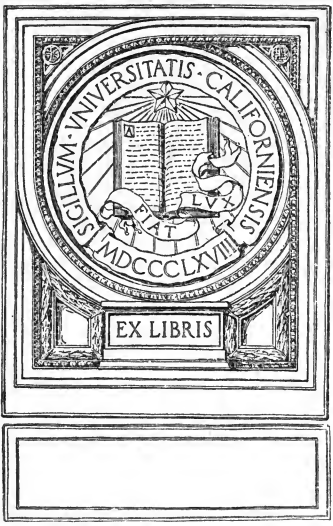
THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

1856-1879

AUGUSTIN FILON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MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

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MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

(1856—1879)

FROM THE FRENCH OF

AUGUSTIN FILON

ILLUSTRATED

WILLIAM HEINEMANN
LONDON MCMXIII

PREFACE

Before old age should make my hand falter and the scenes and the faces of the past become indistinct in my memory, I desired to fix an image that is always with me and in which I am told people of to-day take an eager interest. It was my intention to confine myself to my own memories, to what I saw and heard during the seven and a half years I spent with the Prince Imperial. But no sooner was my project known than help came to me on every hand, and I should need many pages if I were to record all the invaluable assistance given me, spontaneously, by friends old and new. I cannot, however, refrain from mentioning two devoted collaborators, M. Franceschini Pietri and the Abbé Misset, without whom I could not have brought my task to a satisfactory conclusion. M. Pietri, whose unparalleled fidelity made him for more than half a century the witness of the private life and the confidant of the thoughts of the Imperial family, has been my guide for the last years of the Prince's life. As for the Abbé Misset, he has chosen for me, out of his admirable collection, illustrations that have helped me to show to the eyes of the reader what the Prince was throughout the successive phases of his life, as well as those who lived in touch with him, and the places he visited.

To crown all, the Empress, meeting my dearest wishes,

allowed me to read her son's correspondence. As she put it in my hands she was good enough to say to me: "I entrust to you the most precious thing I have in the world. . . . I will only offer you one piece of advice: retain to the full your freedom as a man of letters."

I have done so in every sense. Perhaps there were obstacles in my path, I have ignored them. I have sought to be wholly truthful, I have written to the dictation of my memory and of my conscience. If it has no other merit, this book is independent and sincere.

CROYDON, 1*st June*, 1912.

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CHAPTER I

THE LITTLE PRINCE

I.

I WAS fourteen years old, and in the third form of the Lycée at Douai, where I was then living with my family, when on the morning of March 16, 1856—it was Palm Sunday—the cannon announced to us that the Imperial child, so anxiously expected for the past two days, had at length made his entry into the world. Immediately there was a profound silence in every house in the town to listen to the historic salvo which was echoing that of the Invalides at a few hours' interval. Everyone was counting the guns, for it was known beforehand that the old ceremonial of monarchy would be scrupulously observed on this occasion: twenty-one guns for a princess, for a prince a hundred and one!

The detonations followed one another, slow, solemn, at regular intervals; they re-echoed even in my childish heart. Eighteen . . . . nineteen . . . . twenty . . . . twenty-one . . . . I seem to live over again that second of supreme and final expectation, and to hear the "Ah!" that broke from every breast and rose above the town in confused acclamation. For the immense majority of the nation, this child who had found birth so difficult was coming to ensure the future of the dynasty and to end the era of revolutions.

We were not long in learning how the rest of France, and

especially how Paris had received the great news, with what anxiety it had been awaited, with what an outburst of joy it had been hailed. The great official bodies of the State, summoned to the Tuileries, had remained there without a break all the day and all the evening of the fifteenth, and had not withdrawn to take their rest until a very advanced hour and at the formal order of the sovereign. The crowd, massed on the Place du Carrousel, pressed against the railings with eyes fixed on the lighted windows of the palace where no one had slept the whole night through. About half-past three this crowd learned that the Empire had an heir. Paris was told as soon as it awoke. When at the morning sitting of the Corps Législatif the Duc de Morny would have told the news to his colleagues a great cry "Vive l'Empereur!" answered him before he could speak.

The comment of the man in the street on the event was this, it appears: "Isn't he lucky!" Indeed, the Emperor had conquered anarchy, had conquered Russia; he had turned our ancient hereditary enemy into an ally, had invited Europe to an Exhibition in which France had demonstrated her productive energy, her genius in art and industry, and after having raised once more the military prestige of the nation, he was preparing to ensure to her the advantages of a lasting peace, founded on the concord of the Powers, in a Congress the meeting of which in Paris was a homage to French hegemony. On the eve of this Congress fortune was crowning all these successes with a supreme favour by giving him a son. "Isn't he lucky!" This phrase repeated with smiles by the whole people summed up five years of uninterrupted good fortune and expressed, in affectionately disrespectful shape, the reviving faith of the people in the star of the Bonapartes.

How easy it was to reawaken this faith in generations brought up on the vivid and touching pages of Las Cases! That star then, so long obscured among clouds, shone out

once more in the zenith, and now, as in 1811, it stood above a cradle.

The Emperor was happy: he wished the whole of France to be happy with him. As he said two days later to the senators and deputies assembled round him in the Throne Room, the new-born child was, in the gracious and touching expression of the ancient monarchy, the Child of France. "This name," added the Emperor, "will teach him what his duties are." In the meantime he showered honours and benefits around him. All had their share in this joy, beginning with the poor and the lowly. A hundred thousand francs to the poor; ten thousand to each of the great mutual benefit societies formed in the name of art, of letters, of science, of the theatre. A generous amnesty opened the doors for thousands of prisoners. The army was honoured in the person of three of its generals who received the marshal's baton: Randon, Canrobert, and Bosquet. It shared with the navy the care of the Imperial child, entrusted to three widows who mourned Crimean heroes: the widow of Admiral Bruat, Madame Bizot, and Madam de Brancion. All the children born on the same day as the Prince had the Emperor and Empress as sponsors.

During the afternoon of the 16th March Pope Pius IX. telegraphed his benediction to the child. Informed of the happy event, the French army before Sebastopol saluted it with salvoes, in which our English and Sardinian allies eagerly joined. The Russian guns, silent since the beginning of the armistice, found their voice again to hail with us this birth, the pledge of speedy peace and future friendship. From the very first day the event assumed the character of a great international occurrence in which the whole world was interested.

Paris broke out into flags spontaneously, as in days of victory. All the towns in France did the same, and in the evening they were illuminated. In every church thanks-

givings were offered up, and prayers were said for the preservation of the child and the restoration of the mother, whose sufferings and danger were no secret. Reassured on this point, the three great official bodies of the State, with delegates from all the constituted authorities, came to congratulate the sovereign. Afterwards they defiled before the cradle, a miracle of artistic goldsmiths' work presented by the City of Paris, near which were the governess of the children of France, Madame Bruat, and the two under governesses, Madame Bizot and Madame de Brancion. The Imperial baby received all this homage in a sound sleep.

Twelve years after I heard the Abbé Deguerry describe to the Prince himself this scene at which he had been present. "Mon cher petit seigneur" (that was what he liked to call him to vary the formula prescribed by etiquette, and to bring into it a tender and fatherly familiarity), "mon cher petit seigneur, do you know that I paid you my first visit with many grown up gentlemen, when you were still not quite forty-eight hours old? . . . . You had the red ribbon already. Now what had you done at two days old to have deserved the grand cross of the Legion of Honour?"

The Prince smiled, slightly embarrassed, and found no answer to this strange question. The Abbé enjoyed his embarrassment. He continued after a moment.

"You had been given the cross, not for the services you had rendered, but for those you will one day have to give. The cross is the symbol of sacrifice. The one that was placed in your cradle meant that you had been marked out from your birth to devote yourself to the people."

Certain incidents of this first reception have been recalled to the Prince in my presence by others. When the Dames de la Halle—who were then a power in the State, as they had been from time immemorial—defiled before the Imperial cradle one of them, Madame Lebon, asked and obtained the favour of kissing the baby. We shall see how, eighteen years later, this kiss was returned by the Prince.

CRADLE PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL BY THE CITY OF PARIS.

The Empress has given this cradle to the Carnavelet Museum.

That very day, lost in the crowd of diplomats who had come to congratulate the happy father and to salute the little Prince, one man passed close by the cradle and played the part of the wicked fairy who brings to naught all the gifts bestowed by her sisters. France was then learning to know, for the first time, the name of Count Bismarck-Schœnhausen, the second plenipotentiary of Prussia at the Congress of Paris. It was reserved for this ill-omened visitor to destroy all the joys, all the hopes that clustered round this young life, and to make its tragic end possible. But who could have suspected such a thing in 1856? On the French horizon all was smiling, full of promise, and as a luminous summer morning invites the birds to sing, this delightful dawn of prosperity and glory inspired our poets. Veterans and novices, classics and romantics, all bestirred themselves in answer to that appeal. The columns of the *Moniteur* were thrown open to these poetical effusions, and were inundated with them for several days. Barthélemy launched out in strophes of such sonorous vigour that Victor Hugo might have fathered them had he not preferred to immortalise the rancours of a disappointed courtier in the malignant verses of his *Châtiments*. Théophile Gautier improvised, on the very day when the child was born, verses of an exquisite charm and lofty inspiration which for us, readers of another generation, have the melancholy of hopes unrealised.

Au vieux palais des Tuileries
Chargé déjà d'un grand destin,
Parmi le luxe et les féeries
Un enfant est né ce matin.

Aux premiers rayons de l'aurore,
Dans les rougeurs de l'Orient,
Quand la ville dormait encore,
Il est venu frais et riant.

Les cloches à pleines volées
Chantent aux quatre points du ciel ;
Joyeusement leurs voix ailées
Disent aux vents : Noël ! Noël !

Et le canon des Invalides,
Tonnerre mêlé de rayons.
Fait partout aux foules avides
Compter ses détonations.

Au bruit du fracas insolite
Qui fait trembler son piédestal,
S'émeut le glorieux stylite
Sur son bronze monumental.

Les aigles du socle s'agitent,
Essayant de prendre leur vol,
Et leurs ailes d'airain palpitent
Comme au jour de Sébastopol.

Mais ce n'est pas une victoire
Que chantent cloches et canons ;
Sur l'Arc de Triomphe, l'Histoire
Ne sait plus où graver des noms !

C'est un Jésus à tête blonde
Qui porte, en sa petite main,
Pour globe bleu la paix du monde
Et le bonheur du genre humain.

Qu'un bonheur fidèle accompagne
L'Enfant Impérial qui dort,
Blanc comme les jasmins d'Espagne,
Blond comme les abeilles d'or !

Oh ! quel avenir magnifique
Pour son enfant a préparé
Le Napoléon pacifique,
Par le vœu du peuple sacré !

Jamais les discordes civiles
N'y feront, pour des plans confus,
Sur l'inégal pavé des villes
Des canons sonner les affûts.

Et toi, dans l'immensité sombre,
Avec un respect filial,
Au milieu des soleils sans nombre
Cherche au ciel l'astre impérial.

Suis bien le sillon qu'il te marque
Et vogue, fort du souvenir,
Dans ton bercau, devenu barque,
Sur l'océan de l'avenir !

II.

Three months after, the Prince was baptized in the Cathedral of Notre Dame with unprecedented pomp. Eugène-Louis-Jean-Joseph-Napoleon (all these names summed up the sympathies or the memories concentrated upon him) had been privately baptized immediately upon his entrance into the world, and we know that this is a true baptism, and from a religious point of view in every way effective; but this was not allowed to discount the unparalleled splendour of the ceremony of the fifteenth of June. Pope Pius IX., the godfather of the Imperial child, whose presence in Paris had for a moment been hoped for, was represented by his legate, Cardinal Patrizzi, and Queen Josephine of Sweden, the Prince's godmother, by the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden. The enthusiasm of the crowd, the magnificence of the procession, the incidents of the ceremony, the Emperor raising his son in his arms to show him to the people and the acclamations that had reverberated in the vaulted roof of the basilica; then the extraordinary rejoicings of the fête, which was prolonged for two days and two nights, reviews, free performances in the theatres, fireworks, illuminations, games of every kind, the echo and reflection of all this came to us provincial folks in our little town, isolated and so to speak prisoned behind its ramparts. It came from a distance which then seemed much greater, for railways were things only of yesterday, and the mind had not yet had time to grow accustomed to the new nearness that was making every city in France a suburb of the capital.

Douai imitated the Paris rejoicings as well as it could, but everybody who had leisure and means to do so went to be present at those fêtes, with reports of which I had to content myself.

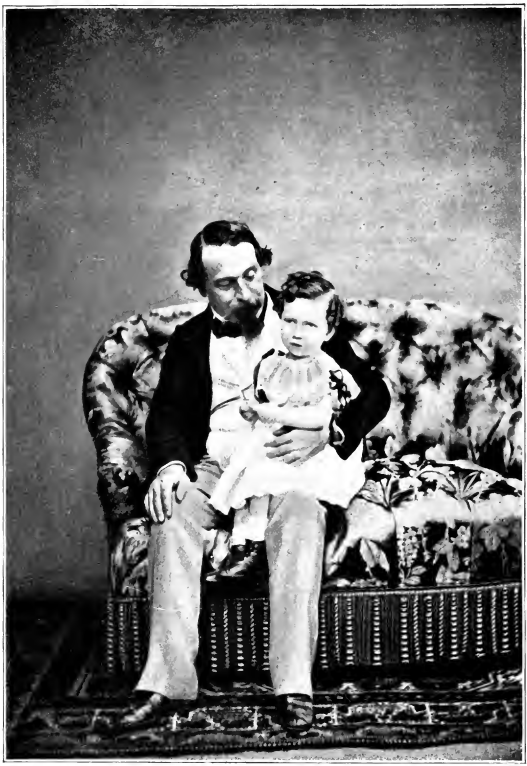
It must not be supposed that when once the Prince was

baptized he was given over to silence, and that he was allowed to grow up in peace in his nursery under the tender watchful eyes of his governesses. There was a deep political interest concerned in keeping his existence before the country, which was as greedy to hear news of him as the Government was eager to supply it. Political speeches of the time, which all have the same tenor (the opposition being reduced to the talk of cafés and the salons), never failed to allude to this precious life, the pledge of peace and security, which allowed France "a long hope and mighty thoughts."

M. Léonce Dupont, in *Le Quatrième Napoléon*, remarks that the people never cried "Vive l' Empereur! Vive l' Impératrice!" without adding in the same breath "Vive le Prince Impérial!" and my own memory confirms this observation. Many towns demanded their Boulevard or their Avenue du Prince-Impérial, and in Paris there was a Théâtre du Prince-Impérial, where I do not think he ever went. When he passed by on his way to the Bois in a calèche, carried by his nurse who smiled on the people as if she too had her share in the ovation, people ran up crying, "It's the little Prince." That was the name by which he was commonly designated, and this caressing and familiar name clung to him in spite of the efforts of his friends who wished to declare his precocious manliness, in spite of death itself, in spite of the years that have passed which by to-day would have brought him near to old age.

Not long ago I heard a very old woman call him by that name with tears in her eyes, mingling with thoughts of his tragic end, an evocation of the baby with great dreamy eyes shaded by long silken lashes, fastened upon his Shetland pony led by a mounted groom, or saluting the crowd with a gracious, though somewhat mechanical gesture.

Riding was the beginning of the Prince's education, and so his first tutor was old Bachon, who had been appointed to the duties of equerry from the very birth of the child.



THE EMPEROR AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, 1858.

From a Photograph belonging to M. l'Abbé Misset.

Bachon was not quite the type of man that one would expect to find at Court. He had been one of the earliest to attach himself to the fortunes of the son of Queen Hortense. To this circumstance he owed the rank he held in the household and the favour shown him. But he justified it by his devotion to his pupil, and still more by the results of his teaching.

The child was not more than six months old when Bachon put him on a pony strapped to the saddle. When he was very small he was seen at reviews by his father's side, on a pony suited to his size. At six years old he was able to ride an ordinary horse. He was a horseman at heart if I may say so, uniting agility and suppleness with that noble French horsemanship of which we were justly proud before the invasion of English methods.

He had trotted and galloped before he could walk. In the same way he knew that he was a soldier before he knew that he was a Prince, and his first formal dress was a grenadier's uniform. From the month of December, 1856, he was entered on the roll of the first regiment of the Grenadiers of the Guard. He could hardly stand when he was dressed to represent the perfect picture of a miniature grenadier. His childish face disappeared in the shadow of a fur bonnet, which, small as it was, seemed gigantic for him. Many saw in this simply play. Some—pitiless critics of all the sovereign's doings uttered the word "masquerade."

In reality, the Emperor wanted to place his son from the earliest moment under the protection of the army by making his relation with it visible to every eye. Besides, he wished to cultivate in the child the taste for military affairs that he himself had in a high degree. He could not foresee that in his son that taste would become a passion—one of those jealous and tyrannical passions which endure no other near them—that in the end, the tunic they had put upon him as a mere child would be a shirt of Nessus to him, and that

his uniforms would tell the story of his life, from that grenadier's coat with white facings he wore beside his father at imperial reviews, down to that tunic pierced by twenty spears that drank his life blood.

III.

Childish sayings were fashionable at this time. Certain journalists had made a speciality of them and a place was kept for them in the daily papers under the title—no one ever knew why—of "nouvelles à la main." It was then to be expected that the Prince should make speeches or rather that they should be invented for him: and all the efforts of Parisian indiscretion, an art which was just at its birth, and made its first essays in this way, were directed to their manufacture. Adrien Marx among others, the chief of all the tattlers, had a sackful of the Prince's sayings and sprinkled his articles with them. The famous Timothée Trimm, who claimed to guide and instruct the French people, in *Le Petit Journal*, devoted to the Prince one of the lucubrations impatiently looked for by a million readers every day. He came to the Tuileries to see the Prince, but the Governor, for reasons I have forgotten, opposed the interview, and Timothée Trimm appeared deeply disappointed to find himself received by me, when he had expected to see the Prince in person and to get him to talk at his ease. "At any rate," said he, drawing down his great eyebrows, "let me have some of the Prince's sayings." "Alas! sir," said I, "the Prince is doing exercises and not making little sayings"—*fait des thèmes et ne fait pas de mots.* In fact, at eleven or twelve years of age, without being in any way sly or secretive, he seemed bent on keeping to himself his impressions, which were extremely vivid, and betrayed themselves immediately by a movement of the eyelid, a sudden lighting up of his eye, the leaping of the blood under the skin. His tact,

greater than his age warranted, kept him from theatrical exhibitions, as from awkward and ridiculous effusiveness. He never became expansive except when he was sure of his thoughts and master of his speech, and in this he was well served by the long silence in which he had held himself for so many years. As he changed later—I will say when and how—it is not impossible that he had already changed, and was, at the time when I first knew him, different from what he had been in his earlier years.

But it is very hard for me to think of him as an "enfant terrible" whose simple or malicious speeches cast dismay around him. Among all the sayings that ran through the salons and the papers and which have been brought together in *Le Quatrième Napoléon*, I retain only two, which I have every reason to believe authentic, and which are quite in accord with his nature, at once warlike and tender. At the time of the war with Italy, he was at Saint Cloud with the Empress, and the palace was in continuous telegraphic communication with the Emperor's headquarters. One day, the Empress said to the child, "Papa has won a victory!" The Prince answered, "Only one? My uncle won a great many more!" This shows that at three years of age he already knew something of the Napoleonic epic that was to be part of his inheritance.

Another day when he had gone out driving with Madame de Brancion, he was very much surprised to see a group of men who, as he passed, kept their hats obstinately fixed on their heads. "They are not very polite," said he, "those people. Why don't they salute me?" It was like the first mud splash of political enmity that reached him, the first revelation of that hostility which was to go on increasing, and after showing itself implacable against all his family, was to aim at his own heart. The excellent governess was very much embarrassed. How could she explain to so young a child that strange inheritance of love and hate that was his?

"Those people," said she, "have apparently their

preferences . . . . they don't know you very well; they don't know your feelings. . . ." "Well," said the child, "we must let them know that I love them dearly, that I love them all." Twenty years after, he repeated the same thing—or very nearly—this time with full understanding of his position. It was at Dover. He was on the point of starting for Ostend, and I for Calais. He took me to the boat with Comte Clary and embraced me: "You are going to France, you are very lucky! My love to everybody!" And, he added smiling, "even to my enemies!"

IV.

The seventh anniversary of the Prince's birth (March 16, 1863) was celebrated by a splendid fête given to the boy soldiers of the Army of Paris, at which he shared their games and their exercises. After dinner, the children to the number of three hundred went to the performance of *Marengo*, a great military play in which cannon were fired and regular battles were put on the stage. The little Prince was in the imperial box with his parents. It would be difficult to describe the animation and enthusiasm which reigned in the theatre. "How great was everybody's joy when between the acts the dear child was seen leaving the imperial box and going down alone to the little boy soldiers, with whom he began to talk and fraternise in the gayest possible way. All the spectators got up to see him better, and applause broke out everywhere. The Emperor and Empress followed him with eager eyes, but let him do just as he pleased."[1]

That same day of the sixteenth of March, 1863, was marked by an important change in the Prince's life. On that day, in short, he passed from the hands of women to the care of a tutor. For this task—on the recommendation of Madame

[1] Comtesse Stéphanie Tascher de la Pagerie, *Mon. Séjour aux Tuileries*, second series, 1859–1865.

THE EMPRESS AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL (1862).

From a photograph belonging to M. l'Abbe Misset

Cornu, if I am not mistaken—M. Francis Monnier, professor of the third form in the Rollin Municipal School had been chosen. M. Monnier having neither gone through our examinations nor passed through the École Normale, was not very well known in the university world. But those who had come into contact with him had the highest esteem for his character. He was a worthy man and a philosopher. Perhaps he was not wholly in his proper place in a Court. However, he only led a court life entirely when his pupil was away from the Tuileries. In Paris he divided himself between the Prince's education and his mother, whom he loved tenderly and with whom he spent his evenings. He reserved a further part of his time for learned labours which resulted in an erudite thesis upon Alcuin.

This arrangement, which gave the Prince Imperial an external tutor, had, if I may say so, its advantages and its disadvantages, and these disadvantages little by little became very noticeable. Without question it was in certain ways awkward that the Prince's tutor should be a stranger to the Court. There was some danger, on the other hand, that he should be too much of the Court, that he might take too much interest, even too much share, in the political and worldly life of the imperial circle. After many years, having come to an age when one judges oneself, I am inclined to think that this was the weak point of M. Monnier's successor.

The Prince was very fond of his first tutor. I saw that from the emotion he displayed when in his exile he received a letter M. Monnier had addressed to him from his quiet retreat. When I took his place, he showed with regard to Monsieur Monnier a reserve which seemed to me full of delicacy, and which I appreciated very much from a child of his years. To praise him too eagerly, to regret him too openly would, he felt, have been very embarrassing for the new comer; to criticise him or to make fun of him, a meanness of which he was incapable. And why should I not take advantage of this occasion to pay the Prince a well-

deserved tribute? That tendency, which leads pupils of all times, of all countries, of every rank and of every disposition, to make fun of their masters, was unknown in the Prince. And yet he discovered later a rich vein of humour, a real gift for caricature and parody, artistic as well as literary. This gift in him was controlled by his sense of discipline and tempered by his innate good nature or by his unusual tact, proofs of which I shall give.

I heard at the Tuileries many unfriendly remarks upon M. Monnier, as M. Monnier would probably have heard many about me if he had followed instead of preceding me. Only the criticisms would have been different.

I remember some of these denunciations, which were really advice in disguise. When, chalk in hand, before the blackboard, the Prince was once about to write down some figures, a whim passed through his mind: "Monsieur Monnier, may I draw a little bird?" "Draw it, Monseigneur!" answered the tutor, and, between two sums in addition, the child drew a bird. When this anecdote was related to me they looked for a horrified exclamation, and got only a smile.

I don't know whether the legend of the pet donkey, which the Prince had made go up a winding staircase, and had taken through the Council room and the rooms of his own suite, was also one of M. Monnier's crimes, but there was above all a tale of macaroni, terrible to hear, for which without any possible doubt he was responsible, and I have too often heard it from the mouths of Bachon and of Miss Shaw to have forgotten it.

The little Prince, convinced that ostriches only eat stones when they can get nothing better, and having heard that they greatly prefer macaroni, had resolved to offer a little feast to those in the Jardin des Plantes. Thanks to secret negotiations with the kitchen, at the usual hour for going out he found himself equipped with two or three pounds of macaroni, done to a turn, unctuous and slippery, with which he filled all his pockets. It appears that M. Monnier

shut his eyes and let this scandalous thing go to the very end. We can imagine the delight of the ostriches, but it is impossible to picture the despair of Bachon. I still think I hear the agonised accent in which he related the drama to me.

I was assured that the educational system of M. Monnier consisted in instructing the Prince by talking with him, and bringing to his notice in connection with objects met with during a walk the ideas called forth by their names, choosing them from different branches of science. That is a sufficiently good way to begin the education of a very young child; we might even say that at the beginning it is the only way. But it must soon be given up; otherwise it leaves behind it a confusion of facts and ideas that makes the task of the teachers of the second period difficult. I found nothing of the sort in the Prince: the little he knew he knew well. Was it the directness of that young intelligence which had proved its safeguard? Or indeed had M. Monnier's method been inaccurately described to me? I cannot say. What is certain is that he desired to be all-sufficient and never called in the help of auxiliary masters. He took it on himself to teach the Prince to write: he gave him his own handwriting, which was a little unusual, and which would have misled the graphologists if they had tried to get from it, at that period, psychological indications as to the child's moral character or his intellectual faculties. It consisted of a series of little parallel strokes neatly in line; not only were the letters of a word not joined to each other, but the downstrokes of one and the same letter pretended to have nothing to do with each other. A little later we had lessons for the Prince from an excellent writing master, M. Simmonnard, an ex-schoolmaster attached to the Ministry of Public Instruction. Little by little the Prince made for himself a style of writing, small, sloping, a little slow, but very well shaped and joined together: a handwriting which revealed a logician and an artist.

As soon as he could hold a pen he used it to write to his parents when they were away from him. Here is the first letter, or at any rate one of the first letters, that he addressed to his father. It has no date, but dates itself by the event to which it refers, which belongs to the summer of 1863.

"My dear Father,

"I congratulate you on the taking of Mexico, I am delighted at it. Yesterday I went and told the soldiers in the guardroom that Mexico had surrendered, and everybody was delighted.

"Your devoted son,

"Louis Napoleon.

"P.S.—This morning my horse had a fit of kicking, but I sat tight and did not fall."

V.

The Prince was a great deal talked of in 1867. To begin with, he was appointed the nominal president of the Universal Exhibition which was that year held in the Champ-de-Mars. But he was prevented from being present at the official opening of the buildings by an illness which the alarmists took pleasure in exaggerating, and which was not without its influence on the Stock Exchange. An abscess in the hip necessitated the service of the famous surgeon Nélaton, after a consultation with Doctors Conneau and Corvisart, physician and assistant physician to the Emperor, and with the Prince's physician, Dr. Barthez, who had inherited his father's great reputation as a children's doctor. The operation then took place with complete success, but they discovered a second abscess forming deeper still than the first one. It was necessary to wait, so as to work with perfect safety, and this waiting was accompanied by painful anxiety. It was only a trifle ; unfortunately the place where

the abscess was made it dangerous, and in any case hard to reach. Nélaton overcame the difficulty and so increased his reputation; but the Prince was a long time before he was allowed to use his limbs. He was completely out of danger before disturbing rumours ceased to fly about, circulated either by enemies of the Empire, or by enemies of the funds.

However, his presence at the distributions of the awards of the Exhibition reassured even those who did not wish to be reassured. He held himself very straight and seemed very happy while handing his father the medal the jury had decreed him as the promoter of certain measures destined to improve the lot of the working classes.

The Prince was also talked of when his military household was established. At the head of this household was set General Frossard, aide-de-camp of the Emperor, and vice-president of the Committee of Engineers. Four aides-de-camp, taken from the navy and the different branches of the army, completed, with the equerry Bachon, the household of the Prince Imperial. To emphasise the military character he meant to give to his son's education, the Emperor wished not only that the Governor should be superior to the tutor—which was, as everybody knows, the custom under the old Monarchy,—but that he should have the last word in directing the Prince's studies. Nothing more natural, but what was not less natural, was that the tutor, after having for several years had in his hands, almost without control, the mental and moral education of the future master of France, should feel himself belittled and humiliated in becoming the underling of an officer, however distinguished. M. Monnier preferred to retire rather than to fall in with the plans of General Frossard. In his bitterness he refused all offers of compensation, and instead of returning to the ranks of the Educational Service, he went away and settled in his native village, where some years later he died.

I knew none of the details of this conflict. I was then

Professor of Rhetoric at the Lycée of Grenoble, and when in reading the papers my eyes fell upon a paragraph announcing in a few lines the little revolution in the palace that was causing M. Monnier to leave the Tuileries, I was very far from thinking that his departure would influence my whole life.

CHAPTER II

THE PRINCE AT ELEVEN YEARS OLD

I.

I HAD just arrived in Paris in the last days of August, 1867, when one morning I was summoned in haste to Villeneuve-Saint-Georges by the Minister of Public Instruction. Victor Duruy had been my professor at the Lycée Napoléon and at the École Normale. He knew me and knew that he could count on my devotion. He said, "A tutor is wanted for the Prince Imperial in place of M. Monnier. I am recommending you. Go and see General Frossard at Saint Cloud, he expects you." Two hours after that I was going into the General's office. I found him very imposing. He must then have been not far from his sixtieth year, but nothing betrayed the approach of old age. Erect and stiff in his frock-coat buttoned to the chin, he had that military air from which it was impossible not to recognise the officer in mufti, and probably an expert could have said to which branch of the service he belonged. Everything in his person, in his speech, in his look, in his gesture, breathed authority; everything savoured of the Governor.

He received me very well, but his first question surprised me.

"Are you engaged?"

He explained to me at once the reason for this curiosity. Before me, the minister had recommended another candidate, Feugère, one of my comrades at the École Normale.

"I was quite disposed," said the General, "to recommend M. Feugère to the Emperor, but he told me he was on the point of marrying. In spite of his accomplishments and talents to which the whole University does justice,[1] M. Feugère could not be suitable for the task, for we are looking for a man who will devote himself solely to the Prince's education.

Without pronouncing vows of eternal celibacy, I assured the General that I was free from any engagement. He then explained his plans to me.

General Frossard, I speedily perceived, was haunted by memories of the July monarchy, which he had served and under which his mind and his character had been formed. His devotion to the Emperor, which was, I think, very genuine, did not lessen his old Orleanist sympathies, identified with his youthful enthusiasms. He would have wished that Napoléon III. could have sent his son to school as Louis Philippe had sent his children. But he knew perfectly well on the other hand that democratic Empire cannot act in the same way as bourgeois Royalty. By sending his children to the Lycée Henri IV., under the care of Alfred de Wailly, the gallant headmaster who was at the same time Colonel of the mounted Garde Nationale, Louis Philippe placed them in the same environment from which he traced his origin and from which he drew his strength. The strength of Napoléon III. lay in the Army, in the peasants, and, up to a certain point, in the clergy and the nobility. The spirit of opposition in the middle classes was every day more aggressive and bitter and was spreading from youth to childhood itself.

It was impossible to send the heir to the throne to a lycée as a boarder. To send him twice a day to a day-school would have been to expose him to inevitable insults and dangers. To bring him up within the walls of the Tuileries, without

[1] Feugère died at an early age after having been a professor in the Collège de France.

communication with the feelings of the world outside, with no communion in manners and ideas with the generation whose head he was one day to be, would have been to prepare insurmountable difficulties and cruel surprises for him later.

What was to be done? There was one way of overcoming both disadvantages. Since the Prince could not go to the classes, the classes, in the person of the professors, must come to the Prince. He would be, in turn, the pupil of several schools, and the comrade and rival of every schoolboy in Paris. The tutor—or rather the coach of the Prince, for that would in future be the title and the function of the new master to be called in—would have to regulate, to portion out, to harmonise the work that was to fill his pupil's day. He would help him with his difficulties, would repeat the explanations of the professor and supply further explanations if necessary, while at the same time constantly supervising his conduct within the palace.

This system, the drawbacks of which were seen later, seemed to me at the time very sensible. When the governor asked me if I should like to take a part in carrying it out, I answered with a very decided affirmative which seemed to please him greatly, and when I left his office I had little real doubt as to the outcome of the business. Four or five days later, I was summoned to the Tuileries, to be presented to the Emperor, and before the end of the week, on September 4, 1867, I took up my post with the Prince at Saint Cloud.

The Prince, after the slight operations I spoke of before and a stay at Luchon, had been brought to Saint Cloud to finish his convalesence in complete quiet. He was still kept, from time to time, on a day bed; the rest of his days he spent playing in the park with his friend Conneau. Some dictation lessons, with some Latin exercises at rare intervals, under the direction of the Governor, who played the part of coach at need, made up all the work he was thought fit to undertake.

As soon as I arrived, the Governor brought me to him. We found him in the great room that served him both as drawing-room and study when he was at Saint Cloud.[1] It was on the second floor, in the middle of the palace and under the pediment that enframed the clock. It was the best and healthiest part of the whole building.

The Prince was evidently expecting me. He was standing with his eyes turned to the door, visibly moved, and asking himself what this stranger would be like who was destined for several years to play so important a part in his life. But this emotion did not display itself in him as it would have displayed itself in many other boys, by lowered eyes, and an awkward, constrained attitude: he came forward a few paces and his blue eyes fixed upon me with a questioning, straightforward look that was the first thing I noticed, but it was decisive; it gave me the key to a whole character. He held out his open hand (that too is significant) and, as soon as I had touched that hand, I was wholly his.

I had never seen him, but his portraits and photographs which were everywhere to be found, had made me imagine him a little different. I had not "the little Prince" before me. The illness he had just gone through had made him pale, slightly thinner, and so to speak lengthened him out; he was coming out of it with the physical characteristics of the second period of childhood, and was to keep them until adolescence finally showed itself. Such as he was, he was a charming boy. The delicate skin, the dreamy sweetness of his eyes shaded by long lashes, his slender wrists and ankles, the grace of his movements might have been envied by a girl, and in this connection I remember that some years later the Empress said to me with a smile, "You

[1] At first he had the suite on the ground floor, at the end of the right wing, underneath the suites of the Emperor and the Empress. These rooms had been occupied by Madame Adélaïde; there was still to be seen a very primitive lift, a plain armchair hoisted by means of a pulley, that put her in communication with the king, her brother.

don't know my daughter, the Princess Imperial? Here she is." Her Majesty showed me the photograph of a little eighteenth century marquise, and even while recognising my pupil, I had to confess that the illusion was complete.[1] At that time the Prince was very like his mother, and this likeness struck me much more when I saw them together some days later at Biarritz. In time it decreased, as was to be expected, as his features took on the cast of manhood, but it was never wholly effaced, and it reappeared in an astonishing way at moments when an unexpected sharing of impressions brought out the inner affinities of mother and son. As for the feminine cast in the Prince's beauty, that was of very short duration. Even at that age when sex is not yet clearly marked, and in spite of a certain grace, in moments of fatigue or dulness somewhat languid, he was a regular boy, and nothing in him savoured of the girl. I was soon to perceive as much through his rash feats, the very remembrance of which makes me shiver, as if I were still the guardian of that precious life.

At the General's desire, I proceeded at once to give him a little examination, which made it clear that the Prince was rather backward for his age; but he showed so much willingness that I did not doubt that I should speedily find him making progress.

I returned to the rooms that had been assigned to me, my heart full of a deep and nearly religious joy to think of the task that had come to me, in the service of this pure and noble boy in whom so many hopes were centred: a joy all the keener in that it followed days of apprehension.

[1] I suppose that this dress, if it was not the whim of the Empress, had been made for a masked ball of the court children, at General Fleury's, at which the Prince had not been able to be present. To console him, an album was sent to him containing photographs of all the little maskers. When I came to him, he often used to turn over this album as he lay on his *chaise longue*. A great number of these photographs now form part of the admirable collection of the Abbé Misset.

II.

That very evening, I was present at the prayers the Prince said before going to bed, just as I was present next day at his morning prayers, and during the seven years that followed I did not miss a single day, except when I was away from him. The Prince became my tutor during the following days, and gave me lessons in croquet. This game, which we think we borrowed from England, and the English think they got from us, was then very fashionable; but it can readily be imagined that my duties as professor in a country town had given me neither time nor opportunity to learn it. I displayed a good deal of zeal with my master, hoping to have the same from him in turn. The scene of these exercises was the garden of the Trocadéro. That was the name given to the lawns and parterres full of flowers that separated the park of Saint Cloud from the old park of Montretout. A bridge of one arch, garlanded with climbing plants, connected the second storey of the castle with this plateau of the Trocadéro, whose beautiful sward, carefully mowed, lent itself perfectly to croquet.

At other times, the Prince pointed out to me the curiosities and told me the legends of the park of Saint Cloud, which has many besides the historic ones that everybody knows. During the few days that passed between my arrival at the castle and our departure for Biarritz, the Empress came twice to see her son. The first evening she was accompanied by the Emperor, who presented me, styling me the "new tutor" to the Prince. The word was equivalent to a formal naming. Henceforth the old historic title prevailed. That of "coach" remained in the general's mind in the condition of an intention not carried out; he appeared to be reconciled to it. I considered myself, however, bound to keep to the limits that were originally assigned to my functions, and which I had

accepted. I never had any serious difference of opinion with the Governor. He was an intelligent man and a man of sterling honour. In spite of the stiffness of his character, in spite of some unjust prejudices that I could never share, I looked upon him and still look on him as in every way worthy of respect.

III.

The Prince's four aides-de-camp, or, as they called themselves among each other, the "quatre-z-officiers" were Commandant Charles Duperré, then captain of a frigate, and afterwards appointed to the highest duties of the Admiralty; Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis d'Espeuilles, who was one of our most brilliant cavalry commanders; Commandant Comte de Ligniville, who bore one of the great names of Lorraine with dignity and good humour, and who in the war of 1870 followed the Comte de Geslin in command of the model battalion of the light infantry of the Guards; lastly, Commandant Lamey, of the Engineers, General Frossard's right hand man. From week to week these officers, all most carefully chosen, brought to the Prince their various dispositions, which happily diversified the atmosphere about him.

One of them, a gentleman of infinite conversation, amused him with his wild spirits, collecting stories to tell him; the other, very refined under his military bluntness, presented the type of gentleman and soldier that became his ideal later; all of them by their talk initiated him into the picturesque sides of military life, while awaiting the ripe hour for revealing its serious duties. It was hard to imagine men more unlike one another; they were alike only in one point—they adored the Prince, who on his side would have been embarrassed to decide which of them he preferred. He had already the princely gift of dividing himself. He

was to have friends, he had already made some, but never favourites.

Commandant Lamey had been assigned the duty of accompanying the Prince to Biarritz. Dr. Barthez, who was giving up his vacation for the sake of his beloved little patient, now convalescent, was also to be of the party, and Louis Conneau as well, for it had been settled that he was never to be separated from his Imperial comrade.

At Biarritz everyone led a truly family life, without much strict etiquette, and, as far as possible, in the open air. The Sovereigns were not pursued, overwhelmed by the constant obsession of the mighty past that brooded over the Tuileries and over Saint Cloud. Then the imposing Governor was replaced by a very jolly aide-de-camp, a most affectionate doctor, and an indulgent young tutor. I saw the Prince grow livelier from day to day, rapidly shake off the languor of convalescence, and blossom out under the sunshine of Gascony and the refreshing sea breezes. Sometimes he went about alone with us, sometimes he accompanied his mother on longer excursions. I remember a visit to Bayonne, when as he came away the Prince received from the inhabitants of the outskirts an ovation of such passionate enthusiasm that it astonished me and touched me deeply as a resurrection of the old feeling for monarchy. Were those Frenchwomen of my own day, whose faces shone with delight, and who were throwing kisses to the son of the Emperor, and holding out their babies that he might touch them lightly with a finger? We had some trouble to get away from them. Another afternoon we rambled a long time among the ruins of Marans, but I must admit that the misfortunes of the Spanish sovereigns, who had lived in those walls as Napoleon's prisoners, seemed to move the Prince very little. On the other hand, he took a keen interest in a ship he found anchored in the Adour which was ready to weigh for America. This was a sailing ship called the *Saint Pierre*, and was full of emigrants. His curiosity, already a little *blasé* and so slow to awaken

when we tried to rouse it, broke into endless questions. Why were these poor people going away? Where were they going? How were they accommodated on board? How would they live on the other side? What would they do? Would they ever come back to France? Would they still be French? Lamey and I exhausted our knowledge and our powers of conjecture without being able to satisfy the Prince, who, finding he could get no more out of us, shut himself up in a pensive silence, trying, doubtless, to solve this mystery, a new one for him, of the transplantation of human beings, and asking himself how a Frenchman could possibly live away from France.

A naval despatch boat, the *Chamois*, commanded by Captain d'Aries, was stationed at Bayonne, and was at the disposal of the Empress at any time when the state of the sea and the tide made it possible to clear the bar at the mouth of the Adour. One September afternoon in 1867 the Empress took her son on one of these sea trips. All day long the *Chamois* cruised about the gulf. Night fell dark, and the wind freshened. The hour for supper had long passed, and the Emperor, who had remained at the villa, visibly began to be uneasy, when a telegram arrived announcing that the Empress had been wrecked with the Prince trying to land at Saint Jean de Luz. Everybody was safe and would be at the villa in an hour's time. What had happened? The boat that carried the Empress and her son had lost its course and missed the entrance of the harbour; it had struck outside on the rocks at the base of the jetty. In the first moment of confusion, in the total darkness, it was hard to estimate the danger. The Empress betrayed her anxiety for her son by her cry to him:

"Louis, don't be afraid!"

The Prince answered quite simply and without the least bombast:

"A Napoleon is never afraid."

The 'shipwrecked' were exceedingly gay on their arrival

at the villa. But they were deeply saddened to hear next day that the body of the pilot had been taken out of the sea near the scene of the accident.[1]

IV.

Every portrait must, I know, have its shadows, and the image of my Prince would not live in the reader's eyes if I presented him as perfect. But how does it come that these faults should in a measure have disappeared from my memory when I endeavour to evoke them, while his good points appear to me, across the long years, more lovable and charming than ever? Yet I often had to take him to task, sometimes to scold him. Why? For what? What were those transgressions that made the Governor frown, but of which my memory refuses to find even a trace.

I will make an attempt to recall them. Well, our chief, I should say our only trouble with the Prince was an incessant restlessness, an excessive nervousness that never allowed his limbs or his imagination an instant's repose. His body and his mind alike had a dread of the quietude we were forced to impose upon him, at one time for the sake of his studies, at others to fall in with the demands of his surroundings. We had fault-finders in the Court—they are everywhere! They had systems for the education of children, and in particular of princes, and they used to offer them to us as systems for breaking the bank are offered to gamblers at Monaco. They were surprised that the Prince at eleven and a half should be bored in a salon and should display some symptoms of it: "If he was *my* boy!" is a phrase that often recurred at Court and that I heard a great deal during my three years there. Where this restlessness became a matter for un-

[1] He was an old sailor of very great experience. He had lost his head at the idea of being in charge of the Empress and the heir to the throne, and giving orders to an admiral (Admiral Jurien de la Gravière) sitting at the tiller. The poor fellow had punished himself, by suicide, for a blunder he doubtless judged unpardonable.

easiness was when he was playing with his comrades. Then we could not control him, and he could not control himself. Once started off, he would have gone through a glass partition, a closed door, or jumped out of window; he lost every notion of the real or the possible. Even in cold blood, danger courted willingly and deliberately was the greatest pleasure he knew, and there was hardly a day that he did not submit his poor tutor to the most grievous trials by this taste for the most difficult and perilous games. One day as I was going into his study at Saint Cloud, I caught sight of him walking above the void outside the balustrade of the balcony, going from one window to the other along the narrow ledge of the surbase. I drew back swiftly that he might not see me; if he had no fear of killing himself, he was very much afraid of being scolded, and I feared lest this dread might make him lose his balance. So I waited till he had come back into the room before I showed myself, but I confess that it was a terrible minute.

Everyone who came in contact with him would tell of similar tricks, and I could add others without end. M. Franceschini Pietri has told me that during his travels in Scandinavia the Prince had terrified the Prince Royal of Sweden by similar rash feats, and that in one case the latter had retired thinking that his presence might be exciting the Prince. He was certainly mistaken, for there was no pose about it, it was an incurable passion.

The Prince had moods, moments of irritation, little fits of impatience; but neither his parents, nor his Governor, nor his aides, nor his equerry, nor his tutor ever suffered from them. If he sometimes sinned against them, it was by carelessness, a kind of slowness in obedience, in paying heed to a warning. The chief victim to these moods was "Nana," Miss Shaw, his English nurse, whom I have not yet mentioned.

Miss Shaw was an important person and knew it. Valets and footmen, maids and men, all the indoor servants obeyed

her. Her authority had grown still greater after the governesses had disappeared, and after the Prince had passed into the care of men. The General treated her with consideration, and she was allowed free speech before the sovereigns themselves. Was she not the guardian of the most precious thing they had in the world, their son's health? She fulfilled this duty with rare fidelity. She had another duty, too, in teaching him her own language. Miss Shaw's French sometimes made us smile, but her English was very adequate, for the Reverend R. T. Maynard, a chaplain in the British Army, whom at the suggestion of the English Ambassador, Lord Lyons, we got to criticise and correct where necessary the Prince's spelling and diction, found very little to do, and from the moment of his exile the Prince was able to follow courses of lectures, and to carry on conversations with the most distinguished members of society.

So then Miss Shaw rendered very real service; her only fault was to imagine herself necessary after she had ceased to be useful. I saw her some time after my arrival display certain signs of belated coquetry, and show a great desire to become young again. Soon after I learnt that she was marrying an officer of the Guards, who gave up his commission and joined the administration of the Imperial Charities at the head of which was Doctor Conneau. But not for that did she leave her Prince whom she adored. On his side he was very fond of his old Nana, but he used to make her rather angry at times. The youthful masculine vanity which was beginning to spring up grew impatient and sometimes irritated at that assiduous supervising which insisted and was obstinate in quite trivial matters. He was a long time before he was willing to attach any importance to his appearance and to his clothes. How often have I seen him running away before Miss Shaw in full pursuit with a brush or comb in her hand, to take out some crease, to brush away a speck of dust, or reduce a stubborn lock of hair to order.

THE PRINCE AT ELEVEN YEARS OLD

Shall I speak of the teasing tricks of the Prince and his girl cousins? Those are incidents which take place in every family where there are brothers and sisters whose ages do not put them on an absolute level in the matter of physical and mental development.

The Empress's two nieces, Marie and Louise Stuart, daughters of the Duchesse d'Albe, who until their marriage were known as the Duchesse de Galisteo and Duchesse de Montoro, were installed at the Court when I arrived, and stayed there without interruption until August 1870. The Empress asked me to bring these little girls into the French classes of the Prince and his friend Conneau. I found myself, then, at Biarritz, at the head of a little mixed class where no inviolable peace reigned. A few days after the excellent schoolmistress whom the Imperial School of Saint Denis lent to the Empress arrived. Mademoiselle Redel very soon established an affectionate ascendancy over her pupils, and gained the esteem of everybody. She had as much discipline as cleverness in teaching, and we united our efforts to preserve peace among these young people, who were very fond of each other, but who none the less squabbled hotly. There were a great many sharp speeches, little lecturings ill received by those to whom they were addressed, a few scratches, one or two arms pinched, and if I remember rightly, a smack that found its way to an august cheek.

Louise Stuart, the charming Duchesse de Medina Celi, taken away in the height of happiness, of youth, of beauty, is no longer here to remember with us. But her eldest sister, the Duchesse de Tamamès, will without doubt read what I write, and will not bear me a grudge for saying that if the Prince was sometimes aggressive, she was not very long suffering, If he were alive, what pleasure they would both have in recalling those innocent quarrels, those interminable disputes. Perhaps they would amuse themselves by repeating them, as in the old days, for the pleasure of making friends again.

CHAPTER III

THE PRINCE AT WORK. THE FIRST COMMUNION

As soon as the Prince came back to Saint Cloud with his parents, in October, 1867, the plan devised by General Frossard was put into action. One of the professors of the seventh form[1] at the Lycée Bonaparte, named Edeline, came to take the Prince through that course. This excellent man, both simple and modest, not only brought to the Prince the actual text of the work that was done at the school, but he also told him certain interesting or amusing incidents that took place in class. He taught him to know the names of the best pupils and their characteristics, so that the Prince very soon found himself familiar with little comrades that he never saw, who on their side often heard him talked about. In this way sprang up the rivalry hoped for by the Governor, with none of the dangers that would have been entailed by the Prince's actual presence in school. Every week he wrote a composition with the seventh form of the Lycée Bonaparte, and waited with a certain anxiety to know what place he took. That place was not always what we should have liked; yet it was never too discouraging for him or for us.

It goes without saying that the pupils of the lycée were not affected, and that the name of their imperial rival was not reckoned in the ordinary list. Having once taken first place in arithmetic, he was invited to the Saint

[1] In France *la septième* is an elementary class.

HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS (1865).

From a photograph taken (with its frame) from the rooms of the Prince Imperial, September 4th, 1870. In the collection of M. l'Abbé Missot.

Charlemagne banquet and went on January 28, 1868. A slight accident kept me from going with him, and kept me a few minutes behind him. When I entered the hall, I saw him at the first glance seated at the middle of one of the tables with the others, and visible from every part of the refectory. He was surrounded by the pupils of his class and was gaily drinking with them the excellent champagne sent by the Emperor—which was certainly not the school brand. His reception was exceedingly courteous, and everybody, both professors and pupils, looked on him with friendliness. He was so clearly having a good time! He looked so good and so happy! Only a very savage prejudice could have kept anyone from liking him.

The Prince was now installed in the Tuileries. While with the utmost speed they were getting ready the Pavillon de Flore which was to be the definite residence of the heir to the throne, he was occupying for the time being three large apartments adjoining the Empress's suite, on the first floor overlooking the garden. One was the study: the other his bed chamber. The third was an old guard room, which was divided by partitions to suit the requirements of his household service. The first two had this interesting peculiarity, that no other apartment in the whole of the château kept more visibly, and with less change, the marks of the *grand siècle*. At the southern end of the third you were shown a window in whose recess Louis XVI. had set up his locksmith's workshop. A stair of several steps gave access thence to the first storey of the Pavillon de Flore. This storey, besides a huge anteroom where the ushers were, contained only the Prince's drawing-room, his study and the playing-room. This playing-room occupied the whole width of the pavilion, and its height was double that of the other rooms. In it there was no other furniture than a little round table at which the Prince breakfasted every day with his tutor and his comrade Conneau. In a corner was a huge rocking-horse which must have served for the Prince's first apprentice-

ship to the art of riding, and which he used to liken to the Trojan horse. In another corner there was an aviary whose warbling never ceased and whose brilliant arpeggios were flung over the dull noises rumbling from the quay and the Pont Royal. This is where the Prince used to play with his friends when the weather made all outdoor exercise impossible; there he took his dancing lessons from M. Petipa, the maître des ballets at the Opéra. Here a children's dinner celebrated the anniversary of March 16, 1868, and here during the Carnival of 1870 was given a play which will be mentioned later. That was the first and was to be the last fête of the Pavillon de Flore.

The Prince's study formed the corner of the château, and its great windows had each a different outlook. Through one the eye, crossing the Pont Royal, fell upon the Rue du Bac and followed the two floods of humanity that intersect at that point, one coming from the Faubourg Saint Germain, the other from the Place du Carrousel and the boulevards; two Parises diametrically different, which sometimes failed to understand each other. More fascinating still was the outlook from the third window, near which the Prince had his work-table. Before it stretched out the long perspective of the Seine, which deflected at the Pont de la Concorde and dwindled away in the direction of the heights of Meudon. On the right, the dark masses of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées; on the left, a noble row of palaces above which rose the dome of the Invalides, its fresh gilding gleaming in the sun. This landscape, in a clear winter afternoon and the purple light of evening, took on an incomparable severity, grandeur, and majesty. And who will be surprised to hear that the dreams of the boy often lost themselves in it, letting the ink dry upon his pen and Quintus Curtius sleep, since he told of Alexander when he should have told of Napoleon?

How many things besides, in this very room, recalled to him the founder of the dynasty! I had had the honour of

arranging in it Napoleon's travelling library, which had gone to Saint Helena and which is now at Farnborough, those precious volumes, in which the Imperial thumb, yellow-stained with snuff, had noted, after its fashion, its owner's impressions as he read. In the shadow between the window and the door was a cupboard with glazed front. There the grandnephew of Napoleon saw, dimly, a hat, a sword, a grey coat. And from this cupboard came lessons more potent than ours.

The chair in which the professor sat was on the opposite side of the table, so that with his back to the window he had the Prince facing him in the full light, kept him under observation while he spoke to him, and never allowed his attention to wander away to something else. I have seen distinguished masters follow one another in that chair. One of them, who remained the Prince's friend to the end and beyond it, has become one of our most honoured writers, one of our most influential professors. Need I say that this was Ernest Lavisse?

In that same chair we shall presently see the Abbé Deguerry, who was one of the great orators of Roman Catholic France in the nineteenth century, and who was martyred by the Commune. But no one could surpass in zeal, in devotion, in affection for his pupil, the excellent Edeline, for whom this tuition was to be the crown of a humble but unstained career, for he survived the end of his labours only by a few months.[1]

II.

This was the Prince's day.

Rising at half-past six, he said his prayer and, after a very simple breakfast, set to work. At half-past eight the

[1] Edeline, already ill at the close of summer in 1868, could not take up his class again at the Lycée Bonaparte. He was sent to Algeria to recuperate and the Lycée of Algiers received him at the Prince's recommendation. He died there in the winter of 1868–69.

aide-de-camp in attendance and myself went with him for his morning walk, which was limited as a rule to the private garden of the Tuileries, and the terrace by the river. It was closed to the public when the Imperial family was in residence.

Sometimes the Prince rode a bicycle (then called a velocipede) up and down a narrow asphalt walk that ran from one gate to the other between the Pont Royal and the Place des Pyramides, at the point where the rue de Tuileries is to-day. Colonel d'Espeuilles, I remember, liked to vary this rather monotonous programme and delighted now and then to take the Prince out of these narrow bounds. I mention this because it has a certain importance. It was on these rare occasions, and only then, that the Prince had the opportunity of walking in the streets, unperceived and mingling with the crowd, of going into a shop to buy something with his own money. Nothing pleased him better, for he was a Parisian at heart, and accordingly a lover of the streets, and rather *badaud*, as we all were. Some people would recognise and salute him as he passed: never did any disagreeable incident occur.

On the stroke of nine, we were back and in the Council room, at the Emperor's door, which opened to let the boy go to his father to say good morning; after which he went to embrace his mother also. Then he would come back down the little stair that connected the Emperor's suite with that of the Empress, and rejoin us in the Council room. Sometimes he would go out through the other end of the suite, passing through the room where the Emperor's *chef du cabinet*, M. Conti, used to work, and that belonging to M. Franceschini Pietri, the private secretary, for whom he already had a warm friendship. As he passed he would caress or tease Tita, M. Pietri's little dog, which looked on him with particular distrust, not without reason. We would end by catching him and hurrying to his study. Then followed two hours of work, which brought him to

His Majesty The Emperor (1865).

From a Photograph taken (with its frame) from the rooms of the Prince Imperial, September 4th, 1870. In the collection of M. l'Abbé Misset.

luncheon, served in the playing-room by his old maître d'hôtel, M. Agasse, who had seen several dynasties pass away, and whose memoirs would be good reading if he has ever had the time or the inclination to write them.

At two o'clock, the Prince went out in a carriage or on horseback until four. Sometimes when the weather was suitable he went skating in the Bois de Boulogne, where he found his parents engaged in the same exercise.

From four o'clock to half-past six, the Prince and Conneau did their tasks side by side at their twin tables. Then came dressing for dinner, which was fixed in theory for seven o'clock, but which certain circumstances that none of us understood sometimes held back for an hour or even longer. When dinner began at the proper hour, there remained a pretty long time to fill up until the Prince took leave of his parents for the night. How were we to occupy and amuse the boys without making the first salon in France appear like a recreation room? The music that the inmates of the château could offer at this period was not very attractive. Political or worldly conversations were hardly suited to the Prince's years, any more than the games of patience in which the Emperor loved to isolate himself, the better, I imagine, to indulge in his private meditations. When we found nothing better to do, we used to play hide and seek in the Throne room, which was separated from the drawing room by an open door, and for our game we used to make use of that imposing and venerable article of furniture, the symbol of old and new greatness, the target of unbridled passions from without. We used to say one to the other, "Look out! you'll bring the throne down!" And everybody would laugh.

The Prince, besides the daily dinners that brought together at the Imperial table only their Majesties' personal staff and his own, a score of people all told, was present at family dinners and at certain great civil or military dinners which took place in the Gallery of Diana. His costume on

these occasions consisted of a blouse and loose breeches of black velvet, whose sombre hue was relieved by a deep white collar, a little red tie with floating ends, and silk stockings of the same colour. He was charming in this, and I shrank from the moment I saw approaching when he would have to wear the black coat with which he was threatened by his Governor, who was eager to have him grown up as soon as possible.

III.

I have said that the Abbé Deguerry had been entrusted with his religious education. As the time for the first Communion drew near, his visits and his instructions to the Prince became more frequent. The Curé of the Madeleine was an imposing and unusual figure. I think he was about the same age as the century. When he was quite young he had been chaplain to the Dauphine, and his beauty was a by-word in the Court. With his blue eyes, his fair curling hair, swept back as though by a gust of wind, he had, I was told by an eye-witness, the air of an archangel. Under Louis Philippe all society flocked to hear his preaching. A famous incident made him conspicuous at the outset of the Imperial epoch. Louis Napoléon returning from that presidential tour in which his speech at Bordeaux had been the culminating point, had followed the line of the boulevards, in the midst of an immense crowd, and was about to pass the Madeleine to re-enter the Elysée, when the doors of the church opened to their widest, and preceded by the Cross, and followed by his clergy, the Curé came down the steps in procession and brought the felicitations and the benediction of the Church to him whom France already regarded as Emperor.

Few manifestations at the time were more talked of or more significant in the eyes of many people; it meant the

adhesion of the clergy to the new régime. And so it depended on the Abbé Deguerry himself to become one of the favourites of the empire, but he preferred his cure of the Madeleine to the finest bishopric, and only asked to remain in his place.

It was a great satisfaction to give him a proof of the highest esteem in confiding to him the religious education of the Prince. By his past as a priest, and as an orator, he was worthier than any other to fulfil this mission. The archangel had grown old; the fair hair was silvered; but he had all the greater air for that, and bore himself among greatness as in his native sphere. He enveloped the Prince with the sardonic fatherly glance of his blue eyes, so penetrating and, sometimes, so acute and piercing, and he enlivened the catechism with anecdotes, finely and elegantly related, after the manner of the prelates of olden times.

When the time of the first Communion was near, he gave a more serious character to his lessons, which up till then had been *causeries*. During the three days before the ceremony the Abbé Deguerry celebrated Mass every day in the little private chapel belonging to the Empress, and there, in her Majesty's presence, preached the Retreat to the young Prince and his friend. We had suspended other tasks, put aside frivolous distractions, created about the Prince an atmosphere of silence and of contemplation, in order to concentrate all his thoughts on the important act before him.

On the other hand, we were studying the ceremonial followed in the same circumstances under the ancient monarchy, going back as far as the first Communion of the Duke of Burgundy, Louis the Fourteenth's grandson.

The day came at last: May 8th, 1868. The chapel of the Tuileries was hung with crimson velvet with gold fringe, and fragrant with lilac and roses. The Emperor and Empress had taken their places in the choir on the right of the altar. The Princes and Princesses of the Imperial

family, the members of the household of the Emperor and the Empress, with some privileged persons, filled the nave. The Mass was said by Monsignor Tirmarche, the Bishop of Arras. The Archbishop of Paris, Monsignor Darboy, Grand Almoner of France, took up the ceremony at the moment of consecration, and after exhorting the Prince, ended with an eloquent prayer that placed the boy under divine protection.

"And now, O Lord, take possession of this young soul, so precious for so many reasons. He believes in Thee, O infallible Truth, but increase his faith. He adores Thee, O absolute Perfection: give him to offer worship more worthy of Thy Majesty. He has set his hope in Thee, O most Pitiful: may his hope be fortified and enable him to remain constantly fixed upon heavenly things. He loves Thee, O Goodness Infinite: may his love for Thee increase and inspire his every feeling and every resolve! He has set before him to remain ever faithful and devoted to Thee: keep him, Lord, keep him safe, and may the visit with which to-day Thou honourest him, be the foretaste and the pledge of his happiness in Time and in Eternity!"

The Prince Imperial then knelt on the first step of the altar and received the Eucharist, while General Frossard and Prince Joachim Murat, assisted by a chaplain and a grand vicar of the Almonry, held before him the Communion cloth. When the Prince had returned to his prie-Dieu, the Archbishop spoke again. In this second part of his address, he had as it were a terrifying and fleeting vision of the dangers that might assail the Prince at his entry into life. Read to-day, in the light of subsequent events, this passage appears mournfully prophetic.

"Your youth touches me, your future fills me with concern; beyond the peace and felicity of your early years that now unfold tranquilly amid genius and courage, grace and kindness, your destiny appears to me with some of its storms and conflicts. The walls of this chapel recede and disappear to my eyes, and behind you I perceive all France

with half a century of her history. This austere vision inspires in my heart as a bishop and a Frenchman feelings and prayers, in which I will dare to say sympathy and respect, tenderness and devotion, are mingled."

Then driving away sombre images and cruel fears, the prelate reassured himself and his august hearers by the thought of the invincible strength the Prince would draw from his close union with God and with His Church. And he brought to a close the second part of his address, like the first, by a prayer instinct with serene confidence.

The same evening, at five o'clock, in the same chapel and before the same persons, the Archbishop administered to the Prince the Sacrament of Confirmation.

From my place in the back of the chapel, I could not see what was passing in the choir, but I observed the Prince closely before and after the ceremony. His attitude was grave, self-contained, respectful, all that could be desired and expected in such a situation. But if one considers that on that day the care to behave correctly and not to fall into any mistakes must have blunted other impressions, one will find it natural that in the midst of that pomp and that chilling etiquette, the Prince, having his part to play under so many eyes, should have felt an emotion which could not be mistaken for religious. Besides, neither on that day, nor during the whole course of his religious instruction, had any word ever been spoken that could open up in him the deep and secret springs of religious feeling. Why should I not speak of it at this point? We are here touching upon a peculiarity of the Prince's psychological life that to my mind differentiates him from the men of his time. He knew nothing, at the age when many children feel it, of that mystical exaltation that often accompanies adolescence. But at the moment when so many others, after a longer or shorter conflict, turn their backs upon the belief of their early years, he was brought, without a crisis and by the spontaneous development of his intellectual powers, to

embrace those beliefs more closely, because he felt that without them he could not understand himself and fulfil his mission. A wonderful sight, and one of the rarest and most interesting that I could present to the readers of this book. It will come in its moment, but I wished to foreshadow it.

IV.

The presence of the Prince at the Saint Charlemagne fête of the Lycée Bonaparte having been marked by no disagreeable incident, Victor Duruy, in conjunction with the Governor, conceived the idea of bringing him a second time in contact with the youth of the university, by taking him to the distribution of prizes for the Concours général. Accordingly we came up from Fontainebleau, where the Court then was, and where the Prince had till then continued his studies, and went to the Sorbonne where the Minister with the academic authorities awaited the Prince. From our first entry into the hall—that great hall of the old Sorbonne that I knew so well and to which I was attached by precious memories, still fresh—I felt that the presence of the Emperor's son was casting a shadow on that youthful gathering, so prone, nevertheless, on such occasions to warm enthusiasm. The applause of the professors had something constrained about it; the Rector Mourier, turning uneasy eyes from one side to the other, was painful to see. However, at first all went off well. The references to the Prince's presence, contained in the Latin Speech and in that of the Minister, were duly honoured. It was plain that in spite of the veiled hostile prejudice of a section of the spectators, the personal popularity of the Minister, the simple happy air of the Prince, his charm, and the good grace with which he received the prize-winners who had been brought to him, had produced their effect and put an end to an awkward moment. Then it was announced that the

second prize for Greek translation was awarded to young Cavaignac. We all applauded heartily: the Prince rose with a smile ready to embrace him. Those who set their country above their own party notions thought for a moment that they were about to see the Republic and the Empire embrace each other in the person of the son of Cavaignac and the son of Napoleon III. What a noble farewell to a past of rancour and hatred! What a magnificent augury for liberty restored! But political passions know no forgiveness. Madame Cavaignac, seated in the front of one of the galleries, half rose to her feet, and with an imperious look, nailed the youth upon his form. Then the plaudits changed their tone; they assumed an insolent, aggressive character, and were prolonged with painful emphasis.

When we got back to Fontainebleau, the Emperor and the Empress had already heard of the incident. The Prince was never again exposed to possible adventures of this kind.

On his return from his vacation, spent, as in the previous year, at Biarritz, he took up work with a new master, this time from the Lycée of Vanves, M. Cuvillier, professor of the fifth form. The general had heard it said that a good deal of time was lost at school: it was quite true. He hoped that by doing away with certain unnecessary courses the Prince would cover in three years the ground that our ordinary scholars get over toilsomely in seven or eight. The first year had been preparatory; in the second, M. Cuvillier would give him his grammar course; the third year was reserved for the humanities, under M. Poyart, of the Lycée Napoleon, one of the most amiable, the most distinguished and most conscientious masters the university could supply at the time. To carry out this programme, which would have brought the Prince to a level with his contemporaries and allowed him time to study science, living languages were assigned to special masters; Greek was cast overboard, not a very great misfortune, for from this time and long before the present regrettable disorganization of

our system of secondary education, our students were already very poor Hellenists. The plan was by no means a bad one, but the general had counted too much upon the Prince's zeal and powers of work. The boy had had some difficulty in following Edeline's course, and had still more with those of M. Cuvillier and M. Poyart. He never knew at what level he stood, and those two gentlemen would themselves have found it hard to say. The more or less real rivalry with his fellows at the Lycée had vanished; no more weekly compositions to keep the Imperial scholar in training and allow us to measure his progress. Very soon we were forced to realise the defects of the system started in 1867, the chief of which lay in the too frequent changes in the guidance of his studies. The master disappeared at the moment when he was beginning to have real authority and had accustomed the Prince to his method. I understood then that there is no middle way between solitary education and education in common with others. Both have their advantages, but an attempt to combine them involves the risk of seeing those advantages neutralise each other.

The most faulty teaching system may give excellent results if the master finds in the pupil willingness to learn and the necessary capacity. Now neither this willingness nor this capacity was as yet apparent in our pupil. Kept back a long time among the repelling dryness that makes the path of ancient and modern grammars bristle with obstacles, he could not guess—not even he who was so well fitted to understand the genius of Rome!—all that the Latin world could offer him in the way of instruction, of delight, and of emotion. His disgust for the elements to which we were obliged to keep him, and whose ultimate goal he never suspected, became a regular nausea. When, in order to reanimate his interest, I did my best to make him foresee the discoveries that were near at hand, wide horizons soon to be descried, his blue eyes

became vague and lustreless, with that distressed look that comes from non-comprehension. I then used to have doubts as to the intellectual future of this boy, charming and good and pure as he was. Was he going to prove inferior to his destiny? . . . . These doubts, these anguished perturbations shall I rather call them, I confided to no one, not even to General Frossard, who perhaps felt them on his part, but never spoke of them to me.

I would still say nothing now about them if the extraordinary blossoming of that backward intelligence between sixteen and eighteen had not replaced my long uneasiness by a deep joy into which, as will be seen, no personal pride could enter.

I should have liked to know at that time a story that Madame Cornu told me at Chislehurst several years later. It related to the time when Philippe Lebas, the tutor of Napoleon III, had taken leave of his charge and left Arenenburg delighted with the thought of "eating chicken wings at home at last." Prince Louis Napoleon was having a walking tour in the Alps and the little comrade of his childhood was walking with him. She congratulated him on being freed from his tutor and having finished his studies.

"Finished my studies!" exclaimed the young man (he was then eighteen). "Finished my studies!" he repeated sadly. "But they are not even begun. *I know nothing at all.*"

Everyone knows how Napoleon III. made up for the neglect or incapacity of his instructors. Perhaps in spite of his patient efforts, and in particular his studies at the "University of Ham," he never succeeded in doing so. The Prince fortunately awakened out of his sluggishness earlier. When Madame Cornu told me that story, I was already reassured, for it was the time when a brilliant sudden outburst of light replaced the half darkness in which he had languished so long.

But I am afraid of decrying the boy too much in order to extol the adolescent and the young man. Was it not we who were wrong in offering the eaglet our classical culture, our school ideals, made for us citizens, and for our sons? Is it not well that we should have failed to run a Bonaparte into this narrow mould?

In the midst of this inertia, which distressed me deeply, the promise of future energy displayed itself. The Prince had revealed himself an artist the very first day he had a pencil in his hand and a sheet of paper before him. The first time I happened to be present at the improvisation of one of those innumerable sketches that he dashed off, as one might say, I was deeply impressed to see that his method was purely instinctive, like that of my dear and renowned Henri Regnault, my comrade at the Lycée Napoleon, whom I so often watched as he drew, in 1859 and 1860. Both began with a shoe, the handle of a fan, a bayonet point, an outstretched arm, a dog's tail. And that with a line that was clean, certain, unbroken, and that knew exactly where it was going. You might have said they were tracing upon a print of a very finished and very decided work. The reason was that they evoked in their mind the images of various things in the smallest details, posed them, settled them in place, arranged a picture with them. And yet, upon any suggestion, they would readily introduce a new detail in the picture, or even turn its whole arrangement upside down, when it was half executed. This astonishing gift which characterised the Prince, the memory of contours and colours, was perhaps one of the reasons that made it hard for him to attain a knowledge of spelling. When a word was pronounced to him, he saw in his mind's eye the man or the thing, and not a printed word.

When the Prince posed for Carpeaux, who represented him with the Emperor's dog, Nero, and reproduced as no other sculptor of the day could have done the softness,

the exquisite smoothness, the suave grace of the lines and the smiling charm of those childish features, the Prince interested himself in his work, and wished to understand its processes; then, taking a lump of clay, he began to model it. What came from his busy fingers has been preserved; a sketch no doubt, and one that he was incapable of finishing, but a sketch in which there was already movement, life, feeling—a grenadier which, when looked at from a distance or in a dim light, is as startling in its truth as the tragic sketches of Raffet.

He loved to draw caricatures, and that was where his talent, wholly spontaneous and instinctive (he never had a single lesson before he was eighteen, and I shall tell later how he was brought to begin), showed itself to most advantage, because there his technical ignorance disappeared in the exaggerations proper to this kind of drawing, and also because he found there the opportunity for showing that tendency towards raillery which developed day by day, and which would have made him a mocker to be feared, if this gift had not been tempered with good nature and restrained by the sense of what was fitting. Those who had the honour to be admitted into the Empress's circle of friends know to what an extent—at the time when she could still be gay, that is to say, when she still had with her those who were dear to her—she possessed a true and lively sense of the ridiculous. What is less known, I fancy, is that the Emperor delighted in hoaxes, or, as he himself called them, "bonne farces." In their son this comic sense was grafted upon the artistic sense. The true caricaturist must be a realist and an idealist, for caricature is made up of observation and idealisation, both together and in equal proportions, idealisation in ugliness. The Prince seized a likeness, and by exaggerating, brought out the dominant feature of a face, the habitual gesture, the favourite attitude, the revealing trick that often gives the key to a personality.

His caricatures are "speaking" ones in the most literal sense, and when I look at those which have remained in my hands, I immediately hear the phrase that was always in the mouth of the original, the typical phrase he meant to suggest to me. Readers will presently see how he represented M. Thiers as Napoleon, held aloft upon a shield by the old parties. This drawing belongs to a later epoch, but even before 1870 his pencil had a sting. Did he spare me? Perhaps we shall one day see emerging from a portfolio preserved by General Conneau some comic likeness that the Prince drew of his tutor while the latter unwittingly posed for it, counting up with a distressed air the mistakes of an exercise or the blunders in a translation. Or perhaps there will be seen, side by side in the same drawing, the Governor with knitted brows and the smiling tutor, and, written below, the antithesis that then amused our critics; "The iron hand and the velvet glove."

The Prince made caricatures also in his own person. His talents for mimicry manifested themselves early. One evening at the Tuileries the company were discussing as to which of his parents the Prince resembled—a thorny question for courtiers and even for sincere friends. As for me, I have never been able to trace between father and son more than an acquired and artificial likeness, that likeness which springs from community of aspirations and habits, while some of his features recalled his mother's, and his face, at certain moments, reproduced that of the Empress as faithfully as the difference in their ages and sex allowed. But that evening, as opinions were divided, they agreed upon a mixed solution which it seemed must be the most agreeable to both the father and the mother. "So then," said the Prince roguishly, "it's papa on the right, and mamma on the left?" And amused by this burlesque idea, which was a *reductio ad absurdum* of the conclusion adopted by the company, he set to work to realise it in concrete fashion in his own person: on one side, stiffening his features, quench-

ing the bright eye, he pulled absentmindedly at the point of an imaginary moustache; and on the other side he tried to reproduce the gracious animation of his mother's face, the beautiful smile, the glowing look. Everybody laughed greatly. It was the success of an artist and, above all, of a close observer.

From that time there were in him things hidden from us, dormant faculties that awaited their ripe hour for springing into life. One day I heard the Emperor reply to someone who was paying him exaggerated compliments upon the Prince: "He has good sense." The phrase was not so modest as it seems, for to Napoleon III. good sense was the sovereign quality and the quality of a sovereign. Yes, the Prince was sensible, he always was, though at first in a somewhat negative manner. He never let fall any of those absurdities that come from even the most gifted children, and when they were said before him, as happened sometimes, even in the case of grown up people, he said nothing, but I knew his disapprobation by a kind of chill look that spread over his young face and darkened it. His submission to an arbitrary command differed from his submission to one that was explained to him, and the reason for which he saw. He loved to ask questions, but only on certain matters that attracted him specially. Then his insistence knew no bounds, but still it was mingled with an incomprehensible lack of attention. We despaired of directing his curiosity into the channels we desired. His little humming noise like a wandering bee, his glancing eyes that turned here and there on every side, made us believe in a perpetual absentmindedness or in a radical inability to fix his mind on a definite object. And yet there was nothing of the kind: he repeated word for word, after several years had passed, things I had said to him and that I had forgotten.

In reality, the ways of his brain eluded us; they were not under our control. Did he observe? Did he reflect? Did

he enter into relation with ideas or objects by swift intuitions? We never knew, and this work that was going on in him was a mystery to us. Slowly and in silence the man grew up under the child. While we were trying to teach him a little grammar, he was learning life. Adversity finished the work. And so when one day he was revealed to us, he was already formed, ready for action.

CHAPTER IV

FRIENDSHIPS. HIS AMUSEMENTS

Boarding school and college life offer the boy of ordinary rank a wide field in which he can follow his preferences and his predilections, and attach himself freely where he pleases. It could not be so with the Emperor's son. Circumstances imposed his first comrades upon him; among them he chose his final friendships. Discreetly, modestly, some of those early playmates withdrew themselves from his life; others on the contrary imposed themselves on him in spite of the absence of any natural affinity, and succeeded in exerting a strong influence in making themselves useful, almost indispensable.

The Duc de Huescar, the Empress' nephew and brother to the two young duchesses of whom I have already spoken, was the Prince's nearest relative, but while a stream of common ideas may flow from a child to a grown man, it is more difficult to establish a relation between the child and the youth eager to establish his claim to manhood. The imperial family counted among its members three boys near the Prince in years, Joseph Primoli,[1] Napoleon Roccagiovine, both like himself grandnephews of the founder of the dynasty,[2]

[1] The Count Primoli of to-day, whose brilliant wit is so well known in the highest society of Paris.

[2] The Prince had another cousin, Roland Bonaparte, but Prince Pierre, his father, was living in retirement, and this circumstance kept the Prince Imperial from knowing a relative whose distinguished qualities he would, I am sure, have appreciated.

and Joachim Murat, great-grandson of the King of Naples. The first two lived in Italy. The third was at the Tuileries nearly every Sunday, and shared the amusements of the Prince, who was deeply attached to him. No day was good, no battle real without "Chino" as young Prince Murat was called.

The oldest among these friends of his early years was Tristan Lambert, son of Baron Lambert, who was one of the wittiest and most amiable men at court, and the son, though very unlike him, profited by his father's universal popularity.

Tristan Lambert, by temperament ultra-monarchical, had even then the passion for the legitimate line to which he returned afterwards. With very definite ideas, too definite indeed, and religious convictions infinitely respectable but slightly intolerant, he had an originality that amused the Prince and a good-humour which enabled him to play with boys ten or twelve years his junior, and even to allow them to plague him a little. The name of Tristan Lambert recalls the Labédoyère boys, his friends and cousins. Laurent and Jean Labédoyère, sons of the Comtesse de Labédoyère, who married as her second husband Edgar Ney, Prince de la Moskowa, sometimes came to the Tuileries, where they were always welcome, but neither of them was of the same age as the Prince and they could not share his games.

Bizot's position was a thing apart. He was the Prince's senior by seven or eight years, and when his mother was in attendance on the Imperial baby, he had been the first, or one of the first, to show him pictures, to explain his toys to him, to play with him while looking after him, the child mentor of a younger child. This part suited him excellently, for he was goodhearted, staunch, cheerful, full of imagination and intelligence. While I was with the Prince he came once to salute him as a Saint Cyrien cadet. I could not, of course, have formed an opinion of him from that short visit. But I had had him as my pupil when I took the place of the professor of rhetoric at the Lycée Napoléon,

during my third year at the École Normale. It was then that I had been able to appreciate his gay and sympathetic nature, his keen and brilliant intelligence, which had been as successful in classics as it was to be distinguished in scientific and military studies. The young Prince had retained a real affection for his earliest friend. When he was twenty, that distance in years which had separated them seemed to vanish or at least lessened greatly. The child and the youth had had nothing to say to each other: as young men they found each other on a level footing, and Bizot made one in that trio of soldiers which was so dear to him, which recurs so often in his letters, and was in his thoughts till his very last day: Bizot, Conneau, Espinasse.

Since his name has come to my pen, I shall here give myself the pleasure of evoking the personality of the gallant little man of fourteen that General Espinasse was at this time. He was the son of another General Espinasse who had distinguished himself by his talents and his courage in our wars, as well as by his intelligent energy in the Ministry of the Interior, where Napoleon III had placed him on guard immediately after the Orsini outrage of January 14, 1858. His mother was that charming woman whom Parisian Society knew for so long by the side of Princess Mathilde, witty and cordial as she whom she helped to do the honours of Saint Gratien and the mansion in the Rue de Berry. Young Espinasse was a happy combination of the brave or attractive qualities he inherited. His comrades, the Prince among them, gave him with our approval a kind of authority, which he wielded with good sense, good nature, and good temper, for everything about him was good: his mind, his heart, his manners. And withal he had a little grain of lovable and merry gasconade in the vein of d'Artagnan or of Cyrano, which gave piquancy to the goodness.

On Sunday, immediately after Mass, the little band came together about the Prince. There were, besides Louis Conneau, the two sons of General Fleury, Maurice and

Adrien, the two sons of Baron Corvisart, Pierre de Bourgoing, whose father, equerry to the Emperor and deputy of la Nièvre, organised a regiment of mounted Gardes Mobiles during the war, Maxime Frossard, and Louis de la Poëze, whose father, the honorary chamberlain, represented the district of les Sables d'Olonne in the Corps Legislatif, and whose mother was one of the ladies of the palace whom the Empress liked best to have about her.

These boys, who brought the Prince into contact with the life outside the palace and who carried to him some echo of it, were a sufficiently true picture of our aristocratic and middle-class France of the period. Different natures, temperaments, vocations rubbed shoulders among them. Most of them dreamed of epaulets and a soldier's life. One, however, was already adopting the air of a diplomat; another, the ways of a jolly medical student; yet another was already enamoured of the elegant luxury of high life; another, an honest plodder, was preparing to become an engineer; another, gentle and modest, was devoting himself in advance to the peaceful but useful existence of the gentleman farmer; one loved art, another algebra; a third talked nothing but horses; a fourth took no interest in anything but the theatre. Lastly, a final difference was the accent of the provinces whence they came, a certain savour of the soil, more or less fused in that eclecticism of Paris, much more strongly marked and more absorbing then than to-day, precisely because Paris then had a centre, and that centre was situated where these brilliant and happy boys assembled.

The Prince had passed the age for leaden soldiers. But I don't think he ever had a taste for them. At any rate, I hardly found a trace of them in his cupboards. A grenadier at eight months, corporal at two years, how could he have been interested in regiments that wage war on a table and are made to march with a ruler or a paper-knife? His friend Conneau told him how, during his holidays in Corsica, he had organised into a little army the boys of the pictur-

M. & A. Fleury.

S. & G. Corvisart.

P. de Bourgoing.

M. Frossard.

From photographs in the possession of M. l'Abbé Misset. The signed photograph of the Prince Imperial was given by him to General Frossard, his Governor.

esque village of La Porta. He had had himself photographed on horseback at the head of his troops, and I don't know if there was not some vague feeling of envy in the grave critical attention with which the young Prince contemplated his friend's "army." Yes, indeed! That was something like playing at soldiers, that was!

Thus on Sundays the Tuileries afforded as faithful a picture of war as could be. A little fort had been constructed at the end of the terrace beside the river, on the plateau that commands the Place de la Concorde. One party would attack, the other would defend, and the Governor himself, when he was there, would bestir himself to give the operations a scientific character that turned the game into a veritable lesson. But it had always to come to hand-to-hand fighting, and at these moments, as I have already foreshadowed, it became very difficult, nearly impossible, to moderate the Prince's excitement, for he was then all in a fever and his blood boiled. However, I do not recall any serious incident.

Each of these boys had his faults, which we knew well enough, and on which it is unnecessary to dwell, for it is not their story I am writing, nor is it their psychology that concerns us. But I must do them justice where they deserve it: they never put difficulties in our way. Far from that, we could always count on their help to calm the Prince and to keep the game from ceasing to be a game. Young as they were, they never lost the respect due to their august comrade, or the right appreciation of the situation. I confess frankly that I marvelled at them. I asked myself if grown men would have always been able to keep themselves in their proper places, to give fisticuffs with restraint and prudence, to receive them without ill humour and without anger. What lessons in behaviour, precious beyond what could have been expected, for the Prince, for his young friends, for the onlookers, were to be had from this little Sunday republic at the Tuileries.

II.

The Prince Imperial worshipped his parents. There was no need for me to re-read the affectionate letters he wrote them as soon as he was able to write, to know that the hours he spent with them were among the best of his childhood. Now those hours were many more than one would imagine, when one thinks of all the duties which sovereignty imposed on the Empress as well as the Emperor. I was astonished and deeply touched on my arrival at the palace to see how close and unrelaxing an intimacy bound the child to his father and his mother. This intimacy was just as complete as in modest Parisian families where all the members are constantly thrown together by the smallness of the home: it was much greater than in wealthy families, whose sons are shut up in public schools, often at a distance that forbids them even to spend Sunday under the paternal roof. At the Tuileries, the Prince saw his parents for several hours every day, and at other residences he was nearly always with them. They were told of the most trivial incidents in his schoolboy life and took as deep an interest in it as if they had nothing else to think of. At the least sign of indisposition, the Empress was at his side, and would let no one else have the task of watching over his health.

She was not less interested in his education. Her views on this matter were very sensible, very broad, and for the time very novel; she was far in advance of the rather backward pedagogy of General Frossard. So far, it was hard to say how the Prince would grow up. Was there not some danger in that military discipline with which he was surrounded and which ran the risk of curbing him, paralysing the development of his powers? It was all very well, said the Empress, to furnish his mind, to familiarise him with the Greeks and the Romans. But was it not still more essential

to awake a spirit of initiative in one who in time would have to "will" for millions of human beings? Before him every obstacle glided away, doors opened of themselves; he was spared the trouble of thinking, foreseeing, even of desiring. Every minute had its foreordained occupation: he himself did not dispose of a single one, and he went through a day regulated by others, as the hand of a clock, moved by the works inside, makes the round of the dial. That is why he used to walk like one in a dream, without looking at his feet, without looking in front of him. He would have fallen in any hole, would have broken his nose against a wall, if nobody had been there to hold him back.

However, there is an education of character and will as there is an education of the intelligence, and for whom is this more essential than for a prince?

I was won over beforehand to these ideas, and did my best to give them effect, but revolution and exile were needed before they became the chief directors in the education of the Prince Imperial.

One can learn from books everything, except life. And how does one learn to know life? By watching the actions of others, and by one's own action. The hour of this latter had not yet arrived, and the lesson of the first was continually lost to him by reason of the curtain that was in a manner always drawn between his eyes and the world of reality, so that up to the year 1870 he lived in a state of illusion—he could see neither men nor things just as they are. One day the Empress said to me, "Has he any idea of wretchedness? Does he even know what a poor man is?" She knew well enough, she who every week for so many years visited the most sordid dwellings in the poorest quarters.[1] She would gladly have taken the Prince on these charitable expeditions, as she took her nieces. I suggested it to the General, who listened

[1] See on this subject the curious and touching details given in Souvenirs de la Cour des Tuileries by Madame Carette, who frequently had the honour of accompanying the Empress on these visits.

coldly and spoke of the dangers that might arise. The Prince did not visit the poor, and continued to study modern life in the pages of *De Viris* and Cornelius Nepos. He knew none of the valuable lessons of charity, which would have been so good for his intelligence and for his heart.

Two or three times it happened that some beggar, bolder or more cunning than the others, found his way to him and touched him by heartrending tales which very likely would not have endured the criticism of any experienced person. The boy always hastened to his drawers, took all the money that he found there (he had no notion of its value), and poured it into the hands of the beggar, who would hurry away to the nearest wineshop, delighted at the windfall.

III.

Never was the Prince happier than when at the camp at Châlons. He was taken there at an extremely early age, and finding himself in the midst of soldiers, himself clad in uniform, he imagined that he was sharing their life, because once or twice he happened to taste their rations. Needless to say that on their side the soldiers had the greatest delight in seeing him, and that they admired above all his fine seat on horseback.

Shall I count riding among the Prince's pleasures or his tasks? He continued to go several times a week to the riding school and "work" there under the watchful eyes of old Bachon. For it was important not to let him lose the exact and elegant correctness of attitude of which his teacher was so proud and which everybody remarked at all the reviews when the Prince appeared by his father's side. I have never heard the Prince complain of the length of those lessons which I thought rather tiresome. In any case at that time I never saw him fatigued or averse from any physical exercise.

I do not think he took up shooting before 1870, or that he had the slightest leanings towards it. And in fact the way in which this sport was conducted left very little room for the initiative or the skill of the gun, for his presence of mind or his quick eye to display themselves. I cannot tell if the Prince would have acquired a taste for this inglorious massacre, this Saint Bartholomew of deer and of pheasants. On the other hand, he revelled in hunting, the scene of which was the delightful forest of Compiègne, lovelier than ever in those late days of autumn, when the hoar-frost sparkled on the embrowned foliage. Those who have ever been in at the death of a stag at the pools of Saint Pierre, under the clear crimson of a sky lit by the setting sun, will understand that such a scene must have stirred the artist soul that slumbered within the Prince, and that we almost feared to awaken too frequently. Hunting combined for him two pleasures: a horse and danger. If the word danger makes the reader smile, I will remind him that in 1868, at one of these hunts, the stag, too closely pressed, charged the Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII.) and knocked over horse and man; which did not fail to cause us a good deal of uneasiness.

I was about to forget that hunting offered another attraction to my pupil. He was not at all insensible to the delight of donning the handsome costume taken from the hunting traditions of the old *régime*: a green coat of old French cut, white breeches, jack boots, a gold-laced cocked hat. This dress, which he had worn from an early age, became him extremely. For all these reasons together, hunting gave him great pleasure; that is why the General saw in it an excellent way of keeping him in hand: "If M. Filon is not satisfied with your work, you shall not go hunting to-day." I knew that it was a heavy punishment, and I could not swear that I did not occasionally pretend a satisfaction I did not feel, in order to set the young hunter at liberty. But the terrible penalty was one day decreed and carried out

in all its rigours. I do not now recollect what peccadillo had called it forth, but I remember the distress the Prince felt. I write "felt" on purpose, not "displayed," for he had a strong control over his feelings even as a boy. He shut his lips tightly as though to prevent any complaint or cry. One tear, only one, and it did not come beyond the eyelid. Those who saw it could not have said if it sprang from grief or from anger. Indeed, it was neither: it was the sense of the injustice of which he thought himself a victim.

I will add another word that will show both the Prince's delicate tact and his profound sense of discipline. In those moments of vexation, he never allowed a word against his Governor to escape before me. And yet I felt certain that he had perfect confidence in me and looked on me as a friend. But he knew that I owed obedience to the Governor, as a captain does to his colonel or a colonel to his general, and he would not reduce me to a painful dilemma between my duty and my affection.

IV.

I never went with the Prince on any of his travels, but I have gathered some echoes of them, partly from his own lips, partly from those who were in his suite. I was tempted to pity, in my secret heart, the poor boy, condemned to listen to tiresome harangues, to receive bouquets, to undergo embraces, to simulate an interest in a thousand things he did not understand. Instead of that freedom of movement, I said to myself, which was the joy of holiday travel for us ordinary boys, what constraint! What weariness! I could see him between two embroidered coats who hid things from him with an air of showing them. To bow, smile, give his hand right or left, with the perpetual fear of mixing up names or titles, of taking a rector for a prefect and a president of the court of appeal for a receiver-general: that was his part in these official tourings, and I knew that in him

vanity was not strongly enough developed to find in popular acclamation a sufficient compensation for the slavery, the fatigues, and annoyances of his calling as a Prince. But he was so accustomed to the narrow round in which his life was contained that these travels had still some attractions for him; they broke the monotony of his schoolboy existence, exempted him from some exercises and tasks, initiated him into new matters some of which he found interesting. He liked talking of his visit to Bar-le-Duc and to Nancy, when he had gone to Lorraine with his mother, for the centenary of the annexation. Of his voyage to Cherbourg and to Brest, where he had gone in 1868 with his Governor, he recalled chiefly his visit to the *Borda* which had pleased him greatly. But he was really happy in 1869, when he went with the Empress to Corsica, to be present at the fêtes for the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Napoleon. On the way he made the acquaintance of the second city of France, those Lyonnais to whom his grandfather had said, "I love you," to whom his father had said, "Love me!" At Toulon, his Governor had given him a course of military history on the spot, and evoked in all its varying phases that memorable siege which had been Napoleon's second birth, his entry into the world of military success and glory. "He already knew a great deal about it," said the General to me. "Once or twice he broke in and finished what I was saying. I was stupefied . . . and delighted!" At Ajaccio, whither all Corsica had betaken itself, in the midst of the wild popular enthusiasm that leaped and gleamed about him like a conflagration, the boy kindled and gave those who were about him a first revelation of that ardent, passionate nature, framed to influence crowds and draw them after it, which was his real nature, but of which as yet we had no notion. Every eye was upon him; an electric current ran from his spirit to the spirit of Corsica. The day he visited the house where the great man was born, when attempts were made to keep back

the people, who pressed with loud hurrahs against the walls of the modest building: "Pooh!" said the Prince; "let them come in, they belong to the family!" No words could describe the delirious joy of that mass of humanity, already vibrating with passion, on which that speech fell like a spark upon a heap of powder. With one cry, with one rush, they hurled themselves upon their Prince. The aide-de-camp who described the scene finished in these words: "I don't know how he got out alive!"

V.

During my three years in the Tuileries, I never accompanied the Prince to a Paris theatre. But if he did not go to the theatre, the theatre came to him. He must have heard, more than once, at Saint Cloud, at Fontainebleau, or at Compiègne, the excellent actors of the Comédie-Française, who styled themselves until Sunday, September 4, 1870, "players in ordinary to the Emperor," and who justified this title by transporting themselves wherever the Court happened to be, when their talents were put in requisition to increase the splendour or to help in the entertainment at some royal reception.

The Prince himself was seen on the boards at an early age. Towards the end of the *Commentaires de Cæsar*, the charming piece by the Marquis de Massa, which was received with applause at the Variétés, after delighting Compiègne, the Princesse de Metternich (the "commère" of the piece) going down to the footlights, repeated

Je vous ai retracé
Le Présent, le Passé,
Mais avant de finir
Je veux aussi vous montrer l'Avenir.

And the future appeared in the shape of the little boy grenadier of ten years singing his couplet.

Un grenadier est une rose
Qui brille de mille couleurs. . . .

The Prince's success can easily be imagined, the emotion, the "bravos," all the thoughts that such a scene must call forth. However, he gave no suspicion of the dramatic gifts with which a freak of nature had endowed him. I really do not know to which side of his ancestry to attribute them. For I do not think the Emperor ever acted, and as for the Empress, she denies ever having had any talent of the kind, though she played—and, I am told, excellently—in the *Portraits de la Marquise*, with Octave Feuillet himself as impresario and stage-manager. The Prince's talent lay not in elocution, but in his curious aptness for mimicking traits of personality, for caricature in action. I noted this one autumn evening in 1867 when, in a very small company, we were celebrating the Empress's fête with an improvised charade. We had only a dozen spectators, but the Emperor and the Empress were ready to be amused by our little impromptu, to whose gaiety the Prince, disguised as a little peasant, made no small contribution.

From that moment, the General's ambition was to display the Prince in a regular piece and before a regular audience. This ambition was at length realised in the carnival of 1870. The play was a pretty, harmless comedy by Labiche, *La Grammaire*, a recent success. A theatre was arranged in the playing room at the Pavillon de Flore. The General put together some couplets which the little actors were to come in front of the stage to sing, in order to give a livelier turn to the *dénouement*. M. Cohen, then chorus master at the Opéra, took on himself the task of accompanying the young artistes, for whom this musical part of their work could hardly be much trouble, for the General had adapted his poetry to the tune of the *Pompiers de Nanterre*, a café concert ditty which was in a fair way to become the popular air of the moment. As the Governor had insisted on himself overseeing every rehearsal, and as these rehearsals had taken place during the rare occasions when I left the château to see my family and my friends, I did not know how the little troupe would

acquit itself before the footlights, and I was not without some misgivings when the curtain went up. A numerous and brilliant audience, made up of the Imperial household and some personal friends, filled the great hall which before that evening had never seen, and will never again see, such a gathering. M. Cohen played an overture; there was a great silence, only disturbed by the rustling of programmes and the little noise of fans.

The play began, and I was speedily reassured. Pierre de Bourgoing, who in after life manifested a passionate taste for the theatre, played the part of a rogue of a footman, who buries all his broken crockery at the bottom of the garden, and so furnishes an inexhaustible mine for his master's archaeological burrowings. Maxime Frossard was turned into a shy young miss, in the usual Labiche vein, with Louis Conneau for a lover. The Prince and his friend Espinasse embodied Poitrinas and Caboussat, the two learned men of Étampes and Arpajon. Espinasse played with plenty of good humour and ease. The Prince, puffed up with self-importance, his head thrown back, uttering every word with pedantic emphasis, was perfect in naïve bombast and simple-minded charlatanry. My next neighbour said to me, "They're nearly as funny as Got and Régnier in Vadius and Trissotin!" That public of connoisseurs and blasé people laughed and applauded freely. The applause might have been flattery, but the laughter was spontaneous, and that laughter meant a real success.

CHAPTER V

THE WAR

I.

In that same year the Pavillon de Flore was the theatre of a very simple but very striking scene, of which I and Louis Conneau were the only spectators. It was the afternoon of May 9, 1870, the Prince was dreaming, bent over a dictionary, when the usher, opening the folding door, announced: "The Emperor. . . . the Empress!" The sovereigns were, indeed, coming forward through the next room, smiling and grave at the same time, their eyes fixed upon the Prince from a distance. The boy ran to meet them, and the Emperor held out a paper to him and said,

"Here, Louis, is the final result of the plébiscite!"

The Prince looked at the figures, and then set radiant eyes on his father, and for a moment both remained so. Once more the star of the Bonapartes was triumphing. The Empire was emerging from a crisis, consecrated by a new investiture, a liberal Empire, that is to say the future Empire of Napoleon IV. And I read clearly in the father's look this thought: "It is you, my boy, whom they acclaim; it is your throne that is rising upon these seven and a half million votes. France is with us."

He believed it, and he was not wrong in his belief. Friends or foes, all who were alive at that moment will say with me that the Empire was indestructible, but only

on condition that it plunged into no adventures. One thing only, a war, could have made a revolution possible. Now in two months' time we had war.

The Court was at Saint-Cloud, and never had a profounder peace reigned than when the first rumours of war broke out. I shall not here describe the different emotions through which we passed during the first days of July, now believing war to be imminent, and now that peace was assured. The Prince remained in a fashion outside these fluctuations of opinion and feeling. He eagerly longed for war, and when at length it was declared, especially when he knew that he was to join the Emperor, his delight was very keen. He avoided everybody whose grave looks or unwonted silence betrayed ideas differing from his own, to court the company of optimists and enthusiasts. I confess I was not one of these; and so he was less confidential with me than usual; but he had no lack of friends who encouraged and fed his excitement. His German professor made himself conspicuous by his zeal. His parents, he said, were at Mayence, and as the Prince would speedily make his triumphal entry into that city, he recommended them to his protection. These follies grieved those who judged the moment unfavourable for flourishes of the kind.

A little black box had been brought into the Prince's room, of the same kind as that allowed for the baggage of every sub-lieutenant. "There's my kit," he said to me; "all my things must go into that." I looked at Uhlmann, who was standing behind him. Uhlmann, an old cuirassier who had for some time been an usher in the Emperor's office, had been for more than a year his body-servant, and had speedily won his confidence. He was to follow the Prince to the army and was helping him in this little job of packing. A wink and a smile from the faithful valet informed me—as I had guessed—that the baggage of the Prince on campaign would not be confined to the little black box. But we were careful not to destroy the illusion that was so dear to him.

The Prince was present when the Emperor received the senators and deputies who came to bring him their enthusiastic good wishes, and their congratulations in anticipation. The sovereign uttered words of the utmost gravity, destined to put the nation and the army on their guard against any ill-considered outbursts. "We are entering upon a long and arduous war. . . ." I seem once more to hear those words uttered in a severe and, as it were, weary voice; I seem to see the expression of astonishment and even of anger that was depicted on certain faces as they heard. But it was only a passing cloud, and the Prince soon lost the impression of that moment. In that same Gallery of Diana where this memorable reception took place, that gallery full of admirable bronzes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, all destroyed in the burning of the palace some months later, an incident occurred that made a much greater impression on the Prince, but in a wholly different direction. It was at a great farewell dinner at which the whole court was assembled; we felt the atmosphere electric with warlike excitement; men, usually cool and collected, seemed ready to burst into shouts. At dessert, after champagne, above the conversation which the fever of the moment had carried to an unusual pitch, an air that we recognised from its first note, though we had not heard it for twenty years, broke out in all its triumphant energy: the Marseillaise, played by a band of the Guards A thrill ran through the room. What strange destiny has bound up those verses, a sheer delirium, if they are not grotesque bombast, with the sentiment of national glory and the keenest emotions of the French soul? I was deeply distressed by the idea of the war, but the Marseillaise carried me away, and while that music went on I believed that the impossible would happen. You may judge of the effect upon an impressionable, nervous boy, with feelings all the keener in that they succeeded long intervals of inertness. He was electrified, and from that very evening he used to sing

at the top of his voice in the park, with his friend and his girl cousins, the forbidden air that the palace was adopting after the streets. How did he come to know it? Who had taught it to him, that air which a fortnight before would have meant imprisonment for anyone who had tried to hum it in public? Most assuredly it was neither the General nor myself.

In the forenoon of July 28th, the Emperor and his son, with Prince Napoleon, entered the train that was to take them to Metz, and which had come to pick them up in the private park, near what was called the Orléans Gate. The Empress was there with Princess Clotilde. The ministers and the members of the personal suite made up the rest of those present, very few in number. The Emperor was impassive; the Empress mastered her emotion, and the Prince, radiant, in his modest but becoming uniform of a sub-lieutenant of infantry, which had replaced for good the grenadier's uniform, framed himself to the last minute in the wide window of the Imperial saloon, as if to leave a bright vision in the memory of us all. His last look was for his mother. The train moved off slowly, carrying with it the pallid, thoughtful face of Napoleon III., the gay, enthusiastic face of his son.

I went back on foot, talking with M. de Parieu. We were exchanging our forebodings when the carriage passed us, bringing back the Empress-Regent and Princess Clotilde. The Empress was weeping, her face covered with her hands.

II.

The Prince knew nothing or very little of the bitter surprises the Emperor found when he arrived at Metz. None of the materials on which he had counted to forestall the Germans in striking the first blow were there ready for him. As his whole plan depended on this initiative,

he determined nevertheless to take the offensive. On August 2 the little fight at Sarrebrück took place, an object lesson given by the General to his charge. Immediately after the engagement the Emperor sent the Empress a telegram to tell her how "Louis had received his baptism of fire." The oldest veterans had been struck with his coolness. One of them had picked up a bullet that had fallen near the Prince and had offered it to him as a souvenir.

This telegram was wholly intimate and private, and should not have been allowed to go outside the family. The Cabinet, to which the despatch had been communicated, thought otherwise, and either caused it or allowed it to be textually published in the papers. It furnished an opportunity for the most cruelly mocking comments, especially when the following days had replaced this joy of an hour by unremitting woe. The bullet picked up at Sarrebrück was picked up in turn by the Republican papers and thrown in the face of the young Prince till his last day.

Next day, Comtesse Clary had a letter from her husband, a very valuable officer, who had distinguished himself in Mexico by his courage and talent, and who had just been attached to the Prince's personal service as aide-de-camp.

"The Prince," he said in his letter, "was admirably cool and natural in his behaviour. . . . Assure the Empress that I am not exaggerating, and that she ought to be proud of her son's conduct. . . . I am sorry she could not have seen him galloping in the thick of the troops. . . . This little affair at the beginning of the campaign is of excellent omen, and besides, it gives the men confidence."

On my part, I had from the Prince the following letter which is here given to the public for the first time:

"My Dear Monsieur Filon,

"Thank you for the letter you wrote me, it gave me great pleasure to get it; you asked for some details, I think, of the engagement of Sarrebrück, and complained that our friends do not write often to you. I shall try, if I

can, to make up for their neglect which I do not understand. The Emperor arrived at Forbach about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He got into a carriage to wait for his horses at the frontier, that was where we heard the first cannon; some minutes later the Emperor was in the saddle, and making for a ridge which was the Prussians' position, and which we had just seized. Their batteries were in retreat and were crossing the bridges over the Sarre at full trot, to take up a position a little further away. They were occupying a post, that is to say a wine-shop, on which was written *Zur Bellevue*; we drove them out of it; there were two corpses in it: an officer and a Prussian private.

"All I saw were wounded in the head. The Prussian batteries had withdrawn behind the wood that commanded the town; but only two shells reached us. They had still two or three companies in ambuscade behind a bridge, and they fired on all the mounted men that showed themselves. Papa wished to see none the less, and we heard some bullets. A splinter of a bomb was picked up quite near the Emperor; I had heard overhead a noise as of old iron, but I didn't know what it was till later; at last the Emperor went away, and as soon as he did so, he heard the mitrailleuses; he was not very well pleased, because he thought they were firing on the walls. But he heard later that a Prussian battalion that was making a retreat on Sarrelouis, 16,000 mètres away, had been annihilated. We are at this moment entering Sarrebrück, though as yet we do not occupy it. Please correct my mistakes in spelling, which must be a good many (for I have a bad pen and I write in haste) before you show the Empress my letter.

"I embrace you with all my heart,

"Your affectionate

"Louis Napoleon.

"P.S.—All the bands played the Marseillaise and everybody sang it: it was fine. The Prussians heard it too, it can't have been very reassuring for them."

III.

What were the Prince's feelings when he learned the unhappy result of the battle of Wissembourg and the death of General Abel Douay, especially when the same fatal night brought him word of a double disaster, at Reichshoffen and at Forbach? In the one case it was MacMahon, the most illustrious of our marshals, the man to whom the Emperor himself attributed the victory of Magenta, who had been routed; in the other, his governor, whom he revered as an oracle in the art of war, beaten in pitched battle by the Prussians. In both cases it was France humiliated, the frontier laid open, our army discouraged and disorganised. If he had not been of an age to understand the situation that was suddenly revealed to him (and no one, indeed, tried to hide it from him), the disorder and confusion that reigned around him would not have failed to tell him everything. But he recovered quickly: that unquenchable optimism which was fundamental in his nature regained possession of his mind, and he tried to spread the hope that sprang up again in himself, to make those about him share it.

After some days of anxious hesitation, Napoleon III decided to hand over the supreme command to Marshal Bazaine. From that moment the latter had only one idea: to get rid of the Emperor and his son. On August 14th both got into a carriage, and with the officers of their suite took the road to Verdun, escorted by some squadrons of the Guards. At Gravelotte the Emperor and the Prince passed the nights of the fifteenth and sixteenth in an inn where there was great trouble in procuring two miserable rooms for them. The rest of the suite bivouacked as best it could.

On the morning of the sixteenth they started again. At their departure Marshal Bazaine was present with Canrobert and Bourbaki, and shook the Emperor's hand without dismounting. A little farther on the escort was relieved.

The Chasseurs d'Afrique took the place of the Lancers. The Emperor smiled with pleasure to recognise Gallifet at the head of the new detachment, and for the last time the Prince admired the magnificent grey Arabs ridden by the soldiers of Margueritte. Breakfast at Étain, where the Emperor and his son were all but carried off by uhlans. The enemy, indeed, were quite close; for the noise of distant volleys was heard, and the Lancers, who had furnished the escort on the first day, were seriously engaged on their way back. However, the Emperor and the Prince arrived without accident at Verdun, where no preparation had been made for their journey to Châlons. The railway was destitute of every means of transport. About eleven at night the sovereign and his son took their seats in a third class carriage, and the officers who accompanied them did the best they could in cattle-trucks. They arrived at Châlons as day was beginning to dawn.

This was little like the Prince's customary entrance into the camp at Châlons, and the camp itself was far from presenting itself to him in its usual aspect. MacMahon's troops were painfully forming again there: the new material drawn from Paris and elsewhere was restless and insubordinate and rebelled against discipline; the gardes mobiles from Paris were in revolt against their General. However, the Prince was acclaimed wherever he went, and his presence, at Châlons just as in Metz, seemed to put new life in the hearts of those around him. Confident in the genius and good fortune of France, he was expecting and expected to the end a victory that would re-establish our prestige, and turn the chances of war in our favour.

Questions of vital importance were thrashed out before him. What should the Marshal's army do? Should it go to finish its re-constitution under the walls of Paris, concentrate all its powers of resistance there, and engage in a supreme battle, as Napoleon wished to do in 1815, and as many competent officers advised in 1870. Or was it to

turn its back on the capital and march towards the north to "give a hand" to Bazaine (I use the phrase that was on every tongue in Paris, and, taking possession of every mind, had become a fixed idea)? And what should the Emperor do? Now that he had surrendered the supreme command, his place, it seemed, no longer lay in the midst of armies. On the other hand, he was informed—this declaration was made by the prefect of police, and Rouher came in person to bring it to Napoleon III.—that his return to the capital without an army at that critical hour would be the signal for a bloody revolution. Of these two dilemmas, one was of a public, the other in some sort of a private nature. The strategic question was one for General de Palikao, the Minister of War, and for Marshal MacMahon, and I am in no way qualified to discuss it. On the other point, the Prince's sometime tutor, who had the honour to serve as secretary to the Empress-Regent, has the right and the duty to put forward an opinion and to bear his testimony. Some have delighted in representing the Empress as pointing out to the Emperor with a tragic gesture the departments of the East to cover, and the far off battlefield on which he should conquer or perish. The author of *La Débâcle* wrote to me that in attributing this attitude to the Empress he believed he was paying the greatest honour to her heroic character. I refuse for the Empress the glory of that heroism, which would have been displayed at another's expense. Her heroism was of a wholly different kind. She believed her husband and her son safer, whatever might happen, in the midst of the army. As for her, she remained at the post she believed most perilous, among that people which she was arming for national defence, without asking herself if it would not first turn its arms against her.

The march north was decided upon, and the Emperor, with the Prince, accompanied MacMahon's army on that march to meet Bazaine. They left Châlons on the twenty-first; on the twenty-third they were still at Reims, where

there were fresh deliberations. The Emperor separated from his son for the first time, sending him on to Rethel, where he rejoined him on the twenty-fifth. On the twenty-seventh the Emperor was at Tourteron, near those passes of the Argonne that Dumouriez had called the Thermopylæ of France, but which German strategy had disregarded. It was at Tourteron that the sovereign bade adieu to his son "for a few days," as he thought; they were not to see each other again till six months later, in exile. Napoleon III. went in the direction of Chêne Populeux; the Prince took the road to Mézières, travelling by carriage and accompanied by his three aides-de-camp, Duperré, Lamey, and Clary.[1] Old Bachon, feeling he could no longer endure the fatigues of the campaign, had just returned to Paris, handing over his duties to Comte d' Aure, who had been appointed, some time before, equerry with him. The company of body-guards that escorted the Prince's carriage was under the command of a gallant officer named Watrin, whose personal recollections can be consulted in Monsieur A. Minon's pamphlet *Les Derniers Jours du Prince Impérial sur le Continent.* It is through these recollections, as well as those which Comte Clary confided in 1873 to Léonce Dupont, the author of *Le Quatrième Napoléon*, that we are enabled to follow, stage by stage, the poor young Prince in his painful wanderings along our northern frontier.

IV

The day of the twenty-eighth was full of movement. Hardly had he arrived at Mézières, when an order of the Emperor sent the Prince with his suite to Sedan. As he

[1] Colonel Despeuilles was in command of a cavalry regiment; Ligniville had under him the chasseurs à pied of the Guards; Charles Duperré had been given command of the *Taureau*, in expectation of a naval expedition. When the project of a diversion by sea was finally given up, he hastened to join the Prince.

was installing himself at the house of the sub-prefect, a sudden panic broke out in the little town, which seemed to be ravaged by a presentiment of coming catastrophe. A man from the outskirts shouted in the streets that the Prussians were coming. Comte Clary mounted his horse and hurried after him to find out the truth. The news was false, but the populace calmed down with difficulty and it was clear that the enemy was not very far away. Rumours of defeat were already current, brought by distracted peasants or by soldiers who had run away before the battle. In these conditions it was thought prudent to go back to Mézières. There also, disquieting rumours pursued the Prince and his companions. The inhabitants were in a state of ferment which might have made a sojourn in the town painful, if not dangerous, to the Emperor's son, besides which, he was nearly as much in peril of the Prussians as at Sedan.

This is why the officers upon whom had fallen the heavy responsibility of safe-guarding the person of Napoleon III.'s son thought they could not stay longer with him in that town. The Prince offered an unlooked-for opposition to this decision. Usually so submissive to authority, he revolted at the thought of these precipitate departures that had the appearance of flight. He had left Mézières once, with reluctance, at his father's express command. He withstood this second departure. "The Prussians are coming? well, we'll fight them." It was necessary to argue with him, to invoke previous instructions from the Emperor. " What a *coup* for the Prussians if they took the heir to the Empire like a mouse in a trap!" In the end he gave in, and while the escort with the carriages went by road to Avesnes, the Prince took the train at Charleville about two o'clock in the morning.

At Avesnes he waited in the stationmaster's office with Commander Duperré until Clary, after forming up the bodyguard, the carriages and the baggage, went to wake the sub-prefect. His house, an old building, small and

dilapidated, could not take in the Prince and his suite. The sub-prefect pointed out as more suitable the house of M. Hannoye, president of the local Court. It was there that Napoleon had lodged on June 3, 1815; it was there he had composed the last of those stirring bulletins which had so long been the harbingers of victory. The Prince installed himself in that house which was to become historic a second time: there the eve of Sedan was linked to the eve of Waterloo.

The people of Avesnes, though terrified by this sudden arrival at so early an hour, which in itself was a grave symptom, remained calm and showed their unexpected guest a respectful sympathy which never faltered during the three days the Emperor's son spent among them. There was neither impertinent curiosity nor untimely ovation. Everyone did his best. The fire brigade mounted guard at the Maison Hannoye, the gardes mobiles watched on the ramparts, while the escort patrolled the town and the outskirts. The folk of Avesnes, like the sensible, good-hearted people they were, had understood that their duty was, not to greet the Prince with acclamations, but to protect him against a surprise. In a word, among all the stations of that calvary, Avesnes was the least dolorous.

The Prince was overcome with fatigue, and rested all day on the thirtieth. On the thirty-first, he remained still shut up in the Maison Hannoye, devoured with anxiety and every moment asking for news, which no one could give him, for no one knew anything; and from the region of the fighting nothing came but uncertain contradictory rumours. It was as if the Emperor and his army had vanished behind an impenetrable fog which was concealing them from every eye, and cutting them off from the rest of the world. From midnight on the thirtieth of August—that is to say, after the despatch which told us of the mutiny and disbanding of Failly's corps—until September 4, at half-past three, the Empress received no direct news of the

Emperor. At Avesnes there was the same ignorance. And yet the Prince, in spite of the too obvious sadness and despondency of those who surrounded him, still persistently hoped for a victory.

To alleviate his distressing seclusion, during the first of September they risked taking him for a drive, his last on his native soil. The carriage went out by the France gate and came to the Brunehaut road, as it was called. Artillery was heard thundering in the direction of the Ardennes. Those guns were the guns of Sedan. At the very hour when his father was standing motionless under a hail of shells on the plateau of Bazeilles, the son was going through the village of Saint-Hilaire to enthusiastic shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Prince Impérial!' He came back to the town by the Quesnoy road and the Mons gate. During the evening of that day and the morning of the next the rumours of defeat became more definite. Someone came to tell the Prince's officers that a train-load of soldiers had just come into the station. Comte Clary hastened thither and found Colonel de Coatpont with his regiment. He asked what was happening. The Colonel knew very little. Vinoy was falling back on Paris: as for himself, his orders were to take back his men by the northern lines. He thought a great battle had been lost. The Prince was not told of this incident.

From their arrival at Avesnes, Commander Duperré had ceased to communicate with the Emperor and receive orders from him. He had therefore to look to the Empress Regent alone for instructions with regard to the Prince whose safety was entrusted to him. But we were beginning to find serious difficulties in keeping in touch with him. When I transmitted the Empress's orders to him from Paris, I was no longer very certain into whose hands my despatches might fall, and we had to fear the enemies within as well as those outside. At this very moment I detected leakages in the Emperor's special telegraphic service. The employés

in this service were giving or selling the imperial correspondence to the republican committee of the Rue de la Sourdière.[1]

Commander Duperré had sent me an express in order to have certain, precise and detailed instructions. Was it by reason of these instructions that he determined to leave Avesnes for Landrecies, or was he forced to adopt this course by circumstances, which were changing from hour to hour, and most of all in my opinion by the disorderly arrival of a crowd of fugitives of every branch of the service, without discipline, without cohesion, full of that spirit of mischief which is perhaps the most terrifying feature of a rout, and which turns a soldier into a pillager, a vagabond, a rebel ?

It was with extreme difficulty that the Prince was torn from Avesnes, where he still talked of fighting. He completely failed to understand these continual changes of place, the real cause of which was carefully kept from him. If he had been five or six years older, if he had been the energetic, ardent man he was at twenty, I am fully persuaded that he would have cast himself into the thick of those flying troops. Perhaps he might have rallied them, won them over, brought new life to their hearts, and entered Paris at the head of an army. But his hour was not yet come !

His entry into Landrecies was triumphal. The band played the tune of *La Reine Hortense*, the fire brigade lined the street, and the people, gathered hastily from the villages about, cheered him with all their might. Nothing was wanting in that ovation, whose grievous irony only his officers could perceive, not even the inevitable little girl with hands filled with flowers, who clung to the landau, and whom the body-

[1] On the fourth of September, they waited until the flag on the Pavillon de l'Horloge was lowered, announcing the departure of the Empress, before sending me a telegram from the Emperor to the Empress, which they very likely had the day before.

guards would have sent away, while with a gesture no less inevitable, the Prince bade them let her come near, and caressed the "charming child." The young Prince stopped, with his suite, at the house of the mayor, M. Marie-Soufflet, a wealthy brewer, who enjoyed a wide-spread popularity in the Canton and used this popularity to further the imperialistic idea. He looked on the visit as an honour and a piece of good fortune. After the Prince was installed, noisy crowds took up a position in front of the house. Their shouts, again and again repeated, brought the Prince out several times upon the balcony, when each of these appearances redoubled the enthusiasm.

The evening of September 3, Landrecies still knew nothing of the capitulation of Sedan, and was doing its utmost, with cheering and libations, to celebrate the presence of the heir to the throne within its walls. The destruction of the Prussian armies was very near, they said, if it was not already accomplished.

Commander Duperré, as I have said, being no longer in touch with the Emperor, could only receive orders from the Empress Regent, and he came himself to the Tuileries to get them. I took advantage of that visit to arrange a code of thirty or forty words with him, which would serve for our telegraphic correspondence and which seemed to suffice for the needs of the moment. The next day it was insufficient.

The Commander was back at Landrecies before the end of the day. During the evening of the third and the morning of the fourth we exchanged telegrams which reflected the increasing gravity of events, and betrayed our profound anxiety.

Why did we decide to transfer the Prince from Landrecies to Maubeuge? It is impossible for me to explain it to myself now, and probably the admiral would not be less at a loss if he put the same query to himself. Maubeuge had only

one advantage: which was that from thence it was easy either to return to Paris, or to cross the frontier.

The next day, September 4, at half-past seven, while a stall in the choir of the principal church of Landrecies was being prepared, so that the Prince might attend High Mass, he took an early train that brought him to Maubeuge. He waited in the station-master's office—who was, it appears, a militant republican—while quarters in the town were being looked for. M. Vallerand, the mayor, declined the honour of receiving him. He was old, and his mother, nearly a centenarian, was living with him. He feared, for her, the commotion and excitement which the Prince's presence, at so critical a moment, would infallibly cause. The house of Madame Marchand, widow of senator Marchand, whose son at that moment was in command of an outpost on the Moroccan frontier, was accordingly chosen. At half-past ten the Prince was installed in the Rue Royale, at Madame Marchand's, and Commander Duperré despatched the following telegram to me:—

"MAUBEUGE, *4th September*, 1870.
"10.35 a.m.

"Are at Maubeuge. The Emperor has telegraphed from Bouillon for news of us.[1] When giving them we asked for his commands. We should like yours at the same time.

"Impatiently waiting your reply. Have seen the ministers' proclamation. "DUPERRÉ."

I replied to Commander Duperré:

"PARIS, *4th September*, 1870.

"Received your two despatches; you will have verbal orders before to-night and a letter from me by the man you have sent here. The Empress wishes you to pay no attention to communications from Bouillon. The Emperor cannot appreciate the situation. "FILON."

[1] The Emperor had sent out telegrams in several directions. One of these came to M. Richebé, who sent it on to Commander Duperré.

The town of Maubeuge was in a state of excitement easy to understand. Sunday brought in the peasants for news with sentiments of the most widely different kinds. Before Madame Marchand's house a considerable gathering had assembled, from which arose cries of "Vive le petit Prince!" But the Prince did not show himself. He was overwhelmed, for he knew now the whole extent of our disasters, having read the ministers' proclamation.

In the great square was a kind of open air club in which events were commented upon and the Emperor was brought to judgment. In the cafés extempore orators were vociferating against the Government; the bodyguards were attacked and insulted when they stood up for their masters. The friends of the Empire were intimidated, and held their peace; others became noisy converts to the opposite faction.

In the Rue Royale, in front of Madame Marchand's, the crowd grew bigger, more and more tumultuous, and its disposition became doubtful. The afternoon dragged on painfully until the moment when Commander Duperré received from me the following despatch which at half-past three the Empress ordered me to send him,

"Start at once for Belgium"[1]

Her order was at once carried out. The Marchands' house had an exit upon a quiet street, then called the Rue du Rempart. An omnibus was posted at this door. The

[1] The first words were in cipher; nothing but the one word "Belgique" was in ordinary form. This is the telegram that has been made into "Filons sur Belgique, Filon." This rendering was doubtless suggested to the members of the Commission appointed to examine the papers "found" at the Tuileries, by the employés of the Emperor's private telegraph office. I had threatened to have them court-martialled for their treachery; and I would certainly have done so if Conti had not prevented me. This silly pun was their revenge. The members of the Commission were wrong to accept this rendering, which, it will be observed, was as incorrect in form as absurd in substance, since it was neither an order nor a piece of information, and would have left its recipient in a state of utter perplexity.

Prince laid aside his uniform—with what pangs at heart! I have little difficulty in imagining them, but the whole thing was so rapid that it did not give him time to reflect and to realise his anguish. His officers, like himself, donned civilian clothes. While reports were carefully spread among the crowd to make them believe that his stay would be prolonged, the Prince went out unperceived by the Rue du Rempart, and got into the omnibus after embracing the gallant Watrin. It started, and left the town by the Mons gate. A few minutes later the Prince had left French soil, on which he was never again to set foot.

V.

The travellers arrived at Mons about seven in the evening. After a short halt at the Hôtel de la Couronne, which had already been, and was again more than once to be the first stage of exile for illustrious fugitives, the Prince and his officers set out for Namur, where they left their train about midnight. The Prince was entertained by Comte de Baillet, the Governor of the province, who sent his carriage to fetch him at the station and showed him, as long as he was under his roof, the most respectful and delicate attentions. The first intention of Commander Duperré was to take the Prince to the Emperor, who was at Verviers, and who was waiting to embrace him before continuing his way to Wilhelmshöhe. But the poor boy was worn out with fatigue and his morning sleep was respected. Shall I venture to add that his aides-de-camp hesitated at the thought of the new grief that the sight of his father under the guard of a German general would have inflicted upon him. It was decided that they would allow the Prince to sleep and that Count Clary should go to Verviers to take the Emperor's orders. Napoléon III., after hearing the whole situation from that officer, spontaneously gave up the joy of seeing his son—a joy that would have had so much of bitterness! He ordered

therefore that the Prince should be immediately taken to England.

This order was carried out without delay as soon as Comte Clary returned to Namur. That same evening the Prince reached Ostende, where he slept at the Hôtel d'Allemagne. He had avoided Brussels and travelled in a special train, but, everywhere announced and everywhere recognised, he could not be wholly sheltered from the curiosity, sometimes a little vulgar and indiscreet, of the crowds that flocked to see him pass. At length, on the morning of the 6th of September, he crossed on the packet *Comte de Flandres*, which landed him at Dover in the early afternoon. Thence, after a short rest, he came to Hastings, where he lost no time in joining his mother, who, after a perilous crossing, had just set foot on British ground.

CHAPTER VI

CHISLEHURST. THE EMPEROR'S DEATH

I

When I rejoined the Prince at Hastings on the ninth of September, I remarked no change in him. But I could see the depth of the emotions he had passed through from the silence, the apparent oblivion in which he buried them. As a rule, when he came back from a journey he had a thousand and one things to tell. This time he seemed to remember nothing. He hardly spoke. His face, in which his impressions were generally reflected with so much animation, had grown pale and impassive like the Emperor's. One might decipher it in an immense and grievous fatigue in which his spirit shared, the fatigue of a child who has undergone a physical and mental trial far beyond his years. He shook off this torpor to listen to news of the war, which interested him profoundly, quite as much as during the previous weeks when the honour of his name and the future of the dynasty depended on events in the field; for he had not, shall I venture to say? the soul of an *émigré*, and he was a Frenchman even before he was a Bonaparte.

The Marine Hotel was a second-rate one, situated on the sea front. Its numerous bow-windows seemed to us like glass cages inside which we were exposed to the curiosity of people without, just like animals in a menagerie or the birds of an aviary. Often there were groups which took their stand

A View of Hastings.

From a lithograph belonging to M. Filon, reproducing the Prince Imperial's signature in facsimile.

before these windows and tried to stare into the house to see what was going on. When the Prince went out with us he was observed narrowly, and even followed from far off through telescopes. We were distressed for him, but neither he nor his mother ever seemed to notice this annoying indiscretion: great troubles left them insensible to petty vexations.

In our present conditions there could be no question of making the Prince resume his studies. We tried to divert him by some interesting excursions. The Empress visited the reputed site of the great battle that gave England to the Normans, a few miles out of Hastings. We did not visit the ruins of the abbey that was built at the spot in commemoration of the great event. This part of the country, pleasant and well cultivated, but commonplace like all the landscape in this region, left the Prince supremely indifferent, in spite of the little history lesson that I insinuated.

His thoughts—need I say it?—were fixed on other battlefields, or with a prisoner whose fate touched him more nearly than the luckless Harold's.

No noteworthy incident marked this stay at Hastings, except the appearance of the mysterious Regnier. One day I shall relate what I know of this man. Here I shall simply say that Regnier saw neither the Empress nor her son. The Empress forbade us to have any dealings with this doubtful personage. As to the Prince, when he signed the photograph reproduced here, he thought he was sending a souvenir to the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe. The fault—if there was a fault—certainly can be imputed neither to the Prince nor to his mother.

The Marine Hotel could only be a temporary shelter. Accordingly the Empress, as soon as she arrived in England, busied herself to choose a residence among those which were suggested to her. She decided in favour of a house at Chislehurst, in the county of Kent, called Camden Place, from the name of the celebrated antiquary Camden, who

had lived there about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and had left certain memories behind him. Chislehurst was described to Her Majesty as a healthy place, half an hour from London by rail, and situated on one of the two great lines that connect England with the continent by way of Dover and Folkestone. Moreover, Chislehurst had a Roman Catholic church.

As for the house, without being very large, it was adequate, at least in these first days, and sufficiently comfortable. Its park gave it seclusion, and made it easy to keep watch upon its approaches. All these considerations, with the favourable report brought back by Commander Duperré and Madame Lebreton when they had visited the house, determined the Empress to adopt Camden Place as her residence. She went there with her son during the latter part of September.

I recollect with what indifferent eyes we looked for the first time upon that featureless house, that front where there was nothing for the eye to dwell on, except the Strode motto, engraved above the clock: *Malo mori quam foedari.* And yet that house was to play a historic part, to take a prominent place in the lives that were dearest to us. In that long gallery on the ground floor where we were setting foot for the first time, what an intense life was to be concentrated, how many hopes were to be born and die! How many visitors were to come, bringing joy or sorrow, good fortune or mourning! In that hall we were to see the Emperor lying in an open coffin, receiving the last homage of his last remaining servants. The Prince entered there a pale and melancholy boy: he went out eight years later a bold and spirited young man, radiant with intelligence, overflowing with energy, glad to be alive, eager for action. A supreme vicissitude of destiny was to bring him back, to rest one night more in that same place where we had watched by the remains of his father. When, after so many years have passed, I call up in my mind that house of exile, when I

look upon it through my tears, with all the sad and happy memories it enshrines, I hardly know whether it attracts or repels me, whether I should curse or love it!

II

The Prince was installed in a room with three windows on the first floor. My room was next; that of the Conneaus, who speedily joined us, was immediately above the Prince's, and Uhlmann, when he did not sleep across his master's door, was lodged within hearing of the slightest summons. On the ground floor a room was reserved as a study. Its walls were entirely covered with very old Gobelins tapestry, doubtless from some French mansion pillaged during the Revolution. The window opened on a close shaven lawn that was the scene of endless games of croquet. Beyond lay a vast undulating meadow, dotted with great trees among which emerged the roof of a little circular building. This was a fragment of Greece, which rather startled the eye under the English skies: a duplicate of the "lantern of Demosthenes" that we had set on the top of a tower on an eminence in the park at Saint-Cloud. The little edifice brought by Camden to Chislehurst had had a different fate. By the gradual raising of the earth about it, it was disappearing and half buried. This building, with Mr. Strode's cows grazing in the meadow, was the only salient thing in that deserted and melancholy landscape, which was far from offering my young pupil the same distractions as the splendid view from the window of his study at the Tuileries.

Here we took up our work once more. I had no longer to consult his Governor, whom we never saw again. I reorganised, as best I could, the Prince's studies; I took upon myself his French, the dead languages, and history. I got together again his little schoolboy library; I brought in a professor of German, a modest conscientious

man who was giving lessons to Mr. Gladstone's son—the same who to-day governs South Africa under the title of Lord Gladstone. Commander Duperré succeeded General Frossard as professor of arithmetic and geometry, and when he left us, the Reverend Mr. Maynard, whom I mentioned in an earlier chapter, came to see us again after passing the whole winter in helping and consoling the French prisoners and wounded in the German fortresses. Remembering that he was a Master of Arts of Cambridge, the ancient scientific University, he offered to undertake this part of the Prince's education at the moment when Charles Duperré was obliged to give it up.

The little colony formed around the Empress and the Prince grew by degrees. To Madame Le Breton, who had had the honour of accompanying her sovereign on her departure from the Tuileries, and who never left her after, and the Empress's two nieces, who had gone to England before her and had joined her at once, was added Mlle. de Larminat, her Majesty's maid of honour, now the Comtesse des Garets. Lamey had gone back to Paris, where he was playing a part in defending the city. Doctor Conneau and his son came and settled at Chislehurst, where Louis Conneau once more shared the Prince's tasks. When the Emperor was released, he brought with him, from Wilhelmshöhe, Count Davillier, his Chief Equerry, Baron Corvisart, his second physician, and M. Franceschini Pietri, his secretary, who became the Prince's secretary afterwards and is still with the Empress, after fifty-two years of unbroken devotion to the Bonapartes.

Immediately after the Revolution, several families who considered themselves proscribed with the imperial house took up their residence near Camden Place or in London and the suburbs. I may mention the Duchesse de Mouchy, who was accompanied by her two children, the Duc de Bassano, the Aguado and Rouher families, Messieurs Henri and Léon Chevreau, the Comte and Comtesse de Bouville,

Madame de Saulcy and her daughter Jacqueline (Madame de la Bégassière), Monsieur and Madame Jérôme David. A great number of Parisians flocked over after the siege and a page of this book would not contain the names of those who made a regular crowd about their former sovereigns when the anniversary of the fifteenth of August came round again.

English visitors were not less numerous. Lord Sydney, the Queen's grand chamberlain during Gladstone's ministry and lord-lieutenant of Kent, did the exiles the honours of the county. He resided at Frognal, quite near Chislehurst.

Another neighbour was Lord Buckhurst, later Lord Delawarr. It was in his house, Knole, at Sevenoaks, that the Prince first made the acquaintance of Reynolds and Gainsborough, whose works formed the magnificent gallery of historic portraits that was the glory of this beautiful mansion. Still nearer us, at Chislehurst itself, lived Lord George Cavendish, the Duke of Devonshire's brother, who was one of the first to pay his respects at Camden Place. Lord Henry Lennox, one of the survivors of the generations that had known Prince Louis Napoleon in England before he came to the throne, came several times to see the Empress that first winter. One day I brought to the Emperor old Earl Russell, the hero of the Reform Bill of 1832, who already almost belonged to history; and another day I received Dr. Tait, the Archbishop of Canterbury.[1]

The Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, whose conscience was perhaps not quite at ease with regard to the causes of the misfortunes of France and the disaster to the Napoleonic dynasty, was one of the last to come. He brought with him Lord Frederick Cavendish, then his private secretary, a man of noble and generous nature, who conceived an

[1] I should be sorry to forget a visitor whose presence was especially agreeable to the Empress, Madame de Arcos, who used to come nearly every Sunday with her sister, Miss Vaughan, and who, after forty years, is still often to be found at Farnborough with her august friend.

affection for the Prince as if he had some prescience of the tragic destiny which was to bring them near each other in the pages of history.

Queen Victoria, if I am not mistaken, paid her first visit to Camden Place in the spring of 1871; but she had not waited till then to show her sympathy and affection for the exiles. It was at her invitation the Prince, made his *début* before the public in England, at a review at which she was herself present in Bushey Park, near Hampton Court. Next day all the English papers spoke of the somewhat melancholy grace of the young Prince, and the ease with which he handled his thoroughbred.

III.

In spite of these precious and sincere marks of sympathy which surrounded him from his arrival on British soil, England at first exercised very little influence on the Prince. Hardly did he realise he was living there, so constantly and so passionately were his eyes turned towards the heart-rending spectacle that France presented, given over first to a foreign and then to a civil war. How could he take an interest in the lessons or in the pleasures that London could offer him, while Paris was burning? He only began to look around him when he saw France in a state of comparative calm. In the summer of 1871, the Empress went to Spain to see her mother, while the Emperor established himself on the south coast at Torquay. The Prince went with him, and it was he who took upon himself the task of giving news to the traveller. Here is one of the letters he sent at this time to his mother.

"My dear Mother,

"I have had your letter, which had been seized and opened in France. I can only congratulate myself that it should have appeared before those Republican fellows, for it

contained nothing but what was worthy of you (they won't make it public, not even with a *sic*). Since I wrote last, we have been to Bath, where the Emperor was given an extraordinary ovation; he was escorted by a crowd from the station to his hotel, and from the hotel to the station, with a great accompaniment of cheers and handshakes. We went next day to luncheon with Sir Laurence Palk, who has a superb place not far from the town. On our way back to Camden, we passed New Castle where you were at school. We are at present settled at Chislehurst where great improvements have been made; I've brought a huge bulldog back with me, which increases our kennel, and is without any question one of the finest things about the place.

"M. Filon has come back to me and we have resumed our studies.

"Good-bye, my dear mother, I embrace you tenderly.

"Your affectionate and dutiful son,

"LOUIS NAPOLEON."

I cannot clearly recall what were the "improvements" the Prince alludes to. I can only remember that the Emperor at this moment was taking a good deal of trouble to get together again the admirable library the Empress had at the Tuileries, which had been destroyed in the fire kindled by the Commune in the May of that same year 1871. We all worked eagerly to draw up the catalogue, while the Emperor and the Prince themselves placed the books upon the shelves.

As to the dog mentioned in the letter, it was a superb mastiff, which became the Prince's favourite companion in his morning walks. As good-natured as it was formidable, the dog speedily became devoted to the Prince, and would have defended him very effectively if he had been attacked.[1]

From Camden the Prince wrote to his mother, still in Spain:

[1] We were warned from different quarters that there were projects on foot of attempts on his life, and that he must not go out walking without protection. We often saw suspicious looking men prowling about us.

"This answer to your last letter will come to you two days after November 15, which recalls to us, as to so many people, a fête dear to our memories. I cannot help thinking of our sad celebration a year ago; that fifteenth was little like a fête, for the thought of our recent defeats kept us from being gay. This year, thank God, your fête will not be so dismal: the poor, the people you have helped, think to-day of you, miss you, and call down blessings on you. The other day I read a charming article in the *Gaulois* about this . . . .

". . . . We shall have a high mass for Saint Eugénie's day. I am very sorry you will not be back, as I said in my last letter, for a great number of French people intended to come to England for the occasion."

The Prince went back to this theme a few days later.

"Since my last letter, we have been present at a touching scene. A deputation of Parisians came to bring the Emperor a magnificent bouquet and an album in which we counted up 24,000 signatures. A lady came too, bringing to your feet the homage of a great number of the people of Marseilles, with flowers.

"The Ladies of Boulogne have also sent you a bouquet.

"We hope that you will be here in time to see the flowers that have come for you: it would be a bitter disappointment for me to see these bouquets that must always recall to us so touching a memory thrown away. . . .

"Yesterday the Emperor received a copy of verses entitled *Les Trois Couronnes* upon you and late events; the verses are charming, and as we listened to them Papa and I both had tears in our eyes. . . ."

During that autumn of 1871, there was a notable change in the Prince's programme of work. Napoleon III. was desirous that exile should have at least one good result for his son, the advantages of education with other boys, which he could not have in France. The Emperor, who took a much greater part in the Prince's education since he had had more leisure, matured this project with

Doctor Conneau, while I was abroad. King's College was suggested to him as suitable for the experiment he had in view. I was told about it by a letter from Doctor Conneau, and on my return I found the Emperor's mind quite made up. There was nothing for me to do but see to the execution of this new plan of work. Accordingly I brought the Prince and his young comrade to King's College, then, as now, installed in a wing of Somerset House which gives on the Strand, near Charing Cross station, which was our point of arrival in London from Chislehurst. I speedily saw that, though in itself the idea was excellent, King's College was not the place that should have been selected to carry it into effect. In reality, the pupils of King's College are University students, at least nineteen or twenty years of age. Most of them have passed their matriculation for the University of London, which corresponds nearly enough with our *baccalauréat*. The Prince was not in the slightest degree prepared to take their courses. Besides, the surroundings could not have been sympathetic. Socially, the young people about him belonged to the lower middle classes, and in religion to the Anglican Church. This latter condition was, and is still, rigidly maintained, and an exception had to be made to admit the Prince.

We had a disagreeable impression the first day we penetrated the corridors of King's College, filled with students who whistled incessantly. As in France I had never heard whistling except from the lower orders, for a moment I had some doubts as to the young gentlemen's designs; but almost immediately I became convinced that they were whistling for their own pleasure. "It's not a school," said the Prince to me, "it's a nest of blackbirds." The Prince never entered into conversation with any of them and no one ever approached him. He would always have remained an alien in England if he had spent several years in those surroundings.

I contented myself with making him take the most elementary course in physics under Professor Adams, who did everything in his power to make the Prince profit by his teaching and to smooth his difficulties; but the Prince had not the necessary mathematical knowledge to follow a course of physics with any success. And so he learned very little at King's College. And yet, I do not think the time spent in those goings to and fro should be regretted, for it was good for him to mix in crowds, which he had never seen except at a distance. A London street has more to teach a young man, and especially a young Prince, than one would readily believe. At every step, before every shop, he had a question to put to me, and I an answer to give. When at Charing Cross station some individual in a greater hurry than the others knocked against him as he passed, he turned round, very much surprised and amused: for him it was a quite novel pleasure to be elbowed. What an adventure to make his way into a café, to sit down at a marble-topped table and to order an ice or cup of chocolate from the waiter! What delight, above all, to stare without being stared at, to be a spectator instead of a spectacle, and so to see some of the innumerable little dramas of the streets! All this was teaching him life, I mean the life common to all, of which up till then he had known nothing, and I should be tempted to count the Strand among his tutors.

IV.

We took pains to offer the Prince amusements that were at the same time instructive, and to familiarise him with the higher pleasures in which the intelligence shares. He went more than once to hear and applaud Patti and Nilsson at Covent Garden and at Drury Lane. He went also to a verse drama by Wills on Charles I. Irving played the king, and this was one of his early successes. Miss Bateman

acted to him in the part of Queen Henrietta, and during the farewell scene, I remember the Prince was deeply struck at seeing actual tears on the cheeks of the young actress, whose nervous system seemed to feel, in all their intensity, the emotions she interpreted. In the train that took us back to Chislehurst that night, we discussed at length how far the actor and actress should feel the sentiments they express at the moment when these sentiments are in their mouth.

Sir Henry Holland, a very polished old man who had been physician to George IV., and whose brain, still unimpaired, retained three-quarters of a century of precious memories, made a point of taking the Prince to a meeting of the Royal Institution, at which Tyndall, then at the height of his reputation, set before the public for the first time his theory of glaciers, with striking illustrations.

When the holidays came, the Empress took her son to Scotland; then the Imperial family, after some days in Brighton, went to the Isle of Wight, and was eagerly welcomed by the aristocratic English society that gathers there about this time of year. Cowes is perhaps the only spot in England where ancient ownership has warded off the encroachments of speculation. It is the headquarters of yachting to-day, as it was forty years ago, and in a visit I paid to the charming little town a few years ago, I found that it has retained its aristocratic clientèle and its old aspect. The main street, narrow and crooked, keeps its picturesque appearance. The Club is still in its old place on the little promontory whence it commands the Solent. The little house in which the Prince was installed with us, on the edge of the sea (an old admiral who owned it had christened it Pao-Shun, from the name of a naval action in which he had held command), remained absolutely what it was when we went into it in August, 1872. The other and larger house in which the Emperor and Empress lived, a little further back from the sea, had undergone no

change, and I had no difficulty in evoking my old impressions.

The few weeks spent at Cowes must have left very pleasant memories in the Prince's mind. He became very friendly with the young Exshaws, whose mother, daughter of a well-known senator, Baron de Richemont, had taken a house in the neighbourhood for the vacation. Other boys and girls, of the Prince's age or a little older, made a charming group, which shared his excursions. I remember, among other things, a picnic at Carisbrook Castle, which used to be the residence of the Governor of the Isle. It was from there that, in 1487, started the expedition led by Edward Woodville to the help of the Bretons, which was annihilated in the battle of Saint-Aubin de Cormier. It was there that Charles I. was imprisoned during the Civil War. On a fine afternoon in September, 1872, Napoleon's grand-nephew played a game of prisoner's base with his friends, a few yards from the historic window by which Charles vainly endeavoured to effect his escape from his jailers, soon to be his executioners. But the most frequent diversion of the Prince consisted of sailing excursions on various yachts belonging to the English aristocracy. Lord Harrington was his host several times. Accompanied by the Duc de Huescar, his cousin, and by the Duc de Tamamès, who was soon to be his cousin also by his marriage with the eldest daughter of the Duchesse d'Albe, he spent a day on Baron Meyer de Rothschild's yacht, where the Baron's daughter Hannah, in after years Lady Rosebery, did him the honours with a graceful simplicity. But the one who most constantly took an interest in the Prince during his stay at Cowes was Baron Henry de Worms, who was a very agreeable companion for him. De Worms was of three nationalities. German by origin, educated at our Collège Rollin, he had ended by settling in England, where he took up political life and entered the House of Lords, after filling a high place in a Conservative

Cabinet. He also put his yacht at the disposal of the Prince, who looked on him almost as a compatriot. De Worms took on himself the post of swimming instructor, and the Prince made great progress with him.

V.

These holidays of 1872 were the most laborious the Prince had so far known, for he had to keep for work even more hours than he gave to pleasure. In fact, it had been settled that the Prince should not go back to King's College, but that he should take the course of the Woolwich Royal Academy, where the officers of the engineers and the artillery are trained. This idea had been suggested to the Emperor by Colonel Manby, one of his friends of the old English days. I consulted with the Colonel, who took the first steps in the matter at the War Office; after which I made all necessary arrangements with Major-General Sir Lintorn Simmons, the governor of the Academy. This general officer put himself entirely at our disposal, and from that moment the Prince and the imperial family had no more devoted friend in England. The prospect of entering a military school stimulated the Prince to a pitch that surprised me. I had never seen him work with so much ardour, so systematically and regularly. His mathematical master, Mr. Richards, a Harrow tutor, had come with him to the Isle of Wight, and his preparation for Woolwich was vigorously pressed forward.

After our return to Camden, the Prince was given a private examination before the professors of the Academy, and this yielded what seemed excellent results. One of them discovered in the Prince "high mathematical powers." The written testimony of his opinion was sent to the Emperor, who seemed delighted with it.

So it was with a light heart free from care that one morning in November, 1872, the Prince went off to take

possession of his double home at Woolwich. At the Royal Military Academy there had been got ready for him, and furnished comfortably but not luxuriously, a little suite of three rooms, situated at one of the ends of the main building. A study, a little sitting room, a dressing room: that was the suite at the Prince's disposal, and looked after by a special servant. To its original furniture the Emperor added only a bookcase and a chimney set that came from Barbedienne's, the last gift of Napoleon III. to his son. The Prince gave me this set as a souvenir when I left him, and as I write I can hear the ticking of the clock that marked the hours of our long talks about the Revolution and the Empire.

A little house had also been taken for the Prince in a quiet street, Nightingale Lane, a little distance from the Academy. This house was to be his own home; he was to come there when his day's work was over, spend the evening with me, and return to the school next morning when the classes started. What did he feel when he put on the English uniform? He thought no doubt of another uniform, a French one this time, which he had been obliged to put off in haste on the afternoon of September 4th, 1870, and that thought must have awakened a memory always bitter. But in any case it was a soldier's uniform, and in becoming a soldier once more, he seemed to come nearer France.

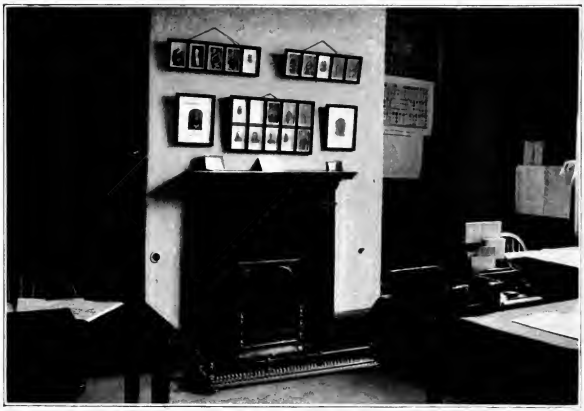
His first impressions then were favourable, the more so as he felt from his first arrival that he was surrounded by wholly spontaneous sympathies. As for the inconveniences of our little house, he never even perceived their existence. But two or three days after his entrance at the School, having gone to see him during the long recess after dinner which the other cadets gave up to outdoor games, I found him very gloomy. He soon explained the reason.

"I have entered here too soon. All my school-fellows have had at least three years' mathematics; I have had hardly a year."

[*Photo by Higgins.*

THE WALL ON WHICH THE PRINCE HAD WRITTEN HIS NAME IN THE SCHOOL AT WOOLWICH.

(*The Signature has been framed under glass to preserve it.*)



[*Photo by Higgins.*

WOOLWICH: THE PRINCE'S STUDY.

"But your examination . . ."

"Oh, the examination! We thought too much of that. It was certainly a mere formality. The truth is that I am not fit to take the classes."

I hastened to the General, and deeply troubled, I explained the situation to him without any reserve. He heard me out calmly and showed no annoyance nor even surprise. He gave me to understand that there were precedents, and that several young princes had already been through the school without taking any pains to become great mathematicians, taking part in military exercises and distinguishing themselves in cricket and in football. Well, the Prince Imperial would do as they did: he would take the classes . . . as a Prince.

I answered him that this solution would not satisfy our Prince, whose ambition was to approve himself at all points an efficient pupil, and to go through his officer's training in all seriousness. I saw by his eyes that his sympathy for the Prince was greatly increased by this, and he promised me that the masters would do all they could to help him through his early difficulties.

Things remained at this, and the Prince redoubled his energy, but another thought, more cruel still, troubled him in his studies: his father's health, which, already bad enough during the war, had not ceased to grow worse since he was settled in England. During the autumn of 1872, there were several consultations between the highest medical authorities in England. Here is how the Emperor, in a letter written with his own hand—the last the Prince ever had from him—announced to his son the result of one of these consultations.

"*November* 18*th.*

"My dear boy, the consultation took place to-day and I am very well satisfied. Sir W. Gull and Sir A. Paget are agreed, and think that with certain not very drastic remedies I shall be cured in a month's time.—I was very sorry at your

departure, but as long as you are well and sensible, I shall console myself with thinking of your future career.

"I embrace you tenderly,

"Your affectionate father,

"NAPOLEON."

The Emperor, in his letter, to reassure his son showed a confidence he did not himself feel, and when every week we went to Camden on Saturday evening to spend the Sunday, it was with the deepest grief that I followed, on the changing face of Napoleon III., the traces of pain and the advance of the malady. It was decided to try an operation. The Emperor was as brave before the surgeon's knife as he had been under fire. On January 8th, after the second operation, distressing alternations were observed in the patient: clouds swept at times over that calm, strong reason; dreadful memories obsessed him. He was asked, during an interval of lucidity, if the Prince should be fetched from Woolwich. The patient murmured:

"He must not be disturbed: he is at work."

VI.

On January 9th, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the Prince was in class when he was called out. He found Comte Clary at the door, come to fetch him in a little light carriage. The Prince got in at once and the carriage started back to Camden. On the way the aide-de-camp explained that an hour before the situation had suddenly become very much worse and that symptoms had been observed which could hardly be mistaken. The two physicians of Napoleon III, Doctor Conneau and Doctor Corvisart, received the Prince at the house door, and even before they spoke a word, their attitude had showed the Prince that all was over. He went upstairs, straight to the death-chamber, fell on his knees beside the bed where the Emperor had undergone his

operations and on which he was now lying lifeless. Then, as though his thought had immediately risen from the father he had lost to the Father he could never lose, he repeated aloud the simple sublime prayer that Christ taught us, and which springs to the lips of men in all times of suffering: "Our Father which art in Heaven." When he kneeled down, he was still only a boy: he was a man when he rose.

I reached Camden half an hour later and the scene was described to me by those who had been there. I saw little of the Prince during the days that followed. To save him from cruel emotions, Comte Clary took him to a house where his wife was living with his little daughter. This house, called Oak Lodge, was situated on the common, a few yards from one of the park gates. Here the Prince could give himself up to grief in solitude, and was spared the sight of the funeral preparations at Camden Place. Letters and telegrams of condolence that came from every quarter were communicated to him. I even think he received one or two special visitors. I was present when Comte Schouvaloff brought him the expression of the sympathy of Alexander II.

Many of the Prince's friends had hastened to him at the news; their presence was a comfort and a distraction for him at that sad moment. I remember that one of them, as he entered, bent the knee before him and called him "Sire!" The Prince betrayed a movement of disapproval, almost of distress, as he heard the word, and the same feeling was depicted on his face when, on the day of the interment, a group of French workmen carrying an immense tricolour flag saluted him with the cry "Vive l'Empereur!" For him that title of Emperor still belonged to his beloved dead, and could not be conferred upon himself save by a regular and formal manifestation of the will of the nation. This point has a definite importance and will already foreshadow the principles that were to make up his political creed.

When the day arrived—it was the fourteenth of

January—he acted as chief mourner. An immense crowd lined the route. Nothing was heard but words of pity and of sympathy. English and French saw with the same emotion those eyes red with weeping, that drawn face whose pallor was more conspicuous in contrast with the black coat and the wide red ribbon of the Legion of Honour; but they admired at the same time the bravery with which he endured the heavy trial to the very end.

That trial was prolonged even after the return to Camden Place. For he had to see all the friends who had come from France, the men in the great gallery, the women in the dining-room, shaking hands with everyone, addressing a word of thanks and friendliness to those he recognised and doing his utmost to resist the infection of the sobs and weeping that greeted his coming. This terrible day was drawing near its close when at last he was able to go and weep in his mother's arms, the only one who remained to console him, to counsel and sustain him. What the Prince felt at this moment he expressed to me three years after, in an admirable letter he wrote me in December, 1875, when I lost my father. He compared my grief with his; but I will only take from this letter what he said of his own mourning. They were his sentiments of January, 1873, but in the time that had passed, his mind had expanded and enlarged, and had acquired the power of expressing itself worthily.

"When I lost my father, my duty showed itself clear. From that day, I had only one end in life, and I go always straight on, without looking back. If my feet are on a precipice, I shall fall like an honest man, and perhaps I shall find at the foot all that I have lost in this life.

"If without turning aside from my path, I overcome its obstacles, I shall have the satisfaction of having carried on the work of the Emperor. . . ."

CHAPTER VII

LIFE AT WOOLWICH. THE SIXTEENTH OF MARCH, 1874

I.

One February evening, Prince Louis-Napoléon (this was how he had signed himself heretofore, but from the 9th of January, 1873, he took the name of Napoléon to indicate that he considered himself the head of the family and the heir to its dynastic rights), once more donned his cadet's uniform and drove back to Woolwich with me and with his friend Conneau. A band of crape on his arm alone marked the great change that had come into his life since last he had worn that coat. Some of the ultra-enthusiasts in the Bonapartist party had put forward the idea that now the Prince belonged wholly to political life, and ought at once to give up his study in a foreign school, in order to await the course of events and to hold himself at the disposal of his followers. This absurd idea was not even discussed, for it was obvious that our first duty was to prepare his intelligence for the great mission that might come to him.

The house to which we went on our return was not the same where we had spent the first weeks of our stay at Woolwich. Our new dwelling was on the common, at the intersection of the Eltham road and a street which ran alongside the Academy buildings to join the road from London to Gravesend. Between these two ways lay a huge triangle, covered with grass and bordered with trees, separat-

ing us from the great gates of the school. The house was number fifty-one. It was the typical house of the day, like a parrot's cage, with its four stories, each of two rooms, and one half underground: a kitchen and offices in the basement, a dining room on the ground floor, on the first floor a drawing room, on the second a large bedroom for the Prince, and other rooms at the back for Louis Conneau and myself: such was the house where we were to spend two years, and two years of the utmost importance in the Prince's intellectual development. That excellent fellow Uhlmann, the Prince's valet, a little page called Charley, who is to-day, as Mr. Bristol, the Empress's major-domo, a woman cook and a housemaid made up the whole staff of servants. Some pieces of furniture, brought from Camden Place, others hired from a Woolwich upholsterer, provided a modest comfort. A piano was the one luxury of our drawing room, furnished in green rep, with some vases, the last remnants of the porcelain craze which had raged some years earlier in England as in France.

Our first night was one of disturbance. The Prince's orderly woke us very early with the news that the Academy was in flames. In fact the central building that contained the library, the archives, the offices of the chief and the principal officers was ablaze, and flames were leaping out of all the windows of the four towers that flanked the building. Pupils and masters vied in fighting the fire. The Prince quickly joined them; he came back to me with blackened face and hands.

Anyone who supposes that work was interrupted for a single day would know little of the English. The Prince, having missed the latter part of the previous term, was allowed to re-enter the class with the new-comers, and this made it possible for him to follow the courses he had for a time despaired of understanding. He speedily retrieved several places, and was still more fortunate during the second term. This is how he informed me of this new success, only

(*Photo by Higgins.*

51, Woolwich Common.

Where the Prince lived (*December, 1872—February, 1875*).

(*Photo by Higgins.*

Woolwich : A General View of the Academy.

known some days after the beginning of the vacation, when I was on the Continent.

CAMDEN PLACE, *October 1st*, 1873.

"I am writing to you, dear M. Filon, to tell you about my examination. I was fifteenth in mathematics, ninth in fortification, eighth in military drawing. The general came himself to tell me this result which I learned with great pleasure. I thought you would share my satisfaction: that is why I wanted to write to you . . ."

It was not enough for the Prince to apply himself energetically to scientific studies and the military training that made up the work of the school. He had reserved a considerable part of his time for me; he took it from outdoor games, such as cricket and football, with which he did not meddle. Not that he despised them, but he could not figure in them to advantage, not having taken to them early enough, and why should I not admit that he had no liking for showing himself, when it could be avoided, inferior to his comrades. Gymnastics and military exercises seemed to us enough to keep him in health and counterbalance the fatigue of his intellectual labours.

Accordingly I went several times a week to the Academy to give him a course in history. If I speak of this course in some detail, it is not to take pleasure in a personal memory, but to enable the reader to draw up a schedule, more or less, of what facts and what ideas the Prince's mind contained at this time. After having made a survey, in two or three lessons, of the decline of the old *régime*, with its chief causes, I recounted the birth of the new order of things, the phases of the Revolution, its greatness and its crimes, while endeavouring to disentangle its principles from accidents and circumstances. It goes without saying that I made use of the documents that were then available, and I recognise that since then we have made some progress and some discoveries in this connection. Fundamentally,

however, I have not changed my opinions. When I got to the period of the Consulate, I used the *Memoirs of Thibaudeau*, which I had in my own library, and made him share in those memorable sittings at which the First Consul "cast upon our soil those blocks of granite that were to be the foundations of modern society." These are the Prince's words. I found them in one of his letters a few weeks ago, and they proved to me how deep and how lasting an impression he had kept of our conversations and our reading together.

Of the battles under the Empire I gave him only a sketch, since it was for specialists to make him understand and appreciate these great things in their details. But I made him follow the imperial policy along its principal lines, freely pointing out doubtful questions, and I remember dwelling upon the liberal transformation of the Hundred Days and on the *Acte Additionnel.*

During the next term we neared our own epoch, and my instruction assumed a slightly different character, in accordance with his own express desire. I find, in this connection, in a letter addressed to my family, which chance has preserved, something about these studies of the summer of 1873. "We are on the point of going into the electoral history of France after 1789. The Prince is to make out the facts first, then to ponder and draw conclusions for himself, so as to obtain at least a provisional explanation of its phenomena."

That was not enough to satisfy the tremendous demand for employment, stimulated by the sense of a great life-work, which had all at once taken possession of that mind so long inert and somnolent. As eight o'clock came near I used to go out to meet him when he was leaving the Academy, and often found him at the very place where his statue stands to-day. My weak eyes could hardly make him out when night was falling or was already come. I had with me a little black dog, born the very day the Emperor died, and very much attached to the Prince. She used to go wild

with delight and run leaping up to him as soon as she saw him coming out of the main gate. And he, with his fine voice that rang out like a bugle, would strike up some of those songs of the African troops that an unknown poet had adapted, sixty years ago, to our cavalry calls. It would be *La Casquette au père Bugeaud*, or *Gentil Turco, Quand autour de ta boule*, or

> Nous avous fait une belle razzia, j'espere,
> A la ferme du Grand Rocher.
> Nous avons pris vingt mille mouquères
> Et des yaoulets, et des yaoulets. . . .

At the last note he would be at my side, his face lit up with a frank smile, for to find me was to find France once more after his English day. He would come back to the house to sup, with what an appetite! There was no trace of fatigue left in him when we went upstairs to the little green drawing-room. A new day began. Sitting or lying on the sofa, playing with the dog or fretting the keys of the piano with one finger, to pick out the notes of some favourite tune, he would ask me for news, and we would discuss the events of the day. The most important papers, French and English, friendly or hostile, were on the table. I had even made him a subscriber to the *Officiel*, so that he could get to know the actual text of new laws and the most important speeches in the Chamber of Deputies. As a rule, better than reading straight through, he liked a *résumé* by word of mouth, and this information he made still more exact by his questions. Then there were endless talks in which he became day by day more skilled to weigh and handle political ideas, and through which, from the little facts I gave him, he used to rise to higher, broader thoughts which he unfolded, so to speak, before me. In the long summer evenings, when the weather was fine, we used to go out and continue, under a sky full of stars, through the heart of the quiet countryside, the conversation that had begun in the little drawing-room. We would follow the

road from London to Gravesend, sometimes towards the great city, sometimes mounting towards Shooter's Hill, that classic spot of unlucky encounters, formerly so dreaded by travellers. However, the highwaymen that once infested the English roads have long ago disappeared, and no one ever troubled our political speculations. Sometimes the Prince would interrupt them by a word of admiration, a little start of artistic delight when at some turn of the road there appeared to us a corner of the landscape lit up by the setting sun or by the moon, the Thames, perhaps, smitten by a silver ray through the bluish mists that veiled it. One evening he stretched out his hand with a single word, "Gustave Doré!"

Memorable evenings when I watched this intellectual expansion I had waited for so long, that I had vainly tried to hasten with all my wishes and all my efforts! How much greater still would have been my joy if I could have taken to myself the credit for this sudden blossoming! But I could not honestly do so. People say to me now sometimes, "You formed the Prince." That praise, which would be grateful to me, I can in no way accept. I did not form the Prince. No one formed him. The Prince formed himself. He was what in England is called a self-made man; he educated himself, like those who rise from the lowest rank to the highest. The qualities he showed during the years that followed he derived from his own nature or owed them to his own efforts. His nature was, to begin with, his paternal and maternal heredity, and my mission was to work for the progressive development of his double heredity. As for his ideas, it was not my part to supply them. Mine were those of a humble looker-on at life; if I had tried to communicate them to him, I should have paralysed him, should have brought him to scepticism and retirement, whilst his part was to believe and to act. He had to seek and find his doctrine in the Napoleonic tradition, in the correspondence of Napoleon I., in the works of Napoleon III., in the acts of both. We shall speedily see

how he acquitted himself in this duty, helped by men whose experience was infinitely beyond mine.

My own task, a modest, but, I think, a useful one, lay in perfecting his logical powers, in furnishing his mind with facts, in classifying and arranging them, and, finally, in giving him the double weapon a modern sovereign must have, speech and a pen. Did I succeed? For myself, I only half knew it until the day, some months ago, when the Empress's kindness allowed me to read his intimate letters and his political correspondence. My affection for him could not increase, but in this correspondence I saw him indeed finished, and greater than I had left him.

II.

I come back to the summer of 1873. After those weeks of work he was always delighted to go back to his mother and the family surroundings where his presence was a joy, and where everybody did their utmost to divert him, at any rate, as much as strict mourning allowed. It was, I fancy, about this time that some one offered him one of those albums that demand your confession in the guise of answers to an unvarying string of questions. These questions would have been indiscreet on occasion, if anyone had troubled to be sincere. As a rule, they did not, but I am persuaded that the Prince in this case conscientiously set down his real thoughts: that is why I shall quote some items of this confession.

What is your favourite virtue? Courage.
Your leading passion? Patriotism.
Your idea of happiness? To do good.
Your idea of unhappiness? To live in exile.
If you were not yourself, who would you like to be. Anybody!
Where would you like to live? In France.

Your favourite author in prose? Bossuet.
In verse? Corneille.
Your heroes in history? Napoleon. Cæsar.
Your heroine in history? Joan of Arc.

. . . . . .

The object of your aversion in history? Judas.
Your present state of mind? Sad.
For what faults have you most indulgence? For those that spring from a kindly feeling.
Your motto? *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.*

It was at Camden the Prince received the visits of friends who came over from France. He was no longer allowed to remain a stranger to the political activities of his party. In May there was a meeting at Camden, presided over by the Empress, at which he was present, when a discussion took place as to the attitude to be adopted by the advocates of the Appeal to the people in the crisis that was at hand. It was resolved to join with the Royalists in order to depose M. Thiers. The Prince knew the part played by the head of the Republican Government in the overturning of the Empire. In a drawing full of humour, which I am glad to be able to offer to the public, and which will give an idea of his artistic powers at this time, he had represented M. Thiers wrapped up in the grey coat and wearing the little hat of tradition; he was held aloft by the three parties, Legitimist, Orleanist, and Republican, and was addressing them in this phrase, a parody of a saying of the Emperor: "Soldiers, I am satisfied—with myself!" It could not displease the Prince that the members of his party should help to tumble the little man from that shield. But he was greatly to modify his ideas of that time upon an alliance with the various Conservative sections. The 24th of May, which had seen the fall of Thiers and the advent of Marshal MacMahon, was followed less than three months after by an event, long expected, since it had been mooted even before the rise

SKETCH BY THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The Original of this Sketch is in the possession of M. Filon.

of the Second Empire. I mean the Fusion, which many people declared to be impossible, and which a visit from the Comte de Paris to the Comte de Chambord seemed to turn into an accomplished fact. It was under the impression of this visit that the adherents of the Empire came for the first time to celebrate the 15th of August at Camden Place, in honour of the Prince Imperial. Their numbers surpassed all our expectations. When the Prince came back from Mass, acclaimed as he passed, Rouher advised him to say a few words to the crowd that had taken possession of the gardens and filled the house. The Prince acceded with a good grace, and taking his stand in the shade of the great cedar planted by Camden, he delivered the following brief speech:

"I thank you all, in the Empress's name and in my own, for coming to join your prayers with ours, and for not forgetting the road along which you came dutifully a few months ago; my thanks also to the faithful friends who have sent us from afar the many testimonies of their affection and devotion.

As for myself, in exile and near the Emperor's tomb, I think of the lessons he bequeathed to me; I find in my paternal inheritance the principle of national sovereignty and the flag that consecrates it.

This principle the founder of our dynasty has expressed in this motto, to which I shall always be faithful: 'Everything through the people and for the people!'"

The Prince had jotted down these phrases some hours before pronouncing them. He wrote them a second time, after showing the rough sketch to the Empress and to Rouher. It was Rouher who suggested the formula, "Everything through the people and for the people." "But," objected the Prince, "*Everything through the people*, is that not anarchy?" "No," replied Rouher, "it is the plébiscite, nothing more." And the Prince yielded.

This little speech came at the right moment: it replaced the Imperialist policy on its proper footing.

During the autumn events came thick and fast, and that year, 1873, which at its beginning had seen the head of the Bonaparte family disappear, was very near ending with the restoration of the head of the Bourbons. I remember that I had gone in late October for a walking tour in Wales, at the moment when certain papers were already announcing the programme of the King's entry into his good town of Paris. I was deprived of news for several days. Coming to Aberystwith, I burst into the reading room of the hotel, and learned that France was further than ever from becoming a monarchy again. The Comte de Chambord had also set up his flag as the Prince had done in his speech of the fifteenth of August, and between the two symbols modern France could not hesitate in her choice. The chances of the Empire seemed so much the greater, and the success of that impromptu manifestation gave the chief heads of the Imperialist party the idea of organising another, more important and more formal, for the day when the Prince should attain his eighteenth birthday, the sixteenth of March, 1874. To declare the Prince of age at eighteen was to proclaim that the Constitutions of the Empire, established and confirmed by the plébiscites, and which no popular vote had annulled, still existed in all validity, and that consequently, legally and morally, the Prince was Napoleon IV. When this project was first suggested, the Empress and the Prince were very much against it. Assuredly it was not that she wished to prolong her power (I had known for a long time that the Empress had little liking for political affairs), nor that he feared in any way to take up the burden, but they had little taste for theatrical exhibitions unless they were forced on them by pressing need arising from the events of the moment. The Prince would have liked to be left to work in peace and to finish his education as an officer, on which he set store beyond everything, in the interests of the

part he would ultimately have to play. He wrote a long letter to Rouher to this effect and the idea was abandoned for the time. At the beginning of March, taking advantage of an interval in the work at Woolwich, I found myself in Paris, when a note from the Prince, telling me that his plans were altered and that he needed me, recalled me in haste to Camden Place. He had been obliged to yield to pressure from the party, whose excitement at that moment cannot easily be imagined by those who did not witness it.

III.

I found Camden as I had never before seen it. Was this the gloomy, deserted house whither we had come for refuge one September afternoon, in 1870? It was transformed by the new animation that reigned in it. Trample of feet in the gallery, murmurs of conversation in the drawing-rooms, in the smoking-room, in the billiard-room, in the hall, everywhere where it was possible for people to form in groups and talk; coming and going of messengers and servants with letters and telegrams, everything made one think of the eve of a battle, and, in this warlike atmosphere he had been breathing for several days, the Prince himself seemed transformed.

His speech was the outcome of several successive drafts in which the progress of his thought can be seen, accepting suggestions from without or correcting itself spontaneously. I declared then to our friends and I declare once more that this speech was all his own, that it truly was the child of his own intelligence and his own heart. Those who heard it realised this perfectly.

It was near midnight on the eve of the great occasion, and I had just come back from London, where I had gone to make some arrangements, when Rouher, who was on the point of going to bed, sent for me.

"Have you thought of getting the speech printed to distribute copies to everybody who will be here to-morrow?"

I confessed it had not occurred to me.

"But," I added, "perhaps it's not too late to make up for my forgetfulness."

Next day, at five in the morning, I got into a carriage to hunt for a printer. I discovered one in the little town of Bromley. First of all I had to wake him up and explain matters. Those who know English habits can easily guess how he received me. And in any case he didn't know a single word of French. The first proof he brought me was such that I drew back in horror and nearly ran away! In the end I went into the workshop with him and helped him as well as I could. But I was not very expert in the business, and he seemed not much more skilful than myself. Things went a little better when his workmen arrived, and I could at length return to Chislehurst, where numerous trains, at ten minute intervals, were bringing enormous contingents of pilgrims and sightseers from Charing Cross and Cannon Street. The quiet road that winds upwards from the station to the village was filled with people, and every voice was French. The great empty common looked like a Paris suburb on a holiday. Every kind of pedlary was going on: some sold papers, others photographs, medals, souvenirs, emblems. There was an al fresco *café* where the Prince's monument now stands. Thousands of English people enjoyed the sight, swelling the crowd and adding to the gay hurly-burly which kept increasing. The Prince said over his speech to me once more, before going to the church, where the Abbé Goddard, Curé of Sainte-Marie and a former seminarist of Saint-Sulpice, delivered an address in French. The gates of Camden remained shut until the hour fixed for the ceremony. No one was allowed to enter except French ticket-holders, and they all betook themselves to a huge tent that had been put up on a lawn close to the house. At one end was a platform on which the

Empress and the Prince Imperial took their places. Behind them were all the high officials of the old Government, except, of course, soldiers on active service. Save for this inevitable abstention, the whole Empire was there, and there would have been material for two or three Cabinets among the former ministers present at the ceremony. The Duc de Padoue opened the meeting by a speech in the name of the departmental committees, whose president he was. The Duke was no orator, but his record, his high social position, his great reputation for rectitude, gave weight to his words, and perhaps he was the right man to bring the Prince with calm dignity the adhesion and good wishes of Imperialistic France. He was applauded, but while he spoke all eyes were fixed upon the Prince; the impressions that followed one another upon his mobile features were eagerly scanned. Somewhat pale, a little nervous, crumpling his speech in his hand, he held himself very upright beside his mother, and the bent posture of the Duke made him appear a little taller than he really was at this time by contrast.

I was at the other end of the tent, in the last row of the crowd, harassed by an emotion that was almost anguish. Would his voice carry? Would his memory not fail him? Would he get to the end without collapsing? A truly extraordinary silence fell throughout the tent.

He began, addressing his first words to the Duke, then turning towards the crowd and directing his speech to them.

"Monsieur le Duc et Messieurs,

"In assembling here to-day, you have followed a sentiment of fidelity to the Emperor's memory, and for that I desire first of all to thank you. The public conscience has vindicated that great memory from calumny and sees the Emperor in his true aspect. You who come from very diverse regions of our country, you can bear this witness: his reign was one constant care for the good of all; his last day on French soil was a day of heroism and renunciation.

"Your presence around me, the many addresses that have come to me prove to what extent France is uneasy as to her future destinies. Order is safe under the sword of the Duc de Magenta, the old comrade of my father's glories and misfortunes. His loyalty is a certain pledge to you that he will not expose the charge he has received to any surprise from parties. But order in material affairs is not security. The future remains unknown; the practical interests look on it with perturbation, and passion may abuse it.

"Hence arises the sentiment whose echo you bring to me. A sentiment that draws opinion with irresistible might towards a direct appeal to the nation to lay the foundations of a settled government. The plébiscite means safety and justice, power restored to authority, and the era of lasting security again opening for our country: it is a great national party, with neither victors nor defeated, raising itself above all to reconcile all.

"Will France, if she is openly consulted, cast her eyes upon the son of Napoleon III. This thought awakes in me distrust of my strength rather than pride. The Emperor taught me how heavy is the burden of sovereign authority, even upon manly shoulders, and how essential are faith in oneself and the sense of duty to carry out so high a mission.

"It is that faith which will give me what my youth lacks. United to my mother by the tenderest and most grateful affection, I shall labour without remission to outstrip the march of years.

"When the moment has come, if another Government attracts the votes of the greatest number, I shall bow with respect before the decision of the country. If for the eighth time the name of Napoleon comes out of the people's ballot-boxes, I am ready to accept the responsibility that the nation's suffrage would lay upon me.

"This is my mind: I thank you for coming a long way to obtain its expression. Take back my remembrances to the absent, to France the prayers of one of her sons; my courage and my life are hers. May God watch over her and restore to her her prosperity and her greatness!"

His voice, at the outset hollow and subdued, regained all its sonorous clearness when the Prince spoke of his father and the justice at length done to him. The cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" that greeted these words was homage for Napoleon III. The crowd listened with respect, but with a certain coldness, to the eulogy upon Marshal MacMahon; it rekindled upon hearing the Prince describe so well the uneasy condition of France. The word 'plébiscite,' impatiently expected, brought the spark to the powder. I shall never forget the Prince's tone in uttering the short phrase: "*C'est le salut et c'est le droit.*" He put into the last word the vigour of an oath and as it were an invincible resolve to make justice triumph. His emotion seemed to me to run through every soul and to come even to me in my obscure corner. Men trembled, there were muffled exclamations, oaths, sobs: they were so electrified that they would have followed him anywhere, and every word of his, almost before it was uttered, went to their heart's core. This time, when the cry 'Vive l'Empereur!' broke from every bosom, it was indeed to him it was addressed. At the point where the Prince spoke of his tender affection for his mother, the Empress was the object of a long and enthusiastic ovation, in which everyone there joined, great and small, humble or renowned. How much more enthusiastic still would have been that ovation had they known, as I knew, all that the Prince owed to his mother!

When he came down from the platform, he was followed tumultuously with loud cheers. I heard men say, wiping their eyes, "Did you hear? . . . . How well he speaks, the little Prince! . . . . Would anyone ever have believed it?" . . . .

The crowd was soon called elsewhere. Department by department, district by district, the delegates went to take up their position along a road that wound about the park. There the Prince, accompanied by Rouher, the Duc de Padoue and the whole political staff, made a leisurely review of his

electoral army. Curious or touching incidents took place. A "lady of the market," Madame Lebon, reminded him of a circumstance which has been mentioned in the first chapter: "Monseigneur," said she, "I kissed you in your cradle." "Well, then, Madame Lebon," answered the Prince, "I will give you back that kiss of yours." A gentleman from Bordeaux said to him: "Monseigneur, I have all my life been a Legitimist. But since M. the Comte de Chambord cannot or will not take the throne, I bring you my fealty and my homage." The Prince said, "I accept them Gentlemen, this is the true Fusion."

The Prince was happy enough to transform a slight blunder into a gratifying compliment. Meeting on his way Albéric Second, the well-known author, he had taken him for Marshal Lebœuf and had said to him, "I am delighted to shake the hand of a friend of my father." Informed of his mistake, and perceiving that Albéric Second was a little vexed at it, he begged me to do all I could to find him again and give him this message: "The Prince knows he made a mistake, but has nothing to change in his phrase." I managed to carry out my commission before many witnesses who, like myself, saw the delight of the amiable writer.

The last visitors were going away when I received bundles of the printed speech from Bromley. It was too late to distribute them. "No matter," said Rouher. "We will send them each and all a copy of the speech and a portrait." The next day there was a banquet in another tent, and this banquet was the occasion for new speeches. This day, or the next, the Prince held in the great dining room of Camden Place a kind of council of ministers, at which all those who had filled that office under the Empire and who were present at Chislehurst attended. Of course, I was not there, but coming away from the meeting several of these gentlemen, and notably M. Pinard, were good enough to stop and tell me what an excellent impression

the Prince had made upon them by his practical sense, the strength of his judgment, his grave and easy speech, the good faith and good will he showed in listening to advice. "He made us think of his father several times," so M. Pinard concluded.

A few days later we returned to Woolwich in the midst of profound quiet. Crowds, acclamations, speeches, banquets, that emotion, that greatness of a day, all had vanished like a dream, leaving only a schoolboy and his master.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE AT WOOLWICH *(continued)*

I.

I HAD foreseen that after the sixteenth of March the hot-heads of the party, those who were for immediate action at any cost, would make the most determined efforts to take my pupil from me and cut short his studies at Woolwich. But I was not uneasy about it, knowing that neither the Prince nor his mother approved of the idea: the Empress because she had no wish to hasten the hour of responsibility and danger for her son, the Prince because his pride and his good sense alike counselled him first of all to carry through with credit the task he had begun, and to leave Woolwich with an honourable if not a distinguished place. I do not know what Rouher thought on the matter, if he thought anything; but when he himself was satisfied, he would always accept, like a true lawyer, every cause given him to plead, and he took it on himself to explain to our friends in Paris that they were on the wrong path, and were up against an immovable resolve. The unattached statesmen who offered themselves to give the Prince lessons in politics, were exhorted to patience, and begged to allow me to finish my task, the principal aim of which was to make theirs effective. That was my answer to one of them who was candid enough to come to ask me to withdraw and make way for him.

THE PRINCE IN THE UNIFORM OF THE MILITARY SCHOOL AT WOOLWICH (1873).

From a signed Photograph in the collection of M. l'Abbé Misset.

We went quietly back, then, to Woolwich, and the Prince resumed his interrupted labours, taking up again with his cadet's uniform all the obligations and the duties his situation involved, as obedient to his chief, as good a comrade, as simple in ways and cordial in manners as he was before. He never seemed to remember that thousands of men had noisily and passionately hailed him their master, that every newspaper in the world was still busy discussing his words. Everyone who came near him had this in their minds; it could be read in their eyes. He himself seemed to have forgotten it.

Woolwich had become a centre of attraction, a point of pilgrimage for devotees and for the curious. The crowd of political faddists, people with schemes, news-hunters, all that special population which gathers about pretenders, and had so long besieged Chislehurst, now had for their objective the little house on the common. It was all I could do to read the mass of correspondence intended to reach the Prince's eyes and to influence him. I was always a strict sentinel and mounted guard over his work. I evaded every request for an audience, and never allowed anyone to make his way to him except at his express wish or in obedience to a message from the Empress.

The Prince set to work again at his studies with incredible zeal. He seemed insatiable. Besides the history lessons I have spoken of, he wanted to take up Latin again with me; he shared in his comrades' French exercises, and one evening brought back to me the following essay written in class, upon a subject given by the professor.

The Duties of an Officer.

"Nowadays, nations no longer entrust the defence of their frontiers to any but their own sons; armies are national, and no longer fight for gain, but from a sense of duty and patriotism. Soldiers are no longer brothers in arms only, but in blood.

"The regiment then is a great family, the heads of which are the officers. This imposes upon them the same duties as on a father, who in everything seeks the welfare of his children.

"On campaign, an officer must watch over his men's health, see that they lack nothing, that they take advantage of the few hours allowed them for sleep.

"On the battlefield, the officer must be penurious of his men's blood, and never sacrifice lives needlessly, merely for his own glory; but when the honour of the flag demands it, he must never hesitate to show them the example Leonidas set at Thermopylae.

"In time of peace or after victory, the officer should concern himself for the soldiers' morality, and repress the lower instincts of certain men, who take the occasion of success to glut their appetites.

"But beyond everything, the officer should be jealous of his men's honour, as a father is jealous for the reputation of his house. He should be severe to any man who does anything degrading, but severe in private, not in public, for the dishonour of a single man reflects upon the reputation of all.

"But how is an officer to acquire over his men that authority which makes him a friend and protector, at the same time as a disciplinarian? By gaining their esteem at the same time as their affection. The men must see their chief always alert, sharing their hardships, their privations; he must watch when all the camp is at rest. He must be the first afoot, the first in attack and the last in the retreat; by his own strong spirit he must revive their flagging courage. Such a man will never be abandoned by his soldiers; they will rally round him, knowing that they will find him always on the path of honour."

Sometimes when supper was over, after playing a little while with Darling, my little dog, he set to work again until midnight, to the great dismay of Uhlmann. That excellent fellow used to address very touching remonstrances to me. "What would you have, my friend?" I would say to him. "It takes an infinity of pains to make a

great Prince!" "But Monseigneur will kill himself." "No, no! he won't kill himself. No matter what people say, work never killed anybody."

When he was not pressed by some urgent task, we devoted the evening to politics. I would read certain letters to him; give him a *précis* of others; lastly we used to go through the newspapers where his name and his person occupied no little space. Among the young writers of the Republican party it was considered an achievement to invent an abusive nickname for him. Napoleon Three-and-a-half, and Velocipede IV. passed for the neatest. I could mention one of these nick name-makers who, having survived these mental efforts, filled in our time, and despicably filled, very high office. I spare him, not to put him to the blush before a generation that has very different opinions with regard to the men and doings of that epoch. The bullet picked up on the field at Sarrebrück turned up so often in the articles of the time that they might with advantage have kept the phrase in type for daily use in the Republican papers. These papers kept on saying that the Prince, unable to pass his examinations, had not managed to be classed. We have seen on the contrary that the Prince was, at the end of September, 1873, fifteenth out of thirty-eight, and we shall speedily see that he had gone up several places in the winter, and in the spring of 1874. No matter! They insisted that he was the dunce[1] of his class, and this word pleased the enemies of the dynasty immensely; it seemed as if the Republic drew its strength from it. There was another word that was very serviceable: the son of Napoleon III. was "in Coventry"[2] at the Royal Academy of Woolwich. Since he had taken his stand as a Pretender, his comrades, who at first had shown indulgent compassion for his intellectual inferiority, did not care to have anything more to do with him, and had completely ceased to speak to him. These lies

[1] *Le fruit sec.*

[2] In Coventry, "*en quarantaine.*"

gave a wretched opinion of our Press to the young officers at Woolwich, who loved the Prince and were proud of him in every way. The Prince one day brought me a photograph which showed him among a dozen of his fellows, and one has only to glance at this photograph, reproduced here, to perceive on what terms of affectionate familiarity he lived with them.

One incident, brought about by the clumsiness of a friend, but which was imputed to me by the Press, caused me some uneasiness. Léonce Dupont, a clever but somewhat absent-minded journalist, had published before the sixteenth of March a volume that made a good deal of noise, and called it *Le Quatrième Napoléon*. Before writing it, he had come to see me at Woolwich to obtain exact information, and, deferring to Rouher's wishes, I had taken him through the school, and had explained to him as well as I could its regulations and its curriculum.

"There," I said to Léonce Dupont, showing him the Prince at a distance, striding about the big courtyard and talking with an animated manner to a kind of giant in civilian garb, "there's the Prince walking with his friend M. Karcher."

"And who is M. Karcher?"

"M. Karcher is the French professor. He succeeded Esquiros, and like Esquiros is one of the December outlaws. You see in what a friendly fashion they are talking."

Dupont at once seized notebook and pencil. I was sure I should find that detail in his book. But he had spoiled it by adding that Karcher, as the result of his conversations with the Prince, had renounced his Republican errors, and had become the most convinced Imperialist. That phrase provoked wild protestations; Karcher, as a matter of fact, was correspondent to the paper *La République Française*, and a candidate for the Chambre des Députés for the division of Sedan. Léonce Dupont appealed to my testimony, and I was obliged to declare that he had mis-

understood me. At the same time I went to see Karcher and explain the matter to him. Theodore Karcher, the worthiest and straightest of men, was one of those ancient Republicans whom it was impossible not to respect and esteem, for they were ready to die for the Republic instead of living on it. He gave me his hand without reservation, and heard my explanation with a friendly smile. Afterwards we talked of the Prince.

"He is a charming young man," he said. "Everybody at the school likes him. We have hot debates with each other, but without malice. I should be truly grieved if anything happened to him and I have real delight in witnessing his progress in every direction, though my destiny is perhaps to fight against him."

I made a point of restoring the real character of this episode. Karcher sent me, some days later, his tragedy *Rienzi*, into which he had put his dream, his ideal Republicanism, and that tragedy completed my understanding of his character. When the Prince left Woolwich, he gave various souvenirs to the professors and the officers at the school. To Karcher, the old December outlaw, he gave the works of Napoleon III., and no one was more capable of understanding the humorous philosophy of such a gift from such a hand.

II.

When the fine weather returned, we resumed our habits of the previous summer, our vagabond talks in the open air. That was a fine summer, at any rate in England; it was marked by a comet that behaved much better than Halley's in 1910. It was particularly gracious to the Prince, for every evening, full in front of our windows, it displayed a resplendent trail of light which blotted out the red fires of the setting sun.

Louis Conneau had finally left the Prince to go to prepare

for the examinations of Saint Cyr, and so this unbroken intimacy that had lasted, so to speak, from the birth of each had come to an end. As the Empress had already started for the Continent, Comte Clary came to spend some days in our little house, and helped to amuse the Prince. Term over, without waiting to hear the result of his examinations, he set off to join his mother at Arenenberg. Comte Clary and I accompanied him to Dover. After spending the night in the Lord Warden Hotel, we parted on the Admiralty Pier, and I have told in another chapter what his farewell was. As he had come with me to my boat, it was thought that he was also embarking for Calais, and the news was telegraphed to the other side, where it made a great sensation. I very soon saw this by the innumerable suspicious attentions paid me all along my route. At Calais I was put in a reserved carriage the better to keep an eye on me. At Amiens, the Commissary of Police, whom I had met elsewhere, came to offer his services and to protest his devotion to Napoleon IV., all the while peering into the dark corners of the compartment, where the blinds were all drawn down. At Paris my least movement was anxiously spied on. The Rue de Fleurus, where I lived, was guarded at both ends, and at night patrols went to and fro in the quarter. I only made a flying visit to Paris, and went off almost immediately for the Vosges, but I had a double who was amused by the resemblance, and sometimes profited by it. The police followed full cry on his track, and as the authorities were deceived, Rouher had detailed reports of my doings at Paris, while I was in Lorraine and while the Prince, the subject of all this fuss, was quietly enjoying his holidays in Switzerland. This was one of the many scares he unconsciously gave a Government that was terrified of its own shadow.

Soon after his arrival in Switzerland the Prince heard the result of the term examinations and the new placing that followed. I learned it in my turn by a wire from Comte

Clary, who in a letter dated July 30th sent me the details communicated by General Simmons. The net result was that the Prince was now eleventh in his class, and that his place in each of the courses he took was as follows; tenth in mathematics, eighth in fortification, fourth in artillery, and fourteenth in military drawing. The examiners' report gave a most favourable account of him, considering the peculiar disadvantages he had to contend with, and pointed out that if the Prince had cared to take advantage of his superior knowledge of French to make up for his inevitable inferiority in English, he would have been placed eighth and not eleventh.

So he had nothing to do but to enjoy his freedom and his stay in a place of which he was very fond, and where he had already spent a happy vacation in 1873. Everybody knows that this house had been for many years the residence of Queen Hortense, and that Napoleon III. had lived there with her during his childhood and part of his youth. In 1866 he made a kind of pilgrimage there with the Empress. A letter from the little Prince had found them there.

It was dated from Châlons, where the Emperor had left him in the midst of his soldiers.

"I am very well at the Camp of Châlons, only I miss mama a little. . . . I, too, when I go to Switzerland, shall go to see Arenenberg, which will remind me of my father."

These memories must have saddened him, at the outset, when he came to Arenenberg under the shadow of his still recent mourning. But the beauty of the place, the distractions it afforded, and the presence of his dearest friends made this fine residence very pleasant to him, and he went there every year until 1878. As it was at the time when I returned as a rule to my family, I have never seen Arenenberg. I borrow this description of the château from charming, witty Madame Octave Feuillet, who visited Arenenberg in 1873, and again in 1875 and 1878.

"From Constance to Arenenberg there is nothing noteworthy. As far as the village of Ermatingen, you would think you were skirting certain districts along the Loire, the less pretty parts. The lake dies there, and lies spread like a splash of oil, leaving a muddy slime behind. But when you have passed Ermatingen the landscape regains its charm and its grandeur. You find Switzerland once again.

"You must climb a pretty steep slope to reach the château and its park, shut by a gateway. Once past this gate, you follow a gloomy alley, bordered by ravines and precipices, from which stand up ancient dishevelled trees. The lake flows at their feet and its greenish waters sparkle through their interlacing boughs. You would imagine yourself looking at the Mediterranean through the olives of Villefranche.

"The carriage stopped before the peristyle of the château, which is nothing but a simple cottage overhung with climbing plants to the very roof. A white-haired old servant, a kind of Caleb Balderstone, came to open the door and greeted me with a kindly smile, seeming to thank me for bringing memories of France to his mistress.

"The same man took me into a simply furnished antechamber, then into a salon hung with striped coutil, which made it look like a tent. The ceiling, made cantwise, and hung with the same material, dazzled the eyes like a kaleidoscope.

"Everything had remained just as Queen Hortense had left it when she departed from this world. The same stiff, straight furniture, with loose covers, the same mahogany consoles, supported by foolish-looking swans. The same clocks like mausoleums. On the walls, in rows, portraits of the Imperial family: Queen Hortense as a child, chasing butterflies; Prince Louis-Napoléon at twenty, climbing the glaciers of the Oberland in a blue frock-coat; his brother Charles in a close-fitting coat of red velvet, and the Prince de Beauharnais brandishing his sabre against an idealised horizon. At the end of the room, near a great opening covered with a portière, were hung a barometer in the shape of a lyre, and some old prints. I noticed upon a

round table in the middle of the room, pieces of embroidery and wool-work, and a great number of packs of cards, which the Empress must have had for playing 'patience.'"

With this pen, which is as good as a painter's brush, Madame Feuillet will give us light lively sketches that will show us the Prince as she saw him on her subsequent visits. But she did not see him in 1873, and she was told he was travelling. He also made a tour in the Bernese Oberland in July, 1874. I find in a letter from Clary the itinerary of this voyage, thanks to which I could follow my Prince stage by stage in thought. While the Paris police thought him hidden in the Rue de Fleurus, he was visiting Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, and Meyringen, to come back to Arenenberg by Lucerne and Zurich.

III.

The next term, which finished the Prince's studies, was not spent entirely at Woolwich. It was the custom during this last term for the cadets about to leave to take up their abode at Shoeburyness and follow a course of practical artillery which lasted several weeks. Shoeburyness is a little village on the Essex coast, some miles from Southend, a sea-bathing town, much less frequented then than now. It was, I think, chosen for long range artillery practice because of the sands that run far out to sea at this point and keep off ships above a certain draught. One Saturday evening in the autumn of 1874, I went to instal the Prince at Shoeburyness and I remember two jokes that amused him that same evening. I tell them here, not that they are of the slightest importance, but because they will give an idea of his exuberant gaiety. We had dined at Rosherville, where there were then famous gardens, well known to Londoners, and full of visitors during the summer months. It was a little artificial

Switzerland in the space of a square mile. We went to take a turn there. It was at nightfall, and the whole place was deserted. We were crossing a bridge when the Prince left me suddenly, jumped upon the parapet, and from thence into space. I was terrified. I ran to the place where he had disappeared, and a happy outburst of laughter came up from the darkness. The bridge was not over a stream, but across a path that passed a dozen feet below. He speedily rejoined me, and evaded my scoldings by the cajoleries of a spoiled boy. After crossing the river in a ferry, we all but missed the train at Tilbury and we had only time to hurl ourselves into a second or third class carriage. That allowed him to play his second joke. When we got to Southend, the station, very dimly lighted, was full of people. They had come to cheer the Prince, and, quite naturally, looked for him to get out of a first-class carriage. We were able to get down in the middle of the crowd without being noticed, and the Prince rushed along, using his elbows, shouting louder than everybody else, and giving a perfect display of the Saturday night cockney. He continued this game till the very moment he jumped into the landau that was waiting for him at the door.

The Empress, at the invitation of the military authorities, came to visit her son some days later, and was happy to see for herself how this active life as an officer delighted him, and how good it was for his health. The Prince came back to Woolwich to pass his final examinations in January, 1875. He announced the result to Rouher in the following letter.

"I pass out of the School seventh, but I was first in the final examination. The Duke of Cambridge, as well as the governor of the Academy, has been charming to me and my comrades have bidden me adieu in the warmest fashion. At length I have completed one section of my studies, and I am ready to begin others, which will be indispensable to me if your efforts and those of our many friends are to be crowned with success."

The departure of the section to which the Prince belonged was accompanied with various ceremonies, some informal, others formal, which seemed to me very characteristic. There was a ball in the gymnasium at which everybody present, from the Governor of the School to the last cadet, sang "Auld Lang Syne," holding hands in two lines and going to meet each other. There was also a gala luncheon, after which the Duke of Cambridge reviewed the battalion, which manœuvred before him in the great quadrangle of the School. It was the Prince who gave the word of command, and he acquitted himself admirably. In the evening, the cadets dined together in a London inn (the *Blue Posts*, if I am not mistaken); they drank the Prince's health, and he replied in some well chosen sentences, so the guests told me when they came back from the banquet. Next day nothing remained for the Prince to do but to distribute tips and to settle his accounts, which it may be said, by the way, he did with scrupulous regularity. His only debt was to a little fellow who sold apple dumplings at the gate of the Academy. He himself was appalled at the sum total, which betrayed the excellent appetite I have spoken of. He bade good-bye to his rooms at the Academy, to his little house on the Common, to that modest dwelling where so many peaceful hard-working hours had glided by, embellished by so many noble hopes and beautiful dreams; he returned to Camden Place, where he was to find his mother once more and begin a new phase of life at her side.

The moment had come for me to leave him, and it may be imagined with what feelings I saw this predetermined hour draw nearer and nearer. I had put it off as long as I possibly could, while others were doing their utmost to hasten it. The official chief of the party, the principal counsellor of the Empress and the Prince, no longer dissembled his feelings on the subject, and I would have fully approved him if he had frankly told me his mind instead of allowing me to guess it by his hostility, and if it had not

been filled with absurd suspicions. He believed that I was the instrument and the ally of his rivals, that I was trying to ruin his credit with the Prince and his authority in the party. Nothing was further from the truth. What is quite true is that leaving Woolwich—where he had raised himself, by a prodigious effort, from the lowest to the first rank—marked the Prince's real coming of age, his passing from the studies of youth to the studies of a young man and a Prince, to which he alludes in the letter quoted above. The departure of his tutor made this emancipation visible to all and clear to the Prince himself, like the assumption of the toga virilis instead of the toga praetexta among the Romans. I only did my duty, then, in effacing myself. But I had been able to see that the Empress did not wish for my removal, as an attempt had been made to persuade me, and as I had believed for a moment. Solaced at heart by this discovery, I hoped to render new services, from afar or close at hand, to my dear Prince in this new period of study on which he was about to enter, and which was to be, for him, a kind of special university, the school of the Pretender. High abilities offered themselves to direct his work, whether in military affairs, or in affairs of statecraft and administration. Lavisse was the best counsellor he could adopt in his history studies. The Prince was anxious to reserve for me his studies in literature, and I had decided to hold myself entirely free, so as to be in a position to bring to his service my devotion at any time and in any way that it might please him to appeal to it.

In spite of this consoling prospect, in spite of the delight of seeing again my father, who, solitary now, needed my presence and my attentions, in spite of a happiness long desired, long deferred, that awaited me on the other side of the Channel, I was profoundly sad when taking leave of my beloved pupil, and when the wheels of the carriage that took me away sounded on the gravel at their first revolution, it seemed that they were passing over my heart, and I

thought of the Paris cab that, seven and a half years earlier, had put me down at the door of the palace of Saint Cloud. I asked myself anxiously: During these years, have I done my whole duty, and nothing but my duty? Would another not have done better? Thirty-six years have gone, and that question—the gravest ever set before my conscience —still returns to agitate it.

CHAPTER IX

IN THE CAMP AT ALDERSHOT—ENGLISH FRIENDSHIPS—TRAVELS TO FLORENCE AND TO ROME

I WENT to see the Prince several times, and I made short visits at Camden Place, in 1875 and 1876. But I could no longer follow his life and the evolution of his mind, as my continuous presence with him had allowed me to do for so many years. From the middle of 1876, a distressing malady, which cut me off for a long time from active life, interrupted my relations with him. He often wrote to me, and his letters, while they sustained me in this harsh trial, brought me something of his personal feelings, but only glimpses; they only shed a half light upon him for a moment. The lines that close the foregoing chapter would, therefore, have been the last of this book, which originally was to contain only my own reminiscences. But my friend M. Franceschini Pietri has been good enough to help me with his recollections where mine failed. Secretary to the Prince Imperial after having served the Emperor in the same capacity, M. Pietri owes to an unexampled fidelity lasting more than half a century the privilege of knowing more than anybody else about everything that concerns the Imperial family. Nothing can better give an idea of his exceptional position than these words, addressed to him by the Prince himself from Fluellen, in August, 1874, when charging him with a political mission to the Corsicans, his countrymen: "You had all the Emperor's confidence, to-day you have mine." What could be added to such words?

Finally, I received a most precious favour. The

Empress, hearing of the homage I was preparing to pay to her son's memory, graciously allowed me to read the private and political correspondence of the Prince, and the letters he wrote to his mother from the time he could hold a pen until the fatal morning of the first of June. I had the unhoped-for happiness of thus witnessing the full unfolding of that intelligence I had seen opening in 1873 and 1874, and which had surpassed all the promise of its beginning. I do not know if this correspondence will later on be published in its entirety. On that day the Prince would take his place among the most interesting figures and the most gifted intelligences of his century. To-day I can only lift a corner of the veil.

The Prince Imperial was far from regarding his military education as ended when he left Woolwich; he had himself attached to a permanent battery at Aldershot, and took up his duties there at the beginning of spring. He won speedy popularity for his good nature and keenness, while waiting for an occasion to display rarer and more valuable gifts. At Aldershot he met distinguished officers, with whom he became friends, remaining in close touch with them to the end of his life. I will mention three, Messrs. Wodehouse, Slade and Bigge. The first two attained high rank in the army; the third, Sir Arthur Bigge, was attached to the person of the late Queen Victoria, and is to-day secretary to King George V.; he has been raised to the peerage as Lord Stamfordham.

Life at Aldershot pleased the Prince: he was happier still when, on manœuvres, he changed his rooms for a tent and lived a real soldier's life for some weeks. He wrote to the Empress, who after coming to see him at Aldershot, had gone to take the waters at Ragatz:

"*Friday, July 16th,* 1875.

"My Dear Mother,

"Thank you so much for the affectionate letters I have just received, they have come to find me in the middle of a

horrible sea of mud. For the five days that we have been in tents, it has done nothing but rain; nevertheless, I find myself very well in this life, a complete novelty to me. Two days ago, the water invaded our canvas home, during the horror of darkest night; I found myself with my comrade, in the middle of a little lake, in which our belongings were floating about in a wretched state.

"It was a painful waking . . . I thought I was on the high seas, making towards you in Captain Boyton's apparatus,[1] but the chill of the water, a fine substitute for Uhlmann, speedily dissipated the fumes of slumber! . . . I rescued our inundated chattels, made a pile of them on the canteen, the only thing that raised its head above the deluge, and went out of my tent . . . Then armed with a shovel I dug a trench all around the tent, and in this way drained my dwelling at the expense of a shower-bath.

"Our misfortunes have had no effect on the men's temper, they console themselves for the rain since they have a French cook. This cook is a delightful young fellow, endowed with the most exquisite qualities of body and mind . . . This cook, you have already guessed from my description, is me. Thanks to a long conversation I have had with Müller,[2] I've managed to make a good soup, sure enough with 'eyes of fat on it,' but declared first-rate by the gunners.

"Be sure I think of you often and hope the waters will do you good.

"My regards to the people with you, and to you my best kiss.

"Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

"NAPOLÉON."

Leaving Aldershot, the Prince only touched at Camden Place and went to join his mother at Arenenberg, where he spent his vacation very gaily. He received there some interesting visitors, notably M. Lavisse, whose coming was a joy, not only for the Prince, but for everybody in the château. Madame Feuillet, who this year again visited the

[1] Captain Boyton, who was much talked of at this time, had invented an apparatus on wheels, on which he boasted that he had crossed Dover Straits and kept himself afloat in the water for many hours.

[2] Müller, the Emperor's second valet de chambre.

Empress, was struck by the happy air of the Prince and the taste he seemed to have for practical jokes. She remarked also his likeness to his mother. "Only he had neither her regular features, nor the beauty of her look."

About this time it was discussed among those about the Prince what attitude he ought to take with regard to the new law of recruiting. One of our generals, being consulted on the point, uttered the opinion that the Prince could claim exemption as the "only son of a widow." The idea seemed to him excessively ridiculous. "Everybody knows," he wrote to Rouher, "that I don't support my mother with the work of my hands." In the end, Rouher went to the Hôtel de Ville and drew a number for the Prince, who was not called up.

The Prince had written to me in 1875. "I hope you will come and see me at Chislehurst this autumn. We will get through a good spell of work together." Unhappily I could not answer this summons. But he had no lack of occupation. He started the different lines of study he had in view, read in particular, profitably and taking notes as he read, the *Correspondence* of Napoleon I., which in a letter to his friend Conneau, he declared to be "an officer's breviary." At the same time he was studying the situation and the resources of his party, he renewed his acquaintance with the old servants of Napoleon III., and entered into relations with the new talent that had been disclosed, in Parliament or in the Press, since the fourth of September.[1] Lastly he was accepting

[1] Among this new talent I think it only just to give special mention to Raoul Duval. This is how, in a letter to the Empress, the Prince spoke of his first interview with him: "He is sympathetic: I believe him to be frank and of wide ideas. We talked at length. I think I put in practice the theory you often impress upon me, that is to say, I let him talk rather than myself. He is for the secrecy of the ballot. His ideas are in the direction of a reasonable liberalism though he is not a parliamentarian. He is with M. Rouher, but he wishes to retain his own individuality; he is quite right. . . . . We must certainly make use of him in the general elections of 1876, to hold public meetings, for I know no other man so well fitted to take hold of a crowd."

invitations to shoot at great English houses, where he met the heirs of several reigning families.

The next summer found the Prince again at Aldershot and September saw him once more at Arenenberg.

When autumn came, the Empress and her son betook themselves to Italy for the winter. The Prince Imperial made a short excursion to Venice with his friends Joachim Murat and Espinasse ; then, after visiting the battlefields of 1859, he rejoined his mother at Florence, and they established themselves together in the Villa Oppenheim, where the Empress was speedily visited by King Victor Emmanuel.

Apart from the pleasure the Prince had in seeing again the members of the Bonaparte family who were settled in Italy, and in forming a closer intimacy with his cousins Primoli and Roccagiovine, Italian society gave the young Prince and his mother the heartiest welcome.

One thing marked his stay in Florence: it relates to that artistic vocation I have spoken of already, and which he was stifling within himself since childhood, so as not to rob the great duties that called him of a single hour. One day he had answered M. Pietri, who was urging him to take some lessons: "I have too much leaning towards art. If I give myself up to it, I shall be drawn further than I wish, and I should neglect my real work." We know what he meant by his "work." But at Florence art had more powerful spells than elsewhere. There was a kind of conspiracy about him.

The old Comte Arese laid a trap for him when he took him to the studio of a celebrated artist who was, he said, anxious to show the Prince his pictures. When he saw the Prince was charmed with his visit, he said to him. "Promise to grant me a favour." "If it is in my power," answered the Prince with a smile, "it is done. How could I refuse an old friend of my father?" Arese then asked him to become for some time a pupil of this artist, and the Prince consented. These few lessons, with the advice given long before by Carpeaux and one or two water-colours done under the

guidance of the Woolwich professor of drawing in 1874, represent the whole of the Prince's artistic education. I am convinced that he would have gone far in this career if he had been of ordinary rank and free to follow his instincts. But in 1876, nothing could turn him from the path in which he was resolutely going onward.

He could not leave Italy without paying a visit to his godfather, Pope Pius IX. He himself described his reception at the Vatican in a letter to Tristan Lambert. I will quote here the most important passages:

"FLORENCE, *January 5th*, 1877.

"I did not go to see the Holy Father with any political aim; I did not go to ask for the support of the Catholics of France. But I went to lay my homage at the feet of a saintly old man, the dethroned sovereign, but still the all-powerful head of Christendom.

"I went to assure the Holy Father that the Third Empire, like the First and the Second, would be the protector of all useful liberties, and especially of those that help to do good.

"But I gave him to understand that I considered the Church should keep more outside the political arena, and that, on pain of losing her influence and her prestige, she ought not to identify herself with any party.

"And this idea, which I permitted myself to express to him, was so much in accordance with his own, that he answered one day to a Royalist who spoke to him of the white flag:

"'Sir, you are completely mistaken; we men of God have no other flag than the Cross of Calvary.'

"The welcome my godfather gave me was most sympathetic; he left me with these words:

"'I hope that a speedy return will restore you to France; I wish it for the sake of the Church, I wish it for the sake of your country, I wish it for the sake of Europe, for when France is quiet within, calm reigns throughout the world; but when she is agitated by revolutionary passions, the security of the world is threatened.'"

This duty fulfilled, and the King's visit to the Villa Oppenheim returned, the Prince was able to give himself up to the thousand seductions of Rome, as he had tasted the charm and the teaching of Florence. Notes of this period show him to me in full social activity, giving or accepting appointments to take part in *fêtes* or arranging interesting excursions. I have no doubt that this was a delicious moment of his life, the more delicious that he tasted it with companions of exquisite refinement who made him understand and appreciate it better.

In the midst of so many delightful sights, delicate pleasures, new friendships, the Prince never for an instant forgot his political affairs. I knew something of this, for at that time he was very angry with his former tutor. I had written for *La Nation* an article in which, commenting on a phrase in *The Times*, "We shall not fight," I drew from it, naturally enough, a hope, if not a certainty of peace. I added that England, by land and even by sea, was not in any condition to make war on a great Power. That is a historical fact, then believed by some, now recognised by everybody. All the more do we admire the audacity with which Disraeli launched his *Quos ego*, and stopped with a gesture victorious Russia at the gates of Constantinople. But the Prince, full of the ideas that then animated the English army, believed in war, perhaps because he wished for it, and he considered, not without reason, that such an article, signed by his former tutor, in a paper that was supposed to be directly open to suggestions from himself, might, if it was noticed, put him in a false position with his comrades. He wrote to this effect to Rouher and had, in all the papers belonging to the party, articles published, whose object it was to counter-balance and disclaim mine. This little agitation passed completely unnoticed by the English public. But the Prince and I remained obstinately fixed in our views, and months were needed wholly to obliterate the memory of this incident and bring back the old friend-

ship; above all, it took the affectionate sympathy inspired in his generous heart by the grievous trial I was passing through.

In the spring of 1877 the Empress and the Prince left Florence, where they had spent the end of the winter, one to go to Naples, then to Malta, whence she embarked for Spain, the other to take his way north once more. He was accompanied by M. Pietri. On the way they halted several times, once to visit the dockyards at Spezzia and to admire the splendours of Genoa; going through Munich, where the Marquis de Piennes had rejoined him, he was interested in the military exercises of the Bavarian troops. He arrived at length at Camden Place, where important tasks awaited him.

He wrote to his mother on the thirtieth of April, 1877:

"I am expecting M. Rouher very soon and I must say with impatience. Until then I continue to work with M. Merruau, who has been installed here for three weeks or a month.

"Do not forget, dear mother, your son who loves you with all his heart and who belongs wholly to you."

II.

The hour for grave resolves was at hand, and the Prince was preparing, after two or three years which he looked on as years of apprenticeship, to display his will, to make his personal action felt. The moment, then, seems to me to have come for explaining his political ideal and the guiding principles of his conduct. I run no risks here of lending my own thoughts to the Prince, as many biographers do. The Prince knew this danger from which he was not himself to escape. One day he wrote to me, speaking of a work whose author claimed to give the public the mind of Napoleon III. after his death: "M. X . . . has just published, under the title of X., a host of platitudes that he chooses to put in the Emperor's mouth. If any of my partisans thinks foolish

things and prints them, that is his look-out; but if he attributes them to my father or to me, it is too much! M. X . . . reminds me of those mediums who make Voltaire write mistakes in spelling and give Racine verses of fifteen feet."

Nothing could be more severe, but nothing is more truly just. If I sometimes happened to introduce certain ideas into his mind or even to put certain words in his mouth, when he was under my guidance, now that he is so no longer I shall be only the more careful not to make him speak otherwise than he would have spoken himself. But, once more, I am not liable to fall into this mistake, and I have explained why beforehand. My own ideas were on certain points, and not the least important points, very different from those he held and ought to have held. For those alone could inspire him and sustain him in his task. Princes, and still less claimants to a throne, may not pause to await certainties, which sometimes never come, and which events weaken and obscure, instead of strengthening and illuminating. They must act, and to act one must have faith: faith in a just and sovereign power, faith in one's own strength, faith in men's goodness, in their generosity at bottom, in the efficacy of their action, in the final triumph of good in human affairs.

Well, the Prince believed firmly and passionately in all these. His religion, at first a little mechanical and passive, all a matter of habit and expediency, had become for him, through his intellectual evolution, a logical necessity at the same time as a necessity of his soul. On that, and on no other foundation, he meant to build his own moral ideas and the whole social pyramid. He said to me one day, "I think Napoleon was at bottom deeply religious." I did not contradict him, and he left this world without knowing his tutor's ideas on this question, as on many others. Whether real or imaginary, it was good for him to believe in Napoleon's religion. But what was indeed his own was the magnificent notion that the Abbé Deguerry had put before him from his

very boyhood, and in which he now believed more than the Abbé Deguerry himself: I mean the idea of the absolute devotion of the sovereign to his people, a devotion which is the price of his power. The more he devotes himself, the more authority will he have. This conception took possession of the Prince's mind; it dominated his life. At certain moments there was a veritable thirst for self-immolation in this young man, so gay, so in love with life, so well adapted to enjoy all the delights or glory it can offer. It would be hard to believe that such a sentiment of abnegation and renunciation should have really existed in him if we had not a testimony to the fact written with his own hand. I mean, as will be guessed, the prayer that was found later in his prayer book.

"My God, I give Thee my heart, but Thou, give me faith. Without faith there can be no ardent prayers, and prayer is one of my soul's needs.

"I pray to Thee, not that Thou shouldst remove the obstacles that stand in my way, but that Thou shouldst allow me to overcome them.

"I pray to Thee, not to disarm my foes, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself, and deign, O God, to hear my prayer.

"Preserve to my affection those who are dear to me. Grant them lives of happiness. If Thou wilt shed upon this earth only a certain sum of joy, O God, take my share from me.

"Distribute it among those most worthy, and let the worthiest be my friends. If Thou wouldst make reprisals upon men, strike me.

"Misfortune is turned to joy by the sweet thought that those whom one loves are happy.

"Fortune is poisoned by this bitter thought: I am glad, and those whom I love a thousand-fold more than myself are suffering. Let there be no more good fortune, O God, for me. I flee from it. Take it from my path.

"Joy I may not find save in forgetting the past. If I forget those who are no more, I shall be forgotten in my

turn, and how sad is that thought which makes one say, 'Time wipes out everything.'

"The only satisfaction I seek is that which lasts for ever, that which a quiet conscience gives.

"O my God! Show me always where my duty lies; give me the strength always to do it.

"When I have come to the end of life, I shall turn my eyes towards the past without fear.

"Its memory will not be for me a long remorse. Then I shall be happy. Instil deeper into my heart, O God, the conviction that those whom I love and who have died are the witnesses of all my actions. My life will be worthy for them to see, and my inmost thoughts will never cause me to blush."

To ask for faith in terms like these is to have it fully. "'Thou would'st not seek Me,' says the God of Pascal to the believer, 'if thou hadst not found Me already.'" I have been careful not to leave out a single syllable of that prayer which is at present of almost daily use in many Roman Catholic schools. It shows the Prince's soul in all its loftiness and in all its humility. For him, to reign was to devote himself, and if he had mounted the throne he would have taken as his principal auxiliaries the Army and the Church, which also have as their foundation and their vocation devotion. His love for the Army, which he expressed so often, was a kind of passion and might have carried him too far. He meant to be the first soldier in France and thought, as I have already pointed out, that he was drawing nearer his end by serving a foreign nation. As for the Church, the letter to Tristan Lambert upon his visit to the Pope explained clearly the attitude he expected to preserve towards her and the help he expected from her: he desired her sympathy. not her support, in the struggles he was about to undergo.

III.

The foregoing pages explain beforehand his manner of thinking and acting in one of the most delicate conjunctures

of his short political life: I mean his differences with his cousin, Prince Napoleon. It was impossible for him to accept the advice of this Prince, still more so to submit to his guidance. Now Prince Napoleon would not have been satisfied with counselling: he aspired to guide, and in what path? Those who knew him or who knew his doctrines, know how little they agreed with the ideas of the Prince Imperial and with the political needs of the moment. Prince Napoleon wanted to enter Parliament to inaugurate a quasi-republican policy, in which he could have been followed by only a very small number of Bonapartists, and which the Republicans, on their side, would have rejected as treason. But there was more behind: Prince Napoleon interpreted the idea of the plébiscite in a sense that could not be accepted at Chislehurst, for it seemed to him that the nation's choice might fall on him as legitimately as on his cousin. As he one day said to M. Pietri, "The young Prince could be taken 'on trial.'" We were not of this opinion, and the immense majority of our party was with us. The "senatus consultum" of 1804 and that of 1852, ratified by the popular vote, had twice established the Imperial dignity in the family of Napoleon, with transmission from heir male to heir male, in order of primogeniture, and for us that text had retained all its validity. By not accepting it without reservation, Prince Napoleon lost his right to avail himself publicly of the popularity and the prestige attached to his name.

Relations between Camden Place and Prangins had been broken off entirely when, in the summer of 1875, it occurred to Princess Mathilde to employ me to bring about peace between the cousins. The Prince Imperial—and this proves his goodwill—authorised me to talk with Prince Napoleon. This conversation took place at Saint Gratien, after luncheon, in a walk along the park towards Sannois, which we covered more than twenty times from end to end. The Prince sparkled with eloquence and wit, but I

knew the affairs of the family and the characters in question too well not to see that everything he said contained something inaccurate or unjust. He was completely ignorant of the true character of the Prince Imperial; he had the meanest opinion of his intelligence and attributed all his decisions to the Empress. He cherished a hope of drawing him away from her influence by substituting his own. I endeavoured to undeceive him on all these points. "The Prince," I said to him, "will be, and already is, an intelligence and a will. He does not blindly follow his mother's commands, but since he shows extraordinary moral affinities with her, it is not surprising that they should agree upon great matters. Whatever may be done, I am sure no one will succeed in setting them at variance." I ventured to tell Prince Napoleon that he had at his back a few dozen men of brains, while the Prince Imperial was followed by several million Frenchmen. In these conditions could Prince Napoleon hope that his cousin would capitulate and make an unconditional surrender to him?

I gave the Prince Imperial a faithful account of this interview, which naturally did not help to restore harmony in the family.

Prince Napoleon, having become a candidate for the Chambre des Deputés in Corsica, at the time of the election in 1876, the Prince Imperial sent M. Pietri to Ajaccio with the following letter:

"CHISLEHURST, *January 24th*, 1876.

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR FRANCESCHINI PIETRI.

"Prince Napoleon Jérôme, it is said, intends to offer himself for the votes of the people of Ajaccio; he is acting in opposition to my wishes; he looks for support to our enemies, I am obliged to treat him as one.

"If it were true that he was anxious to efface from my memory past disagreements, he would have withdrawn from the contest. He would have spared me a bitter resolution, you a painful task. I could not take the first steps towards

reconciliation, but I should have accepted it with joy. No understanding between us could be sincere unless the Prince renounced a policy that differs from mine; it would not have been lasting unless he gave up all idea of standing for Parliament. At the Assembly unforeseen incidents in a sitting would bring him face to face with resolutions upon which no previous decision had been arrived at between us; his votes would have been the source of new dissensions, all the more serious since they would have been more widely discussed. When the Emperor was alive, his authority was never contested in the bosom of his family; *for my part, it is my duty to establish mine.*

"M. Rouher is going to Ajaccio. I hope he will be appointed to represent this loyal town, the cradle of our family. His long and true services, his unshaken devotion, make him worthy to represent Napoleonic ideas in the town that is beyond all others Napoleonic. Corsicans have the sentiment of duty and honour: they will pay homage to these two virtues by nominating a man who has never failed in either.

"Be assured, my dear Monsieur F. Pietri, of my unchanging friendship.

"NAPOLÉON."

The fight was waged and won by the orthodox Bonapartists, but the conquerors were distressed at having had to fight against a Napoleon. The Queen of Holland united her efforts with those of Princess Mathilde to bring about a reconciliation. She was then very ill and her condition gave a kind of touching solemnity to her request to the Prince. I have not read Queen Sophie's letter; I only know the answer sent by the Prince, very sad, I am sure, at being unable to defer to a dying woman's wishes. After expressing his affectionate and profound sympathy for the august invalid, he came to the object of her letter:

"The Queen bids me hold out my hand to Prince Jérôme Napoléon. What your Majesty advises I did three years ago, and my action was in vain. It might then have avoided

a break and the public notoriety it entailed. Since then our dissensions have grown greater; they have become public, and have laid on me other duties which I must not ignore. If I forgot them to-day, in France as elsewhere, people would see in this more than a reconciliation between two members of a discordant family. The act would be interpreted as adherence to the Prince's policy, a policy that shall never be mine."[1]

IV.

To leave no doubt in anyone's mind, I hasten to add that if the Prince Imperial could not share his cousin's radical opinions, he was as little inclined towards the blind partisans of the old order. On this point, I must defend him against the assertions of a worthy and well-meaning person who attributed to him, mistakenly in my opinion, his own views upon the contemporary political movement. Eugène Loudun, an old Government official, who had lost his post after September 4th, through having too loudly declared his devotion to the Empire, was recommended to the Prince Imperial by Baron Tristan Lambert, who thought very highly of him. When I was at Woolwich, I read the Prince parts of the

[1] I do not wish to go further into the history of this difference between the two principal members of the Bonaparte family, a difference that never ended in reconciliation. However, I shall quote a letter from the Prince Imperial which displays him in profound disagreement with his cousin upon a point of great importance in our contemporary history. This letter is subsequent to the facts I have just narrated.

The Duc de Grammont had published an article in reply to an article by Prince Napoléon, in which the latter had accused the Imperial policy of having betrayed French interests by not purchasing, at the last moment, Italy's co-operation by abandoning Rome. The Prince wrote to the Duc to congratulate him upon his action. To begin with, the allegation was false. But even admitting that it were true, "the cabinet of the Tuileries could do no otherwise than it did. France was pledged by her word to the Holy Father; to break that word would have been to enter the lists with a stigma, and begin the combat morally weakened. To purchase the help of Italy at the price of a sordid action would have been to demean ourselves too much, and there would have been a universal outcry against a government vile enough to conclude such a bargain."

letters M. Loudun used to address to me and also his book on the *Law of Revolutions*, which contained a whole philosophy of history. Later, Eugène Loudun wrote directly to the Prince and was received by him. The visitor, treated with courtesy, exaggerated his part in his own mind and took himself for a confidant. By a strange illusion, he persuaded himself that the Prince had said to him everything he had himself said to the Prince. I shall be asked how I know this, as I was then far away from my old pupil, and as the Prince never spoke to me of M. Loudun in his letters. My answer is easy: because M. Loudun puts in the Prince's mouth speeches which are in direct and absolute contradiction with his fundamental ideas as well as with facts.

The Prince is supposed to have said to him, "For some time I have been under the influence of a revolutionary mind." Who could this revolutionary person have been? I cannot possibly discover him among the friends and counsellors of the Prince. Was it Rouher? Was it Paul Merruau or Cottin? Was it M. Franceschini Pietri? Was it M. Ernest Lavisse? Was it myself? The epithet "revolutionary" suits none of those I have just mentioned, if we take it in its usual meaning of a disturber of the social order, a man who would lead the country into adventures and violence. If, on the other hand, by the word we mean a man attached to the principles of the Revolution, and resolute to maintain and develop its heritage in peaceful and legal ways, we were all, in varying degrees, revolutionaries, and the Prince most of all, otherwise he would have been giving up the tradition bequeathed him by Napoleon I. and by Napoleon III. Now it was in their works and their acts he sought for his line of conduct. He would have called himself, like them, Emperor "by the grace of God and the will of the nation." In his speech of March 16th, he had given the principle of popular sovereignty a fuller homage than any other sovereign had ever dared to do. I think then that if M. Loudun had destined the Prince Imperial to destroy the French Revolution and to

bring France back beyond 1789, he would have been deeply mistaken.

When Eugène Loudun said to the Prince Imperial: "You are the fourth Race!" the Prince might have answered that the third still existed, represented by princes respected by all and regretted by some. But he was conscious that he was the incarnation of a principle other than that of traditional Monarchy or even of Parliamentary Monarchy. The Empire has no right to exist if it does not differ from both these forms of Monarchy as well as from a civil Republic. If it confounds itself with either, it loses the character its founders imprinted upon it. And so the Prince was careful to avoid dangerous or compromising alliances with the Right or with the Left. A mission from on high and a mandate from below: he reconciled these contradictions, thanks to the popular adage, which for him gave the idea of the plébiscite a religious consecration: *Vox populi, vox Dei.* And in the shelter of this double ideal, at once chivalric and modern, he saw prosper and increase a powerful and disciplined democracy, well organised and well armed, free in its obedience and formidable in its peaceful and laborious activity.

That was the dream he had always before his eyes. As to the actual state of affairs, to understand how well he appreciated it and what part he thought himself called on to play in it, we must return to impressions of the time. We need not invoke the events of '93, but the second Republic had left behind the memory of a feeble and incoherent policy, and of commotions that had spread to the rest of Europe. We expected to see the third follow in the footsteps of its predecessors, engender disorder at home and all around. That was the opinion of all the monarchical peoples and of a great many Frenchmen. How could the Prince have failed to share it, and to regulate his conduct by it? As long as the Assembly elected in 1871 endured, under the anonymous government over which M. Thiers

and Marshal MacMahon had presided, things had gone on somehow; but now that a republican majority sat on the benches of the Chambre des Deputés, events were moving swiftly, and the Republic would not be long in displaying its real character, and a policy subversive of the whole social order. There would be a rapid sliding down the slope, and then, some one would be needed to stop France on the edge of the abyss. Would it be for the Prince to undertake this lofty and dangerous mission?

That is the question he asked himself in the spring of 1877, on the eve of a crisis which he and all of us vaguely felt approaching.

CHAPTER X

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AND THE SIXTEENTH OF MAY

I.

THE Prince wrote to his mother, in May, 1877, "M. Jules Simon has just sent in his resignation at the request of the Marshal; the latter seems anxious to struggle against the fate that draws him towards the Left. A speedy dissolution would fill me with apprehension; accordingly I have taken measures to ensure that our friends shall not lightly vote for it."

The situation will be better understood if I add that the Prince wished to prevent the repetition of a trick such as that to which his party had fallen victim on the twenty-fourth of May, 1873. The deputies pledged to the Appeal to the People had then helped in the overthrow of M. Thiers, and had gained nothing by it except to prepare the way for a reconciliation between the two branches of the Bourbons, the prelude to a restoration of the Monarchy. The Comte de Chambord's invincible attachment to the white flag had wrecked this attempt, and the Bonapartist party, with its young chief, whose popularity was visibly increasing, seemed to have inherited the chances of Royalty. The Orleanists in the Chamber, perturbed or pretending to be so, had made a show of allying themselves against the Empire with the Republicans, who had been in a majority since the general election of 1876. The resignation of Jules Simon, whether voluntary or not, put an end to this doubtful phase. Were we to have done with ambiguities? Was each party at

length to unfurl its flag? The Prince eagerly desired it, but he was the only one to take this point of view. What was in the air was a new coalition of imperialists and royalists, fully as false and as barren as the first one, in which the Orleanists hoped to play a double game with their allies, meaning to put themselves under their protection if their manœuvre failed. In the meantime they confided to them neither the steps they meant to take, nor the end they hoped to attain.

Rouher, who had always been the docile instrument of Napoleon III and who had never had any policy of his own, had no plan to propose. He would have contented himself with tacking about, taking advantage of circumstances, and doing his best to deceive the people who were trying to exploit him. This was not the Prince's policy: he liked straightforward, sharply defined situations, and a remarkable thing is that in all this confusion he saw more clearly than the parliamentary veterans, precisely because he brought to his judgments an intelligence wholly fresh and without preconceived ideas.

At length the Marshal risked, I will not say his *coup d'état* for he did not go beyond the powers conferred on him by the Constitution of 1875, but his *coup de théâtre*. It is curious to note that the Prince at Chislehurst and the Empress at Madrid had exactly the same impression of this event.

"You say only a few words on political events which must have surprised you, but you write enough to show me that your judgment on the situation is entirely accurate. The Marshal must conquer or perish, and he cannot succeed unless he ranges himself behind our standard: that is why we must keep him firmly in power. M. Rouher, to whom I have given precise instructions on this point, is wholly of my opinion. We will do our utmost to keep our friends calm and to prevent them from allowing themselves to be led away by the enthusiasm of a supposed victory; the battle is not yet begun! . . ."

The same doubts, the same repugnances with regard to the ambiguous policy of the sixteenth of May are seen again in a letter addressed to Raoul Duval. We have seen the sympathy the Prince had felt, at first sight, with that noble and generous spirit, so well fitted to understand the large-minded and straightforward policy the Prince wished to inaugurate. He also explained to him his projects for the reorganisation of the Press. *La Nation*, which had never printed an edition of more than eight hundred and had eaten up its initial capital in less than six months, was about to vanish. Paul Merruau was taking over *L'Ordre* which remained the paper of doctrines, while *L'Estafette* remained the propagandist paper.

Writing to the Empress some weeks later, he summed-up the political situation under the form of a dilemma: "If Marshal MacMahon means to hold the balance true between all the Conservative parties without considering their respective strength, if his only idea is to defend his own powers and to maintain as long as possible the Constitution of February, 1875, we shall not enter into relations with his Government. If on the contrary he means to beat the Radicals with any party, without thinking of the consequences of his own victory, we shall act in concert with him; for it is day by day more certain that the Imperialists are the only party capable of checkmating the Radicals." Unfortunately the Prince's followers could not manage to preserve the expectant attitude he enjoined upon them. A great many old prefects and sub-prefects of the Empire, weary of their long inaction, hastened to resume a place in the administration, and put their experience of electoral affairs at the disposal of the Marshal. Before starting for their new posts they flocked to the Rue de l'Elysée to take orders from Rouher, as if he had been the real head of the Government, and this proceeding did not displease the former vice-Emperor. At Chislehurst, he had been "wholly of the Prince's opinion": in Paris he yielded to the enthusiasm of those who repeated

every day about him that the Empire was to be the direct outcome of the sixteenth of May. Paul Merruau, who should have known the mind of the Prince Imperial, since he had just spent a month with him, allowed his young writers to go beyond the limits of the programme drawn up at Chislehurst, and did the same himself. In short, the Imperialist party was carrying on a vigorous campaign in favour of a policy it did not grasp, to the detriment of that pointed out to it by its head.

As time went on, the Prince saw more distinctly whither the Orleanist plots, directed as much against him as against the Republic, were tending. What did the royalists set before themselves when they voted for the seven years' term of office? To give M. le Comte de Chambord time to die, and be buried with his white flag for shroud, and it should be acknowledged that they gauged to a nicety the years that remained to the last of the Bourbons. Then, warned by the elections of 1876, that the Republican party was gaining ground, they had tried to block the path against their advance and create a temporary government in the shape of a dictatorship under the Marshal; to achieve this result, which would have frustrated for ever the hopes of the Imperialists, they used the credit and the ardour of that very party.

The Prince impressed these things unfalteringly on all his circle. "The Marshal's dictatorship," he wrote to Rouher, "would be worse for us than his resignation."

In an undated letter to his mother, which must belong to the same period, he says: "I have recommended our friends to be on their guard, and not to confound the cause of the Empire with the Marshal's cause. The latter is at heart ill-disposed toward us; he thinks of nothing but his own interests, and is ruining France."

The Empress's stay in Spain was prolonged beyond the time she had originally fixed and the Prince was impatient to see her again. She then had an idea of coming

back through France, and said something of this project to her son. He answered her: "For my own part, however ardent my longing to see my country once more, I shall never set foot in France save to command there. My pride could not endure a radically false position; I could not elbow my way among a crowd of careless people who once cried 'Vive l'Empereur!' when we passed. That would be your feeling too as soon as you entered the country where you reigned for twenty years! I say no more, so as not to influence your decision, but whatever it may be, I hope you will come back to me soon. For two months now I have been an orphan!"

In a stay he made at Cowes after the Empress's return, he received several interesting visitors, among others M. Ernest Lavisse. He no longer believed—if he had ever believed in it for a moment—in the success of the sixteenth of May in the electoral field. What then did he foresee? With the Marshal defeated, the Republic would come upon the scene in a loud and theatrical fashion. Law and order would be profoundly shaken by violent scenes that would recall '93 and '48. Public credit would be destroyed, the Church persecuted, the army stricken in its chiefs and given over to insubordination: France in consequence would be defenceless against the foreigner. Would it not then be his duty, as heir to the Imperial tradition, to intervene? He was convinced of it and was preparing to play his part. He resolved to explain his ideas on this subject in a letter which, at first private, should become a kind of manifesto addressed to the chiefs of the army. The person for whom this letter was intended was a retired general of division, who had been one of the most conspicuous personages of the Court and one of the most faithful friends of Napoleon III., the same to whom the memorable *Letter to Edgar Ney* had been addressed a quarter of a century before, and who, as the Prince de la Moskowa, was about to receive no less memorable a confidence from the Prince Imperial. The Prince set

forth his opinions in this document, which, through three successive drafts, assumed little by little its final shape. After the probable defeat of the sixteenth of May before the electorate, the Marshal, if he did not accept the alternative put before him by the Republicans, to submit or resign, would find himself face to face with another dilemma: the plébiscite or a sudden appeal to force. In this case, according to all appearance, the Republicans would have the advantage, and it was at that moment that the Prince would come on the stage: "The son of the man who saved the nation from anarchy on the second of December, and the grandnephew of the man who saved it on the eighteenth of Brumaire, cannot without belying his name see his country ruin herself and remain inactive; and so he is determined, if the power falls into the hands of the Republicans, to enter France, put an end by force to the reign of chicanery, and establish the reign of equity. He tells you so, general, without circumlocution; because, fortified by his own conscience, he feels he cannot be blamed by a man of duty and a man of the sword, and because he wishes to know if he will find a support, at such a time, in the old friends and servants of Napoleon III., who are now honoured chiefs in the French Army. . . ." The person who was to give this letter to the Prince de la Moskowa was commissioned to explain to him in detail the Prince Imperial's views on these two very important points: first, the means of carrying out the projected stroke; second, the programme of the future Empire when restored. Perhaps the Prince even intended to make them the subjects of a second and a third letter. In any case he had jotted down notes upon the two points in question. These are far from having received from his pen the shape he intended to give them finally; but here and there are to be found among them phrases that illuminate the rest and show his thought plainly. For example, when he says that in the future state of affairs, "the army will be the keystone of the social edifice, the great school of the

nation. The army must be respected in France as it is among our neighbours the Germans, and it will be, if ever I sit upon the throne of France."

The last lines are as follows: "That is what I have in my head, but if the general would know what is in my heart, tell him I love France, and am a soldier to my finger-tips."

None of these letters were sent, because events took another course; but it seemed to me worth while to make them known, because they show at what date and under what conditions the Prince thought his intervention would be needed. This excludes all idea of a hazardous enterprise, of an attack attempted in the midst of peace, in scorn of all legality, and by revolutionary methods, such as the less sensible spirits of the party never ceased to commend to him.

II.

The October general elections fully justified the Prince's forecast. The three hundred and sixty-three that made up the Republican majority on the sixteenth of May returned to the Assembly with a new mandate, and if some had gone under in the struggle, others more numerous still had filled the gaps, and swelled the Republican contingent. The Appeal to the People had a hundred declared supporters, besides a certain number of trimmers ready to attach themselves to success, whom the Prince looked on not as a reinforcement but as a weakness. We left some wounded on the field: among others the eloquent Raoul Duval, who had represented the young Bonapartist party in the Assembly. His defeat at Louviers was a surprise for the Prince, who expressed his sympathy in a letter dated October 21st.

"My Dear Monsieur Raoul Duval,

"The result of the Louviers election surprised and grieved me very much. Your defeat deprives the party for the moment of one of its best defenders, and French oratory of

one of those rare speakers who do it honour, combining sincerity with talent.

"As events unfold themselves, I perceive with distress how faulty are the political ethics of our country, and how hard will be the task of those who undertake the work of reformation. Ten years more of such a *régime* and France will be governed, like the United States of America, by a clique of politicians, discredited in other careers, whose game is to exploit their popularity.

"In the eyes of every statesman and every honourable man truth and justice are on your side. The justification of your generous theory can be found in the words of Napoléon I. 'A nation more easily recovers lost money and lost men than lost honour.'"

Immediately after the defeat, bitter recrimination sprang up between the members of the late coalition. In particular the Duc de Broglie complained that the Imperialist party had not carried out its engagements to him. The Prince heard of this reproach and felt it deeply. "Sincerity and rectitude," he wrote to Rouher on the sixth of November, 1877, "are essential in politics as in everything else, and I am distressed to know that our conduct in this case can be taxed with double-dealing."

The group of the Appeal to the People then approached Marshal MacMahon to assure him of their sympathy and support.

This surprised the Prince, who had not been consulted, and who learned the fact from the papers. He wrote to Rouher: "I confess I do not see what advantage the party can derive from this demonstration, and if I had been told, I should certainly have advised against it. We have no interest to serve by making common cause with the Government of the sixteenth of May. We were not with the Marshal on the eve of the battle, it is useless to range ourselves behind him on the morrow of the defeat. . ." In the same letter, the Prince made clear his intention to

reserve, and at need to exercise his right of veto, to exclude from the group of the Appeal to the People deputies who had entered the Chamber under the auspices of other groups:

"I am no longer willing that the policy of timid or false friends should always carry the day, and that the tail of the party should wag the head.

"It would be well, too, that none should imagine, as too many people seem to do, that I do not occupy myself sufficiently with the affairs of my party, that is to say, with my business and my duties."

But the fulfilment of those duties was not always easy. For if his authority was ignored in certain circumstances in which he thought it was legitimate for him to exercise it, it was called upon in other circumstances in which he would have preferred to efface himself, and in which his desire was to remain neutral. One of these delicate points was the election of irremovable senators. In accordance with an arrangement that had appeared to conservatives of every shade of opinion ingenious and fair, each section of this party in turn sent up a candidate for the places that fell vacant, and this candidate was accepted without debate by the other sections, which at that time made up the majority of the Senate. The difficulty was to agree, within each group, as to the name to be put forward. A competition was then set on foot between the statesmen belonging to the Imperialist party who were available. A case of this kind happened in December, 1877, when two equally honourable and worthy men were proposed. The Prince Imperial was asked to state his preference, but he preferred to hold aloof, and leave it to the choice of the senators themselves. He was therefore very much astonished to learn that his personal wishes had decided the election and carried with them the votes of several senators who would willingly have voted for another candidate. He regretted

that in this case his secret sympathies should have been divulged, when he had determined to keep them to himself. He asked Rouher for an explanation of this incident: "Be so good as to enlighten me as quickly as possible upon what has occurred, my dear Monsieur Rouher, for the idea that I could be accused of saying one thing and doing another weighs on my conscience with a load that your loyalty will readily understand."

If he spoke so openly to Rouher, if he insisted on being exactly informed and scrupulously obeyed, it was not, one may be quite certain, with any idea of depriving himself of the services of a man whom he rightly considered the only possible head of the parliamentary group of the Appeal to the People. Rouher, whom his age made suspicious, imagined sometimes that hidden enmity was at work round the Prince, labouring to deprive him of the confidence of Napoleon III.'s son. The Prince, as his letters clearly show, was continually occupied in reassuring him or in defending him against the attacks of which he was the object. He never lost any opportunity of making it plain, in Paris and elsewhere, that to revolt or intrigue against Rouher was to intrigue or rebel against himself. M. Franceschini Pietri more than once had to undertake a mission of this nature either to our journalists or to the electors in Corsica. When Rouher spoke of retiring, alleging his fatigue, or made allusions to certain mortifications, the Prince always found charming speeches to console him and to persuade him that he still needed him: which was true enough.

After the question of susceptibilities to be humoured, the most important was that of money. When the Prince recommended some step to be taken, a writer to encourage, a paper to subsidise, the usual answer was: "We have no more money!" That is why he wished to study his party's budget in its smallest details; he began to perceive the part finance plays in politics, and his mind once open to this line of ideas,

he wanted to obtain a real mastery over them. At this same time, he acquainted himself with the financial mechanism of great modern States, and with the theories of the different economic schools which, for a century, had discussed and solved these questions in their several ways, from Quesnay and Turgot to Proudhon and Karl Marx. On this subject he made many interesting notes which he gave me to read: in them, together with the impressions drawn from his reading, he set his own views on the laws that regulate production and exchange, on the basis, the incidence, and the yield of taxes, finally on the commercial and industrial movement in our modern society. I do not say that all these views were correct, but they indicated a sagacious, reflective mind, desirous of gaining information and forming a personal opinion upon all important matters.

The Prince Imperial had not been wrong in foreseeing the defeat of the sixteenth of May before the ballot was declared. What he had not foreseen, what the information sent him by his adherents could not have made him foresee, was the calm, or, if the word be preferred, the indifference with which France received this result. Instead of an outburst of anarchy, there was a state of stagnation and inertia, with a vague expectation, mixed with apprehension in some and hope in others. Opportunism was entering upon its long reign, which, while substituting a new government *personnel* for that of the old parties, changed nothing in the traditions that had been followed for half a century, and left politics in the hands of the middle classes. That was enough to reassure the average ordinary citizen, by taking away the risk and the dangers of a new revolution. To fill the void of this policy of marking time and inaction, there was the Tonquin affair, and the war on the priests, which Gambetta had suggested to his party as the most favourable diversion. More than twenty years were to elapse before the Republic ventured to take up again and continue the social reforms initiated

by Napoleon III., without which it is no more than a word.

The Prince Imperial saw the inauguration of this *régime*, and I see by his letters to Rouher that he was one of the earliest to grasp its character, as he was one of the first to foreshadow its consequences. Without ceasing scrupulously to fulfil his duties as head of a party during 1878, he refrained neither from legitimate distractions, nor from making interesting acquaintances, nor, above all, from studies of every kind that could further his intellectual and moral progress.

CHAPTER XI

THE PRINCE AMONG THE ENGLISH—NORTHERN TRAVELS—POLITICS IN 1878.

I.

THE Prince had attained his full physical development. A slight moustache shaded his lip. His complexion had darkened; his features, while losing their childish delicacy, had taken a firmer character. He was not above middle height, but his limbs, perfectly proportioned, and made supple, not by the sports then peculiar to England, but by the exercises beloved of our ancient France, riding, fencing, and a soldier's life, proclaimed to every eye an elegant and robust manhood. Inaction—the one thing he hated—alone could bring to his face, at certain times, that expression of listlessness that had distressed me so often in his boyhood. As soon as his body or his mind came into play and movement, his face grew bright with animation; enthusiasm, gaiety, or sympathy shone in his blue eyes.

His presence lit up and warmed the atmosphere around him. By a smile, a pressure of the hand, by every word and every gesture, he shed life, light, and joy on those who approached him even for a moment.

All England was interested in him. Everywhere he appeared he was at once the cynosure, the centre of attraction. I had seen the beginning of this, which rapidly increased, like every movement in which the royal family takes the initiative. In the summer of 1874 I had seen him acclaimed,

nearly carried in triumph by the crowd, coming back from a review where the Tsar Alexander II., then the guest of the English, had invited him to appear beside himself. But it was in the autumn of 1877 and the winter of 1878 that the Prince's popularity in England reached its height. All classes shared this enthusiasm. His name, his misfortunes, his youth, his masculine good looks, interested all the women; the high and mysterious destiny the future seemed to hold for him, and which everything about him already justified, drew the attention of the men, and surrounded his brow with an aureole more magical than a crown.

The previous summer he had written to his mother: "Some days ago I went to Goodwood. I was invited to the Duke of Richmond's box, where the royal family and Prince Humbert were. All, and the latter especially, were most charming to me. Before leaving I went to see the Queen at Osborne; she asked me to luncheon and gave me a most cordial welcome."

On the thirtieth of November he wrote to one of his friends: "On Tuesday last I hunted with the Queen's hounds for the first time. I enjoyed it greatly, though it was more of a steeplechase than ordinary hunting. We covered thirty miles and jumped a considerable number of obstacles, and so my horse, though he was an excellent thoroughbred, was completely done up. . . ."

In January, 1878, he wrote to the same friend: "Without neglecting my occupations, I have led a country-house life to some extent this winter. I did a good deal of hunting.

"Lately at Hamilton I made the acquaintance of the Prince Imperial of Austria, who is a charming young man."

The Prince must have fully enjoyed that open hospitality of the English country houses, which has its greatness and poetry, and every winter attracts so many sovereigns and distinguished foreigners. It gave him an idea of olden times, in which social festivities and intellectual pleasures alternated with violent and dangerous exercises.

When spring arrived he was invited to take part in the "functions" of the season. He attended the banquet of the Society of Civil Engineers and the Press banquet, and in each case made a speech. It was not the first time he had had to speak in English, and had acquitted himself to everybody's approval. He was still almost a child when he made his first effort of this kind at Farningham in Kent, where there was a huge agricultural school for the education and physical and moral regeneration of foundling children picked up in the London streets. A kind of rustic luncheon, served in a tent, had brought the patrons of the work and the people of the neighbourhood together. Lord Frederick Cavendish, who presided, had made a point of bringing the Prince there, as the protector of disinherited childhood; he thus gave him the part his mother so dearly longed to see him play in his own country. The Prince entered into this idea with all his heart, and spoke a few touching words, after which about twelve hundred pounds was subscribed on the spot by the people who were present, for the support of this charitable institution. The Prince was astonished at the amount, and then for the first time saw how generous, how quick to fulfil their duties are those wealthy classes of England whom modern politicians seek to deprive of their power to do good by depriving them of their wealth. But at that time everything was well in that rural England which still under Victoria preserved many of the characteristics of the England of Elizabeth. None of these lessons were lost on the son of Napoleon III., who was gradually taking in a sense of the benefits that had so long been rendered, that were still being rendered by the old social organisation, moved by personal and local impulse, and inspired by the Christian ideal.

Very different were the subjects he had to speak of in 1878. There he was in the full tide of actualities; modern life was opening up before him its widest horizons, and his eyes took them in boldly.

THE PRINCE AMONG THE ENGLISH

The banquet of the Institution of Civil Engineers took place on the sixth of April. The Prince answered as follows to the customary toast, "Our Guests":

"I am sure that by conveying my sincere thanks for the cordial and generous hospitality offered to their guests by the Institution of Civil Engineers to-night, I am only expressing the general feeling of all the visitors present. I cannot respond to the president's speech without saying how deeply I am touched, not only by the kind feelings of sympathy addressed to myself, but more especially by the tribute of respect paid to the memory of my father. Never have I had a deeper sense of my debt of gratitude towards him to whom I owe in a great measure the generous hospitality I have received in this great country, since it was he who first started the friendship which now unites England and France.

"The Emperor, as you are aware, was always deeply interested in scientific questions, and even before ascending the throne of France he showed that interest by taking an active part in the debates of this institution. He well understood that in times like ours, when science is making such rapid progress, every man of high aspirations was bound to increase his knowledge and to associate himself with the work of those who, like you, gentlemen, labour for the greatest good of humanity. When he became Emperor of the French, faithful to this principle, he encouraged on a large scale great public works, and showed at all times his esteem and his sympathy with the men who accomplished them.

"Our century has seen a great deal of conflict—many battles have been fought by man against man, though this is not the time or place to speak of them; and others have been fought by man against nature, and the victories which have been achieved in the latter will ever remain monuments to the honour of the generation in which they were achieved. Among the conquests which have taken place in our days none have been more profitable to mankind than the peaceful triumphs of industry. These victories are yours, gentlemen; and it is, therefore, with a feeling of legitimate pride that I

remember that my father belonged to your institution. I am glad to take this opportunity of expressing to the civil engineers my profound esteem and my heartfelt wishes for the continued prosperity of their most useful and admirable institution."

This speech was a great success with all who heard it, or read it next day in the papers. Invited on the eighteenth of May to the Press dinner at which Lord Houghton presided, the Prince had once more to answer for the distinguished foreigners who were the guests of the journalists. Cardinal Manning, who was among them and who in his funeral oration for the Prince Imperial described his impressions of that evening, has told us who were these guests, brought together to surround and to hear the son of Napoleon III. "It was a great assembly: statesmen, warriors, the chief administrators of the Empire of Great Britain in war and peace, learned men and men of letters, all were there. He stood up in the midst of them, and his intelligent words, admirably chosen in our own language, and his powerful eloquence interested them to such a degree that they seemed to hang upon his lips."

Lord Houghton, as president, had honoured the Prince's presence in sympathetic phrases and proposed his health. When he rose to reply, enthusiastic applause broke out on every side and was prolonged for some minutes. Nearly all the diners were standing. The Prince spoke as follows:

"It is with pleasure I avail myself of this opportunity to render to the English Press the homage of admiration which it deserves. The Press has become a necessity of our modern civilisation—a necessity of the commercial, scientific, and political world. The history of the past twenty years records the great services which it has rendered to the cause of industrial progress. If treaties of commerce have been concluded between enlightened Governments, representing nations which were separated for centuries by feelings of hatred, those great events have only been rendered possible

by the intelligent and energetic advocacy of the Press. The progress of science arises from the circumstance that the observations and studies of every worker in its vast field have become through the Press the property of all.

"But in the political world the part played by the Press is still more important. There was a time when the fate of nations was decided in secret councils by three or four men. Nowadays the force that makes and unmakes Governments, that settles peace or war, is public opinion. This supreme jury, before which every statesman must appear and render an account, would be but a blind tribunal were it not guided by an enlightened Press. The Press leads public opinion in the path of justice far better by stating facts than by defending the best of causes by theoretical arguments. It is a proud thing to belong to a Press which rightly understands and nobly does its duty. Amidst the European Presses the English is perhaps the only one which completely fulfils its mission. There is not a misfortune which does not find in it the voice of sympathy or the hand of help, not an injustice which is not by it held up to public scorn, not a noble deed which is not set forth for public praise or admiration. United, like all Englishmen, by a common respect for your national traditions, a common love for your country, and a common feeling of loyalty towards the Queen, political opinions do not divide you enough to make you forget your duties towards mankind and England.

"The object of this fund[1] shows the strength of that union which joins you together. I am extremely touched by the kind way in which the health of my fellow guests and myself has been proposed and received, and I tender you my deepest gratitude."

This speech, interrupted almost at every phrase by applause, was followed by a regular ovation, and Cardinal Manning interpreted the thought of everyone there when he summed up his impression thus: "I said to myself as I listened: 'There is in this young man, whatever be his career, a power that will draw the masses after it and control them.'"

[1] The Press Fund.

The Prince had this speech translated into French and reproduced in the journals of his party, so that the French Press might share in the praises he had bestowed on the Press in general. It might also have found in it a forewarning in the phrase, much noted at the time, in which the Prince indicated as the true mission of a newspaper, not the discussion of doctrines, but the dissemination of trustworthy information.

The moment seems to have come to ask how far he felt the influence of England, and to what extent he allowed himself to be modified by this influence, which at this period ought to have attained its height.

This influence was hardly perceptible until the moment of his entrance at the Military School at Woolwich. From that point it was exerted continuously, and it cannot be wondered at, since thenceforward he spent a great part of his life in a purely English environment. But although he was at the age when the mind is most apt to take impressions from its surroundings and though he admired very sincerely the great nation from which he was receiving the most cordial hospitality, deep down his real nature remained what it had been, what it was always to be; England was never more than skin deep with him. The great importance which English education assigns to open air life and physical exercise had hastened and served the development of his bodily strength. Now he was free to go where he pleased, to mix among crowds, without being conducted, protected, watched over in every movement, and his intellect seemed to have shared in this emancipation. Woolwich and Aldershot gave him an opportunity of learning what he wished to learn more than anything, namely, the art of war. Country-house life, as we have seen, offered him manly amusements and interesting friendships. Finally, public life attracted him through the moral feeling that then presided over it in the England of Victoria and of Gladstone. It pleased him also by the candour that allowed every one to

say openly what he desired to do, with that British good temper and optimism which are so alien to the rancours that poison political life in France. He was thus brought to assimilate a great many English ideas, to note certain traits that he would have wished to acclimatise among us, but all without for one moment ceasing to be a Frenchman and a Bonaparte. Perhaps he never wrote more affectionately to his old friends, nor spoke of France with a more passionate devotion than during this year when England might have flattered herself that she had taken possession of him.

Nowhere, indeed, in any part of his correspondence is the home-sick accent of the exile more touching than in these phrases of the summer of 1878:

"I thank you," he wrote on the eighteenth of May to M. Franceschini Pietri, "for the details you give me about the Paris I loved so dearly in my childhood. I hope you are enjoying yourself there, but not enough to forget those whose exile you share voluntarily."

In a letter to Louis Conneau, written on his name-day (August 15th, 1878), I find these words: "My thoughts are always with my friends, and it is no particular credit to me, for after all, where they live is my life's aim and end. . ." He wrote to myself a little later: "I am just now expecting my old friends Conneau and Bizot. The delight I feel at seeing them again makes me think of what I should feel if your health would allow you to take like them the road to Chislehurst."

When he thought of France, he personified her in the French army. This thought recurs very often in his letters: it is nowhere expressed with more energy than in the following lines, addressed to the Duc d'Elchingen, which were written about the same period: "What concerns the army, as indeed you know, interests me passionately. I love the French army not merely because I am a soldier and a Frenchman to my very marrow, but also because I consider

that in it alone dwells the force that can first save French society, and then restore its greatness."

II

In July, 1878, the Prince started for the north, intending to pay a visit to the two Scandinavian Sovereigns. This journey explains itself. It was quite natural that the Prince should wish to visit a country whose beauties draw so many foreigners thither, and whose reigning house, French in origin and sympathies, had during the second Empire been in the closest relations with the Bonaparte family. The Queen-mother of Sweden had been his sponsor together with the Sovereign Pontiff, and the Prince Royal had paid a visit to Camden Place at which I had been present. When returning this visit the Prince could not fail to stop at Copenhagen and salute the venerable Christian VII., who was held in esteem and affection by all the sovereign houses. At Copenhagen as at Stockholm he was certain to find only friendly faces, without encountering any of the grievous memories of 1870.

And yet it pleased some of his adherents to connect this journey with certain matrimonial dreams which were, to say the very least, premature. The marriage they dreamed of would have assured the Prince brilliant alliances and high friendships ; but it would not have been out of place to secure the assent of the pair whom the Bonapartist *salons* of Paris were thus joining together. I don't know whether the amiable Princess who played an important part in the combination had been told of it, but I know that the Prince Imperial wrote gaily from Camden Place : " General X—— is within our walls ; he burns to give me the nuptial benediction . . . . "

The Prince started for Denmark, accompanied by Comte Joachim Murat, who was a deputy, and president of the group of the Appeal to the People, and by M. Franceschini

Pietri. He announced to the Empress, then at Arenenberg, his arrival in the capital of Christian VII. by a letter written in haste from his hotel, and suddenly ended with these exciting words: "A knock at the door, it's the King!" Not till some days later, when he was at Stockholm with Oscar II., did he explain the incident, and give his mother his first impressions of his travels.

"As soon as I arrived in Copenhagen, I sent a telegram to the Grand Marshal of the Court, asking him to let me know the day and the hour when I could be received by their Majesties, then away from their royal residence, which is close to the capital. Returning next day to Bernsdorff, the King invited me at once to dine with him at five o'clock. I had just finished the letter I was writing to you and was getting ready to start when the King, who had come quietly into the hotel like any worthy citizen of his capital, without being recognised, made a sudden appearance in my room before I had time to hurry to meet him.

"That's the explanation of the 'knock at the door, it's the King,' which I added to my letter after he had gone, and which depicts pretty well my surprise at this unexpected visit, due to an excessive politeness. I dined twice with the King and once with the Crown Prince. During my stay I received every kindness from the royal family. The King's four-horsed carriages came to bring me like Cinderella to Bernsdorff. The guard gave the honours, the King always made me go first, and at the Crown Prince's I was put at the centre of the table, the King on my right and the Queen on my left.

"The first evening the King did me the courtesy to drink my health while the band played *Partant pour la Syrie*. On the day of my departure, the Crown Prince came to bid me adieu on the ship and stayed upon the quay till we unmoored. All the time I was in Copenhagen, the tricolor standard waved above the hotel.

"Here in Sweden, my welcome has been quite as warm from the people, and most affectionate on the King's part. . . .

"I like the King greatly, he has won my heart: I think

he is sincere in the feelings he displays to me. I think him a man of great worth. Most assuredly he is a delightful host: he works hard and knows his craft as a king to a marvel. Without claiming to judge a man in a week's time, I do not think I am going too far in paying him this homage, which few sovereigns of our day deserve."

Some days later he left Stockholm, accompanied by the Crown Prince, to visit Norway with him. Before his departure he wrote to the Empress:—

". . . Before starting for my excursion into Norway, I want to send you news of me, for you will be some time without hearing anything.

"My stay in Stockholm has ended, leaving me a charming memory. The position of this city, which deserves the name of the Capital of the North, makes it without a rival, except, they tell me, Constantinople; the numerous museums and collections give it great attractions. As to the neighbourhood of the city, one can only think it delightful, though there is little variety in the landscape. Nowhere else can so sharp a transition be found from wild nature to the world of civilisation.

"From Stockholm as far as Goteborg, from Goteborg to Christiania, I have everywhere been the object of a regular ovation: the authorities, public bands, ladies, bouquets, all in it. It is all the more precious to me to receive these testimonies of friendliness that they are so much homage paid to the memory of my great-uncle and of my father, whose names are acclaimed in me. The popularity of their memory shows me that the sphere in which the party spirit works is very narrow, and that history will atone to them for every calumny: time, like distance, gives serenity to the judgment and will serve their cause . . ."

This journey left him the pleasantest memories. On his return, he summed up his impressions in these words: "I have everywhere been received as if my father were still on the throne." As to the ideas of marriage set afoot by some of his friends with reference to this journey, he explained

himself frankly in a letter to Rouher: "Marriage is a big question for a man who has made up his mind to fulfil all its duties." Then he asked himself if he had a right to chain to an uncertain and perilous destiny "a young woman who as yet knew nothing of life." In a conversation with M. Pietri on their journey, he expressed the same scruples, and these scruples are too honourable, too delicate, too essential in his character for me to omit them here.

III.

The Prince returned to Arenenberg, which this year was livelier than ever. There he received, with his mother, many visits. Some of these visitors have left us their impressions; among them Madame Octave Feuillet, from whom I have already quoted a page relating to her first visit in 1873. She came again in 1878, accompanied by her husband and her children. "As our carriage was climbing the slope of Ermatingen," she writes in her *Souvenirs*, "we perceived a group of young people who were coming towards us. One of them signed to the coachman to stop. It was the Prince Imperial, who had been told by his mother that we were coming. He presented himself at the carriage-door with a delightful smile of welcome. He came to greet us, then continued on his way to the lake where he intended to bathe with his cousins, the Murats.

"We hardly recognised the Prince, so tall had he grown, so animated and noble had his face become. He was a fine fellow of three and twenty, with the grace of a perfect gentleman. Everyone who knew him at this time speaks feelingly of his charm, his kindness, his heart, the sincerity and rectitude of his sentiments. Everybody loved him and everybody mourns him.

"At dinner I was put beside him. He talked to me with animation and much intelligence of everything that concerned France, of our literature, of the works of Taine and Renan.

He deplored Zola's talent, while at the same time recognising magnificent passages in his books."

Madame Feuillet says, in this letter, that the Prince was accompanied by his cousins the Murats. She must have been mistaken. One of the Prince's companions was indeed Joachim Murat, now Prince Murat; the other cousin was probably Napoleon Roccagiovine, with whom the Prince was discussing a certain project which for a moment was very near his heart. This was to join the Austrian army, which had just entered Bosnia, and which appeared likely to see active service.

The Prince had not ceased to follow the events of the Russo-Turkish war with deep interest; he had thought, I will venture to say hoped, that England would join in it.

He wrote to one of his friends (March 28th, 1878): "The English army will go gallantly to this unequal combat. . . . I hope to seize the opportunity for showing that I'm good for something. The quiet state of French politics allows it. . . ." The unhoped success obtained, without a blow struck, by Lord Beaconsfield and the Treaty of Berlin averted for the time the prospect of war; but the terms of the treaty left new germs of trouble in the Balkans and the Prince saw the Eastern question on the point of being brought up again in the autumn of 1878. In a letter to his friend Captain Bigge, he dropped this significant phrase, "I am thirsting to smell powder." He thought he smelt it already. In this same letter he analyses the general situation of Europe with penetrating irony; he points out that "if the Powers continue to 'protect' Turkey as they did at Berlin, there will soon be not a bit of her left." So he thought that Austria, in occupying Bosnia and Herzegovina with the mandate of the concert of the Powers, would find herself face to face with a formidable local opposition which, in spite of her exhausted condition, Turkey could not help supporting. He dreamed of joining in that war, he and his cousin: hence the request sent to the Emperor Franz Josef,

which the Empress, though much against her will, consented to transmit and support. She was greatly relieved to find that this request was not entertained; the Prince, on the contrary, was deeply disappointed, but speedily consoled himself when he discovered that the occupation of Bosnia gave rise to no incident of importance.

IV.

The Prince Imperial came back with his mother to Camden, where he resumed his life and his work. For a month he kept with him M. Cottin, one of the most hard-working and most expert of that old Conseil d'État under the Empire, which included so many distinguished and capable men. During this year of 1878 he had not ceased to follow our internal politics with untiring attention. It has been said and repeated that at this time he was meditating a descent upon France. This is the truth of the matter.

At the moment when the Exhibition of 1878 was about to open, a certain number of his adherents, headed by an old prefect of the Republic, who had become converted to the Empire, imagined that it would be an excellent opportunity to produce their young Pretender in the heart of Paris and thus create a spontaneous movement which the Government could not possibly resist. The Prince was informed by M. Franceschini Pietri that the delegates of this group wished to come to Chislehurst to submit their idea to him. "Let them come," said the Prince. They did so, and after luncheon he took them into his study. He listened with the utmost attention, and then, "Gentlemen," he said, "let us look into the situation seriously and ask ourselves what would happen if I acceded to your wish. I go to an hotel: a demonstration is made under my windows. Some poor devils are taken to a police-station for crying 'Vive l'Empereur!' Next day, very early, a commissary of police, accompanied by two plain clothes men, comes to fetch me

and takes me to the frontier. . . You tell me that I must make myself known to France: is this the way I am to make myself known to her, if France does not yet know me? . . . No, gentlemen, I will go to France, be sure, when the hour has come: but that hour, I myself will choose."

The delegates had got their answer, and, returning to Paris, told those who had sent them: "We have a sovereign!"

I think this is clear enough. If there are still doubts as to the policy followed by the Prince Imperial in 1878, he shall explain it himself in a letter addressed to Rouher and dated April 30th:

"We must lie to, as I told you on your last journey. To wish to checkmate the Republic in the Chamber is to fail to understand the position of the parties.

"The Republicans in power need an implacable Opposition in order to attribute to it all the difficulties, all the hindrances that the progress of a Republican Government must meet with from the very nature of its principle.

"To adopt a neutral attitude is then to damage the Republic. . . . . I am not speaking of an *essai loyal* or a *baiser Lamourette*. Any reconciliation between the political parties of the Left or the Right is nothing but a word, the turncoat's password.

"I do not wish to disband my troops; I want them to take winter quarters. Is it impossible for a political party to pile arms without laying them aside?

"I see among our people at the present moment a moral rout that must be stopped at once, by giving everywhere the same word of command.

"If *L'Ordre* and *La Correspondance* expressed in a more decided fashion and more unvaryingly the political idea that may be summed up in this: 'Let the Republicans do as they please, and let us stand to our arms, so as to take advantage of their blunders,' everyone would understand that this direction comes from the highest authority, and discouragement would come to an end with uncertainty.

"When we put M. Merruau at the head of *L'Ordre*, I especially directed him to see to it that his articles should contain nothing in bad taste, that they should refrain from polemics against our own people, and above all, that the policy of the party should not be lightly pledged.

"These three recommendations are to-day a dead letter. The fashion of scare-headings has been resumed. . . . . The habit of excommunicating dissenting Bonapartists without reference to the responsible authorities is once more strong in the office of *L'Ordre*."

The Prince gives several recent examples of this. One of the favourite commonplaces of the Imperialist papers consists in contrasting the results of a general election with those to be derived from a plébiscite. "We find in our papers the everlasting comparison between the plébiscite and the elections, so as to show clearly that though they have a majority in the Chamber the Republicans are a minority of the nation. That is neither adroit nor true. For the moment the great mass that belongs to no party, because it pays little attention to politics, is in favour of the *status quo*, and as the *status quo* is Republican, this mass is Republican. For the country to modify its opinions, the actual political state of affairs must be modified.

"It will change only when driven to the wall, and if by ill-fortune it were asked to-day by plébiscite for its opinion, it would vote for the Republic, meaning, 'I want to be left in peace.'"

It is well known how Marshal MacMahon, after trying to maintain himself in the territory of the left centre, was finally dislodged from this last refuge by a vote which imposed on him a ministry made up of his most implacable enemies. He was then obliged to resign. The Prince was not surprised by this retreat, which he had not tried to hasten, but which inspired him with no regret. What astonished him more, was the rapidity with which the replacement of the Marshal by Jules Grévy, and of Grévy by

Gambetta was effected. He was struck by the calm in which this transfer of power came to pass, and noted the apathetic indifference of France. What attitude was he to adopt towards the new President? Many years before, I had had occasion to relate to the Prince Imperial, in all its details, the honourable and patriotic behaviour of Grévy at the time of our first disasters. When the Empress Regent had addressed a strong appeal to the Republicans in the Chamber to call a truce to political dissensions in the presence of the danger to the country, Grévy had been the only one to respond to this appeal. By this noble conduct he had excluded himself from the insurrectionary government of the fourth of September, but it was to that disinterested abstention that he owed his high position in the Chamber of 1871. The Prince knew all this and the memory of it dictated his behaviour, which was besides wholly in accordance with the ideas expressed in his letter of the thirtieth of April.

He wrote, then, to M. Rouher on February 3, 1879.

. . . "Our attitude towards M. Grévy is very simple. Our deputies have very rightly voted for this excellent man, who is too much attached to his principles for the functions of government to turn him aside from the truly republican path in which France cannot walk for long; we must show him the deference he deserves and make no turbulent opposition to his government. This presidential election has allowed us to separate ourselves from the other monarchical parties. Let us see that we do not lose the advantages of our vote by an untimely conservatism. I cannot help blaming the article in *L'Ordre* in which M. Grévy is discussed as a third-rate lawyer; my only hope is that the President of the Republic does not read this journal.

"M. Haussmann has been to see M. Grévy, who appeared flattered by this visit. I believe that if you were to call on him he would be still more so. I see nothing to prevent this step: you might take up the negotiations of last year, and

obtain from him pledges of impartiality in exchange for our assurances of friendly abstention. When one represents a group of a hundred members in Parliament, one runs no risk of being ranked among the dull worshippers of the rising sun." Some begged the Prince to seize this opportunity to declare his sentiments publicly and to recall himself to the nation, but he did not think their advice good. "The people," said he, "remembered us from 1815 to 1848, it is not in ten years that my name will have been forgotten. . . ." However, he wrote some days after to Joachim Murat, the President of the group of the Appeal to the People, a letter which might be regarded as a kind of manifesto, and which indicated clearly the line of policy it was expedient to adopt in the new state of things.

"The events that have just come to pass have been appreciated by your colleagues as they ought to be. And though I am sure that I am in agreement with you, I think it well to write you about the new situation that is created for us.

"The more one considers the result of the abstention of the Imperialists at the time of the ministerial crisis, and of their vote at the presidential election, the more one is convinced of the truth of the ideas that inspired their conduct. By not precipitating the downfall of a ministry which, after all, in the eyes of the country represented moderation and a certain safeguard for social interests, the Imperialists were holding the Conservative position which is their proper one. A pessimistic policy is a dangerous one to follow, like every road that strays from the straight path.

"To rest one's hopes of a better future upon present evils which one helps to create, is not a plan worthy of the defenders of a national cause whose sole aim is the greatness of France, and whose only instrument is the will of the people.

"Are we to regret the great change that has taken place in the political situation of France since the thirty-first of January? I do not think so.

"If the Marshal, instead of bringing about the sixteenth of May, had sent for Gambetta and directed him to form a Cabinet, the latter, formidable as a tribune, would have

been lost as a minister; he could not have retained his peculiar situation as heir of M. Thiers and deputy for Belleville, which gave him his power. By allowing the Republican party time to enter upon a struggle against all social forces and to alarm every interest, Marshal MacMahon would have justified a reaction which his constitutional authority allowed him to stir up at any time, and would have taken away from his adversaries, who were ours, the support of a misguided public opinion. He was wrecked by the difficulties of his task . . ."

The Prince then expresses the idea that the Republic, now that it is actually in power, will not be long before it is discredited by the people it employs. "Proceedings which cannot fail to destroy its popularity are these attacks on the fundamental principles of our political and social state. The Constitution of Year VIII. of the first Republic laid upon French soil those institutions which Bonaparte called blocks of granite, and which served as the foundation for his imperial constitutions. The First and Second Empires have gone, but up to the present no hand, republican or royal, has dared to tamper with what was their pedestal. This was reserved for the Third Republic; it is doomed to revive the days of the Directoire by attacking all that the First Consul founded upon its ruins. The government of Gambetta, like that of Barras, will become detestable to the nation, and as in the beginning of the century, it will look around for a saviour." The new President of the Republic, by retarding social disorganisation, will give the country time to perceive the danger beforehand. "It is not our efforts that will overthrow the Republic, but it lies with us to take advantage of its fall. If the adherents of the Empire, confident in the justice and the greatness of their cause, show themselves inaccessible to the depression as to the exaltation of party spirit, if they remain united and always ready to defend our institutions, which were born with the century and are so suited to its genius, if they steep

themselves in the Imperial teachings so as never to lean to the side of the Royalists or the Jacobins, then the country, disillusioned by the Republic, will not seek its way for long, and ten million voices will exclaim, pointing to them, 'Those are the men who must govern us!'"

This letter was communicated to the deputies of the Appeal to the People and to the Imperialist Press; it was universally approved. It was still being discussed and commented upon when a thunder-clap came, the news of the Prince's departure for South Africa.

CHAPTER XII

ZULULAND

I.

It was one evening after dinner, in this same month of February. The Prince seemed unable to sit still; he came and went, moved the chairs, sat down to the piano, where he tapped out a military call, became restless again and showed the signs of a joyful excitement which could not escape the Empress's notice. "What is the matter with you to-night?" said she to him. "If I told you, you wouldn't sleep all night."

An hour later, the Prince was alone with his mother and bidding her good-night. "Do you imagine," said she, "that I shall sleep after what you said to me? I shall conjure up terrible things: for instance, that you have asked to go and serve in Africa against the Zulus."

The Prince, delighted at being discovered, confessed that that very day he had sent the Duke of Cambridge a request for permission to serve in Africa. Seeing the Empress deeply moved and ready to discuss the matter, he stopped her, saying, "Wait until to-morrow, I beg you; I shall tell you my reasons and will hear yours, which will have all the more weight because you will have reflected longer."

How had this war that was in everybody's mouth originated? It was denounced by certain Englishmen, notably by Bishop Colenso, as an unjust war in which the savages had right on their side against the civilised. I will

not go into this question, and it is unlikely that the Prince had scrutinised English doings in South Africa very closely. He was stupefied, like the rest of the world, to hear that a little English army had been surrounded, surprised, and all but annihilated by the Zulus at Isandhlwana. The disaster was so great that England could not hesitate to avenge it, to wipe it out, if possible, by a signal victory and the conquest of the enemy's territory. A great number of officers asked to be sent to Africa; among them those who belonged to the Prince's battery, Bigge and Slade, had already received their marching orders. "While even one of the officers in my battery stayed in England," said the Prince next morning to his mother, "I might have honourably remained here myself. When Wodehouse came in his turn to say goodbye to me, my mind was made up. How could I show myself again at Aldershot when they will all be out there?"

To this reason was joined another much more potent one. The Prince was eager to reply to the calumnies that a certain section of the Press in France, anxious to belittle him in public opinion, never ceased to heap upon him. "We thought him indifferent to these attacks," said the Empress to me, when I saw her for the first time after the catastrophe, but he was nothing of the kind, and after his death there was found among his effects a scrap of newspaper rolled up like a cigarette, in which the indisposition that had kept him from taking part in the war as soon as he arrived in Africa was attributed to the "hereditary disease of the Bonapartes."

It is hard to-day to realise what this phrase means, so absurd and cowardly is the insinuation. The disease of the Bonapartes! That is what a penny-a-liner of 1879 thought he had a right to cast in the face of Napoleon and his descendants.

The Empress fought the Prince's resolution with all the arguments she could think of, arguments only too well-founded. She even went so far as to say this to him: "If

anything happens to you, your adherents will not weep for you: they will have a grudge against you!" The Prince was immovable, for his mind was made up. "You know," said the Empress to me again in the same interview, "what an open mind he always had for good reasons: in this case he showed an iron will."

Some days after, passing by the smoking-room, he called M. Pietri and said to him, "Come with me to the station, I have something to tell you." On the way, he confided to him the step he had taken; he was going to London to get the Duke of Cambridge's answer. M. Pietri tried in his turn to combat his resolve; but seeing that his mind was made up, he said simply: "Since you are determined, Monseigneur, go, and may God protect you!"

To a first letter from the Prince, the Duke of Cambridge, dismayed at the responsibility that might fall upon him, had answered by a refusal. The Prince then set various influences to work. The Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Sir Lintorn Simmons, evidently pleaded on his behalf, as appears from a letter to be seen presently. It is said that the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.) intervened to the same purpose, but I have found no trace of this intervention in the correspondence, nor in the documents put before me. The Prince then wrote to the Duke a second time, with the hope, now almost a certainty, of being favourably heard. Here is this letter:

"*February* 21*st*, 1879.

"MONSEIGNEUR,

"I have just received the letter you wrote me. Before telling you how much it distressed me, I must thank Your Royal Highness for the flattering approval it gives to the motives that led me to this step. I should have been glad to share the fatigues and dangers of my comrades, who all have the happiness of being on active service. Though I am not so conceited as to think that my services can be useful to the cause I wished to serve, I nevertheless looked upon

this war as an opportunity of showing my gratitude towards the Queen and the nation in a way that would be very much to my mind. When at Woolwich and, later, at Aldershot, I had the honour of wearing the English uniform, I hoped that it would be in the ranks of our allies that I should first take up arms. Losing this hope, I lose one of the consolations of my exile. I remain none the less deeply devoted to the Queen and deeply grateful to Your Royal Highness for the interest you have always displayed in me. I beg you to believe in the feelings of sincere attachment of your very affectionate,

"NAPOLÉON."

To the reasons he gave in this letter to explain his request, and those he had disclosed to his mother, we must perhaps add others of a political character. He expressed them in a letter written from Africa to a friend on April 20th, but which I insert here because it explains, in a humorous and familiar guise, the Prince's state of mind and the considerations which induced him to go to Zululand.

"Although my departure is already ancient history, I should like to go back with you to the causes that determined it. I asked no one's advice, and made up my mind in forty-eight hours; if my resolve was swift, it was because I had reflected at length on such a contingency and made my plans.

"Neither my mother's fears, nor the despair of the people about me, nor the exhortations of M. Rouher and my party, caused me to hesitate a minute or to lose a second of time; this will seem only natural to those who know me, but how many are they?

"The reasons that caused me to go are all political, and outside these, nothing influenced my decision.

"1°. I might have hoped, before the events that followed May 16th, that if my party increased its strength, the restoration of the Empire might take place without an upheaval, either through Parliament or through the Army.

"This restoration in the Spanish manner would have made

me, like Alfonso XII., the slave of certain men and of a whole party. I would never have accommodated myself to such a position, and I dreaded rather than desired it.

"2°. Since October 14th, the scene is changed; the Imperial party has grown weaker, and can effect nothing by its own strength. All hopes are centred in my person; if that becomes great, the strength of the Imperial party becomes tenfold. I have had proof that no one will be followed but a man of known energy, and my care has been to find a way of making myself known.

"3°. Writing letters of condolence, harbouring politicians, patting journalists on the back, hob-nobbing with them, and working with them to stir up social problems, that is what the headstrong call 'making myself conspicuous.'

"Others want me to travel throughout Europe with a great retinue, going, like the fairy tale princes, to view all the princesses and boast of my political elixir that will heal all social evils.

"This comedy, think the authors, must end like every good play, with a marriage.

"I have turned a deaf ear; I have not cared to let my wings be clipped by marriage, and my dignity refused to stoop to the part of princely commercial traveller.

"4°. I have come to the conclusion that that was not my part.

"When one belongs to a race of soldiers, it is only sword in hand that one gains recognition, and he who wants to learn by travel, must go far.

"I had, then, long ago promised myself, first, to make a long voyage. Secondly, to lose no opportunity of seeing a campaign. The disaster of Isandhlwana gave me the opportunity I wanted.

"In France there was no crisis immediately to be feared to hold me back, as before the senatorial elections. The African war became suddenly popular in England, and was developing on a great scale without involving any European complications.

"The scene of the war in itself was worth the trouble of an uprooting, for the interest it offered a traveller.

"Everything, therefore, urged me to go, and I went. . . ."

Rouher, summoned to the Prince by an urgent letter, hastened to Chislehurst. In his turn he argued with the Prince and did his utmost to get him to change his mind. But his efforts were in vain, like those of the Empress, of M. Pietri, of General d'Espeuilles and of all the Frenchmen who were near him at the moment. Besides, it was too late, since the Duke of Cambridge had granted the permission he had asked for. In four or five days he had finished his preparations. Some devoted men had offered to go with him to Africa; but, though touched by their devotion, the Prince did not consent to accept it, for he could not take a bodyguard (it is his own expression) into an English camp.

For the same reason he refused the offer of M. Pietri, who was ready to go with him. He would take no one but Uhlmann his valet; and furthermore he decided that Uhlmann should remain at the base of operations, to be at his disposal if necessary.

He wrote some farewell letters to his friends: the one I received was dated February 26th.[1] He wrote also to Comte Joachim Murat, to explain briefly to the senators and deputies of his party the causes that had fixed his resolution.

He is going away from Camden for some months, convinced that during his absence nothing will happen to make his presence in Europe essential. But he is preoccupied with what his friends will think. "Those of them who have continually counselled me to make myself conspicuous cannot blame my action. This war . . . . cannot draw me into a conflict that might compromise my political future. If God protects me, I shall speedily come back, strengthened by the tests of war and more worthy of the task I am to undertake."

While expressing his hope of a speedy and happy return,

[1] It will be found in the Appendices, with other facsimiles of the Prince's handwriting.

the Prince, who was not going to the war as a dilettante or a spectator (only those who did not know him could have supposed this), thought it necessary to make his will. That is how the last night he spent at Camden Place was employed, the night of February 26–27. Here is this will:

"This is My Last Will and Testament.

"1. I die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, in which I was born.

"2. I desire that my body shall be laid beside my father's, to wait until they are both transported where rests the founder of Our House, in the midst of that French people we, like him, deeply loved.

"3. My last thought will be for my country; it is for her I would like to die.

"4. I hope that my mother will keep for me when I am no more, the loving remembrance I shall preserve for her to my very last moment.

"5. Let my private friends, my servants, the adherents of the cause I represent, be convinced that my gratitude towards them will end only with my life.

"6. I shall die with a sentiment of the deepest gratitude to her Majesty the Queen of England, to all the royal family, and to the country where for eight years I have received such cordial hospitality.

"I appoint my dearly beloved mother my universal legatee, charging her . . . . (*here follow details of particular bequests*).

Codicil.

"I need not recommend my mother to omit nothing to defend the memory of my great-uncle and my father. I beg her to remember that as long as there are Bonapartes, so long will there be representatives of the Imperial cause. The duties of our House are not extinct with my life: when I am dead, the task of continuing the work of Napoléon I. and of Napoléon III. devolves upon the eldest son of Prince Napoléon, and I hope that my beloved mother, by

seconding him with all her power, will give to those others of us who are no more, this last supreme proof of affection.

"NAPOLÉON.

"CHISLEHURST, *February 27th*, 1879.

"I appoint MM. Rouher and F. Pietri the executors of this will.

"(I mean by F. Pietri: Franceschini Pietri.)"

When in the morning of the twenty-seventh of February, M. Pietri entered the Prince's study very early, the latter held out his will, which he had just dated and signed. M. Pietri put it in a steel box, which he locked and sealed. The Prince then went to St. Mary's Church at Chislehurst, where he received the communion with his friend Baron Tristan Lambert.

II.

His departure took place very soon after. The Empress, with all the members of the household, and Comte Laurent de la Bédoyère, accompanied her son to Southampton, where a farewell banquet had been arranged by certain officers of the English army. After this dinner, at which toasts were proposed in honour of the Empress, and of her son, the Prince embarked on the *Danube*.

At the moment of departure he had promised his mother two things: that he would not serve with an irregular corps, and that he would omit no opportunity of writing to her. The very next day, she had a proof of the sincerity of his intentions. Knowing that the *Danube* was to touch at Plymouth, he took advantage of it to send her the following letter:

"For the seven hours I have been on board, I have nothing particular to tell you, except that I find myself very comfortably settled in my cabin, and that the sea is as

calm as Lake Constance. However, there is a thick fog that only allows us to get along very slowly.

"I can say to you in writing what I did not wish to tell you *viva voce*: how much the grief of leaving you is mingled in my heart with the delight of being on active service. To tell you all I felt while bidding you good-bye would have been to agitate you to no purpose, for you must know me well enough to read my heart. . . . ."

The Prince sent news on the way, from Madeira, but it was in a letter written at the Cape that the full account of the voyage was given.

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, *March 26th*, 1879,
CAPE TOWN.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"My first care on setting foot on terra firma is to acquit myself of a duty dear to my heart. I mean to spend the few hours of leisure that are left to me in talking with you of everything that has happened since my departure, for I have been deprived for a very long time, not only of the happiness of receiving news of you, but also of the delight of writing to you.

"Since my last letter, I have seen Madeira, I have seen Teneriffe, and after that sky and sea for twenty days.

"Madeira is a quaint little land, which by its geographical position and by its climate belongs to Africa, while its inhabitants are by race, nationality, and customs, European.

"For example, the African sun has blackened the skins of the Portuguese to such an extent that seeing them one can reckon what is the extreme shade of colour one can arrive at without becoming a negro.

"M. Batbeda's was, if I except the Customs officials, the first face I saw in Madeira. He knew of my arrival on the *Danube*, from the authorities, and he came to meet me. We took a little walk through the town, which has indeed nothing remarkable from a Haussmann's point of view, but which looks very well in the landscape.

"The inhabitants of Madeira are our contemporaries, but

in reality they live outside our century (I don't know if we ought to pity them on that account).

"Wheeled carriages: unknown.

"Railways: unknown.

"Telegraphs: unknown.

"Gas: unknown.

"Etc., etc.

"On the other hand, in Madeira, one sees things that are novelties to civilised folk; the trees never lose their leaves, and in the depth of winter the great square of Madeira presents the same spectacle that one of our squares would in the month of August, if every cage in the capital lost its little prisoner.

"Although my stay in the island lasted only two hours, and I arrived at five in the morning, Madame Batbeda would not allow me to go without saying hail and farewell. She came up expressly from the country on a sleigh.

"That would make people not well up in geography imagine that Madeira is in Russia rather than under the thirtieth degree of latitude.

"But the sleighs of Madeira have never glided over snow; they are a pair of wide runners on which rests a litter drawn by oxen, nimbler far than those of the Merovingians (*here is a sketch by the Prince showing the sleighs of Madeira*). What makes it possible for such vehicles to get along is that the streets and roads of Madeira are paved with big pebbles polished like mirrors by the wear and tear of many generations.

"From Madeira down to the Line we had fine weather.

"The heat under the tropics was overwhelming, and nothing but the flying fishes, whose portrait you see (*another drawing*) could distract us from our compulsory idleness.

"From the Equator, the sea was extremely rough, and though the old ceremony of crossing the Line has fallen into disuse on board steamers, the Atlantic himself saw to it that we were baptized.

"The days are long between sky and sea: and so every means of diversion is sought after.

"Among the passengers are a great number of officers on leave or retired, militia captains, or simple adventurers who

like myself are going to the Cape to make war or to seek their fortune. They call themselves 'volunteers' and each of them flourishes his sword a little. We thought it would be amusing to break the monotony of the voyage by having a grand parade on board to which each man should come in full dress and equipment.

"Chosen Commander-in-Chief, I gave the order for a great review, and it was thoroughly diverting to see that line of Fradiavolesque uniforms rise and fall with the roll of the ship. (*Another sketch.*) This farce had a serious side, that of allowing us to improve our equipment and our uniforms by comparison.

. . . . . .

"I have just arrived in Cape Town, as my paper has already told you. The moment the *Danube* came into the roadstead, a naval officer in Lady Frere's suite came to meet me and invite me to accept the hospitality of Government House.

"I went in a carriage, acclaimed by a many-coloured population who had draped the windows with flags of as many hues.

"Lady Frere has just taken me to Constantia, where I have eaten some of the famous grapes. I must declare that they surpass those of Arenenberg, and I was delighted with the varied landscape that presented itself to my eyes, tired of a watery horizon.

"To-night Lady Frere is giving a grand dinner in my honour, and a reception afterwards.

"To-morrow I leave for Durban, where I am eager to arrive, for a battle is expected."

Before his departure he wrote to M. Pietri to tell him about his voyage, and to a friend to whom he had not had time to send a line of farewell before leaving Europe. I find in this latter letter a word that will interest the reader . . .

"I counted on writing to you from St. Helena, where I should have liked to make a pilgrimage before going on to my first campaign . . . My steamer did not stop there . . ."

He took to the sea again, and it was from Durban he wrote to the Empress the following letter, in which he tells of his arrival in Natal and his first impressions.

"DURBAN, *April 2nd*, 1879.

"Since my last letter, that is to say since I left Cape Town, I have lived in a state of anxiety and impatience, comparable to that of an old troop horse yoked to a plough when he hears the trumpet sound the charge . . .

" . . . My regret is not to be with those who are fighting; you know me well enough to judge how bitter it is. But all is not over and I shall have my revenge upon my ill-luck.

"I was received on my arrival in Natal like a crowned head, though I wore a lieutenant's uniform. The ships were dressed with flags and the military authorities came to meet me.

"The country, which I have hardly had time to see, seems to me superb. Picture to yourself green hills undulating as far as the eye can see, and covered here and there with groups of trees of every kind. The trees are not lofty, but they keep their beautiful foliage always; the loveliest plants and the rarest flowers of our climates spring by the wayside.

"When one takes in the whole landscape, one cannot help comparing it with what England must have been (the country of the green hills) when the Saxons landed upon it.

"Remember me to all those who are about you, and tell them not to imagine that I forget them."

One of the Prince's first cares on arriving at Durban, was to write to Sir Lintorn Simmons to express to him his joy at being in Africa; the thanks which he addresses to him leave us with no doubt as to the part the former Governor of Woolwich had played in this whole affair, and in particular, his intervention with the Duke of Cambridge.

In a second letter also written from Durban, the Prince gave General Simmons his first impression of the enemy he was to fight. In it he compares barbarism and civilisation: too many people, he says, make the latter consist of the

material advantages they derive from it. For him it lies in the moral ideas that gave birth to it. When these are forgotten, the civilised man falls below the level of the savage. "I have already been struck in Africa by a fact that justifies this idea: it is the difference between the Cape natives and the natives of Natal. The latter are still half warriors—living in kraals and following their ancient customs; the former have adopted European habits. The Kaffirs of Natal have kept some of the noble qualities that characterise man in a state of nature, while those of Cape Colony have lost all those qualities, and have learned nothing from the whites except to drink, to smoke, and to cover themselves with rags. As for the Zulus, they are certainly the finest black people in the world; among the soldiers there is no feeling of vengeance against them, nothing but admiration for such bold warriors . . ."

III.

The Prince was announced in Africa by two letters from the Commander-in-Chief of the English Army. One addressed to Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor-General of Cape Colony, with the title of "High Commissioner," recommended the Prince to his care and represented him as going out as a simple onlooker. The second letter was addressed to Lord Chelmsford, General-in-Chief of the army which was in the field against the Zulus. This letter was not published till much later, but its proper place is here:

"*February 25th*, 1879.

"My Dear Lord Chelmsford,

"This letter will be presented to you by the Prince Imperial, who goes to Africa on his own account, to see as far as possible the coming campaign against the Zulus. The Prince is very eager to go to Africa.

"He expressed the wish to be enrolled in our army, but the Government thought it impossible to grant this.

"However, the Government authorises me to write to you and to Sir Bartle Frere, to ask you to show him every kindness and to help him so that he may be able to follow operations as far as possible, with the columns of the expedition.

"I hope you will do this. He is an excellent young man, full of intelligence and of courage, and has many old friends among the young artillery officers. He will certainly have no trouble in making his way. If you can in any other way help him will you kindly do so?

"My one fear is that he may be too courageous."

When the Prince arrived at Durban, Lord Chelmsford had left his base to carry out the first part of his programme, which consisted of rallying the scattered garrisons, driving the Zulus back upon their own territory and establishing himself firmly on the border. To the Prince's great joy, there had been no decisive engagement, no "great battle" in his absence, as he feared. But he had been attached provisionally to a battery which there was no undue haste in dispatching to the theatre of operations, and that was the "plough" to which he complained he was harnessed. Another circumstance came to delay his entry upon action: a slight attack of fever with which he paid his tribute to the climate. He was lodged with Captain Baynton, the representative of the maritime company which served the great ports of South Africa, and in this house, which had been offered him as the best appointed in the town, he was the object of the most devoted attentions. This little ailment gave rise to disquieting rumours in Europe, but the faithful Uhlmann hastened to reassure the Empress by a letter to M. Pietri, which reduced the indisposition to its true proportions.

On his return, Lord Chelmsford had to solve a hard problem; to reconcile the Prince's wishes with the instructions he had received from the War Office. He

thought he had solved it by attaching him to his own person. This is how the Prince appreciated his new position in a letter to a friend:

"... I am at present filling the post of a staff officer with the Commander-in-Chief; this is the best way of seeing, of learning, and of making war for me.

"I had courage enough to refuse the command of a squadron of volunteers! Tempting as the offer was, I thought that the position I now hold would allow me to obtain more experience and to render more service."

We have seen above the real reason that prevented the Prince from accepting the command of a volunteer corps: he had made a definite promise to his mother on this point. Very happy at being attached to the staff, he was for a moment disappointed when Lord Chelmsford, going off for the second time to put himself at the head of his troops, obliged the Prince to remain behind to complete his convalescence. It was only some days later he was permitted to start to rejoin his general. At the moment of his departure he received news from Chislehurst, which he was expecting with as much impatience as at Chislehurst they were expecting news of him. Uhlmann wrote to M. Pietri on April 22nd: the Prince "was delighted to go, especially after having heard from her Majesty. He has been very anxious. He could not understand how he had not heard... Her Majesty's letter quite cured him..."

We can now follow the Prince from stage to stage, thanks to the letters he sent to the Empress at every halt. He wrote from Pietermaritzburg:

"Pietri has communicated to me extracts from papers and private letters which prove to me that our party have reconsidered their first impulse.

"Public feeling in France has then been, as I supposed, favourable to my decision: but it is not enough to go, I must come back with honour! And for that I rely on God.

"The news I have from France shows me also that I was not wrong in denying the possibility of a speedy crisis. Without being a great doctor, it is easy to see that the country is dying of a lingering illness and not of an acute disease."

This letter is dated the twentieth of April. Next day, the twenty-first, he wrote to M. Pietri and indicated the route he was about to follow, first to rejoin the army, and then to follow it in its march towards the enemy's country: "I have been at Maritzburg for nearly three days and to-morrow we are starting for Ladysmith. Thence the general intends to make for Dundee, where the concentration of the greatest part of our forces will take place. Then he will take the initiative and move towards Conference Hill, in the Transvaal, where Colonel Wood is waiting for him. From thence offensive operations will begin. . . ."

The Prince took with him only one orderly for his personal service, and a groom to look after the horses. As for Uhlmann, he was to leave Durban and settle at Maritzburg, where he was to await events and hold himself at his master's disposal.

The following letter to the Empress is dated April 30th:

"My Dear Mother,

"I am writing to you from Dundee where we arrived yesterday with the general staff. I don't know if the maps you have will indicate the exact situation of this strategic point which will be the base of our operations. So to give you an approximate idea of it, I will tell you that our camp is about fifty-five miles north-east of Ladysmith, and only ten miles from Buffalo River. In a week at the furthest we shall have reached the extreme line of our outposts near Conference Hill. All continues to go on well here: though my comrades on the staff are all much older than I am, their society is very agreeable, and will help to make my life as pleasant as it can be in Zululand. My health is excellent and I should have nothing left to wish for if the

distance that separates us allowed me to hear from you oftener. I hope you are well, that you have no worries, and that you are not too uneasy.

"If you saw the extraordinary posture in which I am writing to you, crouching on my heels and using my saddle as a desk, you would, I am sure, excuse my bad writing.

"Pray give my remembrances, as usual, to all our friends and tell them again not to be afraid to write to me often, for their letters are always welcome.

"Give M. Rouher news of me and believe me, my dear mother, that it is a pleasure for me to think of you."

He wrote, on May 4th: "For two days we have been sleeping in our clothes, ready to leave our tents at the first alarm. Since we crossed Buffalo River, we have been in the enemy's country and yesterday I thought we should meet some parties of Zulus, for we were following with a small escort the line of Blood River which bounds the space occupied by the belligerent forces.

"I found to my great surprise several Frenchmen among the volunteer cavalry corps that covers the frontier. They are all old soldiers who don't know what to do in France since the profession of arms was abolished by the recruiting laws.

"They all come to find me and seem enchanted to see me.

"They are not, as you may well imagine, the cream of the nation, but that did not prevent me from fraternising with them.

"Passing by Utrecht, I shall see a man called Grandier and I will write you his wonderful history, when I have heard it from his own mouth. Up till now he is the only white man who has ever been at Ulundi.

"The French are sometimes quaint fellows. Lord Chelmsford's late cook was a Frenchman. He cooked very badly, but he wrote verses. This poor devil, named Laparet, who had followed the General 'for love of war,' was killed at Isandhlwana 'fighting like a lion.'

"Good-bye, my dear mother, think of me and be assured that I think of you often."

On the eleventh of May, the Prince was at Utrecht. There he wrote to the Empress, and keeping his promise he narrated to her the extraordinary adventure of this Frenchman who had fallen into the hands of the Zulus and who, when taken before King Cetewayo, had found a means of escape, killing his guards, and rejoining the English camp after unheard of fatigues.[1] To this picturesque story the Prince added: "I have perhaps spoken at too great length of some one you do not know, but at the moment I have nothing very interesting to tell you that concerns myself. I am well, I think of you, and I am eager to do something worth doing. This is the state of mind and body in which I am at present . . ."

During his stay at Utrecht the Prince visited the hospital with M. Deléage, the correspondent of the *Figaro*, who described this visit. The Prince appeared already well informed of all that concerned the poor wounded fellows, and deeply touched by their sufferings, he encouraged them as well as he could. Starting from Utrecht, one may say that the campaign began in earnest. The Prince was attached to Colonel Harrison, whose duty consisted in directing the reconnaissances in the enemy's country. The Prince had just returned from one of these reconnoitring expeditions when he wrote to M. Pietri on May 21st:

"I have just come back from a reconnaissance: we were six days away. Some shots were fired on both sides, but nothing very serious happened. We were in the saddle twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

"Send the enclosed letter to M. Rouher. . . ."

By these last lines it may be seen that he still found time to follow political events and to send instructions to Paris. At this moment, he was much concerned about a Bona-

[1] I omit this narrative. M. Deléage, the correspondent of the *Figaro*, related in that paper and repeated in his book, *Trois mois chez les Zoulous*, the story of Grandier, which he had from the Prince himself.

partist candidature in one of the wards of Paris, that of M. Godelle. Yet between reconnaissances, he was far from being unoccupied. Colonel Harrison gave him the task of writing the report of the expedition he mentions. I have had the draft of this report in my hands, and neither this nor the letter to M. Pietri gives any idea of the really critical circumstances in which the little English corps, to which the Prince belonged, had found itself. Major Bettington, who in this case commanded the escort, made up of some volunteers and a certain number of Basutos placed under his orders, wrote a detailed account of this little expedition, and I have been able to consult his narrative, which has never been printed. It suggests many thoughts: we can see from it how quickly the Prince won the sympathy and even the affection of those whom chance brought in contact with him. Bettington had never spoken to him before May 14th, and six days after, one might say he was absolutely devoted to him. These curious pages show also the manifold and continually recurring dangers of these rides by day and by night through an unknown country, in the presence of an untiring foe that was following the foreign invaders, so to say, step by step, and laying new traps for them at every moment.

The expedition was divided into two parts, separated by a return to camp and an interval of rest. During the first part, Colonel Buller was present with a part of General Wood's flying column. Accordingly the Zulus were very careful to take themselves off at the approach of the English, whom they saw in force and felt themselves incapable of attacking. It was very different during the second reconnaissance, when the escort never amounted to more than five and twenty men, half of whom were irregulars and half blacks, hardly disciplined. But Bettington was accustomed to this kind of warfare, and explained it to the Prince by theory and by example. To the tricks of the Zulus he opposed precautions no less minute and

ATTACK ON A KRAAL.

From a picture by Protais in the possession of the Empress.
(The Prince is in front on the white horse.)

elaborate. Full of suspicion, full of resource, he was always on the *qui vive* and readily referred to the chief of his Basutos, who understood this kind of war better than anybody. In his narrative he shows the Prince passionately interested in everything he was learning, and enjoying, if I may say so, the danger that at every moment took a new shape.

On the evening of May 18th they were very far from their starting point and knew they were being watched at a distance by a strong body of Zulus. In silence they left the place where they had bivouacked for tea, after putting out all the fires, and marched for a mile holding their horses' bridles, as far as a donga, where they settled themselves. The horses were ranged in a circle, all saddled. No fires were lighted: "Even to strike a match or to say a word, except in a whisper, was strictly forbidden. In front, in the rear, on the right or the left, Basutos were stationed as sentinels with orders to walk towards each other. Then the men could take some rest; the Prince was stretched upon the ground like the others, sharing his scanty covering with Lomas, his orderly. . . . So the night passed, troubled only by false alarms given by one of the officers, Lieutenant Carey."

Next day the little band found in its path a kraal occupied by the Zulus in force. To the Prince's great joy, an assault was delivered. For this a steep path had to be climbed in single file, a narrow path full of stones, where the horses tripped at every step, under the enemy's dropping fire. Fortunately, the Zulus were still unused to fire-arms. Neither the Prince nor Bettington was touched, and as they opened up the plateau, they charged at the head of the other horsemen. Though one of their great chiefs was present the Zulus did not hold out long and took to flight, leaving several men on the field. After a brief pursuit the assailants came back and breakfasted gaily in the kraal, which Bettington proposed to call Napoleon Kraal, to commemorate the Prince's first encounter with the enemy. The

Prince remarked on this occasion that Major Bettington did not wear a sword. "For myself," said he, "I make a point always of having mine, not so much to attack, as to defend myself if I were surrounded. I should die fighting, and then death would have no pangs."

During the following night, they had to change camp several times, for they were followed very closely by the enemy. At length, on the evening of May 20th, they came back to camp without having lost a single man.

The Prince had been charged with an important work, which consisted in drawing up plans for constructing a fort on Conference Hill. This fort was to secure the army's communications when it was marching on Ulundi, with its base situated in Natal. General Wood was present when Lord Chelmsford gave the Prince this commission. "The fort," he said, "must be capable of being defended by a very small number of men, and containing a great quantity of provisions and munitions of war, with the necessary transport wagons." Without waiting an instant, the Prince hurried out on the veldt, and set to work taking measurements and making notes. After some days' study of the matter, he brought the general a piece of work which has since received the approval of very skilful judges, and of which his former chief at Woolwich declared himself very proud. It was commended as showing a great deal of attention to details, and many original ideas, for in it the Prince combined with the memory of lessons learned in Europe the experience he had already acquired on this soil of Africa, where all was new: the country, the enemy, the conditions of the war. This point of view struck him very particularly, and, independently of the works with which he was entrusted, he had begun a study under this title: *South African compared with European Warfare.*

He wrote to the Empress, May 26th:

"Since my last letter, my life has been most sedentary, especially in relation to the nomad habits one gets into

here. A week spent in my tent affects me like a week spent in a feather bed, for the canvas ceiling has its charms in comparison with the vault of the sky. But, as I have already many times written to you, the life I am leading here pleases me and does me good. Never have I felt so strong and energetic.

"Lord Chelmsford, acceding to my desire to be employed on something, has attached me to the Quarter-Master General, Colonel Harrison, of the Royal Engineers, and I compose his whole staff, which is and will remain a very slender one, though I am growing fat.

"General Simmons will tell you better than I could explain to you the nature of my duties, which are those of Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master General.

"To-morrow, the second division and the general staff leave Landman's Drift to make for Kopje Allein. That is our first step towards Ulundi, and if the proverb 'only the first step costs' were always true, we should have a cheap victory, for our first march will cost us nothing. . . ."

On May 29th, the Prince accompanied the General-in-Chief, and his staff on a reconnaissance. During this day he found himself more than once near M. Deléage, to whom he showed a good deal of favour, and who was, I think, very sincerely attached to him. As they galloped along together, stirrup to stirrup, their conversation touched on a thousand subjects. M. Deléage has reported it in every detail: I will only borrow from him a single phrase, which seems to me very much in accordance with the Prince's character. A chance turn of the conversation had brought about a comparison between the war the English were making on the Zulus and the campaign at the same moment waged by the Carlists against the Government of Alfonso XII. Thereupon the Prince declared: "I cannot understand seeking a throne through a civil war."

I do not know if it was at the return from this reconnaissance that General Wood, the commander of the second

column (now Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood) met the Prince and said to him, laughingly :

"Well, your Highness, not got yourself killed yet ? "

"No," replied the Prince in the same tone ; "but," he added more seriously, "if I had to be hit, I think I'd rather have a stab from an assegai than a bullet coming from nobody knows where : it would show at any rate that one had been in touch with the enemy."

M. Deléage had the good fortune to announce to the Prince M. Godelle's victory in his election. The Prince was really rejoiced at the news. It was a symptom : Paris was coming back to him !

CHAPTER XIII

THE FIRST OF JUNE, 1879

I.

EVERYTHING was ready for action. In the morning of the first of June, the two divisions commanded by Lord Chelmsford and the light column under the orders of General Wood were to cross Blood River at different places and effecting a junction at a point previously arranged, to march together towards Ulundi. The bulk of the army, with all the transport, was to camp for the night at the foot of the Itelezi in Zulu territory. The Prince Imperial, as a despatch from the Commander-in-Chief to the Minister of War expressly states, had been ordered to choose the site for the second camp, where the army was to halt after its second march, in the evening of June 2nd. This task was an easy one for him, for he had already explored all this region during previous reconnaissances.

It had been decided that Major Bettington should command the escort, but Colonel Harrison forgot to tell him so, and when he would have atoned for this forgetfulness, he found that the major, under orders for another duty, was no longer free to accompany the Prince. Among the fatal circumstances that surrounded the event of the first of June, that was perhaps the most fatal of all.

As Colonel Harrison asked himself, on the evening of May 31st, to whom he should entrust the mission for which

he had at first thought of Bettington, another officer, lately attached to the same service, Lieutenant Carey[1] of the 98th Line Regiment, presented himself to take it.

He had, said he, certain information to get or to verify to complete his maps. Colonel Harrison eagerly granted his request. He said these words to him, which were an order: "You will look after the Prince." Later, when repeating them before the court-martial, the Colonel added: "If Lieutenant Carey had not presented himself, I should have chosen another officer to look after the Prince's safety." From this it follows that if the Prince was accountable only to his chiefs for the mission entrusted to him, it was Lieutenant Carey who was solely responsible for the handling of the men who composed the escort. And that not only because from the military point of view he was the Prince's superior by rank and seniority, but because the Prince was in reality not an English officer. He could be given a mission of great importance, but he had no right to give orders to a single man. Colonel Harrison's evidence is sufficiently clear on this essential point. How in any case could anyone retain any doubt, reading the last words written by the Prince in his note-book before starting on the morning of the first of June—"the escort is under Captain Carey."[2]

At eight o'clock on the first of June, as his own report to Colonel Harrison proves, Carey set about collecting the members of the escort. It was to consist of six horsemen borrowed from Bettington's Volunteer Corps and six mounted Basutos. During this time the Prince, wishing to take advantage of an opportunity that presented itself—the departure of a newspaper correspondent who was going

[1] He had just got his captaincy: but as his name had not yet appeared in the *Gazette*, he was still given the title of lieutenant.

[2] "It is a voice from the grave!" exclaimed Colonel Villiers when he read this line that came so opportunely to solve the problem of where the responsibility lay.

back to Landman's Drift—scribbled in pencil on a leaf torn from his note-book a few lines to his mother:

"KOPJE ALLEIN, *June 1st*, 1879.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I am writing hurriedly on a leaf of my note-book; in a few minutes I am off to select a camping-ground for the second division on the left bank of Blood River. The enemy is concentrating in force, and an engagement is expected in a week's time. I do not know when I shall be able to send you any news, for the postal facilities leave much to be desired. I did not want to let slip this opportunity for embracing you with all my heart.

"Your devoted and dutiful son,
"NAPOLÉON."

"P.S. I hear of M. Godelle's splendid election. Pray tell him from me how delighted I was at this good news."

At a quarter past nine, Bettington's six horsemen, one of whom was a sergeant, were in the saddle, as well as a black, who was to go with the little troop to give it certain topographical hints. The Prince lent him one of his own horses. The Basutos were late; a man sent to look for them on the other side of the river, where they were camping, reported that they had started already and would be found further on. They were never seen again.

At half past nine they started. They went through Itelezi, about seven miles from Kopje Allein; there a few words were exchanged with Colonel Harrison, who had already arrived to superintend the arrival and the installation of the troops.

At that very moment the Commander-in-Chief mounted his horse to go to the Itelezi camp: "Where is the Prince?" he asked, always alive to the responsibility that weighed upon him. "He is with Colonel Harrison," was the answer. Lord Chelmsford was reassured, for he knew nothing of the mission entrusted to the Prince.

However, the Prince was galloping on with his companions. They mounted a plateau whence they scanned the surrounding country to a great distance; as far as the horizon, no trace of the enemy could be seen. The Prince made several drawings at this place, where they halted for an hour. Then they came down again to a kraal abandoned by its inhabitants. It consisted of five huts and an enclosure for cattle. In front of the huts was an open space covered with ashes and rubbish of every kind, where the Zulus did their cooking in common. Beyond were fields of maize and grass five to six feet high. The spot seemed favourable for a bivouac, being near the little river Imbazani, but was it safe? The tall grass, blocking the view within a few yards, made it impossible to keep watch on the approaches. Besides, some dogs were roaming about, a sure sign that their masters were not far off. Lieutenant Carey thought otherwise, and it was decided to halt in this place. Not a man stayed on horseback as a vedette, no precaution was taken to guard against a surprise: Carey acknowledges this in his report, alleging as an excuse that the country had already been explored thoroughly, and was believed to have been evacuated by the enemy.

The horses were then unsaddled and let loose through the maize, where they browsed greedily; the Kaffir was sent to fetch water and the men prepared to make coffee. The officers sat apart and talked. The Prince—it is Carey who tells this—always obsessed by Napoleonic memories, talked to his companion of the immortal campaign of 1796. It was near four o'clock and the sun was going down. At that moment the Kaffir, who had been told off to keep an eye on the horses, came to say that he had seen a black head rise out of the brush. The order was given to the men to make ready to go; the horses were brought in and saddled. Several men were already mounted; the others standing near their horses, were waiting for the word of command. At the moment it was given, a volley broke out a few yards away; a troop of

Zulus (about fifty) dashed out of the tall grass through which they had crawled. They roared their war-cry and fired on the English. Horses reared and some broke loose. The Prince's, a thoroughbred, perhaps more sensitive than the rest and taller, sidled away as he tried to mount. Did somebody give the signal to start? No one heard it: it was a panic, a *sauve-qui-peut!* Those who were already mounted galloped off towards a donga about two hundred yards from the kraal: Carey, the first to start, at their head. A soldier named Rogers was killed by a bullet; another of the name of Le Tocq—an old sailor from Guernsey, whose mother tongue was French—one of the first to mount, jumped off to pick up his carbine. He tried to hoist himself again upon his horse, and lying across the saddle, endeavoured to gain his seat, while the animal, like all troop horses, carried him after the others. Thus he was the last of all to pass the Prince, who had still been unable to mount. "Make haste, Sir, if you please!" he called out to him.

Vain advice that met no answer. The Prince's horse, obeying the same instinct as the others, went off at a gallop too. The Prince ran with him, clinging to the stirrup leather and the saddle, and continuing to make desperate attempts to mount. He came like this to the donga. There the girth of the saddle from which he was hanging gave way; he fell to the ground. . . .

Carey was already far off with several of the men. One of them, named Abel, whether hit by a bullet or through an accident that made him lose his balance, fell from his horse in the donga, where the Zulus presently finished him. Another, crossing the ravine at a little distance, saw the Prince fall, and thought him wounded or killed. Le Tocq, who had nearly got up to Carey, and who, turning his head, had also seen the Prince's fall, cried out to the lieutenant: "The Prince is down!" Carey did not hear, or would not stop; he signalled to the men to go on.

However, the Prince had risen to his feet. From the

place where he was—this has since been proved—he saw the men in flight. His horse, thoroughly maddened, had climbed the other slope of the ravine, and he could hear the sound of his galloping hoofs leaving him. What had he left to defend himself? One of his revolvers, which he carried in his belt: the other was in his holsters. As for his sword—an historic sword that the Duc d'Elchingen had presented to him—it was no longer at his side; it must have slid from the scabbard when the Prince fell. All hope was lost: there was nothing left for him but to die like a soldier. He faced his enemies and walked towards them. He held his revolver in his left hand. Why in his left hand? Perhaps because his right arm, struck by his horse's hoofs, was useless. However, he still had strength to seize with this hand the assegai of one of the blacks who surrounded him. He fired three shots at his assailants, but they adroitly swerved, and no one was hit. Defending himself, he thrust his left foot into a hole: he slipped and the blacks took advantage of this to come close. An assegai pierced his left side with a mortal thrust. He went down, the Zulus rushed upon him and speared him again and again; all was over. The fight, according to their account, did not last more than a minute.

The Zulus now surrounded the Prince's body: they did not know what place in the world had belonged to the life they had just ended, but the extraordinary bravery of the "young white chief" struck them. They declared as much later when they were questioned, and when the foregoing details were got from them. The seven men who had a direct share in the Prince's death, all present at the mournful inquiry, except Zabanga, who claimed the honour of having delivered the death-stroke and who was killed some days later fighting at Ulundi, all said the same thing and paid homage to their victim. "How did this young man look," they were asked, "when he fell? Was he like an ox that is knocked on the head?" And they replied: "No, he

was like a lion?" "And why do you say he was like a lion?" "Because the lion is the most valiant beast known to us!"

They stripped him and divided his clothes; but they did not dare to touch the collar of medals he wore about his neck, either because they looked on them as charms, or rather, as they themselves declared, through a feeling of admiration for the young warrior. A few paces away they picked up the Prince's sword, which they brought to their king, Cetewayo; the latter himself returned it to the English when he knew the name and rank of the Prince.

Afterwards they went away, leaving the Prince stretched on the place where he fell, among the crushed and trodden grasses which bore the marks of his last fight. Night dropped suddenly down, as always in this climate; it wrapped the ravine in darkness and in silence, until the moment when the moon rose and lightly touched the face of the sleeping Prince.

II

In the meantime Carey had fled as far as the camp, followed by his men, one of whom had mounted the Prince's horse. The news he brought spread like lightning and filled all with consternation. Deléage saw Lord Chelmsford gloomy and overwhelmed; he looked for Lieutenant Carey and found him dining with Colonel Harrison and another officer. With great trouble he got some information from him. No one knew anything, except that the Prince was missing at roll call, as well as two other men and the Kaffir guide. He had been seen to fall, and his horse had come back without him. Perhaps he was only wounded. What were they going to do? Would they not send to look for him? The officers thought that out of the question: the night was dark and would make such an expedition too dangerous. "But," Deléage insisted, "the moon will rise presently and the country will be nearly as light as in the day." His impatience was met by a gloomy silence. Orders

were given for the next morning, and at seven o'clock on the second of June, the whole of the cavalry moved off under General Marshall's orders. It was Captain Molyneux, Lord Chelmsford's aide-de-camp, who related what happened in the report he was told to make to his chief:

CAMP, BETWEEN INCENCI AND ITELEZI.
June 2nd, 1879.

MY LORD,

In accordance with your instructions, I this morning accompanied the cavalry commanded by Major-General Marshall to find the body of his Highness the Prince Imperial. Surgeon-Major Scott, Lieutenant Bartle Frere, and the servants of his Imperial Highness were with me. . . . . We went first to the kraal where the attack took place. . . . . and speedily came upon the bodies of the two soldiers of the Natal Horse. At nine o'clock, Captain Cochrane drew my attention and that of Surgeon-Major Scott to another body at the bottom of a donga, which on examination was recognised as that of his Imperial Highness.

"He was about two hundred yards north-east of the kraal. . . . . The body was stripped bare except for a gold chain with medallions, which was about his neck. His sabre, his revolver, his helmet, and his other clothes had disappeared, but we found in the grass his spurs with their straps, and a sock marked N. . .

"The body had seventeen wounds, all in front, and the marks on the ground as on the spurs indicated a desperate resistance. At ten o'clock a bier was made of lances and blankets, and the body was brought out of the donga by officers: Major-General Marshall, Captain Stewart, Colonel Drury Lowe, and three officers of the 17th Lancers, Surgeon-Major Scott, Lieutenant Bartle Frere, and myself; M. Deléage the correspondent of the *Figaro*, claimed the honour of joining us, which was immediately granted."

At eleven o'clock an ambulance wagon received the Prince's body, and brought it back to camp, where an

imposing ceremony took place. Here I let M. Deléage who saw it all take up the tale.

"The funeral ceremony took place before the whole camp. . . . Never shall I forget that simple field gun, on which was laid the Prince's body, wrapped only in the blanket with which we had covered him that same morning: a Prince's death had been needed to take that gun from the line of defence, and we could see the gap its absence made in the enclosure of the laager.

"And the procession! Around the body, the officers of the Royal Artillery, that is to say, nearly all the comrades of the Prince's studies, and a little further, leaning sadly on his cane, with reddened eyes and a heavy heart, that unfortunate General who had been spared no misfortune since the day of his arrival in South Africa; and then a few paces from Lord Chelmsford, the officers of the General's staff, the comrades of yesterday, that military family of the Prince, the only family that could mourn for him at the moment of these first obsequies.

"And on either side, those two red lines of soldiers, old and young, fixed and motionless, leaning on their rifles, some thinking of all their comrades whose blood had already been drunk by the soil of Zululand; others dismayed to see, at their first step upon that wild land, so many high things laid low by the assegai of a Zulu.

"For myself, who alone in that sad procession had the civilian's privilege of walking bareheaded, seeing as we passed the flag of England droop slowly to the ground, a *royal salute*, before this corpse wrapped in the tricolor, I thought how deeply shall they repent whose insults drove this unfortunate Prince to prove his manhood even at the cost of his life, when history shall relate how, in this far-off land, the last of the Napoleons[1] brought honour by his very death to the banner of France.

"The procession halted in the middle of the square formed by the troops, and the Catholic chaplain said the prayers for the dead. Then by the light of the bush-fires

[1] M. Deléage was wrong: he need only have read the Prince's will to see that there were, and are still, other Napoleons.

lit on the neighbouring hills, the body was brought to the field hospital and handed over to the camp surgeons."

There, under the direction of Dr. Scott, and with the poor means at hand, the body was embalmed, in such a way, at least, as to ensure its preservation during the return voyage to Europe. The operation was prolonged until four in the morning. The Prince's remains were then carefully wrapped up, and placed in a zinc box hastily put together. A coffin is a luxury unknown in an army campaigning so far from home: the Engineers made one as well as they could out of tea cases; this temporary coffin was to be replaced by a more fitting one as soon as it arrived in a civilised country.

At half past seven the camp was struck and the whole army began its march to the second halting place. Three-quarters of an hour later, turning his back on the battlefields where he had hoped to play his part, the dead Prince left what had been the Itelezi camp, through which, less than forty-eight hours before, he had ridden full of youth, gaiety and hope. The ambulance-wagon that carried him was accompanied by M. Deléage and the Prince's two servants, Lomas and Brown; it was escorted by a squadron of the 17th Lancers, under Lieutenant Jenkins. This funeral *cortége* took the way the Prince had traversed with the army, and passed again by Kopje Allein, Landman's Drift, Utrecht, Dundee, and Ladysmith. At Maritzburg, the arrival of the body gave rise to demonstrations of mourning in which the people and the garrison alike joined. The coffin was opened, and poor Uhlmann had to perform the cruel duty of identifying his young master's remains; from that moment he never left him. At Durban, the same military honours, the same grief as at Maritzburg. The body was placed, thanks to the Commodore in command of the naval station, on board the *Boadicea*, and by this warship brought to the Cape, where it was transferred to another vessel, the *Orontes*, on which a Catholic priest and an officer took their passage, told off to

accompany the body to England. Before the departure, which took place almost immediately, a solemn ceremony brought together on the deck of the *Orontes* the chief dignitaries of the Colony, at the head of whom figured the High Commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere, whose son had been one of the Prince's comrades in arms.

III.

The court-martial charged with judging the events of the first of June and Lieutenant Carey's responsibility for the sad result of that day was opened about the middle of June, as soon as active operations allowed Lord Chelmsford's troops sufficient respite. The president of the court was Colonel Glyn; the duties of prosecutor devolved upon Captain Brander, who fulfilled them with energy and tact. The depositions of the four survivors of the action were heard: Willis, Grubb, Cochrane, and Le Tocq. Their evidence tallied exactly with regard to what took place before the surprise, and allowed the court to follow the little troop in every movement until the moment when the blacks came out of the brush yelling and firing on the English. From that minute the different stories, while confirming each other in essential points, showed certain contradictions in details, easy to explain by the inevitable confusion of such an alarm, or by the desire to repudiate a share of the responsibility that rested on the leader. However, important facts stood out from all these depositions: the absence of any precaution during the halt at the kraal, the disorderly helter-skelter flight, no attempt to rally the men and go back to the help of those who had been left behind.

These facts became so many heads of the charge against Carey. But the worst of all, perhaps, because it was the initial cause of those that followed, and may be said to have given rise to them, was the selection of that fatal place for

the halt. Accordingly Carey, who defended himself with a great deal of coolness and assurance, took every pains to maintain that it was not he, but the Prince, who was in command on the first of June. To this assertion the prosecution opposed Colonel Harrison's evidence which annihilated it. There was no need to go into the question of seniority or superiority in rank: of the two men, only one was an English officer, only one had any right to command, and that man was Carey. The accused maintained that he thought himself obliged, considering the Prince's name and rank, to defer to all his wishes as if to orders, and to leave him not merely an appearance but the reality of the command. This thesis, if admitted, would have laid on the unfortunate Prince a certain moral responsibility, instead of the legal responsibility placed entirely on Carey's shoulders. Was this right? The accused knew perfectly well that it was not, for at that moment, a letter written by him on the very evening of the disaster refuted his own insinuation: "I can only be blamed for the selection of the camping place." Before the court-martial, the assertion put forward by Carey could not be discussed seriously. It did not justify the accused, but it left a doubt in the mind of the judges, and we shall presently see its consequences.

As to the surprise and what had immediately followed, there could be no two opinions. The officers who composed the court and who were experienced in this kind of war, were disposed to allow the *sauve-qui-peut* of the first moment, but there was not, I think, one among them who, in Carey's circumstances, would not have attempted to rally his men and make at least a demonstration in favour of their vanished comrades, even of the lowest rank. If the inequality between a number of well-armed and well-mounted men on the one side, and a crowd of savages on foot (who did not understand how to use their firearms, and who had probably exhausted their ammunition), be considered, it will easily be seen that this return was possible, and that had it

SOUVENIR AND LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE.

From the Original sent by the Empress to the wife of Marshal Canrobert, and given to M. l'Abbé Misset as a Souvenir of Mme. Canrobert.

taken place the Prince and the soldier Abel would probably have been saved.

The idea of such a return never entered Carey's mind for a moment, for he had galloped right into camp, without knowing whether he left the Prince behind living, or dead, or only wounded. "I did *everything* to save the Prince," he ventured to say, and the prosecutor replied, "You did absolutely nothing." The judges endorsed this crushing dictum, which will remain the verdict of history. In consequence, subject to the approval of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, Carey was to be cashiered. After pronouncing this sentence the same judges, or to be exact, Colonel Glyn, the president of the court, signed in their names a recommendation to mercy, dictated by several considerations. On one hand they gave the condemned man the benefit of the doubtful situation that made a Prince the subordinate of an ordinary officer, at a time and in surroundings when rank still retained all its prestige.

On this subject I must point out that the Prince had never done anything to encourage this strange misunderstanding. He did not wish to be treated as an Emperor's son, but as a simple soldier, under whatever title it might be, and under all circumstances he set an example of absolute obedience to his chiefs, and an inviolable respect for discipline. Bettington's unpublished diary contains undeniable proofs of this. In camp he willingly contented himself with one of those shelter-tents that the English regulars will not use and leave to the volunteers. During the reconnaissance of the fourteenth of May, when a room had been set apart for him in a farm-house, he refused to go there, and lay outside on the ground, beside his comrades.

Just as he might be seen taking orders from Buller, from Harrison, from Bettington, he bowed before Carey's opinions, whatever may have been his inward convictions as to that officer's inadequacy from a military point of view. Besides, what reason would there have been for the Prince to go

down from the heights to the kraal? Nothing would have suggested it to him, whereas there was an obvious interest to Carey in the points that remained uncertain on his maps, for it was his business to find in those low-lying marshy places a way for the guns and transport.

It can be seen how very precarious and dubious was the excuse put forward by the accused. It masked a grave fault by alleging an error in judgment—giving affairs the most favourable interpretation possible—and the court displayed extreme leniency in finding an extenuating circumstance here.

Another consideration in the recommendation to mercy was the scantiness of the escort, which made resistance very difficult after the surprise as well as before. But who was responsible for this except Carey himself, who, torn between his vanity and his fears, did not dare to surround himself with the necessary number of men, since he had been chaffed for his prudence, the day when he had taken out a whole squadron on a reconnaissance? And if they had wanted to exonerate Carey from his responsibility in this, it should have been laid upon Colonel Harrison. That officer had entrusted a dangerous task to the Prince without telling his General; he was at Itelezi when the Prince had crossed the place for the new camp. He had been able to see with his own eyes how wretched was the little squad that had the keeping of this precious life. And he had allowed them to go! That is not all; the day before he had neglected to dispatch in time the order which was to give Major Bettington himself the mission that in the end fell to Carey, a mission the gallant and skilful Major would have carried out in a very different fashion. My heart contracts in pain and sorrow to read these words in his diary: "If I had been there, I should have saved him or I should have stayed there with him." I shall add further that Bettington never marched without having his mounted Basutos with him, admirable scouts and cunning at baffling surprises. And so,

though Colonel Harrison only appeared as a witness before the court-martial, it seems to me that he should have divided certain responsibilities with Carey.

However that may be, Carey was at once sent to the coast to be thence transferred to England and put at the disposal of the Duke of Cambridge, to whom was left the final decision in this affair.

CHAPTER XIV

NOVISSIMA VERBA

I.

As yet, Europe knew nothing. The coffin of the Prince Imperial was already crossing the Atlantic on its way to the little church where he was to sleep beside his father, and the Empress had not yet received the letter in which he assured her he had never been better, had never led a life more in accordance with his temperament and his wishes. In Paris his friends, a little recovered from the emotions roused by his departure, were waiting for news with no great impatience, and the deputies of the Appeal to the People were getting from Rouher the instructions or the advice written in a tent between two alarms, which made them feel his presence, his sympathy, his guidance from the heart of Africa. All was tranquil in imperialist circles. Only the mother's anguish watched without remission day and night, increasing with the lapse of time, and pondering every kind of plan.

On the morning of the second of June, General Chelmsford had sent the English Government a despatch to inform it of the catastrophe. But this despatch had to be carried by ship from the Cape to Madeira, for the cable that joins South Africa to the mother country did not yet exist. From Madeira, where it only arrived on the nineteenth, it took flight, and some moments later was under the eyes of the

Duke of Cambridge. It was at once communicated to the Queen, who was terribly grieved.

Her first thought was of the dreadful blow that was about to fall on her friend the Empress Eugénie. How could she let her know the awful tidings? Her practical mind turned at once to this question. At all costs the unhappy mother must be kept from the horror of learning of her son's death from the morning papers. The official letter, written by the Duke of Cambridge's chief secretary, which brought Lord Chelmsford's despatch to Camden Place, could not be shown to the Empress without preparing her for the shock.[1] Accordingly by his Sovereign's command, Lord Sidney presented himself early at Camden Place and acquitted himself of the mournful mission entrusted to him. It was now for the servants of the Empress to tell her the truth. Their despair can be imagined. The age and rank of the Duc de Bassano, the place he had occupied in the confidence of his Sovereigns, marked him out for this terrible task. He has told me how he found in his devotion the necessary courage, how his agitated face spoke for him, and of the anxious questions to which he replied by silence: "He is sick? . . . He is wounded? . . . I shall go out! . . ." Still silence, then he broke down . . . She knew all, without a word spoken. . .

It was the twentieth of June. Paris learned the news after London and was moved by it as it had not been since the terrible year. It recalled that child it had loved, to whom it had presented his cradle, after whom it had flocked in crowds, whom it had familiarly called "the Little Prince." Was it really he who had been killed out there? And who was responsible? Whose fault was it? Imagination ran riot. Already ridiculous stories flew about, which many repeated without knowing their source, only because they flattered the people's taste for the astonishing and especially its incurable leaning to believe in treachery. The English,

[1] This letter, indeed, was not opened until later, M. Pietri, to whom it was addressed, being in Corsica at the time.

the International, the Republican Government were all the subjects of accusation. Others, stupefied, still doubted. Men struggled for the fugitive sheets, the special editions the paper-sellers carried from street to street shouting, "Death of the Prince Imperial."

II.

On the tenth of July at seven in the morning, the *Orontes* cast anchor at Plymouth. The Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, with Prince Murat on board representing the Imperial family, drew up alongside the great ship and received the Prince's coffin and those who were its escort. Saluted by a salvo of big guns, the yacht put to sea at once to bring its precious burden to Woolwich. At Woolwich an immense gathering of the inhabitants awaited its arrival. This wholly military town, where the Prince had resided, and to which he had remained a familiar figure, gazed with emotion on the funeral disembarkation. In a hall in the Arsenal the two executors of his will were waiting, together with the Prince's most intimate friends. Must the coffin be opened? M. Franceschini Pietri spoke for the Empress: she wished her son's last sleep not to be disturbed a second time. Rouher, the other executor, invoked considerations of a greater weight which, he said, made a new identification indispensable. Then M. Pietri yielded, and the coffin having been opened, the Prince was transferred to another which had been brought from Camden Place with the linen for the shroud. The first winding-sheet and the aromatic flowers with which the Prince's body had been wrapped on the voyage home became relics which were reverently divided.

It could now be seen that the operation carried out at Itelezi by Surgeon-Major Scott and his colleagues, in the night of the second of June, had, in spite of the imperfect means at their disposal, been completely successful in

preserving the external form and the features of the Prince, which were perfectly recognisable. Two medals were placed in the coffin: one by Prince Murat, the other by M. Pietri. The first was a religious medallion; the second, struck under the Empire in the likeness of the Prince as a child, had been given by Napoleon III. to his secretary. Then M. Pietri set a last kiss upon the Prince's forehead: the coffin was closed again, and a plate was fixed on it with this inscription:

EUGÈNE LOUIS-JEAN-JOSEPH-NAPOLÉON.
PRINCE IMPERIAL.
BORN AT THE TUILERIES, MARCH 16, 1856.
SLAIN BY THE ENEMY, IN ZULULAND, JUNE 1, 1879.

On the evening of the eleventh, the coffin was brought to Chislehurst and placed in the hall, hung with black draperies, in the very place where six years earlier his father's body had rested, under the pallid light of wax tapers, among heaps of violets. The Empress spent the night beside him.

When she had returned to her own apartments, the preparations for the funeral ceremony began. The Queen, who had left Balmoral the day after she had heard of the Prince's death, arrived a few minutes before eleven o'clock.

With her own hands she placed a wreath upon the coffin. The bystanders noticed that it was a wreath of laurel, and the Queen said aloud:

"He has deserved it!"

Then she took her place with her daughter, Princess Beatrice, on a platform built for her in the empty space before the house. Thence she saw the body brought out, borne by artillery officers: an exceptional honour paid to the dead, an unprecedented honour, as was the presence of the Sovereign herself.

The cadets of the Royal Military Academy formed a square on the sides of the esplanade on which the procession began to deploy. Upon a gun-carriage drawn by eight

horses the coffin lay, wrapped in the flags of France and England. On the right and left walked the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Prince of Monaco, the Duc de Bassano, and M. Rouher. Then came the Prince's horse led by the bridle : not the charger that had abandoned his master on the battlefield, but the horse he rode oftenest and with most pleasure in England, *Stag*, covered with mourning trappings, and showing under the crape the velvet and gold saddle that had carried Napoleon III. on more than one memorable occasion. Prince Napoleon with his two sons, Victor and Louis, led the procession. An immense crowd followed, arranged in accordance with a predetermined ceremonial.[1] The drums beat with a long deep rolling, muffled like sobs; the cannon thundered on the common, where the garrison of Woolwich was drawn up with the Kent Volunteers.

The *cortége* put itself slowly in motion, and cleared the gates, and a hundred thousand heads uncovered. It was in this wise that the son of Napoleon III. left for the last time that house where he had known joy and sorrow, where I had seen and left him so happy, the home which only a few months before he had animated with his vivid life, illumined with his hopes and his gaiety.

After the service, in which the smallness of the church precluded the great religous pomp that would have been in keeping with such an occasion, the coffin was placed

[1] The whole of the Second Empire, at least all that remained of it, was present, except officers in active service. The former members of the Prince's household alone, Duperré and d'Espeuilles, had received the necessary permission, and shared with Ligniville and Bachon the honour of standing beside the coffin during the Mass. The officers to whom the Prince had made bequests also had leave to be present at the obsequies. This permission was refused to all the others, including Marshals Canrobert and Leboeuf. It was said at the time that the Ambassador of the Republic had dared to discuss with the English Government the importance of the honours that were to be given and the number of guns of the salute. I do not know if this is true; our Government of the moment was capable of the impertinence, but Lord Beaconsfield was not the man to tolerate it.

in a side-chapel, and the French who had come to take part in the obsequies (the papers estimated their numbers at ten thousand) filed through the little church and for a last time saluted their Prince. This occupied the whole afternoon from twelve o'clock. Next day in the same church, Cardinal Manning delivered the Prince's funeral oration, which was translated into French and published under the direction of the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux.

Before leaving Chislehurst, the Queen was received by the Empress. This interview, which lasted only a minute, can have been no more than a silent and mournful embrace.

III.

Lieutenant Carey was on his way to England. Sentenced by the court-martial to be cashiered, but having been at the same time and by the same court recommended to the clemency of the Commander-in-Chief of the English Army, he considered himself well through the business, and before witnesses he made certain statements he thought of a kind to win over public opinion: "The Prince commanded, he, Carey, could only obey." "But he should have warned him!"—"Ah! the Prince would not have endured my observations: he was so jealous of his authority!" The Prince jealous of his authority? Carey had not dared to assert such a thing in the presence of the officers who had seen the Prince set an example to everybody of complete submission to his chiefs; in the presence of Lord Chelmsford, who wrote to his sister: "I shall treat the Prince exactly like my other aides-de-camp; I know that is what he desires," or in the presence of Major Bettington, who had seen him defer immediately and with a good grace to an injunction of Colonel Buller, expressed in the curt terms a superior officer employs when giving an order to a subaltern. But Carey was no longer among those who knew the facts and who would have contradicted him on the

spot. He was questioned, he was listened to, and something of these conversations, carried by reporters, had preceded him to England.

But at his first step beyond the ship he was told that the confidences that had escaped him in the confusion of the first night, and that had then flowed from his pen without calculation of the consequences, had been made known, and that they were now in the possession of many people. Fearing to find himself obliged to give himself the lie formally, he at once modified his attitude, and in an interview with a *Daily News* reporter he refrained from casting the responsibility for what took place, and especially for the selection of the halting point, upon his illustrious companion: "We were agreed, we were acting in concert . . ." He thought it prudent to hold to this middle theory. The value to be attached to the evidence of a man who presented three successive versions of the same facts can readily be judged.

As soon as the Empress was able to collect her thoughts and to express a wish with regard to the possible consequences of the first of June, she had written the following note:

"*July*, 1879.

"My only source of earthly consolation I derive from the thought that my beloved son fell like a soldier, obeying orders in a duty assigned to him, and that those who gave him these orders did so because they believed him competent and useful. Enough of recrimination: may the remembrance of his death join in a common regret all who loved him, and may no one suffer either in reputation or in material interests—I who can desire nothing more in this world make this a last request.

"EUGÉNIE.

"Speak in this sense to all, English or French."

Evidently the Duke of Cambridge knew of these lines; he could not fail to respect them. The Empress had, in a

fashion, endorsed the recommendation of the court-martial in favour of the sentenced man. If the Commander-in-Chief had contented himself with quietly pardoning Carey, that would have been taken by everybody as a kind of homage to the Prince's memory. But the Duke set to work in quite another way. He went into a fresh consideration of the facts without having before him all the necessary data ; in his turn he pronounced a kind of verdict. It accepted the *sauve-qui-peut*, and up to a certain point the impossibility of an offensive return. As for the inadequacy of the escort, the choice of the halting-place, the lack of precautions observed, he blamed Carey for not having " warned " the Prince, for not having enlightened his inexperience by some advice.

This was to accept the theory of doubtful command, and shared responsibility, no longer as an extenuating circumstance, but as a half justification.

When Carey, full of assurance, would have taken his place again in the Service, the greeting he received taught him what feelings were entertained towards him without any expression of those feelings in words. He knew the bitterness of that dumb ostracism which isolates its object in the middle of the most animated company, which ignores his presence and even his very existence, does not see him when he is there, does not hear him when he speaks ; the eyes that turn away, the hands that shun, the conversations that stop when he enters, and begin again when he goes ; all that world of signs, and above all of silences that make of him an outsider among his comrades, an inferior among his equals, a stranger in his own house, a dead man in the midst of the living.

Carey held on, convinced that time would work for him. He asked the Empress for an audience, speculating in this upon a mother's desire to hear the last conversation of her son. To be received by the Empress would have been the best of acquittals. The audience was denied him.

He dragged his isolation and his rancour from garrison to

garrison until the day when disease carried him off, at Bombay, where he had been sent. Were those few years of wretched life worth the price at which he had bought them?

IV.

The night of the first of June, 1880, saw the Empress praying in the fatal donga, on the very spot where her son had fallen.

In a letter to M. Pietri, on the third of January, 1880, the Empress thus explained the reasons for her journey: "I feel myself drawn to this place of pilgrimage with the same compelling power that must have drawn Christ's disciples to the holy places. The thought of seeing, of going over the last stages in the life of my beloved son, of finding myself among the places on which his eyes looked their last, in the same time of year, to spend the night of the first of June, watching and praying over this memory!—this has become a need for my soul, and an aim for my life. Since the end of the war has allowed me to think of this possibility with more chance of its fulfilment, it has been my ruling thought. This idea sustains me, and revives my courage; without it I should have no power to re-act and I should let myself go, waiting for sorrow to wear me out. . . . . I am under no illusions, I know the griefs that await me over there, the long and painful journey, the fatigues of so rapid a voyage, but all disappears before the thought of Itelezi. . . . ."

The Empress started for Africa accompanied by General Wood (now Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood) and Lady Wood, the Marquis de Bassano, two English officers, Slade and Bigge, friends and comrades of the Prince, one of whom to-day holds one of the highest ranks in the army, while the other, under the name of Lord Stamfordham, is one of King George's secretaries; lastly, Mrs. Molyneux, whose husband,

had perished in another fight. The Empress had not wished merely to mingle her tears with the blood with which the Prince had watered that savage land. She had determined herself to collect all the details relating to her son's last moments, and to reconstruct for herself and for history the final scene in the exact surroundings in which it had been played. From the place where the Prince first fell she acquired the grievous conviction that he had been able to see his companions fleeing, and that thus, when he was going to meet the Zulus, he could have had only one thought: to die fighting.

Of the fifty blacks who had taken a more or less active part in the last act of the drama, forty were found, who restored or sold back the dead man's belongings (King Cetewayo had already given back the Prince's sword). They were questioned through an interpreter, and it was through their stories, wholly in agreement in all essential points, that I have been able to make my account of the Prince's last moments.

A heap of stones, something like the Scottish cairns, was the very primitive monument that marked the place of the last fight. It is now crowned by a cross. The natives have taken care of it and deck it with flowers as if it were one of their national shrines.

Several monuments recall the Prince's memory on English soil. On Chislehurst Common, at the crossways, rises a great marble cross with a memorial inscription. At Woolwich, in front of the school, upon that green sward he ran across so often, now enclosed in the grounds, has been set a bronze statue of the Prince, the work of Count Gleichen; but this visible memorial of the former cadet of 1873 is not enough to express the almost religious attachment of the great school to its hero. Quite recently, a Frenchman, visiting the Royal Academy on a professional errand, was touched to tears on finding the Prince present in one form or another in

every hall, and—what is better—in every heart, and this Republican, yielding to the noblest of emotions, could not refrain from laying his sympathy at the feet of the Empress.

Almost immediately upon the Prince's death a subscription was opened at the suggestion of Mr. Borthwick, afterwards Lord Glenesk, the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, to erect to the Prince's memory a monument worthy of the great nation that mourned him. The first idea of the subscribers was that Westminster Abbey should receive this monument and add it to all the precious national relics the Abbey holds. The English Government of the day, over which Mr. Gladstone presided, would not or dared not agree to this. May I be permitted to say, after so many years have passed, that this refusal added one more to all the differences that estranged Queen Victoria from her Minister. She gave one of the chapels of her church of Saint George at Windsor, the burying place of the Princes of the present dynasty, for the monument of national gratitude to the august soldier who fell at Illyothiosi. It consists of a statue which is one of the finest works of the sculptor Boehm, and represents the Prince lying like a mediæval knight upon his tomb. On one side is carved the beautiful prayer of the Prince already quoted, and on the other an inscription recalls the circumstances of his heroic death. The window of the chapel bears the Imperial arms.

But the greatest monument raised to the memory of the Prince and that of the Emperor Napoleon is the church the Empress has built for their resting place on a hill that rises before her house at Farnborough. There in the middle of a lonely pinewood, a French architect, M. Destailleur, built the beautiful church whose crypt received the remains of Napoleon III. and of his son on the ninth of January, 1888. Four monks of the order of the Premonstrants were to be its guardians. But the buildings where they were to reside were little by little increased, and took on the proportions of

an imposing abbey, where a community of Benedictines exiled from France pursue their labours of piety and learning.

The underground chapel lies beneath the choir of the church. To right and left are the tombs of father and son. A third place is empty. May it long remain so!

Every year, when the anniversary of the first of June comes round, a man goes down into the crypt. This grave and silent pilgrim, who neither courts nor shuns notice, is one of our famous soldiers; he has carried the renown of France under a still more blazing sun than that which lit up the fatal day of Illyothiosi . . . . Prince, do you not stir in your funeral bed when that loyal hand you once clasped with so much affection, lays on the granite of your tomb a wreath from France? He is alone, but in him he bears the soul of that French army you loved so well—that French army which will not forget you.

V.

My task is ended. At certain moments I have felt it a painful one. And yet I lay it aside with profound regret, for I feel that I am bidding my Prince farewell for the last time.

Have I, at least, carried it out as I proposed in its completeness, without any intermixture of alien or accessory ideas that might destroy its unity?

I have not desired to play the partisan, to revive dead polemics, satisfy ancient grudges or glorify vanished friends, still less to make of the Prince, now more than thirty years at rest in his tomb, a posthumous advocate of a cause whose champion he can no longer be. The party to which I had the honour to belong is not accustomed to transform a funeral ceremony into a riot, and the noble Prince who is to-day the head of the Bonaparte family would be the first to blame me if I were to try to make a political manœuvre of the pious homage I pay to his cousin.

True, I often meet men who say with a sigh "Ah! if

your Prince had lived!" I cannot help remarking that day by day they become more numerous. Why? Can it be that the times which to the Prince's mind were to make his appearance essential, and which he thought near at hand in 1876 and in 1877, those times of sharp crisis, of unendurable uneasiness, kept back for a quarter of a century by the policy of temporisers, have come at last, and that those "granite blocks" he spoke of, those foundations of modern society laid on our soil by his great uncle, are already eaten away by attacks from beneath and ready to fall in with the building they carry? That perhaps is why men are turning their eyes backwards, and why they say, "Ah! if he had lived! if he were here!"

That phrase must have been often in the mouth of a frustrated Royalist or a disillusioned Republican, a Liberal who could not understand how the government of intellect had become an object of suspicion to the democracy, a Catholic broken-hearted before his deserted, ruined churches, a patriot who dared no longer dream of revenge or even speak of national honour; a modest stock-holder who sees himself denounced and branded as a "capitalist," a trader whose lights an ironical and brutal hand extinguishes at the hour when his sales are best: all those, in short, who suffer and complain. This book will help them to crystallise their vague regret. It will show them not what was this young man's policy in his conception of forgotten details or personalities that are no more, but what his ideal was as to the destiny of France and the mission of the Napoleons.

I confess that my ambition goes further still. I hope to make friends for him among those who have neither regret for the past nor fear for the future, and who hope to see, under the present *régime*, a new expansion of France's greatness. It is enough for me that they should be human, intelligent, French at heart, and that they should be capable of feeling pity at the great tragedies of history; they will be obliged to pity and love my Prince who was the same, and

in whom all the gifts they admire appeared at their best. And do not tell me that they will not come, that they cannot come to the Prince, for in reality they have come to him. I might have doubted before the lecture I gave in Paris on the third of March, 1911. But the welcome given that day to the picture I evoked, in which men of the most widely different opinions joined, fully convinced me that if the Prince's body rests still in English earth, his memory is in the heart of every Frenchman. More significant still were the comments of the papers after the publication of the lecture. Most touching expressions of sympathy came from a quarter of the political horizon whence thirty years ago nothing could have been looked for but offensive sarcasm.

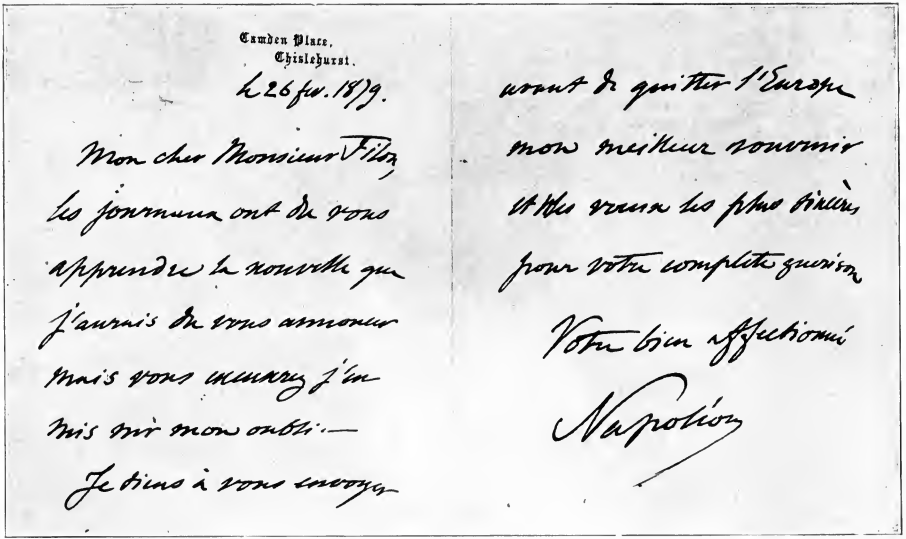
The sons have not retained the bitter implacable resentments of their fathers. They see across the years this heroic young figure with emotion. He appears to them still more distant because the chivalric virtues of another age seem to make him the contemporary of a d'Assas or a La Tour d'Auvergne. He fell at three and twenty: and so he will never be older by a day; he is and will always be the Prince of youth, that perceives in him all the dreams, all the ardours with which it quivers. He never reigned: and so he does not leave behind him a long series of acts that history scrutinises and discusses. If posterity is interested in Napoleon II., the Emperor of an afternoon, dead of boredom in his princely prison, poor vacillating shadow whose frustrated desires and stifled aspirations we must guess at, have not I the right to claim greater interest and sympathy for this other eaglet, who was really conscious of himself, and who had time to declare what he was and what he sought, to express his ideal before he died ?

I do not believe that he has lived in vain. For we feel that what he might have been outstrips in greatness what so many others were after a long reign had been vouchsafed them to make their name. Frenchman, soldier, and prince,

he leaves behind him better than speeches and more than acts: a tradition.

In the gallery of Camden Place there was a marble bust of Machiavelli, whose ironical mask we sometimes halted to consider. One day the Prince put to me some questions about the Secretary of the Florentine Republic and his work. I said to him: "We find in *The Prince* the manual of the old way of politics, that which governed men by fraud and violence, and which deceived or oppressed them even when seeking to benefit them." "Indeed!" said the Prince slyly. "I shall have to read that!"

I do not know if he ever carried out this intention, but it seems to me that his image might be set up as an antithesis and a lesson, face to face with Machiavelli's Prince.


Camden Place,
Chislehurst.

le 26 fév. 1879.

Mon cher Monsieur Filon,

les journaux ont dû vous
apprendre la nouvelle que
j'aurais dû vous annoncer
moi-même, mais vous excuserez j'en
suis sûr mon oubli.—

Je viens à vous encore
avant de quitter l'Europe
mon meilleur souvenir
et les vœux les plus sincères
pour votre complète guérison.

Votre bien affectionné

Napoléon

LETTER TO M. FILON, WRITTEN BY THE PRINCE AT THE MOMENT OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR ZULULAND.

From the original letter in the possession of M. Filon.

APPENDIX

Letter from the PRINCE IMPERIAL *to* CAPTAIN BIGGE (Lord Stamfordham).

FLORENCE, 20*th January*, 1877.

MY DEAR BIGGE,

Your kind letter gave me a great deal of pleasure; but I was sorry to hear of the disagreeable accident that happened to you and poor Slade. I hope the fall on your nose hasn't damaged your beauty too much.

I have been to Venice and Mantua; I have visited the battlefields of Magenta and Solferino, and I must say that all the time I have been in Italy I have been deeply interested in everything I have seen. And so I shall have a whole heap of things to tell you when I get back to England; but at this moment I am so busy that I simply have not time to give you a detailed account of my doings.

If you will allow me, I shall now give you my humble opinion as to the best way of obtaining recruits of a little better social standing, with a view to making military service popular throughout the whole country.

We have often talked of conscription, and you already know that I look on compulsory service as impossible in England: in the first place because it is in direct contradiction to all British ideas and traditions, and in the second place because, England being forced to keep the greater part of her army in India and in her other distant possessions, that army is necessarily made up of professional soldiers who look upon military service as their life work. The question is, therefore, how to get from the country the most capable men. This result may be arrived at by increasing the soldiers' pay, and, above all, the estimation in which they are held in the country. In fact, all men, and soldiers most of all, have their proper pride; and furthermore, on leaving the service, they ought to be able to secure good employment, as in France and in Germany.

This is a hard problem to solve. I think the solution is as follows: firstly, the conditions for the enrolment and the advancement of officers must be altered; secondly, a better pension and a Government job must be ensured to men who leave the service with a good conduct certificate; thirdly, two or three schools must be established where soldiers' children will find a good education and a military education.

I think it a great mistake to choose the officers solely by examination. I am wholly convinced that a man may be very learned and highly intelligent, and at the same time a bad officer; and since an examination can only measure the extent of his knowlege, this examination is an insufficient guarantee of his capacity.

I propose to establish in England what I think existed formerly in France, and what actually exists in Germany: a "Cadet" corps.

A cadet, in order to become an officer, must go through the ranks and serve for a certain time as a plain soldier, on exactly the same footing as the other men in all the duties of the day, but with power to follow certain classes and to undertake the functions of corporal, sergeant, sergeant-major successively, so that he makes himself completely master of all the details of the service. As for the privileges granted to these future officers, I would have them very few. They might be exempted from grosser manual tasks, and allowed to dine at mess with the officers when they are invited. After eight or nine months of this *régime*, their superiors might authorise them to enter for the examinations that admit to the military school: where they would spend about eighteen months, and on leaving receive their commission.

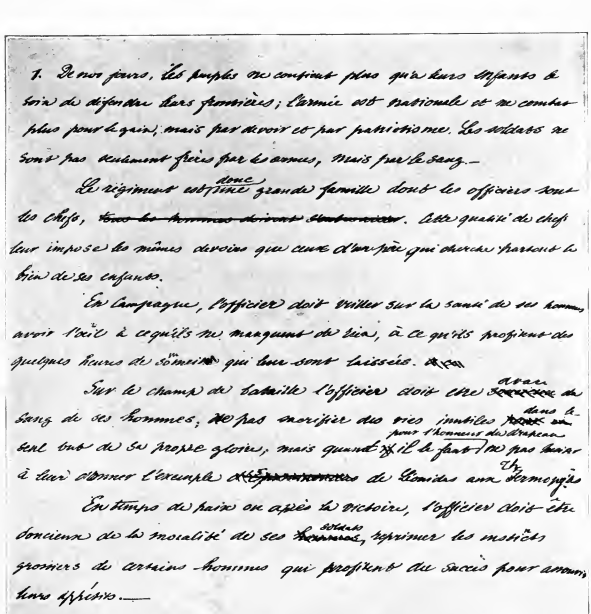
These would be the advantages of such a system:

Firstly. It would be possible to make a thorough study of the character and the moral qualities of the cadets while they were with the regiment;

Secondly. Since practical knowledge would be won before theoretical knowledge, the acquiring of the latter would be simplified and the officer, once he held his commission, would have nothing more to learn;

Thirdly. The intercourse between the common soldiers and men of superior breeding, and the prospect opened to the former of winning higher rank if they succeed in mastering the necessary knowledge, will almost make "gentlemen" of them, and so enhance the consideration paid to them.

Government might easily raise the scale of pensions without increasing the budget of expense, by having recourse to the well-known system of *Tontines*. As for the schools for the soldiers' children, they would s ent great advantages ·



1. Devoir pour, les peuples ne connaissent plus que leurs défenseurs & soins de défendre leurs frontières; l'armée est nationale et ne combat plus pour de gain, mais par devoir et par patriotisme. Les soldats ne sont pas seulement payés par de l'argent, mais par le sang.—

Le régiment est donc une grande famille dont les officiers sont les chefs, ~~tous les hommes doivent obéissance~~. Cette qualité de chef leur impose les mêmes devoirs que ceux d'un père qui doit à ses enfants le bien de ses enfants.

En campagne, l'officier doit veiller sur la santé de ses hommes, avoir l'œil à ce qu'ils ne manquent de rien, à ce qu'ils prennent de quelques heures de sommeil qui leur sont laissées. &c.

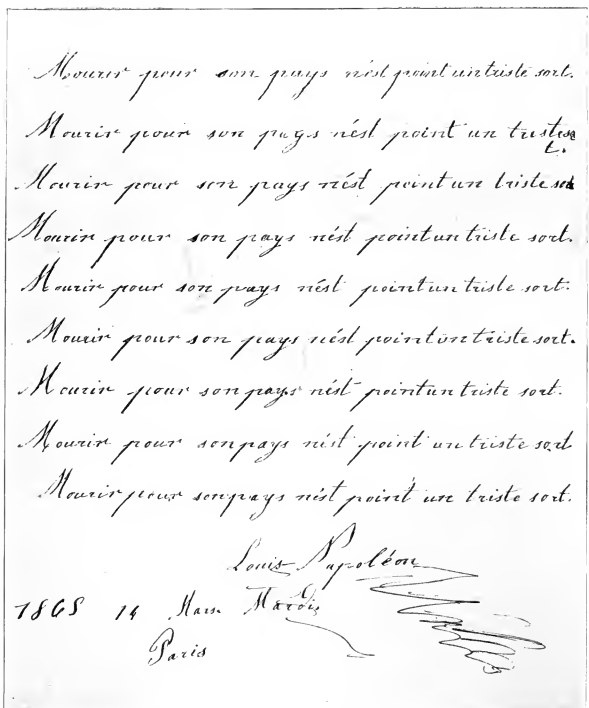
Sur le champ de bataille l'officier doit être avare de sang de ses hommes, ne pas exercer des vies inutiles dans la pour l'honneur du drapeau seul but de sa propre gloire, mais quand il le faut donner à leur donner l'exemple d'héroïsme de Léonidas aux Thermopyles

En temps de paix ou après la victoire, l'officier doit être douceur de la moralité de ses soldats, réprimer les mauvais grossiers de certains hommes qui profitent du succès pour assouvir leurs appétits.—

Mais avant tout l'officier doit être jaloux de l'honneur de ses hommes, comme un père est jaloux de la réputation de sa maison. Il doit sévir sans pitié contre un homme qui commet une action déshonorante, mais doit au secret sur l'avancement d'un

A Page from one of the Prince's Notebooks at Woolwich.

From the Original in the possession of M. Filon.



A Page of the Prince Imperial's Handwriting (March 14, 1865).

From the Original, once in the possession of M. Mounier, now in the collection of M. l'Abbé Misset. The first line is in M. Mounier's writing.

Firstly. They would decrease the household expenses of married soldiers, and consequently the expense to the Government;

Secondly. They would prepare generations of excellent recruits, properly brought-up, who would enter the army from choice and not through fear of starving.

Good-bye, my dear BIGGE, and believe me
Sincerely yours,
NAPOLÉON.

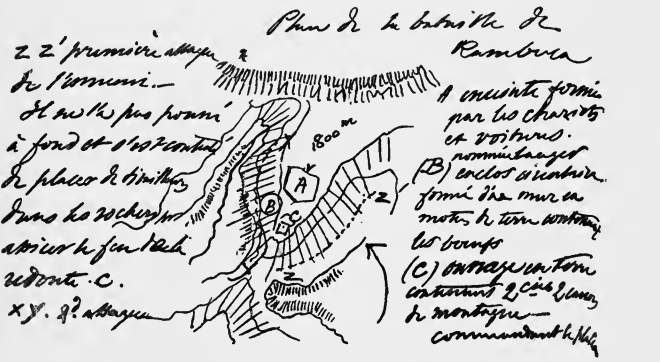
Letter from the PRINCE IMPERIAL *to* M. ESPINASSE.

BALTIERSPRUIT, *May 5th*, 1879.

MY DEAR ESPINASSE,

Although I know you are very learned in everything and in geography in particular, I defy you to guess where is the spot from which I am writing to you.

Since the twenty-eighth of last month, Lord Chelmsford, one of whose aides-de-camp I am, is visiting the different cantonments of the



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF RAMBULA.

troops moving towards the point of concentration of the second division which is to operate on the north-west frontier of Zululand. Every kind of difficulty prevents rapid movement, and now a month

after the greater part of the troops disembarked, they have barely covered two hundred kilometres.

I have just seen Bigge and Slade, my two old comrades; I found them in the entrenched camp of Rambula, which was so boldly attacked by the enemy on the twenty-ninth of March.

The Zulus manœuvred, they told me, with a unity that would have done credit to European troops.

As soon as the artillery greeted them with its first discharge, the five columns that were advancing on the entrenchments spread out like skirmishers, and, taking advantage of the slightest shelter, the blacks dotted themselves all along the plateau up to within twenty paces from the shelter trenches. After five hours' fighting, the English drove them back and pursued them with their irregular horse.

For two days I have not had my boots off, but this life pleases me and is good for me.

Good-bye, my dear Espinasse, remember me to all my friends and be sure of my unchanging affection.

Your friend, and, one day, I hope, your comrade in arms.

NAPOLÉON.

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THE END

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