

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY  
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# NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS

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Profusely Illustrated by Reproductions of the Best French Pictures.

## MARSHAL MACDONALD.

HOW BONAPARTE CHOSE HIS LEADERS—MACDONALD A SPLENDID TYPE—ABILITY EARLY DISPLAYED. AIDED BONAPARTE TO BECOME FIRST CONSUL—TREATMENT BY NAPOLEON—AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

It is astonishing to see what resolute and iron men Bonaparte gathered around him. Everything that came near him seemed to run in his mold, or rather, perhaps, he would confide in no one who did not partake more or less of his character. Some as much unlike him as men could well be, and worthy of no regard, he had around him, because he could use them, but to none such did he trust his armies or commit the fate of a battle. Those whom he trusted with his fate and for-

tures he knew by stern experience to be men that never flinched in the hour of peril, and were earth-fast rocks amid the tumult of a battlefield. He tried every man before he committed the success of his great plans to him. Rank and fortune bought no places of trust from him. He promoted his officers on the field of the slain, and gave them titles amid the dead that cumbered the ground on which they had proved themselves heroes by great deeds.

When Bonaparte rode over one of his bloody yet victorious battlefields, as was ever his custom after the conflict, he saw from the spots on which the dead lay piled in largest heaps, where the heat and crisis of the battle had been. From his observatory he had watched the whole progress of the strife, and when he rode over the plain it was not difficult to tell what column had fought bravest, or what leader had proved himself worthiest, of confidence; and on the spot where they earned their reward he gave it, and made

the place where they struggled bravest and suffered most the birthplace of their renown.

This custom of his furnished the greatest of all incitements to desperate valor in battle. Every officer knew that the glass of his Emperor swept the field where he fought, and the quick eye that glanced like lightning over every object was constantly on him, and as his deeds were, so would his honors be. This stung the energies of every ambitious man—and Bonaparte would have none others to lead his battalions—to their utmost tension.

What wonder is it, then, that great deeds were wrought, and Europe stood awe-struck before the enemies that seemed never to dream of defeat?

Macdonald was one of those stern men Bonaparte loved to have in his army. He knew what Macdonald attempted to do he would never relinquish till he himself fell or his men fled. There was as much iron and steel in this bold Scotchman, as in Bonaparte himself. He had all his tenacity and invincibility without his genius.

### SON OF A SOLDIER.

Macdonald was the son of a Scotchman, of the family of Clanronald, who fought under the standard of Prince Charles Edward on the fatal field of Culloden; and after its disastrous issue, fled to France, and settled in Sancerre. There the subject of this sketch was born, in November, 1765, and received the name of Etienne Jacques Joseph Alexandre Macdonald. He belonged to the army before the revolution, and during its progress took the republican side. He was an

Aid-de-Camp in the first Republican army that advanced on the Rhine at the declaration of war, and distinguished himself throughout that miserably conducted campaign.

At the battle of Jemappe, he fought with such bravery that he was promoted to the rank of Colonel. Engaged in almost every battle in the Low Countries, he was appointed to lead the van of the army at the North; and in the Winter campaign of 1794, performed one of those deeds of daring for which he was afterwards so distinguished. The batteries of Nimègue swept the river Waal so that it was deemed impossible to cross it with any considerable force, yet Macdonald led his column over the smooth ice and through the storm of lead that devoured his ranks and routed the enemy. For this gallant deed he was made General of Brigade. In 1796, at Cologne and Dusseldorf, he commanded the army, and soon after was sent by the Convention into Italy.

After the conquest of the Papal States, in 1798, he was made Governor of Rome. In his new capacity, he exhibited other talents than those of a military leader. He could scarcely have been placed in a more trying position than the one he occupied as Governor of the Eternal City.

The two factions—one of which acted with the revolution and the other against it—kept the population in a perpetual ferment. Insurrections and popular outbreaks occurred almost every day, while the indignity that had been offered the Pope, and the indiscriminate pillage of the Vatican, palaces, and churches, exasperated the upper classes beyond control, and it required a strong arm to maintain French authority in the city. Macdonald did as well, perhaps, as anyone could have done in his circumstances.

An insurrection soon after having broken out at Frosinone, which he found himself unable to quell, except with the destruction of a large number of his own men; he ordered the houses to be fired and the insurgents massacred. Mack at length drove him from Rome, but being in turn compelled to evacuate it, Macdonald re-entered, and finally left it to conquer Naples.

The entrance of the French into the latter city was over mountains of corpses, for the inhabitants of every class down to the miserable lazzaroni fought with the desperation of madmen for their homes. And even after the army had entered within the walls, it could advance only by blowing up the houses; and finally conquered by obtaining, through the treachery of a Neapolitan, the castle of St. Elmo, from whence the artillery could be brought to bear on the town below.

### THE PARTHENOPEAN REPUBLIC.

The famous Parthenopean Republic was immediately established, and Macdonald entrusted with the supreme command. Mack, who had charge of the army opposed to the French, was an inefficient man. His forces outnumbered those of the French three to one, but he lacked the nerve to contend with Bonaparte's Generals. When Nelson heard of his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in the south of Italy, he remarked, "Mack cannot travel without five carriages. I have formed my opinion of him."

That was the great difficulty with many of the continental Generals—they could not submit to the hardships and exposures and constant toil that such men as Ney and Macdonald and Napoleon cheerfully encountered. But another man soon led his armies into southern Italy. The invincible Suwarow, who had never yet turned his back on a human foe, began to sweep down through the Peninsula. Macdonald could not contend with the superior force now brought against him, and commenced a masterly retreat toward Tuscany, which tested his

skill as a General more than any other act of his life.

Still advancing north, he came upon Suwarow at the River Trebbia, and there for three days endured the shock of the entire Russian army. After the first day's battle, the two armies bivouacked on opposite sides of the river, to wait for the morning light to renew the combat.

At 6 o'clock the Russians advanced to the attack. Macdonald, finding that he must fight, though anxious to delay till Moreau could come up, poured his battalions across the river, but, after a most desperate struggle, was compelled to retire again over the Trebbia. The quiet stream swept with a gentle murmur between the foemen, while the watchfires of both camps were reflected from its placid bosom. All was still as the moonlight sleeping there, when three French battalions, mistaking their orders, advanced into the river, and began to fire on the Russian outposts.

### A NOTABLE BATTLE.

Both armies taken by surprise, supposing a grand attack was to be made, rushed to arms. In a moment all was hurry and confusion. The artillery on either bank opened their fire—the cavalry plunged headlong into the water—the infantry followed after—and there, in inextricable confusion, the two armies, up to their middle in water, fought by moonlight, while the closely advanced cannon played on the dark masses of friend and foe with dreadful effect.

This useless slaughter at length being stopped, the two weary hosts again lay down to rest on the shore, so near, that each could almost hear the breathing of the other. Early in the morning they prepared for the third and last day's battle, and at 10 o'clock Macdonald advanced to the attack. His men, up to their arm-pits in water, steadily crossed the river in the face of a murderous fire. The battle was fiercely contested, but the French were finally driven again over the Trebbia with great loss, and next day were compelled to retreat.

Nearly 30,000 men had fallen during these three terrible days. The courage, the tenacity and firmness of the troops on both sides were worthy of that field on which 1,900 years before the Romans and Carthaginians had battled for Italy.

In the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which overthrew the Directory and made Bonaparte First Consul, Macdonald was by his side, and with Murat, Lefebvre, Marmont, Lannes and others, passed the power of France over into his hands.

For the service he rendered on this occasion, Napoleon appointed him to the command of the army in the Grisons. A letter from him to Gen. Regnier, then with the army in Egypt, shows his exalted views of Napoleon. In an extract, he says: "Since you left we have been compelled to lament over the capriciousness of fortune, and have been defeated everywhere, owing to the impotence of the old tyrannical Directory."

"At last Bonaparte appeared—upset the audacious Government, and seizing the reins, now directs with a steady hand the car of the revolution to that goal all good men have long waited to see it reach. Undismayed by the burden laid upon him, this wonderful man reforms the armies—calls back the proscribed citizens—flings open the prison in which innocence has pined—abolishes the old revolutionary laws—restores public confidence—protects industry—revives commerce, and making the Republic triumphant by his arms, places it in that high rank assigned it by Heaven."

In 1802 he was sent as Ambassador to Copenhagen, where he remained a year. On his return he was appointed Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. But soon after he incurred the displeasure of Bona-

parte by his severe condemnation of the trial and sentence of Moreau.

Macdonald had fought beside the hero of Hohenlinden—they had planned and counseled together, and he felt keenly the disgrace inflicted on his old companion-in-arms. Fearless in court as he was in battle, he never condescended to flatter, nor refrained from expressing his indignation against meanness and injustice. His words, which were uttered without disguise, and couched in the plain, blunt terms of a soldier, were repeated to Napoleon, who afterwards treated him with marked coolness. Too proud to go where he was not received as became his rank, and equally disdainful to make any efforts to produce a reconciliation when he had told what he considered the simple truth, he kept away from court altogether.

### MACDONALD NEGLECTED.

Bonaparte seemed to have forgotten him, and let him remain inactive, while Europe was resounding with the great deeds of the Generals that were leading his victorious armies over the Continent. Macdonald felt this keenly.

Bonaparte, in his towering and unjust pride, allowed a few expressions—unjust, it is true, but springing from the very excellences of that character which made him the prop of his throne—to outweigh the years of service he had rendered and the glorious victories he had brought to his standard.

The campaign of Austerlitz, with its "Sun" of glory—Jena and its victories—Eylau and its carnage and doubtful issue—Friedland with its deeds of renown and richly bestowed honors, passed by and left Macdonald unnoticed and uncalled for.

Thus years of glory rolled away. But in 1807, Bonaparte, who either thought that he had sufficiently punished him, or felt that he could dispense no longer with his powerful aid, gave him command of a corps under Eugene Beauharnois. He advanced into Styria, fought and captured the Austrian General—Meerfeldt, helped to gain the victory of Raab, and soon afterwards saved Napoleon and the Empire at Wagram, by one of the most desperate charges recorded in the annals of war.

Created Marshal on the field of battle, he was next appointed to the Government of Gratz, where he exhibited the nobler qualities of justice and mercy. The bold denouncer of what he deemed injustice in his Emperor was not likely to commit it himself. By the severe discipline he maintained among the troops—preventing them from violating the homes and property of the inhabitants—and by the equity and moderation with which he administered the Government entrusted to him, he so gained the love and respect of the people, that on his departure they made him a present of 100,000 francs, or nearly \$20,000, and a costly box of jewels, as a wedding gift for one of his daughters. But he nobly refused them both, replying: "Gentlemen, if you consider yourselves under any obligation to me, repay it by taking care of the 300 sick soldiers I am compelled to leave with you."

Not long after he was made Duke of Tarentum, and in 1810 was appointed to command the army of Augereau in Catalonia, who had been recalled. Acting in conjunction with Suchet, he carried on for a while a species of guerrilla warfare for which he was by nature little fitted.

In 1812 he commanded the Tenth Corps of the grand army in its victorious march into Russia, and was one of the surviving few who, after performing prodigies of valor, and patiently enduring unheard-of sufferings, in that calamitous retreat, struggled so nobly at Bautzen, and Lutzen, and Leipzig, to sustain the tottering throne of Napoleon. He never faltered in

his attachment, nor refused to aid, till Bonaparte's abdication and exile to Elba.

He was strongly opposed to his mad attempts to relieve Paris, which ended in his immediate overthrow. He declared to Berthier that the Emperor should retire to Lens and there fall back on Augereau, and choosing out a field where he could make the best stand, give the enemy battle. "Then," he said, "if Providence has decreed our final hour, we shall at least die with honor."

### HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

Unwavering in his attachment to the last—when the allies had determined on the Emperor's abdication, he used every effort to obtain the most favorable terms for him and his family. This generous conduct, so unlike what Bonaparte might have expected from one whom he had treated so unjustly, affected him deeply. He saw him alone at Fontainebleau, and in their private interview previous to his departure for Elba, acknowledged his indebtedness to him, expressed his high regard for his character, and regretted that he had not appreciated his great worth sooner.

At parting he wished to give him some memorial of his esteem, and handing him a beautiful Turkish saber, presented by Ibrahim Bey when in Egypt, said, "It is only the present of a soldier to his comrade."

When the Bourbons reascended the throne, Macdonald was made a Peer of France, and never after broke his oath of allegiance. Unlike Murat, and Ney, and Soult, and others of Napoleon's Generals, he considered his solemn oath sacred, and though when sent to repel the invader, his soldiers deserted him at the first cry of "Vive l'Empereur," he did not follow their example, but making his escape hastened to Paris to defend Louis.

After the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, he was promoted from one post of honor to another, till he was made Governor of the 21st Military Division, and Major-General of the Royal Guard. He visited soon after Scotland, and hunting up his poor relatives, bestowed presents upon them, and finally, on the overthrow and abdication of Charles X., gave his allegiance to Louis Philippe.

This brief outline of his history gives us space to speak more fully of the three great acts of his life. When commanding the army in the Grisons, Macdonald was ordered by Napoleon to pass the Splügen with his forces in order to form the left wing of his army in Italy. This was in the campaign of Italy, after Bonaparte's return from Egypt.

Though no braver or bolder man than Macdonald ever lived, he felt that the execution of the First Consul's commands was well nigh impossible, and sent Gen. Dumas to represent to him the hopelessness of such an undertaking.

Bonaparte heard him through, and then with his usual recklessness of difficulties replied, "I will make no change in my dispositions. Return quickly and tell Macdonald that an army can always pass in every season where two men can place their feet." Like an obedient officer he immediately set about preparations for the herculean task before him.

(To be continued.)

**EDITORIAL NOTE.**—Macdonald's further great career is told of most entertainingly in the next installment. One of the features is his famous passage over the Splügen Pass. Each sketch of Napoleon's Marshals is full of dramatic passages and powerful descriptions. Those who love to read of the deeds of true fighting men, or care for history for its own sake, will find in Headley's biographies pictures of the times of Napoleon that have not been surpassed elsewhere for power and accuracy.



From a painting by Raffet.

THE EYE OF THE MASTER.