

APPENDIX

buttons were gold, with the device of a mounted dragoon in high relief. He had on white breeches and silk stockings, and oval gold buckles in his shoes; with a small opera hat under his arm. Napoleon's first appearance was far from imposing, the stature was short and thick, his head sunk into the shoulders, his face fat, with large folds under the chin; the limbs appeared to be stout and well-proportioned, complexion olive, expression sinister, forbidding, and rather scowling. The features instantly reminded us of the prints of him which we had seen. On the whole, his general look was more that of an obese Spanish or Portuguese friar, than the hero of modern times. . . .

A fascinating prestige, which we had cherished all our lives, then vanished like gossamer in the sun. The great Napoleon had merged in an unsightly and obese individual; and we looked in vain for that overwhelming power of eye and force of expression which we had been taught to expect by a delusive imagination.