**Letter from Napoleon at Verona to Josephine in Milan, 13 Nov 1796**

I do not love thee anymore; on the contrary, I detest thee. Thou art horrid, very awkward, very stupid… Thou dost not write me at all, thou dost not love thy husband; thou knowest the pleasure that thy letters afford him, and thou dost not write him six lines of even haphazard scribble.

What do you do then all day, Madame? What matter of such importance is it that takes up your time from writing to your very good lover? What affection stifles and pushes on one side the love, the tender and constant love, which you have promised him? Who can be this marvelous, this new lover who absorbs all your instants, tyrannizes your entire days, and prevents you from being solicitous about your husband? Josephine, beware, one fine night the doors will break open and I will be there…

Ed. Doyle, Ursula (2008) *Love Letters of Great Men*, London: Macmillan, p.49