

tion demands reinforcements. In the great total of my operations, these are but trifling spots. As soon as I have leisure to attend to Spain, I will speedily restore that victory, which seems for a moment to have abandoned my standards, only that she may return to them hereafter with increased favor and éclat. I might easily furnish from the grand army a detachment, that would enable my soldiers to resume the positions, they have relinquished on the Douro, but I must preserve in Russia a formidable attitude, and in this campaign settle once for all my concerns with the North. The South will then occupy all my thoughts, and two months will be enough to chastise and appease the rebellion fomented by the English. Vigorous measures are required, that in one year the world may enjoy a repose more durable than that, which signaled the end of the reign of our predecessor Augustus. I shall then be able to dismiss a part of my soldiers, and to retain no more than may be necessary for the police of Europe and of the world itself. It is in the territories recently annexed to the empire that new levies should principally be made. They have as yet hardly been subjected to the conscription, and I require that they furnish, all of them, their contingents. You will also hasten the departure of all the individuals, who being under requisition in 1793 and conscripts since 1796 have avoided joining the army by favor, money or fraud. You will order the cohorts of the national guards to furnish a tenth for the supply of my *échellons de recrutement*.—But I would not have these measures comprised in a decree. This might cause alarm in my empire, and expose me to the malignity of my enemies. Let every chief of a senatorial delegation repair to his department, announce my will, and become himself its executor. Let him animate the zeal of the administrations and the devotion of the inhabitants, and arming himself with the means of a salutary terror, let him direct the vengeance of the state against the traitorous, the disaffected and the indifferent. In a few days I shall be at Moscow; from the bosom of that ancient capital of the Czars I shall call the Tartar hordes to liberty and civilization—a call, which may perhaps render less necessary the reinforcements I expect from my empire.”

*Cambaceres*—Senators, you have heard the wishes of the emperor. Such is the clear, precise, and peremptory manner in which they are expressed, that I cannot think there is any room left us for discussion. We have only to decide on the measures necessary to give the most extensive effect to the recruiting required of us, that we may bring forward with rapidity the ban and arrear-ban of the empire. The greater the resources we display, the sooner will that great revolution be accomplished which our august master has so long meditated.

[Lanjuinais demands leave to speak.—*Cambaceres* pretends not to see him, and turns a deaf ear. At length the importunities of the former becoming too evident, the latter thus addressed him].—

Either the count Lanjuinais intends to oppose the measures indicated in the emperor's letter, or he has resolved to approve them. If the first his resistance is useless, for the emperor is not to be resisted. If the second his approbation is superfluous, for we are unanimously our submission to the wishes of our master. I therefore recommend to the senator Lanjuinais on the

one hand not to interrupt the happy unanimity, which binds us by a common tie of obedience and devotion for the emperor; on the other, not to impede by useless reflections the zeal, which impels us instantly to execute his orders.

*Lanjuinais*—It is indeed but too true, that so degenerated are we under the influence of despotism, so broken and subdued by its violence, that it is no more allowed us to applaud its acts, than it is to resist them.

*Cambaceres*—Count Lanjuinais, we are not called here to display our oratory, and all that you can tell us about despotism will not make us so presumptuous, as to resist orders, to which heretofore we have never been found refractory.

*Lanjuinais*—The resistance of a man of worth has sometimes revived the courage of an oppressed nation; or at least it may sometimes absolve him in the eyes of his Creator from the crime of having alienated his liberty, that fairest birth-right, he has received from his bounty.

*Cambaceres*—But who, sir, will hear you? Who will answer to an appeal, destined not to reach beyond these walls? Say rather, that there are circumstances in which resistance is folly, and when he who gives the signal for it becomes responsible for all the evils it may bring on those, who dare harbor the guilty thought. Our moments are precious, Count Lanjuinais; beware how you provoke the anger of the emperor by not executing his plan as promptly as he conceived it. Already I have given orders for every thing to be prepared to transport into their districts the members of the senate, whose duty it is to accelerate the recruiting, and to inspire with new ardor the children of the great nation. I call upon the senators designated to prepare for their departure.

*Lanjuinais*—What, then! are we an embodied troop, that must move at the first signal, and go wherever an absolute will may direct?—Senators, I conjure you, suffer not yourselves to be thus degraded into slaves. Remember that you are the only body between the people and despotism, and that if you lose, I do not say the privileges, we no longer possess, but those forms of independence, that alone are left us, we are swallowed up in the common humiliation, and consequently become incapable of fulfilling the duties, which circumstances may one day impose on us.

*Cambaceres*—What! do I hear rebellion preached in this place! Count Lanjuinais, what mean you by those duties, which circumstances may impose on the senate?

*Lanjuinais*—I thank the arch-chancellor for the question. He has now no pretext to impose silence, and I will speak boldly. Whither then, I say, whither are these wars conducting us, undertaken year after year against the will of the nation, and with no other object than to gratify an ambition, for which the limits of the world are too narrow? Is it for our prosperity, for our happiness, for our glory, that we make the immense sacrifices they require of us? Is our commerce extended by them, our industry made more active, our power strengthened—do they cause our name to be more respected? No! no!—Wherever I turn I see commerce fettered, industry languishing, misery and privations increasing, our power too colossal to endure, and the French name become an horror to nations. Was it for this, that we who called ourselves the French party, entrusted the

General Bonaparte with power? Do not those immense sacrifices so incessantly demanded of us; those human tributes, with which we are compelled to pay homage to his devouring ambition; those whole generations, which we gradually deliver up to the sword of the enemy; that youth torn from their native soil, from the care of their families, from the first affections of the heart, to contract amid the horrors of war the habits of savage ferocity; does not, in fine, every thing that we behold, accuse the man, who promised to close the wound of the revolution? Ah! let the day be ever regarded as a day of mourning, and of tears when Bonaparte saluted the French people with the title of the “great nation.” That word, that fatal word, awakened in our breasts a pride, for which we have been cruelly punished. We wished to be really great, and all our efforts have served only to exhaust us, and to exalt to an unexampled height the renown of one of the generals of the revolution.

After endeavoring in our revolutionary transports to imitate the first Romans, impelled by a vain and destructive ardor for glory, we sought to equal the power of the last, thus finding both in the republic and in the monarchy misery, exhaustion and death. No—we are no longer a nation, we are no longer Frenchmen; and he who called us “the great people,” did it only in cruel derision, as the murderers of our Saviour saluted him with the name of king in the midst of his long and agonizing tortures. I behold a vast empire, a colossal empire, but I no longer see a French army. Those vast agglomerations of men and territories have stifled even the sacred name of country.

We hear of victories gained on the confines of Europe, but what sentiments should they awaken in us? What shall we think of their reality, or of the advantages they promise us, when they are ever the signals for new sacrifices, and a pretext to the despot for new demands? We are now ordered to repair to the senatorial departments to hasten a recruiting, of which the most disastrous periods of the revolution can furnish no example. In other words we are appointed the missionaries of death; we, the guardians of the nation's rights, the asylum of expiring liberty, we are charged to pursue even into the arms of their weeping wives the men who have escaped the requisitions and the conscription, or have bought at the price of gold the privilege of being fathers and husbands, the privilege of fulfilling the most sacred duties imposed on social man. Thus does the fugitive negro in the mountains, where he fondly trusted that he had gained an asylum against the cruelty and rapacity of his tyrants, find himself suddenly attacked in the midst of his little family by blood-hounds disciplined to this horrid chase—*Some disturbance is manifested.*

Senators, the comparison displeases you: but what if I should unfold to your eyes the picture of all the miseries, all the persecutions, which our baneful decrees have occasioned? I hasten to the arch-chancellor's question.

I spoke of circumstances that might demand on our part the exercise of our constitutional power. If I may believe the reports in circulation, a bloody battle has been fought; the chief of the state was exposed to personal danger, it is even rumored that he has been wounded. I ask ought not such a circumstance to convince