

# THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

## *IX—In the Residence of Kings*

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JOSEPHINE found life in the Tuileries very pleasant. It was thrilling to walk in the footsteps of kings, to look out of their windows with the full sense of ownership, to be curtsied to where they had been curtsied to, and sleep where they had lain. And there were many balls and receptions, dinners for two hundred covers in the Gallery of Diana, and great closets full of new gowns. But this transition from republican simplicity to royal splendor had to be made very adroitly. Like skilful singers they went with the utmost smoothness from one register into another; and the maids of the Rue Chantierine were increased by a chef and a valet and a few culinary domestics, before the whole flock appeared, of ladies-in-waiting, *dames du palais*, butlers and pages, prefects and carvers, "chiefs-of-the-service," guards, chamberlains, and grooms of the chamber. The sibilant "citizen" slid into the "Sire" without any perceptible hiss or slur.

Indeed Napoleon did not hear the "Sire" at once, even in that inner ear. Amid his blossoming generals he still wore the simple green coat of a colonel of his grenadiers. It was with difficulty that Josephine persuaded him to wear a magnificent

thing of crimson silk with gold oak leaves and laurel all down the front. "*Diable!*" he said with a shrug of his shoulders, when told that it had been presented by a leading manufacturer of Lyons. "Put it on. It may encourage the trade in silk!" But the very donning of it by so Spartan a soldier was proof to many that it was not an angel whispering in his ear but rather that dark ambassador whose name he had just taken in vain.

As for Josephine she could be acquitted of royalistic designs. And on dynastic designs Nature herself frowned. Julie, her sister-in-law, had gone to Plombières to take the waters, and came back promptly to present Joseph, now Councillor of State and Minister Plenipotentiary, with a pink little daughter. Since this was after seven years of married life, Josephine determined to try the waters also. She returned more gracefully slender than ever, and once for all decided that she did not want to be queen. For that meant a dynasty, with divorce as an alarming corollary. Sufficient, therefore, was their royal state. They could forego the scepter and diadem.

Meanwhile, however, they had settled down to trotting very amiably in double harness. How amiably

may be judged from an indictment she brought against Napoleon one afternoon as they looked out from Marie Antoinette's old window on the little green fans of the horse-chestnuts.

"You have only two faults," said she very charmingly.

"And they?"

"The first that you are so fond of argument with your councillors you betray your inmost thoughts." And laconic as he was on the field of battle, the charge was true, as she knew from Bourrienne's babbling.

"You must beware of Fouché, Savary, and Talleyrand," she went on, then:—"The second is that you do not give enough of *yourself* to your friends. You cannot win them forever by giving them baubles and titles."

And though he might have heeded with profit, he laughed, tweaked her cheek, and as promptly forgot, for he had an engagement—on the field of Marengo.

But despite her intuitions, she did not understand her husband, seeing him for the most part only in his relationship to her.

Once it occurred to her to try to see with a man's eyes this master of men. She was playing billiards in the *entresol* which had echoed to the laughter of so many queens, and from which she could see the rising monuments, the new boulevards and the palaces that were to beautify Paris and add new luster to the conqueror's name. Her companion, since there were no others about that night, was the dapper meager Louis Wairy, better known as Constant, her husband's valet.

"*Diable!*" she said as she tried an

easy carom and failed. It was no use. She must talk to some one or be hopelessly bored. So "Constant," she said as she dismounted from her perch on the cushioned margin of the table, "you were at Marengo."

The bait served all too well, but she checked his rush for it. "Nay, nay, my valiant valet; not your own exploits. I would know what the General looked like, how he appeared in battle; what was his glance under fire."

"Fearful, madame. But he was so merry when he shaved. He would not let me shave him; but I handed him his razors and clipped the little hairs in his nose. How he swore when the scissors tickled him! But I take good care of him, madame, the very best care; see that he has the right underclothes—always of the finest cassimere and—"

"Hairs in his nose! Underclothes!" exclaimed his mistress. "And I ask you how he appears in battle! Constant, you have the valet's soul."

"Well, madame, he talked to the monks in the hospice of St. Bernard. They marveled at his wisdom. Then with his men, he slid down the glaciers like a boy."

"What! On a sled?"

"*Non, madame.* He sat right down on the ice. How many pairs of good cassimere he spoiled!"

It was hopeless and she turned to the window. Two officers walked across the court with much jingling of spurs.

"Eöe! Rapp! Junot! Come in and save me from this haberdasher!" Then as they entered the chamber, "I asked this fellow how the General appears at Marengo; and he tells me

that the First Consul spoils his breeches coasting down glaciers!"

"He did, *madame la première consul*," assented the smiling Rapp. "A little device to cheer on his men. There were many such."

"*Allons donc! monsieur le général*, you are no better. What I want to know is how he appears in battle. I have never attended one."

"You should see him, to see war at its most glorious," broke in Junot. He had a brave uniform, sideburns like Louis; his eyes were near together, his mouth rather petulant for so brave a warrior, and he was to die in a madhouse; but he had spirit and dash enough on the field. This was echoed exultantly as he spoke in praise of his chief: "Even with grape falling like hail all around him, his horse shot under him, he is cool. He knows not fear!"

"If *madame la première consul* will permit," eagerly put in Constant; "I have undressed him and—"

"What? Underclothes again!"

"No, madame. It is of wounds I speak. His body is covered with scars."

Junot, sensitive and demonstrative as a woman, dashed the tears from his eyes with the back of a hairy hand. "He conceals them from all of us," he said, "even from me," this almost with a touch of reproach; then he resumed:

"I have said he was cool and laconic, not arguing as he does here with his councillors. But suddenly he speaks, and when he does, there is no general or dragoon but obeys. His voice itself sweeps you on like a mountain torrent. And his glance? I know not how to describe it, madame. But it is as though some-

thing cold like steel and yet on fire suddenly flashed from a scabbard. He is a little man. With one push you could bowl him over. Yet you run—and toward the enemy!"

Josephine thought that now she was getting the feel of it all; but she was mystified by the handsome Rapp, who, whistling the while, for he scorned all etiquette, was arranging balls, cues and pieces of chalk on the table.

"It takes more than magnetism to win battles," he said. "There is strategy. Now here you have the whole field of the second Italian campaign. Perhaps, madame, you can catch its grandeur of design."

Puzzled, she drew nearer, as Rapp went on:

"This will make it easier to understand. The Northwest corner of the table is France; North-center, Switzerland; Northeast here, Austria; and below lies Italy. Between are the Alps—these cues—note that they form an impassable barrier. Below these Alps are the Austrian forces, those white balls, scattered over the whole Lombard plain. They have won it back while the General was in Egypt, all except Genoa and two towns on the coast where Masséna and Suchet with their few detachments—those pieces of chalk—are practically bottled up.

"Now the First Consul is in Switzerland. He has not much of an army, only thirty-five thousand hastily patched-up troops, having generously sent on his best corps to Moreau on the Rhine. But then poor troops with Napoleon are better than picked ones with Moreau; and Lannes, Desaix, Victor, under the Consul's direction, are whipping them into shape.

"Very well. He has four courses open; and here you must catch the first point, the strategy of the position he had chosen. He could do so many things: help Moreau on the Rhine against the North Austrian army; climb over the Alps by the eastern pass and so sweep the Tyrol; or by the western pass join Masséna on the coast. There is another pass, this one in the middle, the great St. Bernard; but that he cannot go over, oh no!"

"But he—" Junot started to protest.

"Do not interrupt," expostulated Rapp. "I'll leave all the glory of warfare to you. This is cold strategy. Now the way by the coast is comparatively easy, and the one his generals in council gathered together, expect him to take.

"But," says the General, 'that is my '96 campaign all over again. I must have a new one to surprise them. Besides, if I join Masséna on the west, I shall face the whole Austrian army scattered over the Italian plain in superior numbers, with their base, Austria at their back, and my back to the sea. I shall choose the middle pass!'

"But, General,' say all the staff including the growling Junot here, 'you cannot. St. Bernard is impassable!'

"*Tiens!* What dictionary do you use? The word is not in mine. There we shall cross, catch them between the west and their base, defeat their superior corps one by one. Further we shall capture Milan which will give us prestige with the Italians and a tremendous moral advantage.'

"And this he did with his small

army. Hollowed out tree-trunks to carry his cannon; each drawn by a hundred men. And when they grew tired and gazed, disheartened, at the icy ascent, the peaks all around like some gigantic cheval-de-frise of the gods, he treads alongside of them, cheering them on, slapping their backs, or he orders the drums to beat to stir the blood. For this purpose, too, he slid down the glaciers like a schoolboy and spoiled Constant's good breeches.

"As I said, there were many such devices. His brain is fertile. When we come to Monte Albredo, which really puts the 'impassable' in his dictionary, and has a fort at the foot commanding the only road, he covers the cannon wheels with straw, also the horses' hoofs and sends them through by night.

"And now watch—he is over—in Italy! He strikes—and very swiftly he can strike—first this division here, that one there, all over the Lombard plain; fools them all. No let-up; fight, march, fight, then march again. He leaves garrisons behind—more of those pieces of chalk on the green—at Milan, Ivrea, Lodi, every town; then crosses the Po, all the time sending out feelers for the main body of old Melas, the Austrian chief.

"Now he splits his forces, sends Lannes to Montebello, Desaix south, while he continues westward, leaving all points in his rear strategically covered and thereby diminishing his forces. Then suddenly, in the vale of Marengo, where the river Tanaro flows into the Po, he comes up with Melas."

"With triple our numbers," interpolated Junot, whose eyes dilated as he relived it all.

"No, double; but it was enough," retorted the more conservative Rapp, as he rearranged his little symbols.

"And now consider the table no longer the whole field of operations, but just that of the immediate battle. Here you have the town of Marengo, which a little river with very steep banks, cuts in two. Our inferior forces have been driven out, but we reform and try to recapture it. Gaily we go on, not in straight platoons, madame, as at your reviews, but in waves, the bravest at the apex, and debouch through the narrow streets. At the same time young Kellermann organizes a little charge of horse on the banks through the orchard just outside the town. But the whitecoats are strongly entrenched. They pour a murderous fire down on us from houses and church towers. Young and old, we go down, some leaning up against lintels, others sprawled on their backs, all in very strange postures, madame, quite as if they had been sacks tossed from the windows, with contents ripped open.

"Meantime, on our right, the enemy guns sprayed Kellermann's dragoons as they stormed through the orchards. We had lost all our cannon but five and could not support them. Here, too, were queer postures, stranger perhaps, since beasts are more easily stricken with terror. Horses plunging distracted, or in their frenzy rearing straight up; others tumbled against walls, with their riders crumpled under them, or trumpeting through the orchards, saddles under and their masters dragged by the stirrups; and still others, legs in air, flat on their backs, and shattered open. Such, madame,

is the glory of warfare, a picture of battle—at which you say you have never been present.

"Four times that morning we retreated from Marengo. Four times, taking such shelter as we could from farm-house or grove, we advanced again. The last time, Napoleon came up at a gallop to exhort us and to order in his Consular Guard. We cheered. At last we were saved, and in they plunged, like an ocean breaker,—coats of green, and the sunlight of gilt casques and chin-straps interlaced in the white foam of their plumes.

"But down the steep banks they, too, go floundering—only four hundred coming back at a mad gallop. After all, the day is not saved. Can it be that our chief has lost his cunning; that he is no longer the conqueror?

"Still he stands immovable, his eyes ranging the valley as we gather on a hill for the last stand; Marmont's five baby guns on the left, our Foot in the center, on the left, a little way off, Kellermann's heavy dragoons. And from the village toward us, come the Austrians, a fine sight with their banners flying and their band instruments gleaming in the sun.

"Ah! There is dust floating around the green shoulder of that neighboring hill. Desaix! Up from the south. The chief gallops to meet him as on up the slopes march the whitecoats, like league-long rakes with their bayonets, and the teeth all toward us. We fire—teeth are gone from the rakes—again—more teeth missing. But there are fresh legions coming on. And now the chief speaks—a few curt words—one short swift gesture and



Marmont's guns roar, catching them on the flank; then our muskets in front rattle and Kellermann's Horse plunges and we crush their flank.

"The sun, setting on the white towers of the church, is red now. It seems reflected on the hill as the columns, torn by grape and mangled by saber, fall back down the slope, race through the orchards, past the church, and on to the little river. And again Napoleon is master—all Italy rewon!

"A pinch of luck, some claim, Desaix coming up. No bigger than the pinch that falls to all commanders. He mixes his ingredients, counting on luck. If Desaix had not come, Napoleon, somehow would have made his own luck. I have never yet seen it fail."

"But did he not say something fine on the field?" asked Josephine.

"Ah! Brave words to thrill the ladies and the sentimental fire-eaters like Junot!" laughed Rapp. "He did—something about, 'Remember, my boys, it is your commander's habit to sleep on the battlefield!' He has said better things, some which even this cool head has thrilled to. But the words do not matter, nor even the battle which I have tried to make vivid to please a lady's whim. It is the strategy; the whole sweep of the campaign, the grandeur of design; so many objectives in one! Can you not see?"

Josephine could not. She thought these pictures of her husband in battle rather fearsome. She still preferred him at levées and in red coats. Perhaps she better understood this strange man she had married when Rapp spoke of the death of Desaix, whom Napoleon loved.

"For hours," Rapp said, "the General seldom spoke; when he did, he would talk of nothing else, not even victory. 'Desaix,' he would remark mournfully, 'was a unique character; the last of Plutarch's men!'"

Junot, Josephine observed, seemed jealous that such affection could not have been bestowed on him. "Poor Junot!" she said to herself, and to show her sympathy, clung to him as they left the room, though the candid Rapp was far more handsome.

But if Josephine could not grasp the tactics of battle, those of peace were easily understood,—the balls, for instance, when she entered on his arm to receive the tribute of the generals and their wives, many of low degree and a little awkward in their new-won splendor. She did not stay now to dance or flirt, but would make a turn of the room, pausing as Napoleon chatted amiably with this favorite or that, or chided some woman for her too forward dress. "Put on more!" he would say. "I will have none of the vices of the old régime. No woman shall go half-clad and no man boast of his conquests."

Then there were the reviews which she watched from the serene windows, at her side ambassadors and famous soldiers; throngs of ladies, too, from every land in the world. No longer was the courtyard crowded with ragged trousers and stocking-caps; it blossomed with color like the regimented flower-beds on the other side of the palace. Each uniform had been a matter of profound study to quartermasters, generals, and even the wives of the generals, all striving to invent some still more

startling combination. Laurette Permon, now Madame Junot, was quite puffed up over the adoption of her wonderful idea for a *shapka*.

In solid ranks the platoons marched by, the long lines of legs rising and falling in unison, chins and torsos immovable. So they passed through the court of the Louvre, the arch of the clock-tower and the Carrousel, or were ranged against the quiet background of the old palace: now blue coats with crimson collars, again green with white breeches: then green with red-striped trousers. And now the horse-artillery in pink with fur-lined coats over their shoulders, and plum-dolmaned hussars with trousers of braided blue; and an infinite variety of head-gear: chapeaux with tricolored rosettes, black vizored shakoes with long plumes of white; the gold casques of the dragoons with glittering chin-straps; black *shapkas* with yellow pompons; the *éclaireurs'* furred *colbacks*; lancers' shapkas shaped like inverted hour-glasses, with aigrettes and red pompons rising above.

But it was not all parade. The little commander was everywhere, now on his splendid black, striding up and down the ranks with vibrant exhortation, or signaling out some veteran or cadet for preferment, sometimes being coached by his aides as to the name and record of the candidate, more often recalling them from his own prodigious memory. He loved it all; would keep them for hours in the court, as he examined equipment, handling each sword and lance and musket as affectionately as a hunter his fowling-pieces or a fisherman his rods.

Josephine had another opportunity

to observe her husband and gage him with the eyes of men; an opportunity which, as it turned out, she later regretted.

She had persuaded Fouché to escort her to a secret gallery above the hall where the *Corps Legislatif* was discussing the new Code which, more than any of his conquests or monuments, was to immortalize the conqueror's name. That she chose such a guide as this diabolical Minister of Police should have occasioned comment; but Josephine, though she filled her new position with regal grace and, except in her outrageous extravagance, was now far more discreet, never showed the same fastidiousness in her choice of companions that she showed in manners and dress.

So, laughing musically, she ascended the stairs to the secret gallery where they eavesdropped,—the sandy death's-head beside the blue eyes and the tortoise-shell comb set in the rich chestnut coils, all lustrous even in the dusk of the gallery—gazing down, through crevices cunningly concealed in the acanthus leaves of the cornice, on the councillors in crescent rows; on the two associate consuls,—Cambacérés with his long pointed nose and Miltonic mouth, Lebrun with his smaller features like tiny islands in relief surrounded by an ocean of chin and cheek; then on the little man presiding, who galvanized all. Gone now was the jaundiced complexion, the frailty, even the rapier-like wiriness of the Egyptian campaign. "See, Fouché," she said, "how he has filled out. Twenty louis to five that in the year he shows a paunch."

And there he sat, facing them,—the councillors, restive in their seats, and the lady with the tortoise-shell comb and the Minister of Police hidden behind the cornice—taking stock of morals, felonies and misdemeanors as enthusiastically as ever he had of items of ordnance. Quite argumentative he was, too, and disputatious, as he read the measure in hand, very rapidly, as swiftly seizing on its salient points, now commenting with reactionary stubbornness, now with the soundest of common sense, again with humor to relieve the tedium. “Ah! Mr. Lawyer, I have you there”—this with the boyish satisfaction he showed in winning a trick at *reversi*; and, a moment later, quite arbitrarily,—“Come, come, I am not such an idiot as to believe that!” This body of learned men he had gathered together was a steed to be ridden. For all his cajoleries, one never lost the sense of his iron hand on the reins, and a most vise-like clamp of the knee.

“They are taking up,” said Fouché behind the acanthus, “the laws for adoption, marriage, and divorce!”

“One would scarcely have known it,” said the lady, alarmed by the last subject. “But he seems to be vastly enjoying himself. How he argues!”

“Come, come,” he was saying again, as a kind of military “tut, tut!” “Who will plead the cause of the unmarried? Will you, Citizen Cambacérés?”

And Cambacérés, a notorious and cautious bachelor, bowed and protested that they were coming dangerously near to taxing celibacy; but Napoleon had returned to the document in his hand.

“Adoption is only a false way of completing an unfruitful marriage,” he declared more soberly. “It must not, therefore, be open to the unmarried. Adoption must make the adopted a member of the family. Otherwise you lower it to the level of bastardy.”

At the word “unfruitful” the listening lady whispered, to cover her dismay,—“Why stay? This is all Greek to me.”

“Better stay,” answered Fouché. “Soon they will come to more intelligible things—” meaning, “Things, dear lady, that will bear more directly on your own case.”

“Also,” the rapid voice of Napoleon went on, “you will diminish the number of marriages. For why should people marry if they can have children without the expense and inconvenience of marriage? If adoption is approved, it must be only as a supplement of marriage. And the adopted must in all cases be under age. No especial privileges for you, Citizen Cambacérés.”

Flaws in the section on nullification of marriage next came up; and Cambacérés now had a case in point.

“Suppose,” he protested, “a soldier returns after ten years. He expects to marry his affianced cousin, who is rich, but this cousin’s guardian substitutes his own daughter. Where is your ‘consent’ in such a case?”

“You must not,” shot back the First Consul, “consider marriage only as a matter of business. The dower is a mere incident. The true union of husband and wife is the important point.” Which noble sentiment was all that Josephine picked out from the confusion of technicalities; and her face accordingly bright-



ened. Even in the darkness Fouché could see that. But now Napoleon had nailed another clause.

"This, through omission, is all wrong," he declared. "The bride should realize that she is passing from the guardianship of her father to that of her husband. The official at the ceremony should in all cases exact a promise of obedience; yet you have provided no such formula. Even the priests had one; and though the bride and groom, being human, may not have listened, all the bridal-party heard and were impressed. Write it in.

"Now ought we not to add that the wife should not see persons of whom her husband disapproves?" And the tortoise-shell comb turned to the death's-head. "It is a great advantage, is it not," she said, "personally to make the laws."

But already the unsuspecting husband was deep in another, and more pertinent, subject, the causes for divorce.

"You seize on adultery as the one important cause, when adultery is no phenomenon. In the civil code it has a portentous sound; in real life it seems to be a gallantry, the episode of a masked ball. Yet the way you stress it, one would think it the only cause of marital unhappiness. And you wholly overlook incompatibility, allowing mere separation for that.

"Now nothing is more disastrous than an unhappy marriage or a discreditable divorce; but mere separation can be quite as bad, for often both relatives and children suffer. And the worst of all cases is where the wife continues to lead an immoral life while she still bears her husband's name.

"Therefore incompatibility, as a cause, has this advantage: If a woman has been unfaithful during her husband's absence, he may use this plea without publicly dishonoring her character.

"Or again, he may know morally, but lack legal proof, that she has committed adultery. To sum up, I hold that separation, which is here allowed, inflicts a worse penalty than divorce, without any compensating advantages. At least so you have constructed your clauses.

"And we must consider the children. I can understand the feelings of those who apply for a divorce after a number of years; but only where there are no children. Marriages are made by convenience, and are only hallowed by time. Still, even with time, certain ties can never be cemented. But I cannot understand the man who applies for divorce when his wife has given him children. Therefore it should be written in that divorce may be allowed for incompatibility or adultery, only if there are no children and only during the first ten years. And no person may claim a second divorce, for that would be debasing marriage.

"And finally, Mr. Secretary, change the wording of this clause I have marked. The way you have it virtually makes the husband say, 'I shall marry and change my mind when I choose, while the wife is tied for life.' It should be assumed that men and women, when they marry, expect to be married for life."

The westering sun shone through the lofty windows, revealing the dancing dust-motes and scattering patterns of gold on the fair olive of the listener's cheek. But still, down

theline he went,—through age-limits, impotence, bastardy, and six-months children.

"When do physicians hold that life enters the body?"

"At six months, *monsieur le Premier Consul*; but if born then, the child cannot survive."

"*Dame!* I should hold a child of mine born at six months. Write it in, Mr. Secretary: A husband cannot disavow a child after a period of one hundred and eighty-six days."

Uncle Fesch should have seen him now. Truly he was sitting in palaces, making laws and issuing his mandates, also disposing with a few swift words, of the future of millions of his subjects; and incidentally, Josephine thought, of his destiny and hers. The abbé might have enjoyed it. She did not. "Unfruitful," "divorce," "incompatibility," "infidelity during a husband's absence,"—all the words and phrases her fears had italicized, her heart underwritten in red, now rang in her ears. His judgments had perhaps been detached and impartial; to her each seemed an echo of personal experience, the betrayal of a design. And why did Fouché simper so idiotically! She could stand it no longer. With her handkerchief at her lips, to choke back the sobs, she left the gallery.

No, poor Josephine could not altogether understand her husband; no more indeed than any lady so adorably feminine can understand one so essentially masculine. But if she did not pause to admire, the world did, gasping its huzzas or its equally flattering envy and hatred, as he crowded these shining years of the

Consulate with an array of deeds such as no man, within the same span, ever accomplished before. Conqueror and statesman, the man of business as well, there was no department of national life that did not feel the impress of his hand. As the *alcade* of a Basque town, the *maire* of a hamlet paternally looks after the welfare of his children, in short, has a finger in each little local pie, so he with the same industry and curiosity in life, but to an infinitely greater degree, selected ingredients, mixed, rolled, and cut out the dough, fluted the edges, and shoved into the oven all of France's national pies, at the same time keeping an eye on other continental pastry.

In short order, he renovated the educational system, established a school of medicine, normal, polytechnic and agricultural institutions, and one for special training in foreign languages; drew up his scheme for the great University of France, with its branches in different cities; and regulated and coördinated two hundred and fifty colleges and twenty-three thousand elementary schools in the different *arrondissements*.

And he partitioned the *arrondissements* themselves, established their taxes; also the tariffs, customs, and clearance schedules at the ports to foster commerce. And he brought peace after a bloody seven years' civil war, quelling the revolts in Vendée and Brittany; then in the face of a near-infidel society, he turned to the reorganization of religion. In this, too, he showed no small adroitness, driving a pretty good bargain with the Vatican.

He said to the Pope: "The French government does not hold

that the Catholic religion is that of the State; but the First Consul and his associate consuls proclaim it as their religion. And it is to be freely practised, along with Hebraism and Protestantism. Each citizen is welcome to worship his God as he chooses."

Thus he cleverly gave the appearance of official sanction without fastening clerical steering-ropes to the helm of State. And with his recognition His Holiness had perforce to be content, particularly since he received modest annual stipends for his clergy. In return, all claim was waived to the vast estates confiscated from the Church during the Revolution. Had these holdings not been legalized, half the peasants' new titles to their little farms would not have been secure; and France would have been unsettled for generations. It was not the least shrewd of his bargains; and he had done much for liberty of conscience.

These things accomplished, between his studies of the Code, his making of treaties and reviewing of armies, on off days he began the Oise and Schelde canals, to enrich his new province of Belgium; deepened and widened great harbors to hold his flotillas and the less menacing fleets of commerce; built huge reservoirs, and constructed great roads over the Alpine passes and from the Coast into the heart of Germany.

Paris, his adopted city, was not neglected. Down came the old rookeries that had disturbed the sous-lieutenant's sense of order. Down, too, tumbled the convents which had echoed to the tumult of

conspirators. In their place came noble arcades and thoroughfares named after his battles; while monuments rose in the squares, churches were restored, the Madeleine opened, and new galleries connected the Tuileries and the Louvre to house his captured masterpieces.

And if his brain did not devise each of these mighty works down to the last detail, his were the conceptions; his, too, the energizing of the architects, engineers, and experts he had mobilized. A part of his time even went to superintendence. Mornings, the curious might see him ordering away with a short swift gesture the caps of liberty in all the palaces and their replacement with the golden bees; watching the bronze of his cannon go up on the Vendôme Column; or pointing out the proper spot for a new bridge to span the Seine. Strangers would come upon him emerging from a conduit, though he was more sensitive than most to smells; again on the quickstep about Paris, a crowd of generals and gamins at his heels; or studying a roll of plans, his green grenadier's coat covered with pulverized mortar, his eyes bright with dreams. So, no penniless subaltern now, down at heel, and envying those who could ride, but builder and breaker of kings, he strode all over Paris, making beautiful her ways.

He was the gardener, causing all France to bloom, but a very practical gardener, for in passing he gagged the press, made the legislative bodies his tools, and stiffened with girders—wrought of dictatorial steel but cooled in the cold waters of practicality—many a republican institution. For one cannot with success

mix either policies or systems. Too much of the gas of a perverted liberalism creeping in the foundry may ruin the best of girders. And if one is fitted by Nature to be such an excellent energizer and superintendent, it is only human to work toward a vast centralization of power. It is sufficient, at least for admiration, that he carried out the system so unfalteringly; with a force and efficiency nothing short of superb.

Meantime, England found that the fine eyes in that noble head could do something besides glow over platons and architectural plans. They could blaze with wrath at a proud British ambassador. The First Consul had made overtures for peace and the consequent recognition of the new régime; and the third silly George, ignoring the upstart, had haughtily consented, *provided* the French would "restore their legitimate princes!"

"Fine!" Napoleon retorted in effect. "Now apply the principle at home; and welcome the Stuarts back!" Then he turned on the startled ambassador. "I see you want war. Very well, you may have it. Only it will be no mere rattling of the scabbard. The saber will be out!"

First man in the first land of Europe, overlord of Italy and Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, with Spain, Portugal, Germany following his cue—truly the sun was riding high in its splendor! And to ratify this splendor, as if there were any need for it, by a vote of three and a half million to seventy-five hundred, they made him consul for life—on his way to the throne.

But as the sun, if it be at its zenith, shortly must turn toward the West, so Letizia, alone of all those about him, glimpsed even then signs of the sun's going down—blood-red.

~

His mother had much time to think on these things as she sat in Joseph's house in the Rue Rocher, gazing down on the human tides of Paris, and longing for those of her beloved gulf, with the sparkle, in the distance, of old Monte Rotondo. Still, she seldom spoke of her fears, indeed only once to Fesch, when he brought word of some fresh disagreement between Napoleon and his sisters and brothers.

"Napoleon is so heady and strong," she began, only to stop and exclaim impatiently as her hands searched in her lap for the sewing which, these days, was never there: "*Per dio!* why does not Julie discharge some of those pestering servants?"

"I should say it was pretty comfortable, having them," returned the abbé, who had no pleasant memories of the days in Marseilles.

"Perhaps; but they will never let me do anything for any one. Still, for whom could I do? Even Jérôme is grown up; and as for Napoleon, he wants to do everything for everybody; wive them and shrive them, even bury them.

"And that is the trouble; it is that that makes him really lonely. Others seem such shadows beside him, even his brothers and sisters. Lucien and Joseph are clever enough; but they appear at a disadvantage, Napoleon thinks and acts so quickly; and sometimes, I am sure, he considers them fools. Naturally they

resent it—I do myself—and they grow moody and sullen. Then he in turn suspects their loyalty. It is so with all who surround him. He is more than generous; ever ready to forgive; and he loads all with honors and gifts; but he does not give enough to *himself*. So they prefer more ordinary companionship, with more give and take.”

“Surely, Letizia,” the abbé remonstrated, “you forget the soldiers.”

“The soldiers worship him, Joseph. I refer to his more intimate relationships. Whatever may appear on the surface, the situation in each is strained; with suspicion on both sides. Can you not see? It is the very superiority of his endowment that may bring about his ruin.”

She paused to catch at a thread that was forever running through her thoughts.

“If only that woman had not repulsed him! Oh, I know you all think it is only her extravagance and

lightness that make me hate her. They are bad enough; but what I really cannot forgive her for is repulsing him. He opened his heart to her; she locked up hers. Had she loved him, he might have been a different man. The result has been to drive him more within himself, harden him in that self-reliance, which in the end will prove his ruin.”

“‘Ruin’! ‘Ruin’!” exclaimed the exasperated abbé, who wanted only to be comfortable. “Come, come, Letizia, you exaggerate grossly. Every one seems loyal to him. Why, things are going magnificently!”

“They will,” returned Letizia, with something of her son’s dry succinctness, “as long as he is the conqueror. But defeated—” she paused, trying to peer into the future. Still, Fesch thought he caught the three words she murmured in the twilight by the window, to which, even as they talked, Napoleon’s name was borne by passing lips,—“Defeat, then betrayal!”

(To be concluded)

## PAUSE

EDWARD DAVISON

I was aware suddenly of the tree  
 Whispering as it leaned down over me,  
 Something that I had known when I was young  
 Told over again, but in another tongue;  
 Something I had forgotten since I took  
 Lessons in logic from a penny book;  
 Something about a God sitting alone  
 Grieving in Heaven for His Only Son,