

And see! Upon the wave-wet yellow sand
 Where the bright water ripples round her feet,
 With look of wondering welcome, outstretched hand,
 And parted lips that low my name repeat—
 Ah, love! My love! Swift from the prow I fly:
 Into my longing arms that form I take—
 Only to waken. Oh, that I might die,
 Rather than from that dream of love to wake!

Henry Morton.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE IN BORDENTOWN.¹



“OUR Majesty here! Oh, how glad I am to see your Majesty again!” were the exclamations which startled the crowd in lower Broadway on the afternoon of September 6, 1815, as a man who looked like a soldier threw himself on his knees, his face bathed in tears, before a stout, elderly gentleman, who tried in vain to raise him and to calm his emotion. The passers-by stopped, asked what was the matter, and a crowd was rapidly collecting when a young fellow who was with the older man stooped over the kneeling enthusiast, whispering a few words as he helped him to his feet, and the three men forced their way through the dense throng, and took refuge from popular curiosity in a shop. Even these remote days were not quite unblest by journalistic enterprise, and the next morning the newspapers solemnly announced that Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain and eldest brother of the emperor, had succeeded in cheating the vigilance of the English cruisers, and in reaching the free and hospitable soil of the United States. He had, in fact, already been a fortnight in the country, having sailed in the American brig *Commerce* from the little port of Royan, near Bordeaux, on July 25, landing on August 20, the very day on which the British man-of-war *Northumberland* passed the Canary Islands bearing Napoleon to eat his heart out at St. Helena. When the brig was nearing shore, the august passenger, who had been known on board only as M. Bouchard, begged to be landed on Long Island, and seemed depressed when the captain refused.

The cause of his uneasiness was soon apparent, for, on entering the harbor the next morning, two frigates were seen flying the English flag, and one of them promptly lay to across the brig's course. At that critical moment the latter was hailed by a young pilot, who came on board and took the helm. “Look at those cursed Britishers, trying to block our way,” he said to the captain. “But we have the wind, and I can hug the shore so that they can't follow us.” With that, he crowded on all sail, and the brig, as if conscious of her danger, drew ahead so fast that she was soon under shelter of Forts Richmond and Lafayette, and the captain of the frigate wore ship, and bore away.

The pilot explained that for the last ten days the English vessels had been watching for Napoleon, who was said to have left France for the United States, and they had even gone so far as to revive the odious and irritating right of search.

The captain of the brig, on learning at last the true character of his passenger, was pardonably incredulous, and for a long time expressed his belief that the personage he had landed was Carnot.

Joseph Bonaparte was of a pacific spirit, but, according to his own account, often given in later years, the *Commerce* might have carried a very different Cæsar. After the wreck of Waterloo it was easy to persuade the ex-king of Spain that he, like the emperor, would be safer out of France; but before he sailed, he went to take leave of Napoleon, whom he found sick both in mind and body. Joseph then offered to take his brother's place, and to remain

¹ In preparing this paper, the writer has been able to use, by authority, advance sheets of a French work prepared with much care in this country by its author, and soon to appear in Paris: “1815-1832: Joseph Bona-

parte en Amérique, par Georges Bertin. Paris, Librairie de la Nouvelle Revue, 18 Boulevard Montmartre, 1892 (Droits de traduction et de reproduction réservés). ”

in his room, feigning illness, for several days, by which time Napoleon would be well out to sea. The emperor was deeply touched, but refused, saying that what was possible for Joseph was not possible for him, who could not take flight and desert his faithful officers.¹

One cannot but speculate upon what might have happened had he found shelter in America, as one tries to guess what the results would have been in English history had Cromwell carried out his plan of emigrating to Connecticut.

The ex-king took the name of Surveilliers, from a village situated upon his estate of Mortefontaine. The latter name, which, according to French ideas, should have suggested itself first, was associated in his memory with the treaty of September 3, 1800, which might have rendered it unpopular in America.

"Poulson's Advertiser" soon stated that Joseph had brought with him a great fortune, and vaguely added that he had immediately bought vast estates in the new country. This, however, was incorrect. He had devoted the greater part of his wealth to Napoleon's cause, to furnish funds for the great operations of the "Hundred Days," and at the time of his departure from Royan possessed only a little land, a collection of objects of art, and a certain number of valuable precious stones, by the sale of which he afterward purchased the property which became his in the United States.

Napoleon had advised his brother to reside somewhere between New York and Philadelphia, in order to be "within reach of news," and yet in a locality sufficiently secluded to secure immunity from constant visits. On July 2, 1816, Joseph bought of Mr. Stephen Sayre a farm in the immediate vicinity of Bordentown, New Jersey, on the banks of the Delaware. This farm, known as Point Breeze, comprised two hundred and eleven acres, cost \$17,500, and became the nucleus of an estate ultimately covering more than eighteen hundred acres. The transaction was concluded in the name of a third person, a citizen of the United States, but soon afterward the State of New Jersey passed an act enabling Joseph Bonaparte to hold the property in his own name.

In 1814 [writes M. Adolphe Mailliard], after the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, Joseph retired to Switzerland, to the castle of Prangins, which he had purchased, and where he resided with his family.

When Napoleon returned to France in 1815, he sent word to Joseph to join him in Paris as soon as possible.

¹ C'est très bien arrangé; vous arriverez sans difficulté. Dites au roi Joseph que j'ai bien réfléchi sur sa proposition, je ne puis l'accepter, ce serait une fuite. Je ne pourrais partir sans mes grands officiers qui me

Joseph left Prangins at ten o'clock in the evening of the 19th of March, with his family, and in a few hours reached Fort de l'Ecluse on the French frontier. The Swiss Confederation having yielded to the menaces of the foreign ministers accredited to the Diet, a commissioner of the Federal government arrived at the castle on the following morning with a party of troopers to take possession of Joseph's person, and conduct him to Berne. Before leaving for France, Joseph, expecting that he might have difficulties, decided not to take with him the more valuable and important papers he possessed. The great question was where to place them. He spoke of this to Louis Mailliard, whose devotion he well knew, and in whom he placed entire trust. Mailliard was an ardent sportsman, and spent all his available time in the chase. He told Joseph that he knew of a place in the park of Prangins riddled with foxes' earths, where the dogs constantly lost their way, and added that it would be easy to bury the box in one of the deep holes. It would be a simple matter to recover it, and no one would think of searching in such a wild and secluded spot. It would only be necessary to note the relative distances of the trees in the neighborhood. He would be certain to know the place afterward.

Joseph consented to examine the spot described, went to it immediately, and judged it perfectly satisfactory. Returning to the castle, he made a double inventory of the precious objects, and deposited one copy in the casket, which was placed in a second box of iron, and on the same evening the whole was buried by Mailliard in the presence of Joseph, and covered with several feet of soil. A plan of the surrounding landmarks was hastily made, and kept for future use.

Joseph rejoined his brother in Paris, and took part in the events of the Hundred Days, which belong to history.

In 1817, after living two years in the United States and seeing that quiet was restored in Europe, and having fixed his residence in New Jersey, he considered that it was time to think of the objects hidden at Prangins.

He told Mailliard to prepare himself for a journey to Switzerland to bring back the property which he had buried, in order to constitute himself a fortune. He advised him to pass first through Brussels, to see Queen Julia and the princesses, and to accompany them to America on his return, should they decide upon making the journey. He was to pick them up on his way back from France.

Joseph having spoken to Stephen Girard of sending Mailliard to Europe on a very important mission, Girard gave him strong letters to his correspondents in Basle, Schaffhausen, and Amsterdam, as travelling for his (Girard's) firm in Philadelphia.

Armed with these letters, Mailliard left New York on the 16th of August, 1817. He did not reach his destination immediately. The vessel, having gone too near the Irish coast, was wrecked sixteen miles from land. The weather was calm,

sont tout dévoués, mon frère peut le faire, il n'est pas dans ma position, moi, je ne le puis pas. Dites-lui de partir sur le champ, il arrivera à bon port. Allez.

and all the passengers were saved, but the ship was lost. Mailliard, proceeding on his way, came to Queen Julia, who by the advice of her physicians was obliged to give up the plan of joining her husband. The queen advised him to continue his journey to Switzerland.

Louis Mailliard reached Prangins, and went to M. Véret, Joseph's steward in Switzerland; but he was so well disguised as an English tourist that M. Véret recognized him only when he took off his red wig. M. Véret laughed heartily at his disguise, and assured him he would never be known at Prangins. It was decided that M. Mailliard should pass himself off as an English speculator wishing to "prospect" for metals and coal. M. Véret would give him two men of the country, with tools, and would let him do as he pleased.

Mailliard with his two men went to the place where he had buried the box, and he set them to work at a little distance from the spot, on the first day. On the second day he took them to the very place, and made them clear away the earth only to a certain depth, reserving to himself the completion of the task. That evening he told the men to leave their tools in the pit until the morning; he then returned to the castle to dine with M. Véret, after which he got into a carriage with the latter and took him to the point where he had been digging, wishing to have him as a witness and to profit by his assistance when it became necessary to take out the box. For some time Mailliard continued to turn out a great quantity of earth. He was beginning to be anxious when the crowbar with which he was sounding struck the box. A few minutes later the box itself was taken out of the pit, was placed upon a wagon, and taken to Nyon to M. Véret's house.

Before opening it, and examining the contents, and comparing the inventories, of which he had a copy with him, Mailliard requested M. Véret to send for a second witness upon whom he could count.

M. Sémissaert, a friend, was consequently called, and requested to be present at the opening of the case.

The contents of the box were found to be in such a state of dampness that the packages had to be dried at the fire before proceeding with the inventory.

On finding everything in order, and nothing missing, Mailliard requested M. Véret to draw up a protocol and to sign it with M. Sémissaert, which both did, as follows:

NYON (SWITZERLAND), December 26, 1817.

In the presence of M. Véret, M. Mailliard, and M. Sémissaert the box which has been found has been opened, and the following objects have been discovered to be in such a state of dampness as to make it necessary to open everything and to make new packages.

Sixteen precious stones of divers forms and sizes, one of them square, have been replaced in two separate packages.

Several packages, after having been dried, have been reincluded in two separate packages, which *four* packages have been sealed with three different seals belonging to the undersigned.

This present is executed in duplicate.

G. SÉMISSAERT.	L. MAILLIARD.	JAQ. VÉRET.
(Red Seal)	(Red Seal)	(Red Seal)
(Arms)	(L. M.)	(Arms)

NOTE BY A. MAILLIARD.—The value of these four packages of diamonds was nearly five million francs.

After this he arranged the precious stones in two packages of the same size, opened the belt in which he carried his letters of credit, placed the two packages in it, thanked M. Véret and his friend, took his departure immediately, and returned to Joseph.

Mailliard reached Point Breeze late at night, but did not hesitate to wake the ex-king, who was sound asleep, and who expressed the greatest satisfaction at the safe return of his emissary. Mailliard took the two packages from his belt, placed them in Joseph's hands, and gave him a history of his adventures.

Joseph Bonaparte's principal characteristics are said to have been a gift of great good sense, and a practical habit of mind. On becoming a landed proprietor in New Jersey, he immediately turned his attention to the improving and beautifying of his newly acquired estates. Numerous letters testify to the simplicity of his manner and to his supreme indifference to such details as a dusty coat and clothes splashed with mortar. He loved trees, and appears to have been delighted with the magnolias, rhododendrons, and kalmias. He also desired to adorn his garden kingdom with statues in the Italian manner, and prim Mrs. Frances Wright, who visited him in 1819, italicizes her disapproval of undraped and unmajestic divinities, "the greater part of which were coarsely enough executed," presumably in plaster. But she adds that he was frank, without affectation, and independent, with less of roughness than the English gentleman farmer, while recalling the latter in many respects.

The writer of the present synopsis was well acquainted in his early youth with those of the old houses at Bordentown which still remain standing, and the really beautiful grounds which surround them. The principal building left was not, indeed, the original dwelling, which was soon burned down, and was replaced by another that was afterward taken down by Mr. Beckett, who purchased the park and built a modern villa, on a new site, now occupied by a Catholic institution. There was an old-time air about the massive walls, the quiet walks, the noble trees, and the ill-kept lawns, which contrasted vividly with the neighboring New Jersey town in all its modernness. For, notwithstanding the old Revolutionary houses here and there, Bordentown was very modern in 1866, whatever it may be now. There was about the neighborhood of the park a something which seems peculiar to the residences of the Bonapartes and to places associated with them. I

have seen it even in Elba — the mark of the empire, the indelible trace of a sudden and violent attempt to restore monarchic order in the confusion resulting from general revolution, the iron determination to change the world's taste and to give an idea of stability by the abuse of the straight line in everything, from architecture to furniture and dress.

King Joseph was himself a striking example of the influence of surroundings upon individuals, and he soon took the color of the atmosphere in which he had elected to live. Writing to his sister, the Comtesse de Villeneuve, he says that he could never have been so happy elsewhere as in Bordentown, had his wife and his family been with him. The inhabitants, the climate, the government, all suited his taste to perfection.

It is hardly necessary to say that he visited the home and the tomb of Washington, and experienced the calm and moral sentiments fashionable in those days, but no doubt sincere with him. He even plucked a flower at Mount Vernon, and placed it in his pocket-book, making, perhaps, some curious reflections on the widely different destinies, and the results of the destinies, of his own brother and the American hero.

Until his arrival in the United States the life of Joseph may be said to have been a series of contradictions. His natural tastes were for a quiet and peaceable life far from politics and great cities. He loved the country and the secluded existence of the country house, without noise or state. Mortefontaine was a paradise to him, surrounded as he was by his small family and his good friends.

Instead of this, as soon as Napoleon became chief of the Army of Italy, he sent him as ambassador to Rome, where he narrowly escaped being assassinated.

Napoleon, as consul, sent him to Lunéville and to Amiens, to make treaties. Though Joseph would have preferred to stay in France quietly at Mortefontaine, he always obeyed. Again Napoleon pushed him on, knowing that his brother would do everything to serve his plans faithfully. He named him colonel of the Fourth Regiment of the line at Boulogne, and made him study military science during some time, that he might be able to command an army at a future period. As emperor he gave him the throne of Naples. At last Joseph breathed more freely; he liked Naples, where he was happy; he introduced improvements in the kingdom, reestablished peace and prosperity, and hoped that he might continue to make his people happy. But Napoleon, needing him elsewhere, sent him to Spain in spite of his constant prayers and protests. Napoleon persuaded him that this was absolutely necessary for the interests of France and for the imperial throne.

He departed for Spain, leaving behind him his family, to which he was deeply attached, the ease

which he loved, and the quiet existence for which he longed.

The life of Joseph in Spain was sad, full of trouble and disappointments. Three times he wrote to Napoleon in vain, sending him his abdication of the Spanish throne. In vain he begged his brother to withdraw the troops and to leave him alone with the Spaniards, who were personally devoted to him. From St. Cloud Napoleon directed the armies of Spain and supported the French generals, who made all Joseph's efforts useless.

What a life for a man of his tastes!

Stanislas de Girardin confirms these words of M. Adolphe Mailliard, and tells us that in his private life the ex-king was a most excellent person; that he had a ready intelligence, and loved letters and arts, uniting an amiable and loyal character with the most precious qualities, though as a king he was not equal to the difficulties he encountered. Upon the throne of a peaceable kingdom he would have been beloved, but the unsettled state of the kingdom over which he ruled, the fanatic heroism of the Spaniards, and his equivocal position at Madrid as the emperor's lieutenant, made it impossible for Joseph to develop and exhibit those good qualities which would have made his subjects pardon his usurpation.

Like most exiles, Joseph Bonaparte did his best, in his new home, to surround himself with all that would recall the memories and associations of his own country. Like most exiles of refined tastes, too, he made use of objects of art as his principal means of producing and fostering this tenderly cherished illusion, and to a certain extent he accomplished his purpose.

On entering his house at Point Breeze, he found himself at once in the presence of pictures by Italian masters such as Luca Giordano, which spoke to him of the glorious country which had been the cradle of his family's phenomenal fortune. A gallery of marble statues lent gravity to accentuate the frigid correctness of an interior planned and decorated altogether in the Perpendicular manner of the First Empire. Solid, heavy furniture, of massive outline, and made of ponderous mahogany, solemnly fulfilled the requirements of daily life. In one of the rooms were hung copies, ordered by Napoleon himself, of David's famous "Passage of the Alps," executed according to the conqueror's own characteristic direction: "I wish to be represented calm, upon a fiery horse."

The inventory of the furniture in this room would make a modern undertaker look grave. There were heavy corner presses, adorned with columns and brass capitals, heavy tables, heavy sofas, eight heavy mahogany chairs covered with haircloth woven in heavy designs, and in the

midst a heavy billiard-table. Even the stiff, tall Empire lamps are not forgotten in the catalogue. The great drawing-room was upholstered in blue merino, and the billiard-room had white muslin embroidered curtains with green borders. Certain tables with heavy tops of black or gray marble are chilly to write on, and a screen of needlework before the fireplace completes the picture of a room which, during the modern revival of "Empire," would be the paradise of a collector. We can easily imagine the ex-monarch "receiving in this solemn and dignified apartment both strangers of distinction and compatriots visiting America who made it a duty to present their respects to him," and with a little imagination we can call up the "scenes of noble effusion, controlled only by a dignity somewhat moved to tenderness," which took place before the huge white marble chimneypieces sent to Joseph by Cardinal Fesch. These chimneypieces are especially spoken of as real works of art for the "majesty of their lines and the richness of their sculpture." Nor should we forget the "Gobelin carpet with its figure-meddallions, twenty-seven feet by twenty-one," which covered the wide floor, or the "magnificent bronzes" which gave an air of "aristocratic solemnity" to the great room.

The author of the volume gives, indeed, a long and accurate account of the interior arrangements from cellar to garret, which is certainly not altogether without interest, but of which what has been said may be taken as a specimen. The house, according to the taste and standard of those days, would have been considered a fine residence anywhere; in Bordentown, New Jersey, it was a royal palace, and it certainly contained many works of art of real and enduring value. There were pictures to be seen everywhere. In the dining-room there were four great battle-scenes, representing the victories in Italy, and a dozen other paintings by famous painters, while little pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, of superior merit, were scattered about here and there. There were many bronzes and pieces of Sèvres of great value, and notably there were two magnificent porphyry vases, presented by King Bernadotte. The total absence of mirrors as an ornament, we are told, astonished the American public, accustomed—even then!—to putting looking-glasses everywhere.

In spite of the ponderous magnificence of the state apartments, there seems to have been considerable comfort up-stairs, though even in the Princess Charlotte's bedroom there were "little tables with white marble tops" and "a sofa covered with blue damask." We envy the simplicity of the maid's room adjoining this,

which contained only "a small maple bedstead with nankin curtains, a modest washing-stand, a chest of drawers, a writing-table, and three or four chairs."

Like all born builders, Joseph loved to work on a large scale, and the practical American mind was sometimes surprised at the magnitude, purely artistic in its value, which he gave to what he did. But besides following in this the dictates of his taste in art, he yielded perhaps to the Napoleonic instinct which has distinguished in a greater or less degree all the members of the Bonaparte family—a certain inborn belief in their capacity to deal with large masses of whatever matter came under their manipulation. But there was another side to the character of the ex-king, which is clearly exhibited in the quotation he caused to be inscribed on a tablet in the wall of what he called an observatory—a pavilion commanding a very lovely view. "*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*,"¹ were the words he chose as a sort of motto, and he assuredly lived up to the precept they contain. It is known that he planned and executed many superfluous pieces of work merely to provide occupation for distressed workmen.

He was a model proprietor and landlord, and that kind and gentle disposition which might have endeared him to his subjects in his lost kingdom made him beloved by the free people among whom he had cast his lot. The author dwells with especial enthusiasm upon Joseph's love of children, and upon the pleasure he took in watching the Bordentown boys skate and make slides in winter upon the ice of his artificial lake, or disport themselves in its waters in the hot summer days. The lake has long since disappeared, the waters having sunk back to their original course, but the pleasant picture survives, as such pictures do, and we like to think of the stout, kindly old gentleman who loved to watch the children at play under the great trees.

One day, merely to find occupation for a few needy beings, he had a quantity of dead wood carried from one point to another; and when certain other poor people appeared, a few days later, he had it carried back to its original place. He created a number of small offices, real sinecures, for old French officers driven from their country, and for whom he wished to provide a decent existence, while saving their dignity—literally *otium cum dignitate*!

The incidents mentioned in the following anecdote of an old grenadier are said to have taken place in the month of July, 1830, when Joseph was at New York on his way to Saratoga:

¹ "Not unacquainted with misfortune myself, I have learned to succor the unhappy."—Dido to Æneas.

This grenadier, who was about sixty-four years of age, was called Charles Vondre. He was tall, being nearly six Parisian feet in height, lean and worn with age, bent double, and having apparently gone through much hardship; but when roused by the presence of a stranger, or by a question, he drew himself up with a certain air of dash to the position of carrying arms, and still showed the legitimate pride of an old brave of the Imperial Guard.

About nine o'clock in the morning the count, (Joseph) accompanied by M. Louis Mailliard and myself, were on board the steamer *Lady Clinton*, anchored in the North River, intending to choose state-rooms for our passage to Albany. On board the boat we met two Frenchmen, one of whom, I remember, was M. Trusson, who had formerly lived in Philadelphia and was the son-in-law of Stephen Girard of that city.

Having paid for our passage, we were near the captain's cabin, and were talking in French. Our conversation attracted the attention of the old grenadier, whom none of us knew. The old man had with him his two adopted children, a boy of twelve and a girl of about the same age. He came toward us and, taking a military attitude, excused himself for addressing us, saying he had heard us speak French, and asking if we had seen a little French woman no taller than that (he made a gesture with his hand at the approximate height), whom he had lost on the preceding evening.

He went on to explain how he had lost her.

Having thus addressed the count and his companions, he stood still in such a military fashion that the ex-king asked him how long he had been in America. He answered that he had just come from France. As he had heard it said that King Joseph (he did not know who was speaking to him) possessed a vast domain in the United States, upon which he gave farms to all the old soldiers of the emperor who presented themselves, he himself was going to the king to make himself known to his majesty, and to ask a similar favor. The count asked him what he believed himself capable of doing, pointing out that he was old and worn and that the forests of the United States, where he seemed to expect a farm, were thickly wooded, and that it would be hard for him to make a clearing at his great age, so that he would find it difficult to make a living by the products of his farm.

The old brave answered that since the emperor's departure he had earned his living by sawing planks, which had given him the habit of living in the woods and in a hand sawmill; that, moreover, he had been a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, and had been one of the Six Hundred who had accompanied the emperor to Elba; that he had returned with the emperor upon the brig *Inconstant*; that he had been constantly persecuted in France after the emperor's fall, and that almost all his uniform had been taken from him; that the payment of the pension from the Legion of Honor had been refused; and that to save his copper eagle from his grenadier's bearskin, and various other ornaments of copper forming part of his uniform, and his decoration of the Legion of Honor won at Wag-

ram, he had been obliged to bury all these relics near his house. On removing his hat, he took from it his cross, the eagle, his certificates of service, and his diploma of the Legion of Honor. Simply, but sincerely, he drew a picture of the sufferings of France, and we were all so much moved that there was not a dry eye among us, for we had before us one of the great actors in those immortal struggles.

After hearing him to the end and asking him many questions, the count informed him that he would not find King Joseph at Bordentown, as he was absent, and would not return for several weeks. At these words the good man showed the greatest distress, saying that he was reduced to his last dollar. This was too much for the count, who told Mailliard to give him twenty dollars. The latter, in handing him the money, told the old fellow that he had been talking with King Joseph himself.

Instantly the poor old man went and threw himself at the feet of Napoleon's brother, took his hands, and covered them with kisses, before he could be prevented by Joseph, who gently begged him to stand up. At this moment the children approached the old grenadier to ask him some question. He turned to them, and with the dignity of a monarch cried out: "Be silent! It is the king!" As you may imagine, this increased our emotion.

Before returning to his hotel, the ex-king gave orders for the future of the veteran, who died, however, three years later, crying out incessantly in his delirium: "Long live the Emperor! Forward, grenadiers! The Old Guard dies, but does not surrender! Wagram! Austerlitz!" This same old soldier is reported to have once said, on seeing the Boston militia march through Bordentown with their band, that with 2000 such men, all thinking and feeling like himself, he would march on Paris, dethrone Louis Philippe, and set up the young Napoleon in his place.

The ex-king's calm, sweet nature appears clearly enough in every page of the work before us. He had been reared in the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and was as fond of the open air and the fields as every real disciple of Rousseau. It is no wonder that he found the life in Bordentown congenial. And here we may not irrelevantly give a sketch of Joseph's outward personality.

All agree in describing him as a thorough Bonaparte, a man of middle height, inclined to stoutness, of a beautifully clear and healthy complexion, having delicate and almost womanly hands. His features closely resembled those of his younger brother, the emperor, but lacked at all points the keen decision and ruthless energy which characterized the conqueror's face. The nose was aquiline, but not eagle-like; the lips even, not firm; the chin prominent, but not massive; the forehead broad and high and full, but not "that forehead strong with imagination"—the imagination which could realize as well as dream. The eyes were grandly

sculptured and deep-set, but had not the irresistible penetration, the blaze of occasional anger, the brightening luster, of the emperor's look. Instead, there was a meditative sweetness, a sort of inward turning of the vision, suggesting those men whom Napoleon lightly stigmatized as "idéologues."

Indeed, from earliest youth the difference in character had been clearly apparent in the two. As a child, Napoleon was turbulent, adroit, lively, quick in the extreme, and beat and bit his elder brother as he pleased. The old Lucien, their uncle, when on his death-bed, said to Joseph before the assembled family: "You are the eldest, but there stands the head. Never forget it." And he pointed to Napoleon.

Napoleon once said in writing to Joseph: "You live too much with men of letters and science. They are coquettes with whom one must keep up an intercourse of gallantry, and of whom one must never make one's wife nor one's minister." Yet the emperor did not know, we are told, that Joseph was at that very time in close and continued correspondence with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and many other men of literary eminence, and far more deeply interested in their pursuits than in the destinies of the world as directed by a man who could say of himself: "I love power myself; but I love it as an artist. I love it as a musician who loves his violin. I love it in order to draw sounds from it, chords and harmony; I love it as an artist." I may say, in passing, that these words of Napoleon form part of a passage little known, but which should be famous, quoted at length by Sainte-Beuve in the "Causeries du Lundi," and easy to find.

So Joseph played the part of the younger son, being himself the eldest, and his reward was a life which his great younger brother might have envied, but could never have lived.

Joseph Bonaparte was born to lead what is called a family life, and it is natural that he should have formed many and enduring friendships in his American home, both with Americans and among the numerous immigrants who at that time found a refuge in the New World. Many of these have left a record of their first acquaintance and subsequent intercourse with the ex-king. Francis Lieber speaks of him with admiration as a man, and with gratitude as a friend, and even says that he should be glad, in his old age, to resemble such a man. Among those who occupied the position of friends, and not of mere passing acquaintances, the names of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and John Quincy Adams are prominent, as are the names of Livingston, Admiral Charles Stewart (grandfather of the late Mr. Parnell), Richard Stockton, General Thomas Cadwalader, and, besides, many others, four especially whose names were partic-

ularly mentioned, each for a legacy, in Joseph's will; namely, Joseph Hopkinson, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, William Short, and Charles J. Ingersoll. The ex-monarch had the rare good fortune, well merited in his case, to meet with unbounded devotion in his friends, and with a fidelity and warmth of affection neither dimmed nor cooled in the hearts of the few among them who have survived. Of all, however, he was most closely drawn to Mailliard. In his will he says, "I declare here that no man has a stronger claim upon my confidence and my esteem than Louis Mailliard"; and the author acknowledges that to the latter's son, M. Adolphe Mailliard, he is indebted for much valuable information in the compilation of his book.

During Joseph Bonaparte's residence at Bordentown a deputation arrived to offer him the crown of Mexico, which he refused with the remark that he had worn two crowns and would not take the least trouble to wear a third. "Search," he concluded, addressing the envoys, "among your fellow-citizens for a man more capable than I should be of playing the part of Washington."

The news of the death of him whom the poet has called "the modern Prometheus" reached Philadelphia on August 10, 1821. According to "Poulson's Advertiser," Joseph was then at Saratoga. We do not find him at Point Breeze again until September, when the same paper, on the 27th, speaks of him as seriously indisposed in consequence of the news of his brother's death.

In a letter dated Point Breeze, December 24, 1821, addressed to his intimate friend Joseph Hopkinson, the ex-king refers to the shock his health had suffered in the death of the emperor.

POINT BREEZE, December 24, 1821.

SIR: I return you the printed matter which you were good enough to send me; it would be hard for me to recollect all the words I spoke in the sufferings of the long illness. I do not fancy that the impression on myself was any more agreeable than that of a first confession.

I can no longer doubt, *to-day*, that my brother died a victim to the cruelty of his enemies. Already one of the principal accomplices has done justice upon himself. But for them, he would have lived in this country, as healthy as I, who am older than he was and not so strong in constitution; and there would have been no discussion in order to find reasons for his death, which have nothing to do with the true one.

He would have been appreciated not only by enlightened persons like yourself, sir, and Dr. Chapman, but by the majority of [American] citizens, whose calm reason seems to be one of their distinctive characteristics.

He was always greater than his fortune and superior to his glory.

It was this pride of a soul conscious of itself which had made him judge that he would have been appreciated in the land of Locke and Newton and in the country of Washington and Franklin. Like Julius Cæsar, he believed his enemies incapable of a great crime, and, like Cæsar, the victim of Scylla's party, he perished at the hands of the European oligarchy.¹ This sanctimoniously and traitorously homicidal party does not pardon nations that shake off their chains, nor kings who reign by their people and for their people.

I am not aware, sir, of the length of my letter; I forget that I am no longer talking with an idle farmer of New Jersey, but with one of the busiest men of the capital; in any case, sir, whether in town or in the country, believe me, with assurances of true esteem and complete attachment,

Your affectionate

JOSEPH, COUNT DE SURVILLIERS.

M. HOPKINSON, Philadelphia.

And now the author goes on to speak of Joseph Bonaparte's semi-official position in the United States. Such a position, indeed, he shunned, but could not altogether escape, in those days of French immigration and of still surviving belief in the empire. In the imagination of so many Frenchmen violently expelled from their own country, he could not be simply the Comte de Survilliers, the retiring country gentleman, the kind-hearted New Jersey squire. To them he was still King Joseph, he was still the brother of the emperor, and the position they thus assigned to him required the greatest tact, frankness, and loyalty of purpose.

The creation of a camp of refuge in Texas as a rallying-point for the exiled French, and its relation to the Monroe doctrine, are matters of history. It is needless to say, however, that the name of Joseph Bonaparte was to be inevitably associated with the scheme in the minds of all Frenchmen and some Americans, and for a time this rendered his position an extremely difficult one. The Camp of Refuge was a momentary consequence of circumstances, and its history has little importance. It is sufficient to say, in order to account for that little, that the men who promoted the plan were not in any sense citizens, but were, on the contrary, soldiers in the fullest acceptance of the term—old soldiers, veterans, the heroes of Cairo, Jaffa, Marengo, or Moscow, with many survivors of the field of Waterloo. It was scarcely even to be dreamed that men educated in such an existence as theirs had been, could in a single day become simple laborers and peaceable farmers. They grouped them-

selves in cohorts, choosing to be commanded by superior officers, and it was natural enough that such an organization should inevitably lead to warlike manifestations in which the name of the ex-king was, of course, turned to account.

To American readers the man as he lived in this country is probably more interesting than the ex-king in the survival of his official position and broken political relations. In a paper of these dimensions it is not possible to do full justice to what appears to be a finished study of Joseph Bonaparte's later years. The present writer has endeavored to extract such portions of the work as may contribute to the creation of a picture rather than to the formation of an opinion concerning political matters. Amidst much that is interesting, there is also much which few Americans would read, though, on the whole, the work seems worthy of translation into our language. Many would read with attention, no doubt, if not with profit, the chapter in which a considerable mass of correspondence has been collected; and the chapter devoted to French opinion in regard to the ex-king is well and carefully done. Another chapter, the one preceding the last, treats of Joseph Bonaparte's position as the head of his family after the emperor's death, and of his return to Europe; but those events were not followed by consequences of such importance as to justify us in dwelling upon the details carefully collected by the author. The latter has dealt solely with the ex-king's life in the United States. To use his words:

From the moment he touches the English shore, he ceases to belong to this volume, which is devoted solely to the personality of the Count of Survilliers—that is, to the Joseph of the seventeen years of free and healthy life in America; to Bonaparte the philosopher and . . . the Republican.

With one last quotation we reach the end.

The manner in which the President was to receive him in Washington, at the time of his departure, shows to what extent this designation ["republican"] is just, and in what degree the brother of Napoleon had known how to win the sympathies of the American people; seeing that in this land of public opinion, where public opinion holds sovereign sway, those in power had learned to treat him, on the whole, as a private individual, and with such consideration—since upon this soil of equality he could have no other title—as was unanimously approved by the press.

Joseph had come to America an exile, a fugitive, received under protest; he left as a guest publicly valued, honored, and regretted.

¹ The reference here is evidently to Sylla (more commonly Sulla).—EDITOR C. M.



ETCHED BY RODOLPHE PIQUET AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. GOUBAUD,

IN POSSESSION OF ADOLPHE MAILLIARD.

Joseph Bonaparte
Comte de Survilliers

JOSEPH BONAPARTE, COMTE DE SURVILLIERS.