

chief they did in Europe on their first revolutionary outbreak. The French ride one hobby at a time, and they ride it to death. Their first instinct, upon gaining the mastery over themselves, was centralization. They were out of conceit with old France, so they turned for novelty to ancient Rome. Rome had absorbed the world; Paris began by sucking up France; and as French arms crossed the frontiers, country after country sank into the same all-swallowing whirlpool.

They found in Italy a land that had excelled in art. They determined that that artistic pre-eminence should henceforth be French; and, to begin, that Italian art should be made French. No one could have better seconded, or indeed anticipated their views, than the young soldier of Fortune who led the way across the Alps. It will, perhaps, never be possible to sound the real depths of Napoleon's mind. Look at his bust by Canova, at Chatsworth, and there is something in that brow that prostrates you before it as before a Miltonian Satan. But a human mind is the result of nature, and also of culture, and no one has ever inquired with sufficient diligence into the early readings of the Cadet of the school of Brienne, and of the sub-lieutenant of artillery in lodgings over tradesmen's shops in provincial towns. Napoleon partly was born, partly made himself a sham Roman in a sham Rome. He knew a little of ancient Rome, but nothing of what came after it. To Christian charity and knightly truth or honor he was an utter stranger. He had one idol, self; one altar, France; and the altar was to be to him a footstool to the throne. He stood upon the Alps where Brennus and Hannibal, Charlemagne, Charles VIII., and so many other leaders of hosts had stood before him. Most of them pointed out to their followers the land of the sun, and told them of the genial climate, the luscious fruits, the pleasures that awaited them as the reward of their toil. Napoleon spoke of all that, and of something besides. Before the French had made their way into Italy, her wealth was emphatically placed at their discretion. "Soldiers," cried the great bandit, "you are ill-fed and half naked; your Government owes you much, and gives nothing;

your valor and endurance do you honor, but bring you neither profit nor glory. I am about to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. You will find there great cities and rich provinces. You will find there glory and richness. Will your courage fail you?"

It is seldom that soldiers, and especially hungry soldiers, require exhortations to make themselves at home in an invaded country. Italy was no foe to France. The Italians had not, since the Middle Ages, been better off than before 1789; but they all read French, and most of them believing in that Millenium of human brotherhood that the French Republic had proclaimed, looked forward to the arrival of those soldiers as to the coming of a legion of delivering angels. Austria and, at her suggestion, Piedmont, were up in arms at the Alps. The other Italian princes, before whom the head of Louis XVI. had been rolled in defiance, had joined the league of kings, but had scarcely taken the field. Venice and Genoa were neutral, and it was only owing to the supineness of this latter Republic that Bonaparte found a loop-hole in the Alpine armor of Italy, and made his way to the wealthiest plains of the world. The thunder of his victorious cannon at Montenotte struck dismay into the hearts of the Italian princes, who all sued for peace. Napoleon had soon no other enemy than the Austrian in Italy. The whole nation hailed him as a deliverer. In most districts, and especially in Modena and Bologna, Italian revolutions paved the way for French conquest. Liberty, however, is not to be had without being paid for, and the understanding between the French Directory and their general was that the Italians should handsomely bleed for it. "The Duke of Parma," Bonaparte writes, "will make proposals of peace to you. Keep him in play till I make him pay the costs of the campaign." He adds that at first he had thought of mulcting neutral Genoa to the amount of three millions. But he had thought better of it, and would make it fifteen. The general was at first induced to punish individual acts of robbery, wishing to reduce looting to a system; but the fellow-feeling was very strong upon him. "Poor devils!" he said, "they