made a sign to be silent, and, coming up softly, laid hold of the fine light head of hair which the young aide-de-camp then had, and pulled it sharply. The pain was so acute that Junot could not suppress a faint cry; he smiled, but his face turned pale as death, and then alarmingly red. The General withdrew his hand; it was covered with blood!

To a brilliant and creative imagination, Junot joined an acute understanding, that was most prompt in seizing any new idea the moment it presented itself to him. He learned every thing with inconceivable rapidity. He was very ready at composing verses,* was an excellent actor, and wrote wonderfully well. His temper was warm, sometimes passionate, but never was he coarse or brutal; and, during the thirteen years of our union, I never witnessed such scenes as that which is described in the Memorial of St. Helena; the Emperor could not have made such an assertion, or, in absence of mind, he must have mentioned one name instead of another. The picture of Junot, running about in his handsome hotel, as he is alleged to have done in the Memorial, sword in hand, to pay his creditors, is absolutely ludicrous to all who were acquainted with Junot, and knew how anxious he was to act in harmony with the elevated post which he occupied. This post, formerly so eminent under the Bourbons, was infinitely more important under the Emperor. The Governor of Paris had the command of nearly eighty thousand men; he was the only governor who ever had such great power, extending to Blois, and I believe even to Tours. All officers of distinction, foreign or French, who passed through Paris, were received by him. Every person of any renown who came to France was admitted to the hospitalities of the Governor of Paris; and, from the first day of his nomination, Junot strove to imitate the Duke of Brissac, if not in his two queues and his white scarf, at least in the politeness of his manners. This desire of standing well in his intercourse with the social world dates even much further back, notwithstanding Junot’s fondness for the republic, and his aversion to ancient customs. I will subjoin an example.

When all the world was emigrating, and the revolutionary tempest began to roar over every head, Madame de Brionne, mother of the Prince de Lambesc and the Prince de Vaudemont, was stopped, when attempting to leave France, at a town, which I believe to be Châlons, where Junot happened to be with his regiment. It was said that Madame de Brionne was.

* Here is a specimen. Playing one evening at chess with Queen Hortense, then Mademoiselle Beaubarnais, after several games which he lost out of complaisance, Junot wrote these lines on the chess-board:

Dans ce beau jeu je vous l’emblème
De tout ce que vous inspirez:

Fou celui qui vous dira "J’aime."
carrying with her the crown diamonds; she was the mother of the Prince de Lambesc, whose name was held in abhorrence by the people, for his affair at the Tuileries; she belonged moreover to the house of Lorraine, and that was enough to render her suspected. She was, therefore, apprehended; but, thanks to Junot, this measure, which might have assumed a most alarming character for the object of it, was productive of no other unpleasant result than the mere fact of her apprehension. Madame de Brionne was conveyed to the best inn in the town, and Junot persuaded the mayor’s officers to go themselves and examine her. “She is a woman,” said he; “you do not arrest her by virtue of a warrant, since you have no commission to do so; but you act out of patriotism; you have received information upon which you act: so far all is right. Consider, however, that your information may be false, and that your action then becomes the more vexatious, inasmuch as there is no just cause for it: you must act then as if you doubt whether you be right; and, besides, she is a woman, and we are Frenchmen.”

Junot was cheered with huzzas, and, in consequence of this harangue, it was resolved to proceed to the noble traveller, who, not having been forewarned, had well nigh marred every thing. She had thrown herself on a bed, upon pretext of fatigue, but probably to avoid the ceremonial of bows and courtesies: she shrank from the idea of desiring people, such as she then saw, to sit down in her presence. By a very simple accident, however, her stratagem was thwarted. The mayor being absent from the town, there came in his stead an extremely vulgar fellow, who, on entering the room, throw himself into an armchair, saying: “I beg your pardon, citoyenne; but I am heavy, you see, (he was full two hundred weight) and by your leave I will sit down.”

At this intrusion Madame de Brionne half raised herself on the bed, and lifted up her head with an expression which gave her a most gigantic stature of twenty cubits: “By what right, Sir, do you interrupt my journey?” said she to the fat man who acted the mayor. “Is this the liberty people now enjoy in France? I insist upon your suffering me to proceed this instant.” The fat man made no other reply to this application, than to ask Madame de Brionne who she was and whence she came.

In relating this scene to me Junot said: “Never shall I forget the expression of Madame de Brionne’s face; it was not indignation; it was an almost unknown sentiment: it was stupefaction, madness.... She, Madame de Brionne, to be interrogated! Not only her name to be asked, but who she was! ‘After all,’ said the man of the commune, ‘we must know what is your profession.’ Madame de Brionne returned no answer, but it was evident how severely she suffered from the constraint. A young
soothe her. At length, when she had been questioned for the third time as to her name and quality, she raised herself with that dignity which never fails to awe when it is inspired by the feeling of what one really is, and exclaimed, “Marie Louise de Rohan, Countess of Brionne! As to the charge which you have the stupidity rather than the infamy to allege against me... show them my baggage,” continued she, turning to a valet-de-chambre; “they will see that the house of Lorraine possesses wealth without having occasion to rob the house of France.”

“I was exceedingly pained at this scene,” said Junot, “and when the clumsy booby had thoroughly convinced himself that Madame de Brionne had nothing with her that could even cause her to be suspected, I said sharply, that she might be allowed to take some rest before she resumed her journey, which she wanted to do immediately. At any rate, that woman had a noble and dignified courage which excited a lively interest in me, and I strove to screen her from the inconveniences of her situation.”

Madame de Brionne was too much accustomed to good society not to be immediately aware of the attentions paid to her by Junot, which never ceased till her departure; and at a moment when she thought she should not be overheard, she said to Junot: “It must be very painful to you, sir, to wear that dress and to live with such people. It is no doubt your father whose opinions... Alas! in these disastrous times it is no uncommon thing to see persons belonging to our class, joining the rabble.”

“Madam,” said Junot, interrupting her, with a smile, “I ought to prevent you from proceeding, and assure you that my father and myself are of the same opinion; and I must confess that I am a plebeian and a staunch republican.”

The young soldier bowed. “Well then,” said Madame de Brionne to the young lady who had previously spoken to her, “there are many of our young coxcombs at Versailles who would not have been either so polite or so attentive to a woman of my age.”

“I heard it distinctly,” said Junot, “though she spoke in a whisper; and you will hardly believe that one of the things which most engaged my thoughts, after she had spoken of it herself, was to inquire her age. She was still a superb woman; her arms and hands were admirably beautiful.”

Madame de Brionne was about fifty at the time of this adventure; if any thing, rather more than less.

“Sir,” said she to Junot*at the moment of her departure, “accept this token of remembrance; I hope that it may serve to remind you of one who, on her part, will never forget what you have had the kindness to do for her.” This token of remembrance was a snuff-box of white shell with a portrait of Madame de Brionne. Junot received it with warm expressions of thanks, and always kept it notwithstanding his wandering life. A sin-
gular little adventure, not a sequel to, but a consequence of that which I have just related, occurred some years afterwards.

Some time after the victory of the Tagliamento, shortly before the treaty of Leoben, Junot being at Clagenfurth with the General-in-chief, received a visit from a young German officer taken prisoner in the battle. He was handsome and a man of polished manners, but spoke French very ill. In other respects he was quite a gentleman, for he introduced himself as a relative of Madame de Brionne, in whose name he solicited Colonel Junot's good offices.

From what Baron de Steyer told Junot, it appears that Madame de Brionne had always kept her eye upon him, and that the newspapers, in which his name frequently occurred, had furnished her with honourable intelligence concerning him. She had recommended to the Baron, in case he should meet with such a misfortune as to be taken prisoner, to mention her name to Colonel Junot, and solicit his influence. The confidence of Madame de Brionne was not disappointed. Junot received the young officer in the most cordial manner; he asked and obtained for him his liberation on parole before the exchange of prisoners. My husband was much pleased with this mark of remembrance on the part of Madame de Brionne,* and justly so: for what is more amiable than to seize an occasion for a good action, and to prove that one has relied upon you?

This little story is not foreign to what precedes it, as the reader may perceive. The young man to whom it relates was the same, who, from his fiery courage and impetuosity of character obtained, a few months afterwards, in the field of battle, the appellation of La Tempête, from his brave comrades. It is to be presumed that this politeness, which must have been innate in Junot, for it could not have been taught him, was in the sequel rather developed than stifled by the remarkable circumstances in which he was placed.

* As it is probable that I shall make no further mention of Madame de Brionne, I shall here introduce a little anecdote of her eldest son, the Prince de Vaudemont. Everybody knows that he was far from being like his mother and brother, and still less like his wife, who was and still is generally beloved. She was very ill, and Louis XVI., who took a lively interest in her welfare, one day asked the Prince de Vaudemont, "How is the Princess? What does Portal think of her?"—"Why, 'faith, Sire, I should not like to be in her skin." Now only consider that this answer was given with the utmost sang-froid and in a tone and accent absolutely inimitable.
CHAPTER XXVIII.


I have traced the life of Junot from his entrance into the battalion of the Côte d’Or; I have carried him to Longwy, Toulon, Italy, constantly devoted to Napoleon, as Napoleon was beloved by many of his aides-de-camp. Many generals have been strongly attached to the Emperor; many of them, by the ascendancy of a mighty genius, though they were republicans, continued to love him, even after his coronation, and to serve him faithfully: but nothing ever approached that blind, that passionate devotedness which several of his officers, at the head of whom was Junot, cherished for him. It was a fault in Napoleon not to believe the reality of the purity of this sentiment, and a still greater to show that he disbelieved it.

Junot was appointed general in Egypt. This promotion which is always a desirable thing, especially at Junot’s age (he was then twenty-seven) was not so for him. He had to leave the man to whom he was affectionately attached, and was even removed from under his observation: the army was not numerous, the general officers had not the choice of their cantonments, and they were obliged to go whithersoever the service required.

It is well known that there was a complete schism between the chiefs of the army of Egypt; it was the camp of Agramant. Napoleon’s party was the most numerous: but this division was extremely prejudicial. The personal danger of each party rendered it more irritable, more inflexible, especially towards the opposite faction. Kleber, Damas, and a great number of generals of extraordinary merit in other respects, affected to withdraw themselves from the authority of the General-in-chief.

Junot, as soon as he was appointed general, thought to earn a speedy immortality. But at that time it was not favour that made our generals: there was an emulation in glory, and promo-
tion was attainable only by a brilliant achievement, a wound, or a skilful manœuvre. No doubt, one might adduce some contrary examples, and name some incapable persons elevated through favour and patronage to high posts, from which the Emperor himself was subsequently obliged to dismiss them. But, it may be asserted that, in general, at the time of which I am treating, more than at any other period, excepting perhaps during the empire, merit was exclusively rewarded.

In this particular, as in almost every other, the Emperor was to be admired. He might, agreeably to his ideas of ambition, have sought to make tools for himself, and have attempted it at any cost: but, let us examine all those whom he promoted; none of them were inefficient, but all possessed talents peculiar to themselves. Berthier, who had deceived the friendship and betrayed the confidence of Bonaparte, did not merit the epithet which he applied to him in the Memorial; it was a judgment dictated by a wounded spirit. Berthier was a hard worker, exact to the minutest matter in the details of his department, a point of the utmost consequence to the scribbling* portion of the army) always ready to answer the call of the General-in-chief. Amid the scorching sands of Egypt, in the ice-bound deserts of Russia, Berthier was always so dressed as to be ready to appear before the General or Emperor, at any hour of the night, however late. He was never found at fault. Afterwards he was, most certainly, far from being a bad man. He did good offices with the Emperor for those whom the ill humour of the latter but too frequently ruffled. Poor Berthier! his tragic death ought to have obtained pardon for him. Not but that I think his fault immense, for I am far from excusing his ingratitude, in my eyes the most unpardonable of vices.

Among the generals who had placed themselves in absolute hostile opposition to the General-in-chief, was Lanusse, the brother of him who lately commanded at Besançon. One day, an expression so horrible, and at the same time so alarming for the safety of the army, was reported to Junot, that the favourable prepossessions with which the bravery of Lanusse had inspired him were from that moment utterly destroyed. “I hated him, at last,” said Junot to me, when relating the circumstances of their quarrel. Amicable appearances were nevertheless kept up, but their hearts were estranged†. One day Murat, wishing to reconcile the two generals, invited them to dine with him, together with Lannes, Bessières, and I believe Lavalette, who was then aide-de-camp to the General-in-chief.

Dinner passed off agreeably, and the party afterwards went to

* This was the Emperor’s favourite word. I have often heard him say that the ancients were our superiors in this respect, that they had not a second army of scribblers in their train.

† They had previously been intimate, and I know that Lanusse had even laid
play. During a game at bouillotte, the conversation turned on a military operation which the army was about to make, when Lanusse suffered a sarcastic smile to escape him; it exasperated Junot. Bessières, who sat next to him, kept him quiet for a few moments. Lanusse, misinterpreting the tranquillity which prevailed around him, continued talking about the state of the army in very indecorous terms. In the midst of his observations, he stopped short, and addressing Junot, "Junot," said he, "lend me ten louis! I am bankrupt."—"I have no money before me," replied Junot drily. As he had a heap of gold before him, Lanusse, eyeing him steadfastly, rejoined, "How am I to take your answer, Junot?"—"Just as you please."—"I asked you to lend me ten of the louis that are lying before you."—"And I answer, that although there is money before me, there is none for a traitor like you."—"None but a scoundrel could use such an expression," cried Lanusse, overcome with rage.

In a moment all were on their legs. "Junot! Lanusse!" cried they, endeavouring to soothe them, for, at the epithet employed by Lanusse, Junot had become furious. All at once he appeared calm. "Hearken, Lanusse," said he, in a voice the mildness of which formed a strange contrast with his choleric trembling, "hearken to me, I called you a traitor; I don't think you are so.* You called me a scoundrel; you don't think me one; for we are both brave. But, look you, we must fight; one of us must die. I hate you, because you hate the man whom I love and admire as much as God, if not more.† We must fight, and that immediately. I swear that before I go to bed to-night this affair shall be settled!"

All the witnesses of the scene were sensible that such words as had been exchanged demanded blood, and even life. But, what was to be done? The General had proscribed duels; he would not have any in his army. If the affair were to be deferred till the next day he would know of it, and then it would be impossible to settle it. Murat's garden was spacious; it sloped down to the Nile. Torches were lighted, and there they might fight that very instant. It was nine o'clock and quite dark.

"What weapon shall we take?" said Junot. "A pretty question!" said Lanusse. "Pistols, to be sure." Every one looked at him in astonishment. He had been insulted; according to the laws of duelling he had a right to choose the weapons that should be employed. All were therefore surprised that he should prefer one which, in Junot's hand, was sure to prove fatal. It is well known that he was the most expert

* Lanusse was remarkable for bravery, and one of the most distinguished officers of the army of Egypt.
† I have been advised to omit this expression, but I have not done so, because it was actually used by Junot, and, being acquainted with his religious sentiments, I have found that it is not improper for a Catholic to utter it; and, indeed, the language of religion is not always forbidden to those who are not of that persuasion.
marksman with the pistol, not only in France but in Europe. At twenty-five paces he never missed an ace, and could always cut the ball in two, and that exactly in the middle, against the blade of a knife. “I will not fight you with pistols,” said he coolly to Lanusse; “you are no marksman, you could not hit a barn-door. We ought to fight upon equal terms. We have our swords; let us go.”

Bessieres, who was Junot’s second with Murat, whispered to him that he was a foolish fellow, as Lanusse was a capital swordsman, and he might perhaps stand no chance with him. “Consider too,” said Murat, “that it is for life or death.” Junot would not listen to any thing. They proceeded to the garden, and by the way Lanusse again raised his voice, and employed some very offensive expressions with reference to Junot and the General-in-chief. “Lanusse,” said Junot, “you are acting now like a man without heart, and yet you are a brave man: one would suppose you were trying to screw up your courage.” Lanusse replied with a volley of abuse. Lannes silenced him. “Come along, Lanusse,” said he, in the energetic manner with which he adorned all he said; for at this period and even much later, I never heard him speak two words but the third was an oath. “Come along: hold your tongue, you are going to cut one another’s throats—what the devil would you have more? All that you say to him now is positively thrown away.”

When they were on the ground, the seconds examined it, and they had a good mind not to suffer the affair to take place on that spot. The Nile, after its periodical inundation, had left inequalities which were enough to trip a person up at every step. “If it were but daylight!” said Murat. “But you cannot fight here.”—“Come on!” said Junot, “this is children’s play.” Pulling off his coat, he drew his sword, and Lanusse did the same.

Junot was a good fencer. He was nimble, brave, and perfectly cool: but, wishing to finish the affair, and taking his opportunity, he made a stroke at Lanusse, which cut the crown of his hat and spent itself on his cheek. Had he been without a hat, he must have been killed. Taking advantage of the movement which had left Junot exposed, he gave him a back-handed cut, which laid open the abdomen, and made a wound, the scar of which was more than eight inches long. Junot was removed with great difficulty. The nature of the wound was most serious in a country where inflammation of the intestines is the chief thing to be dreaded. But he was surrounded by persons whose talents and friendship quickly alleviated his alarming situation.

The General-in-chief was furious the next morning, when Desgenettes, at Junot’s desire, informed him of the occurrence. “What!” cried he, “are they determined to cut each other’s
to dispute among the crocodiles, and leave behind for them the body of the one that shall have fallen? Have they not enough then with the Arabs, the plague, and the Mamelukes? You deserve, Monsieur Junot," said he, as though his old aide-de-camp had been present, "you richly deserve putting under arrest for a month, when you get well." Such were the very words of Bonaparte. He went to see Junot a considerable time after the affair, that is to say, when Junot was almost convalescent; for, at first, Napoleon would not see him, saying, that he was more culpable than Lanusse. However, the very next day, when apprized of the result and causes of the duel, he exclaimed, "My poor Junot! wounded for me! But then, the idiot! why did he not fight with pistols?"

When Bonaparte left Egypt, Junot was at Suez, where he commanded. It is well known how secret the departure was kept. How kind and affectionate is the letter which he sent on this occasion to Junot! It is as follows:

"Bonaparte, General-in-chief, member of the Institute, to the General of brigade Junot.

"I am leaving Egypt, my dear Junot, and you are too far from the place of embarkation for me to take you with me. But I shall leave orders with Kleber to let you set out in the course of October. Be assured that, in whatever place and in whatever situation I may be, I will give you positive proofs of the affectionate friendship which I have vowed to you.

Health and friendship,

Bonaparte."

Kleber wished to keep Junot, but he would not stay. He could not meet with a vessel to return to Europe; and it was painful to him to be far distant from his country and from the man who alone had enabled him to endure the separation. At length he spoke out, with such energy and feeling, that Kleber gave him permission to depart in the following letter:

Kleber, General-in-chief, to the General of brigade Juneau.*

"The feeling of gratitude which you express so well, and which attaches you to General Bonaparte, only augments the esteem which I entertain for you. You shall go, General, and I have ordered General Damas to furnish you with a passport immediately: it grieves me exceedingly that I cannot give you in any other way the assurance of my sincere and cordial attachment.

Kleber."

Notwithstanding the apparent frankness of this letter, Kleber caused his departure to be attended with unpleasant circum-

* An orthographical blunder would be nothing more than one might expect of Kleber, who did not pride himself on being able to write French; but it is
stances. A report was circulated in the army, that Junot was carrying away the treasures found in the Pyramids by the General-in-chief. "He could not carry them away himself," such was the language held to the soldiers, "and so the man who possesses all his confidence, is now taking them to him." The matter was carried so far, that several subalterns and soldiers proceeded to the shore, and some of them went on board the merchantman which was to sail with Junot the same evening. They rummaged about, but found nothing; at length they came to a prodigious chest, which ten men could not move, between decks. "Here is the treasure!" cried the soldiers, "here is our pay that has been kept from us above a year; where is the key?" Junot's valet, an honest German, shouted to them in vain, with all his might, that the chest did not belong to his cheverul. They would not listen to him. Unluckily, Junot, who was not to embark till evening, was not then on board. The mutineers seized a hatchet, and began to cut away at the chest, which they soon have broken up, had not the ship's carpenter come running quite out of breath. "What the devil are you at?" cried he, "mad fellows, that you are; stop! don't destroy my chest—here is the key. He opened it immediately, and lo!—the tools of the master carpenter of the ship.

A scene like this wounded Junot to his heart's core. To be suspected of such baseness was to him a deep injury; but to suspect his General of a crime of which he was less capable than any other—he, the father of the soldier! Junot deemed the charge beneath both of them. He could have proved that he had been obliged to borrow a thousand crowns for his return to Europe; but he should soon see again his own dear country, the man who was not less dear, and his family. In short, the feelings that crowded upon his ardent soul (so well fitted to enjoy all the happiness that he anticipated), neutralized his indignation: he quitted that ancient Egypt, from which he carried away nothing except glory, without regret, and without remorse; and, turning his face towards Europe, thought of nothing but France.

The odious calumny, the stupid invention, relative to the treasures of the Pharaohs, had, meanwhile, found believers elsewhere, as well as in the army. The English, for example, had been simple enough to give credit to this story. A ship was even cruising off Alexandria; and the merchantman in which Junot had sailed was obliged to bring-to at the first summons of the Theseus man of war, Captain Steele; while Junot and his aide-de-camp, Captain Lallemand, had not the power to make the least resistance, how well disposed soever they might have been to do so.*

* They left Alexandria at eight in the evening, and were taken about mid-
Captain Steele was the most impertinent of men, and everybody knows that, when the English take up the profession of impertinence, they are adepts in it. Junot was a prisoner, and an unhappy prisoner: all that could aggravate the pain of his disagreeable situation was, probably, discussed overnight, in the head of the captain, that it might be put in practice the next morning. Junot had with him General Dumuy, the oldest general of division in the French army; he was no longer young, and was invested with a rank which ought to have ensured him not only respect but honour, especially among military men. If he were a numskull, Captain Steele was less capable of discovering it, as Englishmen themselves told me, than any body else. Well, poor General Dumuy was not only ill-used, which was cruel, but hoax'd, which was infamous. Junot would not put up with any jokes, and I have no need to observe, that it would have been dangerous to make the experiment with him. Captain Lallemand, on his part, was not more complaisant: one day he wellnigh threw overboard a petty officer, who had amused himself by playing him a trick, as he called it. Accordingly, Junot and he were, at least, respected.

At length, after enduring, for four months, a treatment which daily became more harsh and insupportable, Junot spoke out, and with such effect that Captain Steele was obliged to talk about, and carry his victims to Jaffa, to be delivered up to Commodore Sir Sydney Smith. I shall speak of Sir Sydney by and by; at present I shall only say, that he was most polite to the prisoners, and particularly to Junot, but he could not keep them, and forwarded them by way of Cyprus to Arnetta, to thence despatched to Toulon, in the ship Le Vaillant; but it was necessary that an English officer should first go to Palermo to receive the orders of Nelson, who was there with Lady Hamilton.

The day after Le Vaillant had anchored in the harbour of Palermo, a very elegant barge, manned by a dozen rowers, dressed in white, and wearing black velvet caps, ornamented with a silver leopard, came to reconnoitre the frigate. Junot was in his cabin at the moment with General Dumuy. The captain of Le Vaillant went down to them, and told them with the more arrogance, because he fancied that he was backed, "Come upon deck, gentlemen; our hero, the great Admiral Nelson, wishes to see the French prisoners." Junot eyed the captain, then turning his head, he appeared to be looking round about him. "Am I to understand that it is to me and the General that you are speaking?" said he. The captain bowed. "And have you the courage to execute this commission with so much impertinence? Well; take back this answer, at least as far as I and my officers are concerned: go, and tell your
for I am accustomed to a measure that would be far too large for him, go and tell him, that I am not his prisoner, but the prisoner of his government: that were I his prisoner, I would not obey an order given with the brutality with which you would treat curious beasts that you might have brought from Egypt, and of which you were the keeper. If Admiral Nelson wishes to see me, he knows where to find me. Say further, he is my superior, his rank is higher than mine; had he civilly expressed a desire to see me, I would have gone to him that instant. Now the insult is offered, it is too late for him to recede. I pretend not to impose my opinions upon any one," continued Junot, turning to General Dumuy, who, from the commencement of the action, kept close behind him, jogging his elbow, and pulling a face that was enough to make the merriest cry, or the most sorrowful laugh. "I have said what I thought, and what I would do, that is all: you are at liberty to act as you please."

The good man, if he had had his own way, would have gone upon deck, and walked about somewhat after the manner of a white bear in his den. The captain delivered Junot’s answer to Nelson, who had a spirit to feel the full force of it. Junot, in his spleen, had said what he was far from thinking, for he admired Nelson, and did not conceal it; but how can you abstain entirely from offensive language, when a victorious enemy would insult you? It is to be presumed that Junot’s conduct was appreciated by Nelson; for the same evening he sent him a large basket filled with fruit, preserves, and some bottles of claret. Lady Hamilton had added some oranges to the present. Junot rightly thought that it would show bad taste to refuse it: he therefore accepted it, and stamped his thanks with a gratitude which he really felt. After all, if what he had said to the captain was faithfully reported to the Admiral, this tacit reparation of his affront, or perhaps of that offered by the captain of the Theseus, argues a great share of magnanimity in his character. Nelson, however, annulled Sir Sydney Smith’s orders for the return of the prisoners to France, and they were conveyed to Mahon, there to await the answer of the Admiralty. That answer could not be doubtful, but it might be delayed some time, and to remain longer under the yoke of the captain of the frigate was beyond the bounds of human patience.

Sir Sydney Smith appeared to Junot under an aspect which, though different from that of Nelson, was not more encouraging in regard to social life, and the intercourse which there must be between two men, living, if not under the same roof, on the same floor, and which was about to be established between them. General Bonaparte was not mistaken in regard to the real cause of the disasters consequent upon the long resistance of St. Jean d’Acre. In his mind, Sir Sydney Smith and those disasters were inseparable. Those around him, who so easily caught the reflec-
tion of his enmities and his friendships, when, like Junot in particular, they lived in his life, beheld in Sir Sydney a man to whom General Bonaparte had a strong dislike, and to whom, of course, they took a dislike also. "Nevertheless," said Junot to me one day, "the Emperor always regarded Sir Sydney Smith as a man of honour, and he said as much; only he thought him mad; and he could not comprehend, he said, how a sensible man could attempt such insane things."

To two men formed to esteem each other, the first moments were of course irksome: but this did not last long. Sir Sydney and Junot, when they became acquainted, conceived a high esteem for one another. Junot said that Sir Sydney was chivalry personified, with all its bravery and generosity. They passed together about two months, which would have appeared short to Junot, had he not been anxious to return to France. Every consideration was absorbed by that desire, which became a real home-sickness. Sir Sydney perceived it, and strove to expedite his return to France, as if he had been his own brother. It was to the active interference of Sir Sydney Smith that Junot was indebted for the cartel of exchange, the original of which I have carefully preserved. It is scarcely necessary to remark that ten English prisoners were released in exchange for him.

Junot continued to cherish the most affectionate regard for the commodore. Notwithstanding the war, they wrote and sent presents to one another. In spite of all his efforts, however, Sir Sydney could not obtain the entire exchange of Junot, who could not serve against England till the business was finally settled.*

* The Editor cannot forbear expressing his conviction, that the statements which the present chapter contains relative to the conduct of the captains of the Theseus and Le Vaillant, and "our hero, the great Admiral Nelson," are highly coloured by national antipathy.
CHAPTER XXIX.

The returned emigrants—Portraits from nature—MM. de Bouillé and Madame de Contades—Drawing-room scenes—My mother’s ball—The rival beauties—Madame Leclerc’s ears—My mother’s conversation with Paulette—MM. de Perigord—Despreaux’s assemblies.

I will devote this chapter to some details respecting individuals who formed a portion of my mother’s circle of acquaintance, and who were distinguished in Parisian society, after their return from emigration.

Among the ladies who had recently returned to France, and who were frequent visitors at my mother’s house, there was one who is still vividly present to my recollection as though I had seen her only a few days since. This was Madame de Contades, the daughter and sister of the MM. de Bouillé, who distinguished themselves at the affair of Varennes. Madame de Contades was a person whose appearance never failed to make a profound impression at first sight. She was not remarkable for beauty, but there was something very pleasing about her. There was an expression in her look and smile, which I never observed in any but one woman besides herself. She was not gloomy, far from it; and yet one could scarcely venture to laugh in her presence, unless she first set the example. When she turned round her goddess-like head, crowned with luxuriant black hair, and cast a look at any one, that look was a command which exacted obedience. Her hatred of Bonaparte was exceedingly amusing. She would not grant him the merit of deserving his military fame: “Pshaw!” she would say, when my mother spoke of his victories in Italy and Egypt, “I could do as much with a look.” She was no less diverting when Bonaparte’s sisters came under her review. She would not acknowledge the beauty of Madame Leclerc, any more than the glory of her brother. Her eccentric opinion on this subject once gave rise to a tragico-comic incident at my mother’s house.

Bonaparte had just departed for Egypt; and the different members of his family, bright with the reflections of the glory he had cast upon them, during his brief stay in Paris, had already commenced their novitiates of royalty. Madame Leclerc, who had a taste for absolute power, was nothing loth to
own beauty. That beauty indeed appeared so perfect, that nobody ever thought of disputing it. As her dominion as yet consisted only of her beauty, she spared no pains to make the most of it; and in this she certainly succeeded, when she did not, as unfortunately too often happened, display the airs of an insufferable spoiled child. One evening my mother gave a ball at her residence in the Rue Sainte-Croix. She had invited, according to her custom, the most select society of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. As to the other party, the only individuals belonging to it were the Bonaparte family, and a few gentlemen, who, like M. de Trenis, were fine dancers, and were for that reason, regularly invited by the few families who gave parties at that time.

Madame Leclerc informed us that she had prepared for the occasion a dress, which to use her own expression, she expected would immortalise her. This dress was a subject of the most serious consideration with her, at least a week before she was destined to wear it, and she enjoined the strictest secrecy on Madame Germon and Charbonnier.* She requested permission to dress at our house, which she frequently did in order that she might enter the ball-room with her dress completely fresh and in all its beauty.

Only those who knew Madame Leclerc, at that time, can form any idea of the impression she produced on entering my mother's drawing-room. The head-dress consisted of bandelettes of a very soft fine kind of fur, of a tiger pattern. These bandelettes were surmounted by bunches of grapes in gold; but the hair was not dressed so high as it is now worn. She was a faithful copy of a Baccante, such as are seen in antique statues or cameos; and in truth the form of Madame Leclerc's head, and the classic regularity of her features, imbioned her to attempt an imitation which would have been hazardous in most women. Her robe of exquisitely fine India muslin, had a deep bordering of gold; the pattern was of grapes and vine-leaves. With this she wore a tunic of the purest Greek form, with a bordering similar to her dress, which displayed her fine figure to admirable advantage. This tunic was confined on the shoulders by cameos of great value. The sleeves, which were very short, were lightly gathered on small bands which were also fastened with cameos. Her girdle which was placed below the bosom, as is seen in the Greek statues, consisted of a gold band, the clasp of which was a superbly cut antique stone. She entered the drawing-room without her gloves, displaying her beautiful white round arms, which were adorned with bracelets, formed of gold and cameos. It is impossible to describe the effect her appearance produced. Her entrance seemed absolutely to illumine the room. The perfect harmony in every part of the beautiful whole, elicited a
buzz of admiration, which was not very complimentary to the other ladies present. The gentlemen all thronged round her, as she advanced towards a seat which my mother had reserved for her, for Paulette was a particular favourite of my mother's, who indeed regarded her almost as her own child.

The ladies were all much piqued at the beauty and the elegant dress of Mademoiselle Bonaparte, the wife of General Leclerc. They whispered to one another, but loud enough to be heard by Paulette, that such an impudent display of extravagance was exceedingly unbecoming in a woman who had been almost in starvation only three years before. But these expressions of female envy were speedily drowned by the admiration of the other sex.

The beauty of Madame de Contades was now entirely eclipsed, and soon after Madame Leclerc's entrance she found herself abandoned by her circle of admirers; or if any of them approached her, it was only to make some provoking remark, complimentary to the charms of Paulette. "Give me your arm," said she to a gentleman near her, and the next moment the Diana-like figure of Madame de Contades was seen moving across the drawing-room, and advancing towards Madame Leclerc. The latter had withdrawn to my mother's boudoir, because, she said, the heat of the drawing-room, and the motion of the dancers, made her ill; though, I believe, the true reason was, that a long sofa in the boudoir afforded her the opportunity of displaying her graceful figure and attitudes to the best advantage. This manœuvre, however, proved unlucky for her. The room was small and brilliantly lighted, and as Madame Leclerc reclined upon the sofa, a stream of light descended full upon her head. Madame de Contades looked at her attentively; and instead of making any of the ill-natured observations which had fallen from the other ladies, she first admired the dress, then the figure, then the face. Returning a second time to the coiffure, she expatiated on its taste and elegance; then suddenly turning to the gentleman on whose arm she was leaning, she exclaimed, "Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! how unfortunate that such a pretty woman should be deformed! Did you never observe it! What a pity it is!"

Had these exclamations been uttered in the drawing-room, it is probable that the sound of the music and the dancing would have drowned Madame de Contades's voice, though she generally spoke in a pretty loud tone: as it was, every word resounded through the little boudoir, and the scarlet which suffused the face of Madame Leclerc, was much too deep to improve her beauty.

Madame de Contades fixed her eyes of fire on Paulette, as if she would look her through, and the tone of compassion in which she uttered the words, "What a pity!" sufficiently indicated her sensations towards this daring intruder.
(which perhaps I have described with rather too much prolixity) took place in the space of little more than a minute; but these details are necessary, to show the mode in which the attack was managed, and the success with which a woman of ingenuity may avenge her wounded vanity. "What is the matter?" inquired some one who stood near Madame de Contades.—"The matter!" said she, do you not see the two enormous ears which disfigure either side of her head. I declare if I had such a pair of ears, I would have them cut off, and I will advise Madame Leclerc to do so. There can be no harm in advising a woman to have her ears cut off."

All eyes were now turned towards Madame Leclerc's head; not as before, to admire it, but to wonder at the deformity with which its beauty was disfigured. The truth is, that nature must have been in one of her most capricious moods, when she placed two such ears on the right and left of a charming face. They were merely pieces of thin white cartilage, almost without any curling; but this cartilage was not enormous as Madame de Contades said; it was merely ugly, and its ugliness was the more conspicuous on account of the beautiful features with which it was contrasted. A young woman but little accustomed to society is easily embarrassed: this was the case with Madame Leclerc when she read in the faces of her surrounding admirers the effect produced by the remarks of Madame de Contades. The result of this little scene was, that Paulette burst into tears, and on the plea of indisposition retired before midnight. Next morning my mother went to see her. She of course said nothing about the ears, which were then concealed beneath a nightcap trimmed with lace; for Madame Leclerc was in the habit of receiving visits, even the most formal ones, in bed. She took her revenge by assailing Madame de Contades, whom she certainly did not spare. My mother allowed her to go on for some time, for she was aware that she had been deeply piqued. "I cannot imagine," said Madame Leclerc, "what can make that great tall may-pole such a favourite with all the men! I am sure there are many women much more attractive in the circle of your acquaintance. There was one who sat near her last evening in your drawing-room, whom I think much handsomer; and she was very well dressed too. She had a robe and Grecian tunic, just like mine. "But," added she, in as serious a tone as though she had been speaking of the most important affair in the world, "hers was embroidered in silver, and mine in gold. That did not become her: she is not fair enough for silver." Patience was not my mother's virtue; and on hearing this she rose from her chair, evidently displeased. "Paulette," said she, my dear girl, you are crazy! absolutely crazy!" The person of whom Madame Leclerc was speaking, was a little fat and somewhat plain.
short-sighted that she was continually winking her eyes. In a word she was the very reverse of Madame de Contades.

"I assure you, Madame Permon, I think Madame Chauvelin an elegant woman; she is clever too, without being satirical." 

"Whether Madame Chauvelin be elegant or not, is a matter of very little consequence," replied my mother: "as to her cleverness, I know she has a good deal. But, my dear Paulette, you are strangely mistaken if you live in the belief that she is not satirical when any thing of a ridiculous kind presents itself to her notice. She can observe, short-sighted as she is." This affair set Madame Leclerc for a long time in violent hostility to Madame de Contades; though I am sure the latter lady never thought of it from the moment she put on her shawl to leave my mother's party.

About this period M. de Talleyrand had persuaded a great portion of his family to return from emigration. His two brothers, Archambaud and Bozon de Perigord, came to France. The former had been forced to fly to save his life, and left behind him a wife and three children. His wife died shortly after his departure. M. Louis Perigord, the eldest of his three children, was a man whose rare qualities rendered him an ornament to society. He enjoyed the favour of Bonaparte, who knew how to appreciate merit.

There was a lady, a friend of my mother, who like her had the courage to receive company and give balls at this time. This was Madame de Caseaux, wife of the president of the Parliament of Bordeaux. She was a distant relation of M. de Talleyrand. She had an only daughter, Laure de Caseaux, who was then the richest heiress in France. The fortune of M. de Caseaux was estimated at eight or nine millions of francs. Madame de Caseaux occupied the Hotel de Perigord in the Rue l'Université, which now belongs to Marshal Soult. There she gave, in the suite of apartments on the ground floor, the first splendid balls which took place in Paris after the revolution. But these balls represented the Faubourg St. Germain in all its purity; and I do not recollect having seen the face of any individual of the opposite party, except Junot, and that not until after our marriage.

There was another house in Paris, at which good company and agreeable parties were to be met, though money was paid for admissanne. This was the house of Despréaux, the fashionable dancing-master. I was his pupil; and at first these assemblies consisted only of his pupils; but they soon became so fashionable that Despréaux was obliged to remove to a larger house in order to receive all who wished to subscribe to them. It was there I first met Mademoiselle Perregaux, before she was married to General Marmont. She used to be accompanied by a sort of page-boy who instead of having any control
over her, appeared to be entirely submissive to her authority. Mademoiselle Perregaux was pretty, but my mother could never reconcile herself to the freedom of her manners. Madame Bonaparte sometimes brought her daughter to Despréaux's assemblies. Hortense de Beauharnais was then a lovely girl; but I will take another opportunity of drawing her portrait: it deserves to be more than a light sketch.

CHAPTER XXX.

The 18th of Fructidor—Hoche—Probable manner of his death—Madame de Re—c, and Madame Tallien—Flags presented to the Directory by Junot—Madame Bonaparte—Junot escorts her to Italy—Mademoiselle Louise.

After the 18th Fructidor we had a new reign of terror, which spread consternation through all our circle, and several of our friends, whose names were included in the declaration of Duverne de Presle, were obliged to leave Paris.

An event which took place immediately after the 18th of Fructidor overwhelmed us with grief, for we were intimately acquainted with the relatives and friends of the victim who was sacrificed. I here allude to the death of Hoche, which may be regarded as an event in the history of our revolution. The loss of Joubert and Hoche have usually been regarded as military misfortunes, like the fate of Marceaux, and subsequently of Desaix, but the case was different. With his military talent, Hoche combined extensive abilities of various kinds, and he was a citizen as well as a soldier. When he was sent to La Vendée, he quelled dissension, more perhaps by his talents and conciliating manners than by his sword, though he could use it well. Like Joubert, he loved and revered his country. I did not know much of General Hoche personally, but since his death I have been furnished with some curious details respecting him. When his death was made known, the public voice rose in an accusing outcry against the Directory. I have paid great attention to the circumstances which attended the death of Hoche; I have carefully examined the events which preceded the 18th of Fructidor, and compared them with valuable documents, which are in my possession. I am satisfied that Hoche was the constant object of the hatred of a party, then unfortunately powerful, though acting in the shade. The most serious charge was brought against him, and yet he was not guilty. It was discovered that the sum of eight hundred thousand francs had been embezzled, and it was alleged that the commander of the
army of the Sambre and the Meuse had divided it among the officers of his staff. A lady for whom Hoche cherished a deep interest, and who is still living, received from him, at the time, letters in which he begged her to raise some money by way of loan, at any price. “Above all,” said he in one of these letters, “I should blush if France knew that one of the Generals-in-chief of her armies should be obliged to borrow money to replace the horses which have been killed under him by the enemy’s bullets.”

Nothing, it appears to me, can be more conclusive than the language of a man thus addressing a woman who possessed his entire confidence. The lady to whom these letters are addressed, is, as I have already observed, still living; she resides in Paris, and she favoured me, only a few days before these pages were written, with another sight of the correspondence to which she attaches the highest value.

In another of these letters, General Hoche says: “Do they wish me to come to Paris to renew the scandalous scene of the 18th of June?* If they do I will come, and in my turn tear to pieces their embroidered coats. Let them not provoke me.” Alas! the unfortunate General ought not to have provoked an enemy who was alike cowardly, criminal and feeble. Scarcely one month elapsed after the date of this last letter, and Hoche was no more. An almost unanimous voice pronounced sentence of murder against those who ought to have placed the civic crown on the head of Hoche, instead of consigning him to the grave. As to my own opinion, I entertain a firm conviction that General Hoche died by assassination. I deemed it necessary to say thus much relative to this brave man. His tragical death forms a remarkable event in our revolutionary history. I must now revert to a few circumstances of anterior date, for the better explanation of some facts which are to follow.

Shortly before the Revolution my father, in the course of his financial business, was engaged in rather a curious affair, which, at the time, was but little known, because one of the two parties concerned belonged to the Polignac family. While this affair was pending, my mother was introduced to some of the individuals concerned, among others to Madame de Re——c, a natural daughter of the Marquis de St. A——n. When, in 1796, the revolutionary troubles had somewhat subsided, and people who had been dispersed in various directions, once more thronged to Paris, my mother, to her great astonishment, one day met Madame Re——c, at Tivoli. The lady was splendidly dressed in an extravagant style of fashion. She was walking between two gentlemen; the one on the right was a collet noir, and the one on the left an oreille de chien. She was speaking with a pe-ude

* He here alludes to the indecorous scene which took place between de La-haye and another deputy, who actually fought until they tore each other’s clothing in pieces before the legislative body mete.
parfumée, and giving herself all the airs of a perfect incroyable. She seemed overjoyed to see my mother, who was rather a formidable person to be encountered by such a woman as Madame Re—c. I recollect that she was put quite out of countenance by the somewhat satirical look of my mother, when she scanned her from head to foot with the cool self-possession of the true Parisian elegante.

When Madame de Re—c behaved naturally, she was a lively and agreeable woman. She recovered her courage, and called on us next day. She told us a great deal about the Directorial court, with which she was well acquainted, and about Madame Tallien, who, according to her account, was the prototype of all that was fair and good in the world:—a perfect divinity.

My mother was a woman, and a beautiful woman, whose opinions were not in unison with those which were professed in the salon of Madame Tallien, yet she never withheld her admiration from other females, when she felt that it could be justly conferred. My mother had been much struck with the beauty of Madame Tallien, and she knew too many facts relative to her excellent conduct at Bourdeaux, not to be convinced that all the praises conferred on her were well deserved.

The life of Madame Tallien was one of the most extraordinary and diversified I ever knew. She might have become the French Aspasia, and with much greater advantages than were enjoyed by the Aspasia of Athens, with whom her wit, her beauty, and her political influence may serve to establish a comparison. She certainly might have been appreciated much higher than Aspasia in spite of the refined taste of the Athenians, though neither of her husbands was a Pericles. The destiny of Madame Tallien was as singular as herself. She was born in Spain, where her father, M. de Cabarrus, a French banker, settled, and had acquired a great reputation. At twelve years of age Theresa Cabarrus was the loveliest of all the beauties of Cadiz. Her father sent her from home at that early age, because he was still too young to take upon himself the superintendence of so beautiful a daughter. She was seen about this period by her uncle Jalabert, who could not escape the fascination which the lovely Theresa, with a look and a smile, exercised upon every man who beheld her. He wished to marry her; but she gave the preference to M. de Fontenay, to whom she was united some time after. With a cultivated mind and intellectual powers of a high order, Madame Tallien would have possessed, even without her beauty, more than an ordinary share of attractions.

While she was at Bourdeaux, she composed a discourse on some abstract subject, which was intended to be read by way of a sermon: a custom which was at that time prevalent. She, however, had not courage to read it herself, and she requested

and the audience were much more attentive to her than to the heavy and monotonous eloquence of the person who delivered the discourse: she was dressed in a riding-habit of dark blue casimere, with yellow buttons and collar and cuffs of red velvet. Upon her beautiful black hair, which was cut à la Titus, and clustered in graceful curls round her face, she wore, a little on one side, a cap of scarlet velvet trimmed with fur; in this costume her beauty was really dazzling. At intervals, the expression of her countenance showed that she was a little out of humour at the manner in which the discourse was read, and on the following Decadi she read it herself in the church of the Franciscans.

Madame Tallien was kind and obliging, but such is the effect on the multitude of a name that bears a stain, that her cause was never separated from that of her husband: the following is a proof this: Junot was the bearer of the second flags which were sent from the army of Italy to the Directory. He was received with all the pomp which attended the reception of Marmont, who was the bearer of the first colours. Madame Bonaparte, who had not yet set out to join Napoleon, wished to witness the ceremony, and on the day appointed for the reception of Junot, she repaired to the Directory, accompanied by Madame Tallien. They lived at that time in great intimacy, the latter was a fraction of the Directorial royalty, with which Josephine, when Madame Beauharnais, and, indeed, after she became Madame Bonaparte, was in some degree invested. Madame Bonaparte was still a fine woman: her teeth, it is true, were already frightfully decayed; but when her mouth was closed, she looked, especially at a little distance, both young and pretty. As to Madame Tallien, she was then in the full bloom of her beauty. Both were dressed in the antique style, which was then the prevailing fashion, and with as much of richness and ornament as were suitable to morning costume. When the reception was ended, and they were about to leave the Directory, it may be presumed that Junot was not a little proud to offer to escort these two charming women. Junot was then a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, and he had that military look and style for which, indeed, he was always remarkable. A splendid uniform of a Colonel of Hussars, set off his fine figure to the utmost advantage. When the ceremony was ended, he offered one to Madame Bonaparte, who, as his General's wife, was entitled to the first honour, especially on that solemn day; and offering his arm to Madame Tallien, he conducted them down the staircase of the Luxembourg. The crowd pressed forward to see them as they passed along: "That is the General's wife!" said one. "That is his aide-de-camp," said another.—"He is very young.—She is very pretty.—Vive le Général Bonaparte!—Vive la Citoyenne Bonaparte! She is a good friend to the poor.—Ah!" exclaimed a great fat marketman.
said another, "and see who is on the other side of the officer: "that is Notre-Dame-de-Septembre!"—This was severe, and it was also unjust.

Junot escorted Madame Bonaparte when she went to join the General-in-chief in Italy. *I am surprised that M. de Bourrienne has omitted mentioning this circumstance in his memoirs. He must have known it, since he was well acquainted with everything relating to Josephine, and knew many facts of high interest in her life at this period, and subsequently. How happens it too that he makes no mention of Mademoiselle Louise, who might be called her companion instead of her femme-de-chambre. At the outset of the journey to Italy, she was such a favourite with Josephine, that she dressed like her mistress, sat at table with her, and was in all respects her friend and confident.

The journey was long, much too long for Junot, though he was very much in love with Mademoiselle Louise. But he was anxious to join the army, for to him, his General was always the dearest of mistresses. Junot has often spoken to me, and to me alone, of the vexations he experienced on this journey. He might have added to his circumstantial details relative to Josephine, the conversation he is reported to have had with Bonaparte in Egypt;* but he never breathed a word on the subject; for his character was always noble and generous. The journey to Italy did not produce the effect which usually arises from such incidents in common life: namely, a closer friendship and intimacy between the parties. On the contrary, Madame Bonaparte from that moment evinced some degree of ill-humour towards Junot, and complained with singular warmth of the want of respect which he had shown her, in making love to her femme-de-chambre, before her face.

At a subsequent period, however, Madame Bonaparte thought no more about Mademoiselle Louise, or the want of respect shown by the aide-de-camp and faithful friend: indeed, I believe she thought but little about Bonaparte himself. I shall by and by notice the subject which then absorbed all her thoughts.

Madame de Re——c often spoke to us about Madame Bonaparte, whom she frequently saw at the Directory when she was not exclusively engrossed by the charms of her garden of Armida. On this subject, Madame de Re——c furnished us with some amusing particulars, from which Lucien and the whole family, but especially Madame Leclerc, drew very unfavourable inferences for the future happiness of their brother.

* See Bourrienne's Memoirs.
CHAPTER XXXI.

Moreau takes the command of the army of Italy—Championnet—The assassination of Rastadt—Destruction of the regiment of Sheklers—General Joubert The two Suchets—Anecdote of Bonaparte, and Ordonnateur Chauvet—The two sleeping nymphs—Bonaparte at vingt-et-un.

Moreau took the command of 40,000 men, the sad wreck of our military force in Italy, and marched to meet the enemy. The movements of the Austro-Russian army, commanded by Suvarrow were, however, better combined than his; the consequence was that Moreau was defeated in the battle of Cassano, losing nearly all his artillery, and 15,000 men killed, wounded, or prisoners.

Championnet once more brought back victory to our standards, by defeating General Mack, and taking Naples: but the Directory determined to sacrifice the glory of one of her sons on the altar of his country, and Championnet was deprived of his command, arrested, tried by a court martial, and was on the point of being shot. All this was because he resisted the designs of certain base and avaricious proconsuls. Championnet's force was consigned to the command of Macdonald, and did not join Moreau's army till after the battle of the Trebia, where we lost 8000 of our troops.

About this time, in the west of France, the Chouans were raising their odious standard, and the roads of La Vendée were drenched anew with the blood of Frenchmen. Our plenipotentiaries were massacred at Rastadt by the Shekler hussars, and, notwithstanding the indignation expressed by all France at that atrocity, vengeance was still very tardy in overtaking the assassins. The two councils were the first to render a melancholy tribute of honour to the victims. Who that saw that ceremony can ever forget its solemnity? Who can recollect without emotion the religious silence which reigned throughout the hall and tribunes, when the vote was put? The president then turned towards the curule chair of the victim, on which lay the official costume of the assassinated representative, covered with black crape, bent over it, and pronouncing the names of Robertjot and Bonnier, added in a voice, the tone of which was
ASSASSINATED AT THE CONGRESS OF RASTADT.

Immediately all the representatives responded—

"May their blood be upon the heads of their murderers!"

This crime was long attributed to the court of Austria, but I have positive evidence that the Queen of Naples, and the Colonel of the Scheikler regiment were the sole authors of the murder. I do not now recollect at what battle it was that the Scheikler hussars were in such a situation as obliged them to capitulate. Their consciences told them, however, that they ought not to expect quarter. "Will you make us prisoners?" demanded the commander of the corps. He received for answer an exclamation of rage and indignation: "Defend yourselves, wretches!" The whole of the regiment was exterminated.

A new misfortune which befell France about this period was the death of Joubert, who was killed at the battle of Novi, at the time when, touched by the miseries of his country, he forgot her offences, and felt nothing but her danger. Joubert was the friend of Championnet. On the latter being arrested, he sent his resignation to the Directory, and it was long ere he would again enter the service. When he did, he was first appointed to the command of the seventeenth military division, the headquarters of which were then in Paris, and a few weeks after to the command of the army of Italy. The striking similarity of situation between Joubert and Bonaparte is most remarkable. Both were of equal age, and both, in their early career, suffered a sort of disgrace; they were finally appointed to command first the seventeenth military divisions, and afterwards the army of Italy. There is in all this a curious parity of events: but death soon ended the career of one of the young heroes. That which ought to have constituted the happiness of his life was the cause of Joubert's death; namely, his marriage. But how could he refrain from loving the woman he espoused? Ah! who can have forgotten Zephirine de Montholon, her enchanting grace, her playful wit, her good-humour, and her beauty! What delicacy and spirit on her features! I think Joubert was very pardonable.

The mention of Joubert brings to my recollection a story about Bonaparte and the two Suchets (the Marshal and his brother) who were the intimate friends of Joubert. The circumstance I am about to relate, happened a little after the siege of Toulon. The town had been in the possession of the French for some weeks, and although his military and official duties might naturally have been expected to fill up his time completely, there were still some hours of the day which hung heavy on Bonaparte's hands. Chauvet, the commissary-in-chief, had some little affair of his own which screened him from the attack of ennui, but Bonaparte was entirely free. The director of the maritime works (or some such officer) had two
all his attention. Junot likewise had contrived to fill up his
time in a similar way, but Bonaparte, as I have said, was, in
the midst of his occupations, the prey of ennui. One day he
said to Chauvet, “I must go and dine with Suchet, tell him
I am coming.”

But for the better explanation of what follows, it is necessary
to premise that Suchet, then chef de bataillon, was in quarters
at La Seille, a pretty little village, situate on the very lowest
point of the Bay of Toulon. Suchet occupied a small house,
the property of the father of the two fair maidens above men-
tioned, with one of whom Chauvet was in love. The father and
daughters were accordingly invited to dine with the party of
young men, the eldest of whom had not reached his twenty-fifth
year.

Suchet received his guest in his usual way, his face beaming
with pleasure and good-humour, and seeming to say, “Welcome, welcome to my house!” His brother Gabriel acted the
part of housekeeper, and provided an excellent dinner. Gabriel
was also an amiable and good-tempered man, and did all he
could that day to make eight or ten young madcaps happy.
But as pleasure must have a term, it was necessary to think of
retiring home. This, however, was found to be impracticable,
for whilst the company were enjoying themselves, there had been
a great fall of snow, succeeded by a hard frost, which rendered
the communication with the village impossible; it was, besides,
very foggy. However, with punch, conversation, and laughter,
they amused themselves for a few hours longer: but they had
to wait for the dawn of day. There was but one bed in all the
house—that in which the two brothers slept. What was to be
done? It was then proposed that the two ladies should occupy
it; but as the bedchamber was the only room in the house in
which a fire could be lighted, they would not hear of it.

Bonaparte, who then abhorred what he called dull faces, pro-
posed a game at vingt-et-un. It was usually the most laugh-
able thing in the world to see him play at any game whatever:
he, whose quick perception and prompt judgment immediately
seized on and mastered every thing which came in his way, was,
curiously enough, never able to understand the manoeuvres of
any game, however simple. Thus, his only resource was to
cheat. Well, for some time, vingt-et-un kept the company alive.
But the cold soon overpowered the girls; slumber stole upon
them, in spite of their efforts to banish it, and of the glances of
Chauvet. At length they could hold out no longer, but threw
themselves on the bed, which stood in a corner of the room, and
fell forthwith into a sound sleep. Cold, as well as fire, acts as
a soporific; and it was not long before all the company, except
Bonaparte and Gabriel Suchet, were snoring. Some stretched
themselves on wooden benches, which stood round the cham-
ber, and others fell asleep on the floor.
whole night, a winter’s night, that is to say, seven hours at least, in playing at vingt-et-un. Bonaparte’s eyelids never once drooped. Occasionally he would turn his eyes towards the bed, and look at the young girls; and when sometimes Gabriel Suchet pointed out the elegant position in which one of them lay, he would smile, but with an air of apathy, rather singular in a young man of twenty-five. The fact is, Bonaparte had but one real passion, and in that all his other feelings were absorbed.

I have heard Gabriel Suchet say, that notwithstanding the many years which have intervened since the occurrence of this incident, he often thinks he still sees Bonaparte sitting in the arm-chair, one of his hands supporting his head, and the other stretched forward, as he pronounced the continually repeated words, Carte-Content. Marshal Suchet fills too important a place in our military and political history, to be passed over in silence. His portrait shall be given in its proper place. Here I have merely introduced him as the worthy friend of Joubert.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Description of Madame Laetitia—Character of Madame Bacciochi—Intelligence of Bonaparte’s return from Egypt—Josephine sets off to meet him—Bonaparte refuses to see her—A reconciliation brought about by Hortense and Eugène—Sentiments of the Bonaparte family towards Josephine.

Bonaparte’s mother has usually been represented as an old Corsican lady, who had doubtless been handsome, but who, about the age of forty-seven or forty-eight years, became merely a foolish old woman. This, at least, is the portrait drawn of her by certain ignorant biographers, who did not know her, and who, like a great many in the world, love to have a subject to criticise, and to laugh at the expense of all whom fortune and talent have placed above them.

I have already observed, that Madame Laetitia Bonaparte was one of the handsomest women in Corsica, though her fine face was wrinkled by vexation of mind. The first time I saw her she was dressed in a very absurd way; yet she nevertheless made a strong impression upon me. Her soul beamed in her looks, and it was a soul full of the loftiest sentiments. If we take the word talent in the signification in which it is usually applied, it must be admitted that Madame Bonaparte had little. At the period of which I speak, that is to say, the year 1799, she began to act a part, which, though unnoticed by the world, had no little influence upon many of the events in which her
family were engaged. At this period I knew her, and shall describe her as she then appeared, for she altered very much afterwards.

Madame Bonaparte was of a lofty and elevated character. A widow at an early age, in a country where the head of a family is everything, the young mother found it necessary to call up all the energy of her character. She was gifted with that delicacy of perception which distinguishes the Corsicans, but in her this quality did not degenerate into hypocrisy, as in some of her children. Indeed, she was habitually candid. She evinced firmness in certain circumstances, but in others, an extravagant obstinacy. This was obvious in a number of the systematic triflings which composed a great part of her life.

She was very ignorant, not only of our literature, but of that of her own country. She had however some knowledge of the usual forms of society, of which she had seen a little in the course of her acquaintance with M. de Marbeuf and other distinguished men, who visited much at her house, at the time of the occupation of Corsica. But this slight knowledge of the world was to her rather a source of inconvenience than of advantage, inasmuch as it put her in constant dread of committing some blunder. Her haughtiness, which was not offensive, became dignity when elevated to her new situation. She was kind at heart, but of a cold exterior, possessed of much good sense, but as I have said, of little shrewdness or knowledge of the world; and, at the period of which I speak, she was very scrupulous in exacting from every body what she considered her due.

She was a very good mother, and her children, with one exception, were good to her in their turn. They treated her with every respect, and showed her assiduous attention. Lucien and Joseph were particularly attached to her. As for Napoleon, he was not so respectful and attentive to his mother as his brothers were; and we shall presently see the true cause of his remissness. Madame Bacciochi evinced no particular regard for her mother. But for whom did she ever show regard? I always thought her the most disagreeable woman I had ever met with; and it is quite astonishing to me how M. de Fontanes, a man of such superior mind, such elegant manners, the very essence of sociability, should have admired Madame Bacciochi in the way he did.

On the evening of the 9th of October, my mother had a few friends with her. Madame de Caseaux, her daughter, Madame de Mounenard, my mother, and several gentlemen of our acquaintance were seated at a large round table playing at loto-dauphin, a game of which my mother was very fond. Suddenly a cabriolet drove up to the door; a young gentleman jumped out of it, and in a minute was at the top of the staircase.
“Guess what news I bring you?” said he. As we were all in high spirits, and his countenance bespoke him to be so too, all sorts of absurd guesses were made, at which Albert constantly shook his head. “Nonsense!” said my mother, taking up the bag containing the little balls. “If there were a change in the government of the republic, you could not make it an affair of greater importance.”—“Well, mother,” replied Albert seriously, “what you say now in jest, may possibly be realized. Bonaparte is in France.”

When my brother uttered these last words, the whole party seemed struck motionless, as if by a magic wand. My mother, who had just drawn a ball out of the bag, held her little hand raised in the air, and the bag having fallen down, the balls were rolling about the carpet in every direction, without exciting the notice of any body. Every one sat as if petrified. Albert was the only person who was conscious of the drollery of our position, and a burst of laughter, which he could not repress, brought us to ourselves. “Bonaparte in France!” exclaimed my mother, “it cannot be possible. I saw his mother this very day at five o’clock, and she had no idea of his return.”—“It is nevertheless true,” said Albert. “I was with Brunetière just now, when a messenger was sent by Gohier to fetch him. He desired me to wait till he came back from the Luxembourg; and he returned in about half an hour. He informed me that Bonaparte arrived two days ago at Fréjus. He added, that he found Madame Josephine Bonaparte at Gohier’s, where she had been dining, and where she received the first announcement of this important intelligence. “And,” added Albert, speaking in a half-whisper to my mother, “I understand she was not so well pleased as might have been expected.”

No language can convey any idea of the state of excitement occasioned throughout France, by Bonaparte’s arrival. From the 9th of October, all around us was in continual agitation. On the 10th, Josephine set off to meet her husband; but without knowing exactly what road he would take. She thought it likely he would come by the way of Burgundy, and therefore Lons and she set off for Lyons.

Madame Bonaparte was a prey to great and well-founded uneasiness. Whether she was guilty or only imprudent, she was strongly accused by the Bonaparte family, who were desirous that Napoleon should obtain a divorce. The elder M. de Caulaincourt stated to us his apprehensions on this point; but whenever the subject was introduced, my mother changed the conversation, because, knowing as she did the sentiments of the Bonaparte family, she could not reply without either committing them, or having recourse to falsehood. She knew, moreover, the truth of many circumstances which M. de Caulaincourt seemed to doubt, and which her situation with respect
Madame Bonaparte committed a great fault in neglecting at this juncture to conciliate her mother-in-law, who might have protected her against those who sought her ruin; and effected it nine years later; for the divorce in 1809 was brought about by the joint efforts of all the members of the Bonaparte family, aided by some of Napoleon's most confidential servants, whom Josephine, either as Madame Bonaparte or as Empress, had done nothing to make her friends.

Bonaparte on his arrival in Paris, found his house deserted; but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and, in short, every member of his family, except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, came to him immediately. The impression made upon him by the solitude of his home and its desertion by its mistress, was profound and terrible, and nine years afterwards, when the ties between him and Josephine were severed for ever, he showed that it was not effaced. From not finding her with his family, he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of their presence, and feared to meet the man she had wronged. He considered her journey to Lyons as a mere pretence. M. de Bourrienne says, that, for some days after Josephine's return, Bonaparte treated her with extreme coldness. As he was an eyewitness, why does he not state the whole truth, and say that on her return, Bonaparte refused to see her, and did not see her? It was to the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband's love, for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness, acquired by habit, and that intimate intercourse which made her still retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age. Bonaparte was, at this period, much attached to Eugène Beauharnais, who, to do him justice, was a charming youth. He knew less of Hortense; but her youth and sweetness of temper, and the protection of which, as his adopted daughter she besought him not to deprive her, proved powerful advocates, and overcame his resistance. In this delicate negotiation, it was good policy not to bring any other person into play, whatever might be their influence with Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte did not, therefore, have recourse either to Barras, Bourrienne, or Berthier. It was expedient that they who interceded for her should be able to say something without the possibility of a reply. Now, Bonaparte could not with any degree of propriety explain to such children, as Eugène or Hortense, the particulars of their mother's conduct. He was therefore constrained to silence, and had no argument to combat the tears of two innocent creatures at his feet, exclaiming, “Do not abandon our mother; she will break her heart! And ought injustice to take from us poor orphans, the support of one whom Providence has sent to replace him of whose natural protection the scaffold has already deprived us!”

The scene, as Bonaparte has since stated, was long and pain-
and placed her in his arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his decision at the door of a small back staircase, extended at almost full length upon the stairs, suffering the acutest pangs of mental torture.

Whatever might be his wife's errors, Bonaparte appeared entirely to forget them; and the reconciliation was complete. Of all the members of the family, Madame Leclerc was most vexed at the pardon which Napoleon had granted to his wife. Bonaparte's mother was also very ill pleased; but she said nothing. Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who was always very amiable, took no part in these family quarrels; therefore, she could easily determine what part to take when fortune smiled on Josephine. As to Madame Bacciochi, she gave free vent to her ill-humour and disdain: the consequence was, that her sister-in-law could never endure her. Christine, who was a beautiful creature, followed the example of Madame Joseph, and Caroline was so young, that her opinion could have no weight in such an affair. As to Bonaparte's brothers, they were at open war with Josephine.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

The 8th of November—My brother-in-law visits Bonaparte—My mother and I visit Madame Lætitia Bonaparte—The Bonaparte Family during the 8th—Their danger—Moreau appointed jailer of the directors—Moreau's character drawn by Bonaparte—M. Brunetière and Gohier—Moreau's harshness towards Gohier—Moulins—Madame Leclerc's correspondence with Moreau—Complicated intrigue—Bonaparte and Moreau—Astonishing scene at Feydeau—Fouché's measures—Singular ignorance of the Bonaparte family with regard to the events of the 8th of November—Madame Lætitia relates Napoleon's birth—M. de Sémonville—A curious conversation respecting Bonaparte between M. Brunetière and Gohier. The bunch of keys and Moreau's sword.

The events of the 8th of November have been detailed by so many eyewitnesses, and even by the very actors in that great political drama, that I shall confine myself to a recital of facts, isolated to be sure, but connected with it, which are known but to few, and some of them to myself alone. For some days previous to the 8th, Paris was violently agitated. All were apprehensive of some event, and yet no one knew of what he was afraid. Alas, we were soon to know the cause of our disquiet! 

On the morning of the 8th Lucien quitted the house in which he resided in the little Rue Verte and established his head-quarters at M. Mercier's, the president of the Council of Ancients, who then occupied a house beside the Hotel de Breteuil, near the Madeleine. Lucien, who had the greatest influence in the Ancients, was constantly present at their sittings. On the 8th he at once called in the most influential and respectable members, and gave them an idea of the events which he had just heard of; and after having impressed on them the necessity of the step which had just been taken, he adjourned the meeting till the evening.

This was the first call which Lucien made on the morning of the 8th of November.
half-past seven o'clock, and as the decree of removal had not yet appeared, Bonaparte sent almost every instant to know if the affair was proceeding. My brother-in-law went to him repeatedly to exhort him to patience. On the first visit, the General's servant mistook his name, though he knew both him and my brother well, and announced him as the citizen Permon. The General started at the name, for in truth, he did not expect my brother. M. de Geouffre, however, received a welcome reception, and was presently sent back again to hasten the publication of the decree. My brother-in-law remarked that Bonaparte had a pair of pistols within his reach. Up to that moment he had been quite alone. Soon after my brother-in-law's first visit the Rue Chantereine began to be thronged so thickly with horses and people that scarcely any one could pass along it. At length, at half-past eight or a little later, the news that the decree was ready, was carried to Bonaparte by my brother-in-law, and the General immediately mounted his horse to proceed to the Tuileries. On alighting there my brother-in-law met General Debelle, with whom he was intimately acquainted. The General was dressed in plain clothes, for he had run out on the first intelligence of the movement. "How comes it," said M. de Geouffre, "that you are not in uniform?"—"Why," replied the General, "I hardly knew what was going on; but the thing is soon rectified, and going up to a gunner who was standing by, "Let me have your coat, my brave fellow," said he, at the same time taking off his own. The gunner gave him his coat, and in this costume he attended General Bonaparte to the Council-chamber.

The revolution of the 8th was completed, and Paris was no longer agitated. We went to see Madame Lætitia Bonaparte, who lived with Joseph. She appeared calm though far from being easy, for her extreme paleness and the convulsive movement she evinced whenever an unexpected noise met her ear, gave her features a ghastly air. In these moments she appeared to me truly like the mother of the Gracchi. And her situation added force to the idea; she had perhaps more at stake than that famous Roman matron! She had three sons under the stroke of fate, one of whom would probably receive the blow even if the others escaped. This she strongly felt.

My mother and myself remained with her a part of that tantalizing day, and only quitted her on the restoration of her confidence, by Lucien's different messages, who frequently sent Mariani his valet-de-chambre to calm her disquiet as well as that of his wife. Leaving, then, these ladies in comparative ease, we proceeded to Madame Leclere, who was but little frightened, because indeed she never reflected upon any thing, but who nevertheless raised the loudest clamour of any. Every quarter of an hour she wrote to Moreau. She kept at that period a femme-de-chambre, a sort of serva padrona, who wrote to her...
mother, she wished me to take the pen and write in her name to General Moreau. It was to ask the news for which she was crying out continually, and two hours later she was informed that Moreau was not at home, and that he probably would not return that night. On our departure she made us promise to revisit her early on the morrow. My mother willingly engaged to do so, because she loved Madame Leclerc dearly: for my part, I was at that time tenderly attached to Caroline, the youngest of Bonaparte’s sisters, who was about my own age.

We had scarcely left her, when we met my brother-in-law coming to tell us the news. He quitted us to rejoin Lucien, whom he wished not to leave during those perilous hours, for even now tranquillity was but apparent, and might be delusive to the Bonaparte family. The danger to which that family was exposed, might have been even imminent in the night of the 8th to 9th. If the Directory had not been strictly guarded by the troops under Moreau, who had accepted the charge of jailer-in-chief to the captive directors; if Moreau had not kept them, under even closer restraint than he was ordered to do; if he had not acted an ungracious part; in a word, if he had behaved as he ought to have done, then the Directory and the councils would have been the victors, instead of the vanquished on the 9th of November. The event would, doubtless, have been unfortunate, but then their cause was that of the constitution; and if they had triumphed, all Bonaparte’s brothers would have followed him to the scaffold; and their friends and partisans would all have had a distant view of la Guyane, to say the least.

I do not recollect the exact period of Moreau’s marriage; but I believe it took place a little after the epoch of the 8th of November. Bonaparte wished him to espouse his sister. Perhaps it was fortunate for both, for all three, that this union did not take place. Indeed, it is difficult to say, whether Moreau would have been more trustworthy as a brother-in-law, than he was as a brother in arms. Bonaparte had acquired an ascendency over him. The day after he met him with Gohier, he went and presented him with a scimitar of surprising beauty, and enriched with precious stones—the gift of Mourad-Bey. Thus at the epoch of the 8th of November, Moreau was entirely the slave of that charm, which Bonaparte knew so well how to cast over those he wished to conquer. But let us return to the memorable day. The conduct of Moreau on that occasion was, a long time, a mystery to me. I could not, at first, incline to my brother’s opinion, who constantly maintained that it was Moreau’s extreme weakness of disposition which had thus placed him at Bonaparte’s disposal; but I afterwards was confirmed in that opinion, by what I heard fall from Bonaparte’s own mouth. I was one day at Malmaison, in Josephine’s bedchamber; Bonaparte came in for a moment, she handed him a small note, I believe it was
married. Bonaparte read the note, and shrugging his shoulders said, "Always the same! Ever at the mercy of those who choose to lead him! Now he is the slave of a wicked old woman. It is fortunate that his pipe cannot speak, or she would lead that too!"

Josephine wished to make some reply: "Come," said he, "you must not defend him. You do not understand this matter." Here he embraced her. "If indeed it had been his lot to be led by such a gentle wife as you! But, his dragoon of a mother-in-law, and his shrew of a wife, are very she-devils. I will not have any such about me." Why he made use of this last phrase, I know no more than others: I made no inquiry, because I naturally thought that it referred to something in the note. The above, however, are the words he used, and they made the greater impression on me, because I myself was but just married.

It is well known that Moreau was the appointed and recognised commander of the troops, who guarded the imprisoned directors. The most rigid surveillance was established over them. The following very curious details, connected with this subject, were furnished to us the day after by Brunetièr, who certainly did not take them from the Moniteur.

M. Brunetièr was the intimate friend of Gohier, and as soon as he learned what had happened he proceeded to the Luxembourg, where Gohier lived on a second floor, in the Rue du Théâtre Français. When he reached the first sentinels, he fancied himself upon a field of battle. His natural assurance, and he had his share, rendered him deaf to the repeated exclamations of "You cannot pass." Uneasy on account of his friend, he wished to see Moreau; he found that impossible; he retraced his steps to the Luxembourg; his agitation, his eagerness to visit his unfortunate friend, who might need his assistance, gave rise to suspicions. Moreau had given directions that all persons who presented themselves without a written order, signed by him, and who insisted on seeing any of the Directors, should be conducted before the commanding officer: and further, that all who were admitted either to Moulins or Gohier, should be required, on their departure, to swear that they were the bearers neither of a written or verbal message. Happily, Brunetièr, seeing the turn things had taken, judged that he was most likely to serve his friend at a distance than he would be near his person, and made the best of his way from the Petit Luxembourg.

Gohier's conduct on the 8th and 9th was perfectly in keeping with his character. He refused to see Moreau when he came to him on the 8th of November. Moulins too had already treated Moreau with so marked a disdain, that those who were witnesses of his reception actually felt for him. The directors were held in very great respect with the greatest brilliant
contempt, surveying him from head to foot, and pointing to an antechamber—"Remain there," said he, and left him.*

But the 9th was to develop the entire plan of the conspiracy (for we must make use of that expression) which was only announced by the events of the 8th. A fact sufficiently singular is the entire ignorance in which all that portion of the Bonaparte family, who had no share in the action, were placed. Every thing had been managed so quietly in Paris, Fouché had so well taken his measures to prevent the escape of any intelligence, that Bonaparte’s mother and sister were obliged to obtain information of what was passing in the manner I have described.

The events of the evening had proceeded so quietly, that the uneasiness of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was entirely dissipated. It was thought the councils, after having sanctioned the sending back of three Directors, and voted a dispensation with regard to his age, would proceed to the nomination of Bonaparte, and that every thing would thus be settled. Albert thought that M. de Tallcyrand would be one of the peace-making directors, and of this I was very glad, because his niece was a friend of mine.

My mother expressed her astonishment that Madame Lætitia had not been to see her daughter-in-law on such an emergency. "Signora Panoria," replied Madame Bonaparte, "it is not to that quarter that I look for comfort! It is with Julie, with Christine. There, indeed, I find maternal happiness; but for the other—no, no." As she finished the sentence, she compressed her lips and opened her eyes widely. This was a characteristic indication with her when what she had just spoken strongly interested her.

That very day I had occasion to remark the maternal tenderness of Madame Lætitia. We had no company to dinner, and she conversed for hours with my mother with greater freedom than she had yet done, since her arrival from Corsica. They both began to recall the days of youth. Madame Bonaparte was quite at her ease, because with us she spoke nothing but Italian; indeed, to say the truth, her French was not very intelligible. I recollect she this day told us, that being at mass on the day of the fête of Notre Dame of August, she was overtaken with the pains of childbirth, and she had hardly reached home, when she was delivered of Napoleon on a wretched rug. During her pregnancy she had experienced many misfortunes. For when the French entered Corsica many of the principal families, and among them that of Bonaparte, were constrained to fly. They assembled at the foot of Monte-Rotondo, the highest mountain in Corsica. In their flight, and during their sojourn among the mountains, they underwent many hardships.

* Moreau afterwards said he did not leave him, this is not the fact. Moreau was not received by the director-general.
“I know not why,” said she, “it has been reported that Paoli was Napoleon’s godfather. It is not true; Laurence Joubéga* was his god-father. He held him over the baptismal font along with another of our relations, Celtruda Bonaparte.”†

Whilst this conversation was going on Madame Leclerc was seated on her favourite divan, admiring herself in a glass which was opposite to her, and having at length arranged the folds of her cashmere shawl, she reminded her mother of all the sufferings they had endured during their flight from Ajaccio. Madame Mère had often talked over those events, but the recital never interested me so powerfully as on the 8th of November, when the space of six years had rendered so different the situation of those very children whom she, a lone feeble woman, had been forced to hurry away beyond the reach of the proscription, carrying the youngest in her arms, when overcome by fatigue they could no longer walk! and ultimately embarking with them in a frail vessel, landing on a shore which increased their dangers. In recording this period of her life, the looks of Madame Bonaparte were as handsome as her language was eloquent.

At this point then, when a new era seemed about to open upon all his family, I will sum up the position of its different members during the revolutionary years. At the period when Paoli intended to deliver up Corsica to the English, it was well known that many of the most considerable families in the island were bent upon defeating his projects and seizing Ajaccio, St. Florent, and Calvi, the capital of Catalognie. The Bonaparte family were at the head of the Ajaccian movement, the Joubégas were the prime instigators of that of Calvi, and the family of Gentily of that of Saint-Florent. Calvi and Saint-Florent rose in arms, but the influence of Paoli, which was immense, and the lack of means on the part of, the insurgents, paralysed the execution of the plans of the Ajaccian patriots, and their leaders, after the abortive attempt, were compelled to seek safety in flight. The Bonaparte family, more the objects of hatred than any other, then quitted Ajaccio. Napoleon, who was one of the actors in this drama, concealed himself in the mountains in company with Moltedo,‡ both being disguised as sailors. He was arrested by Paoli’s partizans, who descended from the heights to the number of four or five thousand.§ He however contrived to escape, and traversing the Marzzolino (a small in-

* His nephew was afterwards prefect in Corsica. He was a relation of Napoleon.
† Daughter of Charles Bonaparte, the Emperor’s uncle, and wife of Paravicini, a cousin also of Napoleon.
‡ It is somewhat singular that Bonaparte, during his exile at St. Helena, does not mention one word of this remarkable period of his life.
§ It was at this moment that the government sent three commissioners to arrest Paoli, the same Sicari. De Verteuil, and Laplace.
termediate district) reached Calvi. From thence, being informed that his younger brothers and sister had not yet arrived, he re-
embarked for Ajaccio. Hearing, however, on his way thither that his mother had been fortunate enough to escape, he re-
turned to Calvi, where he found his family established with the Jui bègas and the Paravicinnis, their friends and relations.
Madame Bonaparte had then with her Joseph, Eliza, (Mari-
anne) Jerome, Louis, Paulette, Caroline, (Annonciata) Napo-
elon, and Fesch. From Calvi Madame Bonaparte proceeded to
Marseilles, where she resided, until her return to Corsica, which did not take place till her son was appointed General-in-
chief of the army of Italy. Jerome was then living with
General Casabianca, the commandant of Calvi, and Caroline
was intrusted to the care of Paravicinni. Lucien had quitted
his family one month when the Revolution broke out. M. de
Séémonville on quitting Corsica on his return to France, told
the committee of Public Safety who had a great fancy for his
own head, that not wishing to part with it he had brought
Lucien with him. He had surveyed this youth with the eye of
a clever man, who knew how to discern shrewdness and talent,
because he himself was conspicuous for those qualities. He
perceived that Lucien possessed an ardent soul, whose sup-
pressed fire would have overwhelmed and destroyed him, had
he not taken him by the hand. Vexed at being destined for the
ecclesiastical state† for which he had not a single requisite,
Lucien sought the friendship of M. de Séémonville, who was
resolved to make him his private secretary, on his appointment
as ambassador to Constantinople. This was a praiseworthy
action on the part of M. de Séémonville; but not at all sur-
prising, for men of talent, whatever may be said of them, are
generally good men. Lucien resided at Marseilles with Madame
de Séémonville and her children, among whom was the fair
Zephirine, who afterwards became Madame Joubert, and the
Messieurs de Montholon, whose names are connected with mis-
fortunes the most illustrious. Lucien thus escaped the captivity
to which M. de Séémonville fell a victim.‡

On the evening of the 9th we went to the theatre Feydeau,
which at that period was the most pleasant in Paris. Martin,
Madame Saint-Aubin, Mademoiselle Philis, Juliet and Chenard,
performed there. I forget what was the first piece represented

* The following is the order of their birth: Joseph, Napoleon, Eliza, Lucien,
Paulette, Louis, Caroline, and Jerome.

† Lucien was destined for the ecclesiastical state at the request of Abbé
Bonaparte, one of his relations, who promised to resign in his favour a Canonicit
of the noble order of St. Stephen, at Florence. This abbé was still living at
the time of the conquest of Italy. He resided at San Miniato.

‡ M. de Séémonville, as he was proceeding on his embassy, was arrested on
his way to Novate, in the Grisons, upon the Lake de Guarda. It was the colonel
who served him as an escort who betrayed him into the hands of the Austrians
(July 1793).
that evening; but l’Auteur dans son ménage was the afterpiece. The curtain rose, and the latter piece was proceeding very quietly, when all of a sudden the actors stopped and the Auteur dans son ménage himself appeared, and advancing in front of the stage, dressed in a morning-gown of white dimity, exclaimed in a very loud voice, “Citizens! General Bonaparte has been nearly assassinated at Saint-Cloud by traitors to their country.” On hearing these words, Madame Leclerc uttered so piercing a shriek that immediately the attention of all the company was attracted to our box, spite of the agitation which the news had universally excited. Madame Leclerc still continued crying, and her mother, who doubtless was as much affected as she could be at the intelligence, endeavoured to quiet her; though she herself could scarcely hold the glass of water the box-keeper had handed to us, so great was her agitation.

On Madame Leclerc’s recovery, we all proceeded to the residence of Lucien, conceiving that there we should hear some certain intelligence. My brother-in-law met us on the stairs, and from him we learned the full particulars of the event of which I have related a part, and to which I shall return in the succeeding volume. We then returned home where we found M. Brunetièrè: this excellent man was quite downcast. He was much attached to Gohier, and that gentleman’s misfortune afflicted him deeply.

A few days after the 8th of November, speaking of the events which had preceded and followed that day, Gohier alluded to Bonaparte with extreme bitterness; he even was so ridiculously blinded by passion, as to refuse to allow him transcendent talent. “Oh, as to that,” observed M. Brunetièrè who was present, “it is too bad.”—“Not at all,” rejoined Gohier, “the fault of one is often the cause of another’s success; and if, when General Bonaparte came to Paris after Fructidor, Moulins, Barras, and Ducos had been willing to second me, this pretty gentleman would have been in their and my situation. Is there any improbability in such a supposition?”—“But still,” replied Brunetièrè, “it seems to me that that would not have been so easy a matter. What pretext would you have advanced?”—“What pretext? we might have advanced twenty, the very least of which would have brought him to a court-martial. First of all, the 18th of Fructidor, instigated by him—executed by his orders.”—“But it appears to me,” said M. Brunetièrè, “that that event was the saving of the republic.”—“Yes, a pretty saving, truly! consummated by mutilating every portion of its administration, by striking at the very heart of the Directory, by strengthening our political clubs! He was the chief conspirator in that affair.”

In speaking thus, Gohier either forgot, or pretended to forget, that Carnot had been sacrificed to an intrigue to which General Bonaparte had given his consent. authentic.
assurance of that fact; and as to the Manège and the club of the Rue du Bac, these are at least questionable points. M. Brunetière, whose judgment and discrimination were correct enough when he was not in anger, which however was the case ten times out of twelve when he was engaged in a dispute, observed to Gohier that it would have been impossible to cite any man before a court-martial on such trifling charges, especially one so loaded with laurels as was Bonaparte on his return from Egypt. "Hear reason, my dear Gohier," continued he, "we are both avocats, and can pretty well say what can and what cannot form the basis of an accusation." Gohier shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed: "But the contributions which he levied in Italy! Was he not the exactor?"—"My dear fellow," replied Brunetière, "you are surely joking? Have you brought Mассена, or Brune, or twenty others, who have been far more guilty in that respect than Bonaparte; have you brought any of these to a court-martial? Nor, indeed has Bonaparte enriched himself more than they. The Cisalpine republic made him, General Bonaparte, a present of some splendid diamonds, which he could accept without any compunction. Come! Come! disbursement is not so easy a matter."—"Well!" rejoined Gohier, "all I say is, that his resignation should have been accepted when it was offered. Rewbel was the only man who had the heart to say, as he presented him with the pen, 'You desire, General, to retire from service? The republic will, undoubtedly lose in you a brave and able chief; but she still has children who will not forsake her.' The result of this bombast was, that Bonaparte did not take the pen, that he withdrew the tender of his resignation, and that he departed for Egypt, carrying with him the flower of our troops, of our literature, and all our navy. "We should have smote him," continued the ex-president of the Directory, still fretful from his misfortune; "we should have smote him, and that without pity; the Republic would then still have been in existence. Such was my advice; but Sieyes, who was his accomplice, had influence enough in our council to get Bernadotte's resignation accepted, although in fact he had not tendered it, in order to have him sent out of the way, while he uttered not one word of accepting the resignation of a factionous wretch who braved the first power in the Republic, by insolently offering his own. I repeat it," added he, with energy, "that if my advice had been taken, every thing would have been easily settled."

The above conversation, which I have detailed with the utmost exactness, affords some idea of the danger of which Bonaparte was apprized, when he insisted on his departure for Egypt. Not only had the East always been the favourite object of his wishes, but, at the very moment when glory had almost immortalized him in his astonishing successes in Italy, he could not bear the idea of a Frenchman in command there.
told his splendid achievements. Besides, to a vivid desire of raising the ancient war-cry of the crusaders, there was joined a positive intention to escape positive danger. I shall, by and by relate some facts which preceded and followed his departure from Paris, by which the truth of my assertions may be judged; facts with which I became acquainted after my marriage, through the medium of Junot and his friends.

Sometime after the conversation I have detailed above, Gohier met Moreau and M. Garet. The General was embarrassed at the rencontre, and was endeavouring to make a justification of his conduct. "General," said Gohier, addressing him with dignity, "I am by my profession enabled to read people's consciences; do not force me to say that I read in your's nothing which can excuse you."

Moreau began to raise his voice, as if he were hurt by the severe expressions of Gohier. "General," he again said, "I have no wish to seek you, nor certainly any to interrogate you. I do not wish to continue a conversation which must be as painful to you as it is disagreeable to me. I shall only add," said he, laying his hand gently on the pommel of Moreau's sword, "that a bunch of keys would well become this place." Moreau turned as pale as ashes. The blow was struck; he stammered out some words which Gohier, as he left him, affected not to hear. It is pretended that Moreau deplored his error, and thought to make amends by exclaiming, "I shall find a way to repair it!" If he thought to do so by pointing the Russian cannons against the French columns, he has at least proved, that he never fairly knew what he was about.

CHAPTER XXXIV.


The life of Napoleon may be divided into several periods. The first, like all that is young, was great, powerful, and brilliant. It was then and in Italy that his name rose above the reach of detraction, to shine with a splendour which threw into
mencement of the second epoch of his life full of wonders. The 8th of November was the third. And two only form the remainder of an existence so rapid and so full. Thus to mark the passage of Napoleon upon earth, five trophies may be said, as landmarks, to divide his route. The first formed of a pile of conquered banners, mural crowns, treaties, keys of towns, and more laurels than ever before victory had granted to her most favoured heroes. The second composed of pyramids, sphinxes, and hieroglyphic monuments, indicating that his youthful glory had been to awaken the echoes of the ancient African shores. The Consular fasces marked the third; this emblem, still surmounted by the republican cock, admitted no suspicion that the next column would be formed of sceptres, thrones, and crowns; bearing an escutcheon of imperial blazonry. And what is that which follows? It is a tomb! a tomb which has ingulfed all! which has devoured laurels, thrones, sceptres, and crowns! and which, fixed by indifference and hatred in a desert, is visited only by that vassal of England the ocean, whose incessantly returning waves would fain conceal even the slab that covers his remains.

But a truce to these reflections; when indulged, they deprive the mind of the free exercise of its powers. I return to earlier and less painful recollections.

The revolution of the 8th of November is undoubtedly the most important of the nine which we had experienced in the course of seven years;* it not only changed the destiny of France, but exercised a powerful influence upon that of Europe and the world. Nevertheless, none of the events which had preceded it had passed with so much apparent calm. France was so tired of the Directory, that any thing which should replace it would have been well received, and was happy in obeying an authority that offered some guarantee; the past answered for the future, which General Bonaparte announced. He only was seen in this consular triumvirate; Sieyes and Roger-Ducos stood unobserved in the shade; and the young General served as the only point of view to eyes fatigued with weeping, which had so long sought, without being aware of it, a lighthouse that should guide them into port. Thirty days only had elapsed since Bonaparte had landed at Frejus, and already he had overthrown the shameful government by which France was weighed down! and had given it a new one, of which the wheels commenced their movement from

* First. The 31st of May, the fall of the Gironins: 2. The 5th of April, the fall of the priest party: 3. The 27th of July; 4. The 2nd of April, the defeat of Barrière, Collot d’Herbois, and Billaud-Varennes: 5. The 20th of May, execution of Romme, Soubrani, &c., and defeat of the Jacobins: 6. The 5th of October, the Directorial government: 7. The 5th of September, the second émigration: 8. The 19th of June, flight of the Directors among themselves; Sieyes and Barras conquer Merlin of Douai, Treilhard, &c.: 9. The
the first day. He had calmed all inquietudes, dissipated all alarms, and revived all hopes.

I shall speak of the events of the 8th of November, only inasmuch as they have appeared to me, under a different aspect from that which all the accounts of this day have represented. There were even at the time, and in Paris itself, versions which did not agree; and it may be easily conceived, for then, as now and always, party spirit blending itself with such relations, its poison must necessarily infuse itself into them. What effects have I seen result from it! Falsehood was one of the slightest, which however, is sufficiently serious when it affects the materials that will hereafter serve for the compilation of history.

There is one fact in particular, of which the report was first spread by malevolence, which the friends of Bonaparte have disdained to combat, and which has been finally adopted by credulity and folly—it is the alarm with which Bonaparte is alleged to have been seized on entering the hall of the Five Hundred at St. Cloud on the 9th of November. This absurd version would fall to the ground of itself, if it were not found in some works which offer, in appearance, a guarantee for the faith they demand. In one of these works, the author goes so far as to assert, that it was he who recalled General Bonaparte to himself, by observing to him that he was speaking without knowing what he said. I take the liberty of remarking to him, in my turn, that he never dared suffer such words to reach the ears of General Bonaparte. I say this, because to permit such a statement to remain uncontradicted, is to give a totally erroneous impression of the character of Bonaparte.

First, then, it is false that he spoke on the 9th of November to the Council of Five Hundred in the form of a discourse. It was on the preceding evening, to the Ancients, that he used these memorable words: "Let us not seek in the past examples that may retard our progress. Nothing in history resembles the close of the 18th century: nothing in the close of the 18th century resembles the present moment! We demand a republic founded upon true liberty. We will have it—I swear it!"

This discourse, much longer than the few words I have quoted, bears no resemblance to a crowd of incoherent phrases, as he who recalled General Bonaparte to himself would represent it. This oration, pronounced in the Council of Ancients the 18th of Brumaire, preceded the review which took place in the Tuileries, and the remarkable allocution which General Bonaparte addressed to Bottot, the envoy of the Directory—"What have you done with this France which I left you so glorious? I left you peace—I return, and find war. I left you victories—I find reverses. I left you the millions of Italy—I find despoiling laws and misery throughout!" Truly, there was vigour enough in him to be a leader of the people and the nation!
on the 8th of November he was in the midst of Paris. The revolution was far from being consummated, and he was in real danger.

With respect to the emotion observed in General Bonaparte in the Hall of the Five Hundred at St. Cloud, the following is its true explication. It is no presumption, but the actual fact: On the General's entering the orangery, he no sooner appeared than violent outcries were raised against him, "Down with the Cromwell!" "No Dictator!" "Outlaw him!" General Bonaparte knew very well that the Council of Five Hundred was composed of ultra republicans, and of enthusiastic partisans of the constitution of the year III; but he had depended too much upon the success of Lucien's exertions, who had laboured all night to strengthen his brother's party. It is a fact, that this reception, without alarming him to the extent of enchaining his faculties, not only induced surprise, but that surprise for the moment deprived him of the words he would have opposed to these vociferations. He reflected how he should act, and his resolution was speedily taken. It was necessary to decide the question instantly, which could not have been done had the Five Hundred entered upon discussion. He might even have been assassinated; and if he had run the risk, it would not have been a display of valour, but of folly. With an eagle's glance he saw through the circumstances which surrounded him. This self consultation lasted perhaps some minutes, and the untalented, judging by themselves, attributed this silence and inaction to fear. But he was not surrounded by those only who were thus incapable of appreciating his sentiments. I also have collected the opinions of eyewitnesses, who, capable of judging calmly, and possessing perhaps as much merit as he whom they looked on, have read his great mind without doing it injustice.

It is difficult to believe all the things reported to be said and done in the very short space of time which General Bonaparte passed in the hall of the Council of Five Hundred; it was but an apparition. And with the same frankness with which I have defended him from the imputation of cowardice, I will add, that I do not believe that a poniard was raised against him; it was Lucien who, after his brother's departure, was in real danger.

I know that much has been said of this attempted assassination; perhaps General Bonaparte believed it himself; at least it is true that when he was in the court of the palace he told it to the soldiers; but, I repeat, I do not believe it. It is not, however, any doubt of the hatred of Péné Arena against Bonaparte which makes me question the fact; but simply the manner in which the events are said to have taken place. One peculiarity is sufficiently remarkable, that this same day, Bonaparte in addressing the troops, never stood still, and that he spoke only when the soldiers were not present.
of a pistol-shot from the windows? This conjecture may be correct.

My brother-in-law was on the palace steps when Bonaparte came down. His friendship for Lucien made him extremely anxious for the fate of the young Tribune. He saw his brother making his harangue, and his tortuous promenade, without taking any step to provide assistance for the President of the Council, who meanwhile might be murdered in his curule chair. He approached Bonaparte, and mentioned Lucien: the General immediately turned towards an officer who was a few paces distant from him. "Colonel Dumoulin," said he, "take a battalion of grenadiers, and hasten to my brother's deliverance."

The choice which General Bonaparte made of this officer, shows the tact with which he could seize the smallest circumstances that could be turned to his advantage. Colonel Dumoulin was the first aide-de-camp of General Brune, commander-in-chief of a triumphant army in Holland. Already Moreau had given his public pledge in acting as guard to the directors. The first aide-de-camp of Brune, commanding the battalion which dispersed the opposing council, would cause the impression that Brune himself was in concert with Bonaparte. This assurance was with many people a more than sufficient counterpoise to the fear which the retirement of Jourdan and Bernadotte, both known as warm republicans, had inspired. I am sure that Bonaparte had at first no fixed idea upon this subject: but, with that lively and rapid conception which embraced all things with a single glance, he no sooner perceived Colonel Dumoulin than his name started from his lips.

At length we possessed a government which promised some sort of security for the future. My mother, whose heart always saw the fair side of every thing that was done by a Bonaparte, at first considered this action of Napoleon only as that of a young enthusiast desirous of liberating his country from the evils by which it was desolated. Never thinking seriously upon politics, she knew the revolution only by its horrors and its noise. That of the 8th of November, therefore, which was accomplished without firing a gun, she could not understand to be a revolution: though perhaps there never had been one more important for us and for Europe. It was the ninth change in seven years, not of the government, but of the pilot at the helm. Lucien was almost immediately called to the ministry of the interior. He had desired another office: but at this period, he encountered in Fouché an enemy who was determined upon his destruction, and who never ceased his intrigues till his object was consummated. The confidence which Napoleon, without any attachment to him, placed in this man, was always an enigma to me. He had sense and talent no doubt: but did this advantage neutralize the importance of the danger with which he
cable to another genius far superior to Fouché, who, sharing with him the confidence of Bonaparte, equally contributed to his destruction.*

Madame Lucien was not satisfied with her husband's change of fortune; all this grand display alarmed her. She was obliged now to give up her time to duties, which with reason she thought far less important than those she had hitherto fulfilled with so much pleasure. She frequently came in a morning to enumerate her troubles to my mother, and to take her advice upon the new and difficult position in which she was placed. But a circumstance which she was far from foreseeing, gave her comfort and happiness: it was the change in her favour which took place in the sentiments of her brother-in-law. The penetration of the First Consul was too just for the excellent qualities which animated Madame Lucien's heart to escape him; and he soon attached himself to her with a truly fraternal regard.

I must not omit to mention a visit which, a short time before these great events we made to Lucien's villa of le Plessis Chamant. All Napoleon's family, at that time, possessed fine country-houses, in which they took pleasure to receive society. Joseph had Morfontaine;† Lucien, le Plessis Chamant; Madame Leclerc, Montgobert. At Morfontaine, excursions upon the lake, public readings, billiards, literature, ghost stories, more or less mysterious, a perfect ease and liberty, gave charm to the passing hour. To this must be added that which filled the measure of enjoyment, the most friendly, invariably friendly reception, which was always accorded by the master and mistress of the mansion. They did not admit every one, but when once any person was established as a member of their society, they were sure of experiencing the most courteous hospitality from Joseph Bonaparte and his lady.

Madame Lucien was very amiable; but her husband's temper was not always the same. That did not lessen the amusement to be found at le Plessis; perhaps it in some measure contributed to it. I do not remember in my whole life, even in its most joyous seasons, to have laughed so heartily, as during the five or six weeks I spent amongst a numerous party of guests at that villa. M. d'Offreville, from fifty-five to sixty years of age, a man of great talents, and of some pretension to extreme folly, was the butt of our mirth and the grand subject of our entertainment. He was a poet, and highly satisfied with his compo-

* In the tedious hours of his confinement at St. Helena, the victim prisoner must have considered with repentance, his continual obstinacy in refusing attention to the numerous notices given him respecting one of these two personages. I shall relate a conversation I had on this subject with the Emperor in 1806.

† I have read, I know not where, that Madame Bonaparte had deposited, with Joseph 40,000 francs to purchase for her this beautiful estate, and that he kept Morfontaine for himself. This is not true. Madame R. had bought Malmaison some time previously; and, besides, none but a silly mind could suppose that
sitions: which, together with the dignity he derived from having held, before the Revolution, the office of cloak-bearer to Monsieur, was the continual theme of his conversation. “It is true,” he would sometimes remark, “I have been peculiarly fortunate in my poems: Voltaire, Racine, even Corneille, have some feeble passages, my poetry has none.” Still, notwithstanding all this absurdity, and a figure, countenance, and costume by no means calculated to inspire the respect due to his years, he might have passed well enough in a crowd, if he had had more sense than to expose himself and his follies to the observation and ridicule of a young, gay, and satirical society.

Le Plessis-Chamant is in a dull situation; the environs present nothing picturesque, and no shade is to be had nearer than the Forest of Senlis, at some distance even from the gates of the Park. What induced Lucien to fix upon this property, when villas of pleasure of the most inviting description were to be purchased in abundance, within a dozen leagues on all sides of Paris, I never could comprehend.

The subject of villas and country-seats reminds me of a terrible catastrophe, in the sequel of which I had an opportunity of remarking upon the First Consul’s demeanour in an affair of interest. In the night between the 20th and 21st of April, of the year IV, the Chateau de Vitry, at that time the property of M. du Petitval, was entered by a troop of assassins, who murdered M. du Petitval, his mother-in-law, his sister-in-law, and three servants; the nurse escaped with an infant son in her arms, passing through the hall filled with men in the dress of the police, and having drawn swords in their hands. Nothing was stolen; plate, diamonds, watches, and other valuables, all remained in their places: the papers only were missing. The relations of the victims immediately made an effort to obtain justice on the perpetrators of this inhuman crime; the preliminary steps were taken by the local authorities, the procès-verbaux were drawn up; but suddenly these symptoms of activity relaxed, and before long the whole transaction remained involved in impenetrable mystery.

Three years after this horrible event, M. Dubois was appointed Prefect of the Police of Paris. Vitry was within his district, and he immediately showed an active interest in the affair. He demanded from the local magistrate all the documents in his possession. The judge who had taken the deposition was deceased; search was made among the rolls of his office, but in vain; no trace of the examinations could be found. It was concluded that all the documents must have been removed to the archives of the criminal tribunal; but the most minute investigation ended only in the conviction that not the smallest particle of evidence relating to this atrocious murder had been preserved. Some terrible reflections arose out of the total absence of these documents, which certainly had at one time existed!
justice. I was one day in the apartment of Madame Bonaparte when the First Consul was present; she was persuading him to admit a person who was in waiting, and to whom she had promised the favour of an introduction.

"I have already said," replied the First Consul, "that I would not give audience upon this affair; accusations without proof, however strong the presumption may be, have no other effect than to increase scandal. However," he added, after walking to and fro some time without speaking, "let your protégé come in; I will retire and re-enter as if by accident." I made a movement to withdraw, but was desired to remain; and M. de Bois-Préau was admitted, coming, as I learned from Madame Bonaparte, to solicit the First Consul's interference to obtain justice against the murderers of his relation, du Petitval. Madame Bonaparte approached him with an expression of lively interest; the First Consul almost immediately returned, and his lady introduced the stranger, who presented him with a memoir of several pages in length of close writing. The First Consul took it, glanced rapidly through it, but evidently gave it much attention. After some time he thus addressed M. de Bois-Préau:

"This, Monsieur, is a delicate affair; the horror of it increases its difficulty. Your accusations are founded only upon moral proofs; these are not sufficient before a legal tribunal; before the tribunal of opinion the case would be different. The wealth of those you accuse will not clear them before either, but it may be supposed that their position in society has afforded them the means of security." The First Consul, as he spoke, continued, according to custom, to walk about the room with his hands behind his back. What M. de Bois-Préau said to him I did not hear, but he replied, "I know it, I know it; but the proofs, the proofs are indispensable."—"Proof is no doubt necessary," said the petitioner; "nevertheless, General, I think, and all the friends and relations of the unfortunate victims think also, that if you, as the Chief of the State, would take vengeance into your hands, it would be secure."

The First Consul smiled. "You give me credit," said he, "for more power than I possess, and for even more than I should choose to possess; a power which, if it were accorded me, I should certainly not make use of. Justice is open to you, why do you not invoke it? for myself, I regret that it is not within my province to assist you." He then saluted M. de Bois-Préau, who, understanding that his visit must not be prolonged, retired with an air of melancholy which the First Consul probably remarked; for he said to him, when he had already reached the door, "I am truly sorry, I repeat to you, that I cannot oblige you in this case; particularly"—but here he stopped short, and taking from the mantel-piece the Memoir M. de Bois-Préau had presented to him, held it out to its owner. "I entreat you to listen to this," said he.
his brows, and still extending his hand, made a movement indicative of impatience. "It is not a petition which I have had the honour to commit to you," continued M. de Bois-Préau; "it is but a narrative of this melancholy event, and only something more circumstantial than that given by the journals of the time." The First Consul hesitated an instant; then replaced the manuscript on the mantel-piece, saying, with a gracious smile of dismissal, "I accept it then as a narrative."

When the petitioner had departed, the First Consul resumed the memoir, and read it again with great attention. He walked as he read, and words escaped him at intervals which showed the profound indignation it inspired. "It is infamous!" he at length exclaimed. "Our children will believe that Frenchmen have been slaughtered by Frenchmen within a league of Paris, and that the crime has not been instantly revenged by the laws."

Then, after again perusing the memoir, still walking rapidly, he added, "It is incredible: a police inert, if not guilty. Dubois would not have acted thus. Let citizen Cambacérès be informed that I wish to speak to him," continued he, turning to Duroc, and left the room, shutting the door with great violence. When he was gone, Madame Bonaparte told us that the First Consul had long formed an opinion upon this subject: murders were at that time frequent, but the circumstances of this were peculiarly striking.

CHAPTER XXXV.


The winter of 1800 was very brilliant in comparison to those which had preceded it. Confidence was restored; every one felt the same sentiments towards General Bonaparte, and at this epoch they were those of attachment. How fine a destiny has he destroyed! What opportunities has he lost! How much was he beloved at that period! Yes, beloved, generally beloved; and where affection did not exist, admiration and confidence did.
to be satisfied with the reception they met with; if they had vexations to endure from Fouché, on application to the First Consul they were sure to obtain justice. What I am now saying is the truth. I feel that many persons, on reading these Memoirs, will throw my volumes aside with ill-humour: but no other object guides my pen than that of making Napoleon known as I have seen and judged him. I think myself entitled to do so, because I do not believe that any mirror is capable of reflecting him, in all periods of his life, so clearly as my memory can do. I shall not always find colours sufficiently pure and brilliant to paint him with, but then, as now, I shall say what I have felt, and describe him as I have known him. Too many, Napoleon may have appeared a mere character of illusion, to me he was all reality. The epochs of his glories and those of his faults are entire in my remembrance; the golden vapour which envelopes the first, and the veil which covers the last, are not impervious to my eye.

The First Consul knew too well that the success of Massena, in the brilliant affair of Zurich, though it had retarded, had by no means overcome the danger with which we were threatened. Austria, irritated by so many reverses when she had reckoned upon victories, had determined upon a final effort for our destruction, and France was again threatened. General Massena, after having resisted a combined Russian and Austrian force of threefold his numbers, had retired upon Genoa, where he was soon shut up with fifteen thousand men and a population of one hundred thousand souls; he sustained a siege of fifty-two days, which should conduce more to his renown than all his victories. The brave Suchet, separated from his General-in-chief, effected a retreat upon Nice, and, in concert with Soult and Compan, exhibited prodigies of valour and talent. But almost all the passages of Italy were open, and the Austrians, with General Melas at their head, prepared to make us lament the glory of Zurich; General Otto continued the blockade of Genoa, rejoiced to detain in captivity, the conqueror of the Austro-Russian army.

The First Consul then took one of those resolutions to which genius only is competent. The passage of St. Bernard was accomplished. Suvoroff had the preceding year declined this enterprise. Napoleon saw its almost impossibility, but saw it only to conquer. The index of his powerful hand extended to its glassy summits, and the obstacles disappeared. Everything became possible to the exertions of those men whose talents his penetration had discovered. General Marmont, commander of the artillery, found means to transport the cannon across the most frightful precipices; he caused the trunks of large trees to be hollowed into the form of troughs, and placing the cannons and howitzers in them, was thus enabled to have them drawn to
mented largely on this famous passage of St. Bernard; poetry has celebrated, and the arts have delineated it; but nothing can, at this distance of time, convey an idea of the enthusiasm it communicated to the parties interested in the operation: the letters written from Milan, Suza, Vercueil, and la Brunette, by those who, having traversed the Alps, were reconquering Italy, painted in glowing colours the brilliancy of this undertaking. We had many friends in that heroic army, which was executing the grandest plan the head of man ever conceived, and it was nearly accomplished by the successful passage of St. Bernard. The advantages to be derived from it were evident to every one throughout France; mothers, sisters, wives, and friends received news from the army with an energy of enthusiasm not to be described, and never to be forgotten. When my thoughts revert to this epoch, they recall sensations which have never been equalled, or but once, and on what occasion I shall hereafter describe. But in the spring of 1800, perhaps, my sixteenth year enhanced the brilliant colouring of that picture which I contemplated with charmed eyes. It is possible, and I am willing to believe it. Why deny these illusions? They pass away but too speedily.

While the French penetrated into Italy by three passes, which the folly of General Melas had left unguarded, General Moreau, who then loved his country, was acquiring celebrity on the banks of the Rhine. The passage of this river, the taking of Fribourg and Memmingen, the battles of Eugen, Bibernach, and Moeskirch, and a multitude of partial engagements, in which the Austrians lost more than 25,000 in killed and wounded, without calculating the prisoners, all these were the results of a campaign of thirty-three days! Ah! if Moreau had always acted thus, how proud would his country have been of his name.*

During the campaign of Marengo, Paris became almost a solitude; from Paris to Turin the road was covered with travellers, who, urged by motives of interest, some personal, some general, went to meet the news they were too impatient to await. But this period of expectation was of short continuance. The First Consul crossed Saint-Bernard on the 20th of May. On the 21st of June intelligence of the battle of Marengo reached Paris. The effect of this important victory was to raise the funds from twenty-nine to thirty-five francs: six months previous they were only at eleven. On that day we had breakfasted and dined at Saint-Mandé. The house being solitary, and no one but ourselves arriving in the village from Paris; when we returned to town in the evening, we received the news

*The campaign of the Rhine which began the 26th of April, 1800, is one of the most glorious military movements of Moreau. Between that day and the 29th of May, the Austrians were not only driven across the Rhine, but were
amidst all that delirium of joy which inebriated the people of the Faubourgs, always so vehement in the expression of their sentiments. Two hundred bonfires were blazing at once in the quarter we had to pass through, and the populace dancing round them, were crying, Vive la République! Vive le Premier Consul! Vive l’Armée! embracing and congratulating each other as upon a personal and family festivity. A circuitous route home gave us an opportunity of enjoying a truly fine spectacle, that of a great people affectionate and grateful. “Have you seen,” said one to another, “how he writes to the other consuls? That is our man! ‘I hope the people of France will be satisfied with its army.’”—“Yes, yes,” was exclaimed from all sides. “The people are satisfied;” and shouts of Vive la République! Vive Bonaparte! were redoubled. My brother and I shared the joyful enthusiasm; my mother was more calm. “We shall see hereafter,” said she; “Moreau has done great things, of which nothing is said.” The coolness which subsisted between my mother and General Bonaparte, rendered her unjust to him; Albert and I told her so jestingly. “It is impossible,” said she; but repeated, “We shall see.”

Some time afterwards, when the officers of all ranks were returning to Paris, and different accounts of the battle began to circulate, the conduct of General Kellerman excited universal admiration, and the silence of the First Consul upon it, caused equal astonishment. I may affirm, that all those who returned from the army in Italy at that time, related the event in similar terms.

The action of General Kellerman is then one of the finest of our military triumphs. I do not propose to settle the question of the gain or loss of this battle; it is one of those great difficulties which I have heard gravely discussed by men who could never emerge from their habitual mediocrity, and upon which I have heard the greatest military characters of the age deliver their opinions; while my female ears, open with all humility to the dictation of such men, for example, as Massena, have enabled me to found my own judgment upon theirs. At about five o’clock Desaix fell, struck to the heart by a ball as he led a division of four thousand men against an army of twenty thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry, and whose numerical strength was doubled by the pride of victory. The French rendered desperate by the loss of a general they adored, endeavoured in vain, to revenge his death; all fell into disorder. The 9th light infantry wavered, then gave way, and at length in its precipitate retreat drew the line with it, and all appeared lost. It was then, that, by one of those inspirations upon which the destiny of armies and empires sometimes depends, General Kellerman made, with five hundred horse, that admirable charge which decided the fate of the day. Masked by mulberry-trees, from the branches of which the vines they supported hung down
in clustering garlands, and which veiled his movements from the enemy, General Kellerman observed the events of the battle, ready to give his assistance wherever it would be most effectual.

Upon the retreat of our troops, the Austrian column suffered itself to be hurried on by the ardour of pursuit. It passed General Kellerman with an inconsiderate rapidity, and presented a defenceless flank; of this fault he profited with that promptitude of apprehension which distinguishes the skilful warrior. He fell upon the Austrians like a thunderbolt amidst their victorious disorder, and, finding them unprotected by their fire-arms, made in an instant more than six thousand prisoners, among whom was General Zach, chief of the staff, and the soul of the Austrian army.

General Melas, who, in perfect security of victory, had already resumed his route to Alexandria, imagined himself the victim of a terrific enchantment when he found himself surrounded on all sides; for the French army was to pass the Borunda at the break of day, and he knew that the brave Suchet was on his rear; his advanced guard having already passed the mountains. When therefore, on the morning of the 15th, General Gardane presented himself at one of the têtes-de-pont of the Borunda, a parley was proposed, and General Melas capitulated. The character of this General, at all times either perfectly credulous or wholly incredulous, made a strange exhibition throughout the campaign! Is it not curious to find that Melas and his council deciding, on the 13th of June, the very eve of the battle of Marengo, “that the existence of the army of reserve was completely unknown to them; and that as the instructions of the Aulic Council mentioned only Masséna’s army, the difficult position in which they were placed was entirely the fault of the ministry, and not at all to be attributed to the General?”

The author of the “Mémorial du Dépôt de la Guerre” is right in the opinion that the Emperor acquired much curious information respecting his campaigns against the Austrians, from his conversations with general officers and statesmen, Austrian, Bavarian, and Saxon. I have seen him conversing for two hours together with the most distinguished men in Germany, both in the military and diplomatic professions; and when he had ended, and the interlocutor was departed, he has exclaimed, rubbing his hands, “There is information for twenty pages of my commentary.”

Once, either at Compiegne or at Fontainebleau, having just closed a long interview with a person, to whom he was not sparing of his questions, and who replied to him with such clearness and precision, and at the same time with such rapidity, that the Emperor was surprised; he stopped, and fixed his eyes upon him with so striking an expression of countenance, that he had no occasion to speak his thoughts. The interlocutor was not
animate, betrayed not the slightest emotion. When he was gone, the Emperor remarked to Junot, "That is one of the most subtle men I know, and yet I believe him to be honest. Just now he answered all my questions with such extraordinary frankness, that for a moment I believed he was making game of me;" and the Emperor's features as he walked about the room, wore that musing smile which gave such a charm to his countenance. "But no!" he continued, "he is right; the best diplomacy is to go straight to the object. And then he is a brave man. Be particular in your attentions to him in your quality of Governor of Paris, do you understand me?" This man was M. de Bubna.

I now return to the singular explanation of General Melas; is it not really comic? But after all whether the conquerors were conquered by their own faults or those of others, the grand affair was to take skilful advantage of their error, and this General Kellerman did. But why was he refused in his own country a due share in the glory of the day? Even admitting that the First Consul had ordered this famous charge, he could only have done so vaguely, and the result of its splendid execution, which decided the fate of Italy and France, deserved some better recompense than the cold words of approbation, "You have made a pretty good charge."

It has been said that the Emperor, in making the father of General Kellerman a Marshal, Senator, and Duke de Valmy, and in giving great commands to the son, he had discharged his debt of gratitude. Now I think, first, that an affectionate word is of as much value in such cases as a more solid recompense. Then, Marshal Kellerman was creditor to the state for the battle of Valmy, and this debt had nothing in common with that of this son, whose military and political reputation rested on other services besides the battle of Marengo. I believe, then, that the Emperor would have done him no more than justice in appointing him Inspector or Colonel General, and in giving him during his father's lifetime, the title of Duke of Marengo. He had a well named Lannes, Duke of Montebello. Lannes in gaining that battle, prepared the triumph of Marengo: General Kellerman decided it.

The day of the battle of Marengo, Junot, who had been taken prisoner by the English on quitting Egypt, landed at Marseilles, and reached his native land once more, after several months' captivity. A thousand times he has repeated to me, how greatly the joy of his return would have been damped had he been conscious that the fields of Italy were again the scenes of contest, and that he could not fight at his General's side. Alas! the same day, and almost at the same hour, while Desaix fell before the murderous cannon of Austria on the field of Marengo, the poniard which treason had committed to the hand of a fanatic,
terminated the existence of Kléber!* The pride of our armies, they both perished on the same day, and nearly at the same hour.

That I may have no further occasion to revert to this battle, I will now state that my opinion upon the facts here related has been inculcated by men who were witnesses of the struggle, or were thoroughly masters of its operation by report. (Frequently, during this year of the battle of Marengo, which was also that of my marriage, have I seen a dinner-party prolonged until nine o'clock, because Bessières, Lannes, Eugène, Duroc, or Berthier, or some others of his companions in arms, or all together, explained to Junot, who was greedy of the most trifling details, all those of this memorable affair. The table then became the plain of Marengo; a group of decanters at the head stood for the village, the candelabras at the bottom figured as the towns of Tortona and Alexandria, and the pears, the filberts, and bunches of grapes represented, as well as they could, the Austrian and Hungarian regiments, and our brave troops.) A woman certainly can have no pretensions to understand the military science; but it is a fact, that when in 1818 I passed through Alexandria on my road to France, I remained a long time at Marengo, examined its environs, and visited every tree; from having so frequently heard all the particulars of this famous battle described, I soon found myself on a spot replete with recollections which every surrounding object seemed to awaken in my mind. I brought away two views of the village of Marengo; one which I took from the plain, and another from a point where the mistress of the little inn had placed me, to enable me to introduce into my sketch a tree under which they at first laid the unfortunate Desaix, believing that he still breathed.

Desaix, it is well known, had several aides-de-camp. Amongst the number were two who made themselves memorable by the excess of their grief. One of them—im a voice broken by sobs—exclaimed, "Ah! my General! why have I survived you? and the army—and France! What a loss have both suffered!" And the good young man shed tears of sincerity over the corpse of him whom he regretted as warmly as the young * * * regretted Turenne. The other aide-de-camp was also young, and he wept as earnestly, but his grief displayed itself in a different manner. "Ah, my God! my General is dead! What will become of me? My God! what will become of me?" I have heard the First Consul imitate the accents of these young officers; one of them still wept his general many years after his death. It was Rapp, a worthy and honest creature, a good comrade, and in all respects a man much above the degree in which he had fixed himself by the abruptness and apparent roughness of his manners.

* Kléber was assassinated at Cairo by a Turk, sent for that purpose by the Viceroy soon after the defeat of the latter at Helicon.
CHAPTER XXXVI.

Fêtes in Paris and a ball at Lucien Bonaparte’s—The Gallery of the Duke de Brissac—Madame Bonaparte and Madame Lucien—First attempt at royal assumptions—Moreau’s victories on the Danube—Massena’s judgment on the battle of Hochstadt—Secret treaty between Austria and England—France resumes her place amongst the powers of Europe—Affecting death of Madame Lucien—Last visit to her—Sepulchral monument at le Plessis Chamant.

The winter of 1800, I have observed, had been very brilliant. Lucien Bonaparte, who then occupied, as Minister of the Interior, the hotel de Brissac, gave there some splendid fêtes in the gallery which the Duke de Brissac had added solely for this purpose. It is a fine gallery, though rather too narrow for its length, but upon the whole it perfectly answers its object, and is altogether the hall of festivity.

My mother occasionally took me to these balls; at one of them I remember Madame Bonaparte* took her seat at the upper end of the gallery, assuming already the attitude of sovereignty. The ladies all rose at her entrance and when she retired. The good and simple Christine followed her with a gentle smile upon her lips; and the remark was frequently made, that if the one was the wife of the First Consul, the Chief Magistrate of the republic, the other was the wife of his brother, and that Madame Bonaparte might, without derogation of dignity, have accorded the courtesies of society and family intercourse, by giving her arm to Madame Lucien, instead of requiring her to follow or precede her. But Christine was Madame Lucien, a name which awoke no good feeling in the mind of Madame Bonaparte, for between her and Lucien a mortal war subsisted.

Apparently, however, she was very friendly both with Lucien and his wife, and it was with an exterior of perfect complaisance that she thus obliged them to follow her. But the amusing part of the business was, that Lucien was wholly unconscious of these airs of superiority. The mild Christine often wept in private over the mortifications to which she was thus subjected.

* Be it understood once for all, that in future whenever I use the term Madame Bonaparte, I speak of the wife of the First Consul. For Madame Bonaparte was the regent to be succeeded by Napoleon.
but she was careful to avoid irritating her husband, who would without a doubt have repaired instantly to the Tuileries, and have there enacted a scena, before Madame Bonaparte, in which the First Consul would probably have supported him, for he had sincerely attached himself to Madame Lucien since he had learnt to appreciate her excellent qualities.

This recurrence to the winter of 1800 has made me lose sight of the glorious epoch of Marengo, to which I must now return; and for the present, during a long course of years we shall but march from victory to victory. We shall pay dearly for these days of gratification; but, at this price we may be content to suffer. While the First Consul was conqueror at Marengo, Moreau beat the Austrians on the left bank of the Danube; and on the same field of battle which witnessed the glory of Villars, the disgrace of Tallard and Marsin was effaced by that of General Kray. My French heart owes gratitude to General Moreau for this action. I have often heard Junot and Massena speak of this battle of Hochstedt. They said that the manœuvres by which Moreau obliged Kray to quit his camp at Ulm, were models in the art of war.

News was soon after received of a fresh proof of the hatred which England will never cease to bear towards us. On the 20th of June a treaty of subsidy was signed at Vienna between Austria and England. It specified that neither of the two powers should make a separate peace. England was to lend by it to Austria the sum of two millions sterling (forty-eight millions of francs), and this treaty was signed, these engagements were taken, when Austria was beaten by us on all sides. This kind of perseverance, even in misfortune, has something great in it. However, an armistice was concluded at Munich, on the 15th of July, between Austria and France, to suspend the operations in Germany, as that of Marengo had done in Italy.

While France thus arose once more great and powerful amongst the nations, the interior assumed a new life, and quite another aspect. Confidence in the First Consul was the pervading sentiment of all classes. Commerce looked up with hope; the clergy obtained a glimpse of the day when they would be protected; while the nobility and superior financiers, being Frenchmen, were bound to love glory, and by attaching themselves to him, were likely to obtain it in abundance.

Towards this epoch we experienced a heavy affliction in the death of Madame Lucien. I was affected by it as if she had been connected with us by closer ties than those of friendship. There were not, it is true, between us all the points of contact which constitute an intimate connexion; but our friendship had strengthened materially since her residence in Paris; our intercourse, if not familiar, was constant; and her matured imagina-
which taught her to make his gratification her chief object, were all circumstances which daily endeared her to us. My mother, who was tenderly attached to her, bitterly lamented her loss.

She was in the fourth or fifth month of her pregnancy. It was said, that being menaced with a miscarriage, she had not been properly treated, and the event spoke for itself. In a few weeks the amiable Christine was no more.

We went to see her the day before her death. No visits, it may easily be believed, were permitted; but our intimacy gave us almost the rights of relationship. We found her in a small room adjoining her bedroom. Her apartment had been changed to admit more air, for she was suffocating; and to facilitate her respiration, she was lying on a camp bed with two mattresses. This change afforded her some relief, she told us, adding, with a sweet and melancholy smile, but without any accent of complaint, "This bed reminds me of my own bed at St. Maximin,—I can neither sleep nor breathe under those thick curtains, and upon those beds of down." At each word she looked at my mother with a remarkable expression. Her eyes, were animated by fever, her cheeks, one in particular, were highly coloured, and varied in tint with every emotion which agitated her, as is always the case with persons suffering under a sudden attack of consumption. "Christine," said Madame Letitia Bonaparte "you know you must not talk, the physicians have positively forbidden it: and if you mean to recover you must attend to them." The patient shook her head, with the smile so afflicting to those who know that but few days, perhaps but few hours only are between that moment and dissolution.

"Laurette," said Madame Lucien, "come near me, for I am sure that a death-bed does not alarm you." She took my hand; she perceived the effect which its burning pressure made upon me. "Ah!" said she, "I meant your mother; to you I am but a stranger, and I frighten you, do I not?" I wept, and only replied by embracing her. She pushed me gently away, saying: "No, no, do not embrace me, the air I breathe is poisonous. When I recover, as mamma says—"

We took leave, and this adieu was the last. We saw her no more. She died the following day. As soon as my mother received the intelligence, she ordered her horses and hastened to the Hotel of the Interior; Lucien was at Neuilly. My mother went there to seek him, but we were not permitted to see him. My brother-in-law came to our carriage to tell us that he was not in a state to speak even to his sisters or his mother. "I have torn him from that unfortunate house," said he, "where everything reminds him of the loss he has just experienced. He was in the most violent despair."

Madame Lucien was buried in the park of the mansion at Plessis Chamant. Her husband erected there to her memory
When he went to le Plessis, he took his daughters there, that they might pray with him, young as they were. I have heard these notions ridiculed; but for my own part, being of opinion that the dead may be long lamented, I can easily believe that Madame Lucien was a character to excite such regret, and that it might be great and long-during. I shall never forget when my mother was on the point of death in 1799, Madame Lucien was with Madame Bonaparte the mother, and that they came to seek and comfort the poor young girl whom both believed an orphan!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

An offer of marriage, and my mother’s projects—Madame de Caseaux interference—Junot’s arrival at Paris—His interview with the First Consul at Malmaison—Long and interesting conversation of Junot with Bonaparte—The First Consul threatened with danger—Othello and Madame Fourès—Bonaparte’s sentiments towards Kléber, and his agitation—His advice to Junot, and the appointment of Junot to the command of Paris—Junot lodges at Méc’s—His predilections for Burgundians—His hotel in the Rue de Verneuil—Project for his marriage—Its rupture—Junot’s first visit to my mother, and the society of the Faubourg St. Germain—Translation of the body of Turenne to the Invalids.

I was now arrived at an epoch always remarkable in the life of a woman, and particularly so in mine, on account of the immense change which then took place in my situation. I speak of my marriage. As it renewed the bonds formerly subsisting between my family and that of the First Consul, I am bound to give a faithful account of all the circumstances attending it. They all relate even more to the First Consul than to Junot and myself; and they place him in a light no way connected with the days of his glory, military or political.

My mother was very unwell; the cruel malady under which she at length succumbed, had already taken possession of her. She went out but little; reclined the greater part of the day upon her sofa, and received in the evening the friends who came to bear her company. One of the most assiduous of these was Madame de Caseaux, who was sincerely attached to her. I was myself intimately connected with this lady’s daughter, and few days passed that did not bring us together.

My mother at that time had a marriage for me in contemplation; probably it might have conduced to my happiness, but Madame de Caseaux thought not, on account of the great difference of age between my mother’s intended son-in-law and myself. “Laurette, Laurette,” said she, enforcing her words with her extended finger, “it is not wise, my child, to marry...
My mother did not like contradiction in the most trivial matters; and it may be easily conceived, that the very reasonable opposition of her devoted friend, on an affair of so much importance, irritated her extremely. Her displeasure proceeded to the extent of preventing my visits to Madame de Caseaux, when she was unable to accompany me herself; on this point I must say she was unjust to her friend, who would speak her mind to her, or to me before her, on the subject of this marriage, but never permitted herself to mention it except in her presence; her rigid principles absolutely interdicting such an interference in the relations of mother and child.

As soon as Junot arrived in Paris, he hastened to his General, who was then at Malmaison. What events had taken place since their separation! What miracles had not one man accomplished! How many fresh laurels were flourishing around him! Junot, in approaching him, was oppressed by a thousand sentiments, in which, no doubt, joy preponderated; but it was chastened by a profound respect, which "far from diminishing," he has often said to me, "his affection for Bonaparte, had no other effect than to increase it."

I did not, at the time of which I am now speaking, understand this as I have since done. It is a fact, that at this period Napoleon had about him five or six men whose sentiments towards him were inexplicable: they were more than devoted. Those who are dead have left no successors. I do not say that Napoleon has not since been served with attachment, and even devotedness; but every one reasons upon his own premises; and, I repeat, I have not since seen the same hallowed sentiment of which I now speak.

"Well, Junot," said the First Consul to him, as soon as they were alone, "so you were stupid enough to suffer yourself to be taken by those English. But, according to your letter to me from Marseilles, it would appear that they expected you. And, notwithstanding the positive orders I left with him, Kléber would not let you go? It is all very well: apparently, he was afraid that I should have too many friends about me. What littleness! I know very well that he did not love me: but to adopt such paltry means of expressing his enmity! Have you seen his letter to the Directory?" Junot replied, that Duroc had given it him to read while at breakfast. "'However,' continued the First Consul, "his tragical end has cleared all accounts. I have had a great loss in him—but the irreparable loss, my friend, was Desaix! Desaix!—this is one of the misfortunes which strikes the country. I shall never console myself for the loss of Desaix!* The First Consul continued his walk some time

* I have heard the Emperor, speaking of General Desaix in 1808, say, in the presence of above thirty persons, chiefly strangers,—"Desaix was the most estimable man I have known: if he had not died, I should have made him..."
without speaking: he was visibly affected. But he never suffered a too lively emotion to be long observed; and returning to Junot, he said to him with an enchanting expression of goodness: "Well, and what do you propose to do? I have always told you that I would give you proofs of my friendship as soon as I was in a condition to do so. What are your views? Are you inclined for the service?" and he looked askance at Junot with an air of good-humoured malice. "Have you a mind that I should send you to the army of the Rhine?"

Junot's colour heightened to crimson, which always happened when he was strongly affected. "Do you already wish to relieve yourself of me, my General? However, if you command it, I will go and let General Moreau know that the officers of the army in Italy have lost none of their courage in Egypt."—"There now, my youngster, off at a word!" said the First Consul. "No, no, M. Junot, you do not quit me in such a hurry. I have a great regard for General Moreau; but not sufficient to make him a present of my best friends." And he gave Junot a pull of the ear.

"Junot," continued he, in a more serious tone, "I intend to appoint you Commandant of Paris. It is a place of confidence, particularly at this moment, and I cannot make a better choice. But"—and he looked narrowly round him, as they continued to walk, to observe whether any one was within reach of hearing,* "but you must reflect before you accept this post. You must at once add ten years to your age; for if it be necessary that the Commandant of Paris should be attached to my person, it is equally so that he should be extremely prudent, and that he should pay the utmost attention to whatever concerns my safety."—"Ah! my General!" exclaimed Junot.—"Be quiet," said the First Consul, "and speak low. Yes, you must watch over my safety. I am surrounded with dangers. I should make no effort to avoid them if I were still the General Bonaparte vegetating at Paris before and even after the 4th of October. Then my life was my own—I cared little for it; but now it is mine no longer; my destiny has been exalted, it is connected with that of a great nation, and for this reason my life is menaced. The powers of Europe, who would divide France, wish me out of their way." He knit his brow, drew his hand across his forehead, as if to banish an importunate idea; then, recovering an air of perfect calmness, he passed his arm under Junot's, and resumed the conversation on State affairs.

"I am about to appoint you Commandant of Paris, as I told you; but you must marry. That is not only suitable to the dignity of the situation you will occupy, but I know you, and re-

* This conversation took place in the park of Malmaison, and lasted above an hour; it was the second time that Junot had seen the First Consul, and not
quire it of you for your own interest." After a long pause, he asked, "What is become of Othello?"*—"He is still in Egypt, General, but I intend to have him brought over by the first convoy."—The First Consul made an inclination of the head, in token of assent. "And the mother?" said he to Junot. "She also remains in Egypt, General; the Commissary-general has taken care of her."—"That is well." And here the First Consul stopped short, then walked on again; assumed an air of embarrassment not usual with him, and at length, standing before a tree, plucking off its leaves, after having cast his eyes round to see if any one were near. "And Pauline,† what has become of her?" asked he, with an accent of marked interest. "I have learned," he continued, with a bitter smile, "and that from the English journals, that Kléber treated her ill after my departure: my attachment it would seem, was title sufficient to proscription from him! Those whom I loved had not the good fortune to please him." Junot made no answer. He felt, as he has since told me, that he could not accuse Kléber, who had just fallen by so tragical a death, and he was silent.

"Did you not hear?" said the First Consul, a little out of humour, and raising his voice. "Is it true that this man acted brutally, as the English relate, towards a woman so mild and amiable as this poor Bellilote?"—"I was not with General Kléber when all this took place, General; but I know that in fact she was not well used by him, and that when she had occasion to request her passport, it was by the intervention of Desgenettes that she obtained it, without which I believe the General-in-chief would have detained her a long time waiting for it." Junot smiled, without, however, any other idea than the detention of Madame Fourès: but Napoleon misunderstood the smile, and seizing Junot's arm, gripped it so violently as to leave the marks of his hand; he became pale, and said with a voice trembling rather with anger than emotion: "What do you understand? What do you mean? Could that man..." and he was so violently agitated that his words could not find utterance. It was not love, it was not even remembrance of love, which produced this almost alarming state: the simple suspicion that Kléber might have succeeded him in the affections of Madame Fourès set his brain on fire.

Junot recalled him to the true state of the question: he told him that Madame Fourès had only encountered difficulties in procuring a passport from General Kléber, which in fact was the case with every one who at that time desired to leave Egypt. But he repeated that she had met with every assistance from the excellent Desgenettes, who obtained all she required, and was

* A natural child which had been born to Junot in Egypt of a young Abyssinian slave named Arzamarne.
towards her, as he is to every one, and always will be, kind an
obliging.

The First Consul quickly recovered himself, and changed the
subject of conversation, by recurring to that which was personal
to Junot. He spoke at length upon the importance which he
wished him to acquire in the situation of Commandant of Paris;
and gave him such advice on this subject as a father would give
to his son. This remarkable conversation lasted above an hour. I
have omitted much of it that was interesting; but I have only
been able to preserve with perfect accuracy that which related
immediately to Junot and myself; and I have established it as a
law, on no occasion to be departed from, never to record expres-
sions of Napoleon upon uncertain recollections. Nothing is
indifferent which proceeds from such a mouth; and we who have
been attached to his person so closely and so long, are more than
all others bound to be faithful in our reports of him.

On his arrival at Paris, Junot had not set up any establish-
ment. Uncertain of his next destination, he thought it useless to
make arrangements which an order to depart might compel him
to abandon at a moment's notice. He lodged at the house of
Méo, a good restaurateur of that period, and whose hotel had
some resemblance to the fine establishment of Meurice; but when
the First Consul announced to him the remarkable change which
the place he was about to occupy would necessarily make in his
situation, he desired him at the same time to find a residence
suitable to his new dignity; and Junot requested his family,
whom he had drawn around him at his hotel, to look out for one.
There were, no doubt, great numbers in Paris, in the open and
cheerful situations of the Faubourg St. Germain, or the Chaussée
d'Antin, all handsome and newly decorated. I know not how
they persuaded him to fix upon a hotel in the Rue de Verneuil,
and even in the dullest and dirtiest part of it; but this house was
hired, furnished, and ready for occupation in less than three weeks.
Junot installed himself in it as Commandant of Paris in the
course of the summer of 1800. With handsome carriages, the
finest horses, and the best wines of Burgundy* in his cellars, he
then commenced his search for a wife.

The First Consul had especially recommended him to marry
a rich wife. "Willingly," replied Junot, provided she please
my taste; but how is that to be done, when almost all heiresses
are superlatively ugly?"

He was one morning visiting a lady of his acquaintance, and
who happened to be a friend of ours. He spoke of the order he

* A mania which Junot carried to excess, was that of being served only by
Burgundians. It was natural that his countrymen should have the preference
where there was an equality of talent; but if ever so heavy or stupid, the name of
Burgundian was sufficient to ensure it. This was the history of the hotel in the
Rue de Verneuil; a Burgundian found it for him. A Burgundian furnished it,
had received from the First Consul to marry, and his own desire to enjoy domestic society. "Have you been to visit Madame de Permon?" inquired the person to whom he spoke. "No; and I reproach myself daily. But why ask?" "Because I believe that her daughter would suit you exactly." "Her daughter!" exclaimed Junot, "she was but a child when I went to Egypt."

"She is young, but no longer a child. She is sixteen. But attend: I have a great inclination to bestow her in marriage at the present moment, but her mother is so bent upon a match she proposes for her, and which has not common sense, for the intended is old enough to be her grandfather, that she turned a deaf ear when I opened my project to her the day before yesterday; though you must understand that the party in question is a charming bachelor, and one of the first names in France."

"And what would you have me do against all these obstacles?" said Junot laughing. "You tell me of a woman with twenty admirers; I do not like so many rivals. Mademoiselle Loulou, I believe that is what she was called, must be a little personage of great pretensions, a spoilt child, and thoroughly insupportable. No, no; I kiss your hands;" and thus taking leave, he hastened out of the house.

From Madame d'Orsay, Junot went to call upon Madame Hamelin, another lady also of our acquaintance—an amiable woman who often visited my mother, and was much esteemed by her. Endowed with superior talents, she took pleasure when I was in company with her, in bringing me into notice; a mark of kindness which goes direct to the hearts of women in general, and which mine was not backward in acknowledging.

Junot had scarcely entered, when his search for a wife became the topic of conversation. "Ah," said she, "there is a young person whom I should like to recommend to you, but she is about to marry, and must not be thought of."—"So," said Junot, "because she is going to marry, I am not to hear her name."—"Oh, with all my heart; you knew her when she was but a child. It is Mademoiselle de Permon."

Junot laughed; it seemed as if I haunted him. However, as Madame Hamelin's frankness and her intelligence were well known to him, and as she had pronounced my name with interest, he asked her some questions concerning me, which she answered with the feeling of an amiable and sensible woman.

"Why have you not paid your respects to her mother since your return?" she inquired; seeing his eyes fixed upon the garden with an air of absence. "I do not know, but it appears that I have done wisely," he replied, smiling; for suppose I had fallen in love with your young friend."—"Well! you would have married her. Are you not wishing to marry?"—"But you knew him?" said Madame. "Do you know him?"
desire to marry her to M. de V——, and if she wills it, it will be, for she is not one to yield her resolutions; I have seen instances of that, which I shall not forget." The same day, Junot, bearing in mind his conversation with Madame Hamelin, found out a person whom he knew to be intimate with my mother and me, and made himself acquainted with all that concerned me, and also with my mother’s intentions respecting M. de V——; they were not doubtful, for she had no stronger desire than to conclude the marriage. Junot took his resolution at once: he had engaged to wait upon my mother, with Madame Hamelin, the following evening; however, he excused himself upon some pretext, but said nothing of the true cause.

At this time, my mother, much out of health, did not quit her sofa. My brother and I exerted ourselves to the utmost to lessen the enmity of her retirement. All her friends, and a crowd of acquaintances, assisted us in endeavouring to make her forget that she was condemned to seclusion for the cure of a complaint from which she might never recover. Thanks to the care and advice of Dr. Backer, she was now mending; as she did not suffer, we were gay. We had music and singing, and when we were not afraid of too much noise, we danced to the sound of our own voices. We laughed and enjoyed ourselves; in short, we were happy.

Thus the summer of 1800 elapsed. The end of September arrived. A great change meanwhile had taken place in our family. The two marriages which my mother had proposed for me were broken off; one for pecuniary reasons; the other, because I had thrown myself at her feet, entreating her, by her love for me, not to make me a sacrifice, and my life miserable. My mother was perfectly amiable, and she loved me; she therefore broke off a marriage which, in other respects, was suitable enough, but to which I had so thorough an antipathy, that I should have ratified a doom of misery to myself and my husband, in saying, Yes. I was delighted with this change in my lot. All my friends, whether from attachment to me, or whether from that sentiment which makes a young girl always unwilling that her companion should marry before her—all my friends rejoiced in seeing me at liberty for the following winter.

One evening, it was the 21st of September, about a dozen persons were assembled in my mother’s drawing-room, chatting, deciphering charades and laughing, when suddenly the door opened, and the valet-de-chambre announced, General Junot. In an instant, as by a stroke of magic, all was silence. This effect was so sudden and so striking, that the General was a little embarrassed; but my mother’s reception of him reassured him. She held out her hand to him, reproached him in the most friendly manner for the long delay of his visit, made him sit down by her side, and attended only to him.
to my mother; no individual of his acquaintance was present. The whole party belonged to the Faubourg St. Germain, and the sort of gratification a general of the republic would find, amongst a circle of emigrants returned within the last six months, may be easily imagined. But my mother could act the mistress of the house to perfection. She saw that General Junot might find himself in a constrained position, and she exerted herself so effectually, that he was very soon as much at his ease by her side, as if he had been one of our most intimate associates.

The distinctive character of Junot’s mind, was acuteness and rapidity of penetration. He understood that this was not the place for speaking of the First Consul. He was determined to hear nothing to his prejudice; but neither would my mother, though she was no longer partial to him, have suffered anything to be said against him in her house. Junot spoke of Egypt, of what he had seen there which was foreign to our manners, with that ability which all who knew him are so well aware of. Albert, who had been spending the evening at Madame Leclerc’s, soon came in, and his presence emboldened Junot to propose to my mother that she should, on the following day, go to the Hotel de Salm, to witness the procession which was to pass the Quai de Voltaire. The occasion was worth the trouble; it was the translation of the body of Turenne from the Jardin des Plantes, where it had been deposited since the violation of the tombs of St. Denis, to the Musée des Augustins aux Invalides. As Junot was to superintend the ceremony in his quality of Commandant of Paris, he was desirous that we should see him in his glory, and I believe this was the true motive of the zeal he manifested in overcoming my mother’s objections on the score of her health. “Well then,” said she, at length, “I will go and see our two heroes pass, the living and the dead; but the living soldier must promise to come and dine with me after he has seen M. le Maréchal installed in his new habitation, or I shall not go.” Junot promised, and retired, leaving a most advantageous impression on a party, which, with the exception of my mother and brother, were certainly by no means predisposed in his favour.

The following day we repaired to the Hotel de Salm: we were conducted to a drawing-room, in which Junot had placed a large arm-chair, with pillows and a footstool for my mother: the valet-de-chambre of the General said he was ready to execute any orders that might be given to him.—“Does your master,” replied my mother, “suppose I am one of those invalids to whom he is conveying the body of Turenne?” She was however very sensible of the attentions paid to her, and when Junot passed, he saluted us in so marked a manner, as to draw the attention of every one: a person in the crowd was heard to say, on seeing the general bow to my mother repeatedly, “No doubt
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Junot’s assiduities to my mother, and his silence towards me—First reports of my marriage with Junot—A family council—Visit of Junot—Demand of my hand—Consent of my mother and brother—Junot’s declaration, and my embarrassment—Junot’s thoughtlessness and silence towards Bonaparte—My mother’s reproaches—Junot at the Tuileries—Duroc’s goodnature—Conversation of Bonaparte with Junot relating to his marriage—Marriage portion and presents.

Ten days had elapsed, from the 21st of September, when Junot first presented himself at my mother’s, and now regularly every night he repeated his visit. He never spoke to me, but placed himself beside my mother’s sofa, chatted with her, or with any of his acquaintances who happened to be present, but never approached the group to which I belonged; and if at this epoch he had ceased to come to our house, I might have affirmed that I scarcely knew him.

But however undistinguished I had been by any attention on his part, the society in which we moved had already decided that I was his destined bride; the report was brought to me by my friend Laure de Caseaux, and with great indignation I repeated it to my mother and brother; they partook of my feelings upon the subject, and having received a summons to attend my drawing-master, I left them in my mother’s bedroom, still discussing the steps to be pursued, for it was yet but noon, and on account of the weak state of her health she did not rise before that time.

While we were thus respectively engaged, a carriage drove up to the door, and a waiting-maid came in to inquire if General Junot could be admitted. “Yes, yes, let him come up,” said my mother; but, good God! what can bring him here at this hour?” Junot had scarcely entered the chamber before he asked permission to close the door; and, seating himself by the bedside, said to my mother, as he took her hand, that he was come to present a request, adding, with a smile, “and it must be granted.”—“If it be possible, it is done,” said my mother. “That depends upon you and him,” replied the General, turning to Albert. He stopped a moment, and then continued, in the
come to ask the hand of your daughter—will you grant it me? I give you my word,” and he proceeded in a tone of more assurance, “and it is that of a man of honour, that I will make her happy. I can offer her an establishment worthy of her and of her family. Come, Madame de Permon, answer me, with the frankness with which I put my request, Yes, or no.”

“My dear General,” said my mother, “I shall answer with all the frankness you have claimed, and which you know to belong to my character; and I will tell you that, a few minutes before your arrival, I was saying to Albert that you were the man whom, of all others, I should choose for my son-in-law.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Junot, joyfully. “Yes; but that says nothing for your request. First, you must understand that she has no fortune; her portion is too small to be of any value to you. Then, I am very ill, and I am not sure that my daughter will be willing to quit me at present. Besides, she is still very young. Reflect well upon all this, and add to it that my daughter has been educated amidst a society and in habits which it is very possible may displease you. Reflect for eight or ten days, and then come to me, and we will enter further into your projects.”

“I will not wait twenty-four hours,” said Junot, firmly. “Listen, Madame de Permon: I have not taken my present step without having fully made up my mind. Will you grant me your daughter? Will you, Permon, give me your sister? I love her, and I again swear to you I will make her as happy as a woman can be.”

Albert approached General Junot, and, taking his hand, said, in a voice of emotion, “My dear Junot, I give you my sister with joy; and believe me, the day when I shall call you brother, will be one of the happiest of my life.”—“And I,” said my mother, extending her arms to him, “am happy beyond description in calling you my son.” Junot, much moved, threw himself into her arms. “Well,” said he, “and what will you think of me now?—that I am very childish and weak, I fear;” and, turning to my brother, he embraced him several times in a delirium of joy. “But now,” said he, after a few moments, “I have still another favour to ask, one upon which I set a high value, for it is most interesting to me.”

“What is it?” asked my mother. “I desire, extraordinary as it may appear to you, to be myself permitted to present my petition to your daughter.” My mother exclaimed against this demand: such a thing had never been heard of—it was absolute folly. “That may be,” said Junot, in a firm but respectful tone, “but I have determined upon it; and since you have received me, since I am now your son, why would you refuse me this favour? Besides, it is in your presence and her brother’s that I would speak to her. “Ah, that makes a difference,” said my mother: “but why this whim?”—“It is not a whim; it is, on
the contrary, so very reasonable an idea, that I should never have believed myself capable of it. Do you consent?"

My mother answered "Yes:" and a messenger was despatched to my study, where I was drawing with M. Viglians, to summon me to my mother, an order which I obeyed immediately with the greatest tranquillity, for I supposed General Junot to be long since gone.

It is impossible to describe my sensations when, on opening the chamber-door, I perceived General Junot seated by my mother's bedside, holding one of her hands, and conversing in an animated manner with her. The General rose, offered me his place, took a seat beside me, then, having looked towards my mother, said to me in the most serious tone:

"Mademoiselle, I am happy enough to have obtained the consent of your mother and brother to my solicitation for your hand; but I have to assure you that this consent, otherwise so valuable to me, will become null, unless, at this moment, you can declare here in their presence, that you willingly acquiesce in it. The step I am at this moment taking, is not perhaps altogether consistent with established forms—I am aware it is not; but you will pardon me, if you reflect that I am a soldier, frank even to roughness, and desirous of ascertaining that in the most important act of my life I am not deceiving myself. Will you then condescend to tell me whether you will become my wife; and, above all, whether you can do so without any repugnance?"

Since I had been seated in the chair in which General Junot had placed me, I felt as if in one of those extraordinary dreams in which a delusive similitude fatigues and perplexes the mind. I heard distinctly, and understood what was said, but no part of it seemed to attach itself to my situation; and yet it was necessary to give an immediate answer in one word, upon which the fate of my whole life was to depend. The most perfect silence reigned in the apartment. Neither my mother nor my brother could with propriety interfere, and the General could only wait my answer. However, at the expiration of about ten minutes, seeing that my eyes still continued fixed on the ground, and that I did not reply, General Junot thought himself obliged to con-

*I have dwelt upon these particulars, all well known to a number of persons still living in Paris, in order to answer by facts to the vain declamations concerning my marriage in the Memorial of Las Cases. All these persons know whether my marriage was concluded because Junot believed me a Commena. It is a point upon which I have a right to insist. It must be admitted that he did not take long to persuade; and my mother must have been a skilful magician, if, in the course of ten days, she had accomplished making a man who was a republican at heart, a child of the revolution, and the son of his own deeds, take to wife a young girl who was not pretty, and without fortune, only because her ancestors, three or four centuries before, had reigned at Constantinople. All that concerns us in the Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène, is manifestly false, and I prove it by facts.
true my silence into a refusal; and always impetuous, still more
so perhaps in his sentiments than in his will, he insisted upon
knowing his fate that very instant.

"I see," said he, with an accent of bitterness, "that Madame
de Permon was right when she told me that her consent was
nothing in this affair. Only, Mademoiselle, I entreat you to
give me an answer, be it yes or no."

My brother, who saw the change in Junot's manner, inclined
towards me, and whispered in my ear, "Take courage, love;
speak the truth, he will not be offended, even if you refuse him."
"Come, come, my child! you must answer the General," said
my mother. "If you will not speak to him, give me your
answer, and I will repeat it to him."

I was sensible that my situation began to be ridiculous, and
that I ought to speak. But all the power upon earth could not
have made me articulate a word, nor raise my eyes from the
carpet. From my first entrance into the room my emotion had
been so violent, that the palpitation of my heart threatened to
burst my corset. The blood now mounted to my head in
such violence, that I heard nothing but a sharp singing in my
ears, and saw nothing but a moving rainbow. I felt a violent
pain, and raising my hand to my forehead, stood up and made
my escape so suddenly, that my brother had not time to detain
me. He ran after me, but could no where find me. The fact
was, that, as if started by an invisible power, I had mounted
the stairs with such rapidity, that in two seconds I had reached
the top of the house, and on recovering my recollection, found
myself in the attic. I came down again, and going to take
refuge in my brother's apartments, met him returning from a
search for me. He scolded me for being so unreasonable. I
wept, and reproached him bitterly for the scene which had just
taken place. He excused himself, embraced me, and drew me
into a conversation which calmed my spirits; but he could by
no means persuade me to return to my mother's room. I was
resolute not to appear there again till General Junot was gone.

My brother, on his return, addressed the General, whom he
found still much agitated. "I was," said he, "my dear General,
for a moment of your opinion, and permitted my sister to be
brought here. But I now see that we have acted in this matter
like children, and she, young as she is, has convinced me of it."
"Where is my poor Loulou then?" said my mother. "I told
you, my dear Junot, that such a step was absurd. Where is
she?"—"In my room," said Albert, "where I have promised her
that she shall not be molested."—"And my answer?" said Junot,
with a gloomy air.—"Your answer, my friend, is as favourable
as you can desire. My sister will be proud to bear your name
—I repeat her own words; for any other sentiment you cannot
ask it of her without disrespect."—"I am satisfied!" exclaimed
Junot, embracing my brother. "She will be proud to bear my name, and I am content."

The conversation now became more calm, and after a short interval, my mother said to Junot: "But tell me how you have achieved the greatest of your victories; how you have induced the First Consul to give his consent to your marriage with my daughter?"—"He does not know it yet," replied Junot.—"He does not know it?" exclaimed my mother; "you are come to ask my daughter in marriage, and the First Consul does not know it? Permit me to observe, my dear General, that your conduct has been very inconsiderate." My brother has since told me that he was at the moment of my mother's opinion. "I request you, Madam, to inform me in what respect my conduct can be blameable," Junot replied, with some hauteur.

"How can you ask such a question? Do you not know the coldness, and even disunion, which has succeeded to the friendship that once existed between the First Consul and myself? Do you think that he will consent to my daughter becoming your wife, and especially without fortune? and what, let me ask, would you do, if, when you communicate your intended marriage to him, and ask his assent, he should refuse it?"

"I should marry without it," answered Junot, very resolutely. "I am no longer a child; and in the most important transaction of my life I shall consult my own convenience only, without listening to the petty passions of others."—"You say that you are no longer a child, and you reason as if you were but six years old. Would you dissolve your connexion with your benefactor and friend, because it pleases you to make what he will call an imprudent marriage, that is to say, a marriage without fortune? For that is the reason he will give you, for you may easily suppose he will not tell you that it is because he does not like me. What will you do—what will you answer, when he gives you the option between my daughter and himself?"

"But he will never do so!" exclaimed Junot; "and if he could to such an extent forget my services and my attachment, I should always remain a faithful son of France, she will not repulse me; and I am a general officer."—"And do you think us capable of accepting such a sacrifice?" said my mother, "And though my daughter is but sixteen years old, can you have formed so unworthy an opinion of her as to suppose that she would thus abuse her power over you?"

"My dear General," said Albert, who had not yet uttered a word during this discussion, "I believe that all this will be easily arranged: but permit me to observe, in my turn, that you have been a little too hasty in this affair: nevertheless, I have no doubt that all will be right; for I do not think with my mother that the First Consul will interfere as a party, and still less, as a public functionary.
Junot listened attentively; then looking at his watch, he suddenly took up his hat, and said to my mother, "I am going to the Tuileries. The First Consul is not yet in council. I will speak to him, and in an hour I shall return." He pressed Albert's hand, kissed my mother's, descended the staircase at two steps, jumped into his carriage, and cried out to the coachman, "To the Tuileries, at a gallop, only do not overturn us, because I have business there in a hurry."

"Where is the First Consul?" was his salutation to Duroc. "With Madame Bonaparte." "My friend, I must speak to him this very instant." "How you are agitated!" said Duroc, observing his flushed cheek and trembling voice. "Is there alarming news?" "No, no; but I must see the First Consul; I must this instant; I will tell you by and by why I am so peremptory."

Duroc pressed his hand, and as he understood that he could oblige him, he lost no time in acquitting himself of his commission; and in a few moments Junot was introduced to the cabinet of the First Consul. "My General," said he, entering at once upon the subject, "you have testified a desire to see me married; the thing is settled—I am about to marry."—"Ah! ah! and you have run away with your wife? your air is perfectly wild."—"No, my General," replied Junot, endeavouring to calm his feelings for the crisis, for all my mother's objections started at once to his mind, and he felt fearful of a rebuff. "Whom are you going to marry, then?" said the First Consul, seeing that Junot did not speak. "A person whom you have known from her childhood, whom you used to love, my General, of whom every one speaks well, and with whom I am distractedly in love—Mademoiselle de Permon."

The First Consul, contrary to his custom, was not walking while he conversed, at the present moment. He was seated at his desk, which he was notching with his penknife. On hearing the name he leaped from his seat, threw away his penknife, and seized Junot by the arm, asking, "Whom did you say you meant to marry?"—"The daughter of Madame de Permon, that child whom you have so often held upon your knee when you were yourself a young man, my General."—"That is not possible; Loulou is not marriageable; how old is she?"—"Sixteen years within a month."—"It is a very bad marriage you would make, there is no fortune; and besides, how can you determine to become the son-in-law of Madame de Permon? Do you not know that woman as she is? you must mind what you are about, she is a spirit. . . ."—"Permit me to observe, General, that I do not propose to marry my mother-in-law; and moreover, I believe"—here he stopped short and smiled.—"Well, and what do you believe?"

"That the discussions which have arisen between yourself and . . ."
judgment you have formed of her. What I know perfectly well is, that she is surrounded by numerous friends of long standing and I have seen the love which her children bear her. Her daughter lavishes such care upon her, as only the heart of a devoted child is capable of; and has done so for two years past, to the injury of her own health. Her son”—“Ah, that is a brave youth!”

“Well, my General, and do you believe that he could be what he is to his mother, if Madame de Permon were not herself, not merely a good mother, but an excellent woman? Children are respectful and attentive to their mother, but to be to her what Mademoiselle Laurette and her brother are to Madame de Permon; she must deserve their respect. Nothing can give you an idea of their domestic virtues. Interrogate Madame Bonaparte, Madame Joseph, Madame Murat, these ladies will tell you how meritorious has been the conduct of Madame de Permon’s children from the commencement of her severe illness.”

—“Is she so very ill, then?” inquired the First Consul with interest.—“Very ill; and the utmost care is necessary to her recovery, and to the relief of her sufferings.”

The First Consul walked the room without speaking; he was serious, but not out of humour. At length he said, “But without fortune, I dare say; what portion has this young person?”

—“I have not inquired.”—“You were right in saying just now that you were distractedly in love. What extravagance! Did I not particularly recommend you to seek a rich wife? for you are not rich yourself.”—“I beg your pardon, my General, I am very rich? are you not my protector, my father? and when I inform you that I love a young girl who is poor, but without whom I should be miserable, I know that you will come to my assistance, and portion my betrothed.”

The First Consul smiled. “Oh, is that it? But how has this illness happened? Have you long been a visitor at Madame Permon’s?”—“Eleven days, my General; but it is two months since my attention has been attracted towards her daughter. I have been spoken to about her, and one of our common friends even wished to promote this marriage; but Mademoiselle Laurette was then destined to another husband, and after all that I had heard of her, I would not visit the mother, lest I should fall in love with the daughter. In the interval the projected marriage was broken off. I went accordingly to pay my respects to Madame de Permon, and my resolution was soon taken. But now, my General, I am about to give you still further advantage over me—I have acted more madly than you can imagine;’” Here he repeated the scene of the morning in its minutest details. The First Consul listened in silence, with great attention, and when Junot’s narrative was ended, he replied:

“Though I recognize in all that you have just said the charms of a woman of sense, I only wish you happiness in your marriage.”
ments as they respect me; and the sacrifice you have offered in
the true spirit of a Paladin of the Crusades, could not be ac-
cepted either by her or Permon. You have, however, cut me off
from the power of even remonstrating against this rash act, by
the confidence you have just reposed in me; besides, you will
not, as you say, marry your mother-in-law; and if the young
person be really such as you describe, I see no reason for being
severe on the article of fortune. I give you 100,000 francs for
your bride's portion, and 40,000 for her wedding clothes. Adieu,
my friend, I wish you happy!” So saying, he pressed Junot's
hand warmly, and said, laughing, as he resumed his seat, “Oh,
you will have a terrible mother-in-law!” then added with a
more serious air, “but an amiable and worthy brother-in-law.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Junot's haste to conclude our marriage—Unwillingness to quit my mother—
A family scene—Intrigues to lead Junot to another marriage—M. de Caulain-
court's confidential advice—My marriage fixed for the 20th of October—The
marriage of Murat and Caroline Bonaparte—Her beauty—An error corrected
—Murat's character—Causes of Napoleon's coolness towards him—Murat's
boasting, and a breakfast of officers—The mistress of the punch and the be-
traying cypher—Bonaparte's project of marrying his sister to Moreau—Ca-
olumnies on Caroline Bonaparte—Murat's person and dress.

The preparations for my marriage were proceeding with ac-
tivity; General Junot was extremely desirous that it should take
place immediately; he had induced Madame Bonaparte the
mother, and Madame Leclerc, to persuade my mother, and the
20th of October was the day already fixed upon, before I had
been consulted upon the subject. It was on the 10th of that
month that my mother proposed to me this speedy separation,
to which no arguments she could use had any effect in recon-
ciling me. M. de Caulaincourt, an old and faithful friend of the
family, whom I had been in the habit of distinguishing by the
affectionate epithet of little papa, was summoned to the con-
ference. Seated between my brother and myself, beside my
mother's sofa, he earnestly enforced my mother's plea of the im-
patience of my lover, and finding this insufficient, began to ex-
plain that to his knowledge Junot was at present the object of
much intrigue at the Tuileries; that Madame Bonaparte, always
apprehensive of the influence which early intimacy and a senti-
ment of gratitude for early favours might give my mother over
the mind of the First Consul, had seen their mutual coldness
with great complacency; had never attempted to widen the
breath of speech in which to appoint any one else to the
charge.
total oblivion is the most eligible result, and was now extremely
disconcerted to find that Junot’s marriage was likely to bring
the family again into notice; to obviate this, she had attempted
to produce a change in his views, and to direct them towards
Mademoiselle Leclerc. To this, which was equally new to all
his auditors, he added that delays are dangerous, that the First
Consul might be induced by the influence of his wife to with-
draw his consent; and that Junot himself might be worked to
her purpose. My mother’s pride now began to take the alarm,
and her kind friend was obliged to soothe it to the utmost: and
finally the result of all this consultation was, that I gave my
consent to fix the day for the 30th of October: sooner than this,
I positively refused to quit my mother.

My own marriage has so much occupied my attention, that I
have neglected to mention that of Madame Murat, which took
place soon after the 8th November. Caroline Bonaparte was a
very pretty girl, fresh as a rose; not to be compared, for the re-
regular beauty of her features, to Madame Leclerc, though more
pleasing perhaps by the expression of her countenance and the
brilliancy of her complexion, but by no means possessing the
perfection of figure which distinguished her elder sister. Her
head was disproportionably large, her bust was too short, her
shoulders were too round, and her hips too thick; but her feet,
her hands, and her arms, were models, and her skin resembled
white satin seen through pink glass; her teeth were fine, as were
those of all the Bonapartes; her hair was light, but no way re-
markable. As a young girl, Caroline was charming; when her
mother first brought her to Paris, in 1798, her beauty was in all
its rosy freshness. I have never seen her appear to so much
advantage since that time. Magnificence did not become her;
brocade did not hang well upon her figure, and one feared to see
her delicate complexion fade under the weight of diamonds and
rubies.

In the “Mémoires Contemporaines” it is asserted, that when
Murat demanded Mademoiselle Bonaparte in marriage, the First
Consul made great difficulties in giving his consent. This is part
of the plan now so generally adopted, of representing Napoleon
and his family in an unfavourable light. But here, as usual, this
disposition to accuse throws a veil over the truth. Bonaparte’s
repugnance is said to be founded on the ignoble birth of Murat.
I can affirm with certainty that the author has been misinformed.

The true cause of Napoleon’s little regard for Murat (for not-
withstanding their alliance he never was attached to him) was
Murat’s imprudent conduct, when he came to Paris to present the
banners taken by the army of Italy, and after his return to head-
quarters. Those who know the character of Napoleon as I know
it, will easily understand that Murat would lose much ground in
his General’s favour by whispering a boast of his credit with the
Bonaparte and Madame Tallien. I will here give an anecdote which occurred soon after he had rejoined his General, and which reached the ears of the latter on the very day. Junot was at that time wounded and in his bed, and could not have been the in-
former upon a fact of which he was himself ignorant for some
time.

Murat gave a breakfast to Lavalette, some other officers of the
general staff, and many of his friends, chiefly young men belong-
ing to the cavalry, whose company Murat preferred to an asso-
ciation with officers of his own rank; perhaps from that habit of
boasting for which he afterwards became so remarkable, and to
which he would find his inferiors more complaisant than his
equals.

The breakfast had been very gay. Much champagne had
been drunk, and there seemed no occasion for a supplement,
but Murat proposed punch, adding that he would make it
himself.

"You never drank better," said he to his companions; "I
have learned to make it of a charming Créole, and if I could add
all the circumstances of that education, you would like it still
better." Then, ringing for his valet, he ordered not only all
that was necessary for ordinary punch, but a number of acces-
sories, such as tea, oranges instead of lemons, &c., and said
aloud, "And be sure not to make a mistake; bring that Jamaica
rum which was given me at Paris."

He went to his travelling-case and took from it a beautiful
utensil of silver gilt, made purposely to extract the juice of
lemons or oranges without squeezing them with the hand. He
then proceeded in the whole affair in a method which proved
that he had been under a good instructor. The punch was found
excellent, so excellent that the bowl was emptied and filled again
several times; confidence increased with each renewal; the
guests wished to know how such good things were to be learned,
and Murat, who perhaps was not quite clear-headed, replied,
that the finest and prettiest woman in Paris had taught him this
and many other things. Then, as may be supposed, questions
multiplied; with the mirth and folly of childhood they desired
to hear the whole history. It appears Murat could not resist,
but related much that was unsuitable to the breakfast-table of
a party of hussar officers. But the most unlucky part of the
affair in its consequences was, that, without pronouncing any
name, he indicated so plainly the personages concerned, that
inductions were speedily drawn and commentaries followed.
A breakfast, a dinner, and a supper, all in the same day, in the
country, that is to say, the Champs Elysées, formed the princi-
pal facts of this boastful tale, and the finest woman in Paris,
(the prettiest was not quite so clear), all this told the name, and
these young heads translated it with much more ease than at
first. The source is thus clearly indicated.
ther explanation was unnecessary; when one of the party, taking up the lemon-squeezer, discovered in his examination of it, that it had a cypher upon the handle which was not that of Murat. "Ah!" exclaimed the young madcap, "now for full information; here we may learn to read as well as to make punch;" and, brandishing the little utensil which Murat, who retained sense enough to see that this was going too far, wished to snatch from him, he looked again at the handle, and began, "Ba, be, bi, bo; Bo,—bon,—bona!" Murat at length succeeded in quieting him, and the breakfast finished, the chief of the guests forgot the particulars of the morning's entertainment. But two or three, who felt that they might speak without indiscretion, since nothing had been confided to them, repeated the whole history of the punch; on a theatre so fraught with wonders as Italy was at that moment, the tale made little impression generally, but all the circumstances of the bacchanalian scene reached the ears of the General. His jealous humour was awakened, and for a moment he proposed requiring an explanation from Murat, but reflection showed him how unwise such a proceeding would be, and he abandoned all thoughts of inquiring into the true circumstances of the case; whether they ever came to his knowledge, I know not.

The silver lemon-squeezer disappeared. Murat professed to regret its loss extremely, and reported that some of his giddy companions had thrown it out of the window in sport, and that it had never been recovered. He averred, also, that the young man who pretended to have read the cypher, had his eyes so dazzled by the fumes of the punch, that he had in fact mistaken M for B, and that the letter J stood for his own name (Joachim).

This little history was talked of for twenty-four hours, but offered only vague conjectures to those who were but imperfectly acquainted with the parties concerned, which was the case with almost all the guests except Lavalette and Duroc, who thought it not advisable to take further notice of it, and thought indeed, that the cypher might have been J. M. For my own part, I believe so too, but General Bonaparte, I have reason to think, was not so credulous; and the favour shown him on occasion of the expedition to Egypt, a favour which certainly his General had not solicited for him, seemed to confirm his impolitic boasting, and to indicate that his interest with the Directory was supported by a protector which could not please Napoleon. With respect to the fact itself, I apprehend that there was more of lightness in it on Murat's part than of reality. I have known the opinion of persons of the family respecting it, who perhaps saw things in their worst light, from being in a degree whimsical to Josephine. They excused Murat on account of his youth, but were not so indulgent towards Madame Bonaparte.

Junot, whom the Mémoires Contemporaines, I know not why, make to interfere in the affairs of Murat and Napoleon, did not
believe that the General had any cause for his jealousy of Murat, for jealous he certainly was; and it is the same with respect to another person of whom I shall have occasion to speak, and towards whom General Bonaparte's ill-will also took its rise in Italy.

When therefore Murat* requested the hand of Caroline Bonaparte, the First Consul was very much disposed to refuse it him, but by no means on account of the obscurity of his birth. It is absurd to make him think and act in that manner at this epoch. Murat was in love with Mademoiselle Bonaparte; but in those days of our glory there were twenty young generals round Napoleon who were at least his equals, and whose fame was at that period even greater than his. The First Consul, on his return from Egypt, had a project for marrying his sister to Moreau: this may give the scale of qualification he required in his brother-in-law, much distinction from glory, and none from birth. I know also, for the First Consul has himself told me so, that he once had an idea of giving his sister to Augereau.* Caroline Bonaparte also was passionately in love with Murat. But this love did not take its rise from Joseph's embassy to Rome; Caroline was at that time, at the most, from eleven to twelve years of age. I do not even believe that Murat ever saw her at Rome. If this love really were anterior to his return from Egypt, it must be dated from their meeting at the Serbelloni Palace at Milan. At any rate I can assert, that nothing had occurred to render this marriage desirable to the Bonaparte family, as the Mémoires Contemporaines have said. Caroline Bonaparte married with a reputation as pure and as fresh as her complexion, and the roses of her cheeks. I hope I shall not be accused of partiality towards her; but I must be just and speak the truth. I can do so with the more certainty, as, at the epoch of her marriage, and during some preceding years, the connexion between us was very intimate.

With respect to Murat's beauty and the nobleness of his figure, it is a point which will bear discussion. I do not admit that a man is handsome because he is large, and always dressed for a carnival. Murat's features were not good, and I may even add that, considering him as detached from his curled hair, his plumes, and his embroidery, he was plain. There was something of the negro in his countenance, though his nose was not flat; but very thick lips, and a nose, which, though aquiline, had nothing of nobleness in its form, gave to his physiognomy a mongrel expression at least. I shall speak again of his person and of his talents, which deserve more circumstantial consideration; at present, I have to notice that he and Caroline were married soon after the 8th November, and that at the period of my marriage she was in the eighth month of her pregnancy with the Prince Achilles.

* I shall hereafter relate on what occasion this subject of conversation arose.
CHAPTER XL.

Satisfaction caused by my marriage in the Bonaparte family—Madame Bonaparte jealous of my mother—My mother’s sufferings and preparations for my marriage—Details respecting the family of Junot—His elder brother in Egypt—Imperious will of Bonaparte—His refusal of a passport to Junot’s brother—Junot’s brother taken prisoner by the English—His return, and the melancholy death of his son—Remarkable circumstances attending the child’s death—Its extraordinary attachment to its father—The event related to the First Consul—Conversation between Bonaparte and Corvisart upon the subject.

My marriage delighted Madame Bonaparte the mother; Lucien, Louis, and Joseph Bonaparte, Madame Leclerc, and Madame Bacciochi, rejoiced in the alliance from personal motives; they considered it a sort of victory gained over Madame Bonaparte. The latter, from the reasons of jealousy mentioned before, and which she had sense enough never to profess, though every one in the palace was satisfied that a tacit hostility existed between my mother and her, had laboured zealously to prevent it; and knowing that my mother was well aware of this, was herself the first person to speak to me of it, after my marriage. Her jealousy was, however, unfounded; at this period Napoleon was much attached to Josephine, and she might, if she pleased, have acquired a great influence over him; this she never possessed, as I shall often have occasion to show.

The 30th of October approached, and our domicile, usually so peaceful though cheerful, and especially regular in the hours and manner of living, was now entirely transformed. My poor mother concealed her sufferings, and told me that she had never been better. She frequently went out to make purchases which she would trust to no one else, and which her taste certainly enabled her to choose better than any other person would have done, but which I should have totally declined if I had believed them to have caused her the smallest pain. All that I could say on the subject would, however, have been wholly unavailing; and my brother and I had agreed that it was better not to contradict her. All therefore proceeded rapidly. The day when I was to quit my mother drew very near, and I may safely say, brilliant as was the situation it promised me, I saw its approach with terror.

Junot’s family, to whom he was religiously attached, consisted...
of a father and mother, both in perfect health, and without any infirmity, the father at this time about sixty years of age, and the mother something older; an elder brother married, two uncles, and two sisters, both married; the younger to a landed proprietor named Maldan, and the elder, against the wishes of her parents, to a cousin-german; and, as generally happens with marriages not sanctioned by the parental blessing, this turned out ill—they had many children and were unhappy.

As soon as Junot's marriage was fixed he sent his brother into Burgundy to fetch his father and mother, and his wife. M. Junot, the elder brother, was not only a respectful son, an affectionate brother, a tender husband and father, but he was also a man of unimpeachable honour, and of the severest probity. Bonaparte, who knew his worth, was bent upon taking him on his expedition to Egypt; and when Junot obtained leave to visit his family, before he set out, he was expressly commanded to bring his brother back with him. Fraternal affection, and the great prospects held out to him, wrung from him an unwilling assent. He took leave of a beloved wife and an idolized infant, his only child, a boy two years and a half old, from whom he had yet scarcely been separated for an hour, and proceeded with his brother to Toulon. Here, however, he completely repented, and too late endeavoured to obtain his dismissal. Bonaparte had appointed him to a confidential situation on his civil staff, and had too much esteem for his probity to permit him to recede. In despair he embarked on board l'Orient—in despair he reached Egypt; and though he never neglected his duties, he never ceased importunately to demand his dismissal. But the General was not to be moved; and it was not till after the departure of Bonaparte himself, that my homesick brother-in-law obtained leave to return to Europe. But fresh troubles awaited him: the vessel in which he sailed was taken by the English, and, with the loss of all the property he had with him, he was, after an imprisonment of some months at Mahon, landed at length on the coast of France. Rejoicing in the thought of reposing at last under his own roof, he reached it to learn that the son he adored was no more. The truly affecting manner of his darling's death was not made known to him till his wife had given birth to another child; but he never ceased to feel for this one a sentiment of greater tenderness than any of his other children inspired.

The cause of this infant's death, extraordinary as it may seem, was the ardour of his attachment to its father. He had bid him adieu, and had seen him depart; but when he found that he did not speedily return, his grief, at first moderate, became un governable: for some days he cried without cessation, perpetually inquiring where was his papa. At length his useless tears were intermitted, but his sighs, his pallid cheeks, and con-
that his grief was not abated. His mother, observing with the
acuteness peculiar to a mother's love, that the indefinite idea
produced by the uniform answer to his question, that his father
was gone away, only increased his distress, at last replied, that
he was at Bussy, a small estate the family possessed a few miles
from Dijon. "Then let us go to Bussy," said the infant, with
the first expression of joy he had shown since his afflicting loss.
The family made a rule of indulging all his wishes, and affording
every diversion that could be supposed to alleviate his sorrow,
and a journey to Bussy was undertaken; but the disappointment
here experienced added to the malady which had now taken
deep hold upon him; in turn, a removal to the houses of all his
relations was tried, but in vain; at the end of a twelvemonth
this extraordinary infant, who, at the time of his father's de-
parture, was one of the finest, most healthy, and animated of
children, expired with the dear name of papa still upon his
lips.

The melancholy circumstances of this event were related to
me a few weeks after my marriage; and it happened that some
anecdotes of extraordinary children formed the subject of con-
versation at Malmaison one evening, about that time, and I
related this interesting tale, then fresh in my mind. The First
Consul, who usually did not enter at all into such subjects, paid
great attention to what I was saying, and when I had done,
asked me whether I had not abused my privilege of historian,
and had not, of a very simple fact, created a romance, the hero of
which was a child thirty months old.

"General Junot," I replied, "must be my guarantee, General,
for the truth of what I have stated; and I can further assure
you, that, far from having added to the affecting parts of my
little history, I have curtailed them; and if you heard the same
tale related by my worthy mother-in-law, who nursed the poor
babe through the whole of its long agony, you would find mine
very cold in comparison."

The First Consul walked to and fro, for some time, without
saying a word. This is known to have been his habit when deep
in thought. Suddenly he raised his head, and looking around
him, asked for Corvisart, who soon appeared. "Corvisart,"
said the First Consul, "is it possible that a child should die of
grief, in consequence of no longer seeing some one it loves, its
nurse for example?" "I believe not," said Corvisart: "at the
same time nothing is impossible; but nothing can be more rare
than such a case, happily, or else what would become of us, we
could not wean a child?"

The First Consul looked at me triumphantly, and said, "I
was sure of it." To this I said, that I thought Dr. Corvisart
had been unfairly interrogated, and that I begged permission to
put the question to him in its true shape. I then, in a few
words, added how I had related the story.