had he heard me out, than he exclaimed, that is quite another case; that a nurse was replaced by a governess, who lavished the same cares upon the child, and gave it food at the hours it had been accustomed to; but that affection distressed by absence, as that of my nephew had been, might cause death, and that the case was not even of very rare occurrence. "I have in my portfolios," said this very skilful man, "a multitude of notices relative to the affections of children; and if you should read them, General, you would find, not only that the germs of the passions exist in their young hearts, but that in some children these passions are developed in an alarming manner. Jealousy, as well as poison, will kill children of three years of age, and even younger." "You think, then, that this little Junot died of grief, from ceasing to see his father?" asked the First Consul.

"After what Madame Junot has just related, I cannot doubt it; and my conviction is confirmed by her having, without being aware of it, described all the symptoms of that malady of which only beings endowed with the most exquisite sensibility are susceptible. The child is happy in its early death, for he would have been to be pitied throughout his existence, and would have met with a perpetual succession of disappointments."

The First Consul rubbed his forehead frequently while Corvisart was speaking. It was evident that his repeated refusals to permit my brother-in-law’s return to Europe were agitating his mind, and I am sure that, had the light been directed to his eyes, I should have seen them moist.

"Is Junot, your brother-in-law, still in Paris?" said he.—"Yes, General!"—"Will you tell him that I wish to see him? Is Junot acquainted with the nature of his nephew’s death?"—"I believe not, General; for my brother-in-law has himself only learnt it since his wife’s accouchement."

He again passed his hand over his forehead, and shook his head with the air of a person who would drive away a painful thought: but he never permitted it to be supposed that he was long under the influence of any predominating emotion; he walked again the length of the room, and then placing himself directly in front of Corvisart, said to him with comic abruptness, "Corvisart, would it be better that there should be doctors, or that there should be none?" The modern Hippocrates replied to the malicious glance which accompanied the question, by one of equal meaning, then parried the attack with a jest, and added, "If you wish me to speak conscientiously, General, I believe that it would be as well if there were not any." We all laughed, when Corvisart continued and said, "but then there should be
CHAPTER XLI.

Thoughtless observation of my mother to Junot respecting nobility, and its prompt correction—Intrigues to break off Junot's marriage—Great number of emigrants in Paris—A young girl seeks Fouché—Affecting scene, and Fouché's sang-froid—Fouché compassionate!—The Marquis des Rosières and his daughter—The ancient Lieutenant of the King and escapades of Fouché—The net of government—The emigrants do justice to the glory of our arms—Junot's visits to my mother, and the news of the succeeding day—The Duke de Mouchy, M. de Montcalm, the Prince de Chalais, MM. de l'Aigle, and M. Archambeau de Perigord—Rudeness of the Marquis d'Haut—Text of a curious letter, addressed by Berthier to Junot from Madrid during an embassy—The passages omitted—Berthier, and the gift of tongues—Amusing adventure of Berthier at Milan—The tailor and the landlady.

The rapidity with which my marriage was pressed had this singularity in it, that those of our friends who were at this time in the country, or at watering-places, heard of it only when it was completed. To many of them it was unwelcome news; and some of our noble relatives reminded my mother, that though my father had been of plebeian origin she was not; and that she was wanting in respect to herself in bestowing her daughter upon an upstart General of the Revolution. My mother unadvisedly repeated these observations to General Junot, to whom it may be supposed they were not very acceptable: my mother, observing this, rectified the error with her characteristic grace. "And why," she continued, "should this offend you? Do you think me capable of being affected by such opinions? Do you imagine that I regret having given you my child—having named you my son, and the brother of my Albert? No, my dear Junot," (and she cordially pressed his hand as she said it,) "we are now united for life and death!"

Junot has since told me that this explanation, given by my mother, had produced a very good effect on him. For some days past he had been disturbed by reports that my family were desirous of breaking off the match; and that another, more eligible, having offered, my disinclination towards him would be made the pretence for dismissing him. Another marriage was also strongly pressed upon him, but Junot was too much engaged in honour and in heart to recede: and these attempts had no result, unless it were that of impressing me with a slight difference of virtue, and in more than one point of view.

The rapidity with which my marriage was pressed had this singularity in it, that those of our friends who were at this time in the country, or at watering-places, heard of it only when it was completed. To many of them it was unwelcome news; and some of our noble relatives reminded my mother, that though my father had been of plebeian origin she was not; and that she was wanting in respect to herself in bestowing her daughter upon an upstart General of the Revolution. My mother unadvisedly repeated these observations to General Junot, to whom it may be supposed they were not very acceptable: my mother, observing this, rectified the error with her characteristic grace. "And why," she continued, "should this offend you? Do you think me capable of being affected by such opinions? Do you imagine that I regret having given you my child—having named you my son, and the brother of my Albert? No, my dear Junot," (and she cordially pressed his hand as she said it,) "we are now united for life and death!"

Junot has since told me that this explanation, given by my mother, had produced a very good effect on him. For some days past he had been disturbed by reports that my family were desirous of breaking off the match; and that another, more eligible, having offered, my disinclination towards him would be made the pretence for dismissing him. Another marriage was also strongly pressed upon him, but Junot was too much engaged in honour and in heart to recede: and these attempts had no result, unless it were that of impressing me with a slight difference of virtue, and in more than one point of view.
to exclude me from a society in which I was entitled, from various reasons, to hold a leading rank.

The emigrants were now returning in crowds: La Vendée was settling peaceably; many persons connected with the nobility were repairing to Paris as a more secure asylum than the provinces. Fouché, the minister of police, on whom their fate so much depended, was wicked only in circumstances which had immediate reference to himself; otherwise he was capable of good actions, of which the following is an example. In the month of September of the year 1800, Fouché was frequently told that a young woman, indifferently dressed but very pretty, asked a private audience of him, but without claiming any acquaintance with him, or making use of any name to obtain an introduction, while she persisted in refusing to state her own name or residence. Fouché, who at this time had too many affairs of importance upon his hands to be able to spare any attention to one which offered only an appearance of gallantry, took no notice of this. The young girl, however, continued to besiege his door, notwithstanding the insults of the domestics always so plentifully lavished upon misfortune, till at length the first valet, taking pity upon her, approached and inquired, why she did not write to the citizen-minister? "You might," said he, "by that means obtain an audience, which, I believe, is what you want, is it not?"

The young person said it was, but that her name was unknown to the minister, who would therefore probably refuse her request. The poor child wept as she pronounced the last words: the valet looked at her, and pondered. Whether his thoughts were what they should be, I do not pretend to say, but his resolution was quickly taken. He looked at his watch, and found that it was not yet eleven o'clock, and that, consequently, his master would not have finished his breakfast. "Wait a few minutes," said he to the young girl; "but tell me, do you live far off?"—"Yes; very, very far!" The valet, who was now examining her faded black dress, said to himself, "But how the devil am I to take her in, equipped in that fashion?" His eyes, raised to inspect her bonnet, at that moment fell upon a most lovely countenance, and he added: "Bah! I should be very absurd to trouble myself about her dress: wait for me, my child."

"Citizen minister," said he, as he entered the private cabinet where his master was breakfasting, and at the same time pursuing his business: "there is without a young girl, who for this month past, has come daily to speak to you; she weeps, and pretends that her business concerns life and death: she seems very much distressed. Shall I bring her in?"—"Hum!" said Fouché; "another of the intrigues of those women who solicit the pardon of their brothers and cousins, without ever having
had either father or mother. How old is this one?”—“About eighteen, citizen minister.”

“It is as I guess, then. And thou, honest fellow, hast taken charge of her introduction? But I am armed at all points. Bring the nymph in, and let her look to it if she have not her patent.”

The valet introduced his protégée. On seeing her, Fouché betrayed, by a movement of surprise, the effect which her really distinguished manner, compared with her worn-out apparel, made on him. A sign from the minister sent away the valet. “What do you want with me, my dear child?” said he to his young visitor. She threw herself on her knees before him, and joining her hands, “I am come,” said she sobbing, “to beg the life of my father.” Fouché started as if a serpent had crossed his path, in hearing a petition for human life proceed from such lips. “And who is your father?” said he, “what is his name?”—“Ah! you will kill him!” she cried, in a voice trembling with terror, as she perceived Fouché’s sallow complexion take a still more livid tint, and his white lips contract; “you will kill him!”—“Peace! simpleton as you are. Stand up, and tell me the name of your father. How came he to be in Paris, if he be in fear for his life?”

The young lady then related their history: it was short and affecting. Her father, the Marquis des Rosières, after having been several times made prisoner in La Vendée, was taken at last with arms in his hands, and had escaped by a miracle; but closely pursued, almost tracked, he had at length arrived at Paris as the safest place of refuge. His daughter was to have rejoined him, with her mother, and a young sister about twelve years of age. “But,” continued she, “I lost my mother and sister, and arrived here alone.”—“How then did they die so suddenly?” asked Fouché. “The Blues killed them,” said she in a low voice, casting down her eyes; for she feared Fouché would impute it to her as a crime to denounce that of the republican soldiers.

“Where do you lodge?” said the minister, after a moment’s silence. Mademoiselle des Rosières appeared to hesitate. “Very well,” said Fouché stamping his foot, “you will not tell me where you live? If you do not tell me with a good grace, my people will know where to find you two hours hence, or sooner.” Incapable of resistance, Mademoiselle des Rosières again fell upon her knees, extending her hands to him. “Come, be quiet, let us have no tragedy—I do not like it; only tell me if I may depend upon your father. If I obtain his pardon, can I depend upon him?”

* Fouché, who, as all the world knows, was a moral man, one day had all the female frequenters of the Palais Royal and such like haunts taken up, that he might compel them to take out a patent. He chose to have order even in the uncertainty of his enemies.
The expression of Mademoiselle des Rosières’s countenance at this moment required no interpreter. “You are a silly child,” said Fouché, with an accent of dissatisfaction, “when I wished to know if I might depend upon your father, it was in the name of the First Consul. Did you suppose I wanted to make him a police spy?” He wrote the address of Mademoiselle des Rosières on a card, and before she left the room asked her, why she applied to him, rather than to the First Consul? “By my father’s desire,” she answered; “he thought you would have known his name.” The minister was instantly struck with a remembrance which had escaped him; but he still doubted. “Tell your father to write me word this very day, whether he were not a lieutenant of the King before the Revolution.” M. des Rosières’s answer was in the affirmative. He had been the King’s lieutenant in Brittany and in Burgundy, or rather in Franche-Comté, and in this capacity had had the good fortune to be very useful to the young Abbé Fouché. In a question of town-walls escaladed, the doors of a seminary forced; in fine, of very grave matters, the lieutenant of the King, like the good Samaritan, had enveloped the whole in the mantle of charity. I know not precisely the extent of the obligation he had conferred, but this I know, that the day succeeding his daughter’s interview with the minister M. des Rosières received a safe conduct, and a short time afterwards a free pardon, with a good place as commandant of a town in Alsace. There his daughter established herself with him in the winter of 1801. She married there, and now inhabits her château of Reisberg, some leagues from Colmar. One remarkable circumstance was, that the valet de chambre was discharged. For what reason?

This adventure may give occasion to many observations. I have inserted it here, first, because, in point of time, this is its proper place; and secondly, because I shall have frequent occasion to speak of the principal actor in this little scene; and I am not sorry to have a point of comparison to offer. Fouché, again, is one of those great figures in our political drama who is supposed to be well represented by the painting of a single trait. But what different shades, what diverse attitudes must be studied to complete the portrait! I knew him well; for finding myself often brought into contact with him, I have watched him with a minute attention, which I believe would not have suited him had he been aware of it; but the result is, that my observations upon him are numerous and important.

Fouché has been much spoken of; and certainly much may be said of him. The epochs of his life, which are preserved in the Moniteur and in all the biographies, are frequently recalled. I shall speak of him, not differently, but with more development. I shall show him often acting in concert with one of the first actors on our great theatre; and some actions of both may be illustrated, by the light which I shall throw upon them. These
same actions formed in great measure the net of government* in which Napoleon enveloped us. He was too skilful not to be aware of the consequences; but organizing upon ruins and with ruins, in order to arrive at his object, which was a strong and compact government with a free and rapid circulation, it was necessary to employ the instruments which he found in the workshop of which he had taken possession; but Napoleon was a giant, and all in his hands struck with the force of a club; it was therefore the more essential that he should himself watch over their employment and direction. Among those who surrounded him on his return from Egypt, and on the 18th Brumaire, there are but few that I shall place in my historical picture to be judged by their loyally patriotic labours; Carnot, Thibaudeau, Dejean, Boissy-d'Anglas, Berlier, and some others, and the catalogue is full.

Meanwhile the year 1800 was drawing to a close, and every month, every week, brought news of fresh victories gained by Moreau, who in a few days acquired an immortality, if he had known how to preserve it. He forced Austria, still trembling with the shame of Marengo, to come to confession at Luneville. Of all the insults and humiliations we had suffered under the campaigns of Schérer, and the victories of Suwaroff, we were now about to be revenged! Every evening General Junot brought news which made my heart and that of Albert beat. It was curious to observe the different impressions made upon different individuals; but this justice I must render to all, that never, either by word or gesture, was the smallest regret expressed on occasion of a victory obtained by our troops; and I may say, that at this epoch the first names of France were happy and proud to march under the shadow of our laurels, though some of them, while triumphing in the glory of their country, were not the less faithful to their original allegiance. I shall not make exceptions; France has always been rich in similar examples; I shall only name the Duke de Mouchy, M. de Montcalm, the Prince de Chalais, the MM. de l'Aigle, M. Archambaud de Perigord, as persons belonging to my mother's society, and because the recollection of association with persons upright and constant in their opinions is pleasing to the mind.

Junot, who was not prodigal in his esteem and attachment, accorded both to the persons I have named, and when he met them at my mother's house he was not prevented by their presence from reading his news; he was sure that the good fortune of France would be welcome to them. It was not so with the Marquis d'Hau—t; he was by disposition contradictory and quarrelsome; and though he possessed talents, his constant unreasonable disputations rendered him unendurable as a companion.
One evening Junot (it was before he had offered me his hand) had been dining with Carnot, then minister of war, and having learned news which he presumed would be agreeable to us, came to my mother’s with proofs of some of the morrow’s journals, and private letters which he had himself received. One of these, from Berthier, whom the First Consul had sent into Spain, contained some very interesting details. Madame Visconti, who had dined with us, had learned this, and was very impatient to see the letter. Before he read it, Junot was remarking upon the smiling and happy aspect of affairs, while only a few months previous, France had been a scene of mourning. He described Italy restored to our authority, Russia desiring our alliance, England renouncing the title of King of France, to facilitate her negotiations with the consular government, Austria beaten at all points, and—“Hold there!” interrupted M. d’Hau—t rudely, “that is no cause for boasting. General Moreau has done that.”

Junot was so much astonished, not only at the interruption, but at the manner of it, that at first he turned towards M. d’Hau—t, and fixed his eyes upon him without speaking, but soon after observed with a marked emphasis:

“I thought, till this moment, that General Moreau was a Breton; and I thought further, that since the marriage of Anne of Brittany with two of our kings, Brittany was become a province of France; and from all this I came to the conclusion that General Moreau was a Frenchman.”

“Oh! let us leave these querulous discussions, my dear friend,” said Madame Visconti, in a wheedling tone, “for I am longing to hear Berthier’s letter.”—“You are right,” said Junot, and he read to us the following, which he drew from his pocket:

“St. Ildefonso, 28 Fructidor, year IX.

“You will have learnt by the journals, my dear Junot, that I reached Madrid on the evening of the 2d September. Duroc will also have communicated to you the letter which I wrote to him, and in which I described the fatigue I had undergone from the heat and the dust, particularly in the neighbourhood of Madrid. Imagine yourself at Tentoura or at Cesarea,—the same misery. In all respects I find great resemblance between the two countries; only that Egypt has the advantage.

“On arriving at Madrid, I found that the whole town had deferred their bed-time to come and meet me; the street of Alcalá was illuminated with large torches of wax which had a very good effect. The crowd was so great, that my carriage could not proceed. On reaching the hotel appointed for my residence, I alighted from my carriage to the sound of military music, really very fine. Alquier had ordered me an excellent
slept as if I were but twenty years old. Tell this to some one of
my acquaintance.

"I have therefore slept equally well on mattresses of white
satin as on an iron bedstead. The morning after my arrival I
quitted Madrid, to join the King and Queen of Spain here. In
traversing Madrid I was so warmly applauded, for that is the
only suitable word, that the tears started to my eyes; I thought
at once of my much-beloved General, to whom these applauses
were addressed. But all this was nothing compared to the recep-
tion I met with from their Catholic Majesties. The King
embraced me, and the Queen, who is very handsome, gave me her
hand to kiss, and then embraced me also. But that which
passes all belief is, the excessive attachment which their
Majesties express for the Republic, and especially for our much-
beloved Consul.* His reputation has crossed the Pyrenees, and
is come to make friends for him in the heart of Spain. All goes
well. I hope to terminate the commission with which I am
charged as I have usually done, and merit his approbation. The
Queen of Spain has spoken much to me of a certain person of
my acquaintance, whose reputation for beauty, like the renown
of the First Consul, has stepped over the boundaries of France.
Ah, my dear Junot! how do I long to be again amongst you all!
I do not like Spain. Try if the First Consul cannot be induced
to replace me by Duroc, or Bourrienne. Why I name the latter,
I cannot rightly say. Adieu, my dear Junot! You ask me for
details; I hope those I have sent you are sufficiently inter-
esting. How I long to be in the midst of you! I beg you
to tell the Signora Pepita (that is what I shall call her here)
that I have not forgotten her commission; she might be well
assured of that; I wrote to her by the last courier I sent; but I
am always happy to repeat that I am her slave, and perhaps she
will more readily believe it when the lips of a friend repeat it
for me. Read her, then, this part of my letter. Cara, cara
Pepita. You see that I improve.

"Adieu, my dear Junot; adieu, my dear friend. Pray tell
the First Consul that you know I am ill, and that he should not
leave me long here. I know that my mission is but temporary,
but I tremble to think of the possibility of only remaining here
three months. They write to me from Paris that I am spoken
of for the war ministry.† I know nothing of it.

"Adieu, my friend.

"Salutation and friendship,

"ALEXANDER BERTHIER."

I ought to notice, before proceeding further, two things of
small importance, but which are connected with this letter. The

* This is not the only letter which Junot received from Berthier, in which his
attachment to the First Consul is similarly testified.
first is, that it was some time afterwards that I became acquainted with the whole of it. General Junot did not think it necessary to read to us Berthier’s expressions of love, thrown into the midst of a serious epistle, otherwise filled with matters of importance to the country, and which gave him the attitude of a true Cassandra. There was something absurd in this ambassador of a great nation, forty-five years of age, soliciting a young man of twenty-seven to associate with him in a falsehood to procure his return a few weeks sooner to the side of his mistress; and Junot would not allow M. de Hau—t the gratification of remarking upon it. The second thing was explained with much less difficulty. He told us that Berthier had never in his life been able to learn a single word of a foreign language. “And to such an extent was this eccentricity carried,” said Junot, “that in Egypt it was not possible to make him say the word Para. He learnt it, but as soon as it became necessary to place it in a phrase, it was gone. Being once at Milan, and in immediate want of a tailor, he ordered his servant to fetch him one. The valet not understanding a single word of Italian represented to his master that he should lose himself in the town, and that it was necessary to wait for the servant of the house. Berthier was impatient and very peremptory, particularly when in immediate want of anything he ordered. “You are a blockhead,” said he to the valet; “order the mistress of the house to come up.” He brought up the landlady, leading her by the sleeve, for she did not, or would not understand a word of French.

“Madam,” said Berthier, stammering, as he always did when he intended to make an impression, which did not help him at all; “Madam, I wish for a tailor.” The landlady looked at him without answering. “Madam,” said Berthier, raising his voice to its highest pitch, that she might understand him the better. “I want a tailor!” The woman looked at him in silence, but smiled and shook her head in token of not understanding.

“Parbleu!” said Berthier; “this is rather too much! what, you do not know what a tailor is?” Then, taking the skirt of his own coat and that of his servant, he shook first one and then the other, crying still louder and louder, “a tailor! I say, a tailor!”

The lady, who smiled at first, now began to laugh; and after a while, beginning to think that her lodger was mad, called out to her servants as loud as she could, saying, “Ma è matto questo benedetto generale! per il cassa di san Pasquale è matto.”

Two waiters ran up at the furious noise made by Berthier, their mistress, and the valet; and they only increased the confusion. “I went just at this moment,” continued Junot, who related this story, “to visit Berthier, and from the foot of the staircase heard a noise sufficient to stun one; I could not understand what should cause such a tumult in his apartment, and I hurried upstairs, making up my mind that I should find him
with a face as red as fire, and eyes starting from their sockets, marching up and down the room, vehemently exclaiming: “A tailor, a tailor! It is to provoke me that they will not fetch one; they can hear very well.” To make himself better understood he had taken off his coat, and was shaking it like a madman. When I went in, he threw it upon the ground; and advancing to the landlady, took her by the arms and pulled her before him, saying, “Stand there! old sibyl;” then shaking his two hands, which were by no means handsome, he said to her: “What! you do not know what a tailor is?” then imitating with his short thick fingers the action of a pair of scissors, he cried out in a tone of despair, “a tailor, I say; tailleur! tailleur! taffium! taillarum!”

The sight of Junot overjoyed him. An explanation ensued, and when Berthier heard the word sartore, which he ought to have used, “Pardieu!” said he, putting on his coat, and wiping his forehead, “it was well worth the trouble of making me cry out like that! I asked them for a tailor. Well! tailleur, sartore: it means the same thing after all; and besides, I showed them my coat.”*

CHAPTER XLII.

Madame Bernard’s daily bouquet—Junot accused of being a conspirator—His inexplicable absence—Lucien Bonaparte and the Abbé Rose—A new opera—Discussions upon it—Les Iliades—Mysterious entreaties of Junot to dissuade us from going to the Opera—Half-confidence of Junot to my brother—Evening at the Opera—Enthusiasm caused by the presence of Bonaparte—The First Consul, my mother, and the opera-glass—Lainez, Lafort, and Mademoiselle Maillard—Junot frequently called away; his mind engaged—The Adjutant Laborde—The gaiety of Junot, and the composure of the First Consul—The conspiracy of Ceracchi and Aréna—Quitting the Opera; the First Consul saved—The brothers Aréna—Nocturnal conversation at my mother’s.

The preparations for my marriage were in active progress during the month of October. Junot looked in upon us every morning, and then came to dinner, having his coach or his cabriolet always filled with drawings, songs, and a heap of trifles from the Magazine of Sykes, or the Petit Dunkerque, for my mother and me; and never forgetting the bouquet, which, from the day of our engagement to that of our marriage he never once failed to present me. It was Madame Bernard, the famous bouquetière to the Opera, who arranged these nosegays with such admirable art; she has had successors, it is true, but the honour of first introducing them is all her own.

* At this time Milan was far from being what it has since become, and there
One day Junot appeared uneasy, agitated, having been called away from the dining-table. It was then Madame de Contades, seeing him very silent, said jestingly, "General, you are as serious as a conspirator!" Junot coloured. "Oh!" she continued, "I know that you have nothing to do with conspiracies, or at least that yours would be only directed against us poor emigrants, returned and ruined as we are; and really you would have more than fair play!"

"I believe," said I, "there is little danger in conspiracies; it is rare that their motives are perfectly pure, and the interest of the country, always the pretence, is generally the last thing intended; and therefore it happens that almost all great conspiracies are discovered before they take effect. The real danger to the chief of a state arises from a fanatic such as Jacques Clement; an insane ascetic, such as Ravaillac or Jean Chatelet; or a hand conducted by desperation, like that of Charlotte Corday: those are the blows which cannot be warded off. What barrier can be opposed to them? What guards can prevent my reaching the most powerful throne upon earth to hurl its master to the grave, if I am willing to give blood for blood, life for life."

Every one exclaimed against me. "Come," said my mother, "away with these Grecian and Roman notions." I kissed her hand and smiled; a glance towards General Junot had found his eyes fixed upon me with an expression so singular, that an idea crossed my mind that he would not be very solicitous for an union with so resolute a woman, who seemed willing to play with poniards as with her fan. The thought seemed even to myself burlesque, because it was far from the truth, and at that period of my life I was one of the greatest poltroons of my sex. I was seated at the foot of my mother's sofa, and leaning towards her, whispered to her in Italian the thought which had just struck me. My mother laughed as well as myself, and we both looked towards General Junot, supposing that he would understand us, and approach to partake of our gaiety. He came indeed, but instead of replying to our jests, he fixed on me a look of anxious expression, and taking my hand and my mother's pressed them both. While leaning over us he said to me, "Promise me not to speak again upon this subject: say you will not?"—"Undoubtedly, I will not; but why?"—"I will tell you by and by; at least I hope so," he added, with a singular smile. Lucien Bonaparte, who came in at that moment, would know to what our conference related; for the other interlocutors continued the discussion, and the conspiracies were still as much alive as if we had been in the praetorian halls. "Bah!" said Lucien, "these subjects of conversation are not suited for women, and I wonder that these gentlemen have suffered them to proceed so long. It would be much better to talk of the opera I am to give you the day after to-morrow."
arrived at this moment from the general rehearsal. One was much pleased with the opera, another did not like it at all. Albert and the Abbé, both good authorities, differed totally in opinion; music and the opera underwent a long and critical discussion. Lucien and Junot meanwhile betaking themselves to private conversation. I remarked that they never raised their voices, and that the subject which occupied them seemed to be serious and important. The expression of their countenances made me uncomfortable, though I knew of nothing actually alarming. Everything appeared sombre and mysterious around us. It was evident that great uneasiness agitated the persons who were attached to the First Consul. I dared not ask a question. Lucien looked upon me as a child; and nothing could induce me to interrogate General Junot. Joseph, who was goodness itself, was the only person to whom I could have summoned courage to speak upon such a subject; but he was about to set out for Luneville, and we scarcely saw him again.

On the 11th of October Junot came early in the morning which was not usual. He was still more serious than the day of the conversation upon conspiracies. We were to go this evening to the first representation of Les Horaces of Porta and Guillard. Guillard was the intimate friend of Brunetière, who interested himself much in its success, and had begged as a favour that we would attend it. This party was then arranged, and I confess much to my satisfaction. My mother was better, and I looked forward to the evening as a great treat. It was then with no very pleasant emotion that I heard Junot ask my mother not to go to the Opera. His reasons for making this request were the most singular. The weather was bad, the music was bad, the poem was good for nothing; in fine, the best thing we could do was to stay at home. My mother, who had prepared her toilet for all the magnificence of a first representation, and who would not have missed it had it been necessary to pass through a tempest, and listen to the dullest of poems, would not attend to any of Junot’s objections; and I was delighted, for I placed full confidence in the Abbé Rose, who said that the music was charming. The General, however, still insisted; so much obstinacy at length made an impression upon my mother, who, taking the General’s arm, said to him anxiously, “Junot, why this perseverance?—is there any danger?—why are you afraid?”

“No, no,” exclaimed Junot! “I am afraid of nothing but the ennui you will experience, and the effect of the bad weather. Go to the Opera. But,” continued he, “if you decide upon going, permit me to beg you not to occupy the box you have hired, but to accept of mine for the night.”

“I have already told you, my dear General, that it is impossible. It would be contrary to all established customs, and I
daughter, your betrothed bride, but not yet your wife, appear in a box which all Paris knows to be yours? But for what reason am I to give up mine?” “Because it is at the side, which is a bad situation for the opera; and it is, besides, so near to the orchestra, that Mademoiselle Laurette’s delicate ear will be so offended, she will not, for the next fortnight, be able to perform herself.”

“Come, come,” said my mother, “there is not common sense in all this. We will go and hear this second Cimarosa, who, no doubt, will not equal his prototype; but at all times a first representation is a fine thing. Do you dine with us?”—“I cannot,” answered the General: “I cannot even come to offer you my arm, but I shall certainly have the honour of seeing you at the Opera.”

On quitting my mother, the General went up to Albert’s apartment, and found him in his study, surrounded by those peaceful labours which so usefully divided his time. He earnestly recommended him not to lose sight of my mother and myself throughout the evening. “I have endeavoured,” said he, “to persuade your mother not to go out this evening, and especially against going to the Opera, but without any effect. There may be trouble there, though there is no actual danger to fear; but I confess I should be better pleased if persons in whom I am interested were at home, rather than at the Opera. Your prudence, my dear Albert, guarantees your silence; you understand my situation;” and he left him, promising an explanation of what he had just said the next morning, if not that very night.

My brother came down to my mother, and the thoughtfulness of his air struck us immediately. “Ah!” said my mother, “what means all this? Junot would prevent our going to the Opera; and here is another preparing to accompany us there, as if he were going to a funeral. It is worth while, certainly, to lay plans for gaiety if they are to be executed in such solemnity.” My brother could not help laughing at this petulant sally, and this restored my mother’s good humour. We dined earlier than usual, and took our seats at the Opera at eight o’clock.

The boxes were already filled. The ladies were all elegantly dressed. The First Consul had not yet taken his place. His box was on the first tier to the left, between the columns which separate the centre from the side boxes. My mother remarked, that the eyes of all persons in the pit, and nearly of all the boxes, were directed towards it. “And,” said Albert, “observe also the expression of affection in the audience.

“Bah!” said my mother; “though I am near-sighted, I can see very well that it is but curiosity. We are always the same people. Lately, at that fête of the Champ-de-Mars, when the Abbé Sieyes (she never used any other denomination), wore
he formerly carried the Host, did not every one, and myself amongst the first, strain our necks to obtain a better sight of him? And the chief of the band of sharpers, was not he also the point of attraction for all eyes in the day of his power? Well, this man is now master in his turn, and he is gazed at as the others have been before him.

My brother persisted in saying that the First Consul was loved, and that the others had only been feared. I was quite of his opinion: and my mother only replied by shrugging her shoulders. At this moment the door of the First Consul’s box opened, and he appeared with Duroc, Colonel Savary, and, I think, Colonel Lecaron. Scarcely was he perceived, when, from all parts of the theatre, arose simultaneously plaudits so unanimous, that they appeared to constitute but one and the same sound. The stage was thought of no more; all heads were turned towards General Bonaparte, and a stifled hurrah accompanied the clapping of hands and stamping of feet. He saluted the audience with much smiling grace; and it is well known that the least smile enlivened his naturally stern countenance, and imparted a striking charm to it. The applause continuing, he inclined his head two or three times, without rising, but still smiling. My mother observed him through her glass, and did not lose one of his movements. It was the first time she had seen him since the great events of Brumaire; and he so entirely occupied her attention, that General Junot came into the box without her perceiving him. “Well! do you find him changed since you saw him last?” said he.

My mother turned hastily round, and was as much embarrassed as a young girl who should be asked why she looked out of the window when the person who most interested her was passing. We all laughed, and she joined us. Meanwhile, the orchestra had recommenced its harmonious clamber, giving the diapason to Laforet and Lainez, who both screamed in emulation who should be best, or rather who should be worst; and Mademoiselle Maillard chimed in with lungs worthy a Roman lady of ancient times, making us regret that Madame Chevallier no longer occupied the scene. My mother, whose Italian ear could not support such discord, often turned towards General Junot, to speak of the enchanting songs of Italy, so soft and so sweet. At one of these moments the General slightly touched her arm, and made her a sign to look to the First Consul’s box. General Bonaparte had his glass directed towards us, and as soon as he perceived that my mother saw him, he made two or three inclinations in the form of a salutation: my mother returned the attention by one movement of her head, which was probably not very profound, for the First Consul, as will be shortly seen, complained to my mother herself of her coldness.
the instant, had not one of the officers of the garrison of Paris tapped at the door of the box to request him to come out. It was an adjutant named Laborde, the most cunning and crafty of men. I shall sometimes have occasion to speak of him, and his portrait may take its place very well amongst those whom we cannot do without. His figure and his manner were at this moment indescribable. Albert, who now saw him for the first time, wished for a pencil to make a sketch of him.

General Junot was absent but a few moments. When he returned to the box, his countenance, which all day had been serious and even melancholy, had resumed in a moment its gaiety and openness, relieved of all the clouds which had veiled it. He leaned towards my mother, and said, very low, not to be heard in the next box, “Look at the First Consul; remark him well.”—“Why would you have me fix my eyes on him?” said my mother; “it would be ridiculous.”

“No, no, it is quite natural. Look at him with your glass; then I will ask the same favour from Mademoiselle Laurette.”—I took the opera-glass from my brother, and looked at him in my turn.—“Well,” said the General, “what do you observe?”—“Truly,” I replied, “I have seen an admirable countenance; for I can conceive nothing superior to the strength in repose, and greatness in quiescence, which it indicates.”—“You find its expression, then, calm and tranquil?”—“Perfectly. But why do you ask that question?” said I, much astonished at the tone of emotion with which the General had put this question.

He had not time to answer. One of his aides-de-camp came to the little window of the box to call him. This time he was absent longer; and on his return wore an air of joy; his eyes were directed towards the box of the First Consul, with an expression which I could not understand. The First Consul was buttoning the gray coat which he wore over the uniform of the Guards, and was preparing to leave the box. As soon as this was perceived the acclamations were renewed as vehemently as on his entrance. At this moment, Junot, no longer able to conquer his emotion, leaned upon the back of my chair, and burst into tears. “Calm yourself,” said I, leaning towards him to conceal him from my mother, who would certainly have exercised her wit upon the subject: “Calm yourself, I entreat you. How can a sentiment altogether joyful produce such an effect upon you?”

“Ah!” replied Junot, quite low, but with an expression I shall never forget, “he has narrowly escaped death! the assassins are at this moment arrested.”

I was about to exclaim, but Junot silenced me. “Say nothing, you will be overheard. Let us hasten out,” said he. He was so much agitated that he gave me my mother’s shawl, and her mine; then taking my arm, made me hastily descend the stairs.
vois, reserved for the authorities and the diplomatic body. My mother, conducted by my brother, rejoined us at the glass door, and jestingly asked the General if he meant to carry me off. Junot, though cheerful, still had his mind too much fixed on important subjects to reply to her raillery; my thoughts were wholly engaged by the few words he had said in the box, and the silence and haste imposed upon me, alarmed and seriously affected me. Junot observed my paleness, and fearing that I should be taken ill, ran into the street, though it rained in torrents, without listening to my mother, to find our carriages and servants. He met with his own first; my mother did not perceive it till she was already on the step, but immediately made an effort to withdraw. Junot, reminding her of the rain and her health, almost compelled her to get in; then whispering to me, "All is right, for heaven’s sake compose yourself, and say nothing!" called to his coachman, "Rue St. Croix;" then taking Albert’s arm, they went together to seek my mother’s carriage, in which they followed, or rather preceded us; for we found them at home on our arrival.

My mother was, throughout her life, a sort of worshipper of etiquette, and of the usages which should form the code of elegance and good breeding. If she ever failed in them herself, it was from an excessive vivacity which she could not always command; not from ignorance of what was correct, or any intention of neglecting it. Notwithstanding her acute and amiable disposition, she affixed an extreme importance to these trifles; more so than can be conceived, without taking into consideration the education she had received, and the seal of indelible prejudice which the circumstances of the times had impressed upon them. And if I may be allowed to say so, without being accused of speaking too partially of a mother whom I adored, I would add, that the requisitions she imposed on those who surrounded her of attention to trifles, which in our days would perhaps be called puerilities, only increased her claims upon our respect and affection.

No sooner were we alone and in the carriage, than she began to dilate upon the dissatisfaction Junot had caused her.

"What is the use of these parties of pleasure, and in gala costume too? Who would ever have believed that I should give my arm to an officer in uniform to leave the Opera? It is too ridiculous. I will tell him not to go to the Opera again in uniform. He will understand the propriety of it; he has sense, and a good and correct taste. And then, to leave us hanging upon Albert’s two arms, making him resemble a pitcher with two handles! Who ever saw a man of fashion give his arm to two women at once? It is very well for Sykes’s first clerk to gallant the wife and daughter of his master to the theatre in that manner. But a more serious fault which I have to reproach him with is that he has lost his hat."
one of distinction was near; did you observe whether any of our acquaintances were in the corridor?” I had seen several persons whom I knew just before I got into the carriage, but I should have been very unwilling to increase her displeasure by telling her so; I had not time, however, to answer before we stopped at our own door, and Albert and Junot, already arrived, received us there. Junot led my mother to her apartment, placed her on her sofa, surrounded her by those thousand and one little things which are necessary to the comfort of an invalid; then seating himself upon a stool at her feet, and taking her hands in his, assumed a tone suitable to the important event he was about to relate. He informed her that Ceracchi and Aréna, the one actuated by republican fanaticism, the other by vengeance, had taken measures to assassinate Bonaparte. As General Junot proceeded in his account his voice became stronger, his language more emphatic; every word was a thought, and every thought came from his heart. In painting Bonaparte such as he saw him daily, such, in fact, as he was at that time, his masculine and sonorous voice assumed a tone of sweetness; it was melody; but when he proceeded to speak of those men who, to satisfy their vengeance, or their senseless wishes, would assassinate him, who was at that moment charged with the futurity of France, his voice failed, broken by sobs; and leaning his head upon my mother’s pillow, he wept like a child; then, as if ashamed of his weakness, he went to seat himself in the most obscure corner of the room.

My mother’s heart was formed to understand such a heart as Junot’s; and open as she was to all the tender emotions, she was violently agitated by the state in which she saw him. In her turn she burst into tears. “How you love him!” said she.

“How I love him!” answered he, firmly joining his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven: “Yes, I love him! Judge,” continued he, rising and promenading the room as he spoke; “judge what I suffered a few days ago, when your daughter, with an eloquence foreign to her sex and age, convinced us that all barriers, all precautions, would fall before the poniard of an assassin, provided he were but willing to sacrifice his own life. But what more particularly hurt me, was to hear her represent this same assassin as becoming great by his crime.”

My mother looked at me with a countenance of dissatisfaction. Albert, who was sitting near the fire, said nothing; but I was sure he did not blame me.

“All that,” said my mother, “comes of Laurette’s speaking upon subjects which are not in the province of women. I have often told her how much that habit impaired her talents of pleasing; but she pays no attention to what I say on the subject. In my time, we only knew that the month of May was the month of roses, and our ignorance did not make us the less
but Tellemachus, and yet, I believe, I can converse without being
tiresome. I hope, my dear child, that you will correct that
error."

"Ah! I hope not!" answered General Junot. "You have
misunderstood me; it was not what Mademoiselle Laurette
said, which gave me pain, but I immediately considered that
you were acquainted with Aténa, that he often visited here;
that you also knew Ceracchi that these men might have heard
your daughter speak in the same strain; and that the soul and
the head of the latter, especially, was capable of replying to the
appeal which he might fancy to be thus made to him, through
the lips of a young girl; and might, in consequence, develop a
few moments sooner his diabolical intentions. All this is very
ridiculous, very senseless, is it not?" continued the General,
seeing my brother smile at the last words, but I cannot help it;
for the last week I have not in fact been master of my own
thoughts. You may judge if they were likely to be calmed by
the First Consul's resolution of going to the Opera this evening
to expose himself to the pranks of assassins! We have yet
only taken Ceracchi, Aténa, and, I believe, Demerville. They
are just taken, but they were not the only conspirators. It is
pretended that England, and the English committee, are con-
cerned; always the English. There are in this affair only two
motives: one is the hatred of the family and of Corsica; the
other a fanaticism of liberty carried to madness. This is what
should alarm the friends of the First Consul. The most active
policies has no power in such a case, and no means of prevention."

"And what," said my mother, "does Fouche say to all this?"

The General made no answer, but his forehead became
wrinkled, and his brows contracted; he crossed his arms on his
breast, and continued his walk some time in silence, then said,
"Do not speak of that man."

His expression, even in silence, was of such a nature that it
stupified us all. I have since learned the cause of this sentiment,
which broke through all Junot's efforts to restrain it; and I felt
what he must have suffered under such a conviction.

"No; do not speak to me of that man, particularly to-day.
I have had a scene with him this morning! If he had a heart—but
he knew better. If he had but red blood in his veins, we should
have cut each other's throats like brave men, like men at least.
What nonsense to come and tell me that this affair of Ceracchi
was but child's play, to me, who for twelve days past have fol-
lowed him step by step, while he,—but he is in the right," he
continued, with a bitter smile: "he told me, and I believe it is
true, that he should know as much about it in an hour. I am
almost sure of the treason of—"
Albert, who had risen, approached Junot, and whispered to him. The General made an inclination of his head, and pressed my brother’s hand; they again exchanged a few words, and he resumed:

"And what do you think he said upon this resolution of the First Consul to go to the Opera? He blamed him as I did; but what was the motive? ‘Because,’ says he, ‘it is an ambush!’ You suppose, no doubt, that this deprecated ambush was for the First Consul? No such thing; it was for these honest asassins, whose necks I would wring as willingly as a sparrow’s, and with no more scruple, after what I have learned of them, and the honourable function which I find them exercising. He made me an oration, which I believe was taken from his collection of homilies, by which he proposed to prove that the affair might be prevented going to this length. As I had already had a very warm discussion upon the same subject with a personage whom the First Consul will know, some day, what he really is, (and the time is happily not far distant), and as I knew that this personage and Fouché had been emulating each other in their interference in this affair, I was desirous that my way of the thing should be equally known to both of them. I therefore asked Fouché to explain himself clearly, and to tell me that it was worth to lead on these men to the moment of executing their design, since it could be prevented. That was his opinion.

"‘And thus,’ said I, ‘you would replace in society two men who have evidently conspired against the chief of the state, and that not to force him to resign his authority, not to remove him from it, but to murder him for the satisfaction of their own passions. Do you believe that Ceracchi would be content to kill, in sacrificing himself, he could kill the First Consul; putting him to death glut an inordinate passion, in obedience to a species of monomania; do you believe that this madman will be cured by a simple admonition, or by an act of generosity? No; he must kill the man, whom he looks upon as a tyrant, and whom he will never be induced to see in any other light. Or do you believe that Aréna, during so many years the enemy of General Bonaparte, will abjure his hatred against the First Consul because the latter has taken up the character of Augustus? No! It is his death they desire. Listen to the expression of Ceracchi in buying a poniard: ‘I should like better a good knife that does not shut; and the blade solid and sure, and not fail in the hand!’ To leave a determined assassin like this to its bloodthirsty contrivances, what is it but to ensure to-morrow the full execution of the project you have avowed to-day? This

* I here make the General speak (as I do all those whose words I have frequent occasion to report) in the language he used in familiar intercourse, when sufficiently excited to neglect chastening his conversation, or when he omitted to speak in a more pure style; which however, he could do as well as many others, if not better, when so disposed.
is not my first knowledge of the Arénas. The First Consul, who is thoroughly good-hearted, is willing to forget the evil they have always been forward to do him. But I have not so forgiving a soul. I remember his arrest in the South.* I have heard the particulars of the 18th of Brumaire,† and am completely acquainted with all the circumstances of the present affair.‡ Certainly I trembled to see the First Consul go to face death, which, notwithstanding all our cares, he might encounter; but, on the other hand, I saw but this means of cutting through the net they had cast around him. His existence would be rendered miserable, supposing it were preserved. There would be daily new conspiracies; a hydra constantly reviving.—When Fouché," continued Junot, "I found that I saw through him, notwithstanding his cunning, he had recourse to the sentiments of humanity. He! Fouché! He harangued me in the style of a homily; and all this with a head that one would suppose he had stolen from a skeleton. Oh! what a man! And the First Consul will place faith in his words! At length we shall see the conclusion of this affair, which he and another called child’s play—reason in all things."

My mother listened attentively, and I remarked that during General Junot’s long discourse, she and my brother often interchanged signs of acquiescence. When he had ceased speaking, she told him how just she considered his observations upon the Arénas to be. "They nourish hatred in their hearts," said she; "a hatred which may be dated long previously to the 18th of Brumaire, or to the events of Italy. I know not from what it arises, but I am sure that it exists. One thing that surprises me is, that Napoleon, Lucien, and Joseph, are the sole objects of this hatred; and I believe they return it, though to say the truth, I have only conjectures respecting their sentiments, while I have proofs of the hatred of the Arénas towards them. With respect to Cicerchi, nothing you could say of him would surprise me. Permon, who knew him in Italy, introduced him to me at a ball at M. Delanoue’s. Since then, I have sometimes seen him at Madame Magimelli’s at Auteuil; I acknowledge that his exaggerated notions have made me tremble; yet his

* When Bonaparte was arrested by command of Salicetti, the Adjutant-General Arén, the Commissary Denucé, and the Commandant of Gendarmerie Vervain, were the persons intrusted with the execution of the order.

† It is Junot who speaks: he was convinced that the representative Arén, elder brother of the conspirator (they must not be confounded), had attempted to assassinate General Bonaparte at Saint-Cloud. I do not believe it: he hated Bonaparte, but would not have assassinated him.

‡ The plan of the conspirators was to stab the First Consul, as he came out of his box, which, as I have before observed, was on the left between the columns. At this period, the First Consul went in and out by the general entrance. The gallery and the staircase leading to the Rue de Louvois were always crowded with people to see him pass. The assassins were to strike as he stepped out of the box. Colonel Savary behaved nobly on this occasion;
distaste of life, and his profound melancholy, rendered him restless." Albert observed, that his heart must have been profoundly wounded by the injuries which he imagined he had to reproach Bonaparte with; "For I have seen him," said he, "weep with enthusiasm in only speaking of him; and when he was required to model his bust, or rather, when he himself requested permission to execute it, he was so much affected in delineating the traits of him whom he believed destined to regenerate the world, that I have heard it asserted by persons who knew the fact, that he was compelled to abandon his task. This man had a soul of fire."

I had also seen this Ceracchi, and witnessed some of his ebullitions of enthusiastic republicanism at Madame Magimelli's; and I confess he had not produced upon my mind the same disagreeable impressions that he had upon my mother. I pitied him warmly, for it was impossible not to perceive that his excessive sensibility must render him miserable.

The conversation now returned to the Arénas; my mother was much affected by this arrest. Her native country was always dear to her heart, and Aréna was a fellow-countryman. Junot put several questions to her respecting the conduct of the brothers for some years past at Paris. My mother communicated all that she knew on this subject, and it was but little; because, of all the Corsicans at Paris, the Arénas were those who visited her the least frequently. This conversation, however, brought to my mother's recollection a rather remarkable one, which passed between her and Pêpé Aréna on the 17th of Brumaire, the eve of the famous 18th. On that day we were visited by several Corsican representatives, whom we had not seen for some time before, and among them Pêpé Aréna. He came in the morning. His countenance was full of care, and she remarked it to him. He smiled, but his smile was forced. He spoke to her of Corsica, of my grandmother and my uncles; then suddenly inquired if she had seen Lucien lately. My mother answered that she saw him nearly every day, which was true; and as she had much friendship for the young tribune of the people, she spoke of the high reputation he had already acquired as an orator: my brother-in-law, who, as we have seen, was his intimate friend, at that time frequently brought us the journals which reported the speeches (almost always extempore) which he pronounced in the Council of Five Hundred. Some of these improvisations contained admirable strokes of eloquence. "I do not always agree in opinion with him," said my mother; "but I do not therefore the less esteem his talents and his character."

"He is very young, to wish to direct as," said Aréna, with an expression of some bitterness (Lucien was in fact the youngest member of the Council of Five Hundred). "But it seems to me that your opinions are the same," replied my mother: "what
then signifies the age of a man, provided he has ability? His brother has not waited to be forty years old to gain battles."

"Ah! ah! you are reconciled with General Bonaparte! He has been, then, to beg pardon; for, faith, he could do no less."

"We are not now discussing the subject of pardon or offences," said my mother, a little displeased. "I was speaking of Lucien and the glory of his brother."

At the moment when Pépé was about to reply, some one entered, and the conversation instantly ceased. Aréna soon after took up his hat to depart; my mother invited him to dine, which he declined pleading an engagement in the country. My mother told him, laughing, that he was offended, which he denied; but she afterwards told us, that, from that moment, she was convinced that Lucien, and whoever bore the name of Bonaparte, was held in great dislike by Aréna.

CHAPTER XLIII.

My mother’s illness and long convalescence—My brother and a porter—Watching and supper—The bath, a betrayer—Scene of burglary by night—Terrible alarms—Conversation of the thieves—Frightful situation—Recital of this adventure to the First Consul—Bonaparte’s singular question.

In the first year of the consulate, one of those adventures happened to me which sometimes influence the whole life of an individual, by making an entire change in the character of some of its attributes. The impression made upon my mind by the terrors of the night I am going to describe, was so great, that I lost for a time every vestige of courage; and if its effects have at length been sufficiently overcome to protect me from making myself ridiculous, I have rather to thank the efforts of my reason for the remedy, than the simple operation of time.

My mother was recovering from a malady, as alarming as it was painful—an abscess of the head, caused by a severe blow against a marble mantelpiece. During the thirteen days in which the humour was forming, my poor mother’s sufferings were distracting, and without a moment’s respite. Fortunately it found a vent by the ear; for a long time afterwards the smallest unusual noise produced headaches so violent, that they were at first attributed to the tic-douloureux. Her convalescence was very tedious, and demanded the utmost care. The doctors particularly ordered that her sleep should be prolonged as much as possible, and that she should be kept perfectly quiet.

* One of the most curious effects of my mother’s relations with Napoleon was, that anything said against him in her presence always offended her. She
My brother was in the habit of spending the decade in the country, and not returning home till the following morning. In consequence of some business he was transacting for a friend, he had, on the night I am speaking of, the temporary custody of a large sum of money, and both these circumstances were known to a porter, whom he had been long in the habit of employing in various commissions. This man had carried home for my brother a chest clamped with iron, and secured by a capital lock; its contents were valuable, and so heavy, that the man was much fatigued by his exertion, and Albert offered him a glass of wine, saying, "Drink, my poor fellow, it will do you good, for you are terribly hot." The porter, shaking his head, observed, "Oh! I am accustomed to act the beast of burden, you could not have carried half as much." My brother, whose cheerful and sociable temper made him always ready with a jest, answered him laughing, "But I have carried double though." At first, the man started and exclaimed, "It is impossible!" but presently added, "Oh! I understand!" and was about to depart, when he was ordered to fetch my brother's cabriolet for his excursion to Sainte-Mandé.

When, however, the cabriolet was at the door, and the porter, who by his habits of employment in the family, knew that Albert would not return till the next morning, was departed, the plan was changed, and the carriage remanded in consequence of my mother's unwillingness to part with my brother. The day passed happily, and my mother went to bed at her usual hour, and in good spirits.

I remained by her side till she was perfectly asleep, and when convinced by the regularity of her respiration that she was both asleep and easy, I left her about midnight, and repaired to my own apartment, separated from that of my mother's only by a door, which I left ajar. I then took up a book, being unwilling to retire to my bed till quite satisfied that my mother's sleep would be calm. The silence of night now enveloped the city, only broken at intervals by the rapid passage of a carriage, or a distant murmur, which served to show that some few individuals were still awake; these sounds, however, were more and more rarely heard, till at length the quiet in the street became as complete as that which reigned in my little apartment.

By a small timepiece on my little table, I observed that it now wanted but a quarter to one. My mother had then been an hour asleep, and I concluded that I might safely lie down; but in preparing to do so I found myself hungry, and began to look round for my supper. The habit of sitting up a great part of the night had obliged me to supply the want of rest with an extra meal, and some fruit, with bread or cake, was generally left in my room for this purpose. Sometimes, however, this was forgotten for the day, and I often found that the supply was insufficient. I had
slept well. This night I looked in vain for my usual refreshment, but the key of the dining-room lay on my table.

It will be recollected that I have already described the form and disposition of our residence. The kitchen was on the basement, the offices of the domestic establishment on the ground floor, my mother's apartments and mine on the first floor, my brother's on the second, and the sleeping-rooms of the servants, not one of whom was lodged below us, all in the attic story. The rooms surrounded the staircase, and were connected by a gallery. On seeing the dining-room key, which was always deposited in my room when the apartments were closed for the night, I remembered that in the buffet I should find something to eat, and, accordingly, with as little noise as possible, fearing that I might wake my mother, I opened my own door and crossed the landing-place to that of the dining-room. There I found both strawberries and bread, and helping myself, I was about to sit down at the dining-table to eat them; but recollecting that my mother might awake and be alarmed, if she called, without receiving an answer, I returned with my supper to my own room. Having bolted my door rather from habit than prudence, I sat down with a good appetite, and perfect cheerfulness, to enjoy some excellent strawberries, and satisfy my hunger with bread.

I had long been mistress of the establishment, and one of the rules of good housekeeping which I had found the most difficulty in enforcing, had always been the retirement of the servants for the night at the same time with ourselves. My commands were, that, by twelve o'clock, every one in the house should be in bed; but there were certain parties at dominos and cards, which sometimes kept them up till two o'clock in the morning, and I had threatened, and was determined to punish the next infraction of my law in which I should detect them.

I had been about ten minutes at supper when the perfect quiet of the house was interrupted by a noise below stairs. My suspicions were immediately awakened, and the idea that my imperial will was again disobeyed, put me much out of humour. While I was grumbling and eating, my suspicions were changed to conviction; the noise of footsteps, regular, light, and slow, as those of persons fearing to be heard, distinctly reached my ear. I was sure that some persons were coming up the first flight of stone stairs. Determined to take them in the fact, I very gently approached my room-door, that opened upon the stairs, and was slowly and carefully withdrawing the bolts, saying to myself, I shall not this time be told that you never sit up after midnight, it is now one by my timepiece; but wishing to make quite sure of my object, I held the second bolt in my hand to wait till the whole procession, shoes in hand as I supposed, should be in the act of passing the door. At this moment
a noise, which I could compare to nothing but a stroke upon a great drum, saluted my ears, and made me start. It came from my mother's bath, which stood at one corner of the landing. Still more provoked by this noise, which I feared would wake my mother, I was about to throw open the door, when I suddenly recollected that the servants who knew where the bath was, would certainly not have suffered themselves to be betrayed by it. But if it be not they, who can it be? These reflections made my heart beat, and so shook my frame that I was obliged to lean against the door-post for support, while I instinctively replaced the bolts I had so imprudently withdrawn. During this interval the persons were mounting the second staircase, which being of wood I could hear them much more distinctly than before, and was satisfied that their shoes were much stouter and more clumsy than those of any of our household. What was I to do? Should I wake my mother? The consequence would certainly be a frightful increase of her illness. I had not, it is true, any certainty that the nocturnal intruders were banditti, but at that time the most horrible assassinations were common, not only in the neighbourhood of the capital, but in Paris itself. These reflections passed through my mind much quicker than I can write them, but brought no counsel that promised relief from my painful state of apprehension. I listened long and anxiously for some further noise, but all was quiet; it was a false alarm, thought I, and was certainly the servants; I began to breathe more freely, and looked at my timepiece, thinking that an hour at least had passed while I was upon the watch; how much was I surprised to find that the hand had only advanced ten minutes! As all was quiet, I proposed to finish my supper and go to bed, but I trembled, and could scarcely swallow; however I ate my strawberries, and had the last spoonful in my hand, when a very distinct creaking, and the repressed sounds of several footsteps, proved that the persons I had before heard were now coming down the second staircase. The noise was not produced by an alarmed imagination, it was real; persons were coming down stairs with precaution, but certainly coming down; and I could no longer flatter myself that it was the servants. On reaching the landing-place between my door and that of the dining-room, two persons sat down on the steps of the staircase, and began to converse in an under-tone. Trembling from head to foot, I, however, again approached the door, and, listening, heard a few broken sentences, from which I could comprehend that they believed Albert to be in the country; something too I heard of the impenetrable locks of La Dru, two of which fastened his door, and something of its being useless to break into my mother's room. Beyond this I could only collect the broken words—late—daybreak—mother—nothing here—up-stairs—the young
“Well, let us try!” accompanied by the sound of several pieces of iron, gently laid down upon the stone, completed my terror. I considered a moment whether I had not forgotten to shut the dining-room door, by which an entry would be offered to the whole suite of apartments. I looked round, and the sight of the key lying upon my table just afforded me presence of mind enough to determine how to act; it was manifest they were endeavouring to open that door; its resistance could not be long; to wake my mother was now indispensable, and I did so with all the precaution I was capable of. But I could not secure her against alarm; and I had no sooner pronounced the word ‘thieves,’ than with her usual precipitation she seized the three bell-pulls which were suspended by her bed, and pulled them altogether, screaming at the same time with all her strength.

“Oh, recollect, Albert! you will be his death!” I exclaimed, convinced that the first sound of her bell would bring him out quite unprepared to meet the attack of assassins; but while I was making these reflections, and endeavouring to hush her screams, I heard the villains run off; and from the continued sound of hurried steps on the stairs, felt convinced that some of them had been left to pursue their attempts upon my brother’s strong locks, while the two had been consulting near my door upon their ulterior operations. The first sound of the bell had alarmed them, and they were now in hasty retreat. I ran to my window, which overlooked our court, and while I screamed loudly for help, to disturb the coachman and neighbours, saw the two last of the thieves jumping from our wall into the great timber-yard, then in the Rue Jonbert, and which separated our house from that of M. de Caulaincourt.

Meanwhile, my mother continued to ring and call, and the family were soon moving; my brother, on opening his door, found a centre-bit introduced just below the first bolt, and some progress already made in working it; but the landing before my door was a perfect arsenal; there lay two more centre-bits, a crowbar, several iron hooks to serve for picklocks, and two or three keys. My brother put on his great-coat, and went out to alarm the police; the gate of the timber-yard was found open, and a ladder against our wall; but no further trace of the robbers was discovered. It was morning when he returned; he found my mother better than could be expected, but distracted on my account. I had received a shock, the immediate effect of which was terrible, and threatened to be long-during.

I was seized with a fever, which brought on delirium; the impression of the thieves on the landing was always vividly before me, and the idea that they were murdering me, and that my poor mother would wake in the midst of assassins, covered with the blood of her child, was for a length of time never absent from my mind; they feared for my life, or at least for my reason. I
tried, and my own exertions assisting the affectionate attentions of those around me, my health improved; and though for a long time I was the greatest coward imaginable, and have always continued unreasonably timid, I am now able to rally my thoughts, and to exert some presence of mind, even in circumstances of actual danger.

"There, Sire," said I to the Emperor, on concluding this history (it was in the year 1806), "is the true cause of my cowardice, which you were inquiring about. I am not now so foolish as to be unable, like a child of six years old, to remain for a moment in the dark, but my nervous system continues painfully affected by the consequences of this fright. Neither reason, nor any effort of mind can remove the impression, which the idea of what would have been the consequence had I remained in the dining-room to eat my strawberries, has produced." And though six years had elapsed since that terrible night, the Emperor observed me turn pale, and said so.

"I assure your Majesty that the same impression has often happened to me after this event, when I have only had occasion to cross that fearful landing-place."—"It is strange," said the Emperor; and began to walk the room.

It was at St. Cloud, in the apartment of the Princess Borghèse, one fine summer evening that I related my tale; there is a person very remarkable in the present day, who was at that time famous for stories of robbers and ghosts, which he told with great success. The apartments of the Princess were on the ground to the left on entering the great court of the palace. The Emperor, after continuing his walk some time, and when other recollections had superseded in my mind the history I had related, suddenly stopped opposite to me, and said, "Has not this adventure given you a great antipathy to strawberries?"

For a few seconds I made no answer, and then said, "No, Sire; I am, on the contrary, passionately fond of them."—"That is the nature of women," said he; "dangers attach them."
CHAPTER XLIV.

Lucien’s republicanism, and a remarkable conversation with him after the conspiracy of Ceracchi—The explanation of Lucien’s embassy to Spain—The Consul of the year VIII and the Consul of the year IX—Bonaparte’s observation to Junot on the occasion of my marriage and the conspiracy—Junot’s family—Signature of my contract of marriage—My brother’s generosity, and the delicacy of his conduct towards me—M. Laquien de Bois-Cressy—Signature of my marriage contract by the First Consul, and singular recollections—Goodness of Bonaparte towards my brother—M. Duquesnoy, Junot’s friend—Aggregated difficulties—Junot’s repugnance to be married at church—My determination—Conversation between me and Junot—My brother’s intervention, and my marriage at church agreed to by mutual concession—Junot’s motives—Project of a nocturnal marriage—My trousseau and corbeille—Junot’s present to my mother.

Some days after the discovery of Aréna and Ceracchi’s conspiracy, Lucien came to see us; he was thoughtful, and did not conceal that the repeated attacks upon his brother’s life caused him serious uneasiness. This was the third in the course of one year; the first was on the road to Malmaison; the second in the Tuileries. “How,” said he, “can such strokes be averted? Jacques Clement, Ravaillac, Damien, Jean Chatel, all these men executed their projects, because, in forming them, they held their own lives for nothing. If Ceracchi had been alone, as was his original intention, my brother had been no more; but he thought, by taking associates, to make his success more certain: he deceived himself.”—“But,” observed my mother, “your reflections are alarming; for how then can your brother be protected?”—“He only, can protect himself,” replied Lucien. “He is the son of the Revolution; he must march in the principles it has consecrated; above all things, he must forbear any attempt against the liberty of the citizens. His route is traced, he must follow it, or he is lost, and we are lost with him. It will not now answer to attempt fettering a people, who feel their liberty and their strength; or we shall see the Lilliputian bonds broken by Gulliver.”

Junot and my brother remarked to him, that all the First Consul’s actions announced plainly the principles of a good republican, and that no one could accuse him of departing from those principles;* and Juno proceeded with animation. “No pity

* The particular era, and especially the prepossessions of the speaker, must always be carefully noted. This is not the only time that I shall have occasion to represent Junot perfectly sincere in his persuasion, that Napoleon was
is due to those who would propose to assassinate him, upon pre-
tence of defending an illusory liberty, which the First Consul
protects and consolidates. I do not dissemble my opinion in this
respect."

"Nor do I," said Albert: "for such beings appear to me a
hundred times more guilty than Ravaillac or Jacques Clement.
A motive of religion and fanaticism formed the excuse of their
parricide; while the men at present in question, are actuated only
by private and particular interests, all at least, except Ceracchi,
and he is mad.

"That may be the case with the conspirators in this last affair,"
said Lucien; "but do not imagine that France does not still contain
great minds, the guardians of our liberties, always ready as an
advanced guard in their defence. This breast," and he struck
his, as he continued speaking in a voice of emotion, "contains a
French and patriotic heart. My brother knows me; and Junot,
and all who are about him, know that I never cease to recal to
his mind, with all the energy of a French and free soul, the
solemn engagements which he contracted with the nation on the
19th Brumaire, and of which I am the guarantee."

Then turning towards Junot, he added, "You remember the
conversation you witnessed four days ago? Well, I shall always
speak thus, and no fear will make me deviate from my path. If
the men who surround my brother in the government choose to
assist him in measures oppressive to the country, I shall not in-
crease their number; and on the last day of the liberty of the
republic, I shall go and seek another country."

This conversation proves that Lucien was bent on opposing
Napoleon's plans for a centralisation of power. That which
Junot had witnessed at Malmaison, was the discussion of many
regulations relating to the prefects which Lucien would not au-
thorize, considering them too arbitrary. To resist Napoleon was
to ensure his revenge. Lucien was indeed his brother, but the
determination of his character was in all things predominant; and
this conversation, together with Lucien's perseverance in remind-
ing his brother of his promise of the 19th of Brumaire, explained
to me his embassy to Spain, which took place a few weeks after-
wards. Already the Consul of the year IX was compared with
the Consul of the year VIII; the General Bonaparte of Toulon
and Italy, founding republics, daughters of France, with the
General Bonaparte seeking to concentrate all the powers of the
state in his own person. Lucien might hear, in my mother's
saloon, reflections made with a smile, in an under-tone, by per-
sons who had not faith enough in republican vocations to believe
that Bonaparte would support the system he announced on the
19th Brumaire. Many were even simple enough to speak of
General Monk and of Charles II. Lucien heard all this and
similar language from various quarters, and he wished to preven,
When tranquility was restored, by the arrest of the other conspirators (Topino-Lebrun, Demerville, etc.), the conclusion of my marriage was hastened. The First Consul had said to Juno, “Do you know that your marriage has been held by a very slender thread my poor Junot? For I believe if these rascals had killed me, the alliance with you would have been little cared for.” Bonaparte would not have uttered such a sentiment three or four years preceding. But on attaining absolute power he took up an idea, which was, perhaps, the cause of his ruin, but to which at least he always attached great importance, that men are governed and led by motives of interest or fear.

On the 27th of October all the family of Junot arrived at Paris, and were presented to my mother; and never till this day had I duly appreciated the virtues of his heart. Sensible of the wide difference which a Parisian education, and constant intercourse with the best society of Paris, made between our manners and those of his mother and sister, who knew nothing beyond the towns of Burgundy, he dreaded to perceive in me a system of ridicule which would have rendered him miserable; and never shall I forget the expression of tenderness and respect with which he presented his mother to mine, and the action which seemed to entreat, though he never used the words, that I would be a daughter to his parents. He had no reason to fear. They were too good and too respectable not to demand and to secure my duty and love.

The next day the marriage contract was signed, and it was not till that moment that I learned that my brother, from his own means, endowed me with sixty thousand francs, in satisfaction, as the marriage settlement expressed it, of my claims on the paternal inheritance. My claims! when we all knew that none of my father’s property ever had been or ever would be realized; the greater part of it was in the English funds! but it would not have been agreeable to General Junot to receive my dower as a gift from my brother, and therefore this clause was introduced. Fifty thousand francs more were added by M. Lequien de Bois-Cressy, an old friend of my father, and who was to be my mother’s second husband; he gave me his dower, as his future daughter-in-law, secured upon an estate in Brittany. He was rich and liberal; I was not, therefore, surprised at this present; but that my brother, who, from the proceeds of his own industry, had maintained my mother’s house, and furnished my expensive education, should now act so nobly, was even more than my gratitude could express; nor was this lessened by the affectionate terms in which he replied to my insufficient thanks: “Do not speak thus,” said he, embracing me with that fraternal tenderness which he had always shown me; “do you not know that my mother and yourself are the sole objects of my affection and of my happiness? I live only for you. It is then, quite natural that
A great, and an unhoped-for marriage is offered you; the
is my own, and how could I dispose of it better than in
your fortune some way answerable to the establishment you
about to form?"

A circumstance arising out of this will show the First Consul's
prodigious memory, even in matters of the smallest importance to
himself. The following day, the 29th of October, Junot, accompa-
nied by my brother, as my nearest relation, attended at the
Tuileries for the signature of the marriage contract. The First
Consul received my brother with great kindness; questioned him
upon his prospects and his intentions; spoke of my mother with
friendship, and of me with an interest which affected me much
when Albert repeated the conversation. But for the singular
part of the interview: he desired the contract to be read to him.

When the sixty thousand francs from my paternal inheritance
were named, he made a movement indicative of surprise, and
another, though less marked, at the mention of the fifty thousand
francs of M. de Bois-Cressy, but made no remark upon either.

When the lecture was completed, he took my brother by the arm,
led him to the recess of a window, and said to him, "Permon, I
remember that when your father died he left nothing. At that
period I visited your mother daily; and you no doubt know,"
added he, with an air sufficiently embarrassed, "that at the
same time I was desirous of marrying you to my sister, Madame
Leclerc, and of arranging the future marriage of Mademoiselle
Loulou with that mauvais sujet, my brother Jerome." (He did
not speak of the principal marriage he planned at that period.)
"Well, Madame Permon then told me that her husband left
nothing: What then does this mean?" Albert repeated to the
First Consul what he had already said to me, entreatting him not
to mention it. Napoleon looked at him with an indefinable
expression, and said, "You are a generous fellow, my dear
Permon; you are a generous fellow; I shall take care of you.
But you allow yourself to be forgotten. Why do you never come
to the Tuileries? Your brother-in-law will now remind you of
me, and will also remind me of you." Accordingly, a few days
afterwards, Junot solicited for Albert a situation in which he might
give proofs of his attachment to the cause of the 9th of November,
and the First Consul appointed him to one of the three then exist-
ing places of Commissary-General of the Police of France.

The day preceding my marriage, a circumstance at once trifling
and serious had nearly caused its rupture. A friend of Junot's
M. Duquesnoy, was Mayor of the 7th arrondissement: the
General, as Commandant of Paris, not belonging more to one
mayorality than another, wished his marriage to be performed
before M. Duquesnoy: and he inquired of my mother whether
she supposed it would make any difference to me. My mother
replied, that she was herself perfectly willing, and did not believe
for myself. On General Junot's putting his request to answered, that in this, as in every thing else, my mother mistress of my actions on so solemn a day. I only observed that the distance to the mayoralty of M. Duquesnoy in the Rue de Jouy, quartier Saint Antoine, was long, and that I should not fear fatiguing my mother if it were no farther off than our church of St. Louis, which being at the extremity of the Rue Thiroux, was directly opposite our house. I did not at that moment remark General Junot's astonishment; but having embraced my mother, left the room.

I was no sooner gone than the General asked my mother if I expected to be married at church?

"To be married at church!" she cried; "where then would you have her expect to be married? Before your friend with the scarf I suppose? But, my child, you have surely lost your wits. How could you entertain the idea that not my daughter only, but myself and her brother, could consent to a purely republican marriage? As for Laurette, I promise you, she is capable of thanking you for your intentions, if you should propose this to her." General Junot walked about much agitated.

"Will you permit me to speak upon the subject to Mademoiselle Laurette in private? situated as we now are, there can be no objection to my request."

My mother shrugged her shoulders. "You know not what you are talking of," said she; "until you become her husband, you are but a stranger, and what you wish to say is not likely to make her your friend; why do you want to make a secret of it? Why am I not to be present?"—"Because calmness is necessary in treating of such a matter, but I can speak to Mademoiselle Laurette here, with the door of your chamber open." I was called: nothing could exceed my astonishment, my grief I may say, in hearing this strange proposition. I did not conceal it: the General replied, that situated as he was, it was impossible he could be married at church, "to make a show of myself," added he; "for you could not prevent all the beggars and low people of the Chaussée d'Antin from surrounding the house, and even filling the church. And I am to appear in uniform amidst such a crowd!"

"I do not know," I answered, "what you should find disagreeable in being seen to perform an act which is the duty of every Christian (I am not speaking as a devotee), in entering upon the engagements which we propose to take upon ourselves to-morrow. The very Pagans sought the sanction of this act, the most important of their lives, in the temples of their gods. The Turks only are content with the Cadi, and I hope it is not from them you have taken arguments in support of your extraordinary proposition."—"I am much hurt by your obstinacy," said Junot; "how can you, with your sense, persist in a formality which your
“I am very young, General, to discuss so serious a question. I understand nothing of the controversy, except that I was born in the Christian religion, and that this religion imposes duties upon me to which I am, at least, as much bound as the adorers of Dragon were to theirs. I can only say that, very certainly, I shall not stir a step from this house if it be not to go where my duty calls me. Be assured, General, that, notwithstanding the advanced state of the preparations, our marriage will not take place, unless the church shall bless it.”

I stood up to go away. The General took my hand, and saw that my eyes were full of tears. He stamped his foot with violence, and let slip a very unusual expression: “Junot!—Junot!”—cried my mother, from her chamber, where she heard all that passed, “Junot! is that proper language to use?”

“'You afflict me greatly,” said the General. “It distresses me to give you pain; but, after all, this is a mere childish whim on your part, which you persist in, because you have been told to do so; while to me, it is a matter of serious consequence. Do you know that it is nothing less than a confession of faith?”—“And suppose it is?” said I, “what was the religion of your fathers?” You have been baptized, you have been confirmed, you have received your first communion, you have confessed: here, then, are four sacraments of which you have partaken, and when that of marriage comes in its course, suddenly you turn renegade, apostate, perhaps! No, no, General, it must not be.”

Having said this, I went to my mother's room, where I found my brother. Junot followed me, and addressing himself to Albert, submitted to him the question which caused this debate; he was in despair: what I insisted upon was of no importance whatever, he said, and would seriously compromise him. “Well!” said I, standing up, “I can say no more upon the subject of which I ought never to have permitted the discussion. I only regret that General Junot should, for a moment, have believed that my principles would suffer me to accede to the proposition he has this morning made.”

I retired to my chamber, and was just then informed that Made- moiselle L'Olive, and Made moiselle de Beuvry, were in the saloon, and that they had brought, in two coaches the articles which composed my trousseau and corbeille;* the two baskets which were to contain them, followed on a track, that of the trousseau, in particular, was so large, that no coach could contain it.

I sent to request my brother's presence, and he came to me immediately. “My dear friend,” said I to him, “this affair will become serious if the intervention of your friendship and excellent sense does not prevent it. Not that I request your advice, because

* We have no words directly synonymous to these; both signify the bridal paraphernalia. The "trousseau," is that part of it which is furnished by the bride's family. The "corbeille" is the bridegroom's present. The several arti-
my resolution is irrevocably taken, and if General Junot is equally determined, a rupture is inevitable; to you, therefore, I refer to render it as little as possible painful to our poor mother. The stroke will be terrible to her.”

Albert took my two hands in his, and embraced me tenderly, wiping away my tears which flowed abundantly. He walked up and down the room in silent meditation, then stopped some time before the window; my maid, Josephine, came to require my attendance in my mother’s room. “I cannot go,” said I, to Albert; and I begged him to go to my mother, whose apartment was only separated from mine by a very small drawing-room, which had no door towards my chamber. He went, and I had scarcely been ten minutes alone, when my mother’s room-door opened, and she came to me. “My child,” said she, “here is one who does not ask your pardon, which, nevertheless, I hope you will grant.

Those who were well acquainted with General Junot, knew how much the expression of his countenance varied when he was particularly agitated. At this moment he was scarcely recognisable; he advanced behind my mother, leaning on Albert’s arm, changing colour so rapidly, that he appeared to be ill. “Your brother,” said he, “has been showing me, how much I have distressed you; he will now explain to you that I am not so much to blame as you may suppose, and if you will take into consideration the character of a soldier full of honour and frankness, but who could not entertain the same ideas with you upon the subject we have been discussing, you will be indulgent and pardon me.

My brother then affectionately taking my hand, and holding his other hand to Junot, said to me, “Our friend has been explaining to me, that being the Commandant of Paris, and invested with the confidence of the First Consul, he objects to appearing in open day, on an occasion so solemn as his marriage, to perform in a church a sacred act of religion, because, on account of his political position, it would make him a sort of spectacle to the whole town. You know me, my sister; you know that my heart is devoted to you and to honour. Well, after what he has said, I have engaged to persuade you to comply with his wishes. The General does not desire to wound any of your religious convictions; he acknowledges that you are right in requiring the religious ceremony, but he requests that it may take place at night. I believe that this mutual concession will remove all obstacles on both sides.” I looked at my mother, and receiving a sign of approbation from her, had nothing further to object, except my dislike to a nocturnal ceremony. It recalled those days of terror, when the bridal pair received by stealth the benediction which the priest accorded at the risk of his life. It was necessary, however, to be reasonable, and I consented, as my mother and brother approved it, that the ceremony should take place in the manner proposed.

I was naively led to believe this sudden opposition was caused by
the First Consul. This may appear extraordinary to those who remember, that two years afterwards he signed the Concordat; but all fruits do not ripen in one season. He had just escaped from the dagger of a man who accused him of attempting to overturn the institutions of republicanism, and he was not willing that the Commandant of Paris, known to possess his entire confidence, should perform a public act which might point to a new system of action on the part of his patron. He therefore particularly required of Junot, that he should only go to church at night, upon the supposition that the family insist upon the religious ceremony. Junot, in his zeal to obey, exceeded his instructions. His religious notions, having passed his youth in an army where none such existed, were not those of incredulity, but of perfect indifference, and he had no suspicion of the effect his proposition would have upon me: in the first instance, then, he did not even speak of a nocturnal marriage, which in fact supplied all the conditions absolutely required by either party.

"At length, then," said my mother, when she had heard me pronounce my consent, "this grand affair is settled." and turning to Junot, she added, "it has been all your fault. Who would ever have thought of coming on the eves of marriage to say, I will have nothing to do with the church? Come, fall on your knees, and beg pardon of your betrothed. Right. Now give him your hand, or rather your cheek, in recompense of that graceful act of submission. It is the last; tomorrow he will be your master. But, what now, is it not all settled?" The fact was, that this nocturnal ceremony, which did not please me at all, had moreover the inconvenience that it would be unaccompanied by a wedding mass; I whispered this new objection to the General, and it was presently removed by the promise that it should take place at twelve o'clock, the hour of midnight mass. My mother laughed on overhearing this discussion: "And now that we are all length agreed," said she, "do me the favour, Monsieur, my in-law, to take your leave for the present; I must show the young lady her trousseau, and hear her opinion of my taste, we afterwards both sit in judgment upon yours." On entering the saloon, though it was large, I found myself much in the middle of Noah's dove, without a place of rest for my feet. An immense basket, or rather portmanteau, of rose-colour, with seams embroidered with black chenille, made in the front of the sarcophagus bearing my cipher, an innumerable small packets, tied with pink or blue favours, strangely contained full-trimmed chemises with cm pocket-handkerchiefs, petticoats, morning-gown of India muslin, night-dresses, night-caps, colours and all forms; the whole of this broidered, and trimmed with Mechlin. Another portmanteau, of equal size.
in orange chenille, contained my numerous dresses, all worthy in fashion and taste to vie with the habiliments already described. This was an hour of magic for a girl of sixteen. Time passes away; nature years have already arrived; old age will follow; but never can the remembrance of this moment of my mother, as she now appeared, be effaced from my mind. How eagerly did she watch my eyes, and when the peculiar elegance and good taste of any article of her own choice elicited my admiring exclamations, how did her fine black eyes sparkle, and her smiling rosy lips display the pearls they enclosed! Who can describe a mother’s joy on such an occasion, or the effect it produces on the heart of an affectionate daughter! Taking my head between her two hands, and kissing my eyes, my ears, my cheeks, my hair, she threw herself on a settee, saying: Come now, mathia mou,* seek something else that will please you.”

The trousseau being fully examined, the corbeille† next demanded inspection.

At this time the custom of giving a basket or case for the articles of the corbeille was not yet exploded; fifty or sixty louis were spent upon a species of basket covered with rich silk or velvet, and highly ornamented, which stood for six or twelve months on the dressing-table of the bride, till, becoming tarnished and worn, it was no longer ornamental and was consigned to the lumber-room to be eaten by the rats, in spite of its finery. Now they do things with more sense, and lay out the money upon a valuable chest of longer duration. Mine then was an immensely large vase, covered with green and white velvet, richly embroidered with gold. Its foot was of gilded bronze, its cover of embroidered velvet, surmounted by a pine-apple of black velvet, transfixed by an arrow, from which were suspended on each side a crown, the one of olives, the other of laurel, both cut in bronzed gold.

This corbeille contained Cachemire shawls, veils of English silk, gown trimmings of blond and Brussels point, dresses of blond and black lace; pieces of India muslin, and of Turkevlet, which the General had brought from Egypt; ball for a bride; my presentation dress, and Indian muslin embroidered in silver lama. Besides all these, there were light of Madame Roux; ribands of all sizes and colours, as we now say reticules, they were then all the implements of the toilet in gold enamelled us of the work-table, thimble, scissors, needle—

* light of my eyes; a most caressing expression, which towards me.
† olive, dress-maker to Madame Bonaparte, who had Murat to complete most of the objects of the
case, bodkin, etc. all in gold set with fine pearls. The other sultan contained the jewel casket, and an opera-glass of mother of pearl and gold set with two rows of diamonds. The casket contained settings for an entire suite of ornaments without the stones; six ears of golden corn and a comb (which, on account of the immense quantity of my hair, was as large as those which are now worn), set with diamonds and pearls; a square medallion set with large pearls, containing a portrait of General Junot by Isabey, for the resemblance of which the artist’s name will vouch; but of a size more fit to be affixed to the wall of a gallery than to be suspended from the neck; but this was the fashion of the day, and Madame Murat had one of her husband, also painted by Isabey, and larger than mine. The casket contained also a number of superb topazes brought from Egypt, of an incredible size, Oriental corals of extraordinary thickness, which I have since had engraved in relief at Florence by M. Hamelin, and several antique cameos; all these were unset. The bridal purse of gold links, connected together by delicate little stars of green enamel, the clasp also enamelled green, contained too weighty a sum of money, had it not consisted of bank-notes, except about fifty louis in pretty little sequins of Venice.

All these elegant presents had been completed under the direction of Madame Murat, and did infinite honour to her taste. At this time such a corbeille was a treasure of great rarity; for the first time, since the Revolution, it had reappeared at the marriage of Mademoiselle de Doudeauville with M. Pierre de Rastignac. Madame Murat’s marriage followed after a considerable interval, and her corbeille was very rich; but as mine took place nearly a year later, not only was the corbeille more beautiful, but it was composed with more conformity to ancient customs, and in a more refined taste. After this time the corbeille and tressauve again became common, but were copies, not models, like those of Madame Murat’s and mine.

But of all these beautiful gifts, nothing delighted me so much as Junot’s affecting attention to my mother. She longed for a Cachemere shawl, but would never purchase one, because she said she could not afford one so good as she wished for; and I had determined that my wedding gift to her should be a red one, because that was the colour she preferred, but I had never whispered my intentions. However, together with my corbeille, came a small basket covered with white gros de Naples, embroidered in silks with my mother’s cipher on the draperies, from which, the first thing that presented itself was a superb scarlet Cachemere shawl. The basket contained besides, a purse like mine,* except that the enamel was a deep blue, and within it, instead of money, was a

* The Bank of France was established in the month of February 1800; I think it opened the following month. The two purses were made by Foncier, a very celebrated jeweller at that period.
topaz of a perfect oval round, the size of a small apricot; gloves, ribands, and two magnificent fans. I cannot describe how sensibly I felt this amiable attention. When I thanked the General for it with an effusion of heart which I rather repressed than exaggerated, he replied, "I foresaw what you now express; and if I had not loved her who is about to become my mother, with filial tenderness, I should have done what I have, for the pleasure I enjoy at this moment."

CHAPTER XLV.

My opinion upon the peculiar province of romances—Anne of Austria's robe, and Mademoiselle's shoes—My wedding-day—Sister Rosalie and my confessor—Refusal to marry me at night—Scruples—The Vendean abbé—The clergy and the republican party—L'Abbé Luschiar patronized by Junot, and appointed Grand Vicar to the Bishop of Orleans—The curate of the Capuchins engaged—Wedding toilet—Family assembled—Junot's aides-de-camp, his witnesses—The Dames de la Halle and their bouquet—The municipality and the church.

As the Commentaries of Cæsar, the military Memoirs of Marshal Villars, the Reveries of Marshal Saxe, etc., relate solely to military affairs, sieges, battles, etc.; so I think should contemporary Memoirs render a faithful account of those incidents which are passing immediately around the author at the period of which he is treating, for the benefit of those who come after him. Every object should take its proper form and colouring, and that colouring should arouse in the mind of the reader a vivid impression of the event and its attendant circumstances; not the ball only should be described, but the ball-dress. To be exact in such matters, is not to be scrupulously minute, but a duty; for if the author be not expected to paint like Tacitus the vices of governments, corrupt, despotic, or declining, his pencil should trace the general outline of all that he has seen. In this picture, the daily scenes of the drawing-room should especially have their place; to speak of them is to portray them. To dress the personages in the coat or the gown they wore on the occasion under review, if one be fortunate enough to remember it, is to lay on those fresh and lively colours which give to the whole the charm of reality. This appears to me to be the grand attraction of the Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, de Mademoiselle! They are almost always badly written, frequently guilty of the grossest faults of style, yet what truth in their descriptions! We become acquainted with the individuals we read of; and when Madame de Motteville speaks of the cambric sheets of Queen Anne, and the violet robe of the old abbé, we believe her more than her readers.
in council for the registering the edicts of toleration; and when Mademoiselle describes the form of her own shoes on the day when, according to the expression of M. de Luxembourg, she established the fortune of a cadet of good family; I imagine myself in the parliament of 1649 with the Queen, M. de Beaufort, M. the Coadjutor, and all the great men of the Fronde; or I fancy myself in the orangery of Versailles with Mademoiselle, in her white satin robe trimmed with carnation ribbons and tassels of rubies. The writer of memoirs must give life to the scenes he represents; and that excess of detail which would destroy any other work, can alone produce the desired effect in this. Therefore it is that I have given a catalogue of my corbeille and trousseau. We should rejoice, in these days to find in Philip de Comines a description of a corbeille of the time of Louis XI., or Philip the Good; happily, he gives us better things.

On the 30th of October, at nine in the morning every thing was in motion in our small house of the Rue de Saint-Croix, and earlier still in the hotel of the Rue de Verneuil. At daybreak I had left home, accompanied by sister Rosalie (who on hearing of my approaching marriage had quitted her retreat to be with me), to go to my confessor: this ought to have been done on the eve of my wedding. Having made my confession, I requested the venerable Abbé, my spiritual father, to perform the religious ceremony of my marriage in the church of the Capuchins, at a quarter past twelve at night: and great was my astonishment at receiving a dry and peremptory refusal.

"What reason," said he emphatically, "can General Junot possibly have for refusing to make you his wife in the face of the sun? What does he fear? Ridicule! No! he has too much good sense for that. There must be some cause of objection unknown to us." I turned pale; but the Abbé in spite of all sister Rosalie's entreaties, proceeded:—"Who shall satisfy me, who am the priest required to bless this marriage, that he is not already the husband of another?"

"Monsieur l'Abbé, Monsieur l'Abbé!" said Rosalie, in a voice of lively reproach, at which I should not have conceived the good girl capable towards any ecclesiastic, "Monsieur l'Abbé, for heaven's sake forbear! what are you doing?"—"My duty!" replied he in a stern voice; "I perform that duty which nature and the laws impose upon the guardians of this young girl, and which they seem to have cast upon Providence." I then, as the minister of God, of that same Providence, am bound to watch over the interest of the fatherless orphan."

"Monsieur l'Abbé," said I, rising to go, "my gratitude to you is the same as if your charitable friendship had saved me from a great danger; but it is my duty to remind you that whatever danger may threaten me, I have a support, a protector, a father;
and that M. de Permon, my brother, who unites all those titles, enlightened at once by his tenderness for me and his acute penetration, is capable of judging whether I am deceived by a man whose reputation for honour and loyalty stands so high. I have already explained to you, sir, the reason why he wishes to receive the nuptial benediction at night.

"The reason is injurious to you," said the Abbé, with increasing anger, "Why should the Commandant of Paris fear to show himself in uniform in one of the churches which his General has just reopened? He would not manifest the same repugnance to exhibit himself to-morrow in the Temple of Victory, now called Sulpice, instead of Saint-Sulpice." (This was, in fact, the denomination now given to Saint-Sulpice, and a fête was at this very time announced to be held in the Temple of Victory (Sulpice) in commemoration of our ancestors.) "Young lady," continued the good man, "do not assume that air of displeasure; it is neither becoming your situation nor mine. Rather thank me for the solicitude I feel for my spiritual child, for such you are my daughter; and it grieves me to think that you may be deceived. Why should your civil marriage take place in the Faubourg Saint-Autoine? Why are the bans not published at the church? Why is a nocturnal celebration demanded? The ceremony before the mayor will take place by day, but where? at the extremity of Paris! in an obscure quarter, where, truly, a former Madame Junot is not very likely to suspect that a successor is being installed in her rights; all this has an ambiguous appearance, and I shall not make myself a party to its execution."

It was equally vain to reason or petition; the Abbé turned a deaf ear to all I could say, and I was obliged to depart without the consolation of knowing that the good father would sanction my marriage with his presence; his blessing he gave me, and prayed that his presentiments might prove unfounded. I pressed upon him at my departure a purse containing a handsome sum of money, which my brother had given me for that purpose; I knew that the Abbé was very poor, and almost destitute of necessaries; I saw in the garret where he lived neither fire or wood; and the weather was already becoming cold; he resisted, however, the offer repeatedly, and even with discontent. I would not listen to the refusal, but left the purse, saying, that what he could spare from his own comforts, he might distribute as my almoner.

The Abbé Lusthier was one of those characters which the continual agitation of our time does not produce; then, in his party, as in ours, there were men of sincerity, who were ready even to sacrifice their lives in the cause to which, from principle or prejudice, they were attached. La Vendée had its martyrs to loyalty, as we had our martyrs to that holy and noble liberty so often condemned to death, but which cannot perish because it is
ranks; with truth may it be said that this has passed away. This poor man, who had been a soldier, and was now a priest, had testified his loyalty to the throne and altar by his personal as well as pecuniary sufferings; he had obtained a dispensation for officiating in his sacred functions, notwithstanding the severe mutilation of his left hand. He lodged at this time in the house of a cartwright in the Rue Pépinière, and was frequently obliged to change his residence to avoid observation; because, though not absolutely denounced, he was compromised in the confessions of the Chouans. He was, perhaps, a fanatic, but he was sincere. He lay upon ashes, and lived upon roots; he prayed for the happiness of France; but he would have France happy in his own sense of the word. He was, however, a man of sense, and certainly in speaking to me of his apprehensions respecting General Junot, he only expressed what he felt. He was really alarmed, for he saw in Junot only a man of La Nouvelle France—of our young France, valiant and glorious, which has taken its degrees in characters of blood, the blood of its sons. He could not comprehend that devotedness to the soil of the country, by which those sons had illustrated their names. He only saw a creation of tempests and storms in this young man, who at twenty-seven years of age had attained an elevated rank, by means of glorious deeds, and a valour attested by numerous cicatrizes.

Junot never heard of this little scene till it was related to him some years afterwards, with the greatest frankness, by the Abbé Lusthier himself, on occasion of his calling to request my husband to obtain for him the living of Virginie, a little village near Bièvre. “I hope your fears on my account are now at an end,” said Junot, smiling, and offering his hand to him. “I assure you, you have no occasion to retain any; and to prove it I shall request Citizen Portalis to appoint you to a different benefice from the one you have solicited. I know from my wife, that your fortune does not correspond either with your merit or your charity, and it is my duty, if possible, to repair the injustice of fate; and I hope, at the same time,” added he laughing, “to prove that I am innocent; for I would not silence by an obligation any person who is entitled to reproach me.”

The Abbé Lusthier not only accepted General Junot’s offer, but attached himself unreservedly to him. He obtained for him an excellent living in the diocese of my uncle, the bishop of Metz, and was some time afterwards appointed grand vicar to his friend the Abbé Bernier, Bishop of Orleans.

But to recur to the interesting period from which this episode has led me. On my return home, I related all that had passed, which excited my mother’s displeasure. “I hope,” said she, “you did not leave him the purse.” I looked at her instead of answering. On meeting my eyes she laughed, half angrily and half in jest, and said, “So, I am a simpleton! And you did lose him the money did you not?” “Certainly,” I replied, “I
bracing her. "And you know very well that each piece of silver which we have given the Abbé Lusthier, will acquire the value of gold in his hands." Albert then went out to find the curate of the church of the Capuchins, gave him the necessary instructions, and received his promise to be ready at five minutes past midnight.

At nine o'clock in the morning my toilette was commenced, in which I was to appear before the mayor. I wore an Indian muslin gown, with a train, high body and long sleeves, that buttoned at the wrist, and which were then called amadis, the whole was trimmed with magnificent point lace. My cap, made by Made-moiselle Despaux, was of Brussels point, crowned with a wreath of orange flowers, from which descended to my feet a veil of fine English point, large enough to envelop my person. This costume, which was adopted by all young brides, differing only according to the degree of wealth of the parties, was in my opinion much more elegant than the present bridal fashion. I do not think that it is prejudice for the past which makes me prefer my own wedding-dress—that profusion of rich lace, so fine, and so delicate, that it resembled a vapoury net-work shading my countenance, and playing with the curls of my hair—those undulating folds of my robe, which fell round my person with the inimitable grace and supple ease of the superb tissues of India—that long veil, which in part covered the form without concealing it, to the robe of tulle of our modern brides, made in the fashion of a ball-dress, the shoulders and bosom uncovered, and the petticoat short enough to permit every one to judge not only of the delicacy of the little foot, but of the shape of the ankle and leg,* while the head, dressed as for a ball, scarcely covered by a veil of stiff and massy tulle, the folds of which fall without ease or grace around the lengthened waist and shortened petticoat of the young bride; no, this is not elegance.

At eleven o'clock the General arrived, with the rest of his family. His mother had preceded him by half an hour, and during that short time had acquired rights on my filial tenderness and respect, which to her death she shared with my mother, and which I still feel for her memory. This excellent woman had seen me but twice; but she had made a correct estimate of the mutual tenderness which subsisted between my mother and myself. Her perfect goodness of heart and excellent judgment had inspired the thought of placing herself between us at the moment of a separation, which she foresaw would be so painful. Alas!

* Prince Talleyrand began life by saying what are called "witty things." Being one day present at the Tuileries, when several ladies were to take an oath of fidelity between the hands of the Emperor on their new appointments, he particularly noticed the beautiful Madame de Marmier who wore remarkable short petticoats in order to show the delicacy of her feet and ankle. Some one present asked Talleyrand what he thought of the "tout ensemble": "I think,"
she knew at that moment better than I did what were my poor mother's feelings: and I was far from understanding the full force of the words, which with tears that could not be restrained, she addressed to her, "I will supply your place to her!"

The General brought with him his father, his brother, Madame Junot his sister-in-law, Madame Maldan his youngest sister, and two of his aides-de-camp, of whom General Lallemant, then a captain, has rendered his name celebrated by the honour and fidelity of his conduct. General Junot had him attached to his staff in Egypt, where he served in the fine regiment of chasseurs of the General-in-chief: Junot had a high esteem for him. The other officer was M. Bardin, son of an estimable painter, and himself a very worthy man. He had wit, wrote pretty verses with ease, drew admirably, and had on this occasion laid all his talents under contribution for his General's service. These two gentlemen were the General's witnesses; mine were, the Count of Villemanty, Peer of France, who has been dead two years, an intimate friend of my father, and M. Lequien de Bois-Cressy. M. Brunetière, who had been my guardian, now acted as my father, together with Albert and my uncle Prince Déméterius Comnenus, who had arrived two days previously from Munich.

When we set out for the Rue de Jouy, the Rue de Saint Croix near our house was filled with people, mostly strangers in our quarter; and among them nearly all the principal Marchandes de la Halle. Junot was extremely considerate for the people of Paris, and was very popular with them; and I am convinced that in a commotion the mere sight of him would have restored tranquillity; he was very benevolent to them, giving alms to a very great extent. He could, moreover, speak the language of the Dames de la Halle admirably, when any advantage was to be gained by it.

Four of the group requested permission to pay their compliments to me. It was granted, and they entered the saloon, carrying each a bouquet, certainly larger than myself, and composed of the finest and rarest flowers, the price of which was greatly enhanced by the lateness of the season. They offered them to me with no other phrase than the following: "Mam'zelle, you are about to become the wife of our Commandant, and we are glad of it; because you are said to be kind and good. Will you permit us?" And the two women embraced me heartily. Junot ordered some refreshments to all those who had been good enough, he said, to remember him on the happiest day of his life. We set out for the Municipality amidst their loud acclamations and the repeated cries of "Long live the Bride and Bridegroom!"

On arriving at the Mayoralty of the Rue de Jouy, Faubourg Saint-Antoine, where it was Junot's whim to be married, not, as the Abbé Lusthier supposed, to be less in sight, for in this case he would have contrived his matters very ill, but to gratify a friend; we were received and married by M. Duquesnoy,
discourse, and only addressed to us a few well-chosen words, which I have never forgotten.

We returned to my mother’s and the day passed off much as all similar days do. When the hour of midnight struck, we crossed over to the church, and at one by the clock of the legislative body, I entered the Hôtel de Montesquieu, to the sound of the most harmonious music.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A grand dinner at my mother’s the day after my marriage—Junot’s friends and the rest of the party, a curious assemblage—Their characters and portraits—General Lannes the Roland of the Army—Duroc—Bessières—Eugène Beauharnais—Rapp—Berthier—Marmont, the best friend of Junot—Lavalette—His marriage—The divorce—The negro and the Canoness—Madame Lavalette’s beauty and the ravages of the small-pox—The Bonaparte family—Madame Bacciochi in the costume of a literary society of ladies.

Junot was much attached to his comrades; all who had been connected with him in the army of Italy or the army of Egypt had special claims upon his friendship, and he was desirous of giving a dinner the day after his marriage to eight or ten of his brethren in arms. My mother, who was always anxious to make him adopt what she called refined habits, vainly remonstrated, that this would be a defiance of etiquette; that it would resemble a journeymen carpenter giving his companions a treat on his wedding holiday. Junot was firm, and my mother’s only resource was to invite his friends herself.

“But will they come to me without an introduction?” she inquired. Juno, assured her that they would; and invitations were sent to Bessières, Lannes, Eugène Beauharnais, Rapp, and some others. Some of Junot’s friends, Belliard, Desgenettes, etc., were not yet returned from Egypt; but those who were in Paris all met at my mother’s table.

This dinner was extremely curious because it was a reunion of all parties. My mother’s friends sat down beside the whole family of Bonaparte, and the new guests made a very interesting accession to the party. At this time I knew none of the above-mentioned friends of Junot; I had distinguished their names amid the acclamations of the people, when news of some fresh triumphs arrived; but I was acquainted with no Generals except Moreau, Macdonald, and Buernonville, whom we had frequently met at Madame Leclerc’s. It afforded me then great satisfaction to be introduced to those men who had seconded Bonaparte, and had
erection of that edifice of glory under which France now found an asylum from her distractions.

General Lannes was also lately married. He had been more diligent than Junot, and had been for three weeks the husband of Mademoiselle Louise Gheneuc, a young person of exquisite beauty. Lannes was then twenty-eight years of age, five feet five or six inches high, slender and elegant, his feet, legs, and hands, being remarkable for their symmetry: His face was not handsome, but it was expressive; and when his voice pronounced one of those military thoughts which had acquired for him the appellation of the Roland of the army, “His eyes,” said Junot, “which now appear so small, become immense, and dart flashes of lightning.” Junot also told me that he looked upon Lannes as, without exception, the bravest man of the army, because his courage, invariably the same, neither received accession or suffered diminution from any of those incidents which usually influence military men. The same coolness with which he re-entered his tent, he carried into the midst of the battle, the hottest fire, and the most difficult emergencies. To this invaluable advantage Junot considered him to possess the most rapid coup-d’oeil and conception, and the most accurate judgment, of any person he had ever met with, except the First Consul. He was, besides, amiable, faithful in friendship, and a good patriot; he possessed a heart truly French; a heart of the best days of the glorious Republic. One curious trait in his character was, the obstinacy with which he refused to have his hair cut short. In vain the First Consul begged, entreated him to cut it off; he still retained a short and thick cue, full of powder and pomatum. This mania nearly embroiled him with Junot, notwithstanding their friendship, on account of the latter having cropped the hair of the famous division of Arras, and in consequence the fashion became general throughout the whole army.

Duroc was next to Lannes in Junot’s estimation, and was a year younger than him; his person was about the same stature, but with a superiority of manner and figure; his hair was black, his nose, chin, and cheeks, were too round to admit of his features being at all striking, which even cast a shade of indecision over his countenance. His eyes were large and black, but set so high in his head, that they did not harmonize with his smile or any other expression, from which singular effect, those who were not partial to him, averred that he was not frank; but I, who was his intimate friend, who knew his heart perhaps better than any other person, can affirm that it was all openness and goodness. Our friendship, which commenced in 1801, and closed only with his life, was that of a brother and sister. Peculiar circumstances made me his confident, at first against his will, but afterwards with his entire acquiescence, in a case which must influence the happiness of his life, and which turned out unfortunate. Numerous letters from him to me I will not preserve; for all, however, I may not
it was long ere he recovered his equanimity, and still longer before he could pardon those who, with one stroke, had given a mortal wound to his moral and political existence.

Bonaparte, who was a good judge of men, distinguished him from his companions, and sent him to execute difficult missions in foreign courts; this showed that he understood Duroc’s capabilities. I have a letter of his, dated from Petersburg, in 1802, in which he mentions the too flattering estimation he was there held in; the Emperor Alexander, when he visited me in 1814, spoke of many persons whom Napoleon had sent to him, and his opinion of Duroc was still the same as it had been described twelve years before. This is not the place to notice posterior facts, but I cannot forbear remarking, that I shall throughout have frequent occasion to prove, that, far from being ungrateful towards Bonaparte, as M. de Bourrienne has inconsiderately advanced, Duroc was always amongst the most devoted of his adherents.

Bessières, at that time a colonel, was amongst Junot’s intimate friends. I always deplored the cessation of this intimacy, for the most futile and ridiculous cause imaginable; and being frequently called upon to give judgment between them, I must confess, that I could not always think Junot in the right. Bessières, who was about the same age, was a stouter man than Lannes; like him, he was from the South, as the accent of both sufficiently testified, and like him he had a mania for powder, but with a striking difference in the cut of his hair; a small lock at each side, projected like little dogs’ ears, and his long and thin Prussian cue supplied the place of the Cadogan of Lannes. He had good teeth, a slight cast in the eye, but not to a disagreeable extent; and a rather prepossessing address. He was then Colonel of the Guides, that is to say, of the Chasseurs à cheval of the Consular guard, jointly with Eugène Beauharnais.

Eugène was yet but a child; but already gave promise of being, what he afterwards became, a most charming and amiable young man. With the exception of his teeth, which, like his mother’s, were frightful, his person was perfectly attractive and elegant. Frankness and hilarity pervaded all his actions; he laughed like a child, but never in bad taste. He was good-natured, gracious, polite without being obsequious, and a mimic without being impertinent, which is a rare talent. He performed well in comedy, sang a good song, and danced like his father, who had derived a surname from his excellence in this art; in fine, he was a truly agreeable young man. He made a conquest of my mother, whom he wished to please, and completely succeeded. Beauharnais, the father, who was called the beau danseur, though well born, was not of a rank to ride in the king’s carriages; and Josephine, his wife, was never presented. He alone was invited on account of his dancing, and frequently had the honour of being the Queen’s partner.
with the exception of a few additional wounds. It is true he had in vain passed through all the forms of courts; French and foreign, but with manners the most rough, ungraceful, and awkward, that ever belonged to a man of the world. But if in courts he never lost his rude, uncultivated exterior, so also he preserved pure and intact a distingreest soul and virtuous heart. Rapp was always esteemed and loved, because he deserved to be so.

Berthier was the one of Junot's friends with whom I had the greatest desire to become acquainted. I had seen him frequently at Madame Visconti's, but always in a hurry; and at this period the name of Berthier was so closely connected with that of Bonaparte, that in hearing him mentioned, the memory called up Parmenio, at least. Berthier was small and ill-shaped, without being actually deformed; his head was too large for his body; his hair neither light nor dark, was rather frizzed than curled; his forehead, eyes, nose, and chin, each in their proper place, were, however, by no means handsome in the aggregate. His hands, naturally ugly, became frightful by a habit of biting his nails; add to this, that he stammered much in speaking, and that if he did not make grimaces, the agitation of his features was so rapid as to occasion some amusement to those who did not take a direct interest in his dignity. So much for his person; he was the plainest of the three brothers; Caesar was better looking than he, and Leopold still better than Caesar. Madame d'Ogeranville, their sister, resembled Alexander Berthier. With respect to his mind, his heart, and that which we call understanding, I shall have occasion hereafter to notice the judgment I have formed of them; I must however add here, that he was an excellent man, with a thousand good qualities, neutralised by weakness. But I deny that Berthier deserves the character his biographers have given of him. He not only loved Napoleon, but he was much attached to several of his brother officers; and often braved the ill-humour of the Emperor, in speaking to him of such of his friends as had committed faults. Berthier was good in every acception of the word.

"The best and dearest of my friends," said Junot, after having presented his comrades separately to me, "is still in Italy; Marmont will soon return with his wife, to whom I shall introduce you, and whose friendship I hope you will obtain, giving yours in return; he is a brother to me."

M. De Lavalette, another of my mother's guests on that day, was no bad representation of Bacchus: a lady might have been proud of his pretty little white hand, and red, well-turned nails; his two little eyes, and immoderately little nose, placed in the midst of a very fat pair of cheeks, gave to his countenance a truly comic expression, in aid of which came the extraordinary arrangement of his head; not the locks only, but the individual hairs might be counted, and they received distinguishing names from
rageous; and one in particular, which defied the discipline of the
comb or the hand, and pertinaciously stood upright, they called
the indomptable.

But notwithstanding this personal appearance, and an address
almost burlesque, Lavalette knew how to impose respect, and
never suffered merriment to take unwarranted liberties with him.
He had sense and wit; had seen much and retained much; and
related multitudes of anecdotes with remarkable grace, resulting
from a cast of ideas at once quiet, brilliant and acute. M. de
Lavalette, was not, however, a superior man; the horrible and
infamous prosecution of which he was the object, has placed him
on an eminence which he would never otherwise have attained;
but he had the essential qualities of a good father, a good hus-
band, and a faithful friend.

He married a few days before his departure for Egypt, Made-
moiselle Emilie de Beauharnais, daughter of the Marquis de
Beauharnais, brother-in-law of Madame Bonaparte. This young
lady of extreme beauty, gentle, and thanks to Madame Bonaparte,
her aunt, very well educated, had considerable difficulty in mar-
rying, on account of the position of her parents. Her father
obtained a divorce from his wife that he might marry a German
canoness; and her mother married at the same time a negro.
The poor abandoned child was fortunate in having attracted the
affections of such a man as Lavalette, which she warmly returned.
Her husband, however, had not reached Egypt before the bride
took the natural smallpox, and scarcely escaping with her life,lost her beauty. She was in despair, and though by degrees the
trace subsided, and the marks of the pustules became less evident;
though her figure was still fine, her complexion dazzling, her
teeth good, and her countenance pleasing, she could not reconcile
herself to the change of which both before and after his return,
she felt conscious that her husband must be sensible. The deli-
cacy of his conduct never gave her reason for a moment to sup-
pose that his attachment was in any way diminished; but her
sighs and tears, her profound melancholy, and weariness of life,
showed that she could not overcome her own apprehensions; the
good and excellent Lavalette had but one wish and that was that
his wife should be happy.

Lucien, Minister of the Interior, could not be at my wedding
dinner, but Madame Murat, though about to lie in, made an
effort to join us. Madame Leclerc was in the height of her
beauty. Madame Bacciochi was dressed on the occasion with a
degree of eccentricity, which even now is fresh to my mind. She
had presided in the morning over a female literary society; and
proposing to establish a peculiar costume for the associates, she
considered that the readiest way to effect her purpose, was to have
a pattern made and appear in it herself, and in this new dress she
afterwards came to my mother; such a medley of the Jewish,
the French, the Italian, the Venetian, and the Neapolitan, it was
at
in short, except French good taste, was I think never seen. To see Madame Bacciochi thus attired, was not surprising, because we were accustomed to her singularities; but it was impossible to resist the ludicrous impression she created by declaring her intention of offering such a dress to the adoption of all good Christians.

CHAPTER XLVII.


A comic effect was produced by the unusual union of parties which took place on this occasion. On one side contempt was disguised under the appearance of extreme politeness, but combined with a hauteur which announced that this politeness was in deference to the mistress of the house; and an occasional smile, or whispered observation, betrayed the opinions of the ancient noblesse upon the manners of their new associates. Our good little papa, M. de Caulaincourt, was perhaps, the only person of this class who was sincerely gay, and paid his compliments with the frankness of a soldier, combined with the elegance of a courtier; but an incident occurred, which for a time damped his cheerefulness.

He had known Rapp at the Tuileries, and it was not without surprise that he recognised him in our society. Approaching me, he asked, in an under-tone, whether that great boy, pointing out Rapp, had paid his visit to my mother? I answered in the negative. “Then at least he has left his card?”—“No.”—“But my dear child, it is not possible, you must have been so absorbed in admiration of your corbeille, as not to have seen him; it is not credible that a man should come and sit down in the house of a woman of good society, and eat at her table, without having first been introduced, and paid his respects to her.” As he was proceeding in a very animated tone, Rapp crept softly behind him, then hallooed into his ear: “What are you talking of, dear papa; please to move out of my way on a wedding-day, you know, the old must give way to the young;” and so saying, he threw his arms round the old gentleman’s waist, lifted him gently from the ground, and set him down at a little distance.

M. de Caulaincourt’s good nature made him generally beloved; but under it was concealed a strength of character known only to those who were much in his society; and such a circumstance, when acted upon, had always the effect of this incident.
French gentleman, in the true acceptation of the word. Looking at Rapp, with an expression of dignified severity, he said:

"Colonel! you and I are neither old enough, nor young enough for such play;" then bowing coldly to him, he offered me his arm, saying, "Will you come and see what is passing in the next room?"

The worthy man was agitated. I led him through my mother's room, which was filled with company, and made him sit down in mine, which my mother had converted into a second boudoir. Junot was surprised soon after to find me consoling my old friend, to whom I was endeavouring to represent that the matter did not deserve the serious turn he was disposed to give it. I repeated the whole to Junot, who, in spite of the old gentleman's opposition, for M. de Caulaincourt would by no means permit that he should seek apologies for him, went to remonstrate with Rapp, and in five minutes brought him to us, ready to fall on his knees to entreat pardon for the brutalities, which Junot had assured him he had committed. "And Junot tells me also," he added, turning to me, "that I have failed in respect to you, in acting so rudely in your presence. I might, however, fully refuse to beg pardon, because apologies are only necessary when one has done wrong intentionally, and certainly I did not intend to offend."

It was impossible to forbear laughing at this quaint excuse, and M. de Caulaincourt, frankly holding out his hand, said to him, "You are a good fellow! and I shall be happy to become one of your friends." Rapp pressed the old gentleman's hand, with a very pretty little hand of his own, not at all in consistence with his massive figure; and here ended an affair, from which my friend's high feelings of honour had threatened nothing less than a duel, except that my mother was so offended with Rapp, that she scarce ever spoke politely to him afterwards.

M. de Caulaincourt, dining at our house some days afterwards, requested an introduction to Lannes, who, of all the republican Generals, was the one who pleased him best. I passed my arm through his, and led him to the other end of the saloon, where Lannes was conversing with Junot. "General," said I, "permit me to present to you M. de Caulaincourt, an ancient and distinguished general officer, who wishes to be acquainted with you."

The pleasing countenance of Lannes was immediately illuminated with a cordial smile, and shaking him roughly by the arm, he said: "Ah, my old friend! I like the ancients; there is always something to be learnt from them. To what branch of the service did you belong? Were you biped or quadruped? — or, Ah! Diable; I believe you are at present attached to the Royal Phlegmatics."* The fact was, that, astonished at Lannes's

* The expression "royal-pitîble" is much more ridiculous in French, than
reception, and the rolling artillery which at that time made a copious part of his vocabulary, M. de Caulaincourt had been seized with a severe fit of coughing, which he could not stifle.

"Ah! what is the matter?" said the General, patting him upon the back as we do a choking child, "why this is an infirmity that requires reform, Junot; you must make Lassalle enrol him." Lassalle then commanded the veterans of the garrison of Paris, but was no relation to the famous general of the same name. The good old gentleman scarcely knew whether to laugh or to be angry. Meanwhile Junot whispered a word to the General; who, suddenly changing his tone, said, with an expression almost respectful, "What, are you the father of those two brave young men, one of whom, notwithstanding his early age, is colonel of a regiment of carabineers? Then you must be brave yourself!—you have educated them for the country, and you have not, like too many of your class, sold them to foreigners. You must be a good man; I must embrace you." And so saying, he threw his arms round him, and embraced him heartily.

We left the two comrades to resume the conversation we had interrupted, and went to rejoin my mother in an adjoining saloon. "What do you think of General Lannes?" said "Oh! very well! very well. But I expected a different kind of man; for example, he swears like a renegade, it makes one tenuous. To be sure, he may be a good soldier and a brave man, for all that."—"And what more could you expect in General Lannes, than a soldier distinguished by his valour and his skill in beating the enemy?"—"Why, my dear child, what could I think? It was the fashion of dressing his hair that deceived me. I thought that if a man knew how to dress himself, he must have something of the manners of other times; how could I think otherwise?"

This naive confession stupefied me. "Is it possible then," said I, "that you have judged a man only by his cue? You were very fortunate in not having encountered General Augereau, in whom you would have found yourself much more mistaken." At this moment a great man passed us, and saluted me with that expression of respect which is found only in well-educated persons. "And who is that?" said M. de Caulaincourt, "he is powdered too I think."—"It is Colonel Bessières; shall I introduce him to you, my little papa?" "No, no," said he hastily; "I have had enough of introductions for once."

It was in vain I assured him that Bessières left his oath in the barracks; he felt no inclination for the experiment; but when, some time afterwards, he met General Augereau, he remembered my words, and had full opportunity of proving their truth. The General surpassed even himself in swearing, and my
poor friend, in relating the conversation he had had with General Fructidor, as he called him, could not find words to express the astonishment he felt at the language he had heard.

From this time he had such an apprehension of cues and powder, that he was very near cutting off his own; but this temptation was temporary, as may be imagined. He contented himself with no longer trusting all the Cadogars he met.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Tation to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte—The Court of the Tuileries and the Empress’s entrance—Duroc and Rapp on the steps—Eleven o’clock—Politeness of Eugene de Beauharnais—The yellow saloon—Gracious reception by Madame Bonaparte—Amiability of Hortense—Conversation with the First Consul—Bonaparte’s opinion of Mirabeau—The rogue and the tribune—M. de Cobentzel and singular reserve of Bonaparte—Wit of Bonaparte upon the society of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—Portrait of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais.

The following day I was to be presented to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte. It was a great affair for my mother; she occupied herself upon my toilette with more minute care than I imagine she had ever bestowed upon her own in the highest tide of her vanity. One thing disturbed her much; there was no etiquette, no ceremonial. “Nevertheless, he affects the little king,” said my mother. The truth was, that at this time the interior of the First Consul’s family was like that of a very rich man, with no more forms; Madame Bonaparte had not even yet ladies in waiting.

We went to the Tuileries after the opera, leaving the ballet of Psyché in the middle, that we might not be too late, and arrived at ten o’clock. My heart beat as we alighted at the pavilion of Flora, at the door which precedes that in the angle so long called the entrance of the Empress. As we ascended the five or six steps before the door on the left, leading to the apartments of the ground-floor, we met Duroc and Rapp. “How late you are!” said Duroc. “It is near eleven o’clock.”—“Ah!” added the brave Alsatian, “Madame Junot is a worker of marvels; she is about to make an infidel of our good Junot.” And he burst into a loud laugh.

I was desirous of turning back; but Junot replied, “Madame Bonaparte desired me to come here after the opera.”—“Oh!” said Duroc, “it is quite a different thing if Madame Bonaparte has appointed the hour.”

At this moment the folding door of Madame Bonaparte’s apartment opened, and Eugène de Beauharnais ran down. He
carriage within the court, and finding that no one came up, she began to fear, lest by mistake, arising from the lateness of the hour, I might be told that she could not receive me. I was sensible of this attention, and the more so, as the messenger was himself very fit to dispel apprehensions of a doubtful reception. M. de Beauharnais gave me his arm, and we entered the large saloon together. This fine apartment was so obscure, that at first entering I saw no one in it; for it was lighted only by two chandeliers placed on the mantelpiece, and surrounded with gauze to soften the glare. I was much agitated on entering: but an observation from Eugene de Beauharnais, contributed wonderfully to restore my composure. You have nothing to fear," said he; "my mother and sister are so kind!" These words made me start; no doubt I might experience that emotion which a young woman is so liable to feel at a first presentation to strangers, especially when she has some reason to imagine that she may not be very cordially received: but my spirits recovered surprisingly.

Madame Bonaparte was in the same place which she then occupied as mistress of the house, and where afterwards she was seated as sovereign of the world. I found her before a tapestry frame, prosecuting a work, three-fourths of which was performed by Mademoiselle Dubuquoy, whose ingenuous hint that Marie-Antoinette was fond of such employments, had inspired Josephine's inclination for them. At the other side of the chimney sat Mademoiselle Mortense de Beauharnais, an amiable, mild, agreeable girl; with the figure of a nymph, and beautiful light hair. Her gracious manners and gentle words were irresistibly pleasing.

The First Consul was standing before the chimney with his hands behind him, fidgeting as he had already the habit of doing; his eyes were fixed upon me, and as soon as I recovered my self-possession I found that he was closely examining me; but from that moment I determined not to be abashed, as to allow myself to be overcome by fantastic fears with such a man, would be ruin.

Madame Bonaparte stood up, came forward, took my two hands and embraced me, saying that I might depend upon her friendship. "I have been too long Junot's friend," she continued, "not to entertain the same sentiments for his wife, particularly for the one he has chosen."—"Oh! oh! Josephine," said the First Consul "that is running on very fast! How do you know that this little pickle is worth loving? Well, Mademoiselle Loulou (you see I do not forget the names of my old friends), have you not a word for me?"

He had taken my hand, and drawing me towards him, looked at me with a scrutiny which for a moment made me cast down my eyes; but I recollected myself immediately: "General," I
bend of his brow would have been imperceptible to any other person; but I knew his countenance well: he smiled almost instantly, and said, "Very well parried. Oh! the mother's spirit. Apropos, how is Madame Permon?"—"Ill, General. She suffers much; for two years past her health has altered so seriously as to cause us great uneasiness."—"Indeed! so bad as that; I am sorry to hear it, very sorry; make my regards to her. It is a wrong head—a devil of a spirit;* but she has a generous heart and a noble soul."

I withdrew my hand, which he had held during this short colloquy, and took my seat near Madame Bonaparte. The conversation became general, and very agreeable. Duroc came in, and took part in it. Madame Bonaparte said little on subjects she did not understand, and thereby avoided exposing her ignorance. Her daughter, without saying more than is becoming in a young girl, had the talent of sustaining the conversation on agreeable topics. The events at this moment passed in rapid succession, and afforded large matter of conversation. M. de Cobentzel was expected at Paris; his arrival was spoken of, but without any relation to politics. Madame Bonaparte said that she had heard some one observe upon the astonishing resemblance between Count Louis de Cobentzel and Mirabeau. "Who said that?" asked the First Consul, hastily. "I do not exactly recollect. Barras, I think." "And where had Barras seen M. de Cobentzel? Mirabeau!—he was ugly: M. de Cobentzel is ugly—there is all the resemblance. Eh, pardieu! you know him, Junot; you were with him at our famous treaty, and Duroc too. But you never saw Mirabeau. He was a rogue, but a clever rogue! he himself did more mischief to the former masters of this house, than the States-general altogether. But he was a rogue." Here he took a pinch of snuff, repeating. "He was a bad man, and too vicious to be tribune of the people; not but in my tribunate there were some no better than he, and without half his talent. As for Count Louis de Cobentzel—"

He took another pinch of snuff, and was about to resume his observations, but stopped as if struck by a sudden reflection. He thought, perhaps, that the first magistrate of the republic should not so lightly give his opinion upon a man just named by a great power to treat with him. He stopped then with a sentence half uttered, and turning to me, said,

"I hope that we shall often see you, Madame Junot. My intention is to draw round me a numerous family, consisting of my Generals and their young wives. They will be friends of my wife and of Hortense, as their husbands are mine. Does that suit you? I warn you that you will be disappointed if you expect to find here your fine acquaintances of the Faubourg

* I have already said that I shall preserve the turn of Napoléon's phrases, and
Saint-Germain. I do not like them. They are my enemies, and prove it by defaming me. Tell them from me, as your mother lives amongst them—tell them, that I am not afraid of them." This sentence, spoken with harshness, gave me uneasiness from two causes: it was disobliging both to Junot and to me; it seemed to reproach him for taking a wife from a hostile society, and to hint that I came into his own with unfriendly dispositions. I could not forbear answering, perhaps hastily,

"General, excuse me if I cannot consent to do what is not in the province of a woman, and particularly in that of General Junot's wife; and permit me to carry from you to my friends only messages of peace and union; I know that they desire no others." And this was true. I would not interrupt the relation of this interesting interview to describe the person and manners of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, but I think it would be an injustice both to her and my readers to omit to describe her such as she appeared at my first introduction to her.

Hortense de Beauharnais was at this time seventeen years old; she was fresh as a rose, and though her fair complexion was not relieved by much colour, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty; a profusion of light hair played in silky locks round her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her figure, slender as a palm-tree, was set off by the elegant carriage of her head; her feet were small and pretty, her hands very white, with pink, well-rounded nails. But what formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners, which united the creole dullness with the vivacity of France. She was gay, gentle, and amiable; she had wit, which, without the smallest ill-temper, had just malice enough to be amusing. A polished and well-conducted education had improved her natural talents; she drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. In 1800 she was a charming young girl; she afterwards became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretensions to equal talents. She was beloved by every one, though of all who surrounded her, her mother seemed to be the least conscious of her attractions; I do not mean to say that she did not love her, but certainly she did not express that degree of maternal affection which Hortense de Beauharnais merited. Her brother loved her tenderly; the First Consul looked upon her as his child; and it was only in that country so fertile in the inventions of scandal, that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined, as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct towards her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited, and is now only remembered to
CHAPTER XLIX.

The wedding-ball—List of guests—Swearing—Invitation to the First Consul—
His visiting-cards—Diplomatic breakfast—Visit to the Tuileries, and invitation to Madame Bonaparte—The Monaco and les deux Coqs—The First Consul's closet—Charm of his physiognomy—The First Consul accepts an invitation to the ball—The first anniversary of the 18th of Brumaire, and the ball deferred—M. de Caulaincourt's indiscretion.

My mother had determined to give a ball on the 15th day after my marriage; it was an ancient custom, and though not now the fashion, she would by no means forego it. One evening when we had dined with her, she required our assistance in arranging her plans: "For this ball," said she, "must be one of the prettiest that has been given this long time past; my house, it is true, is very small, but it must be turned into an enchanted parterre of flowers. Come, take your place at the desk, Madame Laurette, and make out our list of invitations, for all your husband's friends must be of the party." Junot thanked her, and kissed her hand. "Oh! surely," she replied; "your friends are my friends now, only they swear rather too much: and you, I have been told, can do so too when you are angry; you must leave off that ugly habit, it does not become a gentleman."—Junot laughed, and held up his finger to me. "What, because she tells me that you swear," said my mother. "No, I hope she will never cease to pour all her confidence into my maternal ear; besides, remember, she has not yet made acquaintance enough with your ear for it to supplant mine; but come, to work."

Junot took the pen, and wrote down all the names of the ladies, beginning with Madame Bonaparte and Mademoiselle de Beauharnais. He then waited for the name with which my mother would commence the list of gentlemen.

"The First Consul of the French republic, one and indivisible; is not that the style?" said my mother. "The First Consul!" we all exclaimed together. "Yes, the First Consul; is there any thing astonishing in that? I am tired of being on bad terms with any one, and besides—" "And besides," said Junot, laughing, "you think that perhaps you were more in the wrong than he."

"No, no," said my mother, "that is quite another affair. You remember the story of the Italian he had been at the opera who was killed by a brick that fell out of the ceiling?
Laurette might be daily in his society, these sort of quarrels might produce disagreeable effects for her, and I wished to prevent that—was I not right?” We embraced her. “But the invitation,” she added, “is not all; do you think he will accept it? do you think he will come?”—“I am sure of it; only name the hour that will suit you best, and I will come to fetch you,” said Junot, enchanted at this prospect of reconciliation between his mother-in-law and his beloved General.

My mother looked at him with an air of astonishment, perfectly laughable—“Fetch me! to go where?”—“Where!” returned Junot, as much surprised in his turn; “to the Tuileries, to tender your invitation to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte.”—“My dear Junot,” said my mother, with the utmost seriousness and sang-froid, “you are quite, nay, perfectly mad.”—“It seems to me that what I say is, nevertheless, very sensible; that nothing, in fact, can be more reasonable,” replied Junot, somewhat disconcerted by the apostrophe.—“And I tell you, you are mad. Would you have me go to request General Bonaparte to come again to my house, after having forbidden his appearance there?”

“How, then, do you propose to invite him?” asked Junot, with an accent impossible to describe. “Truly, how should I invite him? but precisely in the same manner as I do every one else, except that the card shall be all in writing, and I will write it all in my own neat hand, which he knows perfectly well.”

Junot strode up and down the room, exclaiming, “But that cannot be! You had better not invite him at all! He will think that you intend him a disrespect.”—“He would be much mistaken then. But he would think no such thing; and you will see, that after having received my note of invitation, he will do as all well-bred men would; he will call on me before the ball, or at least he will have a card left at the door.”—“Do you think, then,” said Junot, in the utmost surprise; “that he keeps visiting cards?”—“And why not? My dear child, because Bonaparte gains battles, is that any reason that he should not visit?”

For a long time my inclination to laugh had been suppressed with the utmost difficulty; Albert, throwing himself back in his arm-chair, had given way to his from the first; and this last observation, together with the stupefied astonishment of Junot, who, with his mouth half open, could not find words to answer, was altogether too much for my gravity, and I burst into one of those fits of wild mirth which one only enjoys at sixteen. My mother and Junot were still no less serious; my mother at intervals murmuring, “I do not see why he should not visit, and certainly I shall not go first.” My brother and I became by degrees more reasonable, seeing that she was perfectly in earnest, and certainly intended that the First Consul should not visit.
royalty was yet attached to his name; but already for twelve months he had exercised the supreme authority of the state; and this power had placed him on an elevation which appeared quite natural and becoming to him; he was there, because it was his proper place.

Albert knew my mother’s character, and that by further opposition we should irritate without persuading her; he therefore sat down to the desk, and requested her to dictate her list, which she did with as much self-possession and composure as if the First Consul had never existed. The list consisted of seventy men and fifty ladies—a large number for so small a house; but then, as now, it was a pleasure to be crowded, and the greatest approbation that could be expressed the day after a ball was, “What a charming fête! we’re almost suffocated.”

The next morning Albert breakfasted with us, and it was resolved in our little council that we should all three proceed immediately to the Tuileries, and, in my mother’s name, make our personal request to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte, to honour with their presence the ball my family were to give on the occasion of my marriage; taking good care to say nothing of the written invitations which had been intrusted to me for delivery. Madame Bonaparte received us in the most gracious manner; it was in such cases that she appeared to the utmost advantage. She had already gone through all that a royal novitiate demanded, and it can scarcely be imagined with what ease she stepped into the station of Queen. She accepted of our invitation for herself and Mademoiselle de Beauharnais; the latter, she said, was absent from the Tuileries. She seemed, however, by no means willing that we should extend our invitation to the First Consul. “He has been,” she said, “but to two fêtes since his entry upon the consulate; the one at Morfontaine, where policy led him to meet the American envoy; the other was the fête given him by the Consul Cambacérès, on his return from Marengo; and besides,” added she, “he dances but little.”

My sister,” said Albert, with his natural mildness of manner, “will not readily admit that; the First Consul has often, very often, danced the *Monaco* and *les deux Coqs*, with Laurette, to the sound of my eldest sister’s piano. Do you know, Madam, that we may claim almost the rights of fraternity with General Bonaparte?”—“Yes, he has often told me so,” she replied, with an affectation of friendliness. But this was not true, for I know that the First Consul never spoke of my mother to Madame Bonaparte, except she herself led to the subject, which she was not fond of doing.

After taking leave of Madame Bonaparte, we proceeded by the staircase of the Pavilion of Flora, to the apartments of the First Consul. The aide-de-camp in waiting observed, that the
said Junot. "And, Madame?" asked the aide-de-camp. He was the unfortunate Lacüée, killed at Austerlitz, nephew of the Comte de Cessac, and cousin of M. de Beausset.

"We are too recently married, my friend," replied Junot, "to be more than one and the same person; therefore, announce me if you please; and though ladies do not often come to trouble your hermitage, show that you know how to be gallant, and give my wife your arm to the closet door." When the door was opened, and the First Consul saw me, he said, smiling very good-humouredly, "What means this family deputation?—there is only Madame Permon wanting to its completion. Is she afraid of the Tuileries, or of me?"—"My General," said my husband immediately, "Madame Permon would gladly have joined us, but she is very ill, and finds it impossible to leave her chamber, to come to request a favour of you, which she is very desirous to obtain. My wife is charged to address to you her petition in form."

The First Consul turned towards me with a smile, saying, "Well! let me hear! What do you wish for?" It is difficult, if not impossible to describe the charm of his countenance, when he smiled with a feeling of benevolence. His soul was upon his lips and in his eyes. The magic power of that expression at a later period, is well known; the Emperor of Russia had experienced it, when he said to me, "I never loved any one more than that man!" I told the General what had been agreed upon, and had scarcely ended my little harangue, when he took my two hands, and said, "Well! I shall certainly be at this ball. Did you expect I should refuse? I shall go most willingly." Then he added a phrase which he often repeated: "Though I shall be in the midst of my enemies, for your mother's drawing-room, they tell me, is full of them."

Junot now made a sign to us to take leave; we accordingly made our parting salutations, and the First Consul, after pressing my brother's hand with as much cordiality as if we were still in my father's house, inquired on what day this ball should take place. "Next Monday, General; it is, I believe the 10th of November."

"What! the 10th of November," said the First Consul, going to his scrutoire; "that seems to me to be some particular day; let me see;" and as he spoke, he found the calendar he was seeking. "I thought so," he added, on consulting it. "The 10th of November is the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire, and I cannot join a party on that day. Your mother will have no company; your acquaintance of the Faubourg Saint-Germain will certainly not quit their retreats to make a festival of the anniversary of the re-establishment of the Republic. What concerns me personally," and his countenance as he spoke assumed an expression serious and severe, "is of little con-
sequence, but I must see the Republic respected; it would not, therefore, be suitable that the anniversary of the day which restored it to us entire, should be celebrated otherwise than as a family festival. I do not refuse Madame Permon's invitation if you will name another day."

The change was immediately resolved upon, and he himself named the 12th of November. "Do you receive Josephine?" he inquired. I answered, that Madame Bonaparte had accepted for herself and her daughter the invitation which my mother, to her great regret, had not been able to give in person.

"Oh! I have no doubt but Madame Permon is ill," said the First Consul; "but there is idleness, if not some other motive, which I will not mention in her absence. Is there not, Madame Loulou?" And so saying, he pulled my ear and hair till he made my eyes water, which I was not sorry for, as it furnished an excuse for not answering this blunt interpolation, and for the colour which flushed my cheeks. While this was passing between us and the future master of the world, a good scene took place in the apartments of Madame Bonaparte below stairs.

M. de Caulaincourt paid his court very attentively to Madame Bonaparte; an old friendship or relationship between them, was connected with a remembrance of protection of his part, and of gratitude on hers. She was, in consequence, on very good terms with my little papa, and almost every morning, the pony, with its velvet saddle and gilded bridle, trotted from the Rue des Capucins to the Tuileries. Here it arrived on the morning of our visit, just as we had left Madame Bonaparte, and the conversation naturally falling upon the invitation we had brought, M. de Caulaincourt, to whom my mother had related all that had passed on the preceding night, glorying in the firm stand she had made in favour of a written invitation, unceremoniously accused me of having mistaken my instructions, and very innocently repeated to Madame Bonaparte all that he had learned from my mother, of whose plans he perfectly approved. This unlucky incident produced a rather awkward dénouement on our return to the saloon; but our apologies were graciously accepted, and whether or not the truth ever reached the ears of the First Consul, it produced no visible result.

My mother easily perceived that it would be ridiculous for her to celebrate the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire; the change which we had made in the day, consequently received her perfect acquiescence, and passed off without any observation.
CHAPTER L.

The ball and the flowers—The first country-dance—Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, Mademoiselle de Perigord, Mademoiselle de Caseaux, and myself—The minuet de la Reine and the gavotte—The fine dancers—Madame Leclere and the toilet of Madame Bonaparte—Noise of horses, and the arrival of the First Consul—The dance interrupted—The First Consul’s gray great-coat—Long conversation between the First Consul and M. de Talleyrand—M. Laffitte and the three-cornered hat—M. de Trénis and the grand bow—The First Consul listening to a dancing-lesson—Bonaparte not fond of long speeches—Interesting conversation between Bonaparte and my mother—Jerome, his debts, his beard and superfluous travelling case.

All was preparation in my mother’s house for the expected ball, which she intended should be one of the most agreeable to be given this year in Paris. Our friends also looked forward to it with much impatience. My mother had already refused the requests of above forty men and twelve women for tickets. She was delighted when such requests were made to her. The arrangements for ornamenting the house were perfect; and when at length all the trees, plants, and flowers assumed the places her taste appointed them, and innumerable lights shone among them from lamps of every colour, the staircase and hall perfectly resembled an enchanted palace.

Madame Bonaparte arrived about nine o’clock, accompanied by her son and daughter, and led by Colonel Rapp. My mother met her in the middle of the dining-room, the other ladies she received at the door of the saloon. She was polite and gracious to every one, as she so well knew how to be. She conducted Madame Bonaparte to the arm-chair on the right of the fire-place, and begged her, with the hospitable grace of the South, to make herself perfectly at home. She must have appeared to her, what she actually was, a very agreeable and charming woman.

My mother was, perhaps, the prettiest woman in the room, after the First Consul’s two sisters. She had been for some time in better health, and the respite from suffering had restored to her features that harmony and regularity in which her beauty consisted. She wore on this evening a dress, made by Madame Germon, of white crape, trimmed with bunches of double jonquils. Its form was Grecian, folding over the bosom, and fastened on the shoulders with two diamond clasps. Her head-
came her admirably. As she could not, or rather did not choose to appear on the occasion of my marriage with her hair wholly uncovered, she had a toque of white crêpe (made by Leroi, who then lived in the Rue Des-Petits-Champs, and had already acquired some reputation), through the folds of which her fine black hair appeared, resembling velvet, intermingled with branches of jonquil, like those which trimmed her gown. The flowers were furnished by Madame Roux. She wore in her bosom a large bouquet of jonquils and natural violets, but exhibited neither necklace nor jewels of any kind except two very fine diamond drops in her ears. This attire was set off by a person whose elegance of figure and manner were at least her most striking ornament. I was proud of my mother.

At a quarter before nine o'clock Junot went to the Tuileries, to be ready to attend the First Consul to my mother's, but found him so overwhelmed with business that it was impossible for him to name the hour at which he could arrive; but he was desired to request as a favour that the dancing might commence, the First Consul giving his assurance that he would certainly come, however late he might be compelled to make his visit. The ball then was opened at half-past nine. Junot danced with Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, Eugène de Beauharnais with me, Hippolyte de Rastignac with Mademoiselle de Caseaux, and Mademoiselle de P—— with M. Dupaty. M. de Trénis was not yet arrived, nor M. Laffitte. These gentlemen were at this time in the extreme of every thing that is inconceivable; and to join a party, at two or three o'clock in the morning, was nothing extraordinary with them.

I had this evening, in the opinion of my mother and all our old friends, an important duty to fulfill: it was to dance the minuet de la cour and the gavotte. For three weeks Gardel's long lessons had been renewed, that this minuet, which with my whole soul I detested, might be executed in perfection. I had entreated my mother to spare me this painful exhibition, but to no purpose. Not to dance the minuet de la Reine at a bridal ball, would have been a dereliction of all established customs, which she could not by any means sanction.

M. de Trénis belonged to our society: he was a worthy man, and far from meriting the character which he gave himself, of being nothing but a dancer. He possessed much information and some wit; natural good sense and a correct judgment, very capable of appreciating the ridiculous extravagance of his own words; that of his dress, though in the height of the fashion, was by no means so exaggerated. As of all the fine dancers of the day, he was the one with whom we were the most acquainted, I had engaged him to dance the minuet de la cour with me, hoping to be less timid with him than with MM. Laffitte or Dupaty.

At half-past ten, General Bonaparte was not arrived; every
one else was, and the five rooms in my mother's suite of apartments were much more than conveniently crowded. All the Bonaparte family except Joseph, who, I believe, was then at Luneville, came early.

Madame Leclerc, always beautiful and elegant, had taken her seat at a distance from her sister-in-law, whose exquisite taste in dress never failed to put her out of conceit with her own appearance, how carefully soever her toilet had been performed. "I do not understand," said she to me, "how a person of forty years old can wear garlands of flowers!"

Madame Bonaparte had a wreath of poppies and golden ears of corn upon her head, and her dress was trimmed with the same. I was afraid that she would foolishly make the same compliment to my mother; and unwilling that a stupid remark should spoil the pleasure of the evening, I answered that my mother, who was older than Madame Bonaparte, had also flowers on her head and round her gown. Madame Leclerc looked at me with an air of astonishment; "But it is quite different, quite a different thing," said she.

At a few minutes before eleven, the trampling of the First Consul's horse-guards was heard. Very soon afterwards the carriage drove up to the door, and almost immediately he appeared at the entrance of the dining-room, with Albert and Junot, who had received him in the hall. My mother advanced towards him, and saluted him with her most courteous obeisance, to which he replied with a smile,

"Eh! Madame Permon, is that how you receive an old friend?" and held out his hand. My mother gave him hers, and they entered the ball-room together. The heat was excessive. The First Consul remarked it, but without taking off his gray great-coat; and was on the point of making the tour of the room, but his eagle eye had already observed that many of the ladies present had not risen at his entrance; he was offended, and passed immediately into the bedroom, still retaining my mother's arm, and appearing to look at her with admiration.

Dancing had been discontinued as soon as he appeared, and Bonaparte soon perceived it, by the stillness of the saloon, from whence issued only the murmuring sounds produced by the observations made upon him in an under-tone.

"Pray, Madame Permon," said he, "let the dancing be resumed; young people must be amused, and dancing is their favourite pastime. I am told, by the by, that your daughter dances equal to Mademoiselle Chamerei.* I must see it.

* Mademoiselle Chamerei was the finest dancer at the opera. At this period, Eugène Beauharnais was attached to her. It was on the occasion of her funeral, that the singular history of the refusal of the curate of St. Roch to bury an
And if you will, you and I will dance the monaco, the only one I know."

"I have not danced these thirty years," replied my mother.

"Oh! you are jesting. You look to-night like your daughter's sister."

M. de Talleyrand was of the party. The First Consul, after having spoken to us all in the most agreeable manner, entered into a conversation with him in my mother's bedroom, which lasted without interruption for three-quarters of an hour. Towards midnight, he returned to the saloon, and appeared determined to make himself perfectly agreeable to everyone.

How great soever my repugnance to dancing this unfortunate minuet, I had no choice but to answer to the summons of my mother, who, without concerning herself whether I was maid or wife, expected me to be always obedient to her commands. At that time it was customary for young people to conduct themselves dutifully to their parents, not only from respect, but to avoid giving them pain. For a moment I thought myself safe. M. de Trénis was called for, but could nowhere be found. I went to tell my mother; but gained nothing. M. Laffitte was requested to supply his place. He had no hat; my mother soon found him one. All these difficulties removed, I at length went through the dreaded minuet, having whispered to Gardel not to allow the gavotte to be played; and reckoned my last courtesy a real happiness. M. Laffitte was reconducting me to my seat, holding in one hand an enormous three-cornered hat, that he had borrowed of I know not whom, and leading me with the other, when we met M. de Trénis. He looked at me with so terrible an air, that I became uneasy for the consequences of having danced the minuet with another person. I told him mildly, that I had waited till past midnight and that my mother had at length required that I should dance with M. Laffitte. "I hope, my dear sir, that you will forget this non-observance of my engagement, and particularly as your absence was its sole cause."

He acquiesced in his disappointment, and seating himself between my friend Mademoiselle de Merigny and myself, commenced a most ludicrous harangue upon the regret he experienced, which was the greater on account of my share in the loss; "for I shall never, never forget the spectacle I saw," added he. I was alarmed, and entreated an explanation; which, after listening to most highflown compliments on the excellence of my own dancing, I obtained at length in the following terms: "That you should dance a minuet with a man—a good dancer, no doubt; yes, he dances well, but if he dance a country-dance well—he never, never in his life, knew how to make the grand bow with the hat—he cannot make the grand bow."

Mademoiselle de Merigny and I could not help laughing. But M. de Trénis was too deep in his subject to attend to the
cause of our merriment. "That seems to surprise you," he con-

continued; "I can easily believe it. Not to know how to put on one's hat!—for that is the science—it is not difficult to explain—stay—give me leave." Then taking us both by the hand, he led us to my mother's room, where there were but few persons, and placing himself before the glass in the pier, hummed the close of the minuet air, and began the salute with the most perfect gravity, putting on his cocked-hat with all the effect so important an affair demanded. The laughing fit returned with redoubled force; but the comedy was not yet complete. Junot had joined us, and the First Consul, whose presence had not as yet caused us any constraint, on account of his close conversa-
tion with M. de Talleyrand, now stepped gently behind M.
de Trénis to share the amusement with which this original was providing us. He made a sign to Junot to engage him to con-
versation, which was easy, if dancing were the subject; provided, however, that it were seriously treated. For he never laughed, he said, except the air of a country-dance was very gay, and then the orchestra compelled him to smile. "How do you agree
with M. Laffitte?" said Junot, with as serious a countenance as he could command.

"Why," replied he, "as well as two men of talent can be
supposed to agree when so nearly upon an equality. But he is
an honest fellow, not at all envious of my success. It is true,
that his own may well render him indulgent. His dance is
lively and powerful. He has the advantage over me in the first
eight measures of Panurge's gavotte. But in the jetés! oh! there he has no chance: he has nerve, but I have grace."

The First Consul opened his eyes and ears, altogether unac-
customed to such rant. "It is prodigious," said he at length:
"this man is much more irrational than many who are confined
in mad-houses. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Not exactly; but he is an intimate acquaintance; that is to
say, we see him twice a week. But, except at a ball, he never
talks of dancing; and can reason cleverly upon the manners of
ancient Greece; it is a portion of history he has very much
studied. He speaks several languages; and Albert says, is
worth more than his reputation."

Bonaparte never listened to so long a discourse; I have
learned that it never answered to make long speeches to him.
He had returned to his place near M. de Talleyrand; I saw by
the direction of his eyes that he was speaking of M. de Trénis.
He met my eyes fixed upon him, and called me to him, to make
me a compliment on my mother's ball; his praises seemed al-
most a reproach. My mother had been perfectly polite to him;
but it appeared to me that she should have been more cordial.
I went to her, and, persuading her to walk with me, led her to-
wards her own chamber, where I found the First Consul on the
had replaced M. de Talleyrand. As soon as the First Consul saw my mother, he went direct to her, and said, "Well! Madame Permon, what have you to say to one of your old friends? It seems to me that you easily forget them. Do you know, I thought you very rigorous the other evening, and at the very time one of your friends held his knife in readiness!"

"O horrible!" exclaimed my mother; "how can you, Napoleon, say such things?—Per Dio tacete! tacete."

"But why would you not return my friendly salute? I took the first moment of recognising you to make it."

My mother alleged the weakness of her eyes, and not without cause; for they became very useless in the last years of her life; but General Bonaparte would not be put off with this excuse. "What am I to think?" said he; "are we no longer friends?"

"Non posso dimenticare, caro Napoleon, che siete figlio dell' amica; fratello del mio buon Giuseppe, del caro Luciano, e di Pauletta."—The First Consul made a movement, which I noticed, and replied with a bitter accent:

"So, then, if I still hold a place in your regard, I owe it to my mother and my brothers. It may well be said, that to expect friendship from a woman is to expect the sands of the desert to remain fixed."

This discussion gave me pain; it seemed that my mother remembered that unfortunate quarrel excited by one of our cousins, who never could indemnify us for the affection which we lost through his means. The First Consul walked in silence towards the fire. My mother was seated upon a sofa opposite to him, her arms crossed upon her bosom, and shaking her foot in the fashion which usually preceded a violent scene. Albert, going to and fro between the chamber and the saloon, at this moment approached General Bonaparte to offer him an ice.

"I assure you," said he, "that neither Madame Permon nor myself require ice; indeed, I believe we are petrified; I knew very well that absence deadened remembrance, but not to such point as this." He touched an unlucky string.

"Truly!" said my mother, with a constrained smile, but with her lips sufficiently opened to show her two-and-thirty pearls (on which General Bonaparte cast his eyes; he spoke of them to me the following day); "truly! one may be permitted to forget after an interval of some years. Did you not wish to persuade me that it was difficult to remember, after a few days, an action which affected the fate of an entire life?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the First Consul; and his countenance darkened in an instant. He knitted that brow, the movement of which already agitated the universe; his under lip pressed strongly against the other; and, joining his hands behind him, he walked a few paces without speaking; but all this was
turned from joining in a country-dance. The First Consul promptly resumed his air of serenity, and seating himself beside my mother, looked attentively at her hand, which he had taken to kiss.

"It seems to me that you do not correct any of your faults, Madame Permon?" and he pointed to the bitten nails of her fingers.

"No," said my mother, "they and I have grown old together. Leave all in its place; it is only you who are forbidden to remain as you are; you have still so many steps to climb before you reach the summit of your glory, that to wish you repose would be to wish harm to ourselves."

"Do you really think as you speak?"

"You know my sincerity. I do not always say all I think; but I never say what I do not think. Have you forgotten my frankness?"

Bonaparte took my mother's hand, and pressed it affectionately. At this moment the clock struck two. He asked for his carriage.

"Will you not stay supper?" asked my mother.

"I cannot possibly," said he, with an accent of regret; "but I will come and see you again."

My mother smiled, and shook her head gently.

"Why that smile? do you doubt me, Madame Permon? If in this evening either of us have doubted the friendship of the other, I do not think it is I who should be accused of having caused that suspicion. Yes, I shall come and see you again. The Signora Lætitia shall bring me, since I must rest my claim to your regard upon her, or upon Joseph, or upon Lucien, or even upon Paulette; who knows? perhaps upon Jerome. Speaking of that brave little citizen, you brought him up well while I was far off. I find him wilful, and wilful in bad things. The Signora Lætitia spoils him so totally that I much doubt whether he will mend where he now is."

To speak of Jerome was to touch another cord which vibrated very sensibly on my mother's ear. "He is an excellent lad," said she; "all warmth of heart, and good sentiments. Jerome is a true sailor; let him tan himself in the sea-air, and he will return to you a Duguay-Trouin, or at least a Duquesne."

This was not the only time in the course of the evening that my mother had advanced an opinion with which she was not perfectly satisfied; but she loved Jerome, I believe, almost as well as she loved me, and her partiality really went a great way. The First Consul was right when he said, that at his return, he found his brother singularly educated. The seniors of the family had taken care that everything should be in good order; that is to say, Jerome was at the College of Juilly, and was frequently visited there by his family; but himself still more frequently visited Paris, to offer the respects of a young gentle-
man of fourteen to Mademoiselle Emilie and Mademoiselle Hortense de Beaubarnais; then believing himself a man, the studies went on as they might. Jerome and I were of the same age; my mother, who coupled with his birth the unhappy circumstances of the death of M. Charles Bonaparte, loved him so much the more. In general, she had a warm affection for all the brothers, but had her preferences amongst them, as amongst the sisters. Madame Leclerc was her favourite, and to such a degree, that I, who could not share her prejudice, often had warm discussions with her on the subject, in which perhaps jealousy might have its share. At that time I loved Madame Murat the best of Napoleon's sisters, and Joseph and Lucien were, with the First Consul, those of the whole family whom I preferred. Jerome had been very much loved, very much spoilt, not only by my mother, but by my brother, and indeed by all of us. I did not find that, when he advanced in life, and consequently when his sentiments might be expected to develop themselves, he was to my mother in particular what he ought to have been. I do not accuse him, but I shall have future occasion to prove that I was not mistaken. But this, after all, is no crime.

The First Consul related to us this same evening, while speaking of Jerome, that he had contracted one of the oddest debts that could be imagined for a youth of fifteen. The First Consul was at Marengo: his brother was already in the service; but being too young to be brought into battle was left at Paris. On the return of the First Consul, Bourienne was presented with a number of bills, amounting in the whole to a considerable sum, the payment of which was pressing. Amongst the rest Biennais figured in particular for eight or ten thousand francs. Great inquiries were made, and many reports were spread, as to how so large a debt could have arisen? At length it was discovered that M. Jerome Bonaparte had purchased of M. Biennais, Rue Saint-Honoré, at the sign of the Singe Violet, a magnificent travelling-case, containing every thing that could be invented by elegance and luxury, in gold, mother-of-pearl, silver, and ivory, the finest porcelains, and the most beautifully-executed enameled; in short, the whole was a jewel. But one very essential thing was wanting to this dressing-case, and that was a beard to make it useful; for whatever it contained would admit of no other application. Razors, shaving-pots of all sizes, in silver and china; combs for the moustaches; in short, every article of convenience for shaving; but the beard was wanting; and, unfortunately, the young man, who was but fifteen had some long years to wait for it. The First Consul told this little history in a very entertaining style.

When he left my mother's on the ball-night, he promised to come again to see her, but my mother had preserved so much
all renewal of intimacy. I believe, however, that the definite
rupture must be attributed to a cause, natural perhaps, but
which was indelicately made use of. I shall frequently have
occasion to revert to this subject—my pen takes it up in-
voluntarily.

CHAPTER LI.

The tribunes and long harangues—The consular court and the Roman forum
—M. Andreux—Lucien, the author of the 18th Brumaire—Depression of
Lucien, and remarkable visit—Lord Malmesbury—Madame Bonaparte and
her brother-in-law—Embarassment of the First Consul—Lucien announces
his departure—The road to the throne—Lucien’s children—Secrecy of Lu-
cien’s journey—The little beggar—Portrait of Lucien—The Michelin family
and injustice repaid.

At the period of my marriage the consular court was rather
singularly organized. Its arrangement was somewhat affected
by the strong prejudices of the First Consul. He wished it to
be on a grand style, yet was fearful of incurring the reproach
already directed against him by several tribunes, who, mistak-
ing the Palais Royal where equality no longer existed, for the
Roman forum, delighted in making long harangues in which
Caesar, Brutus, Pericles, Solon, Aristides, and Lycurgus, all
found a place, but which had no more reference to the un-
fortunate French Republic, than if its locality was beyond
Tobolsk.

In the speech delivered by Andreux towards the end of
Vendémiaire, France was at least mentioned, and attention pointed
to her affairs; but with the exception of some inmoderate
culopies on several of our generals, this discourse was but ill
calculated to answer the exigency of a moment, when, recalled
almost from the brink of the grave by the powerful ascendancy
of an extraordinary man, union and vigilance amongst her sons
became even more necessary, to guard against the too com-
manding influence of that ascendancy over her destinies. I am, in
my own mind, persuaded, that had Bonaparte encountered a
reasonable resistance, a continual warning from one of the orders
of the state instituted by himself, he would have learned to curb
that impetuosity, which, meeting no check from without, he
suffered to lead him on unrestrained.

The Republic, or rather that republican Will, which, from
the 9th Thermidor to the 18th Fructidor, 1797, alone remained
to us, was still represented at court by one man, who entered
on the political arena precisely at that moment. A real passion
for liberty was the sacred passion which inspired him. His
head was filled with republican and Utopian ideas, which would have been perhaps impossible to realize, although engendered by a soul of the purest and noblest sentiments. I speak of Lucien Bonaparte. He called himself Brutus at Marathon, and this mixture of the Greek and the Roman was at this time much laughed at; but a single bond served to reconcile the incongruity, an ardent desire of establishing and maintaining the Republic in France; not that republic whose very remembrance excites a shudder in the most hardened hearts, those times which, far from being a consequence of the revolution, constituted a deviation from it, but a republic, such in short as a great people may possess. Alas! are we not ourselves an impediment to its establishment?

Lucien, immediately after the 18th Brumaire, was appointed Minister of the Interior.*

It is unfortunate that a prejudice, for it was certainly nothing else, prevented his being elected Second or Third Consul.

At first sight, the participation of two brothers in the Consulate would naturally lead to the conclusion that but one will direct the Executive; whereas, in reality, the national interest would have been far better defended than by a man such as the Consul Lebrun, who, unquestionably honest himself, was nevertheless too readily disposed to affirm every proposition, even of his second, and still more of his first colleague.

In accomplishing the events of the 18th Brumaire, at which he had laboured with an influential activity, whose remembrance should never have deserted Napoleon, it cannot be doubted that Lucien believed his brother would confer on France a government that should render her at once happy at home, and great and formidable abroad. As for war, it was then looked upon merely as a party of pleasure; in its prosecution, not only the glory but the good fortune of the French was calculated upon as certain. In the interior, on the other hand, misery was at its height: although not in the Consulate, as Minister of the Interior, much was in Lucien’s power: the choice of prefects and of mayors; new municipal laws to be given to the Communes; the whole mode of election to be reformed; manufactures to be protected, which at that time were everywhere rising; new discoveries to be collected; and misery to be relieved by employment, the only alms which should be bestowed on the people: all this he foresaw and undertook with courage and success. But he soon appeared sad and very much Obstacles multiplied around him: he had spoken of this to my brother-in-law; my

---

* M. de Laplace preceded him, but only a few days; his pursuits in science and those of the administration could not possibly advance together. When he was nominated, an acquaintance of mine made, with two strokes of a pencil, a charming little drawing of an astrologer falling into a well; the resem-
mother, who tenderly loved him, perceived it before he opened
the subject. Lucien was unhappy, and doubly so, through the
the means of his brother. But in justice to Bonaparte, I must
declare that he was unworthily deceived with respect to his
brother; he was persuaded of the existence of facts entirely
false. He was even inspired by some one with uneasiness for
his personal safety. He never yielded to these suspicions, but
the voice which accused his brother was one very dear to him.
It was evident that he sought with avidity every thing that
could afford him a ray of consolation amidst that perplexing
obscurity with which others endeavoured to fill up the distance
that fate had just established between the two brothers, an interval
which Lucien always respected, even when refusing to acknow-
ledge it, but which the First Consul should have overlooked.
A violent animosity had, however, arisen between Madame
Bonaparte and her brothers-in-law, which not only interrupted
the domestic happiness of this numerous family, but proved in
the end a source of the greatest misfortunes to herself.

I visited my mother every day, and frequently dined with her.
One day that we had dined alone, Albert and M. de Geouffre
being both absent, we had scarcely risen from table when Lucien
arrived. He was mournful, very serious, and appeared in deep
thought. My mother remarking it, he admitted it, and told us
he was on the eve of departure; upon which my mother uttered
an exclamation. "Did not you know it?" said he; "I take
Geouffre with me."

"If you wish to let me know your affairs by my son-in-law,"
replied my mother, "command him to communicate them, for
when you are in question he is a true Malmesbury." *

"Yes, I am going," said Lucien, crossing his arms over his
bosom and contemplating the fire with that sombre distraction
which indicates an acute and profound grief: "I am going;
my counsels displease; and moreover there is at present a bar-
tier between Napoleon and me which can never be removed,
because it is beneath my character to justify myself, and there-
by to recognize the legality of a tribunal which, on the contrary,
I challenge. My brother believes the perfidious insinuations of
a woman with whom he ought to be too well acquainted to
sacrifice his family to her; he suspects the fidelity of a brother,

* Lord Malmesbury was on a special mission to the Directory from
England in the year VII; and Talleyrand was Minister for Foreign
Affairs. It is to be presumed that Lord Malmesbury's instructions were not
very extensive, for at every
considered by Talleyrand, who, it may be
observed, does not himself waste any, Lord Malmesbury uniformly replied:
"Allow me to write home respecting that." ("Permettez que j'en écrive à ma
cour.") And as we seldom fail to take advantage of the ridiculous, a caricature
was exhibited, in which Talleyrand stepping up to the English Ambassador, in-
quires how he is? and Lord Malmesbury shows him, according to the custom of
caricatures, a long paper, inscribed with the words: "Permettez-moi d'en écrire
un autre."
whose devotedness has been the sole means of opening to him the road to a throne.'

"To a throne!" cried my mother.

Lucien replied only by a smile, at once melancholy and expressive; "always remember, Madame Permon," rejoined he, that I certainly had no such thoughts on the 18th and 19th Brumaire."

It may be well supposed, that in speaking afterwards of Lucien to the First Consul, I was careful not to repeat this part of the conversation.

"Are you going far?" inquired my mother. "I must not tell you; I ought not to have announced my departure. I request of Madame Junot not to speak of this conversation before her husband."

In fact some days afterwards Lucien quitted Paris.

A carriage, containing Arnaud, a miniature-painter named Chatillon, and M. Felix Desporte, preceded him, and took the road to Amiens, while Lucien, in his berline, with my brother-in-law, set out towards Bordeaux.

He had with him his two little girls, the youngest of whom was still in arms; and on these two little beings he lavished all the cares of the most attentive female.

My mother, learning that he was going to take his children, advised him to leave them with the kind and excellent Madame Josephi; but at the first word Lucien, starting from his chair, exclaimed, "No, no; I will not leave my children here; do not talk to me of separating from them! I may be accused of levity, of easy morals, but at least neither mother, brothers, children, nor friends, shall ever have occasion to reproach my heart."

He was much agitated: my mother embraced him and said, "Well, you are right; take these poor little ones; they are no longer blessed with a mother, and a fond father can alone supply her loss."

A messenger was despatched after the carriage, which was journeying towards Amiens; it changed its course, and rejoined Lucien near Bordeaux. I know not the cause of all this mystery; perhaps it was designed to conceal from Austria, with whom negotiations were carrying on, the mission of the First Consul's brother, as Ambassador to Spain. This could not indeed be kept secret above seven or eight days, but that is much in diplomatic relations; I state the facts as they occurred: Lucien arrived at Madrid, and replaced there two men whose abilities, when compared with his, made a very mediocre appearance; these were Berthier and Alquier.

Some time after the departure of Lucien an affair was much talked of, and his enemies would fain have misrepresented it; but the following is the exact truth. The ages of the children are particularly accurate, a matter of some importance to the
A boy eleven years of age, neatly dressed, was standing in the street des Petits Champs, near the Place Vendôme, and asking alms of persons in whose physiognomy he could discern a more than common share of humanity. A young man, wrapped up in a large blue great-coat, with knit pantaloons of gray silk, a round hat, and gold spectacles, casually looked upon the child as he passed. There was kindness in his countenance, and his smile imboidened the poor little importunate to hold out his hand; the gentleman frowned, yet gave him a coin of douze sous (sixpence).

"Why do you beg, child?" said he, in a severe tone. The poor child began to cry, pointing with his finger to a woman and two little girls, the eldest of whom was ten, and the other nine, seated on the stone bench of the house which then stood in a little recess, where the passage to the Jacobin market now is.

"These are my mother and sisters," said he, sobbing, "My father is very ill, and I have a little brother younger than my sisters; I cannot work, and we must eat, and give my father his barley-water: how can this be done if I do not beg?"

The gentleman overcome with such a tale of misery, approached the woman, asked her some questions, and having taken her address, left her a louis-d'or.

On his return to the Home Department, Lucien, who has no doubt been recognised in the portrait I have just drawn, charged a confidential person to make inquiries respecting the Fléchelle family. The result of these inquiries was not only satisfactory, but of a nature to extort a blush from the government, had it been possible for the Directory to blush for its evil deeds. Fléchelle had been employed in the great office, where his conduct was irreproachable, but in consequence of one of those intrigues too common under a venal government, he was dismissed without pension or indemnity; and, as security against his complaints, was calumniated to the minister of the day, who refused even to see him. This man had four children, and from an easy competence, his family were suddenly plunged into absolute destitution. Overwhelmed with grief, the vigilance of his wife alone defeated an attempt at suicide, and soon remorse occasioned an illness. Lucien the next day sent them through his confidential agent, a hundred francs, and an abundant provision of sugar, coffee, candles, oil, etc., a cart-load of wood, and a sack of coals: he also conferred on Fléchelle, as a just indemnity, the brevet of a place at the burrères, worth two thousand francs.

The agitating joy of the news proved too much for the unhappy father's frame, enfeebled by long illness; he died, and left his family again exposed to misery. Lucien, immersed in cares at the moment of his departure for Spain, was unable to make haste. His father died 18th of September, and the
this desolate family, became a second consoling and succouring angel to them. Attempts were made to report the story at Malmaison in a very different light; I took the liberty of representing the truth. "The young girls are not sixteen or seventeen years of age," said I to Madame Bonaparte, "for I have seen them."—"Then I have been deceived," replied she, "but you have much affected me by the misfortunes of this poor family; give me Madame Fléchelle's address, for I will send to her to-morrow; I wish to have my part in the good work." She sent them, I believe, forty francs. Madame Bonaparte was often compassionate, but the universality of her protection and her recommendations often made her ridiculous, even in the eyes of those to whom she was benevolent.

CHAPTER LII.

The consular court—Madame Bonaparte's apartments—Functions of M. Benezech and the republicans—The Aides-de-camp—Chamberlains—The grand dinners at the Tuileries—Improvement of morals—The ladies of the emigration—Installation at the Tuileries—The two processions—General Lannes's broth—The fortnight's parades—Intercourse of the First Consul with the soldiers—My cachet shawl, and my father-in-law's watch—The Swedish Minister and the Batiste handkerchief—Bonaparte, a drummer, and the sabre of honour—The Baron Erasworth—The King of Spain's horses—The diplomatic corps in 1800—M. de Lucchesini and the Italian harangue.

The consular court at the moment of my marriage was at its highest point of perfection. Its etiquette was afterwards totally changed; there was ceremony on one hand, while on the other the design was popularity, though unsuccessful.

Madame Bonaparte occupied the whole ground-floor of the Tuileries, which was equally her residence as Empress, and afterwards that of Maria Louisa. Adjoining her dressing-room was the small apartment of Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, consisting of her bedchamber, and a study scarcely of sufficient dimensions to render the smell of her oil-paints endurable, when she this winter* painted her brother's portrait. The apartments of Madame Bonaparte were furnished tastefully but without luxury; the great reception-saloon was hung with yellow draperies; the moveable furniture was damask, the fringes of silk, and the wood, mahogany. No gold was to be seen. The other rooms were not more richly decorated; all was new and elegant but

* This same winter of 1800, the Tuileries caught fire, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais's portrait of her brother, which was a strong likeness, was consumed. This fire was imputed to incendiaries, but falsely; it was occasioned by ill-
no more. The apartments of Madame Bonaparte, however, were destined only for private parties and morning visits.

The larger assemblies were held up stairs. As yet there was neither chamberlain nor prefect of the palace; an old counsellor of state, formerly Minister of the Interior, M. De Benezeck, was charged with the internal administration of the palace, which was at first a little difficult to introduce amongst what remained of true republicanism. The functions of M. Benezeck embraced those afterwards divided between the Grand Chamberlain and the Master of the Ceremonies. The maîtres d’hôtel and ushers performed the subaltern offices, and the aides-de-camp supplied the place of chamberlains.

The First Consul was in the habit of dining two hundred persons every ten days. These dinners were given in the gallery of Diana, and the guests were of all ranks and classes, always including the diplomatic body, which at this time was become tolerably numerous. The wives of civil functionaries, of generals and colonels, formed the society, for as yet no one ventured to say the court of Madame Bonaparte. The General was rigid in the choice he made, not for his quintudiant routs, but for the private and frequent invitations to Malmaison, and afterwards to St. Cloud. It is a fact, which only prejudiced minds will dispute, that the First Consul wished to perpetuate, as far as lay in his power, the amelioration of morals produced by the revolution. This will perhaps excite a smile in the perusal: nevertheless, it is certain that the morals of the existing generation have been tempered by the revolution.

Adversity is a hard school; its lessons have not been spared, and we had not the example of a corrupt court to frustrate their advantages. Perhaps had the revolution not run its course, such a change might have been effected amongst the highest classes by the same example which had been formerly so pernicious. Louis the Fifteenth had both poisoned Paris and the provinces with a breath of corruption, which spread as an infectious pestilence through the whole kingdom; and all the virtue of the unhappy Louis the Sixteenth scarcely sufficed to repress among depraved spirits, with whom all kinds of morality were a subject of mockery, the noisy and haughty expression of sentiments, which in their estimation belonged to good society. Vice and disorder were indeed no longer protected by the heads of the state, but levity and immodesty in all that related to the reputation and fate of the female sex, were but too much in vogue at the moment of the revolution. The misfortunes of that era cast a shade of seriousness even over those who by age and fortune were placed in a sphere of noise and folly. Celebrated names may be cited to the contrary, but my assertion is not thereby invalidated. Exceptions are said to prove rules.

It is certain that in 1800, when the court of the Tuileries was so sumptuously enriched, it was a new rule. Thus we see that the revolution has a double effect. It has taken a large portion of our faculties away, and yet it has left us the use of the other half.
virtue which it had never before displayed in France. The Noblesse, or what was at length by common consent denominated the Faubourg Saint-Germain, was constrained to follow the general current, although here again some exceptions were known in ladies who founded their fame on the importation of follies from Brussels, Coblenz, etc., and afterwards from England. Eventually, the imperial court, like all else pertaining to sovereignty, spread its malign influence. It was, however, comparatively but little open to censure, as the Emperor exercised a magical sway over every woman admitted to his court. But for the present we must confine ourselves to the Consulate, one of the most strikingly interesting periods of Napoleon’s life.

When the different powers had adopted the new constitution proposed after the 18th Brumaire, and which I believe was the fourth they were called upon to sanction, the Government quitted the little Luxembourg for the Tuileries. It may be observed, that the First Consul, who had at first lodged the Third Consul in the Pavilion of Flora, soon retook the sole possession of it, and M. Lebrun, like Cambacérès, retired to the occupation of a private house.* The whole consular triumvirate, however, was present at the reception of ambassadors or of national bodies. The 30th Pluviose, in the year VIII (19th Feb. 1800), the First Consul took possession of the palace of the kings, which indeed, from the commencement of the revolution, had been occupied by the National Representatives. At this time the constitution of the 18th Brumaire exalted the consular power above all other national authorities: it represented, in itself, the French people; and such an authority required a suitable abode. (He who had witnessed the removal from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries, on the 30th Pluvinle of the year VIII, if he had then fallen asleep to the sound of military music, playing all our patriotic airs, and had been awakened by the thunder of cannon on the morning of the 2d December, announcing that the Emperor Napoleon was about to be crowned by the Pope in Notre Dame, would have discovered a curious contrast between the two processions.) In the first, on account of the scarcity of private carriages at that time in Paris, it was necessary to engage for counsellors of state and senators, hackney-coaches, whose numbers were covered with white paper, producing an effect far more ludicrous than if the numbers had remained visible.

On the day of his installation at the Tuileries, scarcely had the First Consul arrived before he mounted his horse, and held a

* Cambacérès lived at the Hotel d’Elbœuf, in the Place Carrousel, opposite the Tuileries. The Consul Lebrun had the Hotel de Nantes, Rue Saint Honoré. This appropriation was made in conformity to the family wants of the two Consuls. Lebrun had his mother-in-law and five children with him (his eldest daughter, who soon afterwards married M. de Planey, the youngest, now Madame de Chabrot, and his three sons, Charles, Alexander, and Augustus Lebrun), so required therefore a more spacious dwelling than Cambacérès, who
review in the court of the palace, which was not then surrounded
by a railing, but enclosed by ill-jointed boards; and the Place du
Carrousel was then small and very irregular. The change was
rapid; a word from Napoleon was sufficient.

The First Consul admitted that he was happy during his
reviews.—"And you too, I am sure, are well content while I am
with your conscripts," said he, one day, to General Lannes.
"You do not grumble because the parade retards our dinner for
an hour."—"Oh! dear no," replied General Lannes, "it is all
alike to me, whether I eat my soup warm or cold, provided you
will set us to work at making a hot broth for those rascally
English."

He had an aversion for the English that I have never observed
in any other general of the Emperor's army, even of those who
had fought under the Republic.*

The quintiards (for we must speak the language of the period)
were chosen for reviews, or rather for parades, in the court of the
Tuileries. These parades were a spectacle worth seeing, espe-
cially during the Consulate. Under the Empire they might be
more magnificent; but in 1800 their splendour was wholly
national. It was the glory of France that we contemplated in
those squadrons and battalions, which, whether composed of
conscripts or veterans, equally impressed with fear the foreigner
who surveyed them from the windows of the palace; for the
ardour of the young troops was fostered by constantly beholding
the old musketeers of the Consular Guard covered with scars;
and were ready, even while under arms, to sing in chorus, like
the young Spartans:

Comme vous, un jour nous serons
Vaillants et combattants,
Nous aussi, nous vaincrons! etc.†

The First Consul took pleasure in these reviews, which would
sometimes occupy him for five hours together, without a moment's
interval of repose. All the regiments in France came alternately
to Paris, and passed in review with the guards every fortnight at
noon. The First Consul was, on these occasions, always at-
tended by the aide-de-camp on duty, the Minister of War, the
General commanding the first division, and the Commandant of

* It is singular that the eldest son of the Marshal is married to an English-
woman, and it is reported that a younger son is about to follow the example.
This proves that sentiments are not always hereditary, and happily, for hatred is
but a sorry sentiment. It seems, however, strange to see the affections of a
family thus take a direction diametrically opposed to those of its head. I believe
his daughter-in-law might have cured him of his prejudices; she is a beautiful,
amiable, and charming person. If his brother chooses as well as the elder, he
will be welcome to bring us a new countrywoman.

† We also shall, like you, be one day,
Valiant warriors,
Paris, the Commissary-general, the Commissaries of War attached to the city of Paris; in short, all persons to whom orders must be immediately transmitted, in case the First Consul should, in the course of the inspection, find any alteration or improvement requisite. By this means no delay could arise in the communication of orders: every thing was done instantaneously and satisfactorily; for it was well understood, that the eye of the Chief closely superintended all, and that if punishment were awarded to negligence, punctuality would be duly appreciated.

Sometimes he galloped along the ranks, but this was rarely; he never, indeed, sat his horse, unless the troops had already passed in review, and he was satisfied that nothing was wanting. Even then he would address a few questions to two or three soldiers casually selected; but generally after having rode along the ranks on his white horse (le Désiré), he would alight, and converse with all the field-officers, and with nearly all the subalterns and soldiers. His solicitude was extended to the most minute particulars—the food, the dress, and every thing that could be necessary to the soldier, or useful to the man, divided his attention with the evolutions. He encouraged the men to speak to him without restraint. "Conceal from me none of your wants," he would say to them; "suppress no complaints you may have to make of your superiors. I am here to do justice to all, and the weaker party is especially entitled to my protection."

These words he one day addressed to a demi-brigade (I believe it was the 17th), aware that the regiment before its removal to Paris had suffered deprivations in the department where it had been in garrison. Such a system was not only attended with immediately beneficial results, but was adroitly adapted to answer a general and not less useful purpose. The army and its Chief thus became inseparably united, and in the person of that Chief the army beheld the French nation.

Thus the state, through him, dispensed both blame and commendation. Besides, Paris by this means became acquainted with the army, and the troops, alternately visiting the capital, ceased to regard it as another continent, and themselves as foreigners in it.

My husband, who invariably attended the First Consul on these parades, communicated to me every thing remarkable; and in reporting the achievements of a day, which to other men would have comprised the labour of a month, would add: "All this proceeds with magic mechanism; this man is a supernatural being." Junot, it is true, might view his beloved General with prejudiced eyes; but not on these occasions, for he was at this period of his life truly admirable.

The diplomatic corps showed great eagerness to witness the parades, a privilege usually enjoyed by foreigners from the time of Louis XIV. But during the duration of the present great political epoch, nothing could be more easy.
the ground-floor at the end of the Empress's apartments. From
the same place I saw the first parade after my marriage, on
which occasion an amusing adventure happened to my father-in-
law. Junot's attendance being required on horseback, he could
not escort me to Duroc's, but intrusted me to his own family,
who themselves had never seen a parade. Arrived at the railing
of the Pont-Royal, we alighted, and crossing the garden, en-
deavoured to gain on foot Duroc's door, which is situated at the
right corner of the vestibule; but it was late, and we were com-
pelled to make our way through a dense crowd. My mother-in-
law, always happy, and always merry, only joked on the pum-
melings she encountered; but her husband, quite unaccustomed
to such things, was in terrible ill-humour, and railed particularly
at the carelessness of young Parisian ladies, who would venture
handsome cachemire shawls in such a crowd, repeatedly
assuring me that I should lose mine, and at the same time
boasting his own prudence in securing his watch, by guarding
it constantly with his hand.

His cautions and vaunts were of course alike overheard, and
as the most effectual means of momentarily eluding his vigilance,
a dexterous twitch was given to my shawl; the manœuvre com-
pletely succeeded—I screamed, the shawl was saved; but,
 alas! that moment sufficed for the abstraction of the carefully-
guarded watch; and its unfortunate master, on discovering his
loss, clamorously lamented over an old and valued servant of
thirty-five years standing, till reminded by Madame Junot that
it stopped about once a week, and had within the last year cost
him fifty francs in repairs.

Meanwhile we had reached Duroc's door, and were placed at
a window. The parade had not yet commenced. The officers
were silently promenading in the ranks of their respective
regiments; speaking, occasionally, but only in a whisper, to a
soldier or subaltern, when the carrying of a weapon, or the
position of a hat seemed to demand rectifying. This general
hush was not inspired by fear of the First Consul, for he was
adored by the army, and its chiefs, as well as its subordinates,
who were desirous of merit ing his praises. Oh! what a time
was that!

It would be difficult to describe the impression made on me
by this first spectacle of a review.

Junot, who knew the passionate enthusiasm of my patriotism,
had warned me that I should be much agitated; he kissed his
hand to me in passing, and smiling to see my handkerchief at
my eyes, whispered to Duroc, when both again looked at me,
and I observed that my emotion affected them. How could it
be otherwise? they, too, loved their country, loved her glory,
and the man who thus dazzled us by the splendour of that
glory with which he illumined all France. And then those
eyes, those hands, that voice which were distinctly

legible—“Yes, we will die for the greatness of France, and for his renown; we are ready, where must we march?” And himself answering these tacit oaths by paternal affection; questioning the soldiers as to their birthplace, and their parents; acquainting himself with their situation, and supporting with a pension the mother whose son had left his farm and his vineyard to defend his country. Oh! what a time was that!

A gentleman sat near me, whose admiration of the scene before him was so profound and so worthy of the occasion, that it struck me; he was a foreigner, and wore an ensign so singular that I could not resist the impulse of curiosity, and was indiscreet enough to inquire the meaning of it. It was a very fine batiste handkerchief of extraordinary whiteness, tied round his arm like the scarf of an aide-de-camp. “It is a memorial of my sovereign and of a glorious day, Madame,” answered he; and announced himself as the Baron of Ernsworth, the Swedish Minister. I introduced him to the parents of General Junot, to whom he was as polite as he could have been to all the Montmorencys and all the La Tremouilles of France; he was near fifty years of age, and of a fine figure, perhaps somewhat too much enbonpoint for the chaste elegance of the military costume, which he wore. He spoke, with an expression which went to my heart, of the reputation of him whose name I bore. “So young,” said he, “and already so famed; but with such a captain, how can the lieutenants, though* but children, be otherwise than worthy sons of their country!”

At this moment the First Consul stopped under our window, and said to a drummer of about sixteen or seventeen, “So it was you, my brave boy, who beat the charge before Zurich.” The countenance of the young soldier was suffused with crimson, but it was not timidity which called the flush to his cheek. He raised towards the First Consul his large black eyes, sparkling with joy at being thus publicly distinguished, and replied in a half-tremulous, half-confident tone, “Oui, mon Général.”

“It was you, too, who at Weser gave proof of the most gallant presence of mind by saving your commander.”* The youth blushed still deeper this time from modesty, and answered, in a lower voice than before, “Oui, mon Général.”—“Well, I must discharge the debt of the country; it will be paid you not in a ring of honour, but a sabre of honour; I appoint you a subaltern in the Consular Guard; continue to behave well, and I will take care of you.”

* I was particularly struck by this fact, because all the occurrences of this first parade made a deep impression on my mind; but the military annals of the period are filled with similar anecdotes, too frequent to obtain insertion in “The Moniteur,” or other journals. Speaking of the above the same evening to the First Consul, as comparable to the noblest deeds of antiquity, he replied, “Bah! ask your husband; he will tell you there is neither regiment nor demi-brigade in the army that could not cite ten such. He himself would be the hero