

came Austrian minister at the Hague, and married in 1795 the countess Eleonore von Kaunitz, granddaughter of the famous prince Kaunitz.

Prince Metternich began his diplomatic career at the congress of Rastadt, as minister of the college of the Westphalian counts. Here he distinguished himself so much, that he attracted the notice of the emperor, who, in 1801 appointed him minister at Dresden.

Metternich, as a true Austrian *subject*, hated cordially the French revolution, as well as all that was French; and thus he became the chief agent, in uniting England with Austria, Prussia, Russia and Sweden, by the treaty of Petersburg, April 11, 1805, against Napoleon. His (Napoleon's) brilliant campaign of two months, in which he forced, Nov. 17th, General Mack to surrender with 17 generals and 30,000 men, in Ulm, entered, Nov. 13, into Vienna, and routed, Dec. 2d, the allies at Austerlitz, blighted the fruits of the above mentioned treaty.

Soon after the battle of Austerlitz (Dec. 15th,) the minister Haugwitz, for Prussia, signed at Vienna a treaty with France. In 1806, count Metternich was appointed Austrian ambassador at Paris in place of count Cobentzl, where he was very active in promoting the interests of Austria. Napoleon did now all that he could, to surround himself, as emperor of the French, with the ancient noble families of France, of whom many nevertheless declined to accept employment, and, concentrating in the faubourg St. Germain, formed their own circles and admitted to their parties none but those persons, who had adopted their principles, or those of the *ancien regime*. Metternich, distinguished by his fine person, his nicety, his insinuating and truly captivating manners, which he possesses in a high degree, soon attracted general attention, and was welcomed in these parties at the faubourg St. Germain, as well as at the Tuilleries and in the assemblies of the high functionaries of the new Court. He soon became acquainted with all those petty secrets, which the French call *la chronique scandaleuse*, and succeeded in gaining the favor of these functionaries as well as those of Napoleon himself. Thus he was able to study and to acquire a profound knowledge of Napoleon's character, to find out his plans and secret views, which enabled him afterwards to act the principal part in the political drama of Dresden and Prague.

Oct. 10, 1807, he signed at Fontainebleau the convention which put a stop to the disputes occasioned by the occupation of the Bocch di Cattaro by Russian troops, and which made the Tronzo the frontier of the kingdom of Italy. He nevertheless gave up his plans against France; and what he had begun in 1805 he continued in 1808 with rare activity and shrewdness. He hated, as above stated, the basis of the new order of things in France, whether republic or empire, being firmly attached to the old system of feudalism or aristocracy, of which Austria may be considered as the most obstinate champion; and as Metternich is now the most influential man in Austria, he will be one of the most interesting personages of this age to the future historian.

Talleyrand possesses the same influence in France, but acts with much more cunning and adroitness *behind the curtain*, as Talleyrand has to act his part upon a far different theatre. Austria is in regard to liberal ideas at least a hundred years behind France, and Louis Philippe resembles Francis but in two points: hypocrisy and absolutism, or abhorrence of all that partakes of *Charte* or *Constitution*.

Metternich, when at Paris, appeared the most assiduous courtier, the most pliant and submissive ambassador at the Tuilleries; but Napoleon surpassed him in the machiavelic principles of his dark policy; and soon after the troubles in Spain, which rose against France, Napoleon, at a public audience given at his birth-day, (August 15, 1808,) highly incensed, attacked Metternich on the crooked policy of the Austrian cabinet, which, as he declared, would not leave him at peace. This was an indirect attack upon Metternich, who, although not yet prime minister, was nevertheless already the secret mover of all the coalitions of the allies against France.

In his interview with Alexander, at Erfurt, Napoleon spoke in strong terms against the policy of Austria, and accused Metternich of duplicity. Alexander nevertheless made every exertion to excuse the ambassador; and Napoleon highly satis-

fied with the readiness of the Czar, in consenting to divide among them the nations of the east and west, like a flock of sheep, returned to Paris for a few weeks, and arrived Nov. 5, 1808, at Victoria, where the greater part of his army expected him to conquer anew the lost Provinces.

Napoleon had but too well penetrated the dark designs of Austria, secretly excited by the empress, her prime minister Count Stadion, but principally by Metternich. The latter applied in vain for passports to leave Paris; they were denied him.

April 6th, 1809, Austria declared war against France; the 13th, Napoleon headed his army, drove the Austrians before him, entered (May 10,) into Vienna, fought the 22d, the bloody battle of Esling or Asperan, and finally, July 6th, gained a complete victory at Wagram.

Meanwhile Metternich obtained his passports, left Paris and arrived at Vienna, from which the terrified Francis had fled, and had fixed his residence at Comorin. Metternich found him there. Count Stadion having fallen into disgrace, was obliged to resign his place as Austrian minister of foreign affairs, July 9th, and Count Metternich was appointed in October, in his stead. He and the French minister of foreign affairs, Count Champagny, conducted the negotiations for peace, at Altenburgh in Hungary. The treaty was finally signed at Vienna, Oct. 14, by Prince Lichtenstein.

During these negotiations, Metternich found the means to suggest or to give some hints to Champagny, of the possibility of a closer connexion of the two empires, by a marriage of Maria Louisa with Napoleon. When at Paris, he had had already various opportunities of drawing the attention of Napoleon to this match, and in his conferences with some influential men—namely with the minister Fouché—he succeeded in gaining him.—Champagny and Prince Schwartzberg, sent as Austrian ambassador to Paris, finished what Metternich had begun.

Napoleon, full of admiration and even friendship for Alexander, (if true friendship can exist between crowned heads,) in his personal interview at Erfurt, Sept. 1808, where the latter appeared to desire a closer connexion by the marriage of his sister, the princess Alexandra, with Napoleon, hesitated a long time between the two. But Napoleon having been secretly informed, that the empress' mother and her daughter Alexandra were much against this marriage, Prince Schwartzberg, who had received instructions from Metternich, drew adroitly the attention of Napoleon anew upon the princess Maria Louisa. The ambassador related to various of Napoleon's confidants, how Maria Louisa admired the heroic deeds of the powerful French monarch (which was true,) and other traits of her character. This was reported, with perhaps some additional comments, to the ears of Napoleon, which greatly flattered his vanity and decided him at once in favor of the Austrian princess.

When Prince Schwartzberg was informed of his success, he sent a courier to Metternich, who succeeded in persuading the emperor Francis to induce the princess Maria Louisa, to accept his offer. Count Metternich was named to accompany her to Paris. His retinue was one of the most brilliant ever sent with an ambassador. All who were chosen were handsome looking, highly polished young noblemen, far the greatest part officers, rich and of the first Austrian families. I was at that time at Paris, and saw Prince Metternich, whom I had seen very often when he was Austrian ambassador at Dresden and Paris; and I must confess that his hotel and society amused me highly. As a countryman is always pleased to find another countryman in a foreign land, it appeared that Count Metternich and his retinue liked my society, and thus it came that I received frequent invitations to dine with them. At table we spoke very freely, and with that German, soldierly frankness, of the imperial court, which with all its Asiatic luxury, could nevertheless not be compared to the natural ease and urbanity of, for example, the court of Russia, where Alexander gained the admiration of every one by his simple, easy and gracious manners. They contrasted strikingly with those of Napoleon, who often was constrained, and therefore ungracious and awkward. "Well, well," said Metternich frequently to me, "our princess will soon polish him!" I laughed, and told him that he, as well as we, all must confess, that she

(Maria Louisa,) also wanted first to go to school, as we could easily observe that she in her reception needed still a good instructor, to teach her to assume more self composure, and not to look so embarrassed, as often was the case with her, particularly when she was near Napoleon in a large assembly. It often happened that I spoke to her in German, which she liked best to speak, and then she appeared to me a far different being; then all constraint vanished, and she became amiable, and laughed when I related to her some of my past adventures.

I often compared Maria Louisa with Josephine; and to speak frankly, the Austrian princess lost greatly by this comparison, of which I may say something at another time.

Count Metternich, after having assisted at the brilliant festivals* which followed in quick succession, one after the other, prepared to depart. He, at various times, had dropped some hints to Napoleon, of the great services rendered him to contribute to his happiness, and of some equivalent reward expected for these troubles. It is true, I never had seen Napoleon so altered, polite and even amiable, as at that time, (March, 1810,) and all of us were not a little surprised at this sudden change. It was also true that Metternich deserved full credit for the great pains taken to bring this match to a happy end, but Napoleon, strange to relate, felt a secret dislike to Metternich, although a very smooth, supple and submissive courtier, and always changed the conversation as one who wishes not to come to *the point*. Some asserted that the prince Schwartzberg, the Austrian ambassador at Paris, in secret jealousy of Metternich's ascendancy, had instructed his beautiful wife to throw out some hints against the latter, which reached the ears of Napoleon. These hints were, that Metternich was a secret enemy of the existing imperial court, and a double faced man.

This struck so much the more the mind of the French emperor, as it was grounded upon facts,† and disposed him against the secret wishes of Metternich, who soon afterwards took his leave and returned to Vienna.

Metternich is very vain, ambitious and of a vindictive character, and was not the man willing to suffer, as he said, this public affront. This probably is one of the principal causes which contributed to a closer intercourse between Alexander and Metternich. In 1805, Alexander tried already to gain Metternich, whom he liked as soon as he had conversed with him; but not knowing well enough the secret intentions of the count, feared to compromise himself by speaking too openly.—The interview of the two emperors at Erfurt, prevented Metternich from discovering his secret intentions, and thus both kept aloof! Alexander, highly displeased with Napoleon for the preference given to an Austrian princess over his sister, and Metternich, incensed against the same Napoleon, for not having rewarded him as he expected, both now became soon closely united by the ardent desire of revenge.

From that time Metternich was devoted entirely to Alexander, who favored him with his full confidence. This is the true cause of the acknowledgment by Alexander and Frederic William of Prussia, of Austria's "armed mediation" at the time when the Northern war broke out. Metternich, after a secret conference with the Czar, managed affairs so well, that, in spite of all the treaties with France and the family relations, Austria stood in a position to reconquer her former dominions and set

* Napoleon, desirous that his ministers should give, each one at his turn, a *fete*, in honor of the new empress, said to the Duke de Feltre—"Eh bien, Clarke, when will you give us a *fete*?" This one being very avaricious, but a great courtier, answered—"I would have done so already, sire, if I had dared to invite your imperial majesty, but"—and here he stopped short. Napoleon looked at him and said, "Speak, speak—but, what but?" The minister, in a low tone, whispered—"but, sire, I am too poor to receive your majesty as you and the empress deserve to be treated." "Ah, ha! I understand, I understand." He took a piece of paper and having written an order to the treasurer of the crown, Esteve, to pay to Clarke the sum of 200,000 francs, he handed it to the minister of war, saying—"Now, Clarke, give us a *fete*!" Thus each minister and the commandant of Paris, Gen. Hulin, received the same sums for the expenses of their *fetes*, which were brilliant.

† See the secret treaty between England, Austria, &c., of Petersburg, April 11, 1805.

and suddenly surprise Napoleon.

When, in 1811, I was in the corps of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarento, in Catalonia, the general conversation was the great probability of a war with Russia, which country from 1810, a few months after Metternich's departure from Paris, began to make preparations for it. The recently named crown prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, secretly opposed to Bonaparte, and burning to avenge the supposed but well deserved public affront received from Napoleon after the battle of Wagram, entered secretly into this league. It is perhaps not generally known that Bernadotte attributed to himself and his corps, the success of this bloody battle. As soon as Napoleon heard of it, he gave, in his order of the day, a formal denial to his "dear and real cousin," and stated, which was true, that the success of the action was greatly due to the bravery and skill of Gens. Macdonald and Oudinot, who were the same day named Marshals of the empire.

been published as examples of beautiful writing, are the merest nonsense imaginable. Indeed the author composed them as a hoax upon those who suffer the jingle of words to mislead their judgment.

(For the Zodiac.)

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.—No. II.

(Never before published.)

His General Staff—History of its Organization.

The writer of these anecdotes found himself as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 16th Regiment of Dragoons, in garrison in the strong fortress of Lille, when, in December, 1800, he received an order from the minister of war in the name of the first consul, to come *without delay* to Paris, and present himself to said minister for further orders. Much surprised at such an unexpected peremptory order, I took leave of my friends, and drove half an hour afterwards out of the gates of Lille, on the high road to Paris. It was near eleven o'clock at night, the 26th of December, dark, stormy, and snowing.

I sat well covered and comfortable in my berline, with four post horses, and attempted to sleep; I could not. During my garrison duty of nearly three months, I had made many agreeable acquaintances, and been introduced into a chosen company of both sexes, from where all formality, stiffness and constraint had been banished, as ridiculous and unsociable. I was, therefore, displeased at my sudden recall, and much more so, as the ministerial despatch was handed to me by a cabinet courier, which puzzled me much. "What can the minister wish? What will the first consul from me? He knows me not; I have never served under his orders; I am a perfect stranger to him." I formed a thousand conjectures and plans, the one more foolish than the other; and tired in seeking some reasonable cause, I exclaimed, "What a fool am I to break my head with things which I soon shall know. Let it be what it may, I care not—am I not a volunteer, and free to accept or to quit the service?" And thus speaking to myself, I wrapped myself closer in my cloak, turned round in a corner and slept.

After having travelled day and night, I arrived, at last at the minister's door, alighted and found about thirty officers of various ranks in the antichamber of the minister, (Alex. Berthier,) quietly awaiting their turn to be admitted to this new excellency's audience. Very little used to such antichamber etiquette, an independent wealthy man, who, born in a foreign country, had come as a volunteer to learn the art of war under a Hoche, Pichegru, Moreau, Aubert Dubaget, and Marceau, I took the liberty to write with a pencil a few lines to the minister, making him acquainted with my arrival, and my day and night journey, requesting a speedy audience. I gave it to an aide-de-camp, who handed it to the minister. Soon after my name was called aloud, the door opened by an huissier, and I introduced into the sanctuary, and presence of the new baked minister. In this cabinet, of a small size, stood General Berthier in full uniform. Not a single chair, nor any other furniture, was in this singular cabinet of audience, but a large table, covered with a green cloth, which divided the room into two, so that it was impossible to approach the minister, who entered and sallied through a door which was opposite to that through which I had entered. Since that time up to Napoleon's exile, all the ministers of war had made this small cabinet their audience room.

General Berthier received me very graciously, and asked me a few insignificant questions about my services, age, family and residence in Paris, which

he marked upon a piece of paper. He added, "Colonel, you have made a long journey in very bad weather, you must be tired. Go and rest yourself, you shall soon hear from me further news." "When, General? to-morrow?" "No, no," said Berthier, smiling, "I shall send for you. Hand your address to the governor of Paris, General Junot, to whom you have to present yourself in quitting me." I bowed quickly and went out, sending to the d—— my journey, Berthier, Junot, and the whole party. I drove to the place Vendôme, and presented myself to the new governor Junot, who received me as an old acquaintance. He laughed heartily when I related to him, in my own frank and warm way, all that had happened to me. He assured me, nevertheless, that, far from having any reason to complain, he thought this order was of a good omen, but would and could tell me no more.

I was, nevertheless, dissatisfied and impatient to know what was going on, when, at last, I received, after three long days of impatience, a summons from the minister of war to present myself the next day, at ten o'clock in the morning, at his hotel.

On arriving I found thirty-five young officers already assembled in the same antichamber. A gentleman clad in black came in and invited us to sit down; he was followed by two clerks, the one holding an inkstand filled with pens, pencils, &c.; the other, a large red port-folio, full of papers. The gentleman in black was the first clerk of the Bureau of the Staff of the army at the war department, very polite, but also very grave and stiff. He sat himself before a table opposite to us, searched in his port folio a large list, and began to say, "Gentlemen, in the name of the First Consul and the minister of war, I am commissioned to make you acquainted with your new destination. The citizen First Consul, desiring to re-organize his army, and particularly his general staff, has caused to send secretly to every commander of a regiment or a battalion, an order with the request to send him a list of those officers able to be employed in the General Staff. As his intentions are that this corps shall be entirely independent from any other in the army, that its officers shall advance independently from those of the line, and be considered as the first in rank in the army, you will allow me to say, that your corps will be highly distinguished and select. Here are twenty-five of you present, permit me to call the roll."

This done, he asked us if we had any objections to leave our respective corps and receive a new destination. Two officers amongst them objected, and he noted their names, regiment, reasons, &c.

We were now informed that the First Consul gave us eight days to prepare duly for our examination before we could be admitted into this new formed corps.

Bonaparte, when named commander of the army of Italy, found many of his staff officers scarcely able to write correctly any military report or order. He himself wrote not only a horrid illegible hand-writing, but his orthography was that of a school boy. He felt nevertheless the utility of such officers, and liked much to see a good hand-writing. He also liked to have attached to his staff young noblemen of wealth, good education, and preferred those who understood and spoke different modern languages. Before and during the revolution, it was very rare to find a Frenchman who understood English or German, and much less one who spoke and wrote it. This defect is still felt in Spain, Portugal and Italy. The Englishmen disdain to speak any other language than their own, whilst all

the northern nations, so commonly called *barbarians*, and generally ridiculed by the vain and light French, or the haughty, dry and proud Englishmen, learn, from their youth, besides their maternal language, one or two modern languages, which they speak and write more correctly than does the Frenchman or Englishman his own.

During the revolution, many able officers, and particularly among the engineers and artillery, were condemned to death or emigrated, and so it came that Bonaparte rapidly advanced, and when commander of the army in Italy felt the necessity of reorganizing the Polytechnic school and the military institution established at Fontainebleau. Both formed good officers of engineers and artillery.

After having amused ourselves at Paris during our 8 days vacation, merry as usual, I for my part cared little to prepare and study all these dry ordinances of artillery, infantry and cavalry, by which man is to learn how to destroy methodically his fellow beings.

I received a note to appear again at the hotel of the minister of war. Here I found about one hundred officers assembled. The same little gentleman in black, followed as before by two clerks, made his appearance. He took his list and called 25 names; the officers thus called were requested to separate from the rest and to step aside. I was amongst them. He called now 25 others who should present themselves the next day; 25 the third and the last 25 the fourth day. He dismissed the 75, so that we 25 first named were obliged to remain.

He invited us to be seated, and left us with his two clerks. I was greatly tempted to escape and to return to my regiment, highly displeased with all these formalities; but my companions and my own curiosity prevented me from going out. At last the minister himself, (Gen. Alexander Berthier,) with the same gentleman in black, followed by a dozen of officers and clerks stepped out from his cabinet and made us graciously acquainted "that we might suffer to be locked up, each separately in a room of the large hotel of the war department for our examination! That we should find good, comfortable warm rooms, a table, chair and every writing material, &c. necessary to answer fully the questions handed to us when in our rooms. That it was the intention of the Citizen First Consul to do us 25 the particular honor of admitting us into his personal staff, as having been selected by himself, after due and ample inquiry, and that he hoped that we would fully justify the honor conferred upon us," &c. &c.

Our little vanity was highly excited; and we submitted readily to be locked up and to conform to the will of the Citizen First Consul. The minister satisfied, dismissed us graciously, and we followed our little gentleman in black.

We were shown each one in our rooms; an usher (*un huissier du ministère de la guerre*) was placed before each door. The gentleman in black laid upon the table of each room the written questions prepared beforehand to be answered, and told us to ring the bell if we were in need of some refreshments, &c. This done, he went out of my room, and the usher very civilly looked in and asked permission to lock me up, adding, that if I wanted anything, I might ring the bell and he would gladly obey my orders. I thanked him, and was left alone.

As soon as I was alone, I sat down before my comfortable chimney fire and perused the questions

given to me, not a little amused at my singular situation. The questions were simple and easy to be answered by me, who had been familiar since my tenth year, with military studies and practice; they gave me not so much trouble as my hungry stomach. I used to take at my residence a hearty breakfast *à la fourchette* at ten, and to dine at five o'clock. I had left my house at the appointed hour of nine, in the hope to return soon to breakfast. It was past eleven o'clock, and I was caught like a bird in a cage! I laughed heartily, and thought to satisfy first my hunger and then to go to work. I tried to open the door and call a servant. But I forgot foolishly my being locked up! I seized the bell and rang it hard. The usher came quickly in, and asked me very politely what I wanted? "Something to eat, my dear fellow, I am hungry and dry! Here is money, send for a good breakfast and a bottle of Chateau Margot." "You will excuse me colonel, I cannot receive any money, it is against my orders, but you shall have immediately a good breakfast." "How so?—a breakfast without money ha ha ha!—that's curious enough! I like such ministers who board us so well!"

The usher shut the door smiling, and came soon with another, who placed before me a copious and chosen breakfast, with the bottle of wine asked for, and they left me, saying, I should ring the bell if I wanted anything else, or when I had done. After having done ample justice to the viands, pastry and wine, I ordered the table to be cleared, and put myself now earnestly at work.

At 5 o'clock I had done, and rang the bell impatient to be relieved from my prison. The usher told me, to my great disappointment, that he was sorry to be unable to let me go out before he had made his report to Mr. Tabarié, (the same gentleman in black.) During the time he went to call him, I was again shut up! I grew again impatient, and was ready to join my regiment where I commanded, and was not submitted to such humiliating ceremonies.

My impatience happily subsided after a few minutes, when I heard some hasty steps and the key turning at my door. In came the attentive and friendly Mr. Tabarié, and said very politely to me, that I should excuse the usher and himself, as they had received the most severe orders from the minister, to behave exactly as they had done. This put me again in my good humor, and I handed my writings to this worthy clerk. He took and put the papers in a green portfolio, put a large strip of strong paper round, sealed it, and requested me to put my name, native place, age, time of service, &c., upon the cover. This done, he wrote under it "Received and sealed said papers in presence of Lt. Col." &c., and he and I signed it. This ceremony over I was at liberty to retire.

After a delay of ten days, I was anew summoned to appear at the hotel of the minister, and found about 200 officers in two different rooms. In the large entry I found two clerks seated before a table, placed close before the entry door of each saloon, so that nobody could enter without being seen by one of the four. Without wishing to take any notice of these clerks, I passed the table and opened the door on the right side where I was used to enter, when an officer inside asked me for my number.—"Number, number?" said I, "what do you mean?"—"I beg your pardon colonel; have you not received a card of entry from the bureau outside?" and thus saying, he opened the door and called one of the clerks by name, asking him,

why he had not given me a number? He politely requested me to hand him my letter from the minister, took it, stepped out, remained a few minutes and came in again, saying to me, "Here, my colonel is your number. Keep it, it is a good one! Pass this way if you please!"—I thanked him, very much amused with all these formalities.

I found in the next room about a dozen other officers entirely unknown to me, and was very curious to know how all this might end! After about an hour's delay, we were called by Mr. Tabarié and shown into a larger and better furnished room. He took a list and called aloud our names. I was the fourth named out of twenty-one. "It's all right gentlemen," said he to us, "please to be seated. I am going to call the minister, he wishes to see you." Soon after General Berthier appeared and paid us a fine compliment declaring, that the First Consul, pleased with the good notes received from our regiment, and much more with our writings and military solutions of the given questions submitted to a commission, had selected us twenty-one to form a part of his personal staff; and that he (Berthier) as the named chief of said staff, considered us as belonging to the First Consul's and his own family. He invited us to dine with him for the next day, but to come the same evening at eight o'clock at his hotel, when he would introduce us to the First Consul, who wished to see us.

I went home extremely satisfied, and invited four of my new comrades to dine with me. We were all merriness and joy, and went to the minister in full uniform. At precisely eight o'clock we were all assembled at his hotel, and general Berthier, also in uniform, complimented us on our military exactness. We jumped in our carriages, forming a procession and following that of our new chief in full speed. When we alighted at the Luxembourg,* we were shown in an elegant apartment splendidly illuminated, and Berthier left us alone.

My heart beat doubly at seeing myself in the abode of and so near to a man whose deeds and fame were spread throughout the world. After having waited about half an hour, a door opened and before us appeared a thin, yellow faced, pale and small man, with deep lying but sparkling eyes. He was clad in a green coat, a kind of dragon uniform, with two silver epaulettes, a white not very clean waistcoat, green pantaloons and boots. Such was the First Consul when I was presented to him for the first time in my life. Berthier and Duroc entered with him. We arose and he welcomed us very graciously, making to us individually various questions upon our age, services, country, family, &c., and appeared to be pleased when he heard that I was a volunteer, highly honored to learn under such a master the difficult science of war. He appeared much pleased when he heard that I had been an aid-de-camp of General Hoche, of whom he spoke in warm terms, and he added that he would give me frequent opportunities to try my skill, (*savoir faire*.) My frank and quick reply to various questions made me, appeared to be agreeable to him, he smiled in turning towards Berthier and Duroc and said *bien, bien*. After a long conversation, he made a short and even awkward bow and retired; and thus our first audience was ended.

This is the short history of the formation of Napoleon's staff, to which besides us and thirty other officers belonging to his particular staff, about 190 other officers were added at that time, who belonged to the general staff of the French army.

* Then Bonaparte's new residence.

These staff officers were afterwards increased with the number of armies, particularly in 1812 and 13 to above three thousand.

D. H.

(For the Zodiac.)

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.—No. III.

(Never before published.)

The General Berthier, prince de Neuchâtel, Major-General of the Emperor Napoleon, was always very attentive and polite, and invited me often to dine with him. Berthier was generally of an equal, easy and mild temper, but felt sometimes uneasy, unquiet, and even sad. I remarked often a heavy cloud on his brow, and appearing worn out with day and night work. It very often happened that he was called at one or two o'clock in the night, to work with the First Consul, who reprimanded him sometimes sharply, when something was not done at the prescribed time, or at his wishes. For, already at that time, Bonaparte began to be very imperious and absolute.

I was one day on duty. I must explain in what consisted the duty of a staff officer when in Paris. I belonged to this staff. Berthier being chief of the staff, and minister of war, was at that time ordered to prepare secretly the materials for a formidable army, collected to attack Austria, which was again menacing France, and anxious to preserve its Italian possessions. Our new chief gave us plenty to do, and we were day and night busily engaged to write, or orders to go abroad and transmit verbally the necessary arrangements for the different corps, inspect them, and see that all might be as prescribed. Every 24 hours, each of us was on duty, viz., each must make himself ready to be on horseback, or in a post chaise, in a few minutes, to ride day and night some hundred miles or more—finish his commission, and return as quick as he went, without allowing himself a single moment of rest.

At such a day, (March 15th, 1801) being on duty, I was sent for on some pressing business by Gen. Alexander Berthier to the First Consul.—“Ah well, there you are, I am pleased to see you, what news?” said Gen. Bonaparte to me in good humour. I made my commission, which was done in a few words. He looked on me, and asked, after having mused awhile—“Are you on duty?” “Yes, citizen General.” “Well, say to Berthier, to name another in your place, I want you—but return quick.” I swung myself upon my horse, gave Berthier an account of my commission, and told him what was the desire of the First Consul in regard to me. Berthier smiled and said, “I think I shall not see you in a couple of days.” Not understanding what he meant, I returned to the Tuilleries in full speed. “What!” cried the First Consul, “so quick returned! Have you spoken with Berthier?” “Yes, General.” “Are you free from duty?” “Yes, I am.” “Well I shall prove to you that I have a good memory, and that I have not forgotten you. I will give you a commission, in which you may have an opportunity to learn not only to command, but that which is more difficult, to provide for the wants and health of our soldiers.” He took from his table a folded paper, and in handing it to me he said, “Here is your commission—read it over, and see if you feel able to fulfil it as I expect you may, without losing a single minute of time.”

The paper contained an order to all the civil and military authorities to assist me, without the least delay, and furnish me with the means and advices (renseignement) of which I might be in need of. I had to inspect the state of provisions, the means of transport of every description, for the army to be sent to Dijon, as also the accounts of various com-

missaires de guerre, secretly accused of malversation, &c. &c.

My commission was very delicate and laborious, as on my report depended the fate of various officers of the military administration.

During the time that I read the paper, Bonaparte stood some minutes before me, and stared me right in my face; then he sat down again, stood up, and wanted to read my thoughts in my physiognomy.— When I had done reading, he asked me, “ Well, Mr. Danisman ” (*Monsieur le Danois*, his usual favorite expression, when he addressed me in good humor,) “ will and can you do my commission ? ” — “ Yes, my General, I will at least try my best to fulfil your intentions.” “ Well, well, I thought so, I thought so—but when will you be ready to start ? ” “ Now General, I am ready.” “ What! already! How then ? ” I explained to him, now that every day when my turn on duty came, I had given the most strict order to my household to have my travelling Berline in perfect readiness, and post horses prepared beforehand, so that I could start immediately wherever I was commissioned to go. He seemed much pleased with my explanation, and I went off.

As my Berline was so arranged that I could sleep at full length, I felt not much the fatigue of my journey, and returned after an absence of six days to render a full account of my mission, with which he appeared well pleased.

From that day he treated me with great kindness.

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

(Never before published.)

NAPOLÉON AND BERNADOTTE.

After the battle of Wagram, the emperor sent me, Generals d'Hastrel, Reille, one of his aid-de-camps and Conroux de Pepinville from Schönbrunn to Antwerp.

Marshal Bernadotte, prince of Ponte Corvo, had been named commander-in-chief of this army corps, called army of the north. It is a well known fact, that Bernadotte, very vain and a great boaster, had, in a pompous address to his soldiers, attributed, particularly to their bravery, and of course to his skilful dispositions, the brilliant success of this long and bloody battle. It is also known, that Bernadotte, before the conspiracy of St. Cloud, was minister of war, and openly opposed to the ambitious views of the c——d Corsican, (as he expressed himself.) The timorous and vacillating measures of Gohier and Moulins, and especially the venality of Barras, contributed to the success of St. Cloud, where Lucien Bonaparte was the true hero, while Napoleon remained much behind him.

Both, Napoleon and Bernadotte, the one a Corsican, the other a native of the southern province of *Beau*, in France, were of an ambitious, vain, and irritable character, and secretly hated each other. Napoleon was selfish, profoundly dissimulated and of a vindictive character, while Bernadotte was liberal, frank, open and generous. The former calculated deep, and had much of the Machiavelic character, while the other sacrificed money and even comfort to promote the welfare of all those who served under his orders, and who possessed real merit. Both were brave and great tacticians, and some even will say that Bernadotte surpassed Bonaparte in military skill. Without being able to ascertain how far this is grounded, at least it is a well known fact, that after the death of Gen. Moreau, it was Bernadotte, then prince royal of Sweden, whose advices were followed, about generally, upon the further military operations of the allies in these unhappy campaigns of 1813, and 1814. After the bloody battle of Leipzig, Napoleon exclaimed, *Ah ce Bèarnais, ce Bèarnais, il nous le payera!*

After the battle of Wagram, Bernadotte gave general dissatisfaction to every one of us, by his boasting address to the individuals composing his corps d'armée, to whom he ascribed principally the success of this battle. As soon as Napoleon had read it, he was highly excited, censured Marshal Bernadotte publicly in his bulletin of the army, and sent for him. High words passed between these two haughty and irritable personages, and both talked very loud in the cabinet of the emperor. Soon after Bernadotte departed in all haste from Vienna as an exile, to remain suspended of all active service on his country-seat, at 25 leagues from Paris, and to stir not from it, without Napoleon's express order. Every one of us understood it as a military punishment, or to keep the arrest.

Bernadotte, compelled to obey, arrived highly incensed at Châson. This affair made an unfavorable impression upon the numerous friends of Bernadotte, and General Maisons, his aid-de-camp, and greatly attached to him, having spoken loud

enough against the harshness of this measure, was ordered to depart instantly for another army, and I found him a few weeks after commanding a brigade of the north army, at Breda.

As Madame Bernadotte, and Mad. Joseph Bonaparte, were sisters, the former wrote to the latter, urging her intercession in regard to her husband with Joseph, whom among all his brothers, Napoleon liked the best. The wife of Bernadotte is a lively, high spirited lady; but as in her correspondence with her sister, some harsh expressions escaped her against Napoleon, by which the latter, of a very timid and cautious character, was prevented from interfering, all remained as before.

At a sudden, the minister of war, Clarke, Duke de Feltre, received by a telegraphic despatch the unexpected invasion of an English army corps upon the Polders, and that the strong fortress of Antwerp was menaced. It was well known that, from the beginning of the war, the English government had manifested a strong desire of possessing this important place.

As the Duke de Feltre had received previously to Napoleon's departure from Paris, a full authorization to act as he thought best, in case of any unexpected commotion during Napoleon's absence, and as very few troops remained in Antwerp and its environs, the minister, although aware of the disgrace of Bernadotte, hesitated not a moment to appoint him provisory commander of the sea and land forces of this new army corps, called l'armée du Nord, which was to be created entirely anew, armed, clothed and organized.

The northern departments of France represented now but one large camp. Bernadotte and his staff, powerfully supported by the minister and the civil and military authorities, did wonders. The prince of Ponte Corvo is one of the most active, brave, intelligent and skilful generals, whom I have ever known. He hastened to the spot and united to the forces of Gen. Rostolan, and Charbonnier, governor of Maastricht, attacked the English, cleared the coast and saved Antwerp. Had these latter not hesitated to advance rapidly upon this city, they would, thus was the general opinion, have in all probability taken it by a *coup de main*; their hesitation and delay gave Bernadotte the time to arrive, and Antwerp was saved.

One of his principal measures was to send and assemble all the forces which could be disposed of in the northern departments in Gendarmerie, on foot and on horseback, as well as the national guards, to which were added about 3,000 volunteers. All these troops arrived in carts, wagons, post chaises and on horseback. Such was the enthusiasm, that in travelling night and day by troops of 200 and more, the common councils of the villages, towns and cities, had prepared breakfast, dinner, fresh horses, &c. beforehand, so that they suffered not the least delay, and that in a few weeks the Marshal had between 50 to 60,000 men under his command, where before scarcely were 4,000.

As soon as Napoleon had received the news from his minister of war of Bernadotte's provisory appointment, he felt uneasy, sent a sharp reprimand to his dear cousin, the Duke de Feltre, the most submissive slave of his imperial master, and ordered Berthier, prince of Neufchatel, his major-general, to invite marshal Bessieres to come and speak with him. As soon as Bessieres arrived, the two remained alone in his (Bonaparte's) cabinet, for more than an hour, locked up with the strictest order of not being interrupted.

Bessieres, although one of the greatest courtiers of Napoleon's court, behaved on this occasion with great propriety, and was candid enough to represent to Napoleon how much Bernadotte was beloved, how many great and valuable services he had rendered, and all that he had done in this extraordinary occasion of having saved Antwerp and the whole coast, and how he had organized and formed in such a short time such a numerous and respectable army. Napoleon, impatient interrupted Bessieres three or four times in an angry tone, in saying "Well, well, we know all this, but you, marshal Bessieres, remember well that I have not sent for you to receive any lesson from you, but to name you to take charge of the command of this *respectable* army." Bessieres finished now by *supplicating* his majesty to grant him at least a little time after such a fatiguing campaign in which he had bravely distinguished himself. The emperor said finally to him in a milder tone and smiling, "Well, Bessieres, it is true you have suffered great hardships, and so have my brave cavalry of the guard, which the marshal commanded then. I will grant you a fortnight, but remember in fifteen days from here you must be ready to depart."

(To be continued.)

[From the London New Monthly Magazine.]
SABBATH MORNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Rise, young mechanic! Idle darkness leaves
The dingy town, and cloudless morning glows:
Oh, rise, and worship Him who spins and weaves
Into the petals of the hedge-side rose
Day's golden beams and all embracing air!
Rise, for the morn of Sabbath riseth fair!
The clouds expect thee—rise! the stonechat hops
Among the mosses of thy granite chair;
Go, tell the plover on the mountain tops,
That we have cherish'd nests and hidden wings—
Wings? Aye, like those on which the Seraph flings
His sun-bright speed from star to star abroad:
And we have music like the whisperings
Of streams in heaven: our *labor* is an ode
Of sweet, sad praise to Him who loves the right,
And cannot He, who spins the beauteous light,
And weaves the air into the wild flowers' huca,
Give to thy soul the mountain torrent's might,
Or fill thy veins with sunbeams, and diffuse
Over thy thoughts the green wood's melody?
Yea, this and more He can and will for thee,
If thou wilt read, engraven on the skies
And restless waves, "That Sloth is misery;
And that our worth from our necessities
Flows, as the rivers from his clouds descend!"

TASTE.

BY THE SAME.

When o'er her dying child we hear
The hopeless mother sigh,
"There is a better world," we sob,
"Can such affection die?"
Perhaps, it can,—for wolves and worms
Have their affections, too;
And passion sometimes loves the false
Even better than the true.

But Taste—in its infinity,
Its beauty, and its might—
Walks through the beams of common day,
In robes of heavenly light;
A spirit—aye, a deathless Eve,
To man's pure bosom given:
They meet—earth's Eden is not lost!
They part—to meet in heaven!

What power, like that which turns to bliss
The mournful and the dull,
And from the dust beneath our feet
Calls up the beautiful,
Can bid the hopes of frailty soar,
Undying Life, to thee?
Pride dies with man; but Taste predicts
His immortality.

Ibid.

Dr. Price, and others, upon the American theory of government. He afterwards published Discourses on Davila, in 1790, and after filling the highest office in the gift of his countrymen, withdrew to private life, and the cultivation of letters.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

(Never before published.)

NAPOLEON AND BERNADOTTE.—NO. II.

Meanwhile Bernadotte, being in the midst of his great and active exertions to put his new army in a respectable situation, was highly pleased with the zeal and readiness with which his general and staff officers assisted him to organize and form his new corps. He insisted, a few days after my arrival from Schonbrunn, that I should accept the office of *Inspector-general des revues*, and sent me to the island of Bommel to organize there a corps of 5,000 national guards and gendarmerie. I have stated elsewhere, that I served as a volunteer, and although not a born Frenchman, I was, since my fourth year, educated in France, rich, and greatly attached to the military art; I had accepted neither salary nor title whatever, wishing absolutely to remain independent, and to acknowledge no *mastership* upon my actions, and far less upon my writings or my tongue. This was generally known throughout the army, and when Napoleon had, in 1800, admitted me in his particular staff, the then minister of war, major-general of his consular staff, to whom I had frankly communicated my wishes, spoke to the consul Bonaparte about it, and finding this request, so singular, that he not only granted my request, but received me at my first audience, when I, with my other companions, were presented to him with so much distinction, as I have stated elsewhere. From this time he continued to treat me with great kindness, and whatever his spies reported him of my often strong conversations and opinions in regard to his policy, he would say, "Oh, well, well, I know him, I know him—let him speak!"

Thus then I found myself in a very happy and independent situation, which made me soon welcome, and facilitated me every means of access into the highest circles at court at Paris and in the army.—These different schools, and my long travels and arduous studies, have been very useful to me in every regard in the sharp observation of mankind, as well as particularly in the adoption of the application of a *practical and true philosophy of life*, by which I find myself in my old age happy and contented in the narrow circle of my family, my children, and some few good and chosen friends.

Before I departed for my mission, I dined with Bernadotte, whose spirited wife had arrived a few days before, and spent a very merry day and evening with them. Bernadotte, after dinner, was speaking with Gen. Klein and me of various changes which he intended to make in his army, as he said, and was in high spirits. But curious to mention, he approached, while speaking with us, to a large looking-glass, which was upon the mantle-piece, adjusted his cravat, pulled his few hairs upon his bald forehead, and adjusted afterwards some buttons at his uniform and his pantaloons. These curious manœuvres were a second habit in him. He did so when I was at Hamburg, Hanover and Barmen with him, and he was the same in Antwerp.

Vain, proud, and very passionate, he nevertheless came quickly to himself, was frank, open, a great strategist and general, and above all a strict observer of military discipline, humane and honest. He and Macdonald were the poorest marshals of France. Bernadotte was in proportion much richer than the latter, as having, like Joseph and Suchet, married the daughter of Mr. Clary, a wealthy merchant at Marseilles, at a time when all three were in humble and subaltern stations.

When I returned from my mission, I found a great change at Antwerp, still the head-quarters of the Prince de Ponte Corvo. He looked gloomy and even dejected, and in entering his private cabinet I saw him leaning in his arm-chair, a letter in his hand. He received me with his usual kindness, with these words: "I am very sorry, sir, to announce to you that we are to be separated very soon. Bessières will arrive in eight days and take the command of my fine army, for which I have done so much; Gen. d'Harstrel has already taken the office of major general, and in order to recompense my excellent friend and former major-general Rostolan, I have sent him as governor at Brussels, but God knows if he will stay long there; then it may cross the mind of this Corsican, who dislikes Rostolan as being my best friend, to send one of his favorites in his place, and put him again on half pay," &c. &c.

After having talked a great while, he sprang up and said, "come, come my friend, my wife (ma femme) will be happy to see you, let us go down." We found there some company, and I was detained to dine with them. The guests were few, and the conversation far of that of the dinner party before my departure. There reigned a certain constraint and stiffness on the part of some miserable courtiers, who saw in Bernadotte already the disgraced commander, as also on the part of the prince and his lively and polite partner. I saw clearly that their dejection and secret malcontent pierced through the grand efforts made to appear as usual.

Four days afterwards, Bessières arrived with a brilliant retinue, and as he was commander of the cavalry of the imperial guard, he had many officers of these different corps, who had accompanied him on leave. As this marshal was in high favor at court, he aped much the abrupt and haughty manners of his master, and during the few days of Bernadotte's stay at Antwerp, I observed a great coldness between them and their friends. As many of the officers of the guard were of a haughty and arrogant character, there unhappily existed many disputes which ended in bloody duels. It was the same case with these officers of the guards and those of the navy, and Admiral Missiessy was obliged, at various occasions, to keep the numerous officers of his fleet on board to avoid further bloodshed.

This admiral, a great courtier, invited Marshal Bessières, the second day of his arrival, and whilst the Prince of Ponte Corvo was still at Antwerp, on board of his fine ship, and gave him a splendid dinner, whilst the table of Bernadotte was quite deserted. But, *ainsi va la monde!*

THE BEGGAR AT THE BARRIER DE PASSY.

[From the French.]

Many years since, when I was a young man about twenty years of age, I used very frequently to spend the Sunday with my mother, who resided at Versailles, this being the only day of the week on which I could leave Paris. I generally walked as far as the Barrier, and thence I took a seat in one of the public carriages to my mother's house. When I happened to be too early for the diligence, I used to stop and converse with a beggar whose name was Anthony, and who regularly took his station at the Barrier de Passy, where, in a loud voice, he solicited alms from every one who passed, with a degree of perseverance that was really astonishing. I generally gave him a trifle without inquiring whether he deserved it or not, partly because I had got into the habit of doing so, and partly to get rid of his importunities. One day in summer, as I waited for the diligence, I found Anthony at his usual post, exerting his lungs, and bawling incessantly his accustomed form of petition—"For the love of heaven bestow yours alms on a poor man—Messieurs, Mesdames, the smallest trifle will be gratefully received."

While Anthony was in this manner pouring his

* See Knickerbocker, October, 1834, article, "Secret Police of Bonaparte."

on produce, and to the attainment of this respectability and distinction Mr. Jefferson contributed his full proportion."

Indeed we may claim for the proper discharge of the duties of the office of Secretary of State, a more than ordinary share of talent and learning. The possessor should be thoroughly conversant with the principles of the constitution and laws. He should be a lawyer in the extended sense of the word, and thoroughly acquainted with the principal modern languages, as well as the Latin. In the latter branch of the civil law and the law of nations is yet found, the former partially understood or not at all, leave him at the mercy of hireling transactors, and often expose him to the consequences of an imperfect comprehension of the spirit of the contracting parties. He should be a thorough historian, for who does not know that the treaties of nations are a part of history, and must constantly be referred to, to settle disputed points. He should be a belles lettres scholar, to express himself with propriety of diction and elegance of style. All these qualities he possessed, and brought to bear in his official career.

His report on a uniform system of currency and of weights and measures, was also evidence of his talent and research. His manual for the direction of legislators is another useful work, and of standard authority. His correspondence has recently been collected and published by his grandson, T. Jefferson Randolph, and has attracted the greatest attention in this country and abroad. It includes his autobiography as far as the year 1790.

It is impossible, in the brief limits assigned us by our subject, to enter into a discussion of the numerous public schemes of utility which at his suggestion were adopted, or relate the numerous literary honors which he received. His desire to improve the agriculture of his state, to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and to promote education, are of themselves, without reference to his leading political measures, sufficient to eternize his name. His memorable death occurring with that of Mr. Adams, on the day of his country's anniversary, seemed to correspond with the other events of his life.

"O, many a time it hath been told,
The story of those men of old—
For this— for poetry hath wreath'd
Her sweetest, purest flower,
For this proud eloquence hath breath'd,
His strain of loftiest power!
Devotion too hath hugg'd round
Each spot of consecrated ground,
And never may they rest unming
While liberty can find a tongue!
Twine gratitude! a wreath for them,
More deathless than the diadem!
Who to life's noblest end
Gave up life's noblest powers,
And leide the legacy descend
Down—down to us and ours!"

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

(Continued.)

In his campaign against Austria the first consul received every day during his march against Ulm, the bitterest complaints that the *commissaires de guerre* were not exact in their distributions, and did not give to each regiment either the prescribed quantity or quality of provisions. He was highly excited, and exclaimed at various times, "*Ah les voleurs, les voleurs, j'en ferai un exemple!*" (Oh the robbers, the robbers, I shall soon make an example of them.)

In his first campaigns as consul, and even as emperor, Bonaparte established his head-quarters in

palaces or large houses, surrounded by a numerous guard and a brilliant retinue. General Alexander Berthier, as major-general of the staff, marched with a strong escort in advance to provide beforehand a comfortable lodging, and other accommodations for his new master. Berthier, of a feeble and servile character, was very zealous to please his superior by compliance, with all his frequent whims, and suffered many times severe reprimands, given even in our presence. Berthier chose, therefore, as often as he could, to procure for himself a separate lodging, and was never better pleased than when he could obtain a few moments of respite and rest. And these even, he could not enjoy in quietness, as I frequently observed him rising from his field bed on hearing the least noise, and asking us in an anxious tone, "has the first consul called me?" His was truly the life of a wretched slave surrounded with all the brilliancy of rank and power!

One day we arrived at a small German town, Rautlingen, where we were to pass the night. The rain had continued to fall upon us during the whole day, and every one of us was completely drenched; when Bonaparte perceived at a distance the towers of the churches of the place, he spurred his horse, impatient to arrive, and perceiving a sentry before a very small and poor looking house, he stopped, alighted and went in. He surprized Berthier seated before a comfortable fire, who, seeing the first consul, jumped from his arm-chair and excused himself by stammering out that he had not expected him so soon, and explaining that this was not his (the consul's) prepared quarters which were in a large house on the public square, where he would be a thousand times more comfortably and *honorably* lodged than in this miserable hut. "In whose lodgings am I here?" asked Bonaparte. "It is my humble abode," answered Berthier, in an embarrassed manner. The consul looked round, and with a smile said, "Well, Mr. Le Major-General, we will change—I will remain here and go you to my quarters. Send for my maps and papers, and remove this table nearer to the fire." This done, after a very considerable bustle, to the great annoyance of us all, Bonaparte continued until the night was far advanced, working, wet as he was, in his cabinet.

The next morning the army was in full march and the weather clear. But the rain had so much affected the roads that the artillery, baggage, &c., could only advance with great difficulty. The consul anxious to gain the advanced guard, ordered some guides* to clear the road, and to put the soldiers in two files, so that he might pass more at his ease. When we passed we all heard many voices among the soldiers exclaiming, "It is well said, easily said, but how shall we walk faster when we have nothing in our bowels!" (*Ah vraiment, vraiment! trimez, trimez, (go on, go on,) lorsqu'on n'a rien dans le fana!* (stomach.) The consul hearing these expressions from the mouth of a handsome looking voltigeur, ordered him to step out from his rank and file, and asked him if he had not received his rations? "No, not a bit, except this old crust of bread," showing it to the consul. "Is that all?" "Yes, general." "To what division do you belong?" "To General Regnier's." "Call him." After a severe examination in presence of the whole column, which had received the order to suspend its march, the commissaire de

* A corps of young noblemen, of which he had made a particular guard, in imitation of the *Mousquetaires du Roi*.

guerre was convicted of fraud and negligence, and was ordered to be shot at twenty paces from the column in less than twenty minutes. The wretched man (Pommier) was pilled but by few, and the following day the army was well provided.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

(Continued.)

In my last number, I gave some outlines of the secret policy of Napoleon, in regard to the means employed by him to consolidate his power, which in the end justly turned against him.

I will relate now, what happened shortly after my arrival at Antwerp. It is necessary to state what had passed previously. The minister of war, Gen. Clarke, Duke de Feltre, received in Nov. 1809, shortly after the repulsion of the English invasion in the Polders, to carry by surprize the strong city of Antwerp, the secret order of Napoleon, to address a circular to the prefects of the new incorporated departments, in which he invited them in the name of the emperor and king, to send him an exact list of the young men in their departments from 18 up to 25 years of age, whose parents were rich; and particularly of those families secretly hostile to the new order of things. It was prescribed as indispensable to note exactly the names, ages and families of said young men; their size, constitution, character, connexions, attainments and dispositions; the fortune or property possessed, or expected; single or married; and if the latter, to state in what families; to mark if they were fit to be placed in the artillery, cavalry, or infantry, &c.

This curious circular, of which several copies have fallen into my hands, finished with the following remarkable clause: "As the *benevolent* intentions of his majesty, the emperor and king, are to gain the affection and the love of his new subjects, he invites you, Mr. Prefect, to use your utmost exertions to keep this measure secret, and to communicate it to no living soul, and this upon your personal responsibility, and to send me said list in the course of a fortnight, as complete as possible."

The same minister had also, the order to send a similar circular to each lieut. governor, commander of the troops in his department, with the same injunctions of secrecy and speediness. But not satisfied with this double list, Fouché, minister of the general police, received a separate secret order, to send another circular to each director of the police residing in the capital of each department.

As the two ministers were bound to keep the greatest secrecy, the one did not know, nor dream of what the other was doing, or had done. The same happened with the prefects, the generals and the directors of the police, in the different departments.

The three lists came to Paris at the prescribed time; the emperor named five counsellors of the state, who were formed into a special commission, charged to compare and examine these different

reports. Where the notes appeared to disagree greatly, or where some doubts were raised in the minds of the commissioners, intelligent and secret agents were sent to the different places, to furnish them with further particulars, and all settled, they sent the names of these young men to the different departments, and for each one an imperial and royal commission of a lieutenancy in the artillery, infantry, or cavalry. With these came the order to pay to each thus named individual, the sum of one thousand francs, as a gratification for equipment, armament, &c., and to depart in the course of eight days.

Having been sent by the emperor after the battle of Wagram, from Schönbrunn to the army, commanded ad interim by the prince of Ponte Corvo, Marshal Bernadotte, I was lodged on my arrival at Antwerp, in the large house of Mr. Vander Leyen, a wealthy manufacturer, of respectable connexions. I had the happiness to gain his confidence by some services rendered to him and his family. One day I accompanied him to the little town of Leers, six leagues from Antwerp, where his principal manufactory was established. I found him unusually taciturn, and even dejected, and when at first I asked him the reason of his extraordinary melancholy, he shook his head and would not answer me; but at last he related to me how the prefect had the day before, invited his future son-in-law to appear at the prefecture, and given him, to his great amazement, a commission, as second lieutenant in a regiment of dragoons, at present in garrison at Barcelona, in Spain. I knew this young man, who had just established himself as a commission merchant, and whose wedding had been fixed already. The whole family was in the greatest consternation, as can be easily imagined. In vain had the young merchant represented to the prefect, that he never had thought of embracing the military career, of which he knew nothing; that he was on the eve of marriage, &c. &c. All his protestations, offers of money, and even supplications were in vain; the prefect grew at last angry, and asked him if he liked not to serve such a great sovereign, who gave him such a striking proof of his confidence and affection, and left him the alternative, to accept, or to be arrested and carried by the gendarmerie from brigade to his place of depot, at Barcelona. He received his commission in despair, and went late in the evening to the house of Mr. Vander Leyen. I was invited to dine out that same evening, and returned late, so that I had heard nothing of the whole transaction. The next day I promised to do my best, to speak with the prefect and with the prince. Both appeared much concerned, and to take a lively interest in the young man's fate; at last the prince told me to offer for his exemption of service, twenty young men not in the class of the conscription, and that the family might write to the emperor a brief statement of these extraordinary circumstances, which the prefect should confirm. This was done and sent by express to Napoleon, wherever he should be found. After several days of anxious expectation, the answer was more favorable than was expected. He was graciously dismissed from any military service, permitted to remain at Antwerp, and the offer of twenty young men declined.