; you know that we women are curious."—"Well, you shall know the reason. At what time do you set out?"—"I do not exactly know; but I suppose about eleven or twelve to-night, in order to avoid the heat. It is best in hot weather to travel by night, and sleep by day."—"Exactly so: an excellent thought that. Well," continued he, "you shall know my little secret when you arrive at Lonjumeau."—"And why at Lonjumeau?"—"It is a whim of mine," replied he. —"Well, be it so; but I must tell you en passant, my dear Napoleon, that you are a sad gossip."

While this conversation was going on, our dinner hour arrived, and Napoleon stayed and dined with us. During dinner he said to my mother, "I wish you would take me with you on this journey. I will go and see my mother while you are settling your business at Bordeaux and Toulouse; I will then rejoin you and M. Permon, and we will all return together to Paris. I am quite idle here, thanks to that villain who has ruined me. I am now ready to be anything—a Chinese, a Turk, or a Hottentot. Indeed, if you do not take me with you, I shall go to Turkey or to China. There the British power may be most effectively injured by a commercial treaty with the Turks or Chinese." He then began to talk on politics with my brother, and in less than
theic, and the grand calao was superseded by a minister of
justice.

At length the day of our departure arrived. Several of our
friends came to take leave of us, and among them, Bonaparte.
He stepped up to my mother, and taking her by the hand, said,
in a low tone, "When you return, think of this day. We may
perhaps never meet again. Ere long, my destiny will lead me
far from France; but, wheresoever I go, I shall ever be your
faithful friend." My mother answered him that he might, at all
times, reckon on her friendship. "You know, my dear Bonap-
arte," she added, "that I look upon you in the light of my
Albert's brother." Our friends departed; post-horses were pro-
cured, and Madame Grétry, though already munificently re-
warded, was promised besides a considerable compliment when
Salicetti should have embarked. As to the valet, my mother
dismissed him with a month's wages in advance, to his infinite
satisfaction. Salicetti then assumed the name of Gabriel Ta-
char, under which he was to travel into the south of France.

We set out. Salicetti seated himself on the box of my
mother's travelling berline, and we got out of Paris without any
other delay than that occasioned by the examination at the
barrier. The postilion, on the promise of something to drink,
brought us with the speed of lightning to the Croix de Berny.
As we were about to start again, the first postilion from the
Paris post came to the door of the coach and asked for citoyenne
Permon. My mother asked him what he wanted? "I have a
letter for you," said he.—"You surely are mistaken," said my
mother; "it cannot be for me."—"No," rejoined the man; "I
do not mistake, if you are citoyenne Permon," At that instant
the recollection of the words of Bonaparte flashed across my
mother's memory. She took the letter, and offered the bearer
an assignat of five francs; but he refused to accept it, saying,
that he had been already paid by the young man. At the season
of the year at which we were travelling the nights were short;
my mother's curiosity was not, therefore, kept long in suspense;
daylight soon enabled her to peruse the letter. The handwrit-
ing neither of us knew. I have since, however, learned that it was
Junot's. This very singular epistle places the character of Na-
poleon in a light from which his enemies have often sought to
exclude it. It was couched in the following words:

"I never like to be thought a dupe. I should seem to be one
in your eyes, if I did not tell you that I knew of Salicetti's place
of concealment more than twenty days ago. You may recollect,
Madame Permon, what I said to you on the first of Prairial.
I was almost morally certain of the fact; now I know it
positively.

"You see then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill
sight which you have shown to me. I am going to put a
stop to it; for the young man who has been doing it..."
self; but you injured me, when I had not offended you. Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at this moment? I might have taken my revenge; but I did not. Perhaps you will say that your benefactress was your safeguard. That consideration was powerless. But alone, charmed, and an outcast, your life would have been sacred to me. Go, seek in peace an asylum where you may learn to cherish better sentiments for your country. On your name my mouth is closed. Repent, and appreciate my motives.

"Madame Permon, my best wishes are with you and your child. You are feeble and defenceless beings. May Providence, and a friend's prayers protect you! Be cautious, and do not stay in the large towns through which you may have to pass.

"Adieu."

The letter had no signature. My mother, after having read it, remained for some time absorbed in profound ref lion. She then handed it to me, desiring me in Greek to read it to myself. I was thunderstruck. The look which accompanied the few words my mother said to me in Greek, sufficiently indicated on whom her suspicion lay; and, I confess, I could not help sharing it. I looked at Mariette, who rode in the carriage with us. She was pale, and her eyes were red with weeping. I had observed that she had been singularly low-spirited, and sighed frequently during the whole of the journey. I was convinced my conjecture was right.

We stopped to breakfast. I think it was at Etampes; and my mother showed Salicetti the letter. He read it over and over, at least ten times. At length he exclaimed, "I am lost! I am lost! Fool that I was, to trust to a woman's prudence!"—"Salicetti," said my mother, suppressing her irritation; "you, yourself, have been the only imprudent person in this affair; and your unjust reproach is a compliment to us; I mean to my daughter and me; for you must rely very confidently on our generosity, when you can venture to reward us thus for all that we have done for you." Before my mother had ended her reply, Salicetti already repented of his foolish exclamation. He very humbly asked our pardon. He then said he had heard us express some suspicion of Mariette. "Never mind, never mind," said my mother, "you ought rather to admire the noble conduct of Bonaparte, it is 'most generous!'"—"Generous!" repeated Salicetti, with a contemptuous smile. "What would you have had him do? Would you have wished him to betray me?" My mother looked at him steadfastly, and then said: "I do not know what I would have him do; but this I know, that I should wish to see you grateful."

I may here mention, that Mariette was really the guilty party. Bonaparte's servant was her lover; his master profited by this circumstance; and the receipt of a gold cross induced the poor girl to go away with him to Italy.
girl to betray a secret which might have compromised the safety of the whole house. As to my mother, her fate was certain.

When we had passed through Tours, Salicetti travelled inside the berline. As we drove along, we heard nothing but imprecations against the Convention, and all those who had wished to bring back the reign of terror. The people were in a state of great excitement. "Heavens!" said my mother, "if you were known here, what would become of us!" We had good reason for alarm in several parts of our journey; but, at length, we arrived in safety at Bordeaux. There, to our great surprise, instead of finding my father, we found only a letter from him, in which he informed us that he was obliged to depart for the country; but that his friend M. Emilhaut would attend my mother; and he gave her his address, that she might send for him on her arrival.

In a quarter of an hour afterwards, M. Emilhaut was with us. We learned from him that my father had made unavailing inquiries for a vessel that would convey a passenger to Italy. None would start for the space of a fortnight. Ships were going to the United States, to St. Domingo, and to England; but Salicetti neither could nor would go any where, except to Genoa or Venice. My mother was in despair. Next day, however, Laudois, my father's valet de chambre, came to us. He informed us that my father had ascertained, that at Narbonne or at Cette, a vessel would sail for Genoa, and several for Venice. He had, in consequence, made an arrangement with the master of a yacht, to convey us up the Garonne as far as Toulouse, and from thence, by the canal to Carcassonne. The carriage could be taken on board the yacht; and from Carcassonne we should only have to travel a few leagues to reach Cette or Narbonne. My father thought this mode of travelling much safer for us than by land, on account of the rigid orders that had everywhere been issued. Salicetti was quite of my father's opinion; and with the assistance of Laudois, we were soon on board the yacht, and sailing up the Garonne.

We soon arrived at Carcassonne, and from thence reached Narbonne; but here we found no vessel going to Italy. We proceeded to Cette; and there we learned that two vessels were about to sail, the one in two days, for Trieste, and the other, that same evening, for Genoa. The captain of the latter vessel, which, singularly enough, was named the Convention, informed us, that he should be under weigh at nine o'clock; and, as the wind was fair, he should not be long in reaching his destination. Salicetti was inclined to wait for the vessel bound for Trieste, but my mother would hear of no further delay. She observed, that the wind might not be fair for Trieste on the day appointed, and that it was best to take advantage of the favourable breeze that was blowing that evening.

We arrived at Cette with light airs, and at ten o'clock at night.
Laudois and the servants of the inn conveyed the baggage of the fugitive on board the vessel. Salicetti stepped up to my mother, and, taking both her hands in his, said:—"I should have too much to say. Madame Permon, were I to attempt to express my gratitude by words. As to Bonaparte, tell him I thank him. Hitherto, I did not believe him capable of generosity; I am now bound to acknowledge my mistake. I thank him." He jumped into a little boat with the captain of the Convention, and was soon on board the vessel which was to convey him to the shore where he hoped to find refuge rather than hospitality. We slept that night at the inn at Céte; and next morning, after breakfast, we set out for Montpellier. On our arrival there, I discovered that death, emigration, and civil discord, had committed melancholy ravages in that city.

CHAPTER XVI.

Couder's invitation to my father—Salicetti's letter to my mother—Madame St. Ange—Her present to Bonaparte—Trading speculation—Bonaparte and Bartolomeo Peraldi.

I have several times mentioned that my poor father's health had suffered from the miseries of the Revolution. His feelings and his interests were alike wounded. The vexations he had suffered brought on a serious illness, which was augmented by the state of seclusion in which he chose to live. My mother was accustomed to mingle with the world, and her quick perception soon enabled her to discover that my father's situation was not without danger.

Couder, the procureur of the commune, whom I have already mentioned as a worthy honest man, warned my mother of the disagreeable reports which were in circulation at Toulouse respecting my father. "It is said," observed Couder, "that he is ill of the aristocratic fever; I denied the truth of the report, and contended that citizen Permon was a stanch republican. I know very well," replied he, smiling significantly, "that that is not quite true; but there is no harm in a little falsehood sometimes." However, if you will take my advice you will force citizen Permon a little more into society. If he would do me the honour to accept a place in my box at the theatre. If..." Here Couder was a little embarrassed. "Generous man!" cried my mother, as she shook the honest shoemaker's rough hand, "generous man!—yes, we will come to your box; I am sure Permon and I will feel honoured by your kind offer."
“Charles,” said she to my father, as soon as the procureur had left her, "do you know what Couder has been saying?" and she related the conversation which had taken place, without forgetting the proposition about the box. My father turned red and made no reply. But when my mother pressed him for an answer, he shrugged his shoulders and, with a bitter smile, said, "What a question! What would you have me do? Citizen Couder (and he laid a great emphasis on the word citizen) summons citizen Permon to the bar of his box. We must of course go; that is better than to be dragged to a dungeon by gendarmes; I have only that alternative. I believe this is a second Thirion. Oh Marie, Marie, you might have spared me this insult!" My mother burst into tears. "Charles," she exclaimed, "you view this matter in a wrong light; you misconstrue the intentions of your friends. Do you believe that I would have listened to an invitation which bore the least appearance of insult to you?"—"Doubtless; my dear Marie," exclaimed my father, impatiently interrupting her, "let this man make your shoes, but speak to me no more about his box. I am tired of this," said he, throwing himself upon his couch. The conversation ended; and it may be supposed that my father did not go to the theatre.

Couder was told that my father was ill, and he received the excuse without appearing hurt. Had he listened to the dictates of wounded pride, he might have done us a great deal of harm.

Salicetti often wrote to my mother. Shortly after the scene I have just described she received a letter from him, which showed that he had heard my father was hostile to the government. "Be on your guard, dear Signora Panoria," he said, "I hear that plots are being secretly and silently organized. They say the Royalists are about to rise. Certainly, I am far from suspecting citizen Permon of engaging in any conspiracy, for I have pledged my word for him. But others, dear citizen, will suspect that his wish to remain secluded arises from the desire to conceal some culpable design from scrutinizing eyes. Prevail on him to mix a little more with society; you always had an attractive house. Why should not your drawing-room at Toulouse be as it was in Paris?"

My mother showed this letter to my father, who at length saw the danger of exciting towards us the attention of suspicious authority. My mother knew already almost everybody in Toulouse, and our home was speedily one of the gayest in the town. By a singular chance, my mother found in Toulouse one of her cousins, from Corsica, whom I used to call my aunt. Mademoiselle Stephanopoli had married M. de St. Ange, a distinguished naval officer, who having quitted the service at the breaking out of the Revolution, purchased at St. Michel’s de Lunez, near Castelnaudary, an ancient chateau, formerly be-