

THE HISTORY
OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION



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ASSASSINATION OF HARAT.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

REVOLUTION

THE HISTORY
OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION
1789—1800

BY
LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, FROM THE MOST
AUTHENTIC SOURCES, BY
FREDERICK SHOBERL



*NEW EDITION, WITH UPWARDS OF FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS ON
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IN FIVE VOLUMES
VOL. III.

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APPENDICES.

A.

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BERTHIER.

"Louis Alexandre Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram, marshal, vice-constable of France, was born in Paris in 1753. He was the son of a distinguished officer, and was, while yet young, employed in the general staff, and fought with Lafayette for the liberty of the United States. In 1791 he was appointed chief of the general staff in Luckner's army, marched against La Vendée in 1793, and joined the army of Italy in 1796. In the year 1798 he received the chief command of the army of Italy, and afterwards went to Egypt with Bonaparte, to whom he was much attached, and who, on his return to Paris, appointed him minister of war. Having, in 1806, accompanied the Emperor in his campaign against Prussia, he signed the armistice of Tilsit in 1807. Being appointed vice-constable of France, he married, in 1808, the daughter of Duke William of Bavaria-Birkenfeld; and having distinguished himself at Wagram in 1809, he received the title of Prince of Wagram. In the following year, as proxy for Napoleon, he received the hand of Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and accompanied her to France. In 1812 he accompanied the French army to Russia. After Bonaparte's abdication he obtained the confidence of Louis XVIII., whom, on the Emperor's return, he accompanied to the Netherlands, whence he repaired to his family at Bamberg. On his arrival at this place he was observed to be sunk in profound melancholy, and when the music of the Russian troops, on their march to the French borders, was heard at the gates of the city, he put an end to his life by throwing himself from a window of the third storey of his palace."—*Encyclopedia Americana*.

"Berthier was small and ill-shaped, without being actually deformed; his head was too large for his body; his hair, neither light nor dark, was rather frizzed than curled; his forehead, eyes, nose, and chin, each in the proper place, were, however, by no means handsome in the aggregate; his hands, naturally ugly, became frightful by a habit of biting his nails; add to this, that he stammered much in speaking; and that if he did not make grimaces, the agitation of his features was so rapid as to occasion some amusement to those who did not take a direct interest in his dignity. I must add, that he was an excellent man, with a thousand good qualities, neutralized by weakness. Berthier was good in every acceptance of the word."—*Duchesse d'Abrantes*.

"Berthier was a man full of honour, courage, and probity, and

exceedingly regular in the performance of his duties. Napoleon's attachment to him arose more from habit than liking. Berthier did not concede with affability, and refused with harshness. His manner was abrupt, egotistic, and unpleasing. He was an excellent head of the staff of an army; but that is all the praise that can be given him, and indeed he wished for no greater. He had such entire confidence in the Emperor, and looked up to him with so much admiration, that he never could have presumed to oppose his plans or offer him any advice. Berthier's talent was limited, and of a peculiar nature. His character was one of extreme weakness."—*Bourrienne*.

B.

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CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

"Charlotte Corday was born at St. Saturnin des Lignerets, in the year 1768. Nature had bestowed on her a handsome person, wit, feeling, and a masculine understanding. She received her education in a convent, where she laboured with constant assiduity to cultivate her own powers. The Abbé Raynal was her favourite modern author; and the Revolution found in her an ardent proselyte. Her love of study rendered her careless of the homage that her beauty attracted, though she was said to have formed an attachment to M. Belzunce, major of the regiment of Bourbon, quartered at Caen. This young officer was massacred in 1789, after Marat in several successive numbers of his journal had denounced Belzunce as a counter-revolutionist. From this moment Charlotte Corday conceived a great hatred of Marat, which was increased after the overthrow of the Girondins, whose principles she revered; and being resolved to gratify her vengeance, she left Caen in 1793, and arrived about noon on the third day at Paris. Early on the second morning of her arrival she went into the Palais Royal, bought a knife, hired a coach, and drove to the house of Marat. Being denied admittance, she returned to her hotel, and wrote the following letter:—'Citizen, I have just arrived from Caen; your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation. I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France.' In the fear that this letter might not produce the effect she desired, she wrote another, still more pressing, which she took herself. On knocking at the door, Marat, who was in his bath, ordered her to be instantly admitted; when, being left alone with him, she answered with perfect self-possession all his inquiries respecting the proscribed deputies at Caen. While he made memorandums of their conversation, Charlotte Corday coolly measured with her eye the spot whereon to strike; and then snatching the weapon from her bosom, she buried the entire knife right in his heart! A single exclamation escaped Marat. 'Help!' he said, and expired. Having been tried and found guilty, Charlotte Corday still maintained a noble and dignified deportment, welcoming death, not as the expiation of a crime, but as the inevitable consequence

of a mighty effort to avenge the injuries of a nation. The hour of her punishment drew immense crowds to the place of execution. When she appeared alone with the executioner in the cart, in despite of the constrained attitude in which she sat, and of the disorder of her dress, she excited the silent admiration of those even who were hired to curse her. One man alone had courage to raise his voice in her praise. His name was Adam Lux, and he was a deputy from the city of Mentz. 'She is greater than Brutus!' he exclaimed. This sealed his death-warrant. He was soon afterwards guillotined."—*Du Broca*.

C.

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LAZARE NICOLAS MARGUERITE CARNOT.

"Carnot was one of the first officers of the French army who embraced cordially and enthusiastically the regenerating views of the National Assembly. In 1791 he was in the garrison at St. Omer, where he married Mademoiselle Dupont, daughter of a merchant there. His political principles, the moderation of his conduct, and his varied knowledge procured for him soon after the honour of a seat in the Legislature, from which period he devoted himself wholly to the imperative duties imposed on him either by the choice of his fellow-citizens, or by the suffrages of his colleagues. The Convention placed in the hands of Carnot the colossal and incoherent mass of the military requisition. It was necessary to organize, discipline, and teach. He drew from it fourteen armies. He had to create able leaders. His penetrating eye ranged through the most obscure ranks in search of talent united with courage and disinterestedness; and he promoted it rapidly to the highest grades. In 1802, Carnot opposed the creation of the Legion of Honour. He likewise opposed the institution of the consulate for life; but it was more especially at the period when it was proposed to raise Bonaparte to the throne that he exerted all his energy. He stood alone in the midst of the general defection. His conduct during the Hundred Days appears to me summed up completely in the memorable words which Napoleon addressed to him on entering the carriage when he was going to Rochefort, 'Carnot, I have known you too late!' After the catastrophe of the Hundred Days, Carnot was proscribed, and obliged to expatriate himself. He died at Magdeburg in 1823, at the age of seventy years. It is true he had ambition, but he has himself told us its character—it was the ambition of the three hundred Spartans going to defend Thermopylæ."—*Arago*.

"Carnot was a man laborious and sincere, but liable to the influence of intrigues, and easily deceived. When minister of war he showed but little talent, and had many quarrels with the ministers of finance and the treasury, in all of which he was wrong. He left the government, convinced that he could not fulfil his station for want of money. He afterwards voted against the establishment of the Empire; but as his conduct was always upright, he never gave any umbrage to the government. During the prosperity of the Empire he never asked for anything; but after the misfortunes of Russia he demanded employment, and got the command of Antwerp, where he acquitted himself very

well. After Napoleon's return from Elba he was minister of the interior, and the Emperor had every reason to be satisfied with his conduct. He was faithful, and a man of truth and probity."—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

D.

[Page 135.]

GENERAL HOCHE.

"Lazare Hoche, general in the French revolutionary war, was born in 1764 at Montreuil, near Versailles, where his father was keeper of the King's hounds. He entered the army in his sixteenth year. At the beginning of the Revolution he joined the popular party, and studied military science with great diligence. He was not twenty-four years old when he received the command of the army of the Moselle. He defeated Wurmser, and drove the Austrians out of Alsace. His frankness displeased St. Just, who deprived him of his command, and sent him a prisoner to Paris. The Revolution of the 9th Thermidor saved him from the guillotine. In 1795 Hoche was employed against the royalists in the West, where he displayed great ability and humanity. He was one of the chief pacificators of La Vendée. He afterwards sailed for Ireland; but his scheme of exciting a disturbance there failed. On his return he received the command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, in which capacity he was frequently victorious over the enemy. Hoche died suddenly in the year 1797, at Wetzlar, it was supposed, at the time, of poison."—*Encyclopedia Americana*.

"The death of Hoche may be regarded as an event in our Revolution. With his military talent he combined extensive abilities of various kinds; and he was a citizen as well as a soldier. When his death was made known, the public voice rose in an accusing outcry against the Directory. I am satisfied that Hoche was the constant object of the hatred of a party, then unfortunately powerful, though acting in the shade. I entertain a firm conviction also that he died by assassination."—*Duchesse d'Abrantès*.

"Hoche, said Bonaparte, was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive, and penetrating. If he had landed in Ireland he would have succeeded. He was accustomed to civil war, had pacified La Vendée, and was well adapted for Ireland. He had a fine, handsome figure, a good address, and was prepossessing and intriguing."—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

E.

[Page 168.]

FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.

"Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville, the son of a farmer, was first an attorney at the Châtelet; but having dissipated his property, he lost his place, and became a bankrupt. In 1793 he was appointed head juryman

of the revolutionary tribunal, and caused the Queen to be condemned to death; but in the year 1795 was himself condemned and executed, for having caused the destruction of an innumerable multitude of French persons, under pretence of conspiracies; for having caused between sixty and eighty individuals to be tried in four hours; for having caused carts, which were ready beforehand, to be loaded with victims whose very names were not mentioned, and against whom no depositions were made, and for having constituted a jury of his own adherents. It would be impossible to detail all his atrocities, but a few instances will convey an idea of his character. M. de Gamache was brought into court, but the officer declared that he was not the person accused. 'Never mind,' said Fouquier; 'bring him nevertheless.' A moment after, the real Gamache appeared, and both were at once condemned and executed. Sixty or eighty unhappy wretches were often confounded in the same accusation, though they had never seen each other, and when Fouquier wished to despatch them in the mass he merely said to the jury, 'I think, citizens, that you are convinced of the guilt of the accused.' When this hint was thrown out, the jury would declare themselves sufficiently enlightened, and condemn all the accused in the gross, without hearing one of them. Fouquier-Tinville was accustomed to frequent a coffee-house in the Palace of Justice, where the judges and jurymen of his tribunal met. There they reckoned the number of heads which had fallen in the course of the decade. 'What do you think I have gained to-day for the republic?' Some of the guests, to pay court to him, would answer, 'So many millions;' when he would immediately add, 'In the next decade I shall undress three or four hundred,' meaning, guillotine them. A considerable number of victims were one day met on their way home from the tribunal by Fouquier, who had not been present at their trial; he asked the jury on what crime they had been pronouncing sentence. They did not know, they said, but he might run after the condemned persons and inquire, upon which they all burst into laughter. When he was himself led to execution, after the fall of Robespierre, Fouquier-Tinville's forehead, hard as marble, defied all the eyes of the multitude; he was even seen to smile and utter threatening words. He trembled, however, as he ascended the scaffold, and seemed for the first time to feel remorse. He had a round head, black straight hair, a narrow and wan forehead, small round eyes, a full face marked with the small-pox, a look sometimes fixed, sometimes oblique, a middling stature, and thick legs."—*Biographie Moderne*.

"Fouquier-Tinville, who was excessively artful, quick in attributing guilt, and skilled in controverting facts, showed immovable presence of mind on his trial. While standing before the tribunal from which he had condemned so many victims, he kept constantly writing; but like Argus, all eyes and ears, he lost not, while he wrote, one single word uttered by the president, by an accused person, by a judge, by a witness, or by a public accuser. He affected to sleep during the public accuser's recapitulation, as if to feign tranquillity, while he had hell in his heart. No eye but must involuntarily fall before his steadfast gaze; when he prepared to speak, he frowned; his brow was furrowed; his voice was rough, loud, and menacing; he carried audacity to the utmost in his denial; and showed equal address in altering facts and rendering them independent of each other, and especially in judiciously placing his alibis."—*Mercier*.

"Fouquier-Tinville was the public accuser in the revolutionary tribunal,

and his name soon became as terrible as that of Robespierre to all France. He was born in Picardy, and exhibited a combination of qualities so extraordinary, that if it had not been established by undoubted testimony it would have been deemed fabulous. Justice in his eyes consisted in condemning; an acquittal was the source of profound vexation; he was never happy unless when he had secured the conviction of all the accused. He required no species of recreation; women, the pleasures of the table or of the theatre, were alike indifferent to him. Sober and sparing in diet, he never indulged in excess, excepting when with the judges of the revolutionary tribunal, when he would at times give way to intemperance. His power of undergoing fatigue was unbounded. The sole recreation which he allowed himself was to behold his victims perish on the scaffold. He confessed that that object had great attractions for him. He might during the period of his power have amassed an immense fortune; he remained to the last poor, and his wife is said to have died of famine. His lodgings were destitute of every comfort; their whole furniture, after his death, did not sell for twenty pounds. No seduction could influence him. He was literally a bar of iron against all the ordinary desires of men. Nothing roused his mind but the prospect of inflicting death, and then his animation was such that his countenance became radiant and expressive."—*Alison*.

F.

[Page 194.]

THE WAR IN LA VENDÉE.

"By the last great battle fought near Cholet, the Vendean insurgents were driven down into the low country on the banks of the Loire. Not only the whole wreck of the army, but a great proportion of the men, women, and children of the country, flying in consternation from the burnings and butchery of the government forces, flocked down in agony and despair to the banks of this great river. On gaining the heights of St. Florent, one of the most mournful and at the same time most magnificent spectacles burst upon the eye. These heights form a vast semicircle, at the bottom of which a broad bare plain extends to the water's edge. Near a hundred thousand unhappy souls now blackened over that dreary expanse! Old men, infants, and women were mingled with the half-armed soldiery, caravans, crowded baggage-waggons, and teams of oxen—all full of despair, impatience, anxiety, and terror. Behind were the smoke of the burning villages, and the thunder of the hostile artillery. Before was the broad stream of the Loire, divided by a long, low island, also covered with the fugitives. Twenty frail barks were plying in the stream; and on the far banks were seen the disorderly movements of those who had effected their passage, and were waiting to be rejoined by their companions. Such was the tumult and terror of the scene, and so awful were the recollections it inspired, that many of its awe-struck spectators have concurred in stating that it brought forcibly to their imaginations the unspeakable terrors of the great Day of Judgment! Through this bewildered multitude Lescure's family made their way silently to the shore; the general himself, stretched almost insensible on a litter; his wife, three

months gone with child, walking by his side; and behind her the nurse, with an infant in her arms. When they arrived on the beach they with difficulty got a crazy boat to carry them to the island; but the aged monk who steered it would not venture to cross the larger branch of the stream, and the poor wounded man was obliged to submit to the agony of another removal. At length they were landed on the opposite bank, where wretchedness and desolation appeared still more conspicuous. Thousands of helpless creatures were lying on the grassy shore, or roaming about in search of the friends from whom they were divided. There was a general complaint of cold and hunger; yet no one was in a condition to give directions, or administer relief. Lescure suffered excruciating pain from the piercing air which blew upon his feverish frame; the poor infant screamed for food; and the helpless mother was left to minister to both; while the nurse went among the burnt and ruined villages to seek a drop of milk for the baby! At length they got again in motion for the adjoining village of Varades, and with great difficulty procured a little room in a cottage swarming with soldiers."—*Edinburgh Review*.

G.

[Page 199.]

FOUCHÉ.

"Joseph Fouché, born at Nantes in 1763, was intended for his father's profession—a sea-captain; but not being strong enough, was sent to prosecute his studies at Paris. He then taught mathematics and metaphysics at Arras and elsewhere, and at twenty-five years of age was placed at the head of the college of Nantes. In 1792 he was chosen member of the Convention, where he voted for the King's death; and was soon after sent with Collot-d'Herbois on a mission to Lyons. On the fall of Robespierre, Fouché, having been denounced as a Terrorist, withdrew into obscurity until 1798, when the Directory appointed him French minister to the Cisalpine Republic. In the following year he was made minister of police, and when Bonaparte returned from Egypt, he continued him in his post, in order that he might detect royalist and Jacobin conspiracies. In 1809 Fouché was entrusted with the portfolio of the interior, as well as of the police, and created Duc d'Otranto. In the ensuing year, having given umbrage to Napoleon by entering into negotiations for peace with the Marquis Wellesley, he was sent into honourable exile as governor of Rome. He was soon recalled to France, and banished to Aix, where he lived a whole year retired. In 1813 he was again employed by Napoleon, was sent on a mission to Murat, and returned to Paris a few days after the declaration of the Senate that the Emperor had lost his throne. During the first restoration Fouché lived partly retired; but on Napoleon's return from Elba the King sent for him; he preferred, however, to join the Emperor, who a third time made him minister of police. After the battle of Waterloo the French Chamber placed Fouché at the head of a provisional government, and he was afterwards reinstated in the police by the King. He was soon, however, displaced, and having been comprised in the law against regicides in 1816, retired to Trieste, where

he died in 1820. Fouché's countenance was expressive of penetration and decision. He was of the middle size, rather thin, of firm health and strong nerves. The tones of his voice were somewhat hollow and harsh; in speech he was vehement and lively; in his appearance, plain and simple."—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

"Fouché is a miscreant of all colours, a priest, a Terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes of the Revolution. He is a man,' continued Bonaparte, 'who can worm all your secrets out of you with an air of calmness and unconcern. He is very rich, but his riches have been badly acquired. He never was my confidant. Never did he approach me without bending to the ground; but I never had esteem for him. I employed him merely as an instrument.'"—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

"Fouché never regarded a benefit in any other light than as a means of injuring his benefactor. He had opinions, but he belonged to no party, and his political success is explained by the readiness with which he always served the party he knew must triumph, and which he himself overthrew in its turn. It might be said that his ruling passion was the desire of continual change. No man was ever characterized by greater levity or inconstancy of mind."—*Bourrienne*.

H.

[Page 199.]

COLLOT-D'HERBOIS.

"Attended by a crowd of satellites, Couthon traversed the finest quarters of Lyons with a silver hammer, and striking at the door of the devoted houses, exclaimed, 'Rebellious house, I strike you in the name of the law.' Instantly the agents of destruction, of whom twenty thousand were in the pay of the Convention, levelled the dwelling to the ground. But this was only a prelude to a more bloody vengeance. Collot-d'Herbois was animated with a secret hatred towards the Lyonnese; for, ten years before, when an obscure actor, he had been hissed off their stage. He now resolved at leisure to gratify his revenge. Fouché, his worthy associate, published, before his arrival, a proclamation in which he declared that the French people could acknowledge no other worship than that of universal morality; that all religious emblems should be destroyed; and that over the gates of the churchyards should be written—*Death is an eternal sleep!* Proceeding on these atheistical principles, the first step of Collot-d'Herbois and Fouché was to institute a fête in honour of Châlier, the republican governor of Lyons, who had been put to death on the first insurrection. His bust was carried through the streets, followed by an immense crowd of assassins and prostitutes. After them came an ass bearing the Gospel, the Cross, and the communion vases, which were soon committed to the flames, while the ass was compelled to drink out of the communion-cup the consecrated wine! The executions meantime continued without the slightest relaxation. Many women watched for the hour when their husbands were to pass to the scaffold, precipitated themselves upon the chariot, and voluntarily suffered death by their side. Daughters surrendered their honour to save their parents' lives; but the

monsters who violated them, adding treachery to crime, led them out to behold the execution of their relatives! Deeming the daily execution of fifteen or twenty persons too tardy a display of republican vengeance, Collot-d'Herbois prepared a new and simultaneous mode of punishment. Sixty captives of both sexes were led out together, tightly bound in a file, to the Place du Brotteaux; they were arranged in two files, with a deep ditch on each side, which was to be their place of sepulture, while gendarmes with uplifted sabres threatened with instant death whoever moved from their position. At the extremity of the file, two cannon, loaded with grape, were so placed as to enfilade the whole. The signal was then given, and the guns were fired. Broken limbs, torn off by the shot, were scattered in every direction; while the blood flowed in torrents into the ditches on either side the line. A second and third discharge were insufficient to complete the work of destruction, till, at length, the gendarmes, unable to witness such protracted sufferings, rushed in, and despatched the survivors with their sabres. On the following day this bloody scene was renewed on a still greater scale. Two hundred and nine captives were brought before the revolutionary judges, and with scarcely a hearing, condemned to be executed together. With such precipitance was the affair conducted that two commissaries of the prison were led out along with their captives; their cries, their protestations, were alike disregarded. In passing the bridge Morand, the error was discovered on the captives being counted; and it was intimated to Collot-d'Herbois that there were too many. 'What signifies it,' said he, 'that there are too many? If they die to-day they cannot die to-morrow.' The whole were brought to the place of execution, where they were attached at stated intervals, with their hands tied behind their backs, to one cord made fast to trees, and numerous pickets of soldiers disposed so as at one discharge to destroy them all. At a given signal the fusillade commenced; but few were killed; the greater part had only a jaw or a limb broken; and uttering the most piercing cries, they broke loose in their agony from the rope, and were cut down by the gendarmes. The great numbers who survived the discharge rendered the work of destruction a most laborious operation, and several were still breathing on the following day, when their bodies were mingled with quicklime, and cast into a common grave. Collot-d'Herbois and Fouché were witnesses of this butchery from a distance, by means of telescopes which they directed to the spot. All the other fusillades were conducted in the same manner. One of them was executed under the windows of an hotel on the Quay, where Fouché, with thirty Jacobins and twenty courtesans, was engaged at dinner. They rose from table to enjoy the bloody spectacle. The bodies of the slain were floated in such numbers down the Rhone that the waters were poisoned. During the course of five months upwards of six thousand persons suffered death, and more than double that number were driven into exile."—*Alison*.

"One day during the bloody executions which took place at Lyons, a young girl rushed into the hall where the revolutionary tribunal was held, and throwing herself at the feet of the judges, said, 'There remain to me of all my family only my brothers! Mother—father—sisters—uncles—you have butchered all; and now you are going to condemn my brothers. Ah, in mercy, ordain that I may ascend the scaffold with them!' Her prayer, accompanied as it was with all the marks of frantic despair, was refused. She then threw herself into the Rhone, where she perished."—*Du Broca*.

I.

[Page 267.]

PICHEGRU.

"Charles Pichegru, a French general, was born in 1761, of a respectable though poor family. In the year 1792 he was employed on the staff of the army of the Rhine, rose rapidly through the ranks of general of brigade and of division, and in 1793 assumed the chief command of that same army. He was the inventor of the system of sharpshooting, of flying artillery, and of attacks perpetually repeated, which rendered the enemy's cavalry almost useless. In 1794 the army of the North was committed to Pichegru, who made a most victorious campaign. In the following year the National Convention appointed him commandant of Paris against the Terrorists, whose projects he succeeded in overthrowing. He joined the army of the Rhine a short time after, when he testified a desire to re-establish the house of Bourbon on the throne, which coming to the knowledge of the Directory, they recalled him, on which he retired to his native place, Arbois, where he spent several months in domestic retirement. In 1797 he was chosen president of the Council of Five Hundred, and became the hope of the Clichyan party. He was, however, arrested by the troops of the directorial triumvirate, conveyed to the Temple, and condemned, together with fifty other deputies, to be transported to Guiana. After some months' captivity in the pestilential deserts of Sinnimari, Pichegru contrived to make his escape, and set sail for England, where he was most warmly received. He then went to live in obscurity in Germany, but in 1804 came secretly to Paris with Georges and a great number of conspirators, to try to overturn the consular government. The plot being discovered, Pichegru was arrested and conducted to the Temple, where he was one morning found dead in his bed. Several physicians who met on the occasion asserted that he had strangled himself with his cravat."—*Biographie Moderne*.

"'Pichegru,' observed Napoleon, 'instructed me in mathematics at Brienne, when I was about ten years old. He possessed considerable knowledge in that science. As a general he was a man of no ordinary talent, far superior to Moreau, though he had never done anything extraordinary, as the success of his campaigns in Holland was in great measure owing to the battle of Fleurus. Pichegru, after he had united himself to the Bourbons, sacrificed the lives of upwards of twenty thousand of his soldiers by throwing them purposely into the enemy's hands, whom he had informed beforehand of his intentions.'"—*Voice from St. Helena*.

"Nature had made Pichegru a soldier. She had given him that eagle eye which fixes victory on the field of battle, but she had denied him the qualities of a statesman. He was a mere child in politics, and took it into his head to conspire openly, before the face of the Directory, without once thinking that the Directors had it in their power to stop him. I know for certain, that among the conditions which he had made with the royal house was this, that a statue should be erected to him in his lifetime as the restorer of the monarchy. Louis XVIII. has faithfully executed this clause of the contract, not, it is true, during the general's life, but since his death. I have seen in the court of the Louvre this bronze without glory. The legitimacy of a cause never removes the stain of treason."—*Memoirs of a Peer of France*.

K.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio in Corsica, on the 15th of August 1769, being the second of the five sons of Carlo Buonaparte, by Letitia Ramolini (since so well known as Madame Mère), a lady of great personal and mental attractions. Napoleon was early sent to France and placed at the military school of Brienne, and thence in 1784 removed to that of Paris, in quality of king's scholar. Here he distinguished himself by his strong desire to excel in mathematics and military exercises. He very honourably passed his examination preparatory to being admitted into the artillery, of which he was appointed a second lieutenant in 1785. After serving a short time, he quitted his regiment and retired to Corsica; but returning to Paris in 1790, he became a captain in 1791; and at the siege of Toulon in 1793, having the command of the artillery, his abilities began to develop themselves. He was soon after made general of brigade, and supported by the patronage of Barras, was appointed to command the conventional troops at Paris, with which he defeated those of the sections in the memorable struggle of the 5th of October 1794. At the desire of the officers and soldiers of the army of Italy, he was appointed to the command of that army, and three days before his departure for Nice, in March 1796, he married Josephine Beauharnais, widow of the Comte de Beauharnais, who suffered under Robespierre. The army opposed to him consisted of 60,000 Austrians and Sardinians, commanded by the Austrian general, Beaulieu. After several skirmishes he wholly outmanœuvred the enemy, and in the course of April won the battles of Montenotte, Millesimo, and Mondovi, which obliged the King of Sardinia to sign a treaty in his own capital. On the 10th of May following he gained the battle of Lodi. This memorable campaign terminated in the treaty of Leoben, the preliminaries of which were signed on the 16th of April 1797. After making some arrangements in regulation of the Cisalpine republic, which he had established at Milan, Bonaparte signed the definitive treaty with the Austrians at Campo Formio, and returned to Paris, where, of course, he was received with great respect and rejoicing. He was now nominated general-in-chief of an expedition against England, apparently a mere demonstration, as that against Egypt was at this time in preparation. On the 19th of May 1798, Bonaparte sailed from Toulon with a fleet of thirteen ships of the line, as many frigates, and an immense number of transports, with 40,000 troops on board, the flower of the French army. From this critical field of action Bonaparte released himself with his usual decision and activity: having received information of the disasters experienced by the republican armies in Italy and Germany, as also of the disordered state of parties in France, he took measures for secretly embarking in August 1799, and accompanied by a few officers entirely devoted to him, he landed at Frejus in October following, and hastened to Paris. He immediately addressed a letter to the Directory, justifying the measures which he had pursued, and replying to the censures on the Egyptian expedition. Courted by all parties, and by Sièyes and Barras, at that time the leading men of the government, the latter, who seems

to have entertained an idea of restoring the monarchy, confided his plan to Bonaparte, who, however, had other objects in view. After many conferences with Sièyes and the leading members of the Council of Ancients, on whom he could rely, he disclosed his own projects, the consequence of which was the removal of the sitting of the Legislature to St. Cloud, and the devolvement to Bonaparte of the command of the troops of every description, in order to *protect* the national representation. On the 19th of November the meeting accordingly took place at St. Cloud, when soldiers occupied all the avenues. The Council of Ancients assembled in the galleries; and that of the Five Hundred, of whom Lucien Bonaparte was president, in the orangery. Bonaparte entered into the Council of Ancients, and made an animated speech in defence of his own character, and called upon them to exert themselves in behalf of *liberty* and *equality*. In the meantime a violent altercation took place in the Council of Five Hundred, where several members insisted upon knowing why the meeting had been removed to St. Cloud. Lucien Bonaparte endeavoured to allay the rising storm; but the removal had created great heat, and the cry was, 'Down with the dictator! No dictator!' At that moment Bonaparte himself entered, followed by four grenadiers, on which several of the members exclaimed, 'What does this mean? No sabres here! No armed men!' while others, descending into the hall, seized him, exclaiming, 'Outlaw him, down with the dictator!' On this rough treatment, General Lefebvre came to his assistance, and Bonaparte, retiring, mounted his horse, and leaving Murat to observe what was going forward, sent a picket of grenadiers into the hall. Protected by this force, Lucien Bonaparte declared that the representatives who wished to assassinate his brother were in the pay of England, and proposed a decree which was immediately adopted, 'that General Bonaparte, and all those who had seconded him, deserved well of their country; that the Directory was at an end; and that the executive power should be placed in the hands of three provisional consuls, namely, Bonaparte, Sièyes, and Roger Ducos.' Such was the Cromwellian extinction of the French Directory, which was followed by the constitution, called that of the year eight; in which Bonaparte was confirmed First Consul, and Cambacérès and Le Brun assistant consuls. The same commission created a Senate, a Council of State, a Tribunate, and a Legislative Body. Leaving Paris in April 1800, Bonaparte proceeded with a well appointed army for Italy, passed the Great St. Bernard by an extraordinary march, and bursting into that country like a torrent, utterly defeated the Austrians under General Melas at Marengo, on the 14th of the following June. This battle and that of Hohenlinden enabled him a second time to dictate terms of peace to Austria, the result of which was the treaty of Luneville with that power, and ultimately that of Amiens with Great Britain, concluded in March 1802. All these successes advanced him another step in his now evident march to sovereignty, by securing him the consulate for life. The despair of the friends of the Bourbons at the increasing progress of Bonaparte towards sovereign sway at this time produced an endeavour at assassination by the explosion of a machine filled with combustibles, as he passed in his carriage through the Rue St. Nicaise, from which danger he very narrowly escaped. This plan failing, it as usual served the intended victim, by enabling him to execute and transport several personal enemies. Generals Pichegru and Moreau, Georges, the two Comtes de Polignac, and forty-three more were arrested, of whom

Pichegru died in prison; Georges and eleven more suffered on the scaffold, and Moreau was exiled and departed for America. On the 2nd of December 1804, Bonaparte was crowned Emperor of France in the church of Nôtre-Dame in Paris, by the hands of Pope Pius VI., whom he obliged to come in person from Rome to perform the ceremony. He was immediately recognized by the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and by the Kings of Prussia, Spain, and Denmark; the King of Sweden alone refusing. Great Britain being his sole enemy of magnitude, on the 7th of August he published a manifesto, announcing an invasion of England, and assembling a numerous flotilla at Boulogne, formed in the neighbourhood a camp of 200,000 men. In less than six weeks the pretended army of England was on the banks of the Danube, and the capitulation of General Mack at Ulm was the rapid consequence. On the 11th of November 1805 the French army entered Vienna, which Francis II. had quitted a few days before, to retire with a remnant of his army into Moravia, where the Emperor Alexander joined him with a Russian army, which he commanded in person. Napoleon encountered the two emperors on the 2nd of December, on the plains of Austerlitz, where the great military talents of the French leader again prevailed, and the treaty of Presburg followed, which recognized him King of Italy, master of Venice, of Tuscany, of Parma, of Placentia, and of Genoa. Prussia also ceded the Grand Duchy of Berg, which he gave to Murat. The Electors of Bavaria, of Wirtemberg, and Saxony, were transformed into kings; the crown of Naples was bestowed on his brother Joseph, that of Holland on Louis, and that of Westphalia on Jerome; the republican Lucien declining every gift of this nature. In July 1806 he ratified at Paris the famous treaty of the Confederation of the Rhine, in which he transferred to himself the preponderance previously enjoyed by the house of Austria. In September following, a powerful Prussian army was got together, and that wretched campaign ensued which ended in the decisive battle of Jena, fought on the 14th of October 1806, the consequence of which defeat was more fatal than the defeat itself. The severe campaign against Russia succeeded, in which were fought the battles of Pultusk and Friedland, and which ended in the treaty of Tilsit. Napoleon now turned his attention to Spain, and affected to meet the King and his son Ferdinand at Bayonne, to adjust their family differences. The result was the abdication of Charles IV. and the forced resignation of Ferdinand. On the 25th of October 1808, Napoleon announced that he intended to crown his brother King of Spain at Madrid, and to plant the eagles of France on the towers of Lisbon. The Spaniards nevertheless tenaciously, if not skilfully, resisted; and Napoleon, leaving the pursuit of the English army under Sir John Moore to Marshal Soult, returned to Paris. Encouraged by the occupation of a large French army in Spain, Austria ventured a third time to declare war against France; on which Napoleon quitted Paris, and heading his army, fought the battles of Landshut, Eckmühl, Ratisbon, and Neumark, and once more entered Vienna. The decisive victory of Wagram was gained on the 5th and 6th of July 1809; on the 12th a suspension of arms was agreed upon, and on the 14th of the ensuing October a definitive treaty of peace was concluded, one of the secret conditions of which soon became apparent by preparations commencing for the dissolution of the marriage of the conqueror with Josephine. On the 2nd of April 1810, Napoleon espoused the Archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor Francis II. Soon

after this marriage he united to France the provinces situated on the left bank of the Rhine, and by a decree of the 13th of December in the same year, Holland, the three Hanseatic cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, and a part of Westphalia, were added to the empire; as also, by another decree, the Valais. In March 1811 a son was born to him, whom he called King of Rome. Aware of the discontent of Russia, and of her intention to resist on the first favourable opportunity, towards the end of the year 1811 he began those mighty preparations for the invasion of that empire, which formed the nucleus of the greatest array of disciplined and able soldiery which ever moved under one command and in one direction. In May 1812 he left Paris to review the grand army, made up of all his auxiliaries and confederates, willing and unwilling, assembled on the Vistula, and arriving at Dresden, spent fifteen days in that capital, attended by the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and nearly the whole of the princes of the continent, among whom he moved the *primum mobile* and the centre. On the 10th of September the famous battle of Borodino was fought, so fatal to both parties, and in which 60,000 men are supposed to have perished. Napoleon nevertheless pressed on to Moscow, from which the Russians retreated, as also the greater part of the inhabitants, who abandoned it by order of the governor, Count Rostopchin. When, therefore, Napoleon entered the celebrated capital, four days after the battle, he found it for the greater part deserted and in flames. After remaining thirty-five days in the ruins of this ancient metropolis, exposed to every species of privation, retreat became necessary, and one of the most striking scenes of human suffering ever produced by the extravagances of ambition was experienced by the retiring army. Arriving at Warsaw on the 10th of December, on the 18th of the same month Napoleon entered Paris at night, and on the following day a bulletin disclosed his immense losses, with no great concealment of their extent. Early the next month he presented to the Senate a decree for levying 350,000 men, which was unanimously agreed to, and he forthwith began preparations to encounter the forces of Russia and Prussia, now once more in combination. On the 2nd of May 1813 he encountered the armies of these allies at Lutzen, and forced them to retire, on which Austria undertook to mediate; but not succeeding, the battle of Bautzen followed, in which the French were victorious. At length these contests terminated in the famous battle of Leipsic, fought on the 16th, 18th, and 19th of October, which was decisive of the war as to Germany. Napoleon returned to Paris, and interrupted the compliment of address, by stating the fact, that 'within the last year all Europe marched with us; now all Europe is leagued against us.' He followed up this avowal by another demand of 300,000 men. The levy was granted, and on the 26th of January 1814 he again headed his army, and the Allies having passed the Rhine early in the same month, in the succeeding February were fought the battles of Dizier, Brienne, Champaubert, and Montmirail, with various success; but now the advanced guard of the Russians entered into action, and Napoleon was called to another quarter. The sanguinary conflicts of Montereau and Nogent followed, in which the allied forces suffered very severely, and were obliged to retire upon Troyes. At length, however, their extensive array bore on so many points, that, on the French being driven back on the barriers of Paris, Marshal Marmont, who commanded there, sent a flag of truce, and proposed to deliver up the city. Napoleon hastened from Fontainebleau, but was apprized five leagues from Paris of the

result. He accordingly returned to Fontainebleau, where he commanded an army of 50,000 men, and the negotiation ensued which terminated in his consignment to the island of Elba, with the title of ex-emperor, and a pension of two millions of livres. It is unnecessary to detail the events of his brief residence in this island, in which he was visited by many curious Englishmen and others. It is probable that he never meant to remain in that equivocal situation, or the Allies to allow him. Be this as it may, secretly embarking in some hired feluccas, accompanied by about 1200 men, on the night of the 25th of February 1815, he landed on the 1st of March in the Gulf of Juan, in Provence, at three o'clock in the afternoon. He immediately issued a proclamation, announcing his intention to resume his crown, of which 'treason had robbed him,' and proceeding to Grenoble, was at once welcomed by the commanding officer Labedoyere, and two days afterwards he entered Lyons, where he experienced a similar reception. Thus received and favoured, he reached Paris on the 20th of March, without drawing a sword. In the capital he was received with loud acclamations of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' and was joined by Marshal Ney, and the Generals Drouet, Lallemand, and Lefebvre. On the 18th of June occurred the signal and well-known victory of Waterloo. Napoleon immediately returned to Paris; but the charm was now utterly dissolved, and he resigned himself, on the 15th of July, into the hands of Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, then lying at Rochefort, and was exceedingly anxious to land in England. It is impossible to dwell on the minutiae of his conduct and reception, or on the circumstances attendant on his consignment for safe custody to St. Helena, by the joint determination of the Allies. For this his final destination he sailed on the 11th of August 1815, and arrived at St. Helena on the 13th of the following October. It appears probable that mental affliction, added to unhealthy climate, began to operate fatally on the constitution of Bonaparte from the hour of his arrival; as nearly the whole of the four years and upwards, while he remained there, he was sickly and diseased. His ultimate complaint was a cancer in his breast, apparently a disease to which he had a constitutional tendency, as his father died of a similar malady. He bore the excruciating torture of his disorder, for six weeks, with great firmness, generally keeping his eyes fixed on a portrait of his son, which was placed near his bed. From the beginning he refused medicine as useless; and the last words, uttered in a state of delirium, on the morning of his death, were '*Mon fils!*' soon afterwards, '*Tête d'armée!*' and lastly, '*France.*' This event took place on the 5th of May 1821, in the fifty-second year of his age. He was interred, according to his own desire, near some willow-trees and a spring of water at a place called Haine's Valley, his funeral being attended by the highest military honours."—*Gordon's Biographical Dictionary.*

L.

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THE SIEGE OF TOULON.

The following is Bonaparte's own account of this memorable siege, dictated at St. Helena:—"The commandant of artillery (Napoleon), who, for the space of a month, had been carefully reconnoitring the ground,

proposed the plan of attack which occasioned the reduction of Toulon. He declared that it was not necessary to march against the place, but only to occupy a certain position which was to be found at the extreme point of the promontory of Balaguier and l'Eguillette. If the general-in-chief would occupy this position with three battalions, he would take Toulon in four days. In conformity with this proposal, the French raised five or six batteries against the position, which was called 'Little Gibraltar,' and constructed platforms for fifteen mortars. A battery had also been raised of eight twenty-four pounders and four mortars, against Fort Malbosquet. The enemy were every day receiving reinforcements; and the public watched with anxiety the progress of the siege. They could not conceive why every effort should be directed against Little Gibraltar, quite in an opposite direction to the town. All the popular societies made denunciation after denunciation on this subject. Dugommier accordingly determined—his plans having been completed—that a decisive attack should be made on Little Gibraltar. The commandant of artillery, in consequence, threw seven or eight thousand shells into the fort, while thirty twenty-four pounders battered the works. On the 18th of December, at four in the afternoon, the troops left their camp and marched towards the village of Seine. The plan was, to attack at midnight, in order to avoid the fire of the forts and the immediate redoubts. The allied troops, to avoid the effect of the shells and balls which showered upon the fort, were accustomed to occupy a station at a small distance in the rear of it. The French had great hopes of reaching the works before them; but the enemy had placed a line of skirmishers in front of the fort, and as the musketry commenced firing at the very foot of the hill, the allied troops hastened to the defence of the fort, whence a brisk fire was immediately opened. Case-shot showered all around. At length, after a most furious attack, Dugommier, who headed the leading column, was obliged to give way, and in the utmost despair he cried out, 'I am a lost man!' Success was, indeed, indispensable in those days, as the want of it conducted the unfortunate general to the scaffold. The cannonading and musketry continued. Captain Muiron, of the artillery, a young man full of bravery and resources, was detached with a battalion of light infantry, and supported by the second column, which followed them at the distance of a musket-shot. He was perfectly acquainted with the position, and availed himself so well of the windings of the ascent that he conducted his troops up it without sustaining any loss. He debouched at the foot of the fort—rushed through an embrasure—his soldiers followed him—and the fort was taken. As soon as they were masters of the position the French turned the cannon against the enemy, and at daybreak marched on Balaguier and l'Eguillette; but the enemy had already evacuated those positions, which Lord Hood was no sooner informed of, than he made signal to weigh anchor and get out of the roads. He then went to Toulon, to make it known that there was not a moment to be lost in getting out to sea. The weather was dark and cloudy, and everything announced the approach of the south-west wind, so terrible at this season. The council of the combined forces met, and unanimously agreed that Toulon was no longer tenable. They accordingly proceeded to take measures, as well for the embarkation of the troops, as for destroying such French vessels as they could not carry away with them, and firing the marine establishments. They likewise gave notice to all the inhabitants, that those who wished to leave the place might embark on

board the English and Spanish fleets. In the night, Fort Poné was blown up by the English, and an hour afterwards, part of the French squadron was set on fire. Nine 74-gun ships, and four frigates or corvettes, fell a prey to the flames. The fire and smoke from the arsenal resembled the eruption of a volcano, and the thirteen vessels which were burning in the road were like so many magnificent displays of fireworks. The masts and forms of the vessels were distinctly marked by the blaze, which lasted many hours, and formed an unparalleled spectacle. During all this time the batteries of l'Eguillette and Bala-guier kept up an incessant fire on the vessels in the roads. Many of the English ships were much damaged, and a great number of transports, with troops on board, were sunk. Thousands of the Toulonnese had followed the English, so that the revolutionary tribunals found but few of the guilty in the place. Nevertheless, above a hundred unfortunate wretches were shot within the first fortnight."

M.

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MASSÉNA, DUC DE RIVOLI.

"André Masséna, Duc de Rivoli and Prince of Esslingen, Marshal of France, was born in 1758 at Nice, and rose from a common soldier to the rank of commander. In 1792, when the warriors of the republic had ascended Mount Cenis, he joined their ranks; distinguished himself by courage and sagacity; and in 1793 was made general of brigade. In the ensuing year he took the command of the right wing of the Italian army. He was the constant companion in arms of Bonaparte, who used to call him the spoiled child of victory. In 1799 Masséna displayed great ability as commander-in-chief in Switzerland. After he had reconquered the Helvetian and Rhetian Alps, he was sent to Italy to check the victorious career of the Austrians. He hastened with the small force he could muster to the support of Genoa, the defence of which is among his most remarkable achievements. In 1804 he was created marshal of the empire, and the year after, received the chief command in Italy, where he lost the battle of Caldiero. After the peace of Tilsit, war having broken out in Spain, Masséna took the field with the title of Duc de Rivoli; but in 1809 he was recalled to Germany. At Esslingen his firmness saved the French army from total destruction, and Napoleon rewarded him with the dignity of Prince of that place. After the peace he hastened to Spain, but being unsuccessful against Wellington, was recalled. In 1814 Masséna commanded at Toulon, and declared for Louis XVIII. On the landing of Bonaparte in 1815, he joined him, was created a peer, and commander of the national guard at Paris. He lived afterwards in retirement, and his death was hastened by chagrin at the conduct of the royalists. He died in the year 1817."—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

"Masséna," said Napoleon, "was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previously to a battle; and it was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the

midst of the dying and the dead, and of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, Masséna was himself, and gave his orders and made his dispositions with the greatest sang-froid and judgment. It was truly said of him, that he never began to act with skill until the battle was going against him. He was, however, *un voleur*. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often that if he would discontinue his speculations I would make him a present of eight hundred thousand or a million of francs; but he had acquired such a habit, that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious; and had not his bright parts been sullied by avarice, he would have been a great man.'—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

"Masséna was a very superior man, but by a strange peculiarity of temperament, he possessed the desired equilibrium only in the midst of the greatest dangers."—*Las Cases*.

N.

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GENERAL MOREAU.

"Jean Victor Moreau, one of the oldest and most celebrated generals of the French republic, was born in Bretagne in 1763. His father intended him for the law; but he fled from his studies, and enlisted in a regiment before he had attained his eighteenth year. In 1789 he joined the army of the North, and subsequently favoured the Girondins, whose fall greatly affected him, and it was with much repugnance that he accepted the constitution of 1793, when proposed to the army. In 1794 he was appointed general of division, and commanded the right wing of Pichegru's army. He was soon after named commander-in-chief of the troops of the Rhine, and commenced that course of operations which terminated in the celebrated retreat from the extremity of Germany to the French frontier, in the face of a superior enemy, by which his skill as a consummate tactician was so much exalted. In 1798 Moreau was sent to command the army in Italy, but after some brilliant successes, was compelled to give way to the Russians under Suwarrow. After Napoleon's return from Egypt, Moreau was appointed to the command of the armies of the Danube and Rhine, and gained the decisive victory of Hohenlinden. He was afterwards accused of participating in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Georges, and sentenced to banishment; whereupon he went to America and lived in retirement till 1813, when he joined the allied armies, and was killed in the battle of Dresden which was fought in that year."—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

The following is a contemporary account of the death of this celebrated general, whose military fame once rivalled that of Bonaparte. It is extracted from a letter written by a British officer, and dated Toplitz, Sept. 4, 1813:—"General Moreau died yesterday. He was in the act of giving some opinion on military matters while passing with the Emperor of Russia behind a Prussian battery to which two French

ones were answering, and Lord Cathcart and Sir R. Wilson were listening to him, when a ball struck his thigh and almost carried his leg off, passed through his horse, and shattered his other leg to pieces. He gave a deep groan at first; but immediately after the first agony was over, he spoke with the utmost tranquillity and called for a cigar. They bore him off the field on a litter made of Cossacks' pikes, and carried him to a cottage at a short distance, which, however, was so much exposed to the fire, that they were obliged, after just binding up his wounds, to remove him further off to the Emperor's quarters, where one leg was amputated, he smoking the whole time. When the surgeon informed him he must deprive him of the other leg, he observed, in the calmest manner, that had he known that before, he would have preferred dying. The litter on which they had hitherto conveyed him was covered with wet straw and a cloak drenched with rain, which continued in torrents the whole day. He was brought, however, safely to Laun, where he seemed to be going on well, till a long conference which took place between him and three or four of the allied generals completely exhausted him. Soon after this he became extremely sick, and died at six o'clock yesterday morning."

"Moreau," observed the Emperor, 'possesses many good qualities. His bravery is undoubted; but he has more courage than energy; he is indolent and effeminate. When with the army, he lived like a pasha; he smoked, was almost constantly in bed, and gave himself up to the pleasures of the table. His dispositions are naturally good; but he is too lazy for study. He does not read, and since he has been tied to his wife's apron-strings, he is fit for nothing. He sees only with the eyes of his wife and her mother, who have had a hand in all his plots against me; and yet, strange to say, it was by my advice that he entered into this union. You must remember, Bourrienne, my observing to you more than two years ago, that Moreau would one day strike his head against the gate of the Tuileries. Had he remained faithful to me, I would have conferred on him the title of first Marshal of the Empire.'"
—*Bourrienne.*

"I mentioned," says Barry O'Meara, 'Moreau's famous retreat through Germany, and asked him if he had not displayed great military talents in it. 'That retreat,' replied Napoleon, 'was the greatest blunder that ever Moreau committed. The Directory were jealous of me, and wanted to divide, if possible, the military reputation; and as they could not give Moreau credit for a victory, they did for a retreat, which they caused to be extolled in the highest terms, though even the Austrian generals condemned him for having performed it. Moreau was an excellent general of division, but not fit to command a large army. Calm and cool in the field, he was more collected and better able to give orders in the heat of action, than to make dispositions prior to it. His death was not a little curious. In the battle before Dresden, I ordered an attack to be made upon the Allies by both flanks of my army. While the manœuvres for this purpose were executing, at the distance of about a hundred yards, I observed a group of persons on horseback. Concluding that they were watching my manœuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called out to a captain of artillery, Throw a dozen bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it. It was done instantly, and one of the balls mortally wounded Moreau. A moment before, the Emperor Alexander had been speaking to him.'"—*A Voice from St. Helena.*

O.

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FRANÇOIS MAXIMILIEN JOSEPH ISIDORE ROBESPIERRE.

"Robespierre was now (1794), and had been for some time, no longer like the same man. A sort of delirium of vanity had seized him, and it was at this period that, under the influence, no doubt, of this madness of self-conceit, he put into my hands his Memoirs, of which I was thus enabled to take a copy. He sought my company more than ever; his friendship was troublesome to me; it was a weight upon my heart, that I knew not how to get rid of. I never saw him but at night, and, as it were, in secret; sometimes in the garden of the Tuileries, sometimes at my lodgings, and very rarely at his own. He seemed to wish that I should not meet with any of his usual companions. He chatted with me on the most indifferent things, on the fine arts, and on literature, avoided all conversation on political matters, and stopped my mouth by a bitter expression or an angry look whenever I ventured upon that forbidden topic. The reader may figure to himself what I must have felt when, *tête-à-tête* with him after the horrors of the day, and there was not one but was marked by sanguinary executions, I was obliged to talk to him about Homer, Tasso, or Rousseau, or to analyze Cicero, Montaigne, and Rabelais, with this man, whose hands were stained with blood! He was fond of novels, and took great delight in the poems of Ossian. From a singular contrast, next to those sombre and melancholy productions of the bard of the North, he liked nothing so well as the buffooneries of Scarron. He knew by heart two entire cantos of the burlesque translation of the *Æneid*, and I have heard him laugh immoderately on repeating these lines, in which Scarron says that, in the infernal regions, *Æneas*

" 'Rencontra l'ombre d'un cocher,
Qui, tenant l'ombre d'une brosse,
En frottait l'ombre d'un carrosse.'

But Robespierre's laughter, so far from communicating any hilarity to me, made me profoundly sad. I fancied that I heard the howling of a tiger, and even at this day, whenever the recollection of that laugh recurs to my mind, I shudder involuntarily, as if a demon were venting close to my ear the bursts of his satanic gaiety. Robespierre had habits of excessive delicacy, especially at the period of which I am speaking, and amid the men by whom he was surrounded. He was particular about having his linen very fine and very white. The woman who took care of it was frequently scolded on this account, and I have witnessed some curious scenes between him and his laundress. He would have his frills plaited with extreme neatness: he wore waistcoats of delicate colours—pink, light blue, chamois, elegantly embroidered. The dressing of his hair took him a good deal of time; and he was very particular about the colour and the cut of his coats. He had two watches, wore several costly rings on his fingers, and had a valuable collection of snuff-boxes. His elegant appearance formed a singular contrast with the studied squalidness of the other Jacobins. The populace would have insulted a stranger who dressed with such care, and in

whom it would have been deemed aristocratic; but in its favourite, Robespierre, this was considered perfectly republican. From a singular contrast, this man, so bold in speech, trembled with fear at the least danger. He did not like to be left alone in the dark. The slightest

*The life that is not examined is
not life at all. (Socrates)*

made them shed tears, in order to wipe them from their cheeks. In practising his delusions it was his particular aim to act on tender and weak minds. He spared the priests, because they could forward his plans; and the superstitious and devotees, because he could convert them into instruments to favour his power. His style and expression were in a manner mystical; and next to pride, subtlety was the most marked feature of his character. He was surrounded by those only whose conduct had been highly criminal, because he could, with one word, deliver them over to the punishment of the law. He at once protected and terrified a part of the Convention. He converted crimes into errors, and errors into crimes. He dreaded even the shades of the martyrs of liberty, whose influence he weakened by substituting his own. He was so extremely suspicious and distrustful that he could have found it in his heart to guillotine the dead themselves. To enter into a strict analysis of his character, Robespierre, born without genius, could not create circumstances, but profited by them with address. To the profound hypocrisy of Cromwell, he joined the cruelty of Sylla, without possessing any of the great military and political qualities of either of these ambitious adventurers. His pride and his ambition, far above his means, exposed him to ridicule. To observe the emphasis with which he boasted of having proclaimed the existence of the Supreme Being, one might have said, that, according to his opinion, God would not have existed without him. When, on the night of the 27th of July, he found himself abandoned by his friends, he discharged a pistol in his mouth, and at the same time a gendarme wounded him by the discharge of another. Robespierre fell, bathed in blood; and a *sans-culotte*, approaching him, pronounced these words in his ear: 'There is a Supreme Being!' Previously to his execution, the bandage being taken off his head, his jaw fell down, in consequence of the wound which he had given himself."—*Annual Register*, 1794.

"It is generally supposed that he attempted to shoot himself by discharging a pistol into his mouth, which, however, only fractured the lower left jaw, and left it hanging down by the flesh and ligaments; but a field officer in the French army, of the name of Meda, subsequently claimed the honour of having fired this shot, and he supported his assertion by some plausible facts. Meda—who afterwards rose to be a colonel, and was killed in that rank at the battle of Moskwa—was at this period of the age of eighteen or nineteen, and a private gendarme: as such he accompanied Leonard Bourdon in his attack on the Robespierrians in the Maison de Ville, and showed so much firmness and courage, that when Bourdon returned to the Convention to give an account of his success, he brought Meda with him, placed him by his side in the tribune, stated that he had with his own hand *frappé* (literally *struck*, but it probably means *wounded* or *killed*) two of the conspirators, and obtained for him the honours of the sitting, honourable mention in the *procès-verbal*, and a promise of military promotion. The next day there appears an order of the Convention to deliver to Meda a pistol which had been placed on the bar the day before. All this the *procès-verbal* of the sittings and the report in the *Moniteur* record. But, on the other hand, it is not stated that *one* of two struck by Meda was Robespierre. On the contrary, Bourdon says, that Meda *disarmed* him of a knife, but does not say that he either *struck* or *shot* HIM—a circumstance so transcendently important, that Bourdon could have hardly omitted to state it, had it been so. Nor is it said that the pistol delivered to Meda was his own, nor that it was the pistol by

which Robespierre was wounded; nor is any reason given why he should have shot Robespierre, whom, if his own account be correct, he might have taken alive. Meda, there can be no doubt, accompanied Bourdon (Bourdon says that he *never quitted him*), and distinguished himself generally; but neither in the *procès-verbal* nor in the *Moniteur* is there any evidence of his having shot Robespierre; and his own statement is somewhat at variance with Bourdon's, and not very intelligible as to the position in which the alleged shot was fired. This would of itself excite some doubts; but these doubts are much strengthened by the following facts:—(1) Barrère, in the official report (made, not like Bourdon's, verbally in the hurry and agitation of the moment, but on the third day, and after the collection and examination of all the facts), states distinctly that Robespierre clumsily wounded himself; (2) the surgeon who dressed the wound made a technical and official report, that it must have been inflicted by the patient himself; and (3) it is stated that, as the poor wretch lay mangled on a table at the Hôtel de Ville, he supported his broken jaw and endeavoured to absorb the blood with a *woollen pistol-bag*, which he had in his left hand. This trifling circumstance, which could hardly have been invented, strongly corroborates the reports of Barrère and the surgeon, and the general opinion. We suppose the truth to have been, that Robespierre drew his pistol from the woollen bag, which he held in his left hand, and on the approach of the gendarmes, shot himself with the right, and fell—that Meda picked up the pistol and carried it to the Convention, which next day restored it to him as a trophy to which he had the best right. This conjecture seems to reconcile all the facts and all the statements, except only the *tardy* assertion of Meda himself.—*Quarterly Review*.

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VICTIMS DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

"Jean Julien, waggoner, having been sentenced to twelve years' hard labour, took it into his head (*s'avisa*) to cry *Vive le Roi!* was brought back before the tribunal and condemned to death, September 1792.

"Jean Baptiste Henry, aged *eighteen*, journeyman tailor, convicted of having sawed a tree of liberty; executed the 6th September 1793.

"Bernard Augustin d'Absac, aged fifty-one, ex-noble, late captain in the 11th regiment, and formerly in the sea-service, convicted of having betrayed *several towns* and *several ships* into the hands of the enemy, was condemned to death on the 10th January 1794, and executed the same day.

"Stephen Thomas Ogie Baulny, aged forty-six, ex-noble, convicted of having entrusted his son, aged *fourteen*, to a *garde du corps*, in order that he might emigrate. Condemned to death 31st January 1794, and executed the same day.

"Henriette Françoise de Marboeuf, aged fifty-five, widow of the *ci-devant* Marquis de Marboeuf, *residing* at No. 47 *Rue St. Honore*, in *Paris*, convicted of having *hoped for* (*désiré*) the arrival of the Austrians and Prussians, and of *keeping provisions* for them. Condemned to death the 5th February 1794, and executed the same day.

"Jacques de Beaume, a *Dutch merchant*, convicted of being the author and accomplice of a plot which existed in the month of June 1790, tending to encourage our external and internal enemies, by negotiating, by way of loan, certain bonds of £100 each, bearing interest at 5 per cent., of George Prince of Wales, Frederick Duke of York, and William Henry Duke of Clarence. Executed the 14th February 1794.

"Jacques Duchesne, aged sixty, formerly a servant, since a broker; Jean Sauvage, aged thirty-four, gunsmith; Françoise Loizelier, aged forty-seven, milliner; Melanie Cunosse, aged twenty-one, milliner; Marie Magdalene Virolle, aged twenty-five, female hairdresser—convicted of having, in the city of Paris, where they resided, composed writings, stuck bills, and *poussé de cris* (the criminal code of England has no corresponding name for this capital offence), were all condemned to death the 5th May 1794, and executed the same day.

"Geneviève Gouvion, aged *seventy-seven*, sempstress, convicted of having been the author or accomplice of various conspiracies formed since the beginning of the Revolution by the enemies of the people and of liberty, tending to create civil war, to paralyze the public, and to annihilate the existing government. Condemned to death 11th May 1793, and executed the same day.

"François Bertrand, aged thirty-seven, *tinman* and publican at Leure, in the department of the Côte-d'Or, convicted of having furnished to the defenders of the country *sour wine injurious to the health of citizens*, was condemned to death at Paris, 15th May 1793, and executed the same day.

"Marie Angelique Plaisant, sempstress at Douai, convicted of having exclaimed that she was an *aristocrat*, and '*A fig for the nation.*' Condemned to death at Paris, the 19th July 1794, and executed the same day."—*Extracts from the Liste Générale des Condamnés.*

Numbers condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris in each month, from its first institution (17th of August 1792) to the fall of Robespierre (27th of July 1794).

1792. August	3 victims.
September	4
October	1

[Tribunal remodelled in March 1793.]

1793. April	9
May	9
June	14
July	13

[Robespierre elected into the Committee of Public Safety.]

August	5
September	15
October	60 including Brissot, &c.
November	53
December	73

APPENDICES.

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1794. January	.	.	.	.	83
February	.	.	.	.	75
March	.	.	.	.	123 including <i>Hebert</i> , &c.
April	.	.	.	.	263 including <i>Danton</i> , &c.
May	.	.	.	.	324
June	.	.	.	.	672
July	.	.	.	.	835 <i>exclusive</i> of <i>Robespierre</i> and his accomplices.

To the foregoing astonishing account of the *monthly* executions, we think it worth while to add the *daily* detail of the two last months:—

June.

Day.	Victims.	Day.	Victims.	Day.	Victims.
1	13	11	22	21	25
2	13	12	17	22	15
3	32	13	23	23	19
4	16	14	38	24	25
5	6	15	19	25	44
6	20	16	42	26	47
7	21	17	61	27	30
8	<i>Decadi.</i>	18	<i>Decadi.</i>	28	<i>Decadi.</i>
9	22	19	15	29	20
10	13	20	37	30	14

July.

Day.	Victims.	Day.	Victims.	Day.	Victims.
1	23	10	44	19	28
2	30	11	3	20	14
3	19	12	28	21	28
4	27	13	37	22	46
5	28	14	—	23	55
6	29	15	29	24	36
7	67	16	30	25	38
8	<i>Decadi.</i>	17	40	26	54
9	60	18	<i>Decadi.</i>	27	42

—*Quarterly Review.*

Q.

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THE VICTIMS AT NANTES.

"The miserable victims at Nantes," says Mr. Alison, "were either slain with poniards in the prisons, or carried out in a vessel, and drowned by wholesale in the Loire. On one occasion a hundred priests were taken out together, stripped of their clothes, and precipitated into the waves. Women big with child, infants, eight, nine,

and ten years of age, were thrown together into the stream, on the sides of which men armed with sabres were placed to cut off their heads if the waves should throw them undrowned on the shore. On one occasion, by orders of Carrier, twenty-three of the royalists—on another, twenty-four, were guillotined together without any trial. The executioner remonstrated, but in vain. Among them were many children of seven or eight years of age, and seven women; the executioner died two or three days after with horror of what he himself had done. So great was the multitude of captives who were brought in on all sides that the executioners declared themselves exhausted with fatigue, and a new method of execution was devised. Two persons of different sexes, generally an old man and an old woman, bereft of every species of dress, were bound together and thrown into the river. It was ascertained by authentic documents that six hundred children had perished by that inhuman species of death; and such was the quantity of corpses accumulated in the Loire, that the water became infected. The scenes in the prisons which preceded these executions exceeded all that romance had figured of the terrible. On one occasion the inspector entered the prison to seek for a child, where, the evening before, he had left above three hundred infants; they were all gone in the morning, having been drowned the preceding night. To all the representations of the citizens in favour of these innocent victims, Carrier only replied, 'They are all vipers; let them be stifled.' Three hundred young women of Nantes were drowned by him in one night; so far from having had any share in political discussions, they were of the unfortunate class who live by the pleasures of others. On another occasion five hundred children of both sexes, the eldest of whom was not fourteen years old, were led out to the same spot to be shot. The littleness of their stature caused most of the bullets at the first discharge to fly over their heads; they broke their bonds, rushed into the ranks of the executioners, clung round their knees, and sought for mercy. But nothing could soften the assassins. They put them to death even when lying at their feet. One woman was delivered of an infant on the quay; hardly were the agonies of child-birth over, when she was pushed, with the new-born innocent, into the fatal boat! Fifteen thousand persons perished at Nantes under the hands of the executioner, or of diseases in prison, in one month. The total number of victims of the Reign of Terror in that town exceeded thirty thousand!"

R.

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JEAN ANTOINE NICHOLAS CARITAT CONDORCET.

"Another celebrated victim of party violence who fell about this time, though not by the guillotine, was Condorcet. Having attached himself to the party of Brissot, he was involved in its ruin. At the period of the arrest of the members of that party he escaped the search of the victors, and secreted himself. He was received in Paris by a woman who only knew him from reputation, and generously afforded him an asylum. There he remained till the domiciliary visits in 1794,

when, in order, as it is believed, not to expose his hostess to danger, he quitted his retreat, and succeeded in getting out of Paris without a civic card, and with a white cap on his head. He had wandered about for several days in the environs of Clamart and of Fontenay de Roses, and in the woods of Verrière, two or three leagues from Paris. M. Suard, who had been his intimate friend, in whose house he had lodged, but who had ceased to see him after the death of the King, had a house at Fontenay, consisting of two *corps de logis*, one of which was let to M. de Monville, councillor to the parliament. Condorcet knocked one morning at M. de Monville's door, conceiving that it was that of M. Suard. It was opened by the footman. The unfortunate fugitive looked like a pauper, having a long beard, a shabby dress, being lame from a hurt in one foot, and ready to die of hunger after passing several days in the woods. 'Good God, sir!' said the servant, 'how sorry I am to see you in this condition.' 'How do you know who I am?' 'Oh, sir, I have waited on you many a time at M. Trudaine's.' 'Can you admit me?' 'Alas! no, sir: my master is no friend of yours.' 'Is not this M. Suard's?' 'No, sir; that is his door.' Condorcet accordingly went to the house of Suard and met with him. Suard sent his maid-servant out of the way, and Condorcet acquainted him with his situation. He set bread, cheese, and wine before him. Condorcet told him that in the retreat which he had just left in Paris he had written an 'Historical Sketch of the Progress of the Human Mind,' which he had committed to safe hands, and which was intended for publication. He talked with much feeling of his daughter, and likewise of his wife, but with indifference; and yet he would have given him a sum of 600 livres for her. Suard durst not take it; but he offered to go immediately to Paris and strive to obtain for him an invalid's pass, which might supply the place of a civic ticket; and they agreed that Condorcet should call the next day for this sort of safe-conduct. He asked for a Horace and some snuff; of which he had felt very urgent want. Some snuff was put up in a paper for him, but unluckily he went away without it. Suard hastened to Paris and obtained a sort of old invalid's pass, such as used to be given to soldiers leaving the hospital to enable them to go from one department to another. Suard returned with this informal passport, and waited for Condorcet, who was to be with him at eight o'clock in the evening of the following day; but he did not come, and it was not till the night of the third day that he heard that a man had been apprehended at Clamart, whom he supposed to be Condorcet; and so it actually turned out. On leaving Suard's, taking with him a piece of bread, he had returned to the woods of Verrière, where he had passed the night. Next morning he had gone to Clamart, and was greedily eating an omelette at a public-house, when his long beard, his squalid appearance, and his restless manner, attracted the notice of one of those voluntary spies who then infested all France. This man inquired who he was, whence he came, whither he was going, and where was his ticket of citizen. Condorcet, at all times embarrassed to speak and give a direct answer, said at first that he was servant to a councillor of the Court of Aides, concerning whom he could give true particulars on account of his intimacy with him. But his answer not appearing sufficient, the spy took him to Bourg la Reine, the seat of the district, where, as he could not give a satisfactory account of himself, he was thrown into prison. Next morning he was found dead, having taken stramonium combined with opium, which he always carried about him. Hence it was that on

parting from Suard he had said, 'If I have but one night before me, I do not fear them; but I will not be taken to Paris.' The poison which he took seemed to have operated gently, without causing pain or convulsion. The surgeon employed to ascertain the cause of death declared in the *procès-verbal* that this man, whose real name was not known, had died of apoplexy. The blood was still issuing from his nose."—*Memoirs of the Abbé Morellet.*

END OF VOL. III.