

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

EYLAU AND FRIEDLAND.

ON the fields of Jena and Auerstadt the Prussian monarchy was destroyed. Frederic William had nothing left but a remote province of his empire. To this he had escaped a fugitive. From the utter wreck of his armies he had gathered around him a few thousand men. It was with extreme regret that Napoleon had found himself compelled to leave the congenial scenes of peaceful life in Paris, to repel the assault of his banded foes. Had he remained in France until Russia, Prussia, and England had combined their multitudinous hosts, he would have been undone. With his accustomed energy he sprung upon Prussia before Alexander had time, with his hundred thousand troops, to traverse the vast plains between St. Petersburg and Berlin. By the most extraordinary skill in manœuvring, and in the endurance of fatigue and toil almost superhuman, he threw his whole force into the rear of the Prussians. He thus cut them off from Berlin and from all their supplies. Then, sure of victory, to save the effusion of blood he again implored peace. His appeal was unavailing. The roar of battle commenced, and the armies of Prussia were overwhelmed, crushed, annihilated. As soon as the terrific scene was over, Napoleon quietly established himself in the palaces of the Prussian monarch. The kingdom was entirely at his mercy. He then sent Duroc to find Frederic William, again to propose the sheathing of the sword.

The unhappy king was found more than five hundred miles from his capital. He was far away beyond the Vistula, in the wilds of Prussian Poland. He had gathered around him about twenty-five thousand men, the shattered remnants of those hardy battalions, whom Frederic the Great had trained to despise fatigue, dangers, and death. The Russian host, amazed at the sudden catastrophe which had overwhelmed its ally, threw open its arms to receive the fugitive king. Frederic, animated by the presence of the proud legions of Alexander, and conscious that the innumerable hordes of Russia were pledged for his support, still hoped to retrieve his affairs. Peremptorily he repelled the advance of Napoleon, resolving with renewed energy again to appeal to the decisions of the sword.

Nothing now remained for Napoleon but resolutely to meet the accumulating hostility which still threatened him. Frederic, from the remote provinces of his empire, was endeavoring to resuscitate his army. Alexander, thoroughly aroused, was calling into requisition all the resources of his almost illimitable realms. He hoped to collect a force which would utterly overwhelm the audacious victor. England, with

her invincible navy proudly sweeping all seas, was landing at Dantzic and Königsberg troops, treasure, and munitions of war. The storms of winter had already come. Napoleon was a thousand miles from the frontiers of France. His foes were encamped several hundred miles further north, amidst the gloomy forests and the snow-clad hills of Poland. During the winter they would have time to accumulate their combined strength, and to fall upon him, in the spring, with overwhelming numbers.

England, exasperated and alarmed by this amazing triumph of Napoleon, now adopted a measure, which has been condemned by the unanimous voice of the civilized world, as a grievous infringement of the rights of nations. It is an admitted principle, that when two powers are at war, every neutral power has a right to sail from the ports of one to the ports of the other, and to carry any merchandise whatever, excepting arms and military supplies. Either of the contending parties has, however, the right to blockade any particular port or ports by a naval force, sufficient to preclude an entrance. England, however, having the undisputed command of the seas, adopted what has been called a *paper blockade*. She forbade all nations to have any commercial intercourse whatever with France or her allies. She had also established it as a maritime law, that all private property, found afloat, belonging to an enemy, was to be seized; and that peaceful passengers captured upon the ocean, were to be made prisoners of war. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs, made a very able report to the Government upon this subject, which was concluded in the following words:

"The natural right of self-defense permits us to oppose an enemy with the same arms he uses, and to make his own rage and folly recoil upon himself. Since England has ventured to declare all France in a state of blockade, let France, in her turn, declare that the British isles are blockaded. Since England considers every Frenchman an enemy, let all Englishmen, in the countries occupied by the French armies, be made prisoners of war. Since England seizes the private property of peaceable merchants, let the property of all Englishmen be confiscated. Since England desires to impede all commerce, let no ships, from the British isles, be received into the French ports. As soon as England shall admit the authority of the law of nations, universally observed by civilized countries; as soon as she shall acknowledge that the laws of war are the same by sea and land; that the right of conquest can not be extended either to private property or to unarmed and peaceable individuals; and that the right of blockade ought to be limited to fortified places actually invested—your Majesty will cause these rigorous, but not unjust measures, to cease; for justice between nations is nothing but exact reciprocity."

In accordance with these principles, thus avowed to the world, Napoleon issued his famous ordinance, called from the city at which it

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

was dated, *The Berlin Decree*.^{*} He declared, in his turn, the British Islands blockaded; all English property found upon the Continent confiscated, all Englishmen, wherever taken, prisoners; and excluded all English manufactures from the ports of France and of her allies. This retaliatory measure has been admired by some as a profound stroke of policy. By others it has been denounced as a revolting act of despotism. It certainly was not presenting the other cheek. It was returning blow for blow. By thus excluding all English goods from the Continent, Napoleon hoped to be able soon to render the Continent independent of the factories and the workshops of the wealthy islanders. France owes to this decree the introduction of sugar from the beet root. Says Napoleon, "I found myself alone, in my opinion on the Continent. I was compelled, for the moment, to employ force in every quarter. At length they began to comprehend me. Already the tree bears fruit. If I had not given way, I should have changed the face of commerce as well as the path of industry. I had naturalized sugar and indigo. I should have naturalized cotton

^{*} The following is a copy of this most celebrated document:

In our Imperial Camp, Berlin, Nov. 26, 1806.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French and King of Italy, considering,

1. That England regards not the law of nations, recognized by all civilized states.
2. That she holds for an enemy every individual belonging to a hostile power, and makes prisoners of war, not only the crews of armed vessels, but the crews of trading ships, and even captures merchants traveling on account of commercial business.
3. That she extends to merchantmen, and to the property of individuals, the right of conquest, which is only applicable to what belongs to the hostile state.
4. That she extends to commercial towns and to ports not fortified, to havens and to the mouths of rivers, the right of blockade, which, according to the practice of civilized nations, only is applicable to fortified places.
5. That she declares blockaded, places before which she has not even a single ship of war, though no place is blockaded until it is so invested that it can not be approached without imminent danger.
6. That she even declares in a state of blockade, places which her whole force united would be unable to blockade, the entire coast of an empire.
7. That this monstrous abuse of the right of blockade, has no other object than to prevent communications between different countries, and to raise the trade and the manufactures of England upon the ruin of the industry of the Continent.
8. That such being evidently the object of England, whoever deals in English merchandise, on the Continent, thereby favors her designs, and becomes her accomplice.
9. That this conduct, on the part of England, which is worthy of the early ages of barbarism, has operated to the advantage of that power and to the injury of others.
10. That it is a part of natural law to oppose one's enemies with the arms he employs, and to fight in the way he fights, when he disavows all those ideas of justice, and all those liberal sentiments, which are the results of social civilization.

We have resolved to apply to England the measures which she has sanctioned by her maritime legislation.

The enactments of the present decree shall be invariably considered as a fundamental principle of the Empire, until such time as England acknowledge that the law of war is one and the same, by land and by sea: that it can not be extended to private property of any description whatsoever, nor to the persons of individuals

and many other things." Two days after the publication of the Berlin decree, Napoleon wrote to Junot, "Take especial care that the ladies of your establishment use Swiss tea. It is as good as that of China. Coffee made from chicory is not at all inferior to that of Arabia. Let them make use of these substitutes in their drawing-rooms, instead of amusing themselves with talking politics like Madame de Staël. Let them take care also that no part of their dress is composed of English merchandise. If the wives of my chief officers do not set the example whom can I expect to follow it? It is a contest of life or death between France and England. I must look for the most cordial support in all those by whom I am surrounded." In reference to the unrelenting hostility with which Napoleon was assailed nearly every moment of his life, he often remarked, "I can not do what I wish. I can only do what I can. These English compel me to live day by day."

It was reported to Napoleon that the troops, comfortably housed in the cities and villages of Prussia, were very reluctant to move to frigid bivouacs upon the icy marshes of the Vistula.

not belonging to the profession of arms, and that the law of blockade ought to be limited to fortified places actually invested by competent forces.

Accordingly we have decreed and do decree as follows:

1. The British Islands are declared in a state of blockade.
2. All trade and intercourse with the British islands is prohibited. Consequently letters or packets addressed to England, or to any native of England, or written in the English language, will not be conveyed by post, and will be seized.
3. Every native of England, whatever his rank or condition, who may be found in the countries occupied by our troops, or by those of our allies, shall be made prisoner of war.
4. Every warehouse, and all merchandise and property of any description whatever, belonging to an English subject, or the produce of English manufactures or colonies, is declared good prize.
5. Trade in English merchandise is prohibited; and all merchandise belonging to England, or the produce of her manufactures and colonies is declared good prize.
6. One-half of the produce of the confiscation of the merchandise and property declared good prize by the preceding articles, will be appropriated to the indemnification of the merchants for losses they have sustained through the capture of trading vessels by English cruisers.
7. No vessel, coming directly from England or her colonies, or having been there since the publication of the present decree, will be received in any port.
8. Any vessel which, by means of a false declaration, shall contravene the above article, shall be seized, and the ship and cargo shall be confiscated, as if they were English property.
9. Our prize-court of Paris shall pronounce final judgment in all disputes that may arise in our empire, or the countries occupied by the French army, relative to the execution of the present decree. Our prize-court of Milan shall pronounce final judgment in all the said disputes that may arise throughout our kingdom of Italy.
10. Our minister for foreign affairs will communicate the present decree to the Kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, and Etruria, and to our other allies, whose subjects, like our own, are suffering from the injustice and barbarism of the maritime legislation of England.
11. Our ministers for foreign affairs, war, marine, finance, and police, and our postmasters-general, are directed, according as they are severally concerned, to carry the present decree into execution.

(Signed)

NAPOLÉON.

To one who reported to him the despondency of the army, Napoleon inquired, "Does the spirit of my troops fail them when in sight of the enemy?" "No, Sire," was the reply. "I was sure of it," said Napoleon. "My troops are always the same. I must rouse them." Walking up and down the floor, with rapid strides, he immediately dictated the following proclamation: "Soldiers! A year to-day you were on the field of Austerlitz. The Russian battalions fled before you in dismay, or, being surrounded, yielded their arms to the victors. The next day they sued for peace. But we were imposed upon. Scarcely had they escaped, through our generosity, which was probably blamable, from the disasters of the third coalition, than they organized a fourth. But the ally upon whom they chiefly relied is no more. His capital, fortresses, magazines, arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred field pieces, and five fortified cities, are in our possession. The Oder, the Wartha, the deserts of Poland, the storms of winter, have not arrested your steps for a moment. You have braved all, surmounted all. Every foe has fled at your approach. In vain have the Russians endeavored to defend the capital of ancient and renowned Poland. The Eagle of France soars over the Vistula. The brave and unfortunate Pole, on seeing you, dreams that he beholds the legions of Sobieski, returning from their memorable expedition. Soldiers! we will not sheath our swords until a general peace is established, and we have secured the rights of our allies, and restored to our commerce its freedom and its colonies. On the Elbe and the Oder, we have reconquered Pondicherry, and our establishments in India, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. Who gave the Russians the right to hold the balance of destiny, or to interfere with our just designs! They and ourselves, are we not still the soldiers of Austerlitz!"

Bourrienne says, "When Napoleon dictated his proclamations, he appeared for the moment inspired, and exhibited, in some sort the excitement of the Italian Improvisatori. In order to follow him it was necessary to write with inconceivable rapidity. Frequently, when reading over to him what he has dictated, I have known him smile, as in triumph, at the effect which he imagined any particular passage would produce."

This address electrified the whole army. Its clarion notes rang through all hearts. Not another murmur was heard. The corps in the rear, by forced marches, pressed forward with alacrity, to reach head-quarters. Those nearer the Emperor, forgot their fatigues and their sufferings, and longed to engage the enemy. The love of the soldiers for their chieftain was so enthusiastic, and their confidence in his wisdom was so unbounded, that though hungry, barefooted, and exhausted, the whole mighty host crowded eagerly along. The storms of approaching winter howled around them. The wheels of their ponderous artillery sank axle deep in the mire. Still through rain and snow, and miry

roads, they followed their indomitable chief, recounting with pride, the fatigues which they had already endured, and eagerly anticipating the heroic deeds they were yet to perform.

Before leaving Berlin Napoleon wrote to the Minister of War. "The project which I have now formed is more vast than any which I ever before conceived. From this time I must find myself in a position to cope with all events." He also addressed a message to the Senate, in that peculiar energy of style marking all his productions, which the annals of eloquence have rarely equaled, never surpassed.

"The monarchs of Europe," said he, "have thus far sported with the generosity of France. When one coalition is conquered, another immediately springs up. No sooner was that of 1805 dissolved than we had to fight that of 1806. It behooves France to be less generous in future. The conquered states must be retained till the general peace on land and sea. England, regardless of all the rights of nations, launching a commercial interdict against one quarter of the globe, must be struck with the same interdict in return; and it must be rendered as rigorous as the nature of things will permit. Since we are doomed to war, it will be better to plunge in wholly, than to go but half way. Thus may we hope to terminate it more completely and more solidly, by a general and durable peace."

The labors of Napoleon were perfectly Herculean, in preparing for this winter campaign. It was four hundred miles from Berlin to Warsaw. This was a dreary interval for an army to traverse through the freezing storms and drifting snows of a northern winter. The Russians and Prussians could present an hundred and twenty thousand men upon the banks of the Vistula.

The partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, has been pronounced by the unanimous voice of the world, the most atrocious act which has disgraced modern Europe. As soon as Napoleon entered that part of Poland which had been annexed to Prussia, in this infamous deed of rapacity, the Poles gathered around him with the utmost enthusiasm. The nobles of the dismembered empire, thronged his head-quarters. They hailed him as the saviour of their country. They pledged to him their fortunes and their lives, if he would rescue Poland from their oppressors. The populace rent the skies with enthusiastic shouts, wherever the great conqueror appeared. They were clamorous for arms, that they might fight the battles of freedom, and regain their independence. Napoleon was extremely embarrassed.

A deputation from Warsaw waited upon him, entreating him to proclaim the independence of Poland, and to place some member of his own family upon the throne. They assured him that the Poles, as one man, would rally, with admiration and gratitude, beneath his banners. Napoleon said to them, "France has never recognized the different partitions of Poland. Nevertheless, I can not proclaim your independ-

ence unless you are determined to defend your rights with arms in your hands, and by all sorts of sacrifices, even that of life. You are reproached with having, in your constant civil dissensions, lost sight of the true interests of your country. Instructed by misfortune, be now united; and prove to the world that one spirit animates the whole Polish nation."

After the deputation had withdrawn, Napoleon remarked, "I like the Poles. Their enthusiasm pleases me. I should like to make them an independent people. But that is no very easy matter. The cake has been shared among too many. There is Austria, Russia, and Prussia, who have each had a slice. Besides, when the match is once kindled, who knows where the conflagration may stop. My first duty is toward France. I must not sacrifice her interests for Poland. In short, we must refer this matter to the universal sovereign, Time. He will show us by-and-by what we are to do."

The situation of Napoleon was indeed critical. He was hundreds of leagues from the frontiers of France, and enveloped in the snows of winter. Russia, with her countless hordes and unknown resources, was threatening him from the North. Prussia, though conquered, was watching for an opportunity to retrieve her disgrace and ruin. Austria had raised a force of eighty thousand men, and was threatening his

rear. This Austrian force was professedly an army of observation. But Napoleon well knew that, upon the slightest reverse, Austria would fall upon him in congenial alliance with Russia and Prussia. England, the undisputed monarch of the wide world of waters, was most efficiently co-operating with these banded foes of France.

By proclaiming the independence of Poland, Napoleon would have gained a devoted ally, ranging a nation of twenty millions of inhabitants beneath his flag. But, by liberating Poland from its proud and powerful oppressors, he would have exasperated, to the highest degree, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Thus the probabilities of peace would have been infinitely more remote. Napoleon was contending for peace. He told the Poles frankly, that he could not involve France in any new quarrels. "I am not come hither," said he, "to beg a throne for my family. I am not in want of thrones to give away."

Through December's dismal storms; through a country more dreary than imagination can well conceive, filled with gloomy forests, fathomless morasses, bleak and barren plains, Napoleon led his troops to the banks of the Vistula. Wherever he met his foes he scattered them before him with whirlwind power. Sometimes, over a space of seventy-five miles in breadth, Napoleon's army was fighting its way against



THE MARCH TO THE VISTULA.

the storm of bullets which, from hostile batteries, swept their ranks. But nothing could retard his progress. The suffering of that wintry march was awful beyond description. Early in January the army entered the dark forests which frown along the inhospitable Vistula.

The cantonments of the French army were extended one hundred and fifty miles, skirting

the left bank of the river. All the passes of the stream were occupied in such strength as to render surprise impossible. The soldiers cut down the forests, and constructed comfortable huts to screen themselves from the piercing cold. The camps were admirably arranged in regular streets, presenting the most cheerful aspect of order and cleanliness. Reviews, rural labors, and warlike



ENCAMPMENT ON THE VISTULA.

games occupied the minds of the soldiers, and confirmed their health. Immense convoys of provisions, guarded by troops and fortresses, left in the rear, were continually defiling along all the roads from the Rhine. The soldiers were soon comfortable and happy in their well-provisioned homes. Napoleon, regardless of his own ease, thought of them alone. He was every where present. His foresight provided for every emergency. His troops witnessed with gratitude his intense devotion to their comfort. They saw him riding from post to post, by day and by night, drenched with rain, spattered with mud, whitened with snow, regardless of rest, of food, of sleep, wading through mire and drifts, groping through darkness, and breasting storms. Napoleon said, "My soldiers are my children." No one could doubt his sincerity who witnessed his vigilance, his toil, his fatigue. Not a soldier in the army questioned his parental love. Hence

the Emperor was loved in return as no other mortal was ever loved before.

The soldiers, to their surprise, found that the generous foresight of Napoleon had provided them even with several millions of bottles of wine. Abundant magazines were established, that they might be fully supplied with good food and warm clothing. The sick and wounded in particular were nursed with the most tender care. Six thousand beds were prepared at Warsaw, and an equal number at Thorne, at Posen, and at other places on the banks of the Vistula and the Oder. Comfortable mattresses of wool were made for the hospitals. Thirty thousand tents, taken from the Prussians, were cut up into bandages and bedding. Over each hospital Napoleon appointed a chief overseer, always supplied with ready money, to procure for the sick whatever luxuries they needed. A chaplain was appointed in each hospital, to minister to the spiritual wants

of the sick and the dying. This chaplain was to be, in an especial manner, the friend and the protector of those under his care. He was charged by the Emperor to report to him the slightest negligence toward the sick. Such were the infinite pains which Napoleon took to promote the comfort of his soldiers. He shared all their hardships. His palace was a barn. In one room he ate and slept and received his audiences. It was his invariable custom, whenever he issued an order, to inform himself if the order had been executed. He personally arranged all the military works of the widely extended line over which his army was spread.

The month of January, with its storms and its intensity of cold, passed slowly away. Winter brooded drearily over the plains of Poland, presenting one vast expanse of ice and snow. Europe contemplated with amazement the sublime spectacle of a French army of one or two hundred thousand men, passing the winter in the midst of the gloomy forests of the Vistula. Alexander, with troops accustomed to the frozen North, planned to attack Napoleon by surprise, in his winter quarters. Secretly he put his mighty host in motion. Napoleon, ever on the alert, was prepared to meet him. Immediately marching from his encampments, he surprised those who hoped to surprise him. Battle after battle ensued. The Russians fought with unyielding obstinacy; the French with impetuous enthusiasm. In every forest, in every mountain gorge, upon the banks of every swollen stream clogged with ice, the Russians planted their cannon, and hurled balls and shells and grape into the bosoms of their unrelenting pursuers. But the French, impelled by the resistless impetuosity of their great chieftain, pressed on, regardless of mutilation and death. The snow was crimsoned with blood. The wounded struggled and shrieked and froze in the storm-piled drifts. The dark forms of the dead floated, with the ice, down the cold streams to an unknown burial. Wintry nights, long, dismal and freezing, darkened upon the contending hosts. Their lurid watch-fires gleamed, in awful sublimity, over wide leagues of frozen hill and valley. The soldiers of each army, nerved by the energies of desperation, threw themselves upon the snow as their only couch, and with no tent covering but the chill sky.

Napoleon stopped one night at a miserable cottage. His little camp bedstead was placed in the middle of the kitchen floor. In five minutes he dispatched his supper, which consisted of but one dish. Then, rolling his napkin into a ball, he playfully threw it at the head of his favorite valet, Constant, saying, "Quick, quick, take away the remains of my banquet." Then unrolling a map of Prussia, he spread it upon the floor, and addressing Caulaincourt, said, "Come here, *Grand Equerry*, and follow me." With pins he marked out the progressive movements of his army, and said, "I shall beat the Russians there, and there, and there. In three months the campaign will be ended. Russia must have a lesson. The fair

Queen of Prussia must learn too that advisers sometimes pay dearly for the advice they give. I do not like those women who throw aside their attributes of grace and goodness. A woman to instigate war! to urge men to cut each other's throats! Shame on it! She may run the risk of losing her kingdom by playing that game."

At this moment some dispatches were delivered to the Emperor. Rapidly glancing over them, he frowned, and exclaimed, "Surely these dispatches have been a long time on their way! How is this! Tell the orderly officer who brought them that I wish to speak to him."

"Sir," said he, severely, as the officer entered, "at what hour were these dispatches placed in your hands?"

"At eight o'clock in the evening, Sire."

"And how many leagues had you to ride?"

"I do not know precisely, Sire."

"But you ought to know, sir. An orderly officer ought to know that. I know it. You had twenty-seven miles to ride; and you set off at eight o'clock. Look at your watch, sir. What o'clock is it now?"

"Half-past twelve, Sire. The roads were in a terrible state. In some places the snow obstructed my passage—"

"Poor excuses, sir; poor excuses. Retire, and await my orders." As the officer, extremely disconcerted, closed the door, he added: "This cool, leisurely gentleman wants stimulating. The reprimand I have given him will make him spur his horse another time. Let me see—my answer must be delivered in two hours. I have not a moment to lose."

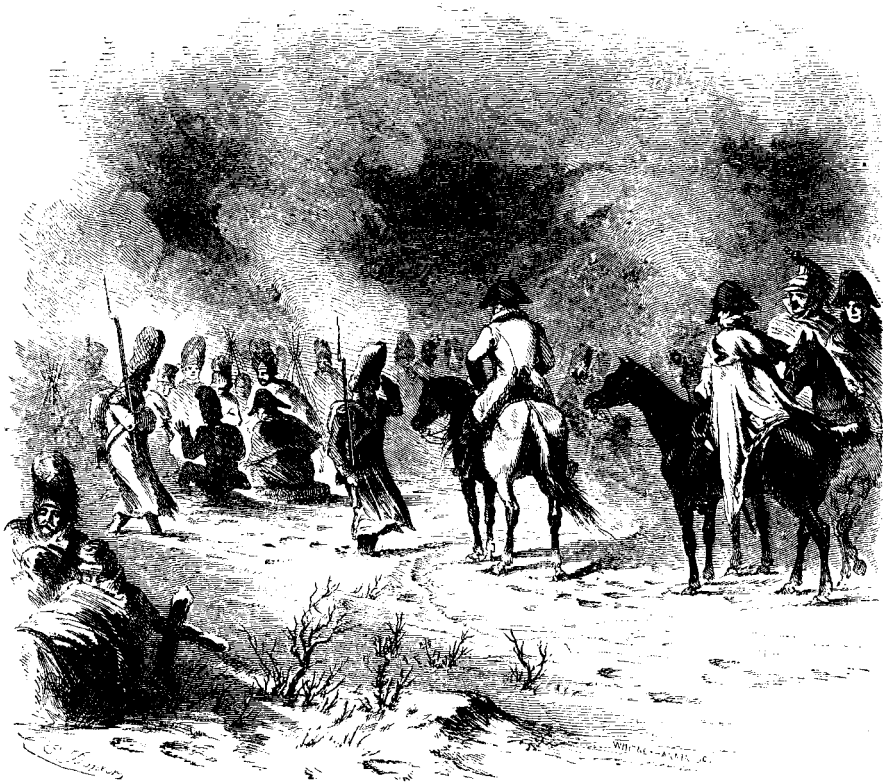
Soon the orderly officer was recalled. "Set off immediately, sir," said he; "these dispatches must be delivered with the utmost speed. General Lasalle must receive my orders by three o'clock—by three o'clock. You understand, sir?"

"Sire! by half-past two the general shall have the orders of which I have the honor to be the bearer."

"Very well, sir; mount your horse—but stop," he added, calling the officer back, and speaking in those winning tones of kindness which he had ever at his command: "Tell General Lasalle that it will be agreeable to me that you should be the person selected to announce to me the success of these movements."

With such consummate tact could Napoleon severely reprimand and at the same time win the confidence and the love of the person reprimanded.

Napoleon had now driven his assailants, enveloped in the storms and the ice of a Polish winter, two hundred and forty miles from the banks of the Vistula. At last the retreating Russians concentrated all their forces upon the plain of Eylau. It was the 7th of February. The night was dark and intensely cold, as the Russians, exhausted by the retreating march of the day, took their position for a desperate battle on the morrow. There was a gentle swell of land, extending two or three miles, which skirted a vast, bleak, unsheltered plain, over which the



BIVOUAC BEFORE EYLAU.

piercing wintry gale drifted the deep snow. Leaden clouds, hurrying through the sky, as if flying from a defeat or congregating for a conflict, boded a rising storm. Upon this ridge the Russians, in double lines, formed themselves in battle array. Five hundred pieces of cannon were ranged in battery, to hurl destruction into the bosoms of their foes. They then threw themselves upon the icy ground for their frigid bivouac. The midnight storm wailed its mournful requiem over the sleeping host, and sifted down upon them the winding-sheet of snow.

In the midst of the tempestuous night, Napoleon, with his determined battalions, came also upon the plain, groping through drifts and gloom. He placed his army in position for the terrific battle which the dawn of morning would usher in. Two hundred pieces of heavy artillery were advantageously posted to sweep the dense ranks of the enemy. Upon the ridge 80,000 Russians slept. In the plain before them 60,000 Frenchmen were bivouacking upon the snow. The hostile hosts were at but half cannon shot from each other. Indomitable determination inflamed the souls of officers and soldiers in both armies. It was an awful night, the harbinger of a still more awful day. The frozen earth, the inclement sky, the scudding clouds, the drifting snow, the wailing, wintry wind, the lurid watchfires gleaming

through the gloom, the spectral movement of legions of horsemen and footmen taking their positions for the sanguinary strife, the confused murmur of the voices and of the movements of the mighty armies blending, like the roar of many waters, with the midnight storm, presented a spectacle of sublimity which overawed every beholder. The sentinels of each army could almost touch each other with their muskets. Cold and hungry and weary, the spirit of humanity for a moment triumphed over the ferocity of war. Kind words of greeting and of sympathy were interchanged by those who soon, in frenzy, were plunging bayonets into each other's bosoms. At midnight Napoleon slept for an hour in a chair. He then mounted his horse, and marshaled his shivering troops for the horrors of battle.

The dark and stormy morning had not yet dawned when the cannonade commenced. It was terrific. The very earth shook beneath the tremendous detonation. Seven hundred heavy cannon, worked by the most skillful gunners, created an unintermitted roar of the most deafening and appalling thunder. Both armies presented their unprotected breasts to bullets, grape-shot, balls, and shells. Companies, battalions, regiments, even whole divisions, melted away before the merciless discharges. The storm of snow, in blinding, smothering flakes, swept an-

grily into the faces of assailants and assailed, as the bands of battle in exultant victory or in terrific defeat, rushed to and fro over the plain. The tempestuous air was soon so filled with smoke, that the day was as dark as the night. Under this black and sulphurous canopy, the infuriate hosts rushed upon each other. Even the flash of the guns could not be seen through the impenetrable gloom. Horsemen plunged to the charge unable to discern the foe. Thus the deadly conflict continued, one hundred and forty thousand men firing into each other's bosoms, through the morning, and the noon, and the afternoon, and after the sun had gone down in the gloom of a winter's night, Napoleon galloped up and down the field of blood regardless of danger, ever presenting himself at those points which were most threatened.

In the midst of the battle Napoleon was informed that a church, which he deemed a position of essential importance, had been taken by the enemy. He pressed his spurs into his horse and galloped, with the utmost speed, into the midst of his battalions, who were retreating before vastly superior numbers. "What!" shouted the Emperor, "a handful of Russians repulse troops of the Grand Army. Forward, my brave lads! We *must* have the church! We *must* have it at every hazard!" Animated by this voice, an enthusiastic shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose above the thunders of the conflict. The soldiers instantly formed in solid column, and, through a perfect storm of bullets and shells, forced their way upon the enemy. The Emperor espied a few paces from him an old grenadier. His face was blackened with gunpowder. His clothes were red with blood. His left arm had just been torn from his shoulder by a shell, and the crimson drops were falling from the ghastly wound. The man was hurrying to fall into the ranks. "Stay! stay! my good fellow," exclaimed the Emperor, "go to the ambulance, and get your wound dressed." "I will," replied the soldier, "as soon as we have taken the church." He then disappeared in the midst of the smoke and the tumult of the battle. The Duke of Vicenza, who witnessed this scene, says the tears gushed into the eyes of the Emperor, as he contemplated this touching proof of devotion.

The battle had now raged for eighteen hours. The snow was red with blood. The bodies of the wounded and the dead covered the plain. Thousands of the torn and bleeding victims of war, through these long hours had writhed in agony in the freezing air, trampled by the rush of frenzied squadrons. Their piercing shrieks rose above the roar of artillery and musketry. Eylau was in flames. Other adjacent villages and farm-houses were blazing. The glare of the conflagration added to the horrors of the pitiless storm of the elements and of war. Women and children were perishing in the fields, having fled from their bomb-battered and burning dwellings. Still the battle continued unabated.

As the twilight of the stormy day faded into

the gloom of night, Napoleon, calm and firm, stood beneath the shelter of the church which he had retaken. The balls were crashing around him. Grief pervaded every face of the imperial staff. With consternation, they implored him to place himself in a position of safety. Regardless of their entreaties, he braved every peril. Infusing his own inflexibility into the hearts of all around, he still impelled his bleeding columns upon the foe. More than thirty thousand Russians, struck by the balls and the swords of the French, were stretched upon the frozen field. Ten thousand Frenchmen, the dying and the dead, were also strewn upon the plain. Ten thousand horses had been struck down. Some had been torn in pieces by cannon balls. Others, frightfully mutilated, were uttering piercing screams, and were wildly plunging over the plain, trampling the wounded beneath their iron hoofs. It was now ten o'clock at night. Nearly one half of the Russian army was destroyed. A fresh division of the French now appeared on the field. They had been marching all day, with the utmost haste, guided by the cannon's roar. The Russians could endure the conflict no longer. Proud of having so long and so valiantly withstood the great Napoleon, they retreated, shouting *victory*! Napoleon remained master of the blood-bought field. The victors, utterly exhausted, bleeding and freezing, again sought such repose as could be found upon the gory ice, beneath that wintry sky. Napoleon was overwhelmed with grief. Never before had such a scene of misery met even his eye. According to his invariable custom, he traversed the field of battle, to minister, with his own hands, to the wounded and the dying. It was midnight—dark, cold, and stormy. By his example, he animated his attendants to the most intense exertions in behalf of the sufferers. His sympathy and aid were extended to the wounded Russians as well as to those of his own army. One of his generals, witnessing the deep emotion with which he was affected, spoke of the glory which the victory would give him. "To a father," said Napoleon, "who loses his children, victory has no charms. When the heart speaks, glory itself is an illusion."

As Napoleon was passing over this field of awful carnage, he came to an ambulance, or hospital-wagon. A huge pile of amputated arms and legs, clotted with gore, presented a horrible spectacle to the eye. A soldier was resisting the efforts of the surgeon, who was about to cut off his leg, which had been dreadfully shattered by a cannon-ball.

"What is the matter?" inquired the Emperor, as he rode up to the spot. Seeing, at a glance the state of the case, he continued, "How is this! surely you, a brave *mustache*, are not afraid of a cut!"

"No, your Majesty, I am not afraid of a cut. But this is a sort of cut that a man may die of. And there is poor Catharine and her four little ones. If I should die—" and the man sobbed aloud.

"Well," replied the Emperor, "and what if you should die? Am I not here?"

The wounded soldier fixed his eyes for a moment upon Napoleon, and then, with a trembling voice, exclaimed, "True! true, your Majesty! I am very foolish. Here, doctor, cut off my limb. God bless the Emperor!"

A dragoon, dreadfully torn by a cannon-ball, raised his head from the bloody snow, as the Emperor drew near, and faintly said, "Turn your eyes this way, please your Majesty. I believe that I have got my death wound. I shall soon be in the other world. But no matter for that—Vive l'Empereur." Napoleon immediately dismounted from his horse, tenderly took the hand of the wounded man, and enjoined it upon his attendants to convey him immediately to the ambulance, and to commend him to the special care of the surgeon. Large tears rolled down the cheeks of the dying dragoon, as he fixed his eyes upon the loved features of his Emperor. Fervidly he exclaimed, "I only wish that I had a thousand lives to lay down for your Majesty."

Upon this dreadful field of woe, of blood, of death, oppressed with myriad cares, and in the gloom of the inclement night, Napoleon remembered his faithful and anxious Josephine. She was then in Paris. Seizing a pen, he hurriedly wrote the following lines. Calling a courier to his side, he dispatched him, at his fleetest speed, to convey the note to Josephine:

"EYLAU, 3 o'clock in the morning, Feb. 9, 1807.

"My Love!—There was a great battle yesterday. Victory remains with me, but I have lost many men. The loss of the enemy, still more considerable, does not console me. I write these two lines myself, though greatly fatigued, to tell you that I am well, and that I love you.

Wholly thine,

"NAPOLEON."

The fac-simile of this letter, written under such circumstances, will be examined with interest.

*mon ami le 7 ventres une grande bataille l'ennemi
n'est resté - mais j'ai perdu bien du monde l'ennemi
de l'ennemi qui est plus considérable encore ne me console pas. Enfin
je t'écris ces 2 lignes moi-même quoique je sois bien fatigué
pour te dire que je suis bien portant, et que je t'aime.
3 heures du matin le 9 février*

Mon amie—il y a eu hier une grande bataille; la victoire m'est restée, mais j'ai perdu bien du monde; la perte de l'ennemi qui est plus considérable encore, ne me console pas. Enfin je t'écris ces 2 lignes moi-même, quoique je sois bien fatigué pour te dire que je suis bien portant, et que je t'aime.

Tout à toi,

Napoleon.

3 heures du matin le 9 Février.

The dawn of the morning exhibited, upon that frozen field, perhaps the most frightful spectacle earth has ever witnessed. Nearly forty thousand men, awfully torn by cannon balls, were prostrate upon the blood-stained ice and snow. A wail of anguish rose from the extended plain, which froze the heart of the beholder with terror. Dismounted cannon, fragments of projectiles, guns, swords, horses dead or cruelly mangled, rearing, plunging, shrieking

in their agony, presented a scene of unparalleled horror. Napoleon's heart was most deeply moved. His feelings of sympathy burst forth even in one of his bulletins. "This spectacle," he wrote, "is fit to excite in princes a love of peace and a horror of war." He immediately dispatched some battalions to pursue the retreating enemy, while he devoted all his energies to the relief of the misery spread around him. In the evening of the same day he wrote another letter to Josephine.

"EYLAU, Feb. 9, 6 o'clock in the evening, 1807.

"I write one word, my love, that you may not be anxious. The enemy has lost the battle, 40 pieces of cannon, 10 flags, 12,000 prisoners. He has suffered horribly. I have lost many men, 1600 killed, and three or four thousand wounded. Corbineau was killed by a shell. I was strongly attached to that officer, who had great merit. It gives me great pain. My horse-guard has covered itself with glory. Allemagne is wounded dangerously. Adieu, my love. Wholly thine.

NAPOLEON."

Again in the night of the next day he wrote to that noble wife who well knew how to appreciate the delicacy and generosity of such attentions :

"EYLAU, Feb. 11, 3 o'clock in the morning.

"I send you one line, my love. You must have been very anxious. I have beaten the enemy in a memorable battle ; but it has cost me many brave men. The inclement weather constrains me to return to my cantonments. Do not indulge in grief, I entreat you. All this will soon end. The happiness of seeing you



MORNING AFTER EYLAU.

will lead me soon to forget my fatigues. I never was better. The little Tascher has conducted nobly. He has had a rough trial. I have placed him near me. I have made him officer of ordinance. Thus his troubles are ended. The young man interests me. Adieu, my dearest. A thousand kisses.

NAPOLEON."

In another letter of the 14th, he writes :

"My love, I am still at Eylau. The country is covered with the dead and wounded. This is not the pleasant part of war. One suffers, and the soul is oppressed to see so many victims. I am well. I have done what I wished. I have repulsed the enemy, compelling him to abandon his projects. You must be very anxious, and that thought afflicts me. Nevertheless, tranquilize yourself, my love, and be cheerful. Wholly thine.

NAPOLEON."

Napoleon remained eight days at Eylau, healing the wounds of his army, and gathering supplies for the protection and comfort of his troops. He was daily hoping that Frederic William and Alexander would demand no more blood ; that they would propose terms of peace. It is a fact admitted by all, that Napoleon, in his wars, thus far, was fighting in self-defense. He was the last to draw the sword and the first to propose peace. In this campaign, before the battle of Jena, Napoleon wrote to Frederic, entreating him to spare the effusion of blood. This appeal was disregarded. Scarce had the sun gone down over that field of carnage and of woe, ere Napoleon wrote again, pleading for humanity. Again was his plea sternly rejected. Secretly the allies collected their strength and fell upon him in his cantonments. Napoleon pursued them two hundred and forty miles, and destroyed half of their army upon the plain of Eylau. For five days he waited anxiously, hoping that his vanquished assailants would propose peace. They were silent. He then, magnanimously triumphing over pride of spirit, and almost violating the dictates of self-respect, condescended again to plead for the cessation of hostilities. In the following terms, conciliatory, yet dignified, he addressed the King of Prussia.

"I desire to put a period to the misfortunes of your family, and to organize, as speedily as possible, the Prussian monarchy. Its intermediate power is necessary for the tranquillity of Europe. I desire peace with Russia ; and, provided the cabinet of St. Petersburg has no designs upon the Turkish Empire, I see no difficulty in obtaining it. Peace with England is not less essential to all nations. I shall have no hesitation in sending a minister to Memel, to take part in a Congress of France, Sweden, England, Russia, Prussia, and Turkey. But as such a congress may last many years, which would not suit the present condition of Prussia, your Majesty therefore will, I am persuaded, be of opinion that I have taken the simplest method, and one which is most likely to secure the prosperity of your subjects. At all events I entreat

your Majesty to believe in my sincere desire to re-establish amicable relations with so friendly a power as Prussia, and that I wish to do the same with Russia and England."

The allies considered this renewed proposal of Napoleon but an indication of his weakness. It encouraged them to redoubled efforts. They resolved to collect still more numerous swarms of Cossacs from the barbarian North, and, with increased vigor, to prosecute the war. Napoleon had also made proposals to Sweden for peace. His advances were there also repelled. The King of Sweden wrote to the King of Prussia, "I think that a public declaration should be made in favor of the legitimate cause of the Bourbons, by openly espousing their interests, which is plainly that of all established governments. My opinion on this point is fixed and unalterable."

This arrogant assumption, that France had not a right to choose its own form of government, and elect its own sovereign, rendered peace impossible. Even had Napoleon, like Benedict Arnold, turned traitor to his country, and endeavored to reinstate the rejected Bourbons, it would only have plunged France anew into all the horrors of civil war. The proudest and most powerful nation in Europe would not submit to dictation so humiliating. Napoleon truly said, "The Bourbons can not return to the throne of France but over the dead bodies of one hundred thousand Frenchmen." The Bourbons did finally return, in the rear of the combined armies of despotic Europe. But the Allies crimsoned Europe with blood, and struck down nearly a million of Frenchmen in mutilation and death, ere they accomplished the iniquitous restoration. But where are the Bourbons now ? And who now sits upon the throne of France ! This is a lesson for the nations.

Just before the campaign of Jena, Napoleon thus addressed the legislative body in Paris : "Princes, magistrates, soldiers, citizens, we have all but one object in our several departments—the interests of our country. Weakness in the executive is the greatest of all misfortunes to the people. Soldier or First Consul, I have but one thought ; Emperor, I have no other object—the prosperity of France. I do not wish to increase its territory, but I am resolved to maintain its integrity. I have no desire to augment the influence which we possess in Europe, but I will not permit what we enjoy to decline. No state shall be incorporated with our Empire ; but I will not sacrifice my rights, or the ties which unite us to other states."

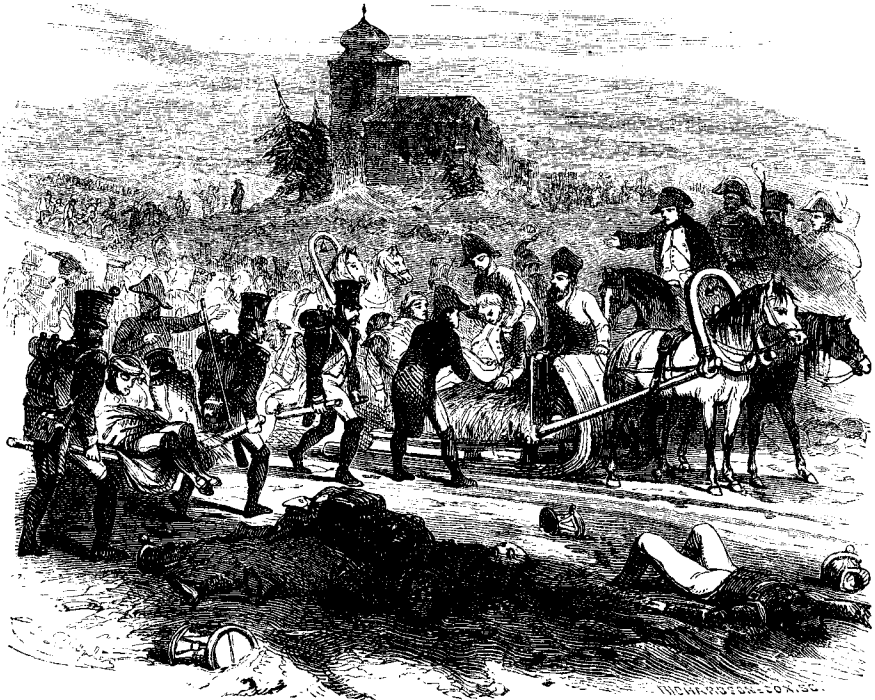
Napoleon, finding that there was no hope of peace, and having driven his enemies to the banks of the Niemen, prepared to return to his winter quarters upon the Vistula. He thus addressed his army :

"Soldiers ! we were beginning to taste the sweets of repose in our winter quarters, when the enemy attacked the first corps on the Lower Vistula. We flew to meet him. We pursued him, sword in hand, eighty leagues. He was

driven for shelter beneath the cannons of his fortresses, and beyond the Pregel. We have captured sixty pieces of cannon, sixteen standards, and killed, wounded, or taken more than 40,000 Russians. The brave, who have fallen on our side, have fallen nobly—like soldiers. Their families shall receive our protection. Having thus defeated the whole projects of the enemy, we will return to the Vistula, and re-enter our winter quarters. Whoever ventures

to disturb our repose will repent of it. Beyond the Vistula as beyond the Danube, we shall always be the soldiers of the Grand Army."

Napoleon himself remained at Eylau until every thing was removed. He superintended the departure of the several divisions of the army, the sick, the wounded, the prisoners and the artillery taken from the enemy. He had a vast number of sledges constructed, and made as comfortable as possible, for the removal of



REMOVING THE WOUNDED.

the sick and the wounded. More than six thousand were thus transported over two hundred miles, to their warm hospitals on the banks of the Vistula.

Austria now wished for an excuse to join the allies. She was, however, bound by the most solemn treaties not again to draw the sword against France. Napoleon had cautiously avoided giving her any offense. But she could not forget the disgrace of Ulm and Austerlitz. As an entering wedge to the strife, she proffered her services as mediator. Napoleon was not at all deceived as to her intentions, yet promptly replied:

"The Emperor accepts the amicable intervention of Francis II. for the re-establishment of peace, so necessary to all nations. He only fears that the power which, hitherto, seems to have made a system of founding its wealth and greatness upon the divisions of the Continent, will draw from this step new subjects of animosity, and new pretexts for dissensions. However, any way that can encourage the hope of

the cessation of bloodshed, ought not to be neglected by France, which, as all Europe knows, was dragged, in spite of herself into this war."

At the same time Napoleon called for a new levy of 80,000 men. But five months before he had called out the same number. He wished to display such a force that the allies would see that his defeat was impossible, and that they would consent to peace, without further shedding of blood. He wrote to Cambaceres: "It is very important that this measure should be adopted with alacrity. A single objection raised in the Council of State, or in the Senate, would weaken me in Europe, and will bring Austria upon us. Then, it will not be two conscriptions but three or four, which we shall be obliged to decree, perhaps to no purpose, and to be vanquished at last."

"A conscription, announced and resolved upon without hesitation, which perhaps I shall not call for, which certainly I shall not send to the active army, for I am not going to wage war with boys, will cause Austria to drop her arms. The least

hesitation, on the contrary, would induce her to resume them, and to use them against us. No objection, I repeat, but an immediate and punctual execution of the decree which I send you. That is the way to have peace, to have a speedy, a magnificent peace."

Having dispatched this decree to Paris, Napoleon sent a copy to Talleyrand, requesting him to communicate to the Austrian government, without circumlocution, that the Emperor had divined the drift of the mediation; that he accepted that mediation, with a perfect knowledge of what it signified; that to offer peace was well, but that peace should be offered with a white truncheon in the hand; that the armaments of Austria were a very unsuitable accompaniment to the offer of mediation. "I thus," said he, "explain myself with frankness, to prevent calamities, and to save Austria from them. If she wishes to send officers to ascertain our strength, we engage to show them the depots, the camps of reserve, and the divisions on the march. They shall see that independently of the 100,000 French already in Germany, a second army of 100,000 men is preparing to cross the Rhine, to check any hostile movements on the part of the court of Vienna." These measures, so eminently sagacious, prevented Austria from uniting with the allies, and thus, for the time at least, prevented an accumulation of the horrors of war.

The Bourbons of Spain were also watching for an opportunity to fall upon Napoleon. Believing it impossible for the French Emperor to escape from his entanglements in Poland, surrounded by myriad foes, the Spanish court treacherously summoned the nation to arms. Napoleon was a thousand miles beyond the Rhine. England had roused Spain to attack him in the rear. The proclamation was issued the day before the battle of Jena. That amazing victory alarmed the perfidious court of Ferdinand. With characteristic meanness, the Spanish government immediately sent word to Napoleon that the troops were raised to *send to his assistance, in case he should stand in need of them*. The Emperor smiled, and affecting to be a dupe, thanked Spain for its zeal, and requested the loan of fifteen thousand troops. The troops could not be refused. Napoleon wrote to have them received in the most friendly and hospitable manner, and to be abundantly supplied with provisions, clothing, and money. They were stationed in the garrisons of France, and French soldiers, drawn from those garrisons, were called to Poland. These repeated acts of perfidy led to the final dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain. Their overthrow promoted the ruin of Napoleon. Their continuance upon the throne would also have secured that ruin. It was written in the book of divine decrees that Napoleon must rise and fall. Human energy and wisdom could not have averted his final discomfiture. Had Napoleon joined hands with the feudal kings, and reigned the sovereign of the *nobles*, not of the people; the defender of *privilege*, not the advocate of *equality*, he might perhaps have disarmed the hostility of

despots, but he would also have lost the heart of France. He fell magnificently; but his memory is embalmed in the love of the French people. It never will perish. "St. Helena," says Napoleon, "was written in the book of destiny."

The cheerless months of departing winter passed rapidly away, as both parties prepared for the renewal of the strife. Napoleon shared the encampment of his troops. He taught them patience and fortitude, by enduring himself every privation which they were called to experience. His brother Joseph, in a letter, complained of hardships in Naples. Napoleon laughed at his complaints.

"The officers of our staff," he wrote in reply, "have not undressed for these two months, and some not for four months past. I myself have been a fortnight without taking off my boots. We are amidst snow and mud, without wine, without brandy, without bread, eating potatoes and meat, making long marches and countermarches, without any kind of comfort, fighting in general with bayonets and under grape, the wounded having to be carried away in sledges, exposed to the air, two hundred miles."

Napoleon established his head-quarters in a wretched barn, at a place called Osterode. "If, instead of remaining in a hole like Osterode," says Savary, "where every one was under his eye, and where he could set his whole force in motion, the Emperor had established himself in a great town, it would have required three months to do what he effected in less than one." Here Napoleon not only attended to all the immense interests which were gathered around him, but he also devoted incessant thought to the government of his distant empire. The portfolios of the several ministers were sent to him, from Paris, every week. Upon the day of their reception he invariably attended to their contents, and returned them with minute directions. The most trivial as well as the most important matters were subject to his scrutiny. There had been composed, in his honor, verses, which he deemed bad, and which were recited in the theatres. He requested other verses to be substituted, in which he was less praised, but which gave utterance to noble thoughts. "*The best way to praise me*," said he, "*is to write things which excite heroic sentiments in the nation*." With great care he studied the proceedings of the French Academy. At one of those meetings the memory of Mirabeau was violently assailed. Napoleon wrote to Fouché: "I recommend to you, let there be no reaction in the public opinion. Let Mirabeau be mentioned in terms of praise. There are many things in that meeting of the Academy which do not please me. When shall we grow wiser? When shall we be animated by that genuine Christian charity, which shall lead us to desire to abase no one? When shall we refrain from awaking recollections which send sorrow to the hearts of so many persons?"

With intense interest he watched the progress of education. In reference to the institution for the education of girls at Ecouen, he wrote to Lacedepede: "It is there proposed to train up



HEAD-QUARTERS AT OSTERODE.

women, wives, mothers of families. Make believers of them—not reasoners. The weakness of the brain of women, the mobility of their ideas, their destination in the social order, the necessity for inspiring them with a perpetual resignation, and a mild and easy charity—all this renders the influence of religion indispensable for them. I am anxious that they should leave the institution, not fashionable *belles*, but virtuous women; that their attractive qualities may be those of the heart.” He urged that they should study “history, literature, enough of natural philosophy to be able to dispel the popular ignorance around them; somewhat of medicine, botany, dancing—but not that of the *Opera*—ciphering, and all sorts of needle-work. Their apartments,” he wrote, “must be furnished by their own hands. They must make their chemises, their stockings, their dresses, their caps, and they must be able, in case of need, to make clothes for their infants. I wish to make these young girls useful women. I am certain that I shall thus make them agreeable and attractive.”

He was informed that Madame de Staël had returned to Paris, and that she was striving to excite hostility against his government. He ordered her to be expelled. Some of his friends urged him not to do so. He persisted, saying that if he did not interfere, she would compromise good citizens, whom he would afterward be compelled to treat with severity.

Of Madame de Staël Napoleon said at St. Helena: “She was a woman of considerable talent, and of great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. She was ardent in her passions, vehement and extravagant in her expressions. She combined all her resources to make an impression upon the general of the army of Italy. Without any acquaintance with him, she wrote to him when afar off. She tormented him when present. If she was to be believed, the union of genius with a little insignificant Creole, incapable of appreciating or comprehending him, was a monstrosity. Unfortunately the general’s only answer was an indifference, which women never forgive, and which, indeed,” Napoleon remarked with a smile, “is hardly to be forgiven.”

“Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy,” he continued, “I was accosted by Madame de Staël at a grand entertainment given by M. Talleyrand. She challenged me, in the middle of a numerous circle, to tell her who was the greatest woman in the world. I looked at her, and coldly replied, ‘She, Madame, who has borne the greatest number of children.’ Madame de Staël was at first a little disconcerted. She endeavored to recover herself by observing, that it

was reported that I was not very fond of women. 'Pardon me, Madame,' I replied; 'I am very fond of my wife.' I can not call her a *wicked* woman; but she was a restless intriguer, possessed of considerable talent and influence."

Again he said of Madame de Staël: "Her house had become quite an arsenal against me. People went there to be armed knights. She endeavored to raise enemies against me, and fought against me herself. She was at once Armida and Clorinda. After all, it can not be denied that Madame de Staël is a very distinguished woman, endowed with great talents, and possessing a very considerable share of wit. She will go down to posterity. It was more than once intimated to me, in order to soften me in her favor, that she was an adversary to be feared, and might become an useful ally. And certainly if, instead of reviling me as she did, she had spoken in my praise, it might no doubt have proved advantageous to me. Her position and her abilities gave her an absolute sway over the saloons. Their influence in Paris is well known. Notwithstanding all she has said against me, and all that she will yet say, I am certainly far from thinking that she has a bad heart. The fact is, that she and I have waged a little war against each other, and that is all." He then added, in reference to the numerous writers who had declaimed against him: "I am destined to be their food. I have but little fear of becoming their victim. They will bite against granite. My history is made up of facts, and words alone can not destroy them. In order to fight against me successfully, somebody should appear in the lists armed with the weight and authority of facts on his side. It would then perhaps be time for me to be moved. But as for all other writers, whatever be their talent, their efforts will be in vain. My fame will survive. When they wish to be admired they will sound my praise."

While at Osterode nothing seemed to be overlooked by Napoleon's all-comprehensive and untiring energies.

To the Minister of the Interior he wrote: "An effective mode of encouraging literature, would be to establish a Journal, of which the criticism is enlightened, actuated by good intentions, and free of that coarse brutality which characterizes the existing newspapers, and which is so contrary to the true interests of the nation. Journals now never criticise with the intention of repressing mediocrity, guiding inexperience, or encouraging rising merit. All their endeavor is to wither, to destroy. Articles should be selected for the journals, where reasoning is mingled with eloquence, where praise for deserved merit is tempered with censure for faults. Merit, however inconsiderable, should be sought for and rewarded."

Again he wrote: "You should occupy yourself with the project of establishing an University for literature—understanding by that word not merely the *belles-lettres*, but history and geography. It should consist of at least thirty professorships, so linked together as to exhibit a

living picture of instruction and direction, where every one who wishes to study a particular age, should know at once whom to consult—what books, monuments, or chronicles to examine—where every one who wishes to travel should know where to receive positive instructions as to the government, literature, and physical productions of the country which he is about to visit."

"It is a lamentable fact, that in this great country a young man, who wishes to study, or is desirous to signalize himself in any department, is obliged for long to grope in the dark, and literally to lose years in fruitless researches, before he discovers the true repositories of the information for which he seeks. I desire such institutions. They have long formed the subject of my meditation, because, in the course of my various labors, I have repeatedly experienced their want."

A vast number of plans for the Temple of the Madelaine were sent to him. He wrote: "After having attentively considered the different plans submitted to my examination, I have not felt the smallest doubt as to which I should adopt. That of M. Vignon alone fulfills my wishes. It is a temple which I desire, not a church. What could you erect as a church which could vie with the Pantheon, Notre Dame, or above all, with St. Peter's at Rome? Every thing in the temple should be in a chaste, severe, and durable style. It should be fitted for solemnities at all times, at all hours. The imperial throne should be a curule chair of marble. There should be seats of marble for the persons invited, an amphitheatre of marble for the performers. No furniture should be admitted but cushions for the seats. All should be of granite, of marble, and of iron. With this view, searches should be made in all the provinces for quarries of marble and granite. They will be useful, not merely for this monument, but for others which I have in view, and which will require thirty, forty, or fifty years for their construction. Not more than \$600,000 should be required. The temple of Athens cost not much more than one half that sum. Three millions of dollars have been absorbed, I know not how, in the Pantheon. But I should not object to the expenditure of a million of dollars, for the construction of a temple worthy of the first city in the world."

Thus arose the exquisite structure of the Madelaine. Napoleon reared it in honor of the Grand Army. He however secretly intended it as an expiatory monument to Louis XVI., Maria Antoinette, and the other victims of the Revolution. He intended thus to announce it, and to dedicate it, as soon as the fervor of revolutionary passion had sufficiently abated.

Napoleon learned that M. Berthollet, a man whom he particularly esteemed for his scientific attainments, was in some pecuniary embarrassment. He immediately wrote him, "I am informed that you are in need of thirty thousand dollars. My treasurer has an order to place that sum at your disposal. I am very glad to find this occasion to be useful to you, and to give you a proof of my esteem."

He was informed, by the correspondence, which he paid for liberally and read with care, that there was a quarrel in the Opera. There was a disposition to persecute a poor machinist in consequence of the failure of some decorations which he was preparing. Napoleon wrote to the Minister of Police, "I will not have wrangling any where. I will not suffer M— to be the victim of an accident. My custom is to protect the unfortunate. Whether actresses ascend into the clouds or ascend not, I will not allow that to be made a handle for intriguing."

Severe and, as Napoleon thought, mischievous attacks were made, in two of the public journals, upon the philosophers. He wrote, "It is necessary to have discreet men at the head of those papers. Those two journals affect religion even to bigotry. Instead of attacking the excesses of the exclusive system of some philosophers, they attack philosophy and human knowledge. Instead of keeping the productions of the age within bounds, by sound criticism, they discourage those productions, depreciate and debase them."

His admirable foresight and energy had soon provided the army with all the comforts which could be enjoyed in a rude encampment. The Russians, on the other hand, were almost starving. They wandered about, in marauding bands, pillaging the villages, and committing the most frightful excesses. Sometimes, driven by hunger, they came even to the French encampments, and begged bread of the French soldiers. By signs they expressed that for several days they had eaten nothing. The soldiers received them as brothers, and fed them bountifully.

To promote industry in Paris, Napoleon gave orders for an immense quantity of shoes, boots, harnesses, and gun carriages to be made there. To transport these articles from France to the heart of Poland, through hostile countries, infested by prowling bands of shattered armies, he devised a plan as ingenious and effective as it was simple. He had been impressed, in the quagmires through which his army had advanced, with the little zeal which the drivers of the baggage-wagons evinced, and their want of courage in danger. He had previously, with great success, given a military organization to the artillery-drivers. He now resolved to do the same with the baggage-drivers. These men, who had previously been but humble day-laborers, now became a proud corps of the army, with the honorable title of Battalion of the Train. They were dressed in uniform. A new sentiment of honor sprang up in their hearts. It was a two months' journey from Paris to the Vistula. They protected their equipages, freighted with treasure, and urged them on, with the same zeal with which the artillerymen defended their guns, and the infantry and cavalry their flags. Animated by that enthusiasm, which Napoleon had thus breathed into their hearts, they now appeared insensible to danger or fatigue.

Such were the multitude of objects to which Napoleon directed his attention. The eyes of

all Europe were fixed upon him during his encampment amidst the snows of Poland. His enemies were awed by his energy and his achievements. His distant empire was as perfectly and as minutely under his government, as if he were spending his days in his cabinet at the Tuileries. Though thus laden with a burden of toil and care, such as never before rested upon a mortal mind, rarely did he allow a day to pass without writing a line to Josephine. Often he sent to her twice a day a brief note of remembrance and of love. The following are a few of his letters:

"POSEN, December 2, 1806.

"It is the anniversary of Austerlitz. I have been to an assembly in the city. It rains. I am well. I love you and desire you. The Polish ladies are all French, but there is only one woman for me. Would you like to know her? I might indeed draw you her portrait; but I should have to flatter the portrait itself quite too much, before you could recognize yourself in it. These nights here are long, all alone. Entirely thine.

"NAPOLEON."

"POSEN, DEC. 3, 1806. Noon.

"I have received yours of November 26. Two things I observe in it. You say I do not read your letters. That is an unkind thought. I do not thank you for so unfavorable an opinion. You also tell me that that neglect must be caused by some dream of another. And yet you add that you are not jealous. I have long observed that angry people insist that they are not angry; that those who are frightened say that they have no fear. You are thus convicted of jealousy. I am delighted. As to this matter you are wrong. I think of any thing rather than that. In the deserts of Poland one has little opportunity to dream of beauty. I gave a ball yesterday to the nobility of the province. There were enough fine women, many rich, many badly dressed, although in Parisian fashion. Adieu, my love. I am well. Entirely thine.

"NAPOLEON."

"POSEN, Dec. 3, 6 o'clock, Evening.

"I have received your letter of November 27, in which I perceive that your little head is quite turned. I often recall the line

'Woman's longing is a consuming flame.'

You must calm yourself. I have written to you that I am in Poland, and that as soon as our winter quarters are established you can come. We must wait some days. The greater one becomes, the less can he have his own way. The ardor of your letter shows me that all you beautiful women recognize no barriers. Whatever you wish must be. As for me, I declare I am the veriest slave. My master has no compassion. That master is the *nature of things*. Adieu, my love. Be happy. The one of whom I wish to speak to you is Madame L—. Every one censures her. They assure me she is more a Prussian than a French woman. I do not believe it. But I think her a silly woman, and one who says only silly things. Thine entirely.

"NAPOLEON."

"GOLIMIN, Dec. 29, 1866, 5 o'clock in the Morning.

"I can write you but a word, my love. I am in a wretched barn. I have beaten the Russians. We have taken from them 30 pieces of cannon, their baggage, and 6000 prisoners. The weather is dismal. It rains. We are in mud up to our knees. In two days we shall be at Warsaw, from which place I will write to you. Wholly thine.
NAPOLEON."

"WARSAW, January 18, 1867.

"I fear that you are greatly disappointed that our separation must still be prolonged for several weeks. I expect of you more force of character. They tell me that you weep continually. Fie! How unbecoming that is. Your letter of the 7th of January gave me much pain. Be worthy of me, and show more force of character. Make a suitable appearance at Paris, and, above all, be contented. I am very well, and I love you very much; but if you continually weep, I shall think you to be without courage and without character. I do not love the spiritless. An Empress should have energy. NAPOLEON."

"January 23, 1867

"I have received your letter of the 15th of January. It is impossible that I should permit ladies to undertake such a journey; wretched roads, miry and dangerous. Return to Paris. Be there cheerful, contented. I could but smile at your remark that you took a husband in order to live with him. I thought, in my ignorance, that woman was made for man; man for his country, his family, and glory. Pardon my ignorance. One is continually learning with our beautiful ladies. Adieu, my love. Think how much I suffer in not being able to call you here. Say to yourself, 'It is a proof how I am precious to him.'
NAPOLEON."

Without date.

"My love, your letter of the 20th of January has given me much pain. It is too sad. Behold the evil of not being a little devout. You tell me that your happiness makes your glory. That is not generous. You ought to say, The happiness of others is my glory. That is not conjugal. You must say, The happiness of my husband is my glory. That is not maternal. You should say, The happiness of my children is my glory. But since others, your husband, your children can not be happy without a little glory, you should not say, fie! at it so much. Josephine, your heart is excellent, but your reason feeble. Your perceptions are exquisite, but your deliberations are less wise.

"Enough of fault-finding. I wish that you should be cheerful, contented with your lot, and that you should obey, not murmuring and weeping, but with alacrity of heart and with some degree of satisfaction withal. Adieu, my love. I leave to-night to run through my advance posts.
"NAPOLEON."

From his rude encampment at Osterode, he
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wrote, the 27th of March, "I desire, more strongly than you can, to see you, and to live in tranquillity. I am interested in other things besides war. But duty is paramount over all. All my life I have sacrificed tranquillity, interest, happiness, to my destiny."

The Emperor was exceedingly attached to the little Napoleon, to whom he often refers in his letters. He was the son of Hortense and of his brother Louis. The boy, five years of age, was exceeding beautiful, and developed all those energetic and magnanimous traits of character which would win, in the highest degree, the admiration of Napoleon. The Emperor had decided to make this young prince his heir. All thoughts of the divorce were now relinquished. Early in the spring of this year the child was suddenly taken sick of the croup, and died. The sad tidings were conveyed to Napoleon in his rude encampment at Osterode. It was a terrible blow to his hopes and to his affections. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and, for a long time, seemed lost in painful musings. No one ventured to disturb his grief.

Napoleon was now the most powerful monarch in Europe. But he was without an heir. His death would plunge France into anarchy, as ambitious chieftains, each surrounded by his partisans, would struggle for the throne. Mournfully and anxiously he murmured to himself, again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this?"—Napoleon was ambitious. He wished to send down his name to posterity, as the greatest benefactor France had ever known. To accomplish this he was ready to sacrifice comfort, health, his affections, and that which he deemed least of all, his life. He loved Josephine above all other created beings. He deceived himself by the belief that it would be indeed a noble sacrifice to France, to bind, as an offering upon the altar of his country even their undying love. He knew that the question of the divorce would again and again arise. The struggle, now resumed in his heart, between his love for Josephine and his desire to found a stable dynasty, and to transmit his name to posterity, was fearful. Strong as was his self-control, his anguish was betrayed by his pallid cheek, his restless eye, his loss of appetite, and of sleep.

To Josephine, apprehensive of the result, the bereavement was inexpressibly dreadful. Overwhelmed with anguish, she wept day and night. This little boy, Charles Napoleon, Prince Royal of Holland, died at the Hague, 5th of May, 1807. He was the elder brother of Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of France. Upon receiving the intelligence of his death, Napoleon thus wrote to Josephine.

"May, 14, 1807.

"I can appreciate the grief which the death of poor Napoleon has caused you. You can understand the anguish which I experience. I could wish that I were with you, that you might become moderate and discreet in your grief. You have had the happiness of never losing any children. But it is one of the conditions and

sorrows attached to suffering humanity. Let me hear that you have become reasonable and tranquil. Would you magnify my anguish?—Adieu, my love. NAPOLEON.”

In the following terms he wrote to Hortense :

“My daughter!—Every thing which reaches me from the Hague, informs me that you are unreasonable. However legitimate may be your grief, it should have its bounds. Do not impair your health. Seek consolation. Know that life is strewn with so many dangers, and may be the source of so many calamities, that death is by no means the greatest of evils.

“Your affectionate father,

NAPOLEON.

“Finkenstein, May 20, 1807.”

Four days after he thus wrote to Josephine :

May 24, 1807.

I have received your letter from Lacken. I see, with pain, that your grief is still unabated, and that Hortense is not yet with you. She is unreasonable, and merits not to be loved, since she loves but her children. Strive to calm yourself, and give me no more pain. For every irremediable evil we must find consolation. Adieu my love. Wholly thine. NAPOLEON.”

Again he writes to Hortense, on the 2d of June :

“My daughter!—You have not written me one word in your just and great grief. You have forgotten every thing as if you had no other loss to endure. I am informed that you no longer love, that you are indifferent to every thing. I perceive it by your silence. That is not right. It is not what you promised me. Your mother and I are nothing then. Had I been at Malmaison, I should have shared your anguish; but I should also wish that you would restore yourself to your best friends. Adieu, my daughter. Be cheerful. We must learn resignation. Cherish your health that you may be able to fulfill all your duties. My wife is very sad in view of your condition. Do not add to her anguish. NAPOLEON.”

Again he wrote :

“My daughter!—I have received your letter dated Orleans. Your griefs touch my heart. But I would wish that you would summon more fortitude. To live is to suffer. The sincere man struggles incessantly to gain the victory over himself. I do not love to see you unjust toward the little Louis Napoleon and toward all your friends. Your mother and I cherish the hope to be more in your heart than we are. I have gained a great victory on the 14th of June. I am well, and I love you intensely. Adieu, my daughter! I embrace you with my whole heart. NAPOLEON.”

While Napoleon was encamped upon the

snows of Poland, waiting for the return of spring, all his energies of body and of mind were incessantly active. Often he made the rounds of his cantonments, riding upon horseback ninety miles a day, through storms and snow, and mire. He was daily in correspondence with his agents for the recruiting of his army, and for the transportation of the enormous supplies which they required. He kept a watchful eye upon every thing transpiring in Paris, and guided all the movements of the government there. During the long winter nights he was ruminating upon the general policy he should adopt in disarming enemies, in rewarding friends, in forming alliances, and in shielding France from further insults.

England now made the desperate endeavor to force Turkey into the alliance against France. Failing entirely to accomplish this by diplomacy, she resorted to measures which no one has had the boldness to defend.* An English fleet forced the Dardanelles, scorning the feeble batteries of the Turks. The squadron anchored in front of Constantinople, with its guns pointed at its thronged dwellings. The summons was laconic : “Dismiss the French minister, surrender your fleet to us, and join our alliance against France, or in one half hour we will lay your city in ashes.”

But Napoleon had placed in Constantinople an ambassador equal to the emergence. General Sebastiani roused all the vigor of the Turkish government. He beguiled the foe into a parley. While this parley was protracted day after day, the whole population of the city—men, women, and children, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians—threw themselves into the work of rearing defenses. French engineers guided the laborers. In less than a week 917 pieces of cannon and 200 mortars were frowning upon the batteries. The squadron was now compelled to retreat. With difficulty it forced its way back through the Strait, pelted all the way by the feeble batteries of the Turks. The English lost in this audacious expedition two hundred and fifty men. The Turks, thus influenced, became more cordially allied to France. Napoleon was extremely gratified at the result.

Twenty-five thousand of the allies, had entrenched themselves in Dantzic. The conquest of the city was a matter of great moment to Napoleon. The conduct of the siege was entrusted to Marshal Lefebvre. He was a brave officer, but an ignorant man. He was extreme-

* “Mr. Wellesley Pole, in the absence of Mr. Arbuthnot, the British Minister,” says Alison, “who was sick of fever, presented himself before the Divan, in his riding-dress, with a whip in his hand, and peremptorily announced that if the demands of Russia were not instantly acceded to, a British fleet would enter the Dardanelles, and lay the capital in ashes. Intimidated by this bold language and by the haughty air of the person who used it, and secretly aware of the weakness of the defenses of the capital, the counselors of Selim recommended a temporary concession to the demands of the allied powers.” This is surely a novel exhibition of diplomatic courtesy, and one which would perhaps have more influence in Turkey than in some other latitudes.

ly impatient of the slow progress of the engineers, and was restless to head his troops and rush to the assault. Napoleon with his headquarters about a hundred miles from Dantzic, kept up a daily correspondence with his marshal upon the progress of the works. It frequently, during the siege, became necessary for Napoleon personally to interpose to settle disputes between Marshal Lefebvre and his officers. The following letter to the impetuous soldier finely develops the prudence and the candor of the Emperor:

"You can do nothing but find fault, abuse our allies, and change your opinion at the pleasure of the first-comer. You wanted troops. I sent you them. I am preparing more for you; and you, like an ingrate, continue to complain without thinking even of thanking me. You treat our allies, especially the Poles and the Baden troops, without any delicacy. They are not used to stand fire; but they will get accustomed to it. Do you imagine that we were as brave in '92 as we are now, after fifteen years of war? Have some indulgence, then, old soldier as you are, for the young soldiers who are starting in the career, and who have not yet your coolness in danger. The Prince of Baden, whom you have with you, has chosen to leave the pleasures of the court, for the purpose of leading his troops into fire. Pay him respect, and give him credit for a zeal which his equals rarely imitate. The breasts of your grenadiers, which you are for bringing in every where, will not throw down walls. You must allow your engineers to act, and listen to the advice of General Chasseloup, who is a man of science, and from whom you ought not to withdraw your confidence at the suggestion of the first petty cavalier, pretending to judge of what he is incapable of comprehending. Reserve the courage of your grenadiers for the moment when science shall tell you that it may be usefully employed; and, in the mean time, learn patience. It is not worth while, for the sake of a few days, which, besides, I know not how to employ just now, to get some thousand men killed, whose lives it is possible to spare. Show the calmness, the consistency, the steadiness which befit your age. Your glory is in taking Dantzic. Take that place, and you shall be satisfied with me."

On the 26th of May, Dantzic capitulated, after a terrific conflict of fifty-one days. From the abundant stores which the allies had gathered there, Napoleon immediately sent a million of bottles of wine to his troops in their cantonments. While the snows were melting and the frost yielding to the returning sun of spring, it was hardly possible for either army to resume hostilities. The heavy cannon could not be drawn through the miry roads. Though Napoleon was fifteen hundred miles from his capital, in a hostile country, and with Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and England combined against him, his genius, his foresight, his indefatigable activity, supplied his troops with every comfort. The allied army was, on the contrary, suffering every privation.

The starving soldiers, to appease the cravings of want, desolated extended tracts of country with violence and plunder.

The allied army now consisted of 140,000 men; of which 100,000 could be speedily concentrated upon a field of battle. Napoleon, with 400,000 men dispersed along his extended line of march, and stationed in the fortresses of his wide frontier, could, in a few days, concentrate 160,000 men upon any spot between the Niemen and the Vistula. With his accustomed vigilance and forecast, early in May, he ordered all the divisions of his army to take the field, and to be daily exercised in preparation for the resumption of hostilities.

Early in June, the allies made a sudden rush from their entrenchments, hoping to surround and to overwhelm the division of Marshal Ney. This was the signal for Napoleon's whole army, extended along a line of one hundred and fifty miles, to advance and to concentrate. They did advance. The opposing hosts every where met. The roar of musketry and of artillery, the rush of squadrons, and the clash of sabres resounded by day and by night. Napoleon had matured all his plans. With iron energy, he drove on to the result. By skillful manœuvring, he every where outnumbered his foes. Over mountains, across rivers, through defiles and forests, he pursued the retiring foe. Field after field was red with blood. Mothers, with their babes, fled from their homes, before the sweep of this awful avalanche of woe. In each village the Russians made a stand. For an hour, the tempest of war roared and flashed around the doomed dwellings. The crash of cannon-balls, the explosion of shells, the storm of bullets speedily did its work. From the smouldering ruins the panting, bleeding Russians fled. In the blazing streets, horsemen and footmen met, hand to hand, in the desperate fight. Ten thousand homes were utterly desolated. Women and children were struck by bullets and balls. Fields of grain were trampled in the mire. Still the storm of war swept on and swept on, mercilessly, unrelentingly. Regardless of prayers and tears, and blood and woe, barbarian Russians fled, and ferocious Frenchmen pursued.

Every vile man on earth loves the army, and the license of war. No earthly power can restrain the desperadoes who throng the rank and file of contending hosts. From such an inundation of depraved and reckless men, there is no escape. The farm-house, the village, the city is alike exposed. Humanity shudders in contemplating the atrocities which are perpetrated. The carnage of the field of battle, is the very least of the calamities of war. Napoleon was indefatigable in his efforts. His energy appeared superhuman. He seemed neither to eat, nor sleep, nor rest. He was regardless of rain, of mud, of darkness, of storms. Horse after horse sunk beneath him, as, with his staff, like a whirlwind, he swept along his lines, rousing, animating, energizing his mighty hosts, advancing over a space of fifty leagues.

It was on the 5th of June, that the storm of war commenced. Day and night it continued unabated, as the Russians, fighting with desperation, sullenly retreated before their foes. On the 10th, the allies had concentrated, upon the field of Heilsberg, on the banks of the River Alle, 90,000 men. Here they planted themselves firmly behind entrenchments, fortified by five hundred pieces of heavy artillery. These were loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot, to mow down the French, advancing over the open plain.

In utter recklessness of life, 30,000 Frenchmen, rending the skies with their wild hurrahs, rushed upon the muzzles of these guns. Murat and Ney headed the desperate assault. Napoleon was not there to witness a scene of butchery so inexcusable. The Russian batteries opened upon the bare bosoms of these moving masses, and whole heads of columns were swept away. Still on and on the impetuous host rushed, with oaths and shouts, wading through blood, and trampling over piles of the slain. They pour over the entrenchments, sabre the gunners, shout victory. Suddenly, the tramp of iron hoofs is heard. Trumpets sound the charge. A squadron of horse, ten thousand strong, sweeps down upon the French with resistless plunge. The shout of victory sinks away into the wail of death. The French who had scaled the ramparts were overwhelmed, annihilated. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed all day long. Night came. Dense volumes of smoke canopied the field of demoniac war with the sulphurous gloom of the world of woe. By the light of the cannon's flash the surges of battle still rolled to and fro. Clouds gathered in the black sky. A dismal rain began to fall, as if Nature herself wept over the crimes of the children of earth. Midnight came. The booming of the guns gradually ceased, as the soldiers, utterly exhausted with a conflict of twelve hours, threw themselves amidst the dying and the dead, upon the storm-drenched and gory ground. Late in the night Napoleon came galloping upon the field. He was exceedingly displeased at the senseless butchery to which his impetuous generals had led the men.

The dawn of a gloomy morning of wind and rain revealed to both armies an awful spectacle. The two hostile hosts were within half cannon shot of each other. The narrow space between was covered with eighteen thousand of the dead and wounded. All the dead, and many of the wounded, had been stripped entirely naked by those wretches, both male and female, who ever, in great numbers, follow in the wake of armies for such plunder. These naked bodies, crimsoned with gore, mutilated by balls and by ghastly sabre strokes, presented an aspect of war stripped of all its pageantry. By mutual, instinctive consent, both parties laid aside their guns, and hastened to the relief of the wounded and to the burial of the dead. How strange the scene! Russians and Frenchmen were now mingled together upon the same field, in per-

fect amity, vying with each other in deeds of kindness.

Each army then resumed its position to renew the fight. The Russians rallied behind their entrenchments; the French upon the open plain. Napoleon, ever anxious to spare the needless effusion of blood, so skillfully manœuvred, preparing to attack his foes in the rear, that the Russians were soon compelled, without the firing of a gun, to abandon their position, and to continue their retreat. All the night of the 12th of June the Russians were precipitately retiring. Though dreadfully fatigued, they continued their flight the whole of the next day. They were compelled to make another stand upon the plain of Friedland. Their doom was sealed. Napoleon had driven them into the elbow of a river, and had so skillfully drawn together his forces, as to render their escape impossible.

Early in the morning of the 14th, the battle of Friedland commenced. The division of Lannes was in the advance. The Russian army fell upon it with the utmost energy, hoping to secure its destruction before the other divisions of the French army could come to its relief. Napoleon was ten miles distant when he heard the first deep booming of the cannon. He sent in every direction for his battalions to hasten to the scene of conflict. At noon Napoleon galloped upon the heights which overlooked the field. As he saw the position of the enemy, hemmed in by the bend of the river, and his own troops marching up on every side, a gleam of joy lighted up his features. "This," he exclaimed, "is the 14th of June. It is the anniversary of Marengo. It is a lucky day for us." The French, during the morning, had been contending against fearful odds. Lannes, with 26,000 men had withstood the assault of the whole Russian army of 80,000. As Napoleon appeared upon the heights, General Oudinot, plunging his spurs into his horse, hastened to the Emperor, exclaiming, "Make haste, Sire! My grenadiers are utterly exhausted. But give me a reinforcement, and I will drive all the Russians into the river." The clothes of the intrepid soldier were perforated with balls and his horse was covered with blood. Napoleon glanced proudly at him, and then, with his glass, carefully and silently surveyed the field of battle. One of his officers ventured to suggest that it would be best to defer the battle for a few hours until the rest of the troops had arrived and had obtained a little rest. "No, no!" Napoleon replied, energetically. "One does not catch an enemy twice in such a scrape."

Calling his lieutenants around him, he explained to them his plan of attack, with that laconic force and precision of language, which no man has ever surpassed. Grasping the arm of Marshal Ney, and pointing to the little town of Friedland, and the dense masses of the Russians crowded before it, he said, emphatically, "Yonder is the goal. March to it without looking about you. Break into that thick mass, whatever it costs. Enter Friedland; take the bridges, and give yourself no concern about what may

happen on your right, your left, or your rear. The army and I shall be there to attend to that."

Ney, proud of the desperate enterprise assigned him, set out on the gallop to head his troops. Napoleon followed with his eye this "bravest of the brave." Impressed by his martial attitude, he exclaimed, "That man is a lion." Ney's division of 14,000 men, with a solid tramp which seemed to shake the plain, hurled itself upon the foe. At the same signal the whole French line advanced. It was a spectacle of awful sublimity. One incessant roar of battle, louder than the heaviest thunders, shook the plain. Napoleon stood in the centre of the divisions which he held in reserve. A large cannon ball came whistling over their heads, just above the bayonets of the troops. A young soldier instinctively dodged. Napoleon looked at him, and smiling, said, "My friend, if that ball were destined for you, though you were to burrow a hundred feet under ground, it would be sure to find you there."

Friedland was soon in flames, and Ney in possession of its blazing dwellings, and its blood-stained streets. As the darkness of night came on the scene was indescribably awful. The Russians, having lost 25,000 men in killed and wounded, retreated toward the river, pursued by the victorious French, who were plowing their ranks incessantly with grape-shot, musketry, and cannon balls. The bridges were all destroyed. A frightful spectacle of wreck and ruin was now presented. The retreating army plunged into the stream. Some found fords, and wading breast high, reached the opposite bank, and planted anew their batteries; thousands were swept away by the current. The shore, for miles, was lined with the bodies of drowned men. A storm of bullets swept the river, crowded with the fugitives, and the water ran red with blood.

The allied army was now utterly destroyed. It was impossible to make any further opposition to the advance of Napoleon. The broken bands of the vanquished retired precipitately across the Niemen, and took refuge in the wilds of Russia. The Russian generals and the Russian army now clamored loudly for peace. Alexander sent a messenger to Napoleon, imploring an armistice. Napoleon promptly replied, that after so much fatigue, toil, and suffering, he desired nothing so much as a safe and honorable peace; and that most cordially he consented to an armistice, hoping that it might secure that desirable end. Thus in ten days the campaign was terminated. Napoleon thus addressed his army:

"Soldiers! On the 5th of June we were attacked in our cantonments by the Russian army. The enemy had mistaken the cause of our inactivity. He perceived too late, that our repose was that of the lion. He repents of having disturbed it. In a campaign of ten days we have taken 120 pieces of cannon, seven colors, and have killed, wounded, or taken prisoners 60,000 Russians. We have taken from the enemy's

army all its magazines, its hospitals, its ambulances, the fortress of Königsberg, the 300 vessels which were in that port, laden with all kinds of military stores, and 160,000 muskets, which England was sending to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula we have come, with the speed of the eagle, to those of the Niemen. At Austerlitz you celebrated the anniversary of the coronation. At Friedland you have worthily celebrated the battle of Marengo, where we put an end to the war of the second coalition.

"Frenchmen! You have been worthy of yourselves and of me. You will return to France covered with laurels, having obtained a glorious peace, which carries with it the guarantee of its duration. It is time for our country to live in repose, sheltered from the malignant influences of England. My bounties shall prove to you my gratitude, and the full extent of the love which I feel for you."

LABOR GUIDED BY KNOWLEDGE.

YOU all remember the story of Aladdin, which we have read in our childhood, how a poor youth descended into a cavern, and brought back from its recesses an old lamp. Accidentally he discovered, that at the mere friction of the lamp a mighty Genius appeared at his command. Awed by the terrors of the spirit that he had summoned, he at first only ventured to apply its powers to satisfy his common and his humblest wants—to satisfy mere hunger and thirst; but, gradually accustomed to the presence of the gigantic agent, he employed it to construct palaces, to amass treasures, to baffle armies, and to triumph over foes; until, at the close of the story, the owner of the wonderful lamp is the sovereign of a peaceful empire, assured to his remote posterity. That story is a type of Labor at the command of Knowledge. When we first find the lamp, we are contented to apply its Genius solely in our common physical wants; but, as we are accustomed to the presence of that spirit we have summoned, we find that we have obtained a secret which places the powers of earth, air, and ocean at our command. That Genius, left to itself, would be a terrible and threatening ministrant, because it is only rude physical force; but to him who possesses the lamp, that Genius is a docile and benignant ministrant, because here physical force is the slave of intellectual will. Now, in that same physical force, which in the phrase of the day is sometimes called "the power of the masses," lies a great problem for all thoughtful men to resolve. Knowledge has brought us face to face with it: and knowledge must either instruct that force, or it will destroy the invoker. May, then, all those who possess the knowledge, who are gifted with the lamp, use it only for beneficent and useful purposes; so that the Genius whose tread could arouse the earthquake, and whose breath could bring down the storm, may only come to enrich the treasury and assure the empire!—*Bulwer's Lecture at Manchester.*