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A SYLLABUS OF THE LIFE OF

GENERAL BUONAPARTE.

COMPARED to whom, says the historian, "Hannibal was a stripling—Alexander a holiday Captain, and Caesar mere candidate for military fame," and to whom the Deshaies's, the Wurms's, and the whole galaxy of European heroes, were compelled to yield the palm of victory.

This extraordinary man, named Napoleone Buonaparte, was born 1767, in the town of Ajaccio, in Corsica, and is the son of Charles Buonaparte. His father was bred to the civil law at Rome, but breathing that spirit, which characterizes his son, he laid aside the Gown, and took part with the celebrated Paoli, in the ever memorable struggle made by a handful of brave islanders, against the tyrannical efforts of Lewis the XV. He was also, on a future occasion, selected to represent the Nobles, in a deputation sent to wait on the King of France.— He afterwards lived in the greatest intimacy with M. de Marbeuf, the Governor. And on the death of his friend, M. de Marbeuf continued to patronize his family, and placed his second son, Napoleone Buonaparte, at the *ECOLE MILITAIRE*, or military academy. The advantages resulting from this seminary, were not lost on young Buonaparte. He there applied himself with equal assiduity and address, to mathematics, and studied the art of war as a regular science. There was also something in his manners and habits that announced him equal to the situation for which he seems to have been destined; instead of imitating the frivolities of the age, his mind was continually occupied in useful studies; and from the lives of Plutarch, a volume of which he always carried in his pocket, he learned at an early age, to copy the manners, and emulate the actions of antiquity.

With this disposition and education, it is little wonder that he should have dedicated his life to the profession of arms. We accordingly find him, while yet a boy, presenting himself as a candidate for a commission in the artillery, and obtained a Lieutenancy in the French army, and served as such for three years in the regiment of LA FAYE.

In 1790 he was elected a Lieutenant Colonel of a corps of Corsican national guards in activity; but being inimical to the views of the Cabinet, who were for annexing Corsica to England, he retired from his native country, and settled within eighteen leagues of Toulon. His talents, however, were too well known to be suffered to remain in retirement. He was therefore called forth to assist in rescuing the fortress of Toulon from the English; and after being advanced to the rank of General of artillery, he directed under General Dugommier, the attacks of the various redoubts that surrounded and strengthened this important post; and finally restored the key of the Mediterranean to France.

The conquest of Toulon contributed not a little to raise the credit of Buonaparte; but the memorable commotion at Paris, denominated the insurrection of Vendemiaire evinced to the National Assembly and to the world, that nature designed him to encounter difficulties. And it is but justice to add, that the moderation displayed by him on this occasion, is perhaps unequalled in the history of the civil wars of modern times.

A nobler field now opened for the exertions of Buonaparte, for he was soon after

invested with the chief command of the French army in Italy; and achieved those victories, which have eclipsed the actions of all the ancient worthies.

The battle of Lody, fought on the 21st Floreal, (May 10th) completed the overthrow of the Austrian power in Italy, and added greatly to the reputation of the French army. On this occasion a battalion of grenadiers bore down all before them, and reached the bridge of Lodi, shouting 'Long live the Republic!' but the dreadful fire of the enemy having stopped their progress, Generals Berthier, Massena, Cerbonia, and others rushed forward; even their presence would have proved ineffectual, had it not been for the intrepidity of Buonaparte, who snatched a standard from the hand of a substitute, like Cesar on a similar occasion, and placing himself in front, animated his soldiers by his actions and gesticulation (for his voice was drowned in the noise of the noise of the cannon and musquetry) victory once more arranged her self under the Gallic banners.

In the winter of 1796, General Buonaparte was united to Madame Bouchenois, a beautiful French woman who had experienced a variety of persecutions during the reign of Robespierre. Her former husband, General Bouchenois, was President of the National Convention, when Lewis the XVI repaired to Paris; he, however, fell a victim to the terrorists.

The campaign of 1797 opened under the most suspicious circumstances for France and Spain; and the eyes of the court of Vienna, and in fact of all Europe, were at length fixed on the archduke Charles, who was said to possess the military talents of the house of Lorraine; and it was accordingly determined that the hero of Kehl should oppose the hero of Italy. The contest, however, was not long before birth and genius, between a man of illustrious extraction, surrounded by flatterers, and educated in the corrupt circles of a court, and a hardy Corsican, brought up amidst perils, breathing the spirits of the ancient republics; acquainted with all the machinery of modern warfare; directing every thing under his own eye—whose mistress was the commonwealth, and whose companion was Plutarch! yet at this period Buonaparte had scarcely attained to his 30th year.

And after defeating the fancied hero of Austria, the all conquering General, with sentiments of humanity that would have immortalized an ancient sage, sent from his head-quarters at Gagnat a letter "imploping him, for the sake of suffering humanity, to use his exertions for peace, to save the lives of so many gallant soldiers as must inevitably fall in a further prosecution of the bloody contest." "It is essential," says the Conqueror of Italy, "to the interests, or gratifying to the passions of Englishmen, a nation far removed from the theatre of war that we should continue to murder each other? With respect to myself, gallant General, if the overture which I have now the honor to make to you, could be the means of sparing the life of a single man, I should think myself prouder of the civic crown to which my interference would entitle me, than all the melancholy glory which could result from the most brilliant military exploits." "In a few days," prince Charles replied, "that though his duty called him to make war he desired peace for the happiness of the people; he had no full powers to treat upon so important a subject, but must wait for superior orders." And in a few hours after sending this letter, the prince

demanding by one of his aids, "a suspension of arms for four hours" so that he might be enabled to effect a junction with General Spork. But the vigorous Buonaparte rejected the proposal—marched day and night, and eventually thwarted the designs of the Austrian intrigant. However, a suspension of arms took place soon after, and prepared the way to preliminaries of peace between the Emperor and the French Republic, which were signed in the course of a few days.— But at this period, the Austrian power in Italy, was reduced to an empty name; the aged veterans had to bend their silver locks to the juvenile Corsican, and the noble descendant of the most noble house of Lorraine, was obliged to learn the rope-makers march; by which he afterwards saved himself, and a few of his retreating soldiers.

As to his person, Buonaparte is of a small stature, but admirably proportioned. He is of a spare habit of body, yet robust, and calculated to undergo the greatest fatigues. His complexion, like that of all the males of southern climates, olive; his eyes blue, his chin prominent, the lower part of his face thin, and his forehead square and projecting.

In respect to his mind, he possesses uncommon attainments. He converses freely, without pedantry, on all subjects, and writes and speaks with Roman fluency and eloquence. Above all things, he has attempted, and in a great measure obtained, the mastery over his passions. He is abstemious at his meals, and was never seen in the slightest degree intoxicated; he possesses many friends, but has no minions; and preserves an inviolable secrecy by a vigorous silence, far better than other men do by a loquacious hypocrisy.

Such is a hasty transcript, of the qualifications and achievements of Napoleone Buonaparte. And whether he is a Corsican or a Frenchman—Jew or Samaritan, every impartial reader must confess, that all the splendid titles of magnanimous Alexander's—illustrious Cesar's, and veteran Hannibal's—are eclipsed and obscured by the simple name of General Buonaparte. How pleasing will be the task of some future Biographer, whose fortune it may be to record the actions and adventures of this truly great man. The fashionable adage of *DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM*, will then be superfluous; and marriage, herself, be tongue tied.

Who but Buonaparte, could ever have thought of conquering Arabs by civilization? And who but an *Assap*, could have fabricated the account of his assassination—for who but a Satan's Desperado, could be guilty of such a deed? However, BUONAPARTE still lives; and must defy the sabres of the Mamelukes, and poignards of Turkish bravadoes, till he completes the grand work, for which he appears to have been destined; and for which nature has been so liberal in bestowing her bounties.—"All great men are in some degree inspired."

TULLY.

ANECDOTES.

A Felon in Newgate, the night preceding his execution, accosted Jack Ketch thus— "As I am going abroad, Mr. Ketch, if you have any messages or commands to your friends I will deliver them." "Nothing at present, (answered Jack) but to-morrow I will probably trouble you with a line."

A Lady, patting a tune on the table, asked another, "If she knew what she played?" I do, answered she: You play the fool!