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THE KING OF ROME.

The future of France was insured and Europe might rest at peace -- a son had been born to Napoleon! For weeks in every church and synagogue of the Empire priest and rabbi had been saying prayers for the Empress. All through the night the chapels of Paris had been filled with a kneeling crowd, while the gardens and streets and quays about the Tuileries had been packed with waiting men and women. The birth of the child was to be announced by the firing of a cannon -- twenty discharges if a girl, one hundred and one if a boy. And now at nine o'clock on the morning of March 20, 1811, the 22d was told the French people that the son which their hero had assured them would fulfil his destiny and fix forever their glory was come. A joyous uproar broke from the people and the city. They poured memorials into the palace, sent up a balloon to scatter bulletins over the surrounding country, illuminated the streets, filled the theaters where plays prepared for the occasion were offered, dance, sung and drank. And while they made merry couriers were riding in every direction to carry the news to every town and hamlet of France and to every representative and ally of Napoleon in Europe. Everywhere, even at Evreux, where Josephine waited the news, the rejoicings and fetes of Paris were duplicated.

the news, the rejoicings and fetes of Paris were duplicated.

While without the French world rejoiced, the tiny cause of it all who had come into the world to all appearances lifeless, lay crying plaintively under the marvellous lace canopy in the magnificent gilt cradle which the City of Paris had ~~exhausted all the art resources of the times to~~ prepared for him. Napoleon whose whole thought had been with the Empress until he heard the child cry bent over him his eyes wet with tears. It took only a brief time for father, physician and attendants to convince themselves that the child was well-made and strong. If the destiny of France would be fixed by an heir then there seemed no reason to doubt but that a fit one was born.

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"The King of Rome" was the title the Emperor had chosen for his heir, and it was by that title that he was baptised on June 9 in the Cathedral of Notre Dame - a ceremony scarcely less in its splendor than the crowning of Josephine or the marriage with Marie-Louise, ~~both of which had been celebrated in the same cathedral~~.

The training of the child had been prescribed before its birth by Napoleon himself. It was to be the simplest and most rational. The little fellow thrived wonderfully under it soon becoming rosy, plump and ~~very~~ merry. By September Marie-Louise was certain that he said "papa" and in November she reported four teeth. Not that the Empress occupied herself much with the little one. He was an amusement rather than a care for her. It was Mme. de Montesquiou, a woman of superior culture, refinement and dignity, as well as of a tender and womanly nature to whom the child was confided. He soon became so attached to his Mama Quiou as he called her later, that the Empress became jealous and once at least the Emperor himself had to settle the feminine flurry which had arisen on account of the King of Rome's preference for his governess to his mother.

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ference for his governess to his mother.

The affection of the King of Rome for his father was overshadowed by no such rivalry. He gave his baby love completely to the Emperor and never a father merited it more. ~~One of the strongest of the many great affections of Napoleon was this of fatherhood.~~ The little prince not only fulfilled ~~his~~ Napoleon's destiny, ~~it gave him~~ he was an object on which he could lavish his extraordinary power of affection. At the height of the power at this moment there was ~~a~~ no human dream which seemed to him too daring for this son. For him he planned travels and conquests and such a palace as the world has never seen. At the same time no intricate strategy ever absorbed him more completely than amusing the child. ~~Prone on the floor with rattles and toys he would lie playing with him. He would call for him at his meals and dipping the little finger in the wine would allow the child to smear his face while~~

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~~both shouted noisily over their play. He carried him im on his back, put him to sleep, tried to teach him to eat solids and to walk, interested himself in every detail of the baby-life.~~

Until May, 1812, when Napoleon left Paris to undertake the Russian Campaign father and son were never long separated. Even after that Campaign began ~~difficult as it was~~ the Emperor had the child constantly in his thoughts. In the fall Marie-Louise sent him the portrait of the King of Rome by Gerard. It reached the French camp on the eve of the Battle of Berodino. In spite of the immense cares of the moment the Emperor ordered the case opened. His joy at the beauty of the picture which he declared an excellent likeness amazed and affected everybody who saw him. He called all the officers in reach to see it. "If he was only fifteen years old, sirs, it is not this portrait which would be here," he said. He had the portrait placed outside his tent so that the soldiers of his guard could see it, and throughout the rest of the march to Moscow it was on view. When he occupied the ~~Kumlin~~ Kremlin it was hung in his sleeping room.

It was at the end of the Russian Campaign on the awful retreat

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It was at the end of the Russian Campaign on the awful retreat from Moscow that the first shock to Napoleon's confidence in French loyalty to the King of Rome came. Two daring agitators spread in Paris a rumor of his death and by their amazing boldness and address succeeded in taking the first steps towards setting up a provisional government. They were promptly clapped into prison but the harm was overwhelmingly in Napoleon's mind. According to his scheme, a rumor of his death should have brought the spontaneous cry, "Long live the King of Rome." It had not once been raised in answer to the conspirators.

Could it be that ~~his years of intrigue~~, his sacrifice of Josephine had been in vain? Had he not given France an Emperor and Rome a King? Was it true as the freezing, starving soldiers, stumbling Franceward from Russia muttered that his star had deserted him? He

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threw himself again into the fight and for a year and a half struggled with a genius such as the world has never seen to turn back Europe ~~which had risen against him~~. It was not only for France and himself he fought now. It was for his son, and while he fought the young prince, unconscious of conspiracies and wars, was developing with a rapidity which astonished everybody. His beauty was great, his mind active and his body strong. Gay and affectionate with everyone he yet moved in his Household of some twenty-seven persons, not including his little pages, with a curious child-like dignity. He already had the pride of his princedom strongly at heart and would be quickly crushed by an appeal to it. One day when he threw himself on the floor screaming angrily, Mme. de Montesquiou hastily closed the doors and windows. "Why do you do that?" the child demanded. "Do you suppose," his governess answered, "that the French would want you for a Prince if they knew you flew into such passions?" "Do you suppose any one heard him?" he asked in alarm. "~~Oh, sir I'm very sorry~~. Forgive me, Mama Quiou, I'll never do it again." And Mme. de Montesquiou asserts that he kept his word.

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he kept his word.

In Paris the affection for him was general. People watched eagerly to see him at the windows of the palace nodding and smiling or driving in the park the trained sheep which were attached to his little calishe. Stories were told of his gentleness to those who sought to present petitions to the Emperor through him, and at the pleasure which he seemed to take in giving gifts; of his pretty dignity and his merry ways. No prints in the shops were more popular than those of the baby King sleeping by his father's side.

The King of Rome was two years and ten months old in January, 1814, when Napoleon left Paris for the last Campaign in the war which he had waged almost continuously since his son's birth. Throughout the wonderful campaigns which followed, one of the most marvellous in history in spite of the Abdication of Fontainebleau with which it ended

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on April 14, Napoleon's greatest anxiety was for his son. He must not be taken, he wrote his brother Joseph. ~~The honor of France demanded that he should remain in the country.~~ He was tormented by the fear that if captured his son might be brought up as an Austrian Prince. "I would rather see him dead," he declared. ~~The fate of Astyanax was continually in his mind. Not that above all for the King of Rome.~~ "The lot of Astyanax a prisoner of the Greeks, has always seemed to me the most miserable in history," he wrote in one of his last letters. It was his reiterated orders of Napoleon not to allow his wife and child to be captured which finally decided Marie-Louise and the court to leave Paris when the allied forces approached. Hastily gathering guards, equipage and necessities, the great household started in confusion and terror from the Tuileries on the morning of March 29. ~~The poor little Prince to whom the bustle and clang of the preparations had been a great amusement at first seemed to be attached soon by the general alarm when Mme. de Montesquiou attempted to lead him from the Tuileries he refused to go. He would stay there, he screamed. He was master when papa was gone and he wanted to stay in Paris. It was only by force that he was at last gotten into the carriage.~~

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by force that he was at last gotten into the carriage.

The long and sad flight from Paris to Rambouillet and from there to Blois, the return to Rambouillet and the final journey from Paris to Austria, wanderings not ended until May 21, made deep and touching impressions upon the little Prince. Mme. de Montesquiou and her assistants did their utmost to keep all alarm from him and not to allow him to hear the discussions of the series of startling events which followed their flight. No effort, however, could prevent his impressionable spirit from drooping in the atmosphere of sorrow, hesitation and fear in which the Empress and her attendants were living. In a way he made out what had happened. It was Blücher, she said, who was his greatest enemy, and it was Louis XVIII that had taken away his papa and his toys, but he would have all back one day. When the Emperor of

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Austria came to Rambouillet to see his daughter after Napoleon's retirement to the Island of Elba and the restoration of the Bourbous, the King of Rome was not at all pleased by his appearance. "I have seen the Emperor of Austria," he told Meneval, the secretary. "He is not good looking." On the long journey to Vienna he would sigh often and beg them to let him kiss his papa again.

Installed in the chateau at Schoebrunn the young Prince found changes in his life which seem to have puzzled him seriously. Many of his former suite were still about him, including Mme. de Montesquion, his governess and Madammes de Manhaud and Sloufflot, but he realized that some way he was not the person he had been. "Where were his pages," he asked, "was he to have them no more?" His dress was simpler too, and the "grand corden" of the Legion of Honor was taken from him. He was not called Napoleon any longer, but Francois, a name he resented obstinately. The change in the child's real position was far greater than any of these outward matters ~~signified~~ indicated. He who had been the heir of Napoleon and the King of Rome was now merely the Duke of Parma, the allies having made his mother Duchess of the Italion State of Parma, Plaisance and Guastalla.

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Plaisance and Guastalla.

In the changes which had come the child might have been saved much suffering and his future have been made more secure if Marie-Louise had been a woman of resolution and spirit. At the abdication of the Emperor she had protested with sincerity her desire to join him and if it had not been for the opposition of Metternich (the Austrian prime-minister) and the Emperor, her father, she would have done so. She consented to go to Austria instead, however, on being told that she could go soon to Parma, her new kingdom and from there, perhaps, visit Elba. Once at Vienna she was easily persuaded that she needed a season in Switzerland before going to Parma. On this journey which lasted some three months, Marie-Louise was attended by a Swabian, the Count de Neipperg, appointed by Metternich. It is not possible to escape the conviction that Metternich

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with ~~revelling~~ revelling Machiavellian~~s~~ ism had given Neipperg to understand that the Duchess must, by some manner, be made to forget Napoleon, ~~and her thoughts and affections fixed on an object less dangerous to Austria.~~ Neipperg a man of forty, handsome and accomplished, experienced with women and with no scruples where pleasure or position were to be won, understood Metternich's wishes and devoted himself zealously to his task. Marie-Louise was only twenty-three at this time, inexperienced, unintelligent and yielding. ~~She had been accustomed all her life to comfort and kindness and the hard experiences,~~ the losses and dangers of the last few weeks in France had thrown her into a state of nervous irresolution and despair. Neipperg coming to her at this critical moment surrounded her with delicate attentions, listened sympathetically to her complaints, took from her all necessity of decision, ~~and furnished the amusements which appealed best to her tastes and her mood.~~ ~~He soon had~~ made himself ~~xx~~ indispensable to her. Only a woman of far more experience and of greater strength of nature ~~xxx~~ than Marie-Louise could have withstood the ~~constant and fascinating~~ influence of the Count. She was not equal to resistance and when in 1815, Napoleon escaped from the Island of Elba and France rallied to him, she refused to take any steps towards joining him, placing herself under the protection of the Allies, content with any comfortable refuge providing Neipperg was left at her side.

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left at her side.

As soon as Napoleon found himself again on the throne he began talking of the time when his son would be with him. Outwardly at least he did not admit the possibility that the Prince would be kept long the prisoner of Austria. He planned incessantly for their reunion, even fixing the day when the boy should be crowned King of Rome. Isabey's charming portrait had been brought to him from Vienna and he lingered by the hour over the frank sweet face with a longing pityful to see. But if the Emperor believed that his son would be restored the Allies looked at it differently. They declared Napoleon "outside of civil and social relations," "a common enemy and disturber of the united words," and they

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prepared to force France to dethrone him. Of course their attitude made it impossible to allow his heir in France. One of their chief fears indeed was that the boy might be kidnapped. To prevent this the strictest watch was kept over him, even Mme. de Montesquion being removed because she was accused of telling him that he soon would see his father again -- a cruelty hard to forgive since the child loved the devoted woman more than any one about him. ~~Mineval who had~~ been with Marie-Louise since the Abdication was no longer allowed to be with her ~~him~~ save in the presence of others and gradually all of the familiar faces were taken away and a new set of nurses and teachers, men and Austrians provided. These changes and the atmosphere of suspense in which he lived produced a sorrowful effect on the boy. He grew grave and melancholy and his gay chattering ceased almost entirely. When Meneval went to bid him good-bye before joining Napoleon in 1815, the child would say nothing before his tutor but calling Meneval aside whispered in his ear that ~~hep~~ was to tell his father that he loved him always.

Waterloo ended Napoleon's career. Returning to Paris he abdi-

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always.

Waterloo ended Napoleon's career. Returning to Paris he abdicated for a second time in favor of his son, ~~Francis~~ that the French chambers, the army and the people demanded Napoleon II at this crisis there is no doubt, but the Allies were against it. If a nation was to be allowed to accept as a ruler the son of a man who was nothing but a Genius - nothing but the greatest of soldiers and statesmen what was to become of the Kings? And Together the nations of Europe rushed into the Holy War to Preserve Dead homes. They restored the Bourbons, sent Napoleon I to St. Helena and ordered Napoleon II to be reared as an Austrian Prince. His very name was henceforth to be German - the Duke of Reichstadt. Astyanax was in the hands of the Greeks - the Emperor's worst fears was to be realized.

But if Napoleon's son was to be reared as an Austrian the education to be given him was in every respect worthy of a Prince.

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Francois II had learned to love his grandson in the troubled months in which he had been in his palace and as far as diplomacy allowed he made him happy. Metternich knew, too, that the child was a priceless hostage in his hands, that Europe could be made to heed him at any time by a threat to flee to France his eaglet, whom he saw only too clearly grow yearly more precious and more desired by all the youth, the republicans and the soldiers of France. There was then every reason to educate him perfectly, making at the same time as loyal an Austrian of him as possible.

The best of masters were given him. He was taught Italian and German, as well as the classics. He was instructed in history, in mathematics, in military science. His intelligence and devotion in all that related to warfare and history were an amazement to his teachers. It was evident he was born a soldier. He learned the manuel of arms with agidity and when but seven years old was often seen at the door of his grandfather's apartments playing guard. He became an excellent horseman, but would never mount any but spirited animals. At his very first lesson indeed he rebelled against the small horse brought out for him. He wanted a big one he said, such as his father rode in war.

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him. He wanted a big one he said, such as his father rode in war.

Although all of the influences of his life were calculated now to draw his mind and affections from his father they seem to have had the opposite effect. He rarely spoke of him but now and then a word broke out which showed that his deepest pride and affections were centered on the exile. The Prince of Ligore was introduced to him as a marshall. "Is he one of those who deserted my father?" he asked. A saber was given to him, he looked at it thoughtfully. "When I grow up I shall take it and deliver my father." This affection was but deepened by the news of Napoleon's death at St. Helena in 1821, and when finally Napoleon's will reached the boy the melancholy which had grown steadily on him since he came to Austria turned to a reserve and a gravity, which baffled all about him. "Let him never forget that

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he was born a French Prince," Napoleon had written in his Will. And his "Counsels to His Son," one of the wisest, strongest, sanest papers he ever wrote he had said, "My son must not think of avenging my death. He must profit by it. Let the memory of what I have done never leave him. Let him remain always like me, French to the finger-tips. All his efforts should be to reign by peace. . . . Let him bring what I have sown to blossom."

What did all this mean? How was he ever to reign? How was he even to remain French at heart, he Austrian in name and speech? And if he reached his throne what evidence was there that he would have the ability to hold it? Had he the making of a great soldier and ruler in him? Alone the lad struggled with these questions, seeking their solution through the only path which seemed open to him, the study of history and military science. Particularly did he study his father's life. Everything published upon it he secured for his library. Reminiscences he learned almost by heart. With critical comments on the campaigns he familiarized himself so thoroughly with them that he could discuss the strategy of the various battles with the most learned authorities. "The great object of my life," he said one day to Francois II and Metternich, "is not to remain unworthy of my father's glory."

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father's glory."

To the credit of the Austrian Emperor whose pride in the intelligence and fine spirit of his grandson increased daily, all the boy's efforts to familiarize himself with Napoleon's life were heartily seconded. Even Metternich lent his aid, expounding Napoleon's career as he saw it. It would no doubt add greatly to the gaiety of history if exact notes of Metternich's interpretations of Napoleon to the Duke of Reichenstadt had been preserved.

As he grew older his perplexity was intensified by the rumors which reached him of the growth of a strong liberal movement in France and Italy demanding him as its leader. How much did this mean, he

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asked himself? What if the movement should ripen and he not be ready; and with his new frenzy he studied and worked. His efforts were but increased by the knowledge that his opponents were spreading cruel rumors about him - that he was weak-minded and feeble-bodied - that he had been turned over to the church - that he was a degenerate morally - that he was being slowly poisoned by Metternich.

It is probable that the awful earnestness and pain of the boy's struggle to fit himself to be worthy of his father's throne when it was open to him ~~if it ever was~~, would never have been known if, by one of those strange encounters which mean so much in a life that to call them chance is hardly more intelligent than to utter a profanity, he had not made a friend to whom instinctively ~~instructively~~ he gave full and joyous confidence. This man, the chevalier de Prokesch-Osten was an Austrian fifteen years older than the Duke, whose career, both military and diplomatic, had been so honorable ~~humble~~ that in 1830 he was invited to dine at the imperial table, where he was placed at the side of the Duke of Reichstadt. Rome. Now Prokesch had been through the campaigns of 1812 - 1814 and

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Rome. Now Prokesch had been through the campaigns of 1812 - 1814 and 1815 and through against Napoleon had been so profoundly impressed by his genius that in 1818 he had written a memoir on the battles of Ligny, Lizon, Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, defending the Emperor against the contemptable partisan criticisms then current in Europe which dismissed him as only an accident - not in any way a military genius. The Duke of Rome knew this work and had indeed translated it into both French and Italian. He begged Prokesch to visit him. The acquaintance soon became an ardent friendship. Never since his childhood had the youth's natural frankness freed itself so completely. To Prokesch he revealed his cult of Napoleon's memory, his ambition to be worthy of his name his doubts about ~~his own fitness and~~ the course he should pursue to obtain the throne. To Teach me each one he begged Prokesch - you understand, you are ~~xxxx~~ brave, you are wise - be my guide. Tell me if you ~~xx~~ see in me some sign of promise - tell me if you believe I can by work ever fit myself to be worthy of the French throne if I should be called to it.

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To Prokesch's amazement he found there was nothing but contempt in the youth's mind for mere adventure. It was clear he would never attempt to enter France unless he believed himself called by the people. But how was he going to know, how much the demonstrations meant, he asked. If they were but the work of agitation he wanted nothing of them. He would enter the service of Austria as a soldier would seek to be for her another Eugene of Savoy. If Austria did not accept him he would offer his sword to some small and aspiring people who would - that is if Metternich permitted. Of that he was not sure. He was free they said, But Prokesch was not long in finding that his ambition and enthusiasm were not only sane and controlled but backed by a military genius most like to that of his father. He declares that he had all the qualities of a great general, that he was endowed with a surprising strategic sense, that he understood and could explain campaigns with amazing insight, that his judgments on all military matters were fresh, precise and imperious. His happiest hours, says Prokesch, were spent in discussing battles and campaigns. His whole faith was in his sword.

It was in 1830 that their friendship began. It was the most critical moment of the Duke's life. All Europe was in a liberal

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critical moment of the Duke's life. All Europe was in a liberal ferment and from all sides there came a call for the son of Napoleon. Greese wanted him for her throne, Poland sought him to lead her revolt, Belgium asked that he become her king. But to all these calls Metternich, cold and ~~importunate~~ imperturbable, said no. When the calls became more insistent, he declared,"once for all, let it be known that he is excluded from all thrones." The Duke restless, uncertain and irritated at the opposition, took all his perplexities to Prokesch who advised him simply to wait, in the meantime continuing his efforts to make himself fit to fill whatever position opened.

A few weeks after their acquaintance began Charles X was driven from the French throne. It became evident then to all Europe that though Louis-Phillippe succeeded the ~~moment~~ movement in favor of the Duke of

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Reichenstadt was a powerful one and that the check it had received by the elevation of the younger branch of the Bourbons was not serious. The Napoleonic movement indeed had been gradually taking shape and strength ever since Waterloo. The death of Napoleon had only aggrevated it: ~~everything known of that death - the publication of his will - his last writings, (documents which Metternich wisely had urged England to suppress) had added to the popular adoration.~~ The mystery attaching to the son - a prisoner of Austria, that rather excited the movement than otherwise. All over France and Northern Italy the picture of the Duke of Reichstadt was seen, printed on handkerchiefs and neckcloths and plates, engraved in wood and on silver, scattered at the head of addresses and poems. Soldiers of the Grand Armies carried them next their hearts with the soiled tricolors they had worn at Austerlitz and Morengo. Poets vowed with Victor Hugo, "What I can I will do for the heir of the greatest name in the world." Cries of "Vive Napoleon II" were heard in Paris at the very installation of Louis-Phillippe. Demonstrations in his favor kept breaking out in the army. In North-

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Demonstrations in his favor kept breaking out in the army. In Northern Italy the movement became almost uncontrollable. The Bonaparte family, many of Napoleon's old generals, prominent Frenchmen all who ~~doubted the power of Louis-Phillippi to content the country~~, began to work for the young Duke. Under the strength of this movement the Emperor of Austria said more than once frankly to his grandson that if the French people asked for him and the Allies did not object, he would not oppose his mounting the ~~French~~ throne.

It was at this timo when the name of the Duke of Reichenstadt was on the lips of all Europe that he made his first appearance in the official society of Vienna. Until now he had been unknown outside of the Imperial household save as he had been seen at the head of his regiment or in a box at the opera. The impression he produced on his introduction was extraordinary. His unusual beauty and distinction, his ease and dignity, his flashing eye, his brilliant intelligence

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annoyed and delighted everyone and throughout Europe the word was spread that the son of Napoleon was a person to be reckoned with. Two former marshals of Napoleon were present at his introduction, - Marmont and Maison -- and they looked with stupefaction on him so like did they find him to his father.

This was in January, 1831. Before the spring of that year had closed the liberals in Italy had led successful revolts at several points and even reached the Duchess of Marie-Louise compelling the Duchess herself to fly. The Duke of Reichenstadt when the news of his mother's danger reached begged to be allowed to go to Italy to her support. The Emperor was greatly touched by his devotion but Metternich, Chief Surgeon of Europe, intent on cutting the cancer of liberalism from her bosom, would not hear of it. Let the Duke go to Italy, he said, and he would have the whole country at his heels. France would fly to support him. Then there would be a pretty new crop of constitutions and codes and reforms, things of course quite incompatible with a to those who worship the Divinity of the established Order of Things.

The Duke of Reichenstadt took this refusal to allow him to go to

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The Duke of Reichenstadt took this refusal to allow him to go to Italy deeply to heart. The time of action had come for him he told Prokesch. He must fly - get to France. Surely all this upheaval meant that men demanded him. ~~Was it not time, as they said there, that he, the son of Napoleon, offered France a more solid guarantee of constitutional government than the Duke of Orleans, the representative of the younger branch of that house of Bourbons who had now for the third time been chased from the throne?~~ In his impatience, he grew feverish and moody, called himself a prisoner, planned flight, worked with frenzy. In the gaieties of the court he took but little interest and the flattering attentions of the many beautiful women who had been touched by his youth, his distinction & his evident suffering, he scarcely noticed. Rumors were spread in Europe, it is true, of his attachment to Fanny Essler, the charming dancer, but it is probable that he

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never spoke to her, much less ever had any intimacy with her. Prokesch asserts indeed that the Duke de Reichstadt once told that he had never seen a woman who had touched his heart or stirred his imaginations. The whole force of his nature was fixed on the mighty problem of being worthy of the Glory of Napoleon.

Gradually the emotions he was suffering, his vain flutterings to escape the clutch of Metternich, began to wear on his health. He was now - the spring of 1831 - a lieutenant-colonel in charge of a regiment and in spite of the warnings of his physician he worked excessively, often mounting a horse after a long drill and riding at break-neck speed for hours. This mad exhaustion of his body which seemed to be the only outlet for the fever in his mind, soon wore him out and he was ordered to retire to Schoebrunn, to recuperate and it was here Prokesch found him in October, when he returned from a six months mission on which Methernich, ~~who feared his influence on the Duke~~, had sent him.

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Duke, had sent him.

It was evident to Prokesch that his friend's condition was serious. He was no less intent on the future, no less determined, no less eager, but his moments of enthusiasm were briefer, those of despair longer. In the fall he returned to Vienna, but he was not yet strong enough to take his regiment and he spent his time in his study with his books, his chief companions, and Gerard's portrait of his father, his only pleasure, the long and interesting letters he wrote to Prokesch, who had again been sent away lest he might encourage too much the dangerous ambitions of the Duke, for in spite of Metternich's best efforts the cry of "Vive Napoleon II", though less frequent, still was heard in France and often enough to convince wise observers that the time would come when the cry would have to be heeded, even by Metternich. The Duke himself believed this and to his impatience at waiting and at restraint there came now more frequently than ever before, terrible moments of fear lest when the call came he would not be prepared.

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At the opening of the year 1832 he made an attempt to go back to his regiment. His strength failed the first day and with tears of rage he was obliged to allow another to give the orders. In spite of his weakness he tried to force himself to action, fearing it would be said abroad that he lacked energy. The cruel strain he put on his forces resulted in a complete break down. It was impossible to take him even to Italy as the physicians advised and in April he was carried to Schoebrunn.

Here in the chateau so intimately connected with the victories of his father he was given a suite of rooms, which had been used by Napoleon and here his life gradually burned out. His constant fever, violent coughing, partial loss of hearing and a loss of flesh painful to see, told all about him that he could not live long but for many weeks the Duke did not admit the idea of death. His weakness and suffering seemed to cause him more shame than alarm, and he was unwilling to see anyone but his most intimate friends - the effect on his cause if his febleness was known, was constantly in his mind.

The devotion of the royal family to the Duke in those last

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The devotion of the royal family to the Duke in those last months of his life was complete, the Archduchess Sophia being constantly at his side, she was indeed the only woman except the noble governess Mme. de Montesquiou from whom the Duke ever received a woman's unselfish devotion and affection. His mother, Marie-Louise, had for many years been absorbed entirely in the cares and pleasures of her little Kingdom and even now when the condition of her son was so serious she made constant excuses for not going to Schoenbrunn. It was not until the end of June that she arrived, piteously as the Duke had begged for her.

The condition in which she found him, emaciated, suffering, and bed-ridden stirred even her selfish and sluggish heart and from then until his death she was constantly at his side. Before the middle of July the Duke realized that he must die. He faced his end with

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perfect calm. "My cradle," he said one day with a smile, referring to the magnificent cradle the City of Paris had given him at his birth, "My cradle has been my only monument. How close it is to my tomb."

During the final days of terrible agony caused by his disease which had developed into a pulmonary phthisic, he endured his pain like a soldier though sometimes in his delirium the cry of his childhood would break from his lipe. "I must go to my father, I want to kiss my father once more."

Death came on the morning of July 22, 1832, and two days later, after royal ceremonies, the body was placed in the Imperial vault of the little church of the Capucins in Vienna where for 200 years the remains of the Emperors and the Princes of the house of Austria have lain. They buried him in an Austrian uniform, placed a German name on his tomb, laid him with their emperors, but it was all as vain as their imprisonment had been. It was "the little Bonaparte," not the Duke of Reichstadt that the people of Vienna still called him. It was Napoleon II, the King of Rome, that France and Italy mourned. It is the son of Napoleon that we remember to-day. His glory, his claim to our homage and affections is that he never himself forgot that he was the son of Napoleon and that he gave his life to be worthy of his name as truly as if he had fallen riddled by bullets fighting at the head of an army to preserve his father's throne.

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