

**THE SECRET  
HISTORY**  
Of  
**THE COURT AND  
CABINET**  
Of  
**ST CLOUD**



**1806**

**The Secret History**  
Of  
**The Court and Cabinet**  
Of  
**St Cloud**

in a

**Series of letters from a gentleman at Paris to a  
Nobleman in London**

**Written during the months of August, September,  
and October, 1805.**

**In Three Volumes**

**Volume 1**

**London**

**Printed for John Murray,  
32 Fleet Street**

**1806**



## INTRODUCTION

### **LETTER I Page 10**

Buonaparte's political character contrasted with his military education and life—governed by courtiers and favourites. General Duroc—his character—the causes of his advancement—his military exploits in Italy and Egypt, and political missions to Berlin, and St. Petersburg!—visits Madame Burned, a female intriguer—his blunder in consequence—the Polish Count S—tz—his character—dupes Duroc—Duroc's marriage.

### **LETTER II Page 14**

Joseph Buonaparte—his character as a negotiator—the puppet of Talleyrand. Talleyrand's intrigues, and motives for employing the brothers of Buonaparte. Lucicu's embassy to Spain. Joseph's rapacity, connection with, an a army contractor, and stock-jobbing. Secret articles of the Treaty of Luneville—Buonaparte's offence at them—reproaches Talleyrand. Departure of Lord Whitworth in 1803—Buonaparte's rage and speech to Talleyrand on the occasion, and violent conduct towards his mother, wife, &c.

### **LETTER III Page 17**

Debates on the religious concordat—opposed by different factions—Buonaparte's mother, how, far instrumental in procuring the restoration of religious worship. Cardinal. Gonsalvi and Bishop Bernier—their intrigues and characters. Madame Buonaparte's astonishment on being ordered to attend mass. Sic.—her hypocrisy—watched by spies—her mode of passing her time, at chapel discovered—regulations in consequence. Conversation at Viscount de Segue's. on the religious principles of the French—imprudent remark of a young officer, the cause of his transportation to Cayenne.

### **LETTER IV Page 20**

The assumption of the Imperial dignity, long determined on by Buonaparte—delayed by the rupture with England. His good fortune mistaken for political foresight. Though disgrace of Moreau, the murder of the Duke of Enghien, Pichegru, and Georges, and the treachery towards Mr. Drake, not necessary steps to his elevation. Moreau not dangerous as a rival to Buonaparte—why not assassinated. Honourable conduct of Pichegru the day before his death. Murat the executioner of the Duke of Enghien.

### **LETTER V Page 24**

The characters of the principal emigrants well known to the French government—Mehée de la Touche—his perfidy and ingratitude—his mission and intrigues in England—refused the wages of his infamy by Talleyrand. Real, a forgery committed by him in 1788—strange mixture of society at his house. Madame do Soubray—her severe reproof of Mehée de la Touche



**LETTER VI Page 27**

Unhappiness of Madame Napoleone on the day of her coronation—discipline of the Court of St. Cloud entirely military—formation of the household entrusted to Madame Napoleon— consequent embarrassment—extricated by an expedient proposed by De Segur. Madame Napoleone confined—released at the intercession of her daughter

**LETTER VII Page 30**

Religions discussion tolerated—why—remonstrance of Cardinal Caprara on the subject Two authors transported to Cayenne— Pigault Le Bron owes his escape to Madame Murat— Cardinal Caprara's influence over Buonaparte— defeats a cabal formed against him, and turns it to his advantage—employed by the Pope in his secret negotiations at Paris—teases Buonaparte and is confined by him, but obtains his object—trick attempted to be played on him, ends unfortunately foe the contriver.

**LETTER VIII Page 34**

Grave dress and puritanical demeanour of the company at Madame Napoleon's last levee previous to meeting the Pope—Buonaparte surrounded by Cantina's and Priests—remark of General Kellerman—occasions his disgrace— conduct of the company on quitting rite levee —Princess Burghese's ideas respecting a parrot and an almoner, monkeys and chaplains

**LETTER IX Page 36**

The reception of Bonaparte as Emperor, by the army army of England, not Battering— ascribed by him to the adherents of Pichegru and Moreau —his conduit in consequence— orders a grenadier to be shot, and disbands a regiment. Effect produced on the military by the distribution of the ribbons, &c. of the Legion of Honour. The French ports declared to be in a state of blockade by the English— Buonaparte's rage and agitation—fires at some British cruisers—breaks six officers of artillery, and assaults another—quits the camp in disgust

**LETTER X Page 39**

Count Cobentzel advises his Sovereign to assume the title of Emperor of Austria—his political employments and character— his passion foe women—Talleyrand's opinion of him—invited: by Buonaparte to visit the camps of the army @f England. Talleyrand's note proscribing all British agents and ambassadors. Buonaparte's, arrival at Aix la Cbapelle—is met there by though foreign ambassadors—presented with relics of. Charlemagne, and punishes a German professor for proving them forgeries



**LETTER XI Page 42**

Bonaparte finds his wife involved in gambling debts, and surrounded by Jews and other creditors—Talleyrand's mode of settling their demands—Count de Segur completes Buonaparte's household establishment—his character, and public employments—his domestic misfortunes. Character of the members of Buonaparte's civil list—methods adopted to augment it with Prussian and German Nobles

**LETTER XII. Page 45**

Buonaparte's intention to seize on the Empire of Germany—his secret treaties with the petty German Princes at Mentz—the French Revolution not looked on as dangerous in Germany—why? The Elector of Bavaria—his character, and obligations to Louis XVI—governed by Montgelas, the idol of illuminati, and patron of atheists—the progress of illumination in Bavaria—Montgelas concerned in the plot against Mr. Drake—his character

**LETTER XIII Page 48**

Attendance of German Princes and Princesses on the Empress Josephine at Mentz, and rich presents to her—bribery and corruption openly practised there—disappointment of the German Princes—high price demanded by Talleyrand for indemnities—his intrigue with the Countess de L—and the Baroness de S—i—repulsed by the Princess of Buonaparte's jealousy—mistakes the objects of Count de L—ge's attention to the Empress Josephine—his proceedings in consequence. The avarice of the Empress

**LETTER XIV Page 51**

Former intimacy of the Writer with Madame Napoleon and her daughter—their friendly behaviour on his first introduction to them since their elevation—subsequent change—the writer declines the offer of a public situation—arrested—interview with General Murat—sentenced to be transported to Cayenne on the report of Fouché, but protected by Princess Louis—cause of Fouché's enmity—his infamous character, and unbounded authority—the oubliettes, his invention—his immense property—Bonaparte's reasons for employing him.

**LETTER XV Page 55**

The poverty and dependent situation of the Foreign Ambassadors at Paris—invited by Talleyrand to a diplomatic dinner—his manoeuvre to obtain their declarations respecting the pretended correspondence of Mr. Drake—servility of the Danish and American Ambassadors—their characters—Baron de Dreyer's reasons for wishing to maintain his situation. Count de Haugwitz—his birth, political life and character



**LETTER XVI Page 59**

The Writer accepts an invitation from Princess Louis Buonaparte to dinner—The conquest of Great Britain, the subject of conversation— different opinions respecting the proper mode of treating the inhabitants when vanquished. Imprudent observations of Marquis de F——, exiled to Blois in consequence, and saved from severer punishment only by the interference of Princess Louis—her good-nature— character of Louis.

**LETTER XVII Page 62**

Violent debates in the Sacred College, on the journey of the Pope to France—the members bribed by Cardinal Fesch. Birth of Cardinal Fesch —his life and adventures—his marriage, and desertion of his wife—her application to the Pope—his libertinism and adventure at Lyons— his wealth, dignities, and expectations

**LETTER XVIII Page 65**

The Margrave of Baden made an Elector by the intrigues of Talleyrand and Baron Edelsheim. Character, and political life of Edelsheim. Haughty and indecent conduct of Buonaparte to the Elector at Mentz—secret treaty signed there. The vanity and affected consequence of Edelsheim played on and exposed by Talleyrand—his fondness for orders of Knighthood— fawns on Buonaparte, to obtain admission into the Legion of Honour

**LETTER XIX Page 68**

The journey of the Pope to France unfavourable to the cause of religion.—The restoration of Christianity the most popular act of Buonaparte's government—the opinion of the people respecting the aft of inauguration by the Pope—their faith in his infallibility shaken. Manners and character of the Pope—promises made to him by Buonaparte not performed—refuses to admit De Lalande to see him—De Lalande's atheism—enmity between him and Talleyrand. The Pope's -aversion to Fouché—Fouché impious conduct at Lyons

**LETTER XX Page 72**

Buonaparte's mother the favourite of the Pope family parties invited to meet him— ceremony observed on such occasions. Superstition of Madame Letitia Buonaparte—her fondness for relics—buys the shoulder-bone of St. John the Baptist—robbed of her relics—Fouché applied to—who discovers pieces of them all in the possession of a favourite servant—the rest found on Madame Genlis, who hail bought them of a priest—the priest arrested—claims the protection of Madame Letitia—threatened with the rack, and confesses his imposture

**LETTER XXI Page 75**



Decrease in the population of Paris not to be lamented—the crimes committed there not suffered to be published. The system of espionage. Immense number of spies—bow paid. Buonaparte's private spies under the direction of Duroc. Dispute between Fouché and Talleyrand. Ducroux employed as a spy by Buonaparte and Fouché on each other—his blunder, and execution

**LETTER XXII Page 78**

The Pope's manner of passing his time at Paris—great stress laid on his performing the ceremony of inauguration, and sacrifices intended to have been made had he refused—all promises to him disregarded—his blind partiality for Buonaparte. Caprara dissuades Buonaparte from being crowned by the Pope as King of Italy

**LETTER XXIII Page 81**

King and Queen of Naples—their firm and dignified conduit. Chevalier Alton—his birth— political character—enemy of the French Revolution. Neutrality of Naples violated. The removal of Alton insisted on by the French government. Marquis de Gallo—his public employments—a favourite with Buonaparte— suspected of being tainted with modern philosophy. The Neapolitan Revolution in 1799 favoured by the Nobles. Character of Marquis de Gallo

**LETTER XXIV Page 84**

Buonaparte and all his family married by the Pope—his-courtiers and grand functionaries by the Cardinals—their regular attendance at mass and vespers—trick of Salmatoristo expose their hypocrisy—is punished. Fouché visit to the Imperial chapel—his discovery there. The indifference of the common people to religious worship—the military compelled to attend mass —singular occurrence in consequence, and injustice of Buonaparte 277

**LETTER XXV Page 87**

Seizure of Sir George Rumbold—intended to have been tortured and put to death—why not—Rheinhard officially disavows the outrage—is disgraced in consequence—his political life and character. Bourrienué—his employment under Buonaparte—his dispute with him, and imprisonment—released and pensioned—his extortions and stock-jobbing— his character

**LETTER XXVI Page 91**

Joseph Buonaparte's retired mode of life at Paris —his hospitality at Morfontaine— amusements there, and freedom allowed to the guests. Montaigne, a young poet, a visitor there—his drunkenness—writes a poem against it. Madame Joseph's gallantries—duel between her gallants. Eugenius de Beauharnois forbidden the house of Joseph. Madame Miot detected by her husband in an intrigue with Captain d'Horteuil —the gallant beats



Miot, who begs pardon— Miot's infamous life and character

**LETTER XXVII Page 94**

Conduct of the King of Spain—his weak character. The present the age of upstarts. The Prince of Peace—his former occupation—his want of talents—cause of his advancement—his intrigue with the Quern, and favour with the King—weakness and ignorance of his administration—disgrace, and misfortunes produced by it. Gravina—his character and ambition—his military exploits—intrigue with an opera girl—his marriage-mania involves him in a disagreeable scrape

**LETTER XXVIII Page 99**

Vicious morals, gross manners, and open corruption of the Court of St. Cloud. Anecdotes. Merlin of Douai—his public employments— infamous character, and great wealth

**LETTER XXIX Page 102**

Immense number of Buonaparte's household troops—regularly paid, and strictly disciplined—their privileges, &c. Military reviews —their use—less frequent since Buonaparte's coronation. Number of military posted in and near Paris. Army of Invalids—their prejudices—how employed. Mode of enforcing payment of taxes at Paris. Houses of the invalids—their reading-rooms, libraries, &c.— their licentiousness and crimes—screened from punishment by the orders of Buonaparte. Rabais, a horse grenadier—his amours and debaucheries—accused before Tlmriot, and acquitted—his<sup>^</sup>intrigue with Madame Thuriot— discovered by her jealousy—Thuriot applies in vain for redress. Rabais's intrigue with Madame Bachiocchi—denounced by Timriol—arrest and punishment of Rabais—curious effects discovered in his trunk—Thuriot's rage and violence in consequence—his employment and crimes







## Introductory letter

Paris, November 10, 1908

My Lord,



**THE LETTERS**, I have written to you, were intended for the private entertainments of a liberal friend, and for general Caruso of a severe public. Had I imagine that their contents would have penetrated beyond your closet, called the circle of your intimate acquaintance, several of the narratives would have been extended, others should have been compressed; the anecdotes would have been more numerous, and my own remarks fewer; some portraits would have been left out, others drawn, and all better finished.

I should then have attempted more frequently to expose meanness to contempt, and treachery to abhorrence; should have lashed more severely incorrigible vice and oftener held out to ridicule, puerile vanity and outrageous ambition. In short, I should then have studied more to please than to instruct, by addressing myself seldomer to the reason than to the passions.

I subscribe, nevertheless, to your observation,

"that the late long war and short peace, with the enslaved state of the press on the continent, would occasion a chasm to the most interesting period of modern history; did not independent and judicious travellers or visitors abroad, collect and forward to Great Britain, (the last refuge of freedom) some materials, which, though scanty and insufficient on the whole, by, in part, rend the vale of destructive politics, and enable future ages to penetrate into mysteries, which crime in power has interest to rend the impenetrable to the just reprobation of honour and of virtue."

If, therefore, by humble labours can preserve loyal subjects from the seduction of traitors, or warn lawful sovereign's civilised society of the alarming conspiracy against them, I shall not think either my time thrown away, all fear the dangers to which publicity might expose me, where I only suspected here of being an Anglican author. Before the letters are sent to the press, I trust however, to your discretion, the removal of everything that might produce a discovery, or indicate the source from which you have derived your information.

Although it is not usual in private correspondence to quote authorities, I have sometimes done so: satisfied, as I hope you are, with my veracity, I should have thought an insult to your feelings the frequent productions of any better pledge than the word of a man of honour. I have, besides, not related in fact, that is not recent or well-known in our fashionable and political societies; and have all the portraits I have delineated, the originals not only exist, but are yet occupied in the present busy scene of the continent, figuring either at courts, in camps, or in cabinets.





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER I**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**PROMISED** you not to pronounce in haste on persons and events passing under my eyes: thirty one months have quickly passed away, since I became an attentive spectator of the extraordinary transactions, and of the extraordinary chambers of the extraordinary Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud. If my talents to delineate, equal my zeal to inquire, and my industry to examine; if I am as able a painter, as I have been an indefatigable observer, you will be satisfied, and with your approbation, at once sanction and reward my labours.

With most princes, the supple courtier and the fawning favourite, have greater influence than the profound statesman and subtle minister; and the determinations of cabinets are therefore frequently prepared in drawing-rooms, and discussed in the closet. The politician and the counsellor, are frequently applauded or censured for transactions, which the intrigues of anti-chambers conceived, and which cupidity and favour gave power to promulgate.

It is very generally imagined, but falsely, that Napoleon Bonaparte governs, or rather tyrannizes by himself; according to his own capacity, caprices, or interest: that all his acts, all his changes, are the sole consequence of his own exclusive, unprejudiced will, as well as unlimited authority; that both his greatness and his littleness, his successes and his crimes, originate entirely with himself: that the fortunate hero, who marched triumphant over the Alps, and the dastardly murderer that disgraced human nature at Jaffa, because the same person, owed victory to himself alone, and by himself alone, commanded massacre; that the same genius, unbiased and unsupported, crushed factions, erected a throne, and reconstructed racks; that the same mind restored and protected Christianity, and proscribed and assassinated a d'Enghien.

All these contradictions, all these virtues and vices, may be found in the same person; but Bonaparte, individually, or isolated, has no claim to them. Except on some sudden occasions that call for immediate decision, no sovereign rules less by himself than Bonaparte; because no sovereign is more surrounded by favourites and counsellors, by needy adventurers and crafty intriguers.

What sovereign has more relatives to enrich, or more services to recompense; more evils to repair, more jealousies to dread, more dangers to fear, more clamours to silence; or stands more

in need of information and advice? Let it be remembered, that he, who now governs empires and nations, ten years ago commanded only a battery; and five years ago was only a military chieftain. The difference is as immense indeed, between the sceptre of a monarch, and the sword of a general, as between the wise legislator, who protects the lives and property of his contemporaries, and the hireling robber who wades through rivers of blood to obtain plunder at the expense and misery of generations.

The lower classes of all countries, have produced persons, who have distinguished themselves as warriors; but what subject has yet usurped a throne, and by his eminence and achievements, without infringing on the laws and liberties of his country, proved himself worthy to reign?

Besides, the education which Bonaparte received was entirely military; and a man (let his innate abilities be ever so surprising or excellent), who, during the first thirty years of his life, has made either military or political tactics or exploits his only study, certainly cannot excel equally in the cabinet and in the camp.

It would be as foolish to believe, as absurd to expect, a perfection almost beyond the reach of any man; and of Bonaparte more than of any one else. A man who like him, is the continual slave of his own passions, can neither be a good nor a just, an independent nor immaculate master.

Among the courtiers, who, ever since Bonaparte was made First Consul, has maintained a great ascendancy over him, is the present grand marshal of his court, the general of division, Duroc. With some parts, but greater presumption, this young man is destined by his master to occupy the most confidential places near his person; and to his care are entrusted the most difficult and secret missions at foreign courts. When he is absent from France, the liberty of the continent is in danger; and when in the Thuilleries, or at St. Cloud, Bonaparte thinks himself always safe.

Gerard Christopher Michel Duroc was born at Ponta-Mousson, in the department of Meurthe, on the 25<sup>th</sup> of October 1772, of poor but honest parents. His father kept a petty chandler's shop; but by the interest and generosity of Abbe Duroc, a distant relation, he was so well educated, that, in March 1792, he became a sub-lieutenant of the artillery.

In 1796 he served in Italy, as a captain, under General Andreossi, by whom he was recommended to General l'Espinasse, then commander of the artillery of the army of Italy, who made him an *aide-de-camp*. In that situation Bonaparte remarked on his activity, and was pleased with his manners, and therefore attached him as an *aide-de-camp* to himself. Duroc soon became a favourite with his chief, and, notwithstanding the intrigues of his rivals, he has continued to be so to this day.

It has been asserted, by his enemies no doubt, that by implicit obedience to his general's orders, by an unresisting complacency, and by executing, without hesitation, the most cruel mandates of his superior, he has fixed himself so firmly in his good opinion, that he is irremovable. It has also been stated, that it was Duroc, who commanded the drowning and burying alive of the wounded French soldiers in Italy in 1797; and that it was he, who inspected their poisoning in Syria in 1799, where he was wounded during the siege of St. Jean d'Acre.

He was among the few officers, whom Bonaparte selected for his companions, when he quitted the army of Egypt, and landed with him in France in October 1799.

Hitherto Duroc had only shewn himself as a brave soldier and obedient officer; but after the revolution which made Bonaparte a First Consul, he entered upon another career. He was then, for the first time, employed in a diplomatic mission to Berlin, where he so far insinuated himself into the good graces of their Prussian Majesties, that the King admitted him to the royal table, and on the parade at Potsdam presented him to his generals and officers, as an *aide-de-camp du plus grand komme que je cormois*; whilst the Queen gave him a scarf, knitted by her own fair hands.

The fortunate result of Duroc's intrigues in Prussia, in 1799, encouraged Bonaparte to dispatch him, in 1801, to Russia; where Alexander I. received him with that noble condescension, so natural to this great and good prince. He succeeded at St. Petersburg in arranging the political and commercial difficulties and disagreements between France and Russia; but his proposal for a defensive alliance was declined.

An anecdote is related of his political campaign in the north, upon the barren banks of the Neva, which, in causing much entertainment to the inhabitants of the fertile banks of the Seine, has not a little displeased the military diplomats.

Among Talleyrand's female agents sent to cajole Paul I. during the latter part of his reign, was a Madame Bonoeil, whose real name is de F\*\*\*\*\*. When this unfortunate prince was no more, most of the French male and female intriguers in Russia thought it necessary to shift their quarters, and to expect on the territory of neutral Prussia farther instructions from Paris, where and how to proceed. Madame Bonoeil had removed to Koenigsberg.

In the second week of May 1801, when Duroc passed through that town for St. Petersburg, he visited this lady, according to the orders of Bonaparte, and obtained from her a list of the names of the principal persons, who were inclined to be serviceable to France, and might be trusted by him upon the present occasion.

By inattention or mistake she had misspelled the name of one of the most trusty and active adherents of Bonaparte; and Duroc, therefore, instead of addressing himself to the Polish Count de S—tz, went to the Polish Count de S— —tz. This latter was as much flattered as surprised, upon seeing an aide-de-camp and envoy of the First Consul of France enter his apartments, seldom visited before but by usurers, gamblers, and creditors; and on hearing the object of this visit, began to think either the envoy mad or himself dreaming.

Understanding, however, that money would be of little consideration, if the point desired by the First Consul could be carried, he determined to take advantage of this fortunate hit, and invited Duroc to sup with him the same evening; when he promised him he should meet with persons who could do his business, provided his pecuniary resources were as ample as he had stated.

This Count de S— tz, was one of the most extravagant and profligate subjects that Russia had acquired by the partition of Poland. After squandering away his own patrimony, he had ruined his mother and two sisters, and subsisted now entirely by gambling and borrowing.

Among his associates, in similar circumstances with himself, was a Chevalier de Gausac, a French adventurer, pretending to be an emigrant from the vicinity of Toulouse. To him was communicated what had happened in the morning; and his advice was asked how to act in the evening.

It was soon settled, that de Gausac should be transformed into a Russian Count de W—, a nephew and confidential secretary of the chancellor of the same name; and that one Caumartin, another French adventurer, who taught fencing at St. Petersburg, should be the part of Prince de M—, an aide-de-camp of the emperor; and that all three together should strip Duroc, and share the spoil.

At the appointed hour Bonaparte's agent arrived, and was completely the dupe of these adventurers, who plundered him of twelve hundred thousand livres, 50,000. Though not many days passed before he discovered the imposition, prudence prevented him from denouncing the impostors; and this blunder would have remained a secret between himself, Bonaparte, and Talleyrand, had not the unusual expenses of Caumartin excited the suspicion of the Russian police minister, who soon discovered the source from which they had flowed. De Gausac had the imprudence to return to this capital last spring, and is now shut up in the Temple, where he probably will be forgotten.

As this loss was more ascribed to the negligence of Madame Bonoeil, than to the mismanagement of Duroc, or his want of penetration, his reception at the Thuilleries, though not so gracious as on his return from Berlin, nineteen months before, was however such as convinced him, that if he had not increased, he had at the same time not lessened, the confidence of his master: and indeed shortly afterwards, Bonaparte created him first prefect of his palace, and procured him for a wife the only daughter of a rich Spanish banker.

Rumour however says, that Bonaparte was not quite disinterested, when he commanded and concluded this match, and that the fortune of Madame Duroc has paid for the expensive supper of her husband with Count de S—tz at St. Petersburg.



**Gérard-Christophe-Michel Duroc, duc de Frioul  
(1772-1813)**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER II**  
**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**HOUGH** the treaty of Luneville will probably soon be buried in the rubbish of the treaty of Amiens, the influence of their parents in the cabinet of St. Cloud is as great as ever: I say their parents, because the crafty ex-bishop Talleyrand, foreseeing the short existence of these bastard diplomatic acts, took care to compliment the innocent Joseph Bonaparte with a share in the parentage, although they were his own exclusive offspring.

Joseph Bonaparte, who in 1797, from an attorney's clerk, at Ajaccio, in Corsica, was at once transformed into an ambassador to the court of Rome; had hardly read a treaty, or seen a dispatch written, before he was himself to conclude the one, and to dilate the other.

Had he not been supported by able secretaries, government would soon have been convinced, that it is as impossible to confer talents, as it is easy to give places, to men to whom nature has refused parts, and on whom a scanty or neglected education has bestowed no improvements. Deep and reserved, like a true Italian, but vain and ambitious like his brothers, under the character of a statesman, he has only been the political puppet of Talleyrand.

If he has sometimes been applauded upon the stages where he has been placed, he is also exposed to the hooting and hisses of the suffering multitude; while the minister pockets undisturbed all the entrance money, and conceals his wickedness and art under the cloak of Joseph; which protects him besides against the anger and fury of Napoleon.

No negotiation of any consequence is undertaken, no diplomatic arrangements are under consideration, but Joseph is always consulted, and Napoleon informed of the consultation. Hence none of Bonaparte's ministers has suffered less from his violence and resentment than Talleyrand, who in the political department, governs him who governs France and Italy. As early as 1800, Talleyrand determined to throw the odium of his own outrages against the law of nations, upon the brother of his master, Lucien Bonaparte who that year was sent ambassador to Spain, but not

sharing with the minister the large profits of his appointment, his diplomatic career was but short. Joseph is as greedy and as ravenous as Lucien, but not so frank or indiscreet. Whether he knew or not of Talleyrand's immense gain by the pacification at Lunéville in February, 1801, he did not neglect his own individual interest.

The day previous to the signature of this treaty, he dispatched a courier to the rich army contractor Collot, acquainting him in secret, of the issue of the negotiation, and ordering him at the same time, to purchase six millions of livres, 250,000 in the stocks on his account. On Joseph's arrival at Paris, Collot sent him the state bonds for the sum ordered, together with a very polite letter; but though he waited on the grand pacificator several times afterwards, all admittance was refused, until a docteur of one million of livres, nearly 42,000 of Collot's private profit opened the door.

In return, during the discussions between France and England in the summer of 1801, and in the spring of 1802, Collot was continued Joseph's private agent, and shared with his patron, within twelve months, a clear gain of thirty-two millions of livres.

Some of the secret articles of the treaty of Lunéville gave Austria, during the insurrection in Switzerland, in the autumn of 1802, an opportunity and a right to make representations against the interference of France; a circumstance which greatly displeased Bonaparte, who reproached Talleyrand for his want of foresight, and of having been outwitted by the cabinet of Vienna.

The minister on the very next day, laid before his master the correspondence that had passed between him and Joseph Bonaparte, during the negotiation, concerning these secret articles, which were found to have been entirely proposed and settled by Joseph; who had been induced by his secretary and factotum (a creature of Talleyrand), to adopt sentiments, for which that minister had been paid, according to report, six hundred thousand livres.

Several other tricks have in the same manner been played upon Joseph, who notwithstanding has the modesty to consider himself (much to the advantage and satisfaction of Talleyrand), the first statesman in Europe; and the good fortune to be thought so by his brother Napoleon.

When a rupture with England was apprehended, in the spring of 1803, Talleyrand never signed a dispatch, that was not previously communicated to, and approved by Joseph, before its contents were sanctioned by Napoleon. This precaution chiefly continued him in place, when Lord Whitworth left this capital, a departure that incensed Napoleone to such a degree, that he entirely forgot both the dignity of his rank amidst his generals, a becoming deportment to the members of the diplomatic corps, and his duty to his mother and brothers, who all more or less experienced the effects of his violent passions.

He thus accosted Talleyrand, who purposely arrived late at his circle: "Well! the English ambassador is gone; and we must again go to war". Were my generals as great fools as some of my ministers, I should despair indeed of the issue of my contest with these insolent islanders.

Many believe, that had I been more ably supported in my cabinet, I should not have been under the necessity of taking the field, as a rupture might have been prevented. "Such, Citizen First Consul!" answered the trembling and bowing minister, "is not the opinion of the counsellor of state citizen Joseph Bonaparte". "Well then", said Napoleone, as recollecting himself, "England wishes for war, and she shall suffer for it—This shall be a war of extermination, depend upon it."

The name of Joseph alone moderated Napoleon's fury, and changed its object. It is with him what the harp of David was with Saul. Talleyrand knows it, and is no loser by that knowledge. I must, however, in justice say, that had Bonaparte followed his minister's advice, and suffered himself to be entirely guided by his counsel, all hostilities with England at that time, might have

been avoided; her government would have been lulled into security by the cession of Malta and some commercial regulations, and her future conquest, during a time of peace, have been attempted upon plans duly organized, that might have ensured success. He never ceased to repeat,

“Citizen First Consul! Some few years longer peace with Great Britain, and the Te Deums of modern Britons for the conquest and possession of Malta, will be considered by their children as the funeral hymns of their liberty and independence.”

It was upon this memorable occasion, of Lord Whitworth’s departure, that Buonaparte is known to have betrayed the most outrageous acts of passion; he rudely forced his mother from his closet, and forbade his own sisters to approach his person; he confined Madame Buonaparte for several hours to her chamber; he dismissed favourite generals; treated with ignominy members of his council of state; and towards his physician, secretaries, and principal attendants, he committed unbecoming and disgraceful marks of personal outrage.

I have heard it affirmed, that though her husband, when shutting her into her dressing-room, put the key in his pocket, Madame Napoleone found means to resent the ungallant behaviour of her spouse, with the assistance of Madame Remusat.



**Madame Napoleone**







**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER III**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**NO** ACT OF BONAPARTE'S government has occasioned so many, so opposite, and so violent debates, among the remnants of revolutionary factions, composing his senate and council of state, as the introduction and execution of the religious concordat signed with the Pope. Joseph was here again the ostensible negotiator, though he, on this as well as on former occasions, concluded nothing that had not been prepared and digested by Talleyrand.

Buonaparte does not in general pay much attention to the opinions of others, when they do not agree with his own views and interests, or coincide with his plans of reform or innovation; but having in his public career, professed himself by turns an atheist and an infidel, the worshipper of Christ and of Mahomet, he could not decently silence those, who, after deserting or denying the god of their forefathers, and of their youth, continued constant and firm in their apostasy.

Of those who deliberated concerning the restoration or exclusion of Christianity, and the acceptance or rejection of the concordat, Fouché, François de Nantz, Roederer, and Sieyès, were for the religion of nature; Volney, Real, Chaptal, Bourrienne, and Lucien Buonaparte, for atheism; and Portalis, Grégoire, Cambacérès, Le Brun, Talleyrand, Joseph and Napoleone Buonaparte for Christianity.

Besides the sentiments of these confidential counsellors, upwards of two hundred memoirs, for or against the Christian religion, were presented to the First Consul, by uninvited and volunteer counsellors; all differing as much from each other, as the members of his own privy council.

Many persons do, Madame Buonaparte, the mother, the honour of supposing, that to her assiduous representations, is principally owing the recall of the priests, and the restoration of the altars of Christ. She certainly is the most devout, or rather the most superstitious of her family, and of her name; but had not Talleyrand and Portalis previously convinced Napoleone of the policy of re-establishing a religion, which, for fourteen centuries, had preserved the throne of the Bourbons, from the machinations of republicans and other conspirators against monarchy, it is very probable that her representations would have been as ineffective as her piety or her prayers. So long ago as 1796, she implored the mercy of Napoleone for the Roman Catholics in Italy; and entreated

him to spare the Pope, and the papal territory, at the very time that his soldiers were laying waste and ravaging the legacy of Bologna, and of Ravenna, both incorporated with his new formed Cisalpine Republic; where one of his first acts of sovereignty, in the name of the then sovereign people, was, the confiscation of church lands, and the sale of the estates of the clergy.

Of the prelates, who with Joseph Buonaparte signed the concordat, the Cardinal Gonsalvi and the Bishop Bernier have, by their labours and intrigues, not a little contributed to the present church establishment in this country; and to them Napoleone is much indebted for the intrusion of the Buonaparte dynasty among the houses of sovereign princes.

The former, intended from his youth for the church, sees neither honour in this world, nor hopes for any blessing in the next, but exclusively from its bosom and its doctrine. With capacity to figure as a country curate, he occupies the post of the chief secretary of state to the Pope; and though nearly of the same age, but of a much weaker constitution than his sovereign, he was ambitious enough to demand Bonaparte's promise of succeeding to the papal see, and weak and wicked enough to wish and expect to survive a benefactor of a calmer mind, and better health than himself.

It was he who encouraged Buonaparte to require the presence of Pius VII. in France, and who persuaded this weak pontiff to undertake a journey, that has caused so much scandal among the truly faithful; and which, should ever Austria regain its former supremacy in Italy, will send the present Pope to end his days in a convent, and make the successors of St. Peter, what this apostle was himself, a bishop of Rome, and nothing more.

Bernier was a curate in La Vendée before the revolution, and one of those priests, who lighted the torch of civil war in that unfortunate country, under pretence of defending the throne of his King, and the altars of his God. He not only possessed great popularity among the lower classes, but acquired so far the confidence of the Vendean chiefs, that he was appointed one of the supreme and directing council of the Royalists and Chuans.

Even so late as the Summer of 1799 he continued not only unsuspected, but trusted by the insurgents in the western departments. In the winter, however, of the same year, he had been gained over by Bonaparte's emissaries, and was seen at his levees in the Thuilleries.

It is stated that General Brune made him renounce his former principles, desert his former companions, and betray to the then First Consul of the French Republic, the secrets of the friends of lawful monarchy, of the faithful subjects of Louis XVIII. His perfidy has been rewarded with one hundred and fifty thousand livres in ready money; with the See of Orleans, and with a promise of a cardinal's hat. He has also, with the Cardinals Gonsalvi, Caprara, Fesch, Cambaceres, and Mauri, Bonaparte's promise, and, of course, the expectation of the Roman tiara.

He was one of the prelates who officiated at the late coronation, and is now confided in as a person, who has too far committed himself with his legitimate prince, and whose past treachery therefore answers for his future fidelity.

This religious concordat, of the 10<sup>th</sup> September 1801, as well as all other constitutional codes emanating from revolutionary authorities, proscribes even in protecting. The professors and protectors of the religion of universal peace, benevolence and forgiveness, banish, in this concordat, from France for ever, the Cardinals Rohan and Montmorency, and the Bishop of Arras; whose dutiful attachment to their unfortunate prince, would in better times, and in a more just and generous nation, have been recompensed with distinctions, and honoured even by magnanimous foes.

When Madame Napoleone was informed by her husband, of the necessity of chousing her almoner and chaplain, and of attending regularly the mass, she first fell a laughing, taking it

merely for a joke: the serious and severe looks, and the harsh and threatening expressions of the First Consul, soon, however, convinced her how much she was mistaken.

To evince her repentance, she, on the very next day attended her mother-in-law to church, who was highly edified by the sudden and religious turn of her daughter, and did not fail to ascribe to the efficacious interference of one of her favourite saints, this conversion of a profane sinner. But Napoleone was not the dupe of this church going mummerly of his wife, whom he ordered his spies to watch: these were unfortunate enough to discover, that she went to the mass more to fulfil her appointments with her lovers, than to pray to her Saviour; and that even by the side of her mother, she read billets-doux and love-letters, when that pious lady supposed that she read her prayers, because her eyes were fixed upon her breviary.

Without relating to any one this discovery of his Josephine's frailties, Napoleon, after a violent connubial fracas and reprimand, and after a solitary confinement of her for six days, gave immediate orders to have the chapels of the Thuilleries and of St. Cloud repaired; and until these were ready, Cardinal Cambaceres and Bernier, by turns said the mass in her private apartments; where none but elected favourites or favoured courtiers were admitted.

Madame Napoleone now never neglects the mass, but if not accompanied by her husband, is escorted by a guard of honour, among whom she knows, that he has several agents watching her motions, and her very looks.

In the month of June 1803, I dined with Viscount de Segur, and Joseph and Lucien Buonaparte were among the guests. The latter jocosely remarked, with what facility the French Christians had suffered themselves to be hunted in and out of their temples, according to the fanaticism, or policy of their rulers; which he adduced as a proof of the great progress of philosophy and toleration in France.

A young officer of the party, Jacquemont, a relation of the former husband of the present Madame Lucien, observed, that he thought it rather an evidence of the indifference of the French people to all religion; the consequence of the great havoc the tenets of infidelity and of atheism had made among the flocks of the faithful. This was again denied by Buonaparte's *aide-de-camp*, Savary, who observed, that had this been the case, the First Consul, (who certainly was as well acquainted with the religious spirit of Frenchmen as any body else), would not have taken the trouble to conclude a religious concordat, nor have been at the expense of providing for the clergy.

To this assertion Joseph nodded an assent. When the dinner was over, de Segur took me to a window, expressing his uneasiness, at what he called the imprudence of Jacquemont, who, he apprehended, from Joseph's silence and manner, would not escape punishment, for having indirectly blamed, both the restorer of religion and his plenipotentiary.

These apprehensions were justified: on the next day Jacquemont received orders to join the colonial depot at Havre; but refusing to obey, by giving in his resignation as a captain, he was arrested, shut up in the Temple, and afterwards transported to Cayenne or Madagascar. His relatives and friends are still ignorant whether he is dead or alive, and what is or has been his place of exile.

To a petition presented by Jacquemont's sister, Madame de Veaux, Joseph answered, "that he never interfered with the acts of the *haute* police of his brother Napoleon's government, being well convinced both of its justice and moderation".





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER IV**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**HAT** Buonaparte had, as far back as February 1803 (when the King of Prussia proposed to Louis XVIII. the formal renunciation of his hereditary rights in favour of the First Consul), determined to assume the rank and title, with the power of a sovereign, nobody can doubt. Had it not been for the war with England, he would, in the spring of that year, or twelve months earlier, have proclaimed himself Emperor of the French, and probably would have been acknowledged as such by all other princes.

To a man so vain and so impatient, so accustomed to command and so intimidate, this suspension of his favourite plan was considerable disappointment, and not a little increased his bitter and irreconcilable hatred of Great Britain.

Here, as well as in foreign countries, the multitude pay homage only to Napoleon's uninterrupted prosperity; without penetrating or considering, whether it be the consequence of chance or of well digested plans; whether he owes his successes to his own merit, or to a blind fortune. He asserted, in his speech to the constitutional authorities, immediately after hostilities had commenced with England, that the war would be of short duration, and he firmly believed what he said.

Had he by his gun-boats, or by his intrigues or threats, been enabled to extort a second edition of the peace of Amiens, after a warfare of some few months; all mouths would have been ready to exclaim, Oh the illustrious warrior! Oh the profound politician!

Now, after three ineffectual campaigns on the coast, when the extravagance and ambition of our government have extended the contagion of war over the continent; when both our direct offers of peace, and the negotiations and mediations of our allies, have been declined by, or proved unavailing with the cabinet of St. James, the inconsistency, the ignorance, and the littleness of the fortunate great man, seem to be not more remembered than the outrages and encroachments, that have provoked Austria and Russia to take the field.

Should he continue victorious, and be in a position to dictate another peace of Luneville, which probably would be followed by another pacific overture to or from England, mankind will again be ready to call out, "Oh the illustrious warrior! oh the profound politician! he foresaw, in his wisdom, that a continental war was necessary to terrify or to subdue his maritime foe; that a peace with England could only be obtained in Germany; and that this war must be excited by extending the power of France on the other side of the Alps. Hence his coronation as a king of Italy; hence his incorporation of Parma and Genoa with France; and hence his donation of Piombino and Lucca to his brother-in-law, Bacchiochi!"

Nowhere in history have I read of men of sense being so easily led astray, as in our times, by confounding fortuitous events, with consequences resulting from pre-concerted plans and well organized designs.

Only rogues can disseminate and fools believe, that the disgrace of Moreau, and the execution of the Duke of Enghien, of Pichegru, and Georges, were necessary as footsteps to Buonaparte's imperial throne; and that without the treachery of Mehée de la Touché, and the conspiracy he pretended to have discovered, France would still have been ruled by a First Consul.

It is indeed true, that this plot is to be counted (as the imbecility of Melas, which lost the battle of Marengo), among those accidents presenting themselves *a-propos* to serve the favourite of fortune in his ambitious views; but without it, he would equally have been hailed an Emperor of the French in May 1804. - When he came from the coast, in the preceding winter, and was convinced of the impossibility of making any impression on the British islands with his flotilla, he convoked his confidential senators, who then, with Talleyrand, settled the *Senatus Consultum* which appeared five months afterwards. Mettle's correspondence with Mr. Drake was then known to him; but he and the minister of police were both unacquainted with the residence and arrival of Pichegru and Georges in France, and of their connection with Moreau; the particulars of which were first disclosed to them in the February following, when Bonaparte had been absent from his army of England six weeks.

The assumption of the imperial dignity procured him another decent opportunity of offering his olive-branch to those, who had caused his laurels to wither, and by whom, notwithstanding his abuse, calumnies, and menaces, he would have been more proud to be saluted Emperor, than by all other nations upon the continent. His vanity, interest, and policy, all required this last degree of supremacy and elevation at that period.

Buonaparte had so well penetrated the weak side of Moreau's character, that, although he could not avoid doing justice to this general's military talents and exploits, he neither esteemed him as a citizen nor dreaded him as a rival.

Moreau possessed great popularity; but so did Dumourier and Pichegru before him: and yet neither of them had found adherents enough to shake those republican governments, with which they avowed themselves openly discontented, and against which they secretly plotted. I heard Talleyrand say, at Madame de Montlausier's, in the presence of fifty persons: "Napoleone Buonaparte had never anything to apprehend from General Moreau, and from his popularity, even at the head of an army.

Dumourier too was at the head of an army, when he revolted against the National Convention; but had he not saved himself by flight, his own troops would have delivered him up to be punished as a traitor. Moreau, and, his popularity, could only be dangerous to the Buonaparte dynasty, were he to survive Napoleone; had not this Emperor wisely averted this danger.

From this official declaration of Napoleon's confidential minister, in a society of known anti-imperialists, I draw the conclusion, that Moreau will never more, during the present reign, return to France. How very feeble, and how badly advised must this general have been, when,

after his condemnation to two years imprisonment, he accepted of a perpetual exile; and renounced all hopes of ever again entering his own country. In the Temple, or in any other prison, if he had submitted to the sentence pronounced against him, he would have caused Buonaparte more uneasiness than when at liberty; and been more a point of rally to his adherents and friends, than when at his palace of Grosbois; because compassion and pity must have invigorated and sharpened their feelings.

If report be true, however, he did not voluntarily exchange imprisonment for exile; racks were shewn him; and by the act of banishment was placed a poisonous draught. This report gains considerable credit, when it is remembered, that immediately after his condemnation, Moreau furnished his apartments in the Temple in a handsome manner, so as to be lodged well, if not comfortably, with his wife and child, whom, it is said, he was not permitted to see, before he had accepted of Buonaparte's proposal of transportation.

It may be objected to this supposition, that the man in power, who did not care about the barefaced murder of the Duke of Enghien, and the secret destruction of Pichegru, could neither much hesitate, nor be very conscientious about adding Moreau to the number of his victims. True, but the assassin in authority is also generally a politician.

The untimely end of the Duke of Enghien and of Pichegru was certainly lamented and deplored by the great majority of the French people; but though they had many who pitied their fate, but few had any relative interest to avenge it; whilst in the assassination of Moreau, every general, every officer, and every soldier of his former army, might have read the destiny reserved for himself by that chieftain, who did not conceal his preference of those who had fought under him in Italy and Egypt; and his mistrust and jealousy of those who had vanquished under Moreau in Germany; numbers of whom had already perished at St. Domingo, or in the other colonies, or were dispersed in separate and distant garrisons of the mother country.

It has been calculated, that of eighty-four generals, who made, under Moreau, the campaign of 1800, and who survived the peace of Luneville, sixteen had been killed or died at St. Domingo, four at Guadeloupe, ten in Cayenne, nine at Isle de France, and eleven at L'Isle Reunion and in Madagascar. The mortality among the officers and men has been in proportion.

An anecdote is related of Pichegru, which does honour to the memory of that unfortunate general. Fouché paid him a visit in prison the day before his death, and offered him "Buonaparte's commission as a field marshal, and a diploma as a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, provided he would turn informer against Moreau, of whose treachery against himself in 1797, he was reminded. On the other hand, he was informed, that, in consequence of his former denials, if he persisted in his refractory conduct, he should never more appear before any judge, but that the affairs of state and the safety of the country required that he should be privately dispatched in his gaol."

"So," answered this virtuous and indignant warrior, "you will only spare my life, upon condition, that I prove myself unworthy to live. As this is the case, my choice is made without hesitation: I am prepared to become your victim, but I will never be numbered among your accomplices. Call in your executioners; I am ready to die as I have lived, a man of honour, and an irreproachable citizen." Within twenty-four hours after this answer, Pichegru was no more.

That the Duke of Enghien was shot in the night of the 21<sup>st</sup> of March 1804, in the wood or in the ditch of the castle of Vincennes, is admitted even by government; but who really were his assassins is still unknown. Some assert that he was shot by the grenadiers of Buonaparte's Italian guard; others say, by a detachment of the *gens d'armes d'Elite*; and others again, that the men of both these corps refused to fire; and that General Murat, hearing the troops murmur, and fearing their mutiny, was himself the executioner of this young and innocent prince of the House

of Bourbon, by riding up to him, and 'blowing out his brains with a pistol. Certain it is, that Murat was the first, and Louis Buonaparte the second in command, on this dreadful occasion.



**The Duke of Enghien**



**The Execution of The Duke of Enghien**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER V**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**HANKS** to Talleyrand's political emigration, our government has never been in ignorance of the characters and foibles of the leading members among the emigrants in England. Otto, however, finished their picture, but added some new groups to those delineated by his predecessor. It was according to his plan, that the expedition of *Mehée de la Touche* was undertaken, and it was in following his instructions, that the campaign of this traitor succeeded so well in Great Britain.

Under the ministry of Vergennes, of Montmorin, and of Delessart, Mehée had been employed, as a spy in Russia, Sweden, and Poland, and acquitted himself perfectly to the satisfaction of his masters. By some accident or other, Delessart discovered however, in December 3 791, that he had, while pocketing the money of the cabinet of Versailles, sold its secrets to the cabinet of St. Petersburg.

He of course was no longer trusted as a spy, and therefore turned a Jacobin, and announced himself to Brissot as a persecuted patriot. All the calumnies against this minister in Brissot's daily paper *Le Patriot Francois*, during January, February, and March 1792, were the productions of Mehée's malicious heart and able pen. Even after they had sent Delessart a state prisoner to Orleans, his inveteracy continued, and in September the same year, he went to Versailles to enjoy the sight of the murder of his former master.

Some go so far as to say, that the assassins were headed by this monster, who aggravated cruelty by insult, and informed the dying minister of the hands that stabbed him, and to whom he was indebted for a premature death.

To these, and other infamous and barbarous deeds, Talleyrand was not a stranger, when he made Mehée his secret agent, and entrusted him with the mission to England. He took therefore such steps, that neither his confidence could be betrayed, nor his money squandered. Mehée had instructions how to proceed in Great Britain, but he was ignorant of the object government had in view by his mission; and though large sums were promised if successful, and if he gave



satisfaction by his zeal and discretion; the money advanced him was a mere trifle, and barely sufficient to keep him from want. He was therefore really distressed, when he fixed upon some necessitous and greedy emigrants, for his instruments to play on the credulity of the English ministers, in some of their unguarded moments.

Their generosity in forbearing to avenge upon the deluded French exiles, the slur attempted to be thrown upon their official capacity, and the ridicule intended to be cast on their private characters, has been much approved and admired here by all liberal minded persons; but it has also much disappointed Buonaparte and Talleyrand, who expected to see these emigrants driven from the only asylum, which hospitality has not refused to their misfortunes and misery.

Mehée had been promised by Talleyrand, double the amount of the sums which he could swindle from your government; but though he did more mischief to your country than was expected in this; and though he proved, that he had pocketed upwards of ten thousand English guineas, the wages of his infamy, when he hinted about the recompense he expected here, Durant, Talleyrand's chief du bureaux, advised him as a friend, not to remind the minister of his presence in France, as Buonaparte never pardoned a Septembrizer, and the English guineas he possessed might be claimed and seized, as national property, to compensate some of the sufferers by the unprovoked war with England.

In vain did he address himself to his fellow labourer in revolutionary plots, the counsellor of state Real, who had been the intermedium between him and Talleyrand, when he was first enlisted among the secret agents: instead of receiving money he heard threats; and therefore, with as good grace as he could, he made the best of his disappointment; he sported a carriage, kept a mistress, went to gambling houses, and is now in a fair way to be reduced to the *status quo* before his brilliant exploits in Great Britain.

Real, besides the place of a counsellor of state, occupies also the office of a director of the internal police. Having some difference with my landlord, I was summoned to appear before him at the prefecture of the police. My friend M. de Sab—r, formerly a counsellor of the parliament at Rouen, happened to be with me when the summons was delivered, and offered to accompany me, being acquainted with Real.

Though thirty persons were waiting in the anti-chamber at our arrival, no sooner was my friend's name announced, than we were admitted, and I obtained not only more justice than I expected, or dared to claim, but an invitation to Madame Real's tea party the same evening.

This justice and this politeness surprised me, until my friend shewed me an act of forgery, in his possession, committed by Real in 1788, when an advocate of the parliament, and for which the humanity of my friend alone prevented him from being struck off the rolls, and otherwise punished.

As I conceived my usual societies and coteries, could not approve my attendance at the house of such a personage, I was intent upon sending an apology to Madame Real. My friend however assured me, that I should meet in her saloon persons of all classes and of all ranks; and many I little expected to see associating together. I went late, and found the assembly very numerous: at the upper part of the hall were seated princesses Joseph and Louis Buonaparte, with Madame Fouché, Madame Rœderer; the *cidevant* Duchess de Fleury, and Marchioness de Clermont.

They were conversing with M. Mathew de Montmorency; the contractor (*a cidevant lacquey*) Collot; the *cidevant* Duke Fitz-James, and the legislator Martin, a *cidevant* porter: several groups in the several apartments were composed of a similar heterogeneous mixture of *cidevant* nobles, and *cidevant* valets; of *cidevant* princesses, marchionesses, countesses, and baronesses, and of *cidevant* chamber-maids, mistresses, and *poissardes*.

Round a gambling table, by the side of the *cidevant* Bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, sat Madame Houguenin, whose husband, a *cidevant* shoeblack, has, by the purchase of national property,

made a fortune of nine millions of livres; 375,000. Opposite them were seated the cidevant Prince de Chalais, and the present Prince Cambaccres, with the cidevant Countess de Beauvais, and Madame Fauve, the daughter of a fish-woman, and the wife of a tribune, a cidevant barber.

In another room the Bavarian minister Cetto was conferring with the spy Mehéé de la Touche; but observed at a distance by Fouché's secretary, Desmarets, the son of a tailor at Fontainebleau, and for years a known police spy.

When I was just going to retire, the handsome Madame Gillot, and her sister Madame de Soubray, joined me. You have perhaps known them in England, where, before their marriage, they resided for five years with their parents, the Marquis and Marchioness de Countin; and were often admired by the loungers in Bond-street. The one married for money, Gillot, a cidevant drummer in the French guard, but who, since the revolution, has, as a general, made a large fortune; and the other united herself to a cidevant Abbé, from love; but both are now divorced from their husbands; who passed them without any notice while they were chatting with me.

I was handing Madame Gillot to her carriage, when from the staircase, Madame de Soubray called to us not to quit her, as she was pursued by a man whom she detested, and wished to avoid. We had hardly turned round, when Mehée offered her his arm; and she exclaimed with indignation, "how dare you, infamous wretch, approach me, when I have forbid you ever to speak to me. Had you been reduced to become a highwayman or a housebreaker, I might have pitied your infamy—but a spy—is a villain who aggravates guilt by cowardice and baseness; and can inspire no noble soul with any other sentiment but abhorrence, and the most sovereign contempt."

Without being disconcerted, Mehée silently returned to the company, amidst bursts of laughter from fifty servants, and as many masters, waiting for their carriages. M. de Getto was among the latter, but though we all fixed our eyes steadfastly upon him, no alteration could be seen on his diplomatic countenance: his face must surely be made of brass, or his heart of marble.



**Jean-Claude-Hippolyte Méhée de la Touche (1762–1826), was a French spy, first in Russia, then Poland, and finally England.**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER VI**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**H**E day on which Madame Napoleone Buonaparte was elected an Empress of the French, by the constitutional authorities of her husband's empire, was, contradictory as it may seem, one of the most uncomfortable of her life. After the show and ceremony of the audience, and of the drawing-room were over, she passed it entirely in tears, in her library, where her husband shut her up and confined her.

The discipline of the Court of St. Cloud, is as singular as its composition is unique. It is, by the regulation of Napoleone, entirely military. From the Empress to her lowest chambermaid, from the Emperor's first *aide-de-camp* down to his youngest page, any slight offence or negligence is punished with confinement either private or public.

In the former case, the culprits are shut up in their own apartments; but in the latter, they are ordered into one of the small rooms, constructed in the dark, galleries at the Thuilleries and St. Cloud, near the kitchens; where they are guarded day and night by sentries, who answer for their persons, and that nobody visits them.

When, on the 28<sup>th</sup> of March 1804; the senate had determined on offering Buonaparte the Imperial dignity, he immediately gave his wife full powers, with order to form her household of persons who, from birth, and from their principles, might be worthy and could be trusted, to encompass the Imperial couple. She consulted Madame Remusat, who in her turn consulted her friend de Segur, who also consulted his *bonne amie*, Madame de Montbrune.

This lady determined, that if Buonaparte and his wife were desirous to be served, or waited on, by persons above them by ancestry and honour, they should pay liberally for such sacrifices. She was not, therefore, idle, but wishing to profit herself by the pride of upstart vanity, she had at first merely reconnoitred the ground, or made distant overtures to those families of the ancient French nobility, who had been ruined by the Revolution, and whose minds she expected to have found on a level with their circumstances.

These, however, either suspecting her intent and her views, or preferring honest poverty to degrading and disgraceful splendour, had started objections which she was not prepared to encounter.

Thus the time passed away; and when, on the 18<sup>th</sup> of the following May, the senate proclaimed Napoleone Buonaparte Emperor of the French, not a chamberlain was ready to attend him, nor a maid of honour prepared to wait on his wife.

In the morning of the 20<sup>th</sup> of May, the day fixed for the constitutional republican authorities to present their homage as subjects, Napoleon asked his Josephine, who were the persons of both sexes, she had engaged, according to his *carte blanche* given her, as necessary and as unavoidable decorations of the drawing-room of an Emperor and Empress, as thrones and as canopies of state.

She referred him to Madame Remusat, who, though but half-dressed, was instantly ordered to appear before him. This lady avowed, that his grand master of the ceremonies, de Segur, had been entrusted by her with the whole arrangement, but that she feared that he had not yet been able to complete the full establishment of the Imperial court.

The *aide-de-camp* Rapp was then dispatched after de Segur, who as usual presented himself smiling and cringing. "Give me the list," said Napoleone, "of the ladies and gentlemen you have no doubt engaged for our household." "May it please your Majesty," answered de Segur, (trembling with fear), "I humbly supposed that they were not requisite, before the day of your Majesty's coronation." "You supposed!" retorted Napoleone, "how dare you suppose differently from our commands?"

Is the Emperor of the Great Nation not to be encompassed with a more numerous retinue, or with more lustre than a First Consul? Do you not see the immense difference between the sovereign monarch of an empire, and the citizen chief magistrate of a commonwealth? Are there not starving nobles in my empire, enough to furnish all the courts in Europe with attendants, courtiers, and valets?

Do you not believe that with a nod—with a single nod, I might have them all prostrated before my throne? What can then have occasioned this impertinent delay?"—"Sire!" answered de Segur, "it is not. the want of numbers, but the difficulty of the choice among them. I will never recommend a single individual, upon whom I cannot depend; or who, on some future day, may expose me to the greatest of all evils, the displeasure of my prince."—"But," continued Napoleone, "what is to be done to day, that I may augment the number of my suite, and by it impose upon the gaping multitude, and the attending deputations?"—"Command," said de Segur, "all the officers of your Majesty's staff, and of the staff of the Governor of Paris, General Murat, to surround your Majesty's sacred person, and order them to accoutre themselves in the most shining and splendid manner possible.

The presence of so many military men, will also, in a political point of view, be useful. It will lessen the pretensions of the constituted authorities, by telling them indirectly; it is not to your *Senatus Consultum*, to your decrees, or to your rotes, that I am indebted for my present sovereignty: I owe it exclusively to my own merit and valour, and to the valour of my brave officers and men, to whose arms I trust more than to your counsels."

This advice obtained Napoleon's entire approbation, and was followed. De Segur was permitted to retire, but when Madame Remusat made a courtesy also to leave the room, she was stopped with his terrible, *aux arrêts!* and left under the care and responsibility of his *aide-de-camp* Le Brun; who saw her safe into her room, at the door of which he placed two grenadiers. Napoleone then went out, ordering his wife, at her peril, to be in time ready and brilliantly dressed, for the drawing-room.

Dreading the consequences of her husband's wrath, Madame Napoleone was not only punctual, but so elegantly and tastefully decorated with jewels and ornaments, that even those of her enemies or rivals who refused her beauty, honour, and virtue, allowed her taste and dignity.

She thought that even in the regards of Napoleone, she read a tacit approbation. When all the troublesome bustle of the morning was gone through, and when senators, legislators, tribunes, and prefects, had complimented her as a model of female perfection, on a signal from her husband, she accompanied him in silence, through six different apartments, before he came to her library, where he surly ordered her to enter, and to remain until further orders.

“What have I done, Sire! to deserve such treatment?” exclaimed she trembling. —“If,” answered Napoleone, “Madame Remusat, your favourite, has made a fool of you, this is only to teach you, that you shall not make a fool of me. Had not de Segur, fortunately for him, had the ingenuity to extricate us from the dilemma into which my confidence and dependence on you had brought me, I should have made a fine figure indeed on the first day of my Emperorship.—Have patience, Madam, you have plenty of books to divert you, but you must remain where you are, until I am inclined to release you.” So saying, Napoleone locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

It was near two o'clock in the afternoon when she was thus shut up. Remembering the recent flattery of her courtiers, and comparing it with the unfeeling treatment of her husband, she found herself so much the more unfortunate, as the expressions of the former were regarded by her as praise due to her merit, while the unkindness of the latter, was unavailingly resented as the undeserved oppression of a capricious despot.

Business, or perhaps malice, made Napoleone forget to send her any dinner; and when, at eight o'clock, his brothers and sisters came according to invitation to take tea, he said coldly, “A-propos, I forgot it, my wife has not dined yet; she is busy, I suppose, in her philosophical meditations in her study.”

Madame Louis Buonaparte, her daughter, flew directly towards the study, and her mother could scarcely, for her tears, inform her that she was a prisoner, and that her husband was her gaoler. “Oh, Sire!” said Madame Louis, returning, “even this remarkable day is a day of mourning for my poor mother!”—“She deserves worse,” answered Napoleone, “but for your sake, she shall be released; here is the key, let her out.”

Madame Napoleone was, however, not in a situation to wish to appear before her envious brothers and sisters-in-law. Her eyes were so swollen with crying, that she could hardly see; and her tears had stained those imperial robes, which the unthinking and inconsiderate no doubt believed, a certain preservative against sorrow and affliction.

At nine o'clock, however, another aide-de-camp of her husband presented himself, and gave her the choice, either to accompany him back to the study, or to join the family party of the Bonapartes. In deploring her mother's situation, Madame Louis Buonaparte informed her former governess, Madame Cam—n, of these particulars, which I heard her relate at Madame de M—r's, almost verbatim as I report them to you. Such, and other scenes nearly of the same description, are neither rare nor singular, in the most singular court that ever existed in civilized Europe.





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER VII**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**HOUGH** government suffer a religious, or rather anti-religious liberty of the press, the authors who libel or ridicule the Christian, particularly the Roman Catholic religion, are excluded from all prospect of advancement, or if in place, are not trusted or liked. Cardinal Caprara, the nuncio of the Pope, proposed last year in a long memorial, the same severe restrictions on the discussions or publications in religious matters, as were already ordered in those, concerning politics.

But both Buonaparte, and his minister in the affairs of the church, Portalis, refused the introduction of what they called a tyranny of the conscience. Caprara then addressed himself to the ex-bishop Talleyrand, who on this occasion was more explicit than he generally is.

"Buonaparte," said he, rules not only over a fickle, but a gossiping (*bavard*) people, whom he has prudently forbidden all conversation and writing concerning government, or affairs of state. They would soon (accustomed as they are, since the Revolution, to verbal and written debates), be tired of talking about fine weather or about the opera.

To occupy them and their attention, some ample subject of diversion was necessary, and religion was surrendered to them at discretion; because, enlightened as the world now is, even atheists, or Christian fanatics, can do but little harm to society. They may spend rivers of ink, but they will be unable to shed a drop of blood."— "True," answered the Cardinal, "but only to a certain degree.

The licentiousness of the press, with regard to religious matters, does it not also furnish infidelity with new arms to injure the faith? and have not the horrors from which France has just escaped, proved! the danger and evil consequences of irreligion; and the necessity of encouraging and protecting Christianity?

By the recall of the clergy, and by the religious concordat, Buonaparte has shown himself convinced of this truth."

“So he is,” interrupted Talleyrand, “but he abhors intoleration and persecution,” (not in politics). “I shall, however, to please your Eminence, lay the particulars of your conversation before him.”

Sometime afterwards, when Talleyrand and Buonaparte must have agreed about some new measure, to indirectly chastise impious writers, the senators Garat, Jaucourt, Rœderer, and Demennier, four of the members of the senatorial commission of the liberty of the press, were sent for, and remained closeted with Napoleone, his minister Portalis, and Cardinal Caprars, for two hours. What was determined on this occasion, has not transpired, as even the Cardinal, who is not the most discreet person when provoked, and his religious zeal gets the better of his political prudence, has remained silent, though seemingly contented.

Two rather insignificant authors, of the name of Varennes and Beaujou, who published some scandalous libels on Christianity, have since been taken up, and after some months imprisonment in the Temple, been condemned to transportation to Cayenne for life; not as infidels or atheists, but as conspirators against the state, a consequence of some unguarded expressions, which prejudice or ill will alone would judge connected with politics.

Nothing is now permitted to be printed against religion, but with the author’s name; but by affixing his name, he may abuse the worship and gospel as much as he pleases. Since the example of severity alluded to above, however, this practice is on the decline. Even Pigault Le Brun, a popular but immoral novel writer, narrowly escaped lately a trip to Cayenne, for one of his blasphemous publications; and owes to the protection of Madame Murat exclusively, that he was not sent to keep Varennes and Beaujou company.

Some years ago, when Madame Murat was neither so great nor so rich as at present, he presented her with a copy of his works, and she has been unfashionable enough not only to remember the compliment, but wished to return it, by nominating him, her private secretary; which, however, the veto of Napoleone prevented.

Of Napoleone Buonaparte’s religious sentiments, opinions are not divided in France. The influence over him, of the petty superstitious Cardinal Caprara, is therefore inexplicable. This prelate has forced from him, assent to transactions which had been refused both to his mother and his brother Joseph, who now often employ the Cardinal with success, where they either dare not or will not show themselves.

It is true, his Eminence is not easily rebuked, but returns to the charge unabashed by new repulses: and he obtains by teasing more than by persuasion; but a man by whom Buonaparte suffers himself to be teased with impunity, is no insignificant favourite, particularly when, like his Cardinal, he unites cunning with devotion, craft with superstition; and is as accessible to corruption as tormented by ambition.

As most ecclesiastical promotionals passed through his pure and disinterested hands, Madame Napoleon, Talleyrand, and Portalis, who also- wanted some *douceurs* for their extraordinary expanses, united together last spring to remove him from France, and Napoleone was cajoled to nominate him a grand almoner of the kingdom of Italy, and the Cardinal set out for Milan.

He was, however, artful enough to convince his Sovereign of the propriety of having his grand almoner by his side; and he is therefore obliged to this intrigue of his enemies, that he now disposes of the benefices in the kingdom of Italy, as well as those of the French empire.

During the Pope’s residence in this capital, his Holiness often made use of Cardinal Capeara in his secret negotiations with Buonaparte; and whatever advantages were obtained by the Roman Pontiff for the Gallican church, his Eminence almost extorted; for he never desisted, where his interest or pride were concerned, till he had succeeded. It is said, that one day last January, after having been for hours exceedingly teasing and troublesome, Buonaparte lost his patience, and

was going to treat his Eminence as he frequently does his relatives, his ministers and counsellors, that is to say, to kick him from his presence; but suddenly recollecting himself, he said, "Cardinal, remain here in my closet until my return, when I shall have more time to listen to what you have to relate." It was at ten o'clock in the morning, and a day of great military audience and grand review.

In going out he put the key in his pocket, and told the guards in his anti-chamber to pay no attention, if they should hear any noise in his closet.

It was dark before the review was over, and Buonaparte had a large party to dinner. When his guests retired, he went into his wife's drawing-room, where one of the Pope's chamberlains waited on him, with the information, that his Holiness was much alarmed about the safety of Cardinal Caprara, of whom no account could be obtained, even by the assistance of the police, to which application had been made, since his Eminence had so suddenly disappeared.

"Oh! how absent! I am," answered Napoleone, as with surprise; "I entirely forgot that I left the Cardinal in my closet this morning: I will go myself and make an apology for my blunder."

His Eminence, quite exhausted, was found fast asleep; but no sooner was he a little recovered, than he interrupted Buonaparte's affected apology, with the repetition of the demand he had made in the morning; and so well was Napoleone pleased with him, for neglecting his personal inconvenience, only to occupy himself with the affairs of his Sovereign, that he consented to what was asked, and in laying his hand upon the shoulders of the prelate, said: "Faithful minister! was every prince so well served as your Sovereign is by you, many evils might be prevented, and much good effected."

The same evening Duroc brought him as a present, a snuff-box with Buonaparte's portrait, set round with diamonds, worth one thousand Louis d'ors. The adventures of this day certainly did not lessen his Eminence in the favour of Napoleone or of Pius VII.

Last November, some not entirely unknown persons intended to amuse themselves at the Cardinal's expense. At seven o'clock one evening, a young Abbe presented himself at the Cardinal's house, hotel de Montmorin, rue Plumet, as by appointment of his Eminence; and was by his secretary ushered into the study, and asked to wait there.

Hardly half an hour afterwards, two persons, pretending to be agents of the police, arrived just as the Cardinal's carriage had stopped. They informed him, that the woman introduced into his house in the dress of an Abbé, was connected with a gang of thieves and house-breakers, and demanded his permission to arrest her.

He protested, that except the wife of his porter, no woman in any dress whatever could be in his house, and that to convince themselves, they were very welcome to accompany his *valet-de-chambre* into every room they wished to see.

To the great surprise of his servant, a very pretty girl was found in the bed of his Eminence's bedchamber, which joined his study; who, though the pretended police agents insisted on her getting up, refused, under pretence that she was there waiting for her *bon amie*, the Cardinal.

His Eminence was no sooner told of this, than he shut the gate of his house, after sending his secretary to the commissary of police of the section. In the meantime, both the police agents and the girl entreated him to let them out, as the whole was merely a badinage; but he remained inflexible, and they were all three carried by the real police commissary to prison.

Upon a complaint made by his Eminence to Buonaparte, the police minister, Fouché, received orders to have those who had dared thus to violate the sacred character of the representative of the holy Pontiff, immediately and without farther ceremony transported to Cayenne.



The Cardinal demanded, and obtained a *proces verbal* of what had occurred, and of the sentence on the culprits, to be laid before his Sovereign. As Eugenius de Beauharnois interested himself so much for the individuals involved in this affair, as both to implore Buonaparte's pardon, and the Cardinal's interference for them many were inclined to believe, that he was in the secret, if not the contriver of this unfortunate joke.

This supposition gained credit, when, after all his endeavours to save them proved vain, he sent them seventy-two thousand livres, 3000. to Rochfort, that they might on their arrival at Cayenne be able to buy a plantation.

He procured them also letters of recommendation to the governor, Victor Hughes, to be treated differently from other transported persons.



**Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, Napoleon I on his  
Imperial Throne, 1806**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER VIII**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**L** WAS particularly attentive in observing the countenances and demeanour of the company, at the last levee which Madame Napoleone Buonaparte held, previous to her departure with her husband, to meet the Pope at Fontainebleau.

I had heard from good authority, “that to those whose propensities were known, Duroc’s information, that the Empress was visible, was accompanied with a kind of admonitory or courtly hint, that the strictest decency in dress and manners, and a conversation chaste, and rather of an unusually modest turn, would be highly agreeable to their Sovereigns; in consideration of the solemn occasion of a Sovereign Pontiff’s arrival in France; an occurrence that had not happened for centuries, and probably would not happen for centuries to come.” I went early, and was well rewarded for my punctuality.

There came the senator Fouché, handing his amiable and chaste spouse, walking with as much gravity, as formerly when a friar he marched in a procession. Then presented themselves the senators Sieyes and Rœderer, with an air as composed, as if the former had still been an abbé, and the confessor of the latter.

Next came Madame Murat, whom three hours before, I had seen in the Bois de Boulogne, in all the disgusting display of fashionable nakedness, now clothed and covered to her chin. She was followed by the pious Madame Le Clerc, now Princess Borghese, who was sighing deeply and loudly. After her came limping the godly Talleyrand, dragging his pure moiety by his side, both with downcast and edifying looks; the Christian patriots Gravina and Lima; Dreyer and Beust, Dalberg and Cetto, Malsburgh and Pappenheim, with the Catholic Schimmelpenninck, and Mohamed-Sayd, Halel-Effendy, all presented themselves as penitent sinners imploring absolutions, after undergoing mortifications.

But it would become tedious, and merely a repetition, were I to depict separately the figures and characters of all the personages at this politico-comical masquerade. Their conversation was however more uniform, more contemptible, and more laughable, than their accoutrements and grimaces were ridiculous. To judge from what they said, they belonged no longer to this world all their thoughts were in heaven, and they considered themselves either on the borders of eternity or on the eve of the day of the last judgment. The truly devout Madame Napoleon, spoke with

rapture of martyrs and miracles, of the mass and of the vespers, of agnuses and relics of Christ her Saviour, and of Pius VII his vicar: had not her enthusiasm been interrupted by the enthusiastic commentaries of her mother-in-law, I saw every mouth open ready to cry out as soon as she had finished, Amen! Amen! Amen!

Napoleone had placed himself between the old Cardinal de Bellois and the not young Cardinal Bernier, so as to prevent the approach of any profane sinner, or unrepentant infidels. Round him and their clerical chiefs, all the curates and grand vicars, almoners and chaplains of the court, and the capitals of the Princess, Princesses, and grand officers of state, had formed a kind of cordon.

“Had,” said the young General Kellerman to me, “Buonaparte always been encompassed by troops of this description, he might now have sung hymns as a saint in heaven, but he would never have reigned as an Emperor upon earth.”

This indiscreet remark was heard by Louis Buonaparte, and on the next morning Kellerman received orders to join the army in Hanover, where he was put under the command of a general younger than himself. He would have been still more severely punished, had not his father the senator, General Kellerman, been in such great favour at the court of St. Cloud, and so much protected by Duroc, who had made in 1792, his first campaign under this officer, then commander in chief of the army of the Ardennes.

When this devout assembly separated, which was by courtesy an hour earlier than usual, I expected every moment to hear a chorus of horselaughs, because I clearly perceived, that all of them were tired of their assumed parts; and with me, inclined to be gay at the expense of their neighbours. But they all remembered also, that they were watched by spies, and that an imprudent look or an indiscreet word, gaiety instead of gravity, noise when silence was commanded, might be followed by an airing in the wilderness of Cayenne.

They therefore all called out, “Coachman, to our hotel!” as much as to say, we will to-day, in compliment to the new born Christian zeal of our Sovereigns, finish our evening as piously as we have began it. But no sooner were they out of sight of the palace, than they hurried to scenes of dissipation; all endeavouring, in the debauchery and excesses so natural to them, to forget their unnatural affectation and hypocrisy.

Well you know the standard of the faith even of the members of the Buonaparte family. Two days before this Christian circle at Madame Napoleon's, Madame de Chateaufort, with three other ladies, visited the Princess Borghese. Not seeing a favourite parrot they had often previously admired, they inquired what was become of it. “Oh, the poor creature,” answered the Princess, “I have disposed of it as well as of two of my monkeys. The Emperor has obliged me to engage an almoner and two chaplains, and it would be too extravagant in me to keep six useless animals in my hotel.

I must now submit to hearing the disgusting howling of any almoner, instead of the entertaining chat of my parrot; and to see the awkward bows and kneelings of my chaplains, instead of the amusing capering of my monkeys. Add to this, that I am forced to transform into a chapel, my elegant and tasty boudoir, on the ground floor, where I have passed so many fortunate moments, so many delicious *tete-à-teles*. Alas! what a change!—what a shocking fashion, that we are now all again to be Christians!!!”





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER IX**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**NOTWITHSTANDING** what was inserted in our public prints to the contrary, the reception Buonaparte experienced from his army of England in June last year, the first time he presented himself to them as an Emperor, was far from such as flattered either his vanity or views.

For the first days, some few solitary voices alone, accompanied the Vive l'Empereur of his generals, and of his *aide-de-camps*. This indifference, or, as he called it, mutinous spirit, was so much the more provoking, as it was unexpectedly did not, as usual, ascribe it to the emissaries or gold of England, but to the secret adherents of Pichegru and Moreau, amongst the brigades or divisions that had served under these unfortunate generals.

He ordered in consequence, his minister Berthier to make out a list of all these corps: having obtained this, he separated them, by ordering some to Italy, others to Holland, and the rest to the frontiers of Spain or Germany. This act of revenge or jealousy, was regarded both by the officers and men as a disgrace, and as a doubt thrown out against their fidelity; and the murmur was loud and general. In consequence of this, some men were shot, and many more arrested.

Observing, however, that severity had not the desired effect, Buonaparte suddenly changed his conduct; released the imprisoned, and rewarded with the crosses of his Legion of Honour, every member of the so lately suspected troops, who had ever performed any brilliant or valorous exploits under the proscribed generals.

He even incorporated among his own body guards and guides, men who had served in the same capacity under these rival commanders; and numbers of their children were received in the Pyrenees and military free schools. The enthusiastic exclamation that soon greeted his ears, convinced him that he had struck upon the right string of his soldiers' heart. Men, who some few days before, wanted only the signal of a leader to cut an Emperor they hated to pieces, would now have contender, who should be foremost to shed their last drop of blood for a chief they adored.

This affected liberality towards the troops, who had served under his rivals, roused some slight discontent among those, to whom he was chiefly indebted for his own laurels. But if he knew the danger of reducing to despair slighted men with arms in their hands, he also was well aware of the equal danger of enduring licentiousness or audacity, among troops who had, on all occasions, experienced his preference and partiality; and he gave a sanguinary proof of his opinion on this subject, at the grand parade of the 12<sup>th</sup> of July 1804, preparatory to the grand fete of the 14<sup>th</sup>.

A grenadier of the 21<sup>st</sup> regiment (which was known in Italy under the name of the Terrible), in presenting arms to him, said: "Sire! I have served under you four campaigns, fought under you in ten battles or engagements; have received in your service seven wounds, and am not a member of your Legion of Honour; whilst many, who served under Moreau, and are not able to show a scratch from an enemy, have that distinction."

Buonaparte instantly ordered this man to be shot by his own comrades, in the front of the regiment. The six grenadiers selected to fire, seeming to hesitate, he commanded the whole corps to lay down their arms; and after being disbanded, to be sent to the different colonial depots. To humiliate them still more, the mutinous grenadier was shot by the *gens d'armes*.

When the review was over, Vive l'Empereur resounded from all parts, and his popularity among the troops has since rather increased than diminished. Nobody can deny, that Buonaparte possesses a great presence of mind, an undaunted firmness, and a perfect knowledge of the character of the people over whom he reigns.

Could but justice and humanity be added to his other qualities but unfortunately for my nation, I fear, that the answer of General Mortier to a remark. of a friend of mine on this subject, is not problematical: "Had," said this imperial favourite, "Napoleone Buonaparte been just and humane, he would neither have vanquished nor reigned."

All these scenes occurred before Buonaparte, seated on a throne, received the homage as a Sovereign, of one hundred and fifty thousand warriors, who now bowed as subjects, after having for years fought for liberty and equality, and sworn hatred to all monarchical institutions; and who hitherto had saluted and obeyed him only as the first among equals.

What an inconsistency!—The splendour and show that accompanied him every where, the pageantry and courtly pomp that surrounded him, and the decorations of the stars and ribbons of the Legion of Honour, which he distributed with bombastic speeches among troops, to whom those political impositions and social cajoleries were novelties, made such an impression upon them, that had a bridge been then fixed between Calais and Dover, brave as your countrymen are, I should have trembled for the liberty and independence of your country.

The heads and imagination of the soldiers, I know from the best authority, were then so exalted, that though they might have been cut to pieces, they could never have been defeated or routed.—I pity our children, when I reflect, that their tranquillity and happiness will perhaps depend upon such a corrupt and unprincipled people of soldiers; easy tools in the hands of every impostor or mountebank.

The lively satisfaction which Buonaparte must have felt at the pinnacle of grandeur where fortune had placed him, was not, however, entirely unmingled with uneasiness and vexation; Except at Berlin, in all the other great courts, the Emperor of the French was still Monsieur Buonaparte; and your country, of the subjugation of which he had spoken with such lightness and such inconsideration, instead of dreading, despised his boasts and defied his threats.

Indeed, never before did the Cabinet of St. James more opportunely expose the reality of his impotency, the impertinence of his menaces, and the folly of his parade, for the invasion of your

country, than by declaring all the ports containing his invincible armada, in a state of blockade. I have heard from an officer who witnessed his fury, when in May 1799 he was compelled to retreat from before St. Jean d’Acre, and who was by his side in the camp at Boulogne, when a dispatch informed him of this circumstance, that it was nothing, compared to the violent rage into which he flew upon reading it.

For an hour afterwards, not even his brother Joseph dared approach him; and his passion got so far the better of his policy, that what might still have long been concealed from the troops, was known within the evening to the whole camp. He dictated to his secretary, orders for his ministers at Vienna, Berlin, Lisbon and Madrid, and couriers were sent away with them; but half an hour afterwards other couriers were dispatched after them, with other orders; which were revoked in their turn, when at last Joseph had succeeded in calming him a little.

He passed, however, the whole following night fully dressed and agitated, lying down only for an instant, not having always in his room Joseph and Duroc, and deliberating on a thousand methods of destroying the insolent islanders; all equally violent, but all equally impracticable.

The next morning, when, as usual, he went to see the manoeuvres of his flotilla, and the embarkation and landing of his troops, he looked so pale, that he almost excited pity. Your cruisers, however, as if they had been informed of the situation of our hero, approached unusually near, to evince, as it were, their contempt and derision.

He ordered instantly all the batteries to fire, and went himself to that which carried its shot farthest; but that moment six of your vessels, after taking down their sails, cast anchors with the greatest sangfroid, just without the reach of our shot. In an unavailing anger he broke upon the spot six officers of artillery, and pushed one Captain d’Ablincourt down the precipice, under the battery, where he narrowly escaped breaking his neck as well as his legs; for which injury he was compensated by being made an officer of the Legion of Honour.

Bonaparte then convoked upon the spot a council of his generals of artillery and of the engineers, and, within an hour’s time, some guns and mortars, of still heavier metal and greater calibre, were carried up to replace the others; but, fortunately for the generals, before a trial could be made of them the tide changed, and your cruisers sailed.

In returning to breakfast, at General Soult’s, he observed the countenances of his soldiers rather inclined to laughter than to wrath ; and he heard some jests, significant enough in the vocabulary of encampments, and which informed him that contempt was not the sentiment, with which your navy had inspired his troops.

The occurrences of these two days hastened his departure from the coast for Aix la Chapelle, where the cringing of his courtiers consoled him, in part, for the want of respect or gallantry in your English tars.



## French Territory in Europe 1806



**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER X**

**Paris, August 1805**

MY LORD,



**ACCORDING** to a general belief in our diplomatic circles, it was the Austrian ambassador in France, Count Cobentzel, who principally influenced the determination of Francis II. to assume the hereditary title of Emperor of Austria, and to acknowledge Napoleone Emperor of the French.

Jean Philippe Count de Cobentzel enjoys, not only in his own country, but through all Europe, a great reputation as a statesman, and has for a number of years been employed by his court in the most intricate and delicate political transactions. In 1790 he was sent to Brabant to treat with the Belgian insurgents, but the States of Brabant refusing to receive him, he retired to Luxemburg, where he published a proclamation, in which Leopold II revoked all those acts of his predecessor Joseph II which had been the principal cause of the troubles; and re-established every thing upon the same footing as during the reign of Maria Theresa. In 1791, he was appointed ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg, where his conduct obtained the approbation of his own Prince, and of the Empress of Russia.

In 1793, the Committee of Public Safety nominated the intriguer, De Semonville, ambassador to the Ottoman court. His mission was to excite the Turks against Austria and Russia, and it became of great consequence to the two Imperial courts#to seize this incendiary of regicides. He was therefore stopped, on the 36<sup>th</sup> of July, in the village of Novate, near the lake of Chiavenne. A rumour was very prevalent at this time, that some papers were found in De Semonville's port-folio implicating Count de Cobentzel as a correspondent with the revolutionary French generals. That continued confidence of his Sovereign contractors, however, this inculpation, which seems to have been merely the invention of rivalry or jealousy.

In October 1795, Count de Cobentzel signed, in name of the Emperor, a treaty with England and Russia; and in 1797 he was one of the Imperial plenipotentiaries sent to Udine to negotiate with Buonaparte, with whom, on the 17<sup>th</sup> of October, he signed the treaty of Campo Formio. In the same capacity, he went afterwards to Rastadt, and when this congress broke up, he returned again as an ambassador to St. Petersburg.

After the peace of Luneville, when it required to have a man of experience and talents, to oppose to our so deeply able minister, Talleyrand, the cabinet, of Vienna removed him from Russia to France, where, with all other representatives of princes, he has experienced more of the frowns and rebukes, than of the dignity and good grace, of our present Sovereign.

Count de Cobentzel's foible is said to be a passion for women; and it is reported, that our worthy minister Talleyrand, has been kind enough to assist him frequently in his amours. Some adventures of this sort, which occurred at Rastadt, afforded much amusement at the Count's expense. Talleyrand, from envy, no doubt, does not allow him the same political merit as his other political contemporaries, having frequently repeated, "that the official dinners of Count de Cobentzel were greatly preferable to his official notes."

So well pleased was Buonaparte with this ambassador, when at Aix la Chapelle last year, that, as a singular favour, he permitted him, with the Marquis de Gallo (the Neapolitan minister, and another plenipotentiary at Udine), to visit the camps of his army of England on the coast. It is true, that this condescension was perhaps as much a boast, or a threat, as a compliment.

The famous diplomatic note of Talleyrand, which, at Aix la Chapelle, proscribed en masse all your diplomatic agents, was only a slight revenge of Buonaparte's for your mandate of blockade. Rumour states, that this measure was not approved of by Talleyrand, at it would not exclude any of your ambassadors from those courts not immediately under the whip of our Napoleone. For fear, however, of some more extravagant determination, Joseph Buonaparte dissuaded him from laying before his brother any objections or representations: "But what absurdities do I not sign!" exclaimed the pliant minister.

Buonaparte, on his arrival at Aix la Chapelle, found there, according to command, most of the members of the foreign diplomatic corps in France, waiting to present their new credentials to him as Emperor. Charlemagne had been saluted as such in the same place, eight hundred years before; an inducement for the modern Charlemagne, to set all these ambassadors travelling some hundred miles, without any other object, but to gratify his impertinent vanity.

Every spot where Charlemagne had walked, had, slept, talked, eaten or prayed, was visited by him with great ostentation, always dragging behind him the foreign representatives, and by his side his wife. To a peasant who presented him a stone, upon which Charlemagne was said to have once kneeled, he gave nearly half its weight in gold; on a priest who offered him a small crucifix, before which that Prince was reported to have prayed, he bestowed an episcopal see; to a manufacturer he ordered one thousand Louis, for a portrait of Charlemagne, said to be drawn by his daughter, but which in fact, was from the pencil of the daughter of the manufacturer; a German *savans* was made a member of the National Institute, for an old diploma, supposed to have been signed by Charlemagne, who many believe was not able to write; and a German Baron Krigge, was registered in the Legion of Honour, for a ring presented by this Emperor to one of his ancestors, though his nobility is well known not to be of sixty years standing. But woe to him who dared to suggest any doubt about what Napoleone believed, or seemed to believe!

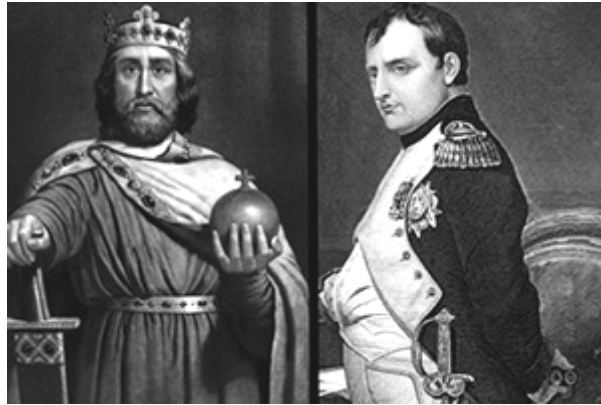
A German professor Richter, more a pedant than a courtier, and more sincere than wise, addressed a short memorial to Buonaparte, in which he proved from his intimacy with antiquity, that most of the pretended relics of Charlemagne, were impositions on the credulous; that the portrait was a drawing of this century; the diploma written in the last; the crucifix manufactured within fifty, and the ring perhaps within ten years.

The night after Buonaparte had perused this memorial, a police commissary, accompanied by four gens d'armes, entered the professor's bed-room, forced him to dress, and ushered him into a covered cart, which carried him under escort to the left bank of the Rhine; where he was left with orders, under pain of death, never more to enter the territory of the French empire. This expedition and summary justice, silenced all other connoisseurs and antiquarians; and relics of



Charlemagne, have since poured in, in such numbers, from all parts of France, Italy, Germany, and even Denmark, that we are herein hope, to see one day established a museum Charlemagne, by the side of the museums Napoleone and Josephine. A ballad written in monkish Latin, said to be sung by the daughters and maids of Charlemagne, at his court on great festivities, was addressed to Duroc, by a Danish professor Cranener, who in return was presented, on the part of Buonaparte, with a diamond ring, worth twelve thousand livres; £500.

This ballad may, perhaps, be the foundation of a future Biblioteque or Lyceum—Charlemagne.



**Napoleon was obsessed with history and believed he was a modern day Charlemagne**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XI**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



ON the arrival of her husband at Aix la Chapelle, Madame Napoleone had lost her money by gambling, without recovering her health by using the baths and drinking the waters; she was therefore as poor as low-spirited, and as ill-tempered as dissatisfied. Napoleone himself was neither much in humour to supply her present wants, provide for her extravagancies, or to forgive her ill-nature; he ascribed the inefficacy of the waters to her excesses; and reproached her for too great condescension to many persons, who presented themselves at her drawing-room, and in her circle, but who from their rank in life, were only fit to be seen as supplicants in her anti-chambers, and as associates with her valets or chambermaids.

The fact was, that Madame Napoleone knew as well as her husband, that these gentry were not in their place, in the company of an Empress; but they were her creditors, some of them even Jews; and as long as she continued debtor to them, she could not decently, or rather, she dared not, prevent them from being visitors to her.

By confiding her situation to her old friend Talleyrand, she was, however, soon released from those troublesome personages. When the minister was informed of the occasion of the attendance of these impertinent intruders, he humbly proposed to Buonaparte, not to pay their demands and their due; but to make them, examples of severe justice, in transporting them to Cayenne, as the only sure means to prevent, for the future, people of the same description, from being familiar or audacious.

When, thanks to Talleyrand's interference, these family arrangements were settled, Madame Napoleone recovered her health with her good humour; and her husband, who had began to forget the English blockade, only to think of the papal accolade (dubbing), was more lender than ever. I am assured, that during the fortnight he continued with his wife at Aix la Chapelle, he only shut her up or confined her twice, kicked her three times, and abused her once a day.

It was during their residence in that capital, that Count de Segur, at last, completed the composition of their household; and laid before them the list of the ladies and gentlemen, who had consented to put on their livery.

This de Segur is a kind of amphibious animal, neither a royalist and a republican; neither a democrat nor an aristocrat; but a disaffected subject under a king; a dangerous citizen of a commonwealth; ridiculing both the friend of equality and the defender of prerogatives; no exact definition can be given from his past conduct and avowed professions, of his real, moral, and political character. One thing is only certain—he was an ungrateful traitor to Louis XVI. and is a submissive slave under Napoleone the First.

Though not of an ancient family, Count de Segur was a nobleman by birth, and ranked among the ancient French nobility, because one of his ancestors had been a field-mareschal. Being early introduced at court, he acquired with the common corruption, also the pleasing manners of a courtier; and by his assiduities about the ministers, Counts de Maurepas and de Vergennes, he procured from the latter the place of an ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg.

With some reading and genius, but with more boasting and presumption, he classed himself among French men of letters, and was therefore as such received with distinction by Catharine II on whom, and on whose government, he in return published a libel. He was a valet under La Fayette, in 1789, as he has since been under every succeeding king of faction.

The partisans of the Revolution pointed him out as a fit ambassador from Louis XVI. to the late King of Prussia; and he went in 1791 to Berlin, in that capacity; but Frederic William II. refused him admittance to his person, and after some ineffectual intrigues, with the illuminati and philosophers at Berlin, he returned to Paris as he left it; provided, however, with materials for another libel on the Prussian Monarch, and on the House of Brandenburg, which he printed in 1796.

Ruined by the Revolution which he had so much admired, he was imprisoned under Robespierre, and was near starving under the Directory, having nothing but his literary productions to subsist on.

In 1799, Buonaparte made him a legislator, and in 1803, a counsellor of state; a place which he resigned last year, for that of a grand master of the ceremonies at the present Imperial court. His ancient inveteracy against your country, has made him a favourite with Buonaparte. The indelicate and scandalous attacks in 1796 and 1797 against Lord Malmesbury, in the then official journal, *le Redacteur*, were the offspring of his malignity and pen; and the philippics and abusive notes in our present official *Moniteur*, against your government and country, are frequently his patriotic progeny, or rather, he often shares with Talleyrand and Hauterive their paternity.

The Revolution has not made Count de Segur more happy with regard to his family, than in his circumstances, which, notwithstanding his brilliant grand mastership, are far from being affluent. His amiable wife died of terror, and broken-hearted, from the sufferings she had experienced, and the atrocities she had witnessed; and when he had enticed his eldest son to accept the place of a sub-prefect under Buonaparte, his youngest son, who never approved our present regeneration, challenged his brother to fight, and after killing him in a duel, destroyed himself. Count de Segur is therefore at present neither a husband nor a father, but only a grand master of ceremonies! What an indemnification!

Madame Napoleone, and her husband, are both certainly under much obligation to this nobleman, for his care to procure them comparatively decent persons to decorate their levees and drawing-rooms; who, though they have no claim either to morality or virtue, either to honour or chastity, we undoubtedly a great acquisition at the Court of St. Cloud, because none of them has either been accused of murder, or convicted of plunder; which is the case with some of the ministers, and most of the generals, senators, and counsellors.

It is true, that they are a mixture of beggared nobles, and enriched valets; of married courtesans and divorced wives; but, for all that, they can with justice demand the places of honour, of all other Imperial courtiers of both sexes.

When Buonaparte had read over the names of these court recruits, engaged and enlisted by de Segur, he said, “Well, this lumber must do until we can exchange it for better furniture. At that time, young Count d’Arberg (of a German family, on the right bank of the Rhine), but whose mother is one of Madame Buonaparte’s maids of honour, was travelling for him in Germany, and in Prussia, where, among other negotiations, he was charged to procure some persons of both sexes, of the most ancient nobility, to augment Napoleon's suite, and to figure in his livery.

More individuals presented themselves for this honour, than he wanted, but they were all without education, and without address; ignorant of the world as of books; not speaking well their own language, much less understanding French or Italian; vain of their birth, but not ashamed of their ignorance, and as proud as poor.

This project was therefore relinquished for the present; but a number of the children of the principal *ci-devant* German nobles, who by the treaty of Luneville and Ratisbon, had become Subjects of Buonaparte, were, by the advice of Talleyrand, offered places in French Pyrenees, where the Emperor promised to take care of their future advancement.

Madame Buonaparte, at the same time, selected twenty-five young girls of the same families, whom she also offered to educate at her expense. Their parents understood too well the meaning of these generous offers, to dare decline their acceptance. These children are the plants of the Imperial nursery, intended to produce future pages, chamberlains, equerries, maids of honour, and ladies in waiting, who for ancestry may bid defiance to all their equals of every court in Christendom.

This act of benevolence, as it was called in some German papers, is also an indirect chastisement of the refractory French nobility, who either demanded too high prices for their degradation, or abruptly refused to disgrace the names of their forefathers.



**Louis-Philippe de Ségur**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XII**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**UONAPARTE** has been as promised in his disposal of the imperial diadem of Germany, as in his promises of the papal tiara of Rome. The Houses of Austria and Brandenburg, the Electors of Bavaria and Baden, have by turns been cajoled into a belief of his exclusive support towards obtaining it at the first vacancy.

Those, however, who have paid attention to his machinations, and studied his actions; who remember his pedantic affectation of being considered a modern, or rather a second Charlemagne; and who have traced his steps through the labyrinth of folly and wickedness, of meanness and greatness of art, corruption and policy, which have seated him on his present throne, can entertain little doubt, but that he is seriously bent on seizing and adding the sceptre of Germany to the crowns of France and Italy.

During his stay last autumn at Mentz, all those German Electors, who had spirit and dignity enough to refuse to attend on him there in person, were obliged to send extraordinary ambassadors to wait on him, and to compliment him on their part. Though hardly one corner of the veil that covered the intrigues going forward there, is yet lifted up, enough is already seen to warn Europe and alarm the world.

The secret treaties he concluded there with most of the petty Princes of Germany, against the Chief of the German empire which not only entirely detached them from; their country and its legitimate Sovereign, but made their individual interests hostile, and totally opposite to that of the German commonwealth, transforming them also from independent princes, into vassals of France), both directly increased his already gigantic power, and indirectly encouraged him to extend it beyond what his most sanguine expectation had induced him to hope.

I do not make this assertion from a mere supposition in consequence of ulterior occurrences. At a supper with Madame Talleyrand last March, I heard her husband, in a gay, unguarded, or perhaps premeditated moment say, when mentioning his proposed journey to Italy; I prepared

myself to pass the Alps last October at Mentz. The first ground stone of the throne of Italy was, strange as it may seem, laid on the banks of the Rhine: with such an extensive foundation, it must be difficult to shake, and impossible to overturn it.

We were in the whole twenty-five persons at table when he spoke thus, many of whom he well knew, were intimately acquainted both with the Austrian and Prussian ambassadors, who, by the by, both on the next day sent couriers to their respective courts.

The French Revolution is neither seen in Germany in that dangerous light, which might naturally be expected from the sufferings in which it has involved both princes and subjects; nor are its future effects dreaded from its past enormities.

The cause of this impolitic and anti-patriotic apathy, is to be looked for in the palaces of Sovereigns and not in the dwellings of their people. There exists hardly a, single German Prince, whose ministers, courtiers and counsellors are not numbered, and have long been notorious among the anti-social conspirators, the illuminati: most of them are knaves of abilities, who have usurped the easy direction of ignorance, or forced themselves as guides on weakness or folly, which bow to their charlatanism, as if it was sublimity, and hail their sophistry and imposture as inspiration.

Among princes, thus encompassed, the Elector of Bavaria must be allowed the first place. A younger brother of a younger branch, and a colonel in the service of Louis XVI he neither acquired by education, nor inherited from nature, any talent to reign, nor possessed any one quality that fitted him for a higher situation than the head of a regiment, or a lady's drawing-room. He made himself justly suspected of a moral corruption, as well as of a natural incapacity, when he announced his approbation of the Revolution against his benefactor the late King of France, who besides a regiment, had also given him a yearly pension of one hundred thousand livres, £4000.

Immediately after his unexpected accession to the Electorate of Bavaria, he concluded a subsidiary treaty with your country, and his troops were ordered to combat rebellion, under the standard of Austrian loyalty. For some months it was believed, that the Elector wished by his conduct to obliterate the memory of the errors, vices, and principles of the Duke of Deux Ponts (his former title.

But placing all his confidence in a political adventurer and revolutionary fanatic, Montgelas, without either consistency or firmness, without being either being upon information, or anxious about popularity, he threw the whole burthen of state on the shoulders of this dangerous man, who soon showed, the World that his master, by his first treaties, intended only to pocket your money, without serving your cause or interest.

This Montgelas is, on account of his cunning, and long standing among them, worshipped by the gang of German illuminati as an idol rather than revered as an apostle. He is their Baal, before whom they hope to oblige all nations upon earth to prostrate themselves, as soon as infidelity has entirely banished Christianity; fertile illuminati do not expect to reign till the last Christian is buried under the rubbish of the last altar of Christ. It is not the fault of Montgelas, if such an event has not already occurred in the Electorate of Bavaria.

Within six months after the treaty of Luneville, Montgelas began in that country his political and religious innovations. The nobility and the clergy were equally attacked; the privileges of the former were invaded, and the property of the latter confiscated; and had not his zeal carried him too far, so as to alarm our new nobles, our new men of property, and new Christians, it is very probable that atheism would have already, without opposition, reared its head in the midst of Germany, and proclaimed there the rights of man, and the code of liberty and equality.

The inhabitants of Bavaria are, as you know, all Roman Catholics, and the most superstitious and ignorant Catholics of Germany. The step is but short from superstition to infidelity; and ignorance has furnished in France more sectaries of atheism than perversity. The illuminati, brothers and friends of Montgelas, have not been idle in that country.

Their writings have perverted those who had no opportunity to hear their speeches, or to witness their example; and I am assured by Count de Buest, who travelled in Bavaria last year, that their progress among the lower classes is astonishing, considering the short period these emissaries have laboured. To anyone looking on the map of the Continent, and acquainted with the spirit of our times, this impious focus of illumination must be ominous.

Among the members of the foreign diplomatic corps, there exists not the least doubt, but that this Montgelas, as well as Buonaparte's minister at Munich, Otto, was acquainted with the treacherous part Mehèe de la Touche played against your minister, Drake; and that it was planned between him and Talleyrand, as the surest means to break off all political connections between your country and Bavaria.

Mr. Drake was personally liked by the Elector, and was not inattentive either to the plans and views of Montgelas, or to the intrigues of Otto. They were, therefore, both doubly interested to remove such a troublesome witness.

M. de Montgelas is now a grand officer of Buonaparte's Legion of Honour, and he is one, of the few foreigners nominated, the most worthy of such a distinction. In France he would have been an acquisition either to the factions of a Marat, of a Brissot, or of a Robespierre; and the Goddess of Reason as well as the God of the Theophilanthropists, might have been sure of counting him among their adorers.

At the clubs of the Jacobins or Cordeliers, in the fraternal societies, or in a revolutionary tribunal; in the Committee of Public Safety, or in the council chamber of the Directory, he would equally have made himself notorious and been equally in his place. A stoic *sans-culotte* under Du Clots, a staunch republican under Robespierre, he would now have been the most pliant and brilliant courtier of Buonaparte.



**Auguste Louis de Talleyrand**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XIII**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



O Queen of France ever saw so many foreign princes and princesses in her drawing-rooms, as the first Empress of the French did last year at Mentz; and no Sovereign was ever before so well paid, or accepted with less difficulty donations and presents for her gracious protection. Madame Napoleone herself, on her return to this capital last October, boasted that she was ten millions of livres (£420,000) richer in diamonds;- two millions of livres (£62,000) richer in pearls, and three millions of livres (£125,000) richer in plate and china, than in the June before when she quitted it.

She acknowledged that she left behind her some creditors and some money at Aix la Chapelle; but at Mentz, she did not want to borrow, nor had time to gamble; the gallant ultra Romans provided every thing, even to the utmost extent of her wishes; and she, on her part, could not but honour those with her company as much as possible, particularly as they required nothing else for their civilities.

Such was the Empress's expression to her lady in waiting, the handsome Madame Seran, with whom no confidence, no tale, no story, and no scandal expires; and who was in a great hurry to inform, the same evening, the tea party at Madame de Beauvais of this good news; complaining at the same time of not having had the least share in this rich harvest.

No where indeed were bribery and corruption carried to a greater extent, or practised with more effrontery, than at Mentz. Madame Napoleone had as much her fixed price for every favourable word she spoke, as Talleyrand had for every line he wrote.

Even the attendants of the former, and the clerks of the latter, demanded or rather extorted douceurs from the exhausted and almost ruined German petitioners; who in the end were rewarded for all their meanness and for all their expenses, with promises at best; as the new plan of supplementary indemnities was, on the very day proposed for its final arrangement, postponed by the desire of the Emperor of the French until farther orders.

This provoking delay could no more be foreseen by the Empress, than by the minister, who, in return for their presents and money, almost overpowered the German Princes with his



protestations of regret at their disappointments. Nor was Madame Buonaparte less sorry or less civil. She sent her chamberlain, Daubusson la Feuillad, with regular compliments of condolence, to every Prince who had enjoyed her protection. They returned to their homes, therefore, if not wealthier, at least happier; flattered by assurances and condescensions, confiding in hope as in certainties. Within three months, however, it is supposed that they would willingly have disposed both of promises and expectations, at a loss of fifty per cent.

By the cupidity and selfishness, of these and other German Princes, and their want of patriotism, Talleyrand was become perfectly acquainted with the value and production of every principality, bishopric, county, abbey, barony, convent, and even village in the German empire; and though most national property in France was disposed of at one or two years purchase, he required five years purchase money for all the estates and lands on the other side of the Rhine; of which, under the name of indemnities, he stripped the lawful owners, to gratify the ambition or avidity of intruders.

This high price has cooled the claims of the bidders, and the plan of the supplementary indemnities is still suspended, and probably will continue so until our minister lowers his terms.

A combination is supposed to have been entered into by the chief demanders of indemnities, by which they have bound themselves to resist all farther extortions. They do not, however, know the man they have to deal with; he will, perhaps, find out some to lay claim to their own private and hereditary property, whom he will produce and support, and who certainly will have the same right to pillage them, as they had to the spoils of others.

It was reported in our fashionable circles last autumn, and smiled at by Talleyrand, that he promised the Countess de L. an abbey, and the Baroness de S—z, a convent, for certain personal favours, and that he offered a bishopric to the Princess of H, on the same terms; but this lady answered, “that she would think of his offers after he had put her husband in possession of the bishopric.” It is not necessary to observe, that both the Countess and the Baroness, are yet waiting to enjoy his liberal donations, and to be indemnified for their prostitution.

Napoleone Buonaparte was attacked by a fit of jealousy at Mentz. The young nephew of the Elector Arch-Chancellor, Count de L—ge, was very assiduous about the Empress, who, herself, at first mistook the motive. Her confidential secretary, Deschamps, however, afterwards informed her, that this nobleman wanted to purchase the place of a coadjutor to his uncle, so as to be certain of succeeding him.

He obtained therefore several private audiences, no doubt to regulate the price; when Napoleone put a stop to this secret negotiation, by having the Count carried by gens d'armes, with great politeness, to the other side of the Rhine. When convinced of his error, Buonaparte asked his wife what sum had been promised for her protection, and immediately gave her an order on his minister of the treasury, Marbois, for the amount.

This was an act of justice, and a reparation worthy of a good and tender husband; but when, the very next day, he recalled this order, threw it into the fire before her eyes, and confined her for six hours in her bed-room, because she was not dressed time enough to take a walk with him on the ramparts, one is apt to believe that military despotism has erased from his bosom all connubial affection; and that a momentary effusion of kindness and generosity, can but little alleviate the frequent pangs caused by repeated insults and oppression.

Fortunately, Madame Napoleone's disposition is proof against rudeness as well as against brutality, if what her friend and consoler, Madame Deluqay, reports of her is not exaggerated, her tranquillity is not much disturbed, nor her happiness affected, by these explosions of passionate authority; and she prefers admiring in undisturbed solitude, her diamond box, to the most beautiful prospers in the most agreeable company; and she inspects with more pleasure in

confinement, her rich wardrobe, her beautiful china, and her heavy plate, than she would find satisfaction, surrounded with crowds, in contemplating nature even in its utmost perfection. “The paradise of Madame Napoleone,” says her friend, must be of metal, and lighted by the lustre of brilliants, else she would decline it for a hell, and accept Lucifer himself for a spouse, provided gold flowed in his infernal domains, though she were even to be scorched by its heat.”



**Napoleon Bonaparte 1769-1821 Receiving Queen  
Louisa of Prussia 1776-1810 at Tilsit**



**Pauline Bonaparte, duchesse de Guastalla, princesse  
Borghese**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XIV**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**BELIEVE** that I have mentioned to you, when in England, that I was an old acquaintance of Madame Napoleone, and a visitor at the house of her first husband. When introduced to her after some years absence, during which, fortune had treated us very differently, she received me with more civility than I was prepared to expect; and would, perhaps, have spoken to me more than she did, had not a look of her husband silenced her.

Madame Louis Buonaparte was still more condescending, and recalled to my memory, what I had not forgotten, how often she had been seated, when a child, on my lap, and played on my knees with her doll. Thus they behaved to me, when I saw them for the first time in their present elevation; I found them afterwards in their drawing-rooms, or at their routs and parties, more shy and distant.

This change did not much surprise me, as I hardly knew any one, that had the slightest pretension to their acquaintance, who had not troubled them for employment, or borrowed their money; at the same time that they complained of their neglect, and their breach of promises. I continued, however, as much as etiquette and decency required, assiduous, but never familiar; if they addressed me, I answered with respect, but not with servility; if not, I bowed in silence when they passed. They might easily perceive, that I did not intend to become an intruder, nor to make the remembrance of what was past, an apology or a reason for applying for present favours.

A lady, on intimate terms with Madame Napoleone, and once our common friend, informed me, shortly after the untimely end of the lamented Duke of Enghien, that she had been asked, whether she knew any thing that could be done for me, or whether I would not be flattered by obtaining a place in the Legislative Body, or in the Tribunal? I answered as I thought, that were I fit for a public life, nothing could be more agreeable, or suit me better; but, having hitherto declined all employments, that might restrain that independence, to which I had accustomed myself from my youth, I was now too old to enter upon a new career. I added, that though the Revolution had reduced my circumstances, it had not entirely ruined me.

I was still independent, because my means were the boundaries of my wants. A week after this conversation. General Murat, the governor of this capital, and Buonaparte's favourite brother-

in-law, invited me to a conversation, in a note delivered to me by an *aide-de-camp*, who told me that he was ordered to wait for my company, or, which was the same, he had orders not to lose sight of me, as I was his prisoner. Having nothing with which to reproach myself, and all my written remarks being deposited with a friend, whom none of the Imperial functionaries could suspect, I entered a hackney coach without any fear or apprehension; and we drove to the governor's hotel.

From the manner in which General Murat addressed me, I was soon convinced, that if I had been accused of any error, or indiscretion, the accusation could not be very grave in his eyes. He entered with me into his closet, and inquired whether I had any enemies at the police office?

I told him not, to my knowledge.—“Is the police minister and senator Fouché your friend,” continued he?—“Fouché,” said I, “has bought an estate that formerly belonged to me: may he enjoy it with the same peace of mind as I have lost it. I have never spoken to him in my life.”—“Have you not complained at Madame de la Force's, of the execution of the *ci-devant* Duke of Enghien, and agreed with the other members of her coterie, to put on mourning for him.”—“I have never been at the house of that lady since the death of the Prince; nor more than once in my life.”—“Where did you pass the evening last Saturday?”—“At the hotel, and in the assembly of Princess Louis Buonaparte.”—“Did she see you?”

“I believe that she did, because she returned my salute”—“You have known her Imperial Highness a long time?”—“From her infancy.”—“Well, I congratulate you. You have in her a generous protectress”.

But for her, you would now have been on the way to Cayenne. Here you see the list of persons condemned yesterday, upon the report of Fouché, to transportation. Your name is at the head of them. You were not only accused of being an agent of the Bourbons, but of having intrigued to become a member of the Legislature, or of the Tribunate, that you might have so much the better opportunity to serve them.

Fortunately for you, the Emperor remembered that the Princess Louis had demanded such a favour for you, and he informed her of the character of her protegee. This brought forwards your innocence, because it was discovered, that instead of asking for, you had declined the offer she had made you through the Empress.—Write the Princess a letter of thanks.—You have indeed had a narrow escape, but it has been so far useful to you, that government is now aware, of your having some secret enemy in power, who is not delicate about the means of injuring you.”

In quitting General Murat, I could not help deploring the fate of a despot, even while I abhorred his unnatural power. The curses, the complaints, and reproaches for all the crimes, all the violence, all the oppression perpetrated in his name, are entirely thrown upon him; while his situation and occupation do not admit the seeing and hearing every thing and everybody himself; he is often forced therefore to judge, according to the report of an impostor; to sanction with his name the hatred, malignity, or vengeance of culpable individuals; and to sacrifice innocence to gratify the vile passions of his vilest slave.

I have not so bad an opinion of Buonaparte, as to think him capable of wilfully condemning any person to death or transportation, of whose innocence he was convinced, provided that person stood not in the way of his interest and ambition; but suspicion and tyranny are inseparable companions, and injustice their common progeny.

The unfortunate beings on the long list General Murat shewed me, were, I dare say, most of them as innocent as myself, and all certainly condemned unheard. But suppose, even, that they had been indiscreet enough to put on mourning for a prince of the blood of their former kings, did their imprudence deserve the same punishment as the deed of the robber, the forger, or the housebreaker? and indeed it was more severe than what our laws inflict on such criminals, who

are only condemned to transportation for some few years, after a public trial and conviction; while the exile of these un-convicted, untried, and most probably innocent persons, is continued for life, on charges as unknown to themselves, as their destiny and residence remain to their families and friends. Happy England! where no one is condemned unheard, and no one dares attempt to make the laws subservient to his passions or caprice.

As to Fouché's enmity, at which General Murat so plainly hinted, I had long apprehended it, from what others, in similar circumstances with myself, had suffered. He has, since the Revolution, bought no less than sixteen national estates, seven of the former proprietors of which have suddenly disappeared since his ministry, probably in the manner he intended to remove me.

This man is one of the most immoral characters, the Revolution has dragged forward from obscurity. It is more difficult to mention a crime that he has not perpetrated, than to discover a good or just action, that he ever performed, he is so notorious a villain, that even the infamous National Convention expelled him from its bosom, and since his ministry, no man has been found base enough, in my debased country, to extenuate, much less to defend his past enormities. In a nation so greatly corrupted and immoral, this alone is more than negative evidence.

As a friar before the Revolution, he has avowed in his correspondence with the National Convention, that he never believed in a God; and as one of the first public functionaries of a Republic, he has officially denied the existence of virtue. He is therefore as unmoved by tears as by reproaches, and as inaccessible to remorse as hardened against repentance: With him interest and bribes are every thing, and honour and honesty nothing.

The supplicant, or the pleader, who appears before him with no other support than the justice of his cause, is fortunate indeed, if, after being cast, he is not also confined or ruined, and perhaps both; while a line from one of the Bonapartes, or a purse of gold, changes black to white, guilt to innocence, removes the scaffold waiting for the assassin, and extinguishes the faggots lighted for the parricide.

His authority is so extensive, that on the least signal, with one blow, from the extremities of France to her centre, it crushes the cot and the palace; and his decisions, against which there is no appeal, are so destructive, that they never leave any traces behind them, and Buonaparte, Buonaparte alone, can prevent or arrest their effect.

Though a traitor to his former benefactor, the ex-Director Barras, he possesses now the unlimited confidence of Napoleone Buonaparte, and, as far as is known, has not yet done any thing to forfeit it; if private acts of cruelty cannot in the agent of a tyrant, be called breach of trust or infidelity.

He shares with Talleyrand the fraternity of the vigilant, immoral and tormenting secret police; and with Real, and Dubois, the prefect of police, the reproduction, or rather the invention, of new tortures and improved racks; the oubliettes, which are wells or pits dug under the Temple, and most other prisons, are the works of his own infernal genius.

They are covered with trap doors, and any person whom the rack has mutilated, or not obliged to speak out; whose return to society is thought dangerous, or whose discretion is suspected; who has been imprisoned by mistake, or discovered to be innocent; who is disagreeable to the Bonapartes, their favourites, or though mistresses of their favourites; who has displeased Fouché, or offended some other placeman; any who have refused to part with their property for the recovery of their liberty, are all precipitated into these artificial abysses— there to be forgotten; or worse, to be starved to death, if they have not been fortunate enough to break their neck, and be killed by the fall.

The property Fouché has acquired by his robberies within these last twelve years, is at the lowest rate valued at fifty millions of livres, £2,100,000, which must increase yearly; as a man who disposes of the liberty of fifty millions of people, is also in a great part master of their wealth. Except the chiefs of the governments, and their officers of state, there exists not an inhabitant of France, Italy, Holland, or Switzerland, who can consider himself secure for an instant, of not being seized, imprisoned, plundered, tortured or exterminated, by the orders of Fouché, and by the hands of his agents.

You will no doubt exclaim, how can Buonaparte employ, how dares he confide in such a man? Fouché is as able as unprincipled, and, with the most unfeeling and perverse heart, possesses great talents. There is no infamy he will not stoop to, and no crime, however execrable, that he will hesitate to commit, if his Sovereign orders it. He is therefore a most useful instrument in the hand of a despot, who, notwithstanding what is said to the contrary in France, and believed abroad, would cease to rule, the day he became just, and the reign of laws and of humanity banished terror and tyranny.

It is reported, that some person, pious or revengeful, presented sometime ago, to the devout mother of Napoleone, a long memorial, containing some particulars of the crimes and vices of Fouché and Talleyrand; and required of her, if she wished to prevent the curses of Heaven from falling on her son, to inform him of them, that he might cease to employ men, so unworthy of him, and so repugnant to a divinity.

Napoleon, after reading through the memorial, is stated to have answered his mother, who was always pressing him to dismiss these ministers: “The memorial, Madame, contains nothing, of what I was not previously informed. Louis XVI. did not select any but those whom he thought the most virtuous and moral of men, for his ministers and counsellors; And where did their virtues and morality bring him? If the writer of the memorial will mention two honest and irreproachable characters, with equal talents, and zeal to serve me, neither Fouché nor Talleyrand shall again be admitted into my presence.”



**Joachim Murat (1767-1815), Maréchal d'Empire**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XV  
Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**Y**OU have with some reason, in England, complained of the conduit of the members of the foreign diplomatic corps in France, when the pretended correspondence between Mr. Drake and Mehleé de la Touche was published in our official gazette. Had you, however, like myself, been in a situation to study the characters, and appreciate the worth of most of them, this conduit would have excited no surprise; and pity would have taken the place both of accusation and reproach.

Hardly one of them, except Count Philippe de Cobentzel, the Austrian ambassador (and even he is considerably involved), possesses any property, or has any thing else but his salary to depend upon for subsistence. The least offence to Buonaparte or Talleyrand, would instantly deprive them of their places; and unless they were fortunate enough to obtain some other appointment, reduce them to live in obscurity, and perhaps in want, upon a trifling pension in their own country.

The day before Mr. Drake's correspondence appeared in the *Moniteur*, in March 1801, Talleyrand gave a grand diplomatic dinner; in the midst of which, as was previously agreed with Buonaparte, Duroc called him out on the part of the First Consul. After an absence of near an hour, which excited great curiosity and some alarm among the diplomatists, he returned very thoughtful, and seemingly very low spirited. "Excuse me, gentlemen," said he, "I have been impolite against my inclination.

The First Consul knew that you honoured me with your company to day, and would therefore not have interrupted me by his orders, had not a discovery of a most extraordinary nature against the law of nations just been made; a discovery which calls for the immediate indignation against the cabinet of St. James, not only of France, but of every nation, that wishes for the preservation of civilized society.

After dinner I shall do myself the honour of communicating to you the particulars, well convinced that you will all enter with warmth into the just resentment of the First Consul. During the repast, the bottle went freely round, and as soon as they had drank their coffee and liqueurs, Talleyrand

rung a bell, and Hauterive presented himself, with a large bundle of papers. The pretended original letters of Mr. Drake, were handed about with the commentaries of the minister and his secretary.

Their heads heated with wine, it was not difficult to influence their minds, or to mislead their judgment, and they exclaimed, as in a chorus, *Cest abominable! Cela fait fremir!* Talleyrand took advantage of their situation, as well as of their indiscretion. "I am glad, gentlemen," said he," and shall not fail to inform the First Consul of your unanimous sentiments on this disagreeable subject; but verbal expressions are not sufficient in an affair of such great consequence.

I have orders to demand your written declarations, which, after what you have already expressed, you cannot hesitate about sending to me to night, that they may accompany the denunciation which the First Consul dispatches within some few hours, to all the courts on the Continent. You would much please the First Consul, were you to write as near as possible according to the formula which my secretary has drawn up. It states nothing either against conveyance, or against the customs of sovereigns, or etiquettes of courts; and I am certain, is also perfectly congenial with your individual feelings."

A silence of some moments now followed (as all the diplomatists were rather taken by surprise, with regard to a written declaration), which the Swedish ambassador, Baron Ehrensward, interrupted by saying, "that though he personally might have no objection to sign such a declaration, he must demand some time to consider, whether he had a right to write in the name of his Sovereign, without his orders, on a subject still unknown to them."

This remark made the Austrian ambassador, Count de Cobentzel, propose a private consultation among the members of the foreign diplomatic corps at one of their hotels, to which the Russian chargé d'affaires, d'Oubril, who was not at the dinner party, was invited to assist.

They met accordingly, at the hotel de Montmorency, rue de Lille, occupied by Count de Cobentzel; but they came to no other unanimous determination, than that of answering a written communication of Talleyrand, by a written note, according as every one judged most proper and prudent, and corresponding with the supposed sentiments of his Sovereign.

As all this official correspondence has been published in England, you may, upon reading the notes presented by Baron de Dreyer, and Mr. Livingston\*, the neutral ambassadors of Denmark and America, form some tolerably just idea of Talleyrand's formula. Their impolitic servility was blamed even by the other members of the diplomatic corps.

Livingston you know, and perhaps have not to learn, that though a staunch republican in America, he was the most abject courtier in France; and though a violent defender of liberty and equality on the other side of the Atlantic, no man bowed lower to usurpation, or revered despotism more in Europe. Without talents, and almost without education, he thinks, intrigues negotiations, and conceives that policy and duplicity are synonymous. He was called here, "the courier of Talleyrand," on account of his voyages to England, and his journeys to Holland; where this minister sent him to intrigue, with less ceremony than one of his secret agents.

He acknowledged that no government was more liberal, and no nation more free, than the British; but he hated the one, as much as he abused the other; and he did not conceal sentiments that made him always so welcome to Buonaparte and Talleyrand. Never over nice in the choice of his companions, Arthur O'Connor, and other Irish traitors and vagabonds, used his house as their own; so much so, that when he invited other ambassadors to dine with him, they, before they accepted the invitation, made a condition, that no outlaws, or adventurers should be of the party. In your youth, Baron de Dreyer was an ambassador from the court of Copenhagen to that of St. James.



He has since been in the same capacity to the courts of St. Petersburg and Madrid. Born a Norwegian, of a poor and obscure family, he owes his advancement to his own talents; but these, though they have procured him rank, have left him without a fortune.

When he came here, in June 1797. from Spain, he brought a mistress with him, and several children he had had by her, during his residence in that country. He also kept an English mistress, some thirty years ago in London, by whom he had a son, M. Guillaumeau, who is now his secretary. Thus encumbered, and thus situated, at the age of 70, it is no surprise if he strives to die at his post; and that fear to offend Buonaparte and Talleyrand, sometimes gets the better of his prurience.

In Denmark, as well as in all other Continental States, the pensions of diplomatic invalids, are more scanty than those of military ones; and totally insufficient for a man, who, during half a century nearly, has accustomed himself to a certain style of life, and to expenses requisite to represent his Prince with dignity. No wonder therefore, that Baron de Dreyer prefers Paris to Copenhagen, and that the cunning Talleyrand takes advantage of this preference.

It was reported here among our foreign diplomatists, that the English minister in Denmark, complained of the contents of Baron de Dreyer's note, concerning Mr. Drake's correspondence; and that the Danish prime minister, Count de Bernstorff wrote to him in consequence, by the order of the Prince Royal, a severe reprimand. This of political justice is, however, denied by him, under pretence that the cabinet of Copenhagen has laid it down as an invariable rule, never to reprimand, but always to displace those of its agents, with whom it has reason to be discontented. Should this be the case, no Sovereign in Europe is better served by his representatives, than his Danish Majesty, because no one seldomer changes or removes them.

While I am speaking of diplomatists, I cannot forbear giving you a short sketch of one, whose weight in the scale of politics entitles him to particular notice: I mean the Count de Haugwitz, insidiously complimented by Talleyrand, with the title of "The Prince of Neutrality, The Sully of Prussia." Christian Henry Curce, Count de Haugwitz, who, until lately, has been the chief director of the political conscience of his Prussian Majesty, as his minister of the foreign department, was born in Silesia, and is the son of a nobleman, who was a General in the Austrian service, when Frederic the Great made the conquest of that country.

At the death of this King in 1786, Count de Haugwitz occupied an inferior place in the foreign office; where Count de Hertzberg observed his zeal and assiduity, and recommended him to the notice of the late King Frederic William II. By the interest of the celebrated Beshopwerder, he procured in 1792 the appointment of an ambassador to the court of Vienna, where he succeeded Baron de Jacobi, the present Prussian minister in your country.

In the autumn of the same year he went to Ratisbon, to co-operate with the Austrian ambassador, and to persuade the Princes of the German empire to join the coalition against France, In the month of March 1794, he was sent to the Hague, where he negotiated with Lord Malmesbury concerning the affairs of France; shortly afterwards, his nomination as minister of state took place; and from that time his political sentiments seem to have undergone a revolution, for which it is not easy to account; but, whatever were the causes of his change of opinions, the treaty of Basle, concluded between France and Prussia in 1795, was certainly negotiated under his auspices; and in August 1796, he signed with the French minister at Berlin, citizen Caillard, the first and famous treaty of neutrality; and a Prussian cordon was accordingly drawn, to cause the neutrality of the North to be observed and protected.

Had the Count de Haugwitz of 1795, been the same as the Count de Haugwitz of 1792, it is probable, we should, no longer have heard of either a French republic or a French empire; but a legitimate Monarch of the kingdom of France, would have ensured that security to all other

legitimate Sovereigns, the want of which they themselves, or their children, will feel and mourn in vain, as long as unlimited usurpations tyrannize over my wretched country.

It is to be hoped, however, that the good sense of the Count will point out to him, before it is too late, the impolicy of his present connections; and that he V—M use his interest with his Prince, to persuade him to adopt a line of conduct suited to the grandeur and dignity of the Prussian monarchy, and favourable to the independence of insulted Europe.

When his present Prussian Majesty succeeded to the throne, Count de Haugwitz continued in office, with increased influence; but he some time since resigned, in consequence, it is said, of a difference of opinion with the other Prussian ministers, on the subject of a family alliance, which Buonaparte had the modesty to propose. between the illustrious house of Napoleone the First, and the royal line of Brandenburg.

On this occasion, his King, to evince his satisfaction with his past conduct, bestowed on him not only a large pension, but an estate in Silesia, where he before possessed some property. Buonaparte, also, to express his regret at his retreat, proclaimed his Excellency a grand officer of the Legion of Honour.

Talleyrand insolently calls the several *cordons*, or ribbons, distributed by Buonaparte among the Prussian ministers and generals, “his leading-strings.” It is to be hoped, that Frederic William III is sufficiently upon his guard, to prevent these strings from strangling the Prussian Monarchy and the Brandenburg Dynasty.

\* In consequence of this conduct, Livingston, was recalled by his government, and lives now in obscurity and disgrace in America. To console him, however, in his misfortune, Buonaparte, on his departure, presented him with his portrait, enamelled on the lid of a snuff-box, set round with diamonds, and valued at one thousand Louis d'ors.



## Christian August Heinrich Kurt Graf von Haugwitz





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XVI**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**U**WARDS of two months after my visit to General Murat, I was surprised at the appearance of M. Darjuson, the chamberlain of Princess Louis Buonaparte. He told me that he came on the part of Prince Louis, who honoured me with an invitation to dine with him the day after. Upon my inquiry, whether he knew if the party would be very numerous, he answered, between forty and fifty; and that it was a kind of farewell dinner; because the Prince intended shortly to set out for Compiègne, to assume the command of the camp formed in its vicinity, of the dragoons and other light troops of the army of England.

The principal personages present at this dinner, were Joseph Buonaparte, and his wife; General and Madame Murat; the ministers Berthier, Talleyrand, Fouché, Chaptal, and Portalis. The conversation was entirely military, and chiefly related to the probable conquest or subjugation of Great Britain, and the probable consequence to mankind in general of such a great event. No difference of opinion was heard with regard to its immediate benefit to France, and gradual utility to all other nations; but Berthier seemed to apprehend, that before France could have time to organize this valuable conquest, she would be obliged to support another war, with a formidable league, perhaps of all other European nations. The issue, however, he said, would be glorious to France, who, by her achievements, would force all people to acknowledge her their mother country; and then first Europe would constitute but one family.

Chaptal was as certain as every body else, of the destruction of the tyrants of the seas; but he thought France would never be secure against the treachery of modern Carthage, until she followed the example of Rome towards ancient Carthage; and therefore, after reducing London to ashes, it would be proper to disperse round the universe, all the inhabitants of the British islands, and to re-people them with nations less evil disposed, and less corrupted.

Portalis observed, that it was more easy to conceive than to execute such a vast plan. It would not be an undertaking of five, of ten, nor of twenty years, to transplant these nations; that mis-fortunes and proscription would not only inspire courage and obstinacy, but desperation.

“No people,” continued he, “are more attached to their customs and countries than islanders in general; and though British subjects are the greatest travellers, and found every where, they all suppose their country the best, and always wish to return to it, and finish their days amidst their native fogs and smoke.

Neither the Saxons nor the Danes, nor Norman conquerors, transplanted them, but after reducing them, incorporated themselves by marriages among the vanquished; and in some few generations, were but one people. It is asserted by all persons, who have lately visited Great Britain, that though the civilization of the lower classes, is much behind that of the same description in France, the higher orders, the rich and the fashionable, are, with regard to their manners, more French than English, and might easily be cajoled into obedience and subjection to the sovereignty of a nation, whose customs by free choice they have adopted in preference to their own; and whose language forms a necessary part of their education; and indeed, of the education of almost every class in the British empire.

The universality of the French language, is the best ally France has in assisting her to conquer an universal dominion. He wished, therefore, that when we were in a situation to dictate in England, instead of proscribing Englishmen, we should proscribe the English language; and advance and reward in preference, all those parents whose children were sent to be educated in France, and all those families, who voluntarily adopted in their houses and societies, exclusively the French language.

Murat was afraid, that if France did not transplant the most stubborn Britons, and settle among them French colonies, when once their military and commercial navy was annihilated, they would turn pirates, and perhaps within half a century, lay all other nations as much under contribution by their piracies, as they now do by their industry; and that like the pirates on the coast of Barbary, the instant they had no connections with other civilized nations, cut the throats of each other, and agree in nothing but in plundering, and considering all other people in the world their natural enemies and purveyors.

To this opinion, Talleyrand, by nodding assent, seemed to adhere; but he added, “Earthquakes are generally dreaded as destructive, but such a convulsion of nature, as would swallow up the British islands with all their inhabitants, would be the greatest blessing Providence ever conferred on mankind.”

Louis Buonaparte then addressed himself to me, and to the Marquis de F—: “Gentlemen,” said he, “you have been in England; what is your opinion of the character of these islanders, and of the probability of their subjugation?” I answered, that during the fifteen months I resided in London, I was too much occupied to prevent myself from starving, to meditate about anything else; that my stomach was my sole meditation, as well as anxiety.

That, however, I believed, that in England as everywhere else, a mixture of good and bad qualities was to be found; but which prevailed, would be presumption in me, from my position, to decide. But I did not doubt, that if we cordially hated the English, they returned us the compliment with interest, and therefore the contest with them, would be a severe one. The Marquis de F— imprudently attempted to convince the company, that it was difficult, if not impossible, for our army to land in England, much less to conquer it, until we were masters of the seas by a superior navy.—He would, perhaps, have been still more indiscreet, had not Madame Louis interrupted him, and given another turn to the conversation, by inquiring about the fair sex in England, and if it was true, that handsome women were more numerous there than in France?

Here again the Marquis, instead of paying her a compliment, as she perhaps expected, roundly assured her, that for one beauty in France, hundreds might be counted in England, where gentlemen were therefore not so easily satisfied; and that a woman, regarded by them only as an ordinary person, would pass for a first rate beauty among French beaux, on account of the great

scarcity of them here.—“You must excuse the Marquis, ladies,” said I in my turn, “he has not been in love in England; there perhaps he found the belles less cruel than in France; where, for the cruelty of one lady, or for her insensibility of his merit, he revenges himself on the whole sex.”—“I apply to M. Talleyrand,” answered the Marquis; “he has been longer in England than myself.”—“I am not a competent judge,” retorted the minister; “Madame Talleyrand is here, and has not the honour of being a Frenchwoman, but I dare say the Marquis will agree with me, that in no society in the British island, among a dozen of ladies, has he counted more beauties, or admired greater accomplishments, or more perfection.”

To this the Marquis bowed assent, saying, that in all his general remarks; the party present of course was not included. All the ladies, who were well acquainted with his absent and blundering conversation, very good humouredly laughed; and Madame Murat assured him, that if he would, give her the address of the belle in France, who had transformed a gallant Frenchman into a chevalier of British beauty, she would attempt to make up their difference.

“She is no-more, Madame,” answered the Marquis; “she was unfortunately guillotined two days before—(the father of Madame Louis, he was going to say, when Talleyrand interrupted him with a significant look, and said) “before the fall of Robespierre, you mean.”

From these and other traits of the Marquis's character, you may see that he erred more from absence of mind, than any premeditation to give offence. He received, however, the next morning, a *lettre de cachet* from Fouché, which exiled him to Blois, and forebode him to return to Paris without further orders from the minister of police.

I know from high authority, that to the interference of Princess Louis alone, is he indebted for not being shut up in the Temple, and perhaps transported to our colonies, for having depreciated the power and means of France to invade England. I am perfectly convinced, that none of those who spoke on the subject of the invasion, expressed any thing but what they really thought; and that of the whole party, none, except Talleyrand, the Marquis, and myself, entertained the least doubt of the success of the expedition; so firmly did they rely on the former fortune of Buonaparte, his boasting and his assurance.

After dinner, I had an opportunity of conversing for ten minutes with Madame Louis Buonaparte, whom I found extremely amiable; but I fear that she is not happy. Her husband, though the most stupid, is however the best tempered of the Buonapartes, and seemed very attentive and attached to her.

She was far advanced in her pregnancy, and looked notwithstanding uncommonly well. I have heard, that Louis is inclined to inebriation, and when in that situation, is very brutal to his wife, and very indelicate with other women before her eyes. He intrigues with her own servants, and the number of his illegitimate children is said to be as many as his years. She asked General Murat, to present me and recommend me to Fouché, which he did with great politeness, and the minister assured me, that he should be glad to see me at his hotel; which I much doubt.

The last word Madame Louis said to me, in showing me a princely crown richly set with diamonds, and given her by her father-in-law Napoleone, were, “Alas! Grandeur, is not always happiness, nor the most elevated, the most fortunate lot.”





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XVII**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**H**E arrival of the Pope in this country was certainly a grand epoch, not only in the history of the Revolution, but in the annals of Europe. The debates in the sacred college, for and against this journey, and for and against his coronation of Buonaparte, are said to have been long as well as violent ; and only arranged according to the desires of Cardinal Fesch, by the means of four millions of livres, £166,000 distributed *a-propos* among its pious members.

Of this money, the Cardinals Mattei, Pamphili, Dugnani, Maury, Pignatelli, Roverella, Somaglia, Pacca, Brancadoro, Litta, Gabrielli, Spina, Despuig, and Galeffi, are said to have shared the greatest part; and from the most violent anti-Buonapartists, they instantly became the strenuous adherents of Napoleone the First; who of course cannot be ignorant of their real worth.

The person entrusted by Buonaparte and Talleyrand, to carry on at Rome, the intrigue which sent Pius VII to cross the Alps, was Cardinal Fesch, brother of Madame Letitia Buonaparte by the side of her mother, who in a second marriage, chose a pedlar of the name of Nicolo Fesch, for her husband.

Joseph, Cardinal Fesch, was born at Ajaccio in Corsica, on the 8th of March 1703, and was in his infancy received as a singing boy, (*enfant de chœur*) in a convent of his native place. In 1782, whilst he was on a visit to some of his relations, in the island of Sardinia, being on a fishing party some distance from shore, he was, with his companions, captured by an Algerine felucca, and carried a captive to Algiers.

Here he turned Mussulman, and until 1790 was a zealous believer in, and professor of, the Alcoran. In that year he found an opportunity to escape from Algiers, and to return to Ajaccio, when he abjured his renegacy, exchanged the Alcoran for the Bible, and in 1791 was made a constitutional curate, that is to say, a revolutionary Christian priest. In 1793, when even those were proscribed, he renounced the sacristy of his church for the bar of a tavern, where during 1794 and 1795, he gained a small capital by the number and liberality of his English customers.

After the victories of his nephew Napoleone in Italy, during the following year, he was advised to reassume the clerical habit; and after Napoleone's proclamation of a First Consul, he was made Archbishop of Lyons.

In 1802, Pius VII decorated him with the Roman purple; and he is now a pillar of the Roman faith, in a fair way of seizing the Roman tiara. If letters from Rome can be depended upon, Cardinal Fesch, in the name of the Emperor of the French, informed his Holiness the Pope, that he must either retire to a convent or travel to France, either abdicate his own sovereignty, or inaugurate Napoleone the First, a Sovereign of France. Without the decision of the sacred college, effected in the manner already stated, the majority of the faithful believe, that this Pontiff would have preferred obscurity to disgrace.

While Joseph Fesch was a master of a tavern, he married the daughter of a tinker, by whom he had three children. This marriage, according to the republican regulations, had only been celebrated by the municipality at Ajaccio; Fesch, therefore, upon again entering the bosom of the church, left his municipal wife and children to shift for themselves, considering himself still, according to the canonical laws, a bachelor.

But Madame Fesch, hearing in 1801, of her *ci-devant* husband's promotion, to the Archbishopric of Lyons, wrote to him for some succours, being with her children reduced to great misery. Madame Letitia Buonaparte answered her letter, inclosing a draft for six hundred livres, £25, informing her, that the same sum would be paid her every six months, as long as she continued with her children to reside at Corsica; but that it would cease the instant she left that island.

Either thinking herself not sufficiently paid for her discretion, or enticed by some enemy of the Buonaparte family, she arrived secretly at Lyons in October last year, where she remained unknown until the arrival of the Pope.

On the first day his Holiness gave there his public benediction, she found means to pierce the crowd, and to approach his person, when Cardinal Fesch was by his side. Profiting by a moment's silence, she called out loudly, throwing herself at his feet: "Holy Father! I am the lawful wife of Cardinal Fesch, and these are our children; he cannot, he dares not deny this truth. Had he behaved liberally to me, I should not have disturbed him in his present grandeur; I supplicate you, Holy Father, not to restore me my husband, but to force him to provide for his wife and children, according to his present circumstances.—*Matta—ella é matta santic simo padre!* "She is mad—she is mad—Holy Father," said the Cardinal and the good Pontiff ordered her to be taken care of, to prevent her from doing herself, or the children any mischief.

She was indeed taken care of, because nobody ever since, heard what has become either of her or her children; and as they have not returned to Corsica, probably some snug retreat has been allotted them in France.

The purple was never disgraced by a greater libertine than Cardinal Fesch: his amours are numerous, and have often involved him in disagreeable scrapes. He had in 1803 an unpleasant adventure at Lyons, which has since made his stay in that city but short. Having thrown his handkerchief at the wife of a manufacturer of the name of Girot, she accepted it; and gave him an appointment at her house, at a time in the evening, when her husband usually went to the play.

His Eminence arrived in disguise, and was received with open arms. But he was hardly seated by her side, before the door of a closet was burst open, and his shoulders smarted from the lashes inflicted by an offended husband.

In vain did he mention his name and rank; they rather increased than decreased the fury of Girot, who pretended it was utterly impossible for a Cardinal and Archbishop to be thus overtaken with the wife of one of his flock; at last Madame Girot proposed a pecuniary accommodation, which,

after some opposition, was acceded to; and his Eminence signed a bond for one hundred thousand livres, £40007, upon condition, that nothing should transpire of this intrigue—a high price enough for a sound drubbing. On the day when the bond was due, Girot and his wife were both arrested by the police commissary Dubois (a brother of the prefect of police at Paris), accused of being connected with coiners, a capital crime at present in this country.

In a search made in their house, bad money to the amount of three thousand livres, £125 was discovered; which they had received the day before from a man who called himself a merchant from Paris, but who was a police spy sent to entrap them. After giving up the bond of the Cardinal, the Emperor graciously remitted the capital punishment, upon condition that they should be transported for life to Cayenne.

This is the prelate, on whom Buonaparte intends to confer the Roman tiara, and to constitute a successor of St. Peter. It would not be the least remarkable event, in the beginning of the remarkable nineteenth century, were we to witness the Papal throne occupied by a man, who from a singing boy became a renegado slave, from a Mussulman a constitutional curate; from a tavern-keeper an archbishop; from the son of a pedlar the uncle of an Emperor; and from the husband of the daughter of a tinker, a member of the sacred college.

His sister Madame Letitia Buonaparte, presented him in 1802 with an elegant library, for which she had paid six hundred thousand livres, £25,000; and his nephew Napoleone, allows him a yearly pension double that amount. Besides his dignity as a prelate, his Eminence is ambassador from France at Rome, a Knight of the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece, a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, and a grand almoner of the Emperor of the French.

The Archbishop of Paris, is now in his ninety-sixth year; and at his death, Cardinal Fesch is to be transferred to the see of this capital, in expectation of the triple crown, and the keys of St. Peter.



**Cardinal Joseph Fesch**







**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XVIII**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**H**E amiable and accomplished Amelia-Frederique, Princess Dowager of the late Electoral Prince Charles Louis of Baden, born a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, has procured the Electoral House of Baden, the singular honour of giving consorts to three reigning and sovereign Princes; to an Emperor of Russia, to a King of Sweden, and to the Elector of Bavaria.

Such a distinction, and such alliances, called the attention of those at the head of our Revolution; who, after attempting in vain, to blow up hereditary thrones, by the aid of *sans-culottes* incendiaries, seated *sans-culottes* upon thrones, that they might degrade what was not yet ripe for destruction.

Charles Frederic, the reigning Elector of Baden, is now near fourscore years of age. At this period of life, if any passions remain, avarice is more common than ambition; because treasures may be hoarded without bustle, while activity is absolutely necessary to push forward to the goal of distinction.

Having bestowed a new King on Tuscany, Buonaparte and Talleyrand also resolved to confer new Electors on Germany. A more advantageous fraternity could not be established between the innovators here, and their opposers in other countries, than by incorporating the grand father-in-law of so many Sovereigns, with their own revolutionary brotherhood; to humble him by a new rank, and to disgrace him by indemnities obtained from their bands.

An intrigue, between our minister Talleyrand, and the Baden minister Edelsheim, transformed the oldest Margrave of Germany, into its youngest Elector; and extended his dominions, by the spoils obtained at the expense of the rightful owners.

The invasion of the Baden territory in time of peace, and the seizure of the Duke of Enghien, though under the protection of the laws of nations and hospitality, must have soon convinced Baron Edelsheim, what return his friend Talleyrand expected: and that Buonaparte thought he had a natural right to insult by his attacks, those he had dishonoured by his connections.

This minister, Baron Edelsheim, is half an illuminato, half a philosopher, half a politician, and half a revolutionist. He was, long before he was admitted into the council chamber of his Prince, half an atheist, half an intriguer, and half a spy, in the pay of Frederic the Great of Prussia.

His entry upon the stage at Berlin, and particularly the first parts he was destined to act, was curious and extraordinary: whether he acquitted himself better in this capacity, than he has since in his political one, is not known. He was afterwards sent to this capital, to execute a commission, of which he acquitted himself very ill; exposing himself rashly, without profit or service to his employer. Frederic II dreading the tediousness of a proposed Congress at Augsburgh, wished to send a private emissary to sound the King of France.

For this purpose he chose Edelsheim, as a person least liable to suspicion. The project of Frederic was to indemnify the King of Poland for his first losses, by robbing the ecclesiastical Princes of Germany. This Louis XV totally remedied: and Edelsheim returned with his answer to the Prussian Monarch, then at Freyberg.

From thence he afterwards departed for London, made his communications, and was once again sent back to Paris, on pretence that he had left some of his travelling trunks there; and the *Bailli de Foulay*, the ambassador of the Knights of Malta, being persuaded that the cabinet of Versailles was effectually desirous of peace, was, as he had been before, the mediator.

The Bailli was deceived. The Duke de Choiseul, the then prime minister, indecently enough threw Edelsheim into the Bastille, in order to search or seize his papers; which, however, were secured elsewhere. Edelsheim was released on the morrow, but obliged to depart the kingdom by the way of Turin, as related by Frederic II in his *History of the Seven Years War*.

On his return he was disgraced, and continued so until 1778, when he again was used, as emissary to various courts of Germany. In 1786, the Elector of Baden sent him to Berlin, on the ascension of Frederic William II. as a complimentary envoy. This monarch, when he saw him, could not forbear laughing at the high wisdom of the Court, that selected such a personage for such an embassy, and of his own sagacity in accepting of it. He quitted the capital of Prussia as he came there, with an opinion of himself, that neither the royal smiles of contempt, had altered or diminished.

You see by this account, that Edelsheim has long been a partisan of the pillage of Germany, called indemnities; and long habituated to affronts, as well as to plots. To all his other half-qualities, half-modesty can hardly be added, when he calls himself, or suffers himself to be called, “the Talleyrand of Carlsruhe.”

He accompanied his Prince last year to Mentz; where this old Sovereign was not treated by Buonaparte in the most decorous or decent manner, being obliged to wait for hours in his anti-chamber, and afterwards stand during the levees, or in the drawing-rooms of Napoleon or of his wife, without the offer of a chair, or an invitation to sit down.

It was here where, by a secret treaty, Buonaparte became the Sovereign of Baden, if sovereignty consists in the disposal of the financial and military resources of a state; and they were agreed to be assigned over to him, whenever he should deem it proper or necessary to invade the German Empire, in return for his protection against the Emperor of Germany, who can have no more interest than intent, to attack a country so distant from his hereditary dominions, and whose Sovereign is besides the grandfather of the consort of his nearest and best ally.

Talleyrand often amused himself at Mentz, with playing on the vanity and affected consequence of Edelsheim, who was delighted, if at any time our minister took him aside, or whispered to him as in confidence« One morning, at the assembly of the Elector Arch-Chancellor, where Edelsheim was creeping and cringing about him as usual, he laid hold of his arm, and walked

with him to the upper part of the room. In a quarter of an hour they both joined the company, Edelsheim unusually puffed up with vanity. "I will lay any bet, gentlemen," said Talleyrand, "that you cannot, with all your united wits, guess the grand subject of my conversation with the good Baron Edelsheim."

Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "As the Baron is a much older and more experienced traveller than myself, I asked him which, of all the countries he had visited, could boast the prettiest and kindest women. His reply was really very instructive, and it would be a great pity if justice were not done to his merit by its publicity.

Here the Baron, red as a turkey-cock, and trembling with anger, interrupted—"His Excellency," said he, "is to night in a humour to joke ; what we spoke of had nothing to do with women." "Nor with men, neither," retorted Talleyrand, going away. This anecdote, Baron Dahlberg, the minister of the Elector of Baden to our court, had the ingenuity to relate at Madame Chapui's as an evidence of Edelsheim's intimacy with Talleyrand; he only left out the latter part, and forgot to mention the bad grace with which this impertinence of Talleyrand was received; but this defeat of memory, Count de Beust, the envoy of the Elector Arch-Chancellor, kindly supplied.

Baron Edelsheim is a great amateur of knighthoods. On days of great festivities, his face is as it were illuminated with the lustre of his stars; and the crosses on his coat conceal almost its original colour. Every petty Prince of Germany has dubbed him a chevalier; but Emperors and Kings have not been so unanimous in distinguishing his desert, or in satisfying his desires.

At Mentz, no prince or minister fawned more assiduously upon Buonaparte, than this hero of chivalry. It could not escape notice, but need not have alarmed our great man, as was the case. The prefect of the palace was ordered to give authentic information concerning Edelsheim's moral and political character.

He applied to the police commissary, who, within twenty hours, signed a declaration, affirming that Edelsheim was the most inoffensive and least dangerous of all imbecile creatures, that ever entered the cabinet of a Prince; that he had never drawn a sword, worn a dagger, or fired a pistol in his life; that the inquiries about his real character were sneered at in every part of the Electorate; as no where they allowed him common sense, much less a character; all blamed his presumption, but none defended his capacity.

After the perusal of this report, Buonaparte asked Talleyrand, "what can Edelsheim mean by his troublesome assiduities? does he want any indemnities, or does he wish me to make him a German Prince? Can he have the impudence to hope that I should appoint him a tribune, a legislator, or a senator in France, or that I would give him a place in my council of state?" "No such thing," answered the minister; "did not your Majesty condescend to notice at the last fête, that this eclipsed moon was encompassed in a firmament of stars.

You would, Sire, make him the happiest of mortals, were you to nominate him a member of your Legion of Honour." "Does he want nothing else?" said Napoleone, as if relieved at once from an oppressive burden: "write to my chancellor of the Legion of Honour, Lacedepe, to send him a patent, and do you inform him of this favour."

It is reported at Carlsruhe, the capital of Baden, that Baron Edelsheim has composed, his own epitaph, in which he claims immortality, because under his ministry, the Margravate of Baden was elevated into an Electorate!!!





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XIX**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**HE** sensation that the arrival of the Pope in this country, caused among the lower classes of people, cannot be expressed; and if expressed, would not be believed. I am sorry, however, to say, that instead of improving their morals, or increasing their faith, this journey has shaken both morality and religion to their foundation.

According to our religious notions, as you must know, the Roman Pontiff is the vicar of Christ, and infallible; he can never err. The Atheists of the National Convention, and the Theophilanthropists of the Directory, not only denied his demi-divinity, but transformed him into a satyr; and in pretending to tear the veil of superstition, annihilated all belief in a God.

The ignorant part of our nation, which, as every where else, constitutes the majority, witnessing the impunity and prosperity of crime, and bestowing on the Almighty the passions of mortals, first doubted of his omnipotence in not crushing guilt, and afterwards of his existence, in not exterminating the blasphemers from among the living.

Feeling, however, the want of consolation in their misfortunes here, and hope of a reward hereafter for unmerited sufferings upon earth, they all hailed as a blessing, the restoration of Christianity; and by this political act, Buonaparte gained more adherents, than by all his victories he had procured admirers.

Buonaparte's character, his good and his bad qualities, his talents and his crimes, are too recent and too notorious, to require description. Should he continue successful, and be attended by fortune to his grave, future ages may perhaps hail him a hero and a great man; but by his contemporaries it will always be doubtful, whether mankind has not suffered more from his ambition and cruelties, than benefited by his services.

Had he satisfied himself by continuing the chief magistrate of a commonwealth; or, if he judged that a monarchical government alone was suitable to the spirit of this country, had he recalled our legitimate King, he would have occupied a principal, if not the first place in the history of

France; a place much more exalted than he can ever expect to fill as an Emperor of the French: let his prosperity be ever so uninterrupted, he cannot be mentioned but as an usurper; an appellation never exciting esteem, frequently inspiring contempt, and always odious.

The crime of usurpation is the greatest and most enormous a subject can perpetrate; but what epithet can there be given to him, who, to preserve an authority unlawfully acquired, associates in his guilt a Supreme Pontiff, whom the multitude is accustomed to reverence as the representative of their God, but who, by this act of scandal and sacrilege, descends to a level with the most culpable of men?

I have heard not only in this city, but in villages, where sincerity is more frequent than corruption, and where hypocrites are as little known as infidels, these remarks made by the people: "Can the real vicar of Christ, by his inauguration, commit the double injustice of depriving the legitimate owner of his rights, and of bestowing as a sacred donation, what belongs to another; and what he has no power, no authority to dispose of?"

Can Pius VII confer on Napoleone the First, what belongs to Louis XVIII? Would Jesus Christ, if upon earth, have acted thus? would his immediate successors, the apostles, not have preferred the suffering of martyrdom to the commission of any injury?

If the present Roman Pontiff acts differently to what his master and predecessors would have done, can he be the vicar of our Saviour? These, and many similar reflections, the common people have made, and make yet; the step from doubt to disbelief is but short and those brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, who hesitate about believing Pius VII to be the vicar of Christ, will soon remember the precepts of Atheists and free-thinkers, and believe that Christ is not the Son of God, and that a God is only the invention of fear.

The fact is, that by the Pope's performance of the coronation of an Emperor of the French, a religious as well as a political revolution was effected; and the usurper in power, whatever his creed may be, will hereafter, without much difficulty, force it on his slaves. You may, perhaps object, that Pius VII in his official account to the sacred college, of his journey to France, speaks with enthusiasm of the Catholicism of the French people. But did not the Goddess of Reason, did not Robespierre, as an high priest of a Supreme Being, speak as highly of their sectaries? Read the Moniteur of 1793 and 1794, and you will be convinced of the truth of this assertion.

They, like the Pope, spoke of what they saw, and they, like him, did not see an individual who was not instructed how to perform his part, so as to give satisfaction to him whom he was to please, and to those who employed him.

As you have attended to the history of our Revolution, you have found it in great part a cruel masquerade, where none but the unfortunate Louis XVI appeared in his native and natural character, and without a mask.

The countenance of Pius VII. is placid and benign, and a kind of calmness and tranquillity pervades his address and manners, which are, however, far from being easy or elegant. The crowds that he must have been accustomed to see since his present elevation, have not lessened a timidity, the consequence of early seclusion. Nothing troubled him more than the numerous deputations of our Senate, Legislative Body, Tribunate, National Institute, Tribunals, &c. that teased him on every occasion.

He never was suspected of any vices, but all his virtues are negative; and his best quality is, not to do good, but to prevent evil. His piety is sincere and unaffected, and it is not difficult to perceive, that he has been more accustomed to address his God, than to converse with men. He is no where so well in his place, as before the altar; when imploring the blessings of Providence on his audience, he speaks with confidence, as to a friend to whom his purity is known, and who

is accustomed to listen favourably to his prayers. He is zealous, but not fanatical, but equally superstitious as devout. His closet was crowded with relics, rosaries, &c. but there he passed generally eight hours of the twenty-four, upon his knees in prayer and meditation. He often inflicted on himself mortifications, and observed fast-days, and kept his vows with religious strictness.

None of the promises made him by Cardinal Fesch, in the name of Napoleone the First, were performed, but were put off until a general pacification. He was promised indemnity for Aragon, Bologna, Feitara, and Ravenus; the ancient supremacy and pecuniary contributions of the Gallican church, and the restoration of certain religious orders, both in France and Italy; but notwithstanding his own representations, and the activity of his Cardinal Caprara, nothing was decided, though nothing was refused.

By some means or other, he was become perfectly acquainted with the crimes and vices of most of our public functionaries. Talleyrand was surprised, when Cardinal Caprara explained to him the reason why the Pope refused to admit some persons to his presence; and why he wished others even not to be of the party, when he accepted of the invitations of Buonaparte and his wife to their private societies. Many are, however, of opinion, that Talleyrand, from malignity or revenge, often heightened and confirmed his Holiness's aversion.

This was at least once the case, with regard to De Lalande. When Duroc inquired the cause of the Pope's displeasure against this astronomer, and hinted that it would be very agreeable to the Emperor, were his Holiness to permit him the honour of prostrating himself; he was answered, that men of talents and learning would always be welcome to approach his person; that he pitied the errors, and prayed for the conversion of this savans, but was neither displeased nor offended with him.

Talleyrand, when informed of the Pope's answer, accused Cardinal Caprara of having misinterpreted his master's communications; and this prelate, in his turn, censured our minister's bad memory.

You must have read, that this De-Lalande is regarded in France as the first astronomer of Europe, and hailed as the high priest of atheists; he is said to be the author of a shockingly blasphemous work, called "*The Bible of a People who acknowledge no God.*" He implored the ferocious Robespierre to honour the heavens, by bestowing on a new planet, pretended to be discovered, his ci-devant Christian name, Maximilian.

In a letter of congratulation to Buonaparte, on the occasion of his present elevation, he also implored him to honour the God of the Christians, by styling himself Jesus Christ the First, Emperor of the French, instead of Napoleone the First. But it was not his known impiety, that made Talleyrand wish to exclude him from insulting with his presence a Christian Pontiff.

In the summer 1799, when the minister was in a momentary disgrace, De La-lande was at the head of those, who imputed to his treachery, corruption, and machinations, all the evils France then suffered, both from external enemies and internal factions. If Talleyrand has justly been reproached for soon forgetting good offices and services done him. nobody ever denied, that he has the best recollection in the world of offences or attacks, and that he is as revengeful as unforgiving.

The only one of our great men, whom Pius VII. remained obstinate and inflexible in not receiving, was the senator and minister of police, Fouche. As his Holiness was not so particular with regard to other persons who, like Fouché, were both apostate priests, and regicide subjects, the following is reported to be the cause of his aversion and obduracy.

In November 1793, the remains of a wretch of the name of Challiers, justly called for his atrocities, though Marat of Lyons, were ordered by Fouché, then a representative of the people in that city, to be produced and publicly worshipped; and under his particular auspices, a grand fete was performed to the memory of this republican martyr, who had been executed as an assassin.

As part of this impious ceremony, an ass covered with a Bishop's vestments, having on his head a mitre, and the volumes of holy writ tied to his tail, paraded the streets. The remains of Challiers were then burnt, and the ashes distributed among his adorers; while the books were also consumed, and the ashes scattered in the wind. Fouché proposed, after giving the ass some water to drink in a sacred chalice, to terminate the festivity of the day, by murdering all the prisoners, amounting to seven thousand five hundred; but a sudden storm prevented the execution of this diabolical proposition, and dispersed the sacrilegious congregation.



**De Lalande Astronomer**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XX**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**HOUGH** all the Buonapartes were great favourites with Pius VII. Madame Letitia, their mother, had a visible preference. In her apartments he seemed most pleased to meet the family parties, as they were called, because to them, except the Buonapartes, none but a few selected favourites were invited; a distinction as much wished for and envied, as any other court honour.

After the Pope had fixed the evening he would appear among them, Duroc made out a list, under the dictates of Napoleone, of the chosen few destined to partake of the blessing of his Holiness's presence; this list was merely *pro forma* or as a compliment, laid before him; and after his tacit approbation, the individuals were informed, from the first chamberlain's office, that they would be honoured with admittance at such an hour, to such a company, and in such an apartment.

The dress in which they were to appear, was also prescribed. The parties usually met at six o'clock in the evening; on the Pope's entrance, all persons of both sexes kneeled to receive his blessing. Tea, ice, liqueurs, and confectionary, were then served. In the place of honour, were three elevated elbow chairs, and his Holiness was seated between the Emperor and Empress, and seldom spoke to any one, to whom Napoleone did not previously address the word.

The exploits of Buonaparte, particularly his campaigns in Egypt, were the chief subjects of conversation. Before eight o'clock the Pope always retired; distributing his blessing to the kneeling audience, as on his entry. When he was gone, card tables were brought in, and play was permitted. Duroc received his master's orders, how to distribute the places at the different tables; what games were to be played, and the amount of the sums to be staked. These were usually trifling and small, compared to what is daily risked in our fashionable circles.

Often, after the Pope had returned to his own rooms, Madame Letitia Buonaparte was admitted to assist at his private prayers. This lady, whose intrigues and gallantry are proverbial in Corsica, has, now that she is old, as is generally the case, turned devotee; and is surrounded by hypocrites and impostors, who, under the mask of sanctity, deceive and plunder her. Her anti-chambers are



always full of priests, and her closet and bedroom are crowded with relics, which she collected during her journey to Italy last year. She might, if she chose, establish a Catholic museum, and furnish it with a more curious collection in its sort, than any of our other museums contain.

Of all the saints in our calendar, there is not one of any notoriety, who has not supplied her with a finger, a toe, or some other part; or with a piece of a shirt, a handkerchief, a sandal, or a winding-sheet. Even a bit of a pair of breeches said to have belonged to St. Mathurin, whom many think was a *sans-culotte*, obtain her adoration on certain occasions.

As none of her children have yet arrived at the same height of faith as herself, she has, in her will, bequeathed to the Pope, all her relics, together with eight hundred and seventy-nine prayer-books, and four hundred and forty-six bibles, either in manuscript or different editions. Her favourite breviary, used only on great solemnities, was presented to her by Cardinal Maury at Rome, and belonged, as it is said, formerly to St. Francois, whose commentary, written with his own hand, fill the margins; though many, who with me adore him as a saint, doubt, whether he could either read or write.

Not long ago she made, as she thought, an exceedingly valuable acquisition. A priest arrived direct from the holy city of Jerusalem, well recommended by the inhabitants of the convents there, with whom he pretended to have passed his youth.

After prostrating himself before the Pope, he waited on Madame Letitia Buonaparte. He told her that he had brought with him from Syria the famous relic, the shoulder bone of St. John the Baptist; but that being in want of money for his voyage, he borrowed upon it from a Grecian Bishop in Montenegro, two hundred Louis d'ors.

This sum, and one hundred Louis d'ors besides, was immediately given him; and within three months, for a large sum in addition to those advanced, this precious relic was in Madame Letitia's possession.

Notwithstanding this lady's care, not to engage in her service any person of either sex, who cannot produce, not, a certificate of *civism* from the municipality, as was formerly the case, but a certificate of Christianity, and a billet of confession signed by the curate of the parish, she had often been robbed, and the robbers had made particularly free with those relics which were set in gold or in diamonds.

She accused her daughter, the Princess Borghese, who often rallies the devotion of her mamma, and who is more an amateur of the living than of the dead, of having played her these tricks. The Princess informed Napoleone of her mother's losses, as well as of her own innocence, and asked him to apply to the police to find out the thief, who no doubt was one of the pious rogues, who almost devoured their mother.

On the next day Napoleone invited Madame Letitia to dinner, and Fouche had orders to make a strict search, during her absence, among the persons composing her household. Though he on this occasion did not find what he was looking for, he made a discovery, which very much mortified Madame Letitia.

Her first chambermaid, Rosina Gaglini, possessed both her esteem and confidence, and had been sent for purposely from Ajaccio in Corsica, on account of her general renown for great piety; and a report, that she was an exclusive favourite with the Virgin Mary, by whose interference she had even performed, it was said, some miracles: such as restoring stolen goods, runaway cattle, lost children, and procuring prizes in the lottery.

Rosina was as religious mad as her mistress; and, as she had no means to procure them otherwise, she determined to partake of her lady's, by cutting off a small part of each relic, of Madame

Letitia's principal saints. These precious morceaux she placed in a box, upon which she kneeled to say her prayers during the day; and which, for a mortification, served her as a pillow during the night. Upon each of the sacred bits, she had affixed a label with the name of the saint it belonged to, which occasioned the disclosure.

When Madame Letitia heard of this pious theft, she insisted on having the culprit immediately and severely punished; and though the Princess Borghese, as the innocent cause of poor Rosina's misfortune, interfered, and Rosina herself promised never more to plunder saints, she was without mercy turned away; and even denied money sufficient to carry her back to Corsica.

Had she made free with Madame Letitia's plate or wardrobe, there is no doubt but that she had been forgiven; but to presume to share with her those sacred supports on her way to paradise, was a more unpardonable sin with a devotee, than to steal from a lover the portrait of an adored mistress.

In the meantime, the police was upon the alert, to discover the person, whom they suspected of having stolen the relics for the diamonds, and not the diamonds for the relics. Among our fashionable and new saints, surprising as you may think it, Madame de Genlis holds a distinguished place; and she too is an amateur, and collector of relics in proportion to her means; and with her were found those missed by Madame Letitia.

Being asked to give up the name of him from whom she had purchased them, she mentioned Abbé Saladin, the pretended priest from Jerusalem. He in his turn was questioned, and by his answers, gave rise to suspicion that he himself was the thief.

The person of whom he pretended to have bought them was not to be found, nor was any one of such a description remembered to have been seen any where. On being carried to prison, he claimed the protection of Madame Letitia, and produced a letter, in which this lady had promised him a bishopric either in France or in Italy. When she was informed of his situation, she applied to her son Napoleone for his liberty, urging, that a priest, who from Jerusalem had brought with him to Europe such an extraordinary relic as the shoulder of St. John, could not be culpable.

Abbe Saladin had been examined by Real; who concluded, from the accent and perfection, with which he spoke the French language, that he was some French adventurer, who had imposed on the credulity and superstition of Madame Letitia: and therefore threatened him with the rack if he did not confess the truth. He continued however in his story, and was going to be released upon an order from the Emperor, when a gens d'arme recognized him, as a person who eight years before had, under the name of Lanoue, been condemned for theft and forgery to the galleys; from whence he had made his escape.

Finding himself discovered, he avowed every thing. He said he had served in Egypt, in the guides of Buonaparte, but deserted to the Turks, and turned Mussulman, but afterwards returned to the bosom of the church at Jerusalem. There he persuaded the friars, that he had been a priest, and obtained the certificates which introduced him to the Pope, and to the Emperor's mother; from whom he had received twelve thousand livres, £500, for part of the jaw-bone of a whale, which he had sold her for the shoulder bone of a saint. As the police believes the certificates he has produced to be also forged, he is detained in prison, until an answer arrives from our consul in Syria.

Madame Letitia did not resign without tears the relic he had sold her; and there is reason to believe, that many other pieces of her collections, worshipped by her as remains of saints, are equally genuine as this shoulder bone of St. John.





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XXI**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**T**HAT the population of this capital has, since the Revolution, decreased near two hundred thousand souls, is not to be lamented. This focus of corruption and profligacy is still too populous, though the inhabitants do not amount to six hundred thousand; for I am well persuaded, that more crimes and excesses of every description are committed here in one year, than are perpetrated in the same period of time in all other European capitals put together.

From not reading in our newspapers, as we do in yours, of the robberies, murders, and frauds discovered and punished, you may perhaps be inclined to suppose my assertion erroneous or exaggerated; but it is the policy of our present government to labour as much as possible in the dark that is to say, to prevent, where it can be done, all publicity of any thing directly or indirectly tending to inculcate it, of oppression, tyranny, or even negligence; and to conceal the immorality of the people so nearly connected with its own immoral power.

It is true, that many vices and crimes here, ns well as every where else, are unavoidable, and the natural consequences of corruption; and might be promulgated therefore, without attaching any reproach to our rulers; but they are so accustomed to the mystery adherent to tyranny, that even the most unimportant law-suit, uninteresting intrigue, elopement, or divorce, are never allowed to be mentioned in our journals, without a previous permission from the prefect of police, who very seldom grants it.

Most of the enormities now deplored in this country, are the consequence of moral and religious licentiousness, that has succeeded to political anarchy, or rather were produced by it, and survive it. Add to this the numerous examples of the impunity of guilt, prosperity of infamy, misery of honesty, and sufferings of virtue; and you will not think it surprising, that notwithstanding half a million of spies, our roads and streets are covered with robbers and assassins, and our scaffolds with victims.

The undeniable truth, that this city alone is watched by one hundred thousand spies (so that when in company with six persons, one has reason to dread the presence of one spy), proclaims at once the morality of the governors and that of the governed were the former just, and the latter good,

this mass of vileness would never be employed, or, if employed, wickedness would expire for want of fuel, and the hydra of tyranny perish by its own pestilential breath.

According to the official register, published by Manuel in 1792, the number of spies all over France, during the reign of Louis XVI. were nineteen thousand three hundred (five thousand less than under Louis XV), and of this number six thousand were distributed in Paris, and in a circle of four leagues around it, including Versailles.

You will undoubtedly ask me, even allowing for our extension of territory, what can be the cause of this disproportionate increase of mistrust and depravity? I will explain it, as far as my abilities admit, according to the opinions of others compared with my own remarks.

When factions usurped the supremacy of the kings, vigilance augmented with insecurity; and almost every body who was not an opposer, who refused being an accomplice, or fated to be a victim, was obliged to serve as an informer, and vilify himself by becoming a spy.

The rapidity with which parties followed and destroyed each other, made the criminals as numerous as the sufferings of honour and loyalty innumerable; and I am sorry to say few persons exist in my degraded country, whose firmness and constancy were proof against repeated torments and trials, and who, to preserve their lives, did not renounce their principles and probity.

Under the reign of Robespierre and of the Committee of Public Safety, every member of government, of the clubs, of the tribunals, and of the communes, had his private spies; but no regular register was kept of their exact number. Under the Directory a police minister was nominated, and a police office established. According to the declaration of the police minister, Cochon, in 1797, the spies, who were then regularly paid, amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand; and of these, thirty thousand did duty in this capital.

How many they were in 1799, when Fouché, for the first time, was appointed a chief of the department of police, is not known; but suppose them doubled within two years; their increase since is nevertheless immense, considering that France has enjoyed upwards of four years uninterrupted continental peace, and has not been exposed to any internal convulsions, during the same period.

You may, perhaps, object that France is not rich enough to keep up as numerous an army of spies as of soldiers; because the expence of the former must be triple the amount of the latter. Were all these spies, now called police agents, or agents of the secret police, paid regular salaries, your objection would stand: but most of them have no other reward than the protection of the police; being employed in gambling-houses, in coffee-houses, in taverns, at the theatres, in the public gardens, in the hotels, in lottery offices, at pawnbrokers, in brothels, and in bathing-houses, where the proprietors or masters of these establishments pay them.

They receive nothing from the police, but when they are enabled to make any great discoveries; those who have been robbed or defrauded, and to whom they have been serviceable, are indeed obliged to present them with some *douceur*, fixed by the police at the rate of the value recovered; but such occurrences are merely accidental.

To these are to be added all individuals of either sex, who by the law are obliged to obtain from the police licences to exercise their trade; as pedlars, tinkers,, masters of puppet-shows, wild beasts, &c.

These, on receiving their passes, inscribe themselves, and take the oaths as spies; and are forced to send in their regular reports of what they hear or see. Prostitutes, who, all over this country, are under the necessity of paying for regular licences, are obliged also to give information, from time to time, to the nearest police commissary of what they observe or what they know respecting

their visitors, neighbours, &c. The number of unfortunate women of this description, who had taken out licences during the year 12, or from September 1803 to September 1804, is officially known to have amounted to two hundred and twenty thousand, of whom forty thousand were employed by the armies.

It is no secret, that Napoleone Buonaparte has his secret spies upon his wife, his brothers, his sisters, his ministers, senators, and other public functionaries, and also upon his public spies. These are all under his own immediate control, and that of Duroc, who does the duty of his private police minister, and in whom he confides more than even in the members of his own family. In imitation of their master, each of the other Buonapartes, and each of the ministers, have their individual spies, and are watched in their turn by the spies of their secretaries, clerks, &c.

This infamous custom of espionage goes ad infinitum, and appertains almost to the establishment and to the suite of each man in place; who does not think himself secure a moment, if he remains in ignorance of the transactions of his rivals, as well as of those of his equals and superiors.

Fouche and Talleyrand are reported to have disagreed before Buonaparte, on some subject or other, which is frequently the case. The former, offended at some doubts thrown out about his intelligence, said to the latter, "I am so well served, that I can tell you the name of every man or woman you have conversed with, both yesterday and to-day; where you saw them, and how long you remained with them, or they with you."—"If such commonplace espionage evinces any merit," retorted Talleyrand, "I am even here your superior; because I know, not only what has already passed with you, and in your house, but what is to pass hereafter.

I can inform you of every dish you had for your dinners this week; who provided these dinners, and who is expected to provide your meats tomorrow, and the day after. I can whisper you, in confidence, who slept with Madame Fouche last night, and who had an appointment with her to-night—Here Buonaparte interrupted them, in his usual dignified language: "Hold both your tongues; you are both great rogues, but I am at a loss to decide which is the greatest." Without uttering a single syllable, Talleyrand made a profound reverence to Fouché, Buonaparte smiled, and advised them to live upon good terms, if they were desirous of keeping their places.

A man of the name of Ducroux, who, under Robespierre, had from a barber been made a general, and afterwards broken for his ignorance, was engaged by Buonaparte, as a private spy upon Fouché, who employed him in the same capacity upon Buonaparte. His reports were always written, and delivered in person into the hands both of the Emperor and of his minister. One morning, by mistake gave to Buonaparte the report of him, instead of that intended for him.

Buonaparte began to read: "Yesterday at nine o'clock, the Emperor acted the complete part of a madman; he swore, stamped, kicked, foamed, roared,"—here poor Ducroux threw himself at Buonaparte's feet, and called for mercy, for the terrible blunder he had committed. "For whom," asked Buonaparte, did you intend this treasonable correspondence?—I suppose it is composed for some English or Russian agent, for Pitt or for Marcoff.

How long have you conspired with my enemies, and where are your accomplices? For God's sake hear me, Sire, prayed Ducroux. "Your Majesty's enemies have always been mine." The report is for one of your best friends; but were I to mention his name, he will ruin me."—"Speak out, or you die, vociferated Buonaparte. "Well, Sire, it is for Fouche—for nobody else but Fouche." Buonaparte then rung the bell for Duroc, whom he ordered to see Ducroux shut up in a dungeon, and afterwards to send for Fouche. The minister denied all knowledge of Ducroux, who, after undergoing several tortures, expiated his blunder upon the rack.





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XXII**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**H**E Pope, during his stay here, rose regularly every morning at five o'clock, and went to bed every night before ten. The first hours of the day he passed in prayers, breakfasted after the mass was over, transacted business till one, and dined at two. Between three and four he took his siesta, or nap, afterwards he attended the vespers, and when they were over, he passed an hour with the Buonapartes, or admitted to his presence some members of the clergy. The day was concluded, as it was began, with some hours of devotion.

Had Pius VII. possessed the character of a Pius VI. he would never have crossed the Alps; or had he been gifted with the spirit and talents of Sextus V or Leo X, he would never have entered France to crown Buonaparte, without previously stipulating for himself, that he should be put into possession of the sovereignty of Italy.

You can form no idea, what great stress was laid on this and of his Holiness, by the Buonaparte family, and what sacrifices were destined to be made, had any serious and obstinate resistance been apprehended. Threats were indeed employed personally against the Pope, and bribes distributed to the refractory members of the sacred college; but it was no secret either here or at Milan, that Cardinal Fesch had *carte blanche* with regard to the restoration of all provinces seized, since the war, from the Holy See, or full territorial indemnities in their place, at the expence of Naples and Tuscany: and indeed, whatever the Roman Pontiff has lost in Italy, has been taken from him by Buonaparte alone; and the apparent generosity, which policy and ambition required, would, therefore, have merely been an act of justice.

Confiding foolishly in the honour and rectitude of Napoleone, without any other security than the assertion of Fesch, Pius VII. within a fortnight's stay in France, found the great difference between the promises held out to him, when residing as a Sovereign at Rome, and their accomplishments, when he had so far forgotten himself, and his sacred dignity, as to inhabit as a guest the castle of the Thuilleries.

Pius VII. mentioned, the day after his arrival at Fontainebleau, that it would be a gratification to his own subjects, were he enabled to communicate to them the restoration of the former ecclesiastical domains, as a free gift of the Emperor of the French, at their first conference; as they would then be as well convinced of Napoleone's good faith, as he was himself.

In answer, his Holiness was informed, that the Emperor was unprepared then to discuss political subjects, being totally occupied with the thoughts how to entertain worthily his high visitor, and to acknowledge becomingly the great honour done, and the great happiness conferred on him by such a visit. As soon as the ceremony of the coronation was over, every thing, he hoped, would be arranged to the reciprocal satisfaction of both parties.

About the middle of last December, Buonaparte was again asked to fix a day, when the points of negotiation between him and the Pope, could be discussed and settled. Cardinal Caprars, who made this demand, was referred to Talleyrand, who denied having yet any instructions, though in daily expectation of them. Thus the time went on until February, when Buonaparte informed the Pope of his determination to assume the crown of Italy; and of some new changes necessary, in consequence, on the other side of the Alps.

Either seduced by caresses, or blinded by his unaccountable partiality for Buonaparte, Pius VII. if left to himself, would not only have renounced all his former claims, but probably have made new sacrifices to this idol of his infatuation. Fortunately his counsellors were wiser and less deluded; otherwise the remaining patrimony of St. Peter, might now have constituted a part of Napoleone's inheritance in Italy. "Am I not, Holy Father!" exclaimed the Emperor frequently, your son, the work of your hand? and if the pages of history assign me any glory, must it not be shared with you? or rather, do you not share it with me? any thing that impedes my successes, or makes the continuance of my power uncertain, or hazardous, reflects on you, and is dangerous to you.

With me you will shine or be obscured, rise or fall. Could you therefore hesitate, (were I to demonstrate to you the necessity of such a measure), to remove the Papal See to Avignon, where it formerly was, and continued for centuries, and to enlarge the limits of my kingdom of Italy, with the ecclesiastical states? Can you believe, my throne at Milan safe, as long as it is not the sole throne of Italy? Do you expect to govern at Rome, when I cease to reign at Milan? No! Holy Father! the Pontiff who placed the crown on my head, should it be shaken, will fall to rise no more.

If what Cardinal Caprara said, can be depended upon, Buonaparte frequently used to intimidate or flatter, the Pope in this manner.

The representations of Cardinal Caprara, changed Napoleone's first intention of being again crowned by the Pope, as a King of Italy. His crafty Eminence observed, that, according to the Emperor's own declaration, it was not intended that the crowns of France and Italy should continue united. But were he to cede one supremacy confirmed by the sacred hands of a Pontiff, the partisans of the Bourbons, or the factions in France, would then take advantage to diminish, in the opinion of the people, his right and the sacredness of his Holiness, and perhaps make even the crown of the French Empire unstable.

He did not deny, that Charlemagne was crowned by a Pontiff in Italy, but this ceremony was performed at Rome, where that Prince was proclaimed an Emperor of the Holy Roman and German Empire, as well as a King of Lombardy and Italy.

Might not circumstances turn out so favourably for Napoleone the First, that he also might be inaugurated an Emperor of the Germans, as well as of the French? This last compliment, or prophecy, as Buonaparte's courtiers call it (what a prophet a Caprara!) had the desired effect, as it flattered equally Napoleone's ambition and vanity. For fear, however, that Talleyrand and

other anti-catholic counsellors, who wanted him to consider the Pope merely as his first almoner, and to treat him as all other persons of his household, his Eminence sent his Holiness as soon as possible packing for Rome.

Though I am neither a cardinal nor a prophet, should you and I live twenty years longer, and the other Continental Sovereigns not alter their present incomprehensible conduct, I can without any risk predict, that We shall see Rome salute the second Charlemagne, an Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; if before that time death does not put a period to his encroachments, and gigantic plans.



**Cardinal Caprara**







**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XXIII**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**O** Sovereigns have, since the Revolution, displayed more grandeur of soul, and evinced more firmness of character, than the present King and Queen of Naples. Encompassed by a revolutionary volcano, more dangerous than the physical one; though disturbed at home, and defeated abroad, they have neither been disgraced nor dishonoured.

They have, indeed, with all other Italian Princes, suffered territorial and pecuniary losses; but these were not yielded through cowardice or treachery, but enforced by an absolute necessity, the consequence of the desertion or inefficacy of allies. But their Sicilian Majesties have been careful, as much as they were able, to exclude from their councils both German illuminati and Italian philosophers.

Their principal minister, Chevalier Acton, has proved himself worthy of the confidence with which his Sovereigns have honoured him, and of the hatred with which he has been honoured by all revolutionists—the natural and irreconcilable enemies of all legitimate sovereignty.

Chevalier Acton is the son of an Irish physician, who first was established at Besançon in France, and afterwards at Leghorn in Italy. He is indebted for his present elevation, to his own merit, and to the penetration of the Queen of Sardinia, who discovered in him, when young, those qualities, which have since distinguished him as a faithful counsellor, and an able minister. As loyal as wise, he was from 1789 an enemy to the French Revolution.

He easily foresaw that the specious promise of regeneration, held out by impostors or fools, to delude the ignorant, the credulous, and the weak, would end in that universal corruption and general overthrow, which we since have witnessed, and the effects of which our grand-children will mourn.

When our Republic, in April 1792, declared war against Austria, and when in the September following, the dominions of his Sardinian Majesty were invaded by our troops, the neutrality of

Naples continued, and was acknowledged by our government. On the 10<sup>th</sup> of December following, our fleet from Toulon, however, cast anchor in the Bay of Naples, and a grenadier of the name of Belleville, was landed as an ambassador of the French Republic, and threatened a bombardment, in case the demands he presented in a note, were not acceded to within twenty-four hours.

Being attacked in time of peace, and taken by surprise, the Court of Naples was unable to make any resistance, and Chevalier Acton informed our grenadier ambassador» that this note had been laid before his Sovereign, who had ordered him to sign an agreement in consequence.

When in February 1793, the King of Naples was obliged, for his own safety, to join the league against France, Acton concluded a treaty with your country, and informed the Sublime Porte of the machinations of our Committee of Public Safety, in sending De Semonville as an ambassador to Constantinople; which, perhaps, prevented the Divan from attacking Austria, and occasioned the capture and imprisonment of our emissary.

Whenever our government has by the success of our arms, been enabled to dictate to Naples, the removal of Acton has been insisted upon; but though he has ceased to transact business ostensibly as a minister, his influence has always, and deservedly, continued unimpaired, and he still enjoys the just confidence and esteem of his Prince.

But is his Sicilian Majesty equally well represented at the cabinet of St. Cloud, as served in his own capital; I have told you before, that Buonaparte is extremely particular in his acceptance of foreign diplomatic agents; and admits none near his person, whom he does not believe to be well inclined to him.

Marquis de Gallo, the ambassador of the King of the Two Sicilies to the Emperor of the French, is no novice, in the diplomatic career. His Sovereign has employed him for these fifteen years in the most delicate negotiations, and nominated him in May 1795, a minister of the foreign department, and a successor of Chevalier Acton, an honour which he declined. In the summer and autumn 1797, Marquis de Gallo assisted at the conferences at Udine, and signed with the Austrian plenipotentiaries, the peace of Campo Formio, on the 17<sup>th</sup> of October 1797.

During 1798, 1799 and 1800, he resided as Neapolitan ambassador at Vienna, and was again entrusted by his Sovereign with several important transactions with Austria and Russia. After a peace had been agreed to between France and the Two Sicilies, in March 1801, and the Court of Naples had every reason to fear, and of course to please, the Court of St. Cloud, he obtained his present appointment; and is one of the few foreign ambassadors here, who has escaped both Buonaparte's private admonitions in the diplomatic circle, and public lectures in Madame Buonaparte's drawing-room.

This escape is so much the more fortunate and singular, as our government is far from being content with the mutinous spirit (as Buonaparte calls it) of the government of Naples; which, considering its precarious and enfeebled state, with a French army in the heart of the kingdom, has resisted our attempts and insults with a courage and dignity that demand our admiration.

It is said that the Marquis de Gallo is not entirely free from some taints of of modern philosophy; and that he, therefore, does not consider the consequences of our innovations so fatal as most loyal men judge them; nor thinks a *sans-culotte* Emperor more dangerous to civilized society, than a *sans-culotte* sovereign people.

It is evident from the names and rank of its partisans, that the Revolution of Naples in 1799 was different in many respects, from that of every other country in Europe. For, although the political convulsions, seem to have originated among the middle classes of the community, the extremes of society were every where else made to act against each other; the rabble being the first to

triumph, and the nobles to succumb. But here, on the contrary, the lazzaroni, composed of the lowest portion of the population of a luxurious capital, appear to have been the most strenuous, and indeed, almost the only supporters of Royalty; while the great families, instead of being indignant at novelties which levelled them, in point of political rights, with the meanest subject, eagerly embraced the opportunity of altering that form of government, which alone made them great.

It is, however, but justice to say, that though Marquis de Gallo gained the good graces of Buonaparte, and of France in 1797, he was never directly or indirectly inculpated in the revolutionary transactions of his countrymen in 1799, when he resided at Vienna; and indeed, after all, it is not improbable that he disguises his real sentiments, the better to serve his country, and by that means has imposed on Buonaparte, and acquired his favour.

The address and manners of a courtier, are allowed Marquis do Gallo by all who know him, though few admit that he possesses any talents as a statesman. He is said to have read a great deal, to possess a good memory, and no bad judgment, but that notwithstanding this, all his knowledge is superficial, *aliquid in omnibus et nihil in toto*.



## The Court of St. Cloud





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XXIV**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**Y**OU have perhaps heard, that Napoleone Buonaparte, with all his brothers and sisters, was last Christmas married by the Pope, according to the Roman Catholic rite; being previously only united, according to the municipal laws of the French Republic, which consider marriage only as a civil contract.

During the two last months of his Holiness's residence here, hardly a day passed that he was not petitioned to perform the same ceremony for our conscientious grand functionaries and courtiers, which he, however, according to the Emperor's desire, declined.

But his Cardinals were not under the same restrictions: and to an attentive observer, who has watched the progress of the Revolution, and not lost sight of its actors, nothing could appear more ridiculous, nothing could inspire more contempt of our versatility and inconsistency, than to remark among the foremost to demand the nuptial benediction, a Talleyrand, a Fouché, a Real, an Augereau, a Chaptal, a Reubel, a Lasnes, a Bessieres, a Thuriot, a Treilhard, a Merlin, with a hundred other equally notorious revolutionists, who were, twelve or fifteen years ago, not only the first to declaim against religious ceremonies as ridiculous, but against religion itself as useless: whose motives produced, and whose votes sanctioned those decrees of the legislature, which proscribed the worship, together with its priests and secretaries. But then the fashion of barefaced infidelity was as much the Order of the day, as that of external sanctity is at present.

I leave to casuists the decision, whether to the morals of the people, naked atheism, exposed with all its deformities, is more or less hurtful, than concealed atheism covered with the garb of piety; but for my part, I think the noon-day murderer less guilty, and much less detestable, than the midnight assassin who stabs in the dark.

A hundred anecdotes are daily related of our new saints, and fashionable devotees; they would be laughable were they not scandalous, and contemptible, did they not add duplicity to our other vices. Buonaparte and his wife go now every morning to hear mass, and on every Sunday or holiday, they regularly attend at vespers; when of course, all those who wish to be distinguished

for their piety, or rewarded for their flattery, never neglect to be present. In the evening of last Christmas day, the Imperial chapel was as usual early crowded, in expectation of their Majesties; when the chamberlain Salmatoris entered, and said to the captain of the guard, loud enough to be heard by the audience, the Emperor and the Empress have just resolved not to come here to night; his Majesty being engaged by some unexpected business, and the Empress not wishing to come without her consort.

In ten minutes, the chapel was emptied of every person but the guards, the priests, and three old women, who had no where else to pass an hour. At the arrival of our Sovereigns, they were astonished at the unusual vacancy, and indignantly regarded each other. After vespers were over, one of Buonaparte's spies informed him of the cause; when instead of punishing the despicable and hypocritical courtiers, or shewing them any signs of his displeasure, he ordered Salmatoris under arrest; who would have experienced a complete disgrace, had not his friend Duroc interfered, and made his peace.

At another time, on a Sunday, Fouche entered the chapel in the midst of the service, and whispered to Buonaparte, who immediately beckoned to his lord in waiting and to Duroc. They both left, the Imperial chapel, and returning in a few minutes at the head of five grenadiers, entered the grand gallery, generally frequented by the most scrupulous devotees, and seized every book.

The cause of this domiciliary visit, was an anonymous communication received by the minister of police, stating, that libels against the Imperial family, bound in the form of prayer books, had been placed there, No such libels were however found; but of one hundred and sixty pretended breviaries, twenty eight were volumes of novels, sixteen of poems, and eleven of indecent books.

It is not necessary to add, that the proprietors of these edifying works never reclaimed them. The opinions are divided here, whether this curious, discovery originated in the malice of Fouché, or whether Talleyrand took this method of duping his rival, and at the same time of gratifying his own malignity. Certain it is, that Fouché was severely reprimanded for the transaction, and that Buonaparte was highly offended at the disclosure.

The common people, and the middle classes, are neither so ostentatiously devout, nor so basely perverse. They go to church as to the play, to gape at others, or to be stared at themselves; to pass the time, and to admire the show: and they do not conceal that such is the object of their attendance. Their indifference about futurity, equals their ignorance of religious duties.

Our revolutionary charlatans have as much brutalized their understanding, as corrupted their hearts. They heard the grand mass said by the Pope, with the same feelings, as they formerly heard Robespierre proclaim himself an high priest of a Supremo Being; and they looked at the imperial processions with the same insensibility, as they once saw the daily caravans of victims passing for execution.

Even in Buonaparte's own guard, and among the officers of his household troops, several examples of rigour were necessary, before they would go to any place of worship, or suffer in their corps any almoners: but now, after being drilled into a belief of Christianity, they march to the mass as to a parade or to a review. With any other people, Buonaparte would not so easily have changed in two years the customs of twelve, and forced military men to kneel before priests, whom they but the other day were encouraged to hunt and massacre like wild beasts.

On the day of the assumption of the Holy Virginia company of *gens d' arms d'Elite*, headed by their officers, received publicly, and by orders, the sacrament: when the Abbé Frelaud approached towards Lieutenant La doux, he fell into convulsions, and was carried into the sacristy. After being a little recovered, he looked round him, as if afraid that some one would injure him; and said to the grand vicar Clauset, who inquired the cause of his accident and terror; "Good God! that man who gave me, on the 2nd of September 1792, the five wounds in the convent of the

Carenes, from which still suffer, is now an officer, and was about to receive the sacrament from my hands.” When this occurrence was reported to Buonaparte, Ledoux was dismissed; but Abbe Frelaud was transported, and the grand vicar Clauset sent to the Temple, for the scandal their indiscretion had caused. This act was certainly as unjust towards him who was bayoneted to the altar, as towards those who served the altar, under the protection of the bayonets.



**The seizure of Sir George Rumbold by French troops**



**Battle de Marengo, 14 June 1800**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XXV**

**Paris, August 1805**

MY LORD,



**ALTHOUGH** the seizure of Sir George Rumbold might in your country, as well as every where else, inspire indignation, it could no where justly excite surprise. We had crossed the Rhine seven months before, to seize the Duke of Enghien: and when any prey invited, the passing of the Elbe was only a natural consequence of the former outrage; of audacity on our part, and of endurance or indifference on the part of other Continental States.

Talleyrand's note at Aix-la-Chapelle, had also informed Europe, that we had adopted a new and military diplomacy; and in confounding power with right, would respect no privileges at variance with our ambition, interest, or suspicions, or any independence it was thought useful or convenient for us to invade.

It was reported here, at the time, that Buonaparte was much offended with General Frere, who commanded this political expedition, for permitting Sir George's servant to accompany his master; as Fouché and Real had already tortures prepared and racks waiting, and after forcing your agent to speak out, would have announced his sudden death, either by his own hands, or by a *coup-de-sang*, before any Prussian note could require his release.

The known morality of our government, must have removed nil doubts of the veracity of this assertion: a man might, besides, from the Fatigues of a long journey, or from other causes, expire suddenly; but the exit of two, in the same circumstances would have been thought at least extraordinary, even by our friends, and suspicious by our enemies.

The official declaration of Rheinhard (our minister to the Circle of Lower Saxony) to the Senate at Hamburgh, in which he disavowed all knowledge on the subject of the capture of Sir George Rumbold, occasioned his disgrace. This man, a subject of the Elector of Wirtemberg by birth, is one of the negative accomplices of the criminals of France, who since the Revolution have desolated Europe.

He began in 1792 his diplomatic career, under Chauvelin and Talleyrand in London, and has since been the tool of every faction in power. In 1796 he was appointed a minister to the Hanse Towns; and without knowing why, was hailed as the point of rally to all the philosophers, philanthropists, Illuminati, and other revolutionary amateurs, with whom the north of Germany, Poland, Denmark, and Sweden then abounded.

A citizen of Hamburg, or rather of the world, of the name of Seveking, bestowed on him the hand of a sister: and though he is not accused of avarice, some of the contributions, extorted by our government from the neutral Hanse Town, are said to have been left behind in his coffers, instead of being forwarded to this capital. Either on this account, or for some other reason, he was recalled from Hamburg in January 1797, and remained unemployed, until the latter part of 1798, when he was sent a minister to Tuscany.

When in the summer of 1799, Talleyrand was forced by the Jacobins to resign his place as a minister of the foreign department, he had the adroitness to procure Rheinhard to be nominated his successor. So that though no longer nominally the minister, he still continued to influence the decisions of our government, as much as if still in office; because, though not without parts, Rheinhard has neither energy of character, nor consistency of conduct. He is so much accustomed, and wants so much to be governed, that in 1796, at Hamburg, even the then emigrants, Madame de Genlis, and General Valence, directed him, when he was not ruled or dictated to by his wife, or brother-in-law.

In 1800, Buonaparte sent him as a representative to the Helvetian Republic, and in 1802, again to Hamburg; where he was last winter superseded by Bourrienne, and ordered to an inferior station at the Electoral Court at Dresden. Rheinhard will never become one of those daring diplomatic *banditti*, whom revolutionary governments always employ in preference.

He has some moral principles, and though not religious, is rather scrupulous. He would certainly sooner resign, than undertake to remove by poison, or by the steel of a bravo, a rival of his own, or a person obnoxious to his employers. He would never indeed betray the secrets of his government, if he understood they intended to rob a dispatch, or to stop a messenger; but no allurements whatever would induce him to head the parties perpetrating these acts of our modern diplomacy.

Our present minister at Hamburg, Bourrienne, is far from being so nice. A revolutionist from the beginning of the Revolution, he shared with the partisans of La Fayette, imprisonment under Robespierre, and escaped death only by emigration. Recalled afterwards by his friend, the late Director, Barras, he acted as a kind of secretary to him until 1796, when Buonaparte demanded him, having known him at the military college.

During all Buonaparte's campaigns in Italy, Egypt, and Syria, he was his sole and confidential secretary; a situation which he lost in 1802, when Talleyrand denounced his corruption and cupidity; because he had rivaled him in speculating in the funds, and profiting by the information which his place afforded him.

He was then made a counsellor of state; but in 1803 he was involved in the fraudulent bankruptcy of one of our principal houses, to the amount of a million of livres, £42,000; and from his correspondence with it, some reasons appeared to suspect that, he frequently had committed a breach of confidence against his master; who, after erasing his name from among the counsellors of state, had him conveyed a prisoner to the Temple, where he remained six months.

A small volume, called *Le Livre Rouge* of the Consular Court, made its appearance about that time, and contained some articles, which gave Buonaparte reason to suppose that Bourrienne was its author. On being questioned by the grand judge Regnier, and the minister Fouché, before whom he was carried, he avowed that he had written it, but denied that he had any intention of



making it public. As to its having found its way to the press, during his confinement, that could only be ascribed to the ill will or treachery, of those police agents who inspected his papers, and put their seals upon them. "Tell Buonaparte," said he, "that had I been inclined to injure him in the public opinion, I should not have stooped to such trifles as *Le Livre Rouge*, while I have deposited with a friend his original orders, letters, and other curious documents, as materials for an edifying history of our military hospitals, during the campaigns of Italy and Syria; all authentic testimonies of his humanity and tenderness, for the wounded and dying French soldiers."

After the answers of this interrogatory had been laid before Buonaparte, his brother Joseph was sent to the Temple to negotiate with Bourrienne, who was offered his liberty, and a prefecture, if he would give up all the original papers, that, as a private secretary, he had had opportunity to collect. "These papers," answered Bourrienne, "are my only security against your brother's wrath, and his assassins. Were I weak enough to deliver them up to-day, to-morrow probably I should no longer be counted among the living; but I have now taken my measures so effectually, that were I murdered to-day, these originals would be printed tomorrow."

If Napoleone does not confide in my word of honour, he may trust to an assurance of discretion, with which my own interest is nearly connected. If he suspects me of having wronged him, he is convinced also of the eminent services I have rendered him, sufficient surely to outweigh his present suspicion. Let him again employ me in any post worthy of him and of me, and he shall soon see how much I will endeavour to regain his confidence."

Shortly afterwards Bourrienne was released, and a pension, equal to the salary of a counsellor of state, was granted him, until some suitable place became vacant. On Champagny's being appointed a minister of the home department, the embassy at Vienna was demanded by Bourrienne, but refused, as previously promised to La Rochefoucault, our late minister at Dresden.

When Rheinhard, in a kind of disgrace, was transferred to that relatively insignificant post, Bourrienne was ordered, with extensive instructions, to Hamburgh. The Senate soon found the difference between a timid and honest minister, and an unprincipled and crafty intriguer. New loans were immediately required from Hanover; but hardly were these acquitted, than fresh extortions were insisted on. In some secret conferences, Bourrienne is however said to have hinted, that some *douceurs* were expected, for alleviating the rigour of his instructions.

This hint has no doubt been taken, because he suddenly altered his conduct, and instead of hunting the purses of the Germans, pursued the persons of his emigrated countrymen; and, in a memorial, demanded the expulsion of all Frenchmen, who were not registered and protected by him, under pretence that every one of them who declined the honour of being a subject of Buonaparte, must be a traitor against the French government and his country.

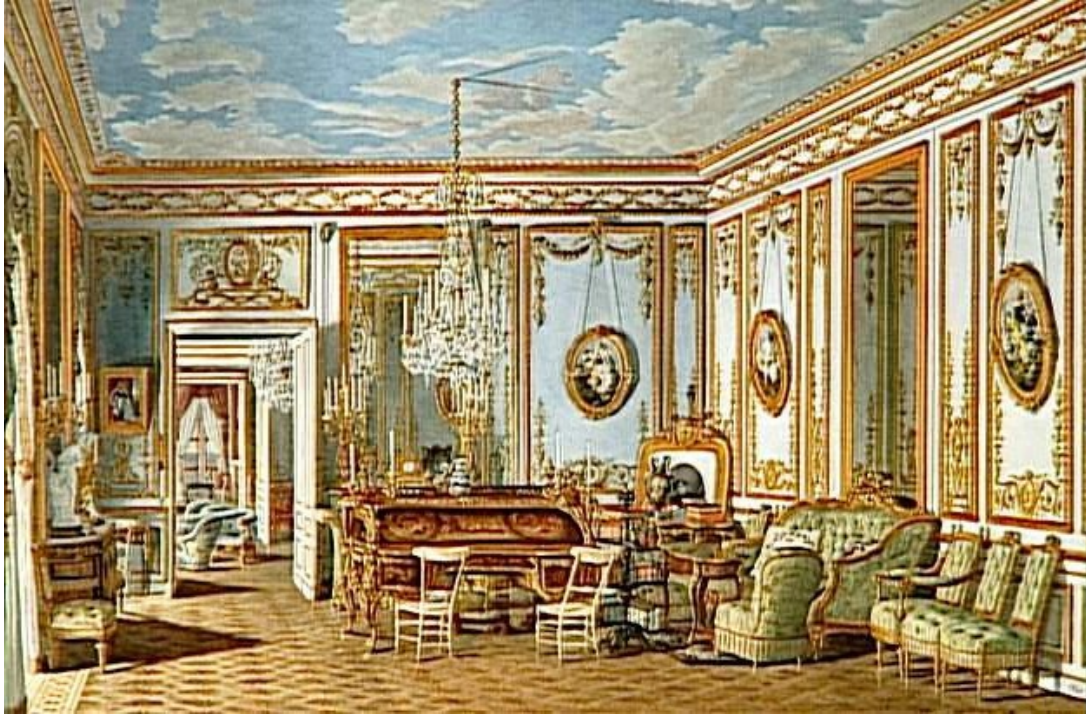
Bourrienne is now stated to have connected himself with several stock jobbers, both in Germany, Holland, and England; and already to have pocketed considerable sums by such connections. It is, however, not to be forgotten, that several houses have been ruined in this capital by the profits allowed him, who always refused to share their losses; but whatever were the consequences, enforced to its full amount the payment of that value, which he chose to set on his communications.

A place in France, would no doubt have been preferable to Bourrienne, particularly one near the person of Buonaparte. But if nothing else prevented the accomplishment of his wishes, his long familiarity with all the Buonapartes, whom he always treated as equals, and even now (with the exception of Napoleone), does not think his superiors, will long remain an insurmountable barrier.

I cannot comprehend how Buonaparte (who is certainly no bad judge of men), could so long confide in Bourrienne, who, with the usual presumption of my countrymen, is continually boasting to a degree that borders on indiscretion, and by an artful questioner, may easily be led

to overstep those bounds. Most of the particulars of his quarrel with Napoleone, I heard him relate himself, as a proof of his great consequence, in a company of forty individuals many of whom were unknown to him.

On the first discovery which Buonaparte made of Bourrienne's infidelity, Talleyrand complimented him upon not having suffered more from it. "Do you not see," answered Buonaparte, "it is also one of the extraordinary gifts of my extraordinary good fortune. Even traitors are unable to betray me. Plots respect me as much as bullets." I need not tell you, that Fortune is the sole divinity sincerely worshipped by Napoleone.



**The Empress's study at St. Cloud Palace**



**The Empress's Bedroom at St. Cloud Palace**





THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD

LETTER XXVI

Paris, August 1805

MY LORD,



JOSEPH BUONAPARTE leads a much more retired life, and sees less company, than any of his brothers or sisters. Except the members of his own family, he but seldom invites any guests, nor has Madame Joseph those regular assemblies and circles which Madame Napoleone and Madame Louis Buonaparte have. His hospitality is, however, greater at his country seat Morfontaine, than at his hotel here. Those whom he likes, or does not mistrust (who, by the bye, are very few), may visit him without much formality in the country, and prolong their stay according to their own inclination or discretion; but they must come without their servants, or send them away on their arrival.

As soon as an agreeable visitor presents himself, it is the etiquette of the house to consider him as an inmate; but to allow him at the same time a perfect liberty to dispose of his hours and his person, as suits his convenience or caprice. In this extensive and superb mansion a suit of apartments is assigned him, with a *valet-de-chambre*, a lackey, a coachman, a groom, and a jockey, all under his own exclusive command.

He has allotted him a chariot, a gig, and riding horses, if he prefers such an exercise. A catalogue is given him of the library of the chateau; and every morning he is informed what persons compose the company at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and of the hours of these different repasts. A bill of fare is at the same time presented to him, and he is asked to point out those dishes to which he gives the preference, and to declare whether he chooses to join the company, or to be served in his own rooms.

During the summer season, players from the different theatres of Paris are paid to perform three times in the week ; and each guest, according to the period of his arrival, is asked in his turn, to command either a comedy or a tragedy, a farce or a ballet. Twice in the week concerts are executed by the first performers of the opera buffo; and twice in the week invitations to tea parties are sent to some of the neighbours, or accepted from them.

Besides four billiard tables, there are other gambling tables for Rouge et Noir, Trente et Quarante, Pharo, La Roulette, Birribit and other games of hazard. The bankers are young men from Corsica, to whom Joseph, who advances the money, allows all the gain, while he alone suffers the loss.

Those who are inclined, may play from morning till night, and from night till morning, without interruption, as no one interferes. Should Joseph hear that any person has been too severely treated by fortune, or suspects that he has not much cash remaining, some *rouleaus* of Napoleone's d'ors are placed on the table of his dressing-room, which he may use or leave untouched, as he judges proper.

The hours of Joseph Buonaparte are neither so late as yours in England, nor so early as they were formerly in France. Breakfast is ready served at ten o'clock, dinner at four, and supper at nine. Before midnight he retires to bed with his family, but visitors do as they like, and follow their own usual hours, and their servants are obliged to wait for them.

When any business calls Joseph away, either to preside in the Senate here, or to travel in the provinces, he notices it to his visitors; telling them at the same time not to displace themselves on account of his absence, but wait till his return, as they would not observe any difference in the economy of his house, of which Madame Joseph always does the honours, or in her absence, some lady appointed by her.

Last year, when Joseph first assumed a military rank, he passed nearly four months with the army of England on the coast, or in Brabant. On his return all his visitors were gone, except a young poet of the name of Montaigne, who does not want genius, but who is rather too fond of the bottle. Joseph is considered the best gourmet, or connoisseur in liquors and wines of this capital; and Montaigne found his Champagne and Bourgogne so excellent, that he never once went to bed, that he was not heartily intoxicated.

But the best of the story is, that he employed his mornings in composing a poem, holding out to abhorrence the disgusting vice of drunkenness; and presented it to Joseph, requesting permission to dedicate it to him when published. To those who have read it, or only seen extracts from it, the compilation appears far from being contemptible; but Joseph still keeps the copy, though he has made the author a present of one hundred Napoleone's d'ors, and procured him a place of an amanuensis in the Chancellery of the Senate, having resolved never to accept any dedication, but wishing also not to hurt the feelings of the author by a refusal.

In a chateau, where so many visitors' of licentious and depraved morals meet, of both, sexes, and where such an unlimited liberty reigns, intrigues must occur, and have of course not seldom furnished materials for the scandalous chronicle.

Even Madame Joseph herself has either been gallant or calumniated: report says, that to the nocturnal assiduities of Eugenius de Beauharnois, and of Colonel la Fond-Blanine, she is exclusively indebted for the honour of maternity, and that these two rivals even fought a duel concerning the right of paternity.

Eugenius de Beauharnois never was a great favourite with Joseph Buonaparte, whose reserved manners and prudence form too great a contrast to his noisy and blundering way, to accord with each other. Before he set out for Italy, it was well known in our fashionable circles, that he had been interdicted the house of his uncle, and that no reconciliation took place, notwithstanding the endeavours of Madame Napoleone. To humble him so much the more, Joseph even nominated La Fond-Blaniac, an equerry to his wife, who therefore easily consoled herself for the departure of her dear nephew.

The husband of Madame Miot, (one of Madame Joseph's ladies in waiting), was not so patient, or such a philosopher as Joseph Buonaparte. Some charitable person having reported in the

company of a *bonne amie* of Miot, that his wife did not pass her nights in solitude, but that she sought consolation among the many gallants and disengaged visitors at Morfontaine, he determined to surprise her. It was past eleven o'clock at night when his arrival was announced to Joseph, just retired to his closet. Madame Miot had been in bed ever since nine, ill of a migraine, and her husband was too affectionate not to be the first to inform her of his presence, without permitting any body previously to disturb her.

With great reluctance, Madame Miot's maid delivered the key of her rooms, while she accompanied him with a light. In the anti-chamber he found a hat and a great-coat, and in the closet adjoining the bed-room, a coat, a waistcoat, and a pair of breeches, with drawers, stockings, and slippers.

Though the maid kept coughing all the time, Madame Miot and her gallant did not awake from their slumber, till the enraged husband began to use the bludgeon of the lover, which had also been left in the closet. A battle then ensued, in which the lover retaliated so vigorously, that the husband called out murder! Murder! with all his might. The chateau was instantly in an uproar, and the apartments crowded with half dressed and half naked lovers. Joseph Buonaparte alone, was able to separate the combatants; and inquiring the cause of the riot, assured them, that he would suffer no scandal and no intrigues in his house, without seriously resenting it.

An explanation being made, Madame Miot was looked for but in vain ; and the maid declared, that being warned by a letter from Paris, of her husband's jealousy and determination to surprise her, her mistress had reposed herself in her room; while, to punish the ungenerous suspicions of her husband, she had persuaded Captain d'Horteuil to occupy her place in her own bed.

The maid had no sooner finished her deposition. than her mistress made her appearance, and upbraided her husband severely, in which she was cordially joined by the spectators. She inquired, if, on seeing the dress of a gentleman, he had also discovered the attire of a female? and she appealed to Captain d'Horteuil, whether he had not the two preceding nights also slept in her bed.

To this he of course assented; adding, that had M. Miot attacked him the first night, he would not then perhaps have been so roughly handled as now; for then he was prepared for a visit, which this night was rather unexpected. This connubial farce ended, by Miot begging pardon of his wife and her gallant; the former of whom, after much entreaty by Joseph, at last consented to share with him her bed. But being disfigured with two black eyes, and suffering from several bruises, and also ashamed of his unfashionable behaviour, he continued invisible for ten days afterwards, and returned to this city as he had left it, by stealth.

This Miot was a spy under Robespierre, and is a counsellor of state under Buonaparte. Without bread, as well as without a home, he was, from the beginning of the Revolution, one of the most ardent patriots, and the first republican minister in Tuscany.

After the Sovereign of that country had in 1793 joined the league, Miot returned to France, and was, for his want of address to negotiate as a minister, shut up to perform the part of a spy in the Luxemburg!); then transformed into a prison of suspected persons. Thanks to his patriotism, upwards of two hundred individuals of both sexes were denounced, transferred to the Concierge prison, and afterwards guillotined.

After that, until 1799, he continued so despised, that no faction would accept him for an accomplice; but in the November of that year, after Buonaparte had declared himself a First Consul, Miot was appointed a tribune, an office from which he was advanced in 1802, to be a counsellor of state. As Miot squanders away his salary with harlots, and in gambling houses, and is pursued by creditors, he neither will nor can pay, it was merely from charity that his wife was received among the other ladies of Madame Joseph Buonaparte's household.



**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XXVII**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**NOTWITHSTANDING** the ties of consanguinity, honour, duty, interest, and gratitude, which bound the Spanish Bourbons to the cause of the Bourbons of France, no monarch has rendered more service to the cause of rebellion, and done more harm to the cause of royalty, than the King of Spain.

But here again you must understand me: when I speak of Princes, whose talents are known not to be brilliant; whose intellects are known to be feeble, and whose good intentions are rendered null by a want of firmness of character, or consistency of conduct; while I deplore their weakness, and the consequent misfortunes of their contemporaries, I lay all the blame on their wicked or ignorant counsellors; because, if no ministers were fools or traitors, no Sovereigns would tremble on their thrones, and no subjects dare to shake their foundation.

Had Providence blessed Charles IV of Spain, with that judgment in selecting his ministers, and that constancy of persevering in his choice, as your George III; had the helm of Spain been in the firm and able hands of a Grenville, a Windham, and a Pitt, the cabinet of Madrid would never have been oppressed by the joke of the cabinet of St. Cloud, nor paid a heavy tribute for its bondage, degrading as well as ruinous.

“This is the age of upstarts,” said Talleyrand to his cousin Prince de Chalais, who reproached him for an unbecoming servility to low and vile personages; “and I prefer bowing to them, to being trampled upon and crushed by them.” Indeed, as far as I remember, no where in history are hitherto recorded so many low persons, who from obscurity and meanness, have suddenly and at once attained rank and notoriety.

Where do we read of such a numerous crew of upstart emperors, kings, grand pensionaries, directors, imperial highnesses, princes, field-marschals, generals, senators, ministers, governors, cardinals &c. as we now witness figuring upon the theatre of Europe, and who chiefly decide on the destiny of nations? Among these, several are certainly to be found, whose superior parts, have made them worthy to pierce the crowd, and to shake off their native mud; but others again, and by far the greatest number of these *novi homines*, owe their present elevation to shameless intrigues, or atrocious crimes.

The prime minister, or rather the viceroy of Spain, the Prince of Peace, belongs to the latter class. From a man in the ranks of the guards, he was promoted to a general in chief, and from a harp-player in anti-chambers, to a president of the counsels of a Prince; and that within the short period of six years.

Such a fortune is not common; but to be absolutely without capacity as well as virtue, genius as well as good breeding, and nevertheless to continue in an elevation so little merited, and in a place formerly so subject to changes, and so unstable, is a fortune that no upstart ever before experienced in Spain.

An intrigue of his elder brother with the present Queen, then Princess of Austria, which was discovered by the late King, introduced him first at court as an harp-player; and when his brother was exiled, he was entrusted with the correspondence of the Princess with her gallant.

After she had ascended the throne, he thought it more profitable to be the lover than the messenger, and contrived therefore to supplant his brother in the royal favour. Promotions and riches were consequently heaped upon him; and what is surprising, the more undisguised the partiality of the Queen was, the greater the attachment of the King displayed itself; and it has ever since been an emulation between the royal couple, who should the most forget and vilify birth and supremacy, by associating this man not only in the courtly pleasures, but in the functions of sovereignty.

Had he been gifted with sound understanding, or possessed any share of delicacy, generosity, or discretion, he would, while he profited by their imprudent condescension, have prevented them from exposing their weaknesses and frailties, to a discussion and ridicule among courtiers, and from becoming objects of humiliation and scandal among the people.

He would have warned them of the danger, which at all times attends the publicity of the foibles and vices of Princes, but particularly in the present times of trouble and innovations. He would have told them: Make me great and wealthy, but not at the expence of your own grandeur, or of the loyalty of your people. Do not treat an humble subject as an equal; nor suffer your Majesties, whom providence destined to govern a high spirited nation, to be openly ruled by one born to obey. I am too dutiful, not to lay aside my private vanity, when the happiness of my King, and the tranquillity of my fellow subjects are at stake.

I am already too high. In descending a little, I shall not only rise in the eyes of my contemporaries, but in the opinion of posterity. Every step I am advancing undermines your throne. In retreating a little, if I do not strengthen, I can never injure it. But I beg your pardon for this digression, and for putting the language of dignified reason, into the mouth of a man as corrupt as he is imbecile. Do not suppose, because the Prince of Peace is no friend of my nation, that I am his enemy. No!— had he shewn himself a true patriot, a friend of his own country, and of his too liberal Prince, or even of monarchy or general, or of any body else but himself, although I might have disapproved of his policy, if he has any, I would never have lashed the individual for the act of the minister.

But you must have observed with me, that never before his administration, was the cabinet of Madrid worse conducted at home, or more despised abroad; the Spanish Monarch more humbled, or Spanish subjects more wretched; the Spanish power more dishonoured, or the Spanish resources worse employed.

Never before the treaty with France of 1796, concluded by this wiseacre, (which made him a Prince of Peace, and our government the sovereign of Spain), was the Spanish monarchy reduced to such a lamentable dilemma, as to be forced into an expensive war without a cause, and into a disgraceful peace, not only unprofitable, but absolutely disadvantageous. Never before were its treasures distributed among its oppressors, to support their tyranny, nor its military and naval

forces employed to fight the battles of rebellion.—The loyal subjects of Spain, have only one hope left. The delicate state of his present Majesty's health, does not promise a much longer continuance of his reign; and the Prince of Asturia is too well informed, to endure the guidance of the most ignorant minister that ever was admitted into the cabinet and confidence of a Sovereign. It is more than probable, that under a new reign the misfortunes of the Prince of Peace, will inspire as much compassion, as his rapid advancement has excited astonishment and indignation.

A cabinet thus badly directed, cannot be expected to have representatives abroad, either of abilities or patriotism. The Admiral and General Gravina, who but lately left this capital, as an ambassador from the Court of Spain, to assume the command of a Spanish fleet, is more valiant than wise, and more an enemy of your country, than a friend, of his own.

He is a profound admirer of Buonaparte's virtues and successes; and was, during his residence, one of the most ostentatiously awkward courtiers of Napoleone the First. It is said, that he has the modesty and loyalty to wish to become a Spanish Buonaparte; and that he promises to restore by his genius and exploits, the lost lustre of the Spanish monarchy.

When this was reported to Talleyrand, he smiled with contempt; but when it was told to Buonaparte, he stamped with rage at the impudence of the Spaniard, in daring to associate his name of acquired and established greatness, with his own impertinent schemes of absurdities and impossibilities. In the summer of 1793, Gravina commanded a division of the Spanish fleet in the Mediterranean, of which Admiral Langara was the commander-in-chief.

At the capitulation of Toulon, after the combined English and Spanish forces had taken possession of it, when Rear Admiral Goodall was declared governor, Gravina was made the commandant of the troops. At the head of these he often fought bravely in different sorties, and on the first of October was wounded at the recapture of Fort Pharon.

He complains still of having suffered insults or neglect from the English; and even of having been exposed unnecessarily to the fire and sword of the enemy, merely because he was a patriot, as well as an envied or suspected ally. His inveteracy against your country takes its date no doubt from the siege of Toulon, or perhaps from its evacuation.

When in May 1794, our troops were advancing towards Colioures, he was sent with a squadron to bring it succours; but he arrived too late, and could not save that important place. He was not more successful at the beginning of the campaign of 1795 at Rosa, where he had only time to carry away the artillery, before the enemy entered. In August that year, during the absence of Admiral Massaredo, he assumed *ad interim* the command of the Spanish fleet in the Mediterranean, but in the December following he was disgraced, arrested, and shut up as a state prisoner.

During the embassy of Lucien Buonaparte to the Court of Madrid, in the autumn 1800, Gravina was by his influence restored to favour, and after the death of the late Spanish ambassador to the Cabinet of St. Cloud, Chevalier d'Azzara, by the special desire of Napoleone was nominated both his successor, and a representative of the King of Etruria. Among the members of our diplomatic corps, he was considered somewhat of a Spanish gasconader and a bully. He more frequently boasted of his wounds and battles, than of his negotiations or conferences, though he pretended, indeed, to shine as much in the cabinet as in the field.

In his suite were two Spanish women, one about forty, and the other about twenty years of age: nobody knew what to make of them, as they were neither treated as wives, mistresses, nor servants, and they avowed themselves to be no relations. After a residence here of some weeks, he was. By superior orders, way-laid one night, at the opera, by a young and beautiful dancing girl, of the name of Barrois, who engaged him to take her into keeping.



He hesitated indeed for some time; at last, however, love got the better of his scruples, and he furnished for her an elegant apartment on the new Boulevard. On the day he carried her there, he was accompanied by the chaplain of the Spanish Legation; and told her that, previous to any further intimacy, she must be married to him, as his religious principles did not permit him to cohabit with a woman, who was not his wife; at the same time he laid before her an agreement to sign, by which she bound herself never to claim him as a husband before her turn, that is to say, until sixteen other women, to whom he had been previously married, were dead.

She made no opposition either to the marriage, or to the condition's annexed to it. This girl had a sweetheart of the name of Valere, an actor at one of the little theatres on the Boulevards, to whom she communicated her adventure; he advised her to be scrupulous in her turn, and to ask a copy of the agreement.

After some difficulty this was obtained. In it no mention was made of her maintenance, nor in what manner her children were to be regarded, should she have any: Valere had therefore another agreement drawn up, in which all these points were arranged according to his own interested views.

Gravina refused to subscribe to what he plainly perceived were only extortions; and the girl, in her turn, not only declined any further connection with him, but threatened to publish the act of polygamy. Before they had done discussing this subject, the door was suddenly opened, and the two Spanish ladies presented themselves. After severely upbraiding Gravina, who was struck mute by surprise, they announced to the girl, that whatever promise or contract of marriage she had obtained from him, was of no value, as before they came with him to France, he had bound himself before a public notary at Madrid, not to form any new connections, nor to marry any other woman without their written consent.

One of these ladies declared that she had been married to Gravina twenty-two years, and was his oldest wife but one; the other said that she had been married to him six years. They insisted upon his following them, which he did, after putting a purse of gold into Barrois' hand.

When Valere heard from his mistress this occurrence, he advised her to make the most money she could of the Spaniard's curious scruples. A letter was therefore written to him, demanding one hundred thousand livres, £4000 as the price of secrecy, and withholding the particulars of this business from the knowledge of the tribunals and the police; and an answer was required within twenty-four hours.

The same night Gravina offered one thousand Louis, which were accepted, and the papers returned; but the next day Valere went to his hotel, rue de Provence, where he presented himself as a brother of Barrois. He stated, that he still possessed authenticated copies of the papers returned, and that he must have either the full sum first asked by his sister, or an annuity of twelve thousand livres settled upon her. Instead of an answer, Gravina ordered him to be turned out of the house.

An attorney then waited on his Excellency, on the part of the brother and the sister, and repeated their threats and their demands, adding, that he would write a memorial both to the Emperor of the French, and to the King of Spain, were justice refused to his principals any longer.

Gravina was well aware, that this affair, though more laughable than criminal, would hurt both his character and credit, if it were known in France; he therefore consented to pay seventy-six thousand livres more, upon a formal renunciation by the party of all future blames. Not having money sufficient by him, he went to borrow it from a banker, whose clerk was one of Talleyrand's secret agents. Our minister therefore ordered every step of Gravina to be watched; but he soon discovered, that instead of wanting this money for a political intrigue, it was necessary to extricate him out of an amorous scrape. Hearing, however, in what a scandalous manner the ambassador

had been duped and imposed upon, he reported it to Buonaparte, who gave Fouché orders to have both Valere, Barrois, and the attorney, immediately transported to Cayenne, and to restore Gravina his money.

The former part of this order, the minister of police executed so much the more willingly, as it was according to his plan that Barrois had pitched upon Gravina for a lover. She had been intended by him as a spy on his Excellency; but had deceived him by her reports; a crime for which transportation was an usual punishment.

Notwithstanding the care of our government to conceal and bury this affair in oblivion, it furnished matter both for conversation in our fashionable circles, and subjects for our caricaturists. But these artists were soon seized by the police, who found it more easy to chastise genius than to silence tongues. The declaration of war by Spain against your country, was a lucky opportunity for Gravina to quit with honour, a Court, where he was an object of ridicule, to assume the command of a fleet, which might one day make him an object of terror.

When he took leave of Buonaparte, he was told to return to France victorious, or never to return any more; and Talleyrand warned him as a friend, “whenever he returned to his post in France, to leave his marriage mania behind him in Spain. Here,” said he, “you may, without ridicule, intrigue with a hundred women, but you run a great risk only by marrying one.”

I have been in company with Gravina, and after what I heard him say, so far from judging him superstitious, I thought him really impious. But infidelity and bigotry are frequently next door neighbours.



**Lucien Bonaparte**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XXVIII**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



It cannot have escaped the observation of the most superficial traveller of rank, that at the Court of St. Cloud, want of morals is not atoned for by good breeding or good manners. The hideousness of vice; the pretensions of ambition; the vanity of rank; the pride of favour, and the shame of venality, do not wear here that delicate veil, that gloss of virtue, which, in other courts, lessens the deformity of corruption, and the scandal of depravity.

Duplicity and hypocrisy are here very common indeed, more so than dissimulation any where else; but barefaced knaves and impostors must always make indifferent courtiers. Here the minister tells you, I must have such a sum for a place; and the chamberlain tells you, count down so much for my protection.

The princess requires a necklace of such a value, for interesting herself for your advancement; and the lady in waiting demands a diamond of such worth on the day of your promotion. This tariff of favours and of infamy, descends ad infinitum. The secretary for signing, and the clerk for writing your commissions; the cashier for delivering it, and the messenger for informing you of it, have all their fixed prices.

Have you a lawsuit, the judge announces to you, that so much has been offered by your opponent, and so much is expected from you, if you desire to win your cause. When you are the defendant against the crown, the attorney or solicitor general lets you know, that such a *douceur* is requisite to procure such an issue. Even in criminal proceedings, not only honour, but life, may be saved by pecuniary sacrifices.

A man of the name of Martin, by profession a stock-jobber, killed in 1803 his own wife; and for twelve thousand livres, £500 he was acquitted, and recovered his liberty. In November last year, in a quarrel with his own brother, he stabbed him through the heart, and for another sum of twelve thousand livres, he was acquitted and released before last Christmas. This wretch is now in prison again, on suspicion of having poisoned his own daughter, with whom he had an incestuous intercourse, and he boasts publicly of the certainty of soon being liberated. Another person, Louis de Saurac, the younger son of Baron de Saurac, who together with his eldest son, had immigrated, forged a will in the name of his parent, whom he pretended to be dead, which left him the sole heir of all the disposable property, to the exclusion of two sisters.

After the nation had shared its part, as heir of all emigrants, Louis took possession of the remainder. In 1802, both his father and brother accepted of the general amnesty, and returned to France.

To their great surprise, they heard that this Louis had by his ill treatment forced his sisters into servitude, refusing them even the common necessaries of life. After upbraiding him for his want of duty, the father desired, according to the law, the restitution of the unsold part of his estates. On the day fixed for settling the accounts, and entering into his right, Baron de Saurac was arrested as a conspirator, and imprisoned in the Temple.

He had been denounced as having served in the army of Condé, and as being a secret agent of Louis XVIII. To disprove the first part of the charge, he produced certificates from America, where he had passed the time of his emigration, and even upon the rack he denied the letter. During his arrest, the eldest son discovered, that Louis had become the owner of their possessions, by means of the will he had forged in the name of his father; and that it was he, who had been unnatural enough to denounce the author of his days.

With the wreck of their fortune in St. Domingo, he procured his father's release; who being acquainted with the perversity of his younger son, addressed himself to the department, to be reinstated in his property. This was opposed by Louis; who defended his title to the estate by the revolutionary maxim, which had passed into a law, enabling, that all emigrants should be considered as politically dead.

Hitherto Baron de Saurac had, from affection, declined to mention the forged will; but shocked by his son's obduracy, and being reduced to distress, his counsellor produced this document, which not only went to deprive Louis of his property, but exposed him to a criminal prosecution.

This unnatural son, who was not yet twenty-five, had imbibed all the revolutionary morals of his contemporaries, and was well acquainted with the moral characters of his revolutionary countrymen. He addressed himself therefore to Merlin of Douai, Buonaparte's Imperial attorney-general, and commander of his Legion of Honour; who, for a bribe of fifty thousand livres, £2,100 obtained for him, after he had been defeated in every other court, a judgment in his favour, in the tribunal of cassation; under the sophistical conclusion, that all emigrants, being according to law considered as politically dead, a will in the name of any one of them, was merely a pious fraud, to preserve the property in the family.

This Merlin is the son of a labourer of Anchin, and was a servant of the Abbey of the same name. One of the monks, observing in him some application, charitably sent him to be educated at Douai, after having bestowed on him some previous education. Not satisfied with this generous act, he engaged the other monks, as well as the chapter of Cambrai, to subscribe for his expenses of admission, as an attorney, by the parliament of Douai, in which situation the Revolution found him.

By his dissimulation and assumed modesty, he continued to dupe his benefactors; who by their influence, obtained for him the nomination as a representative of the people to our first National Assembly.

They soon, however, had reason to repent of their generosity. He joined the Orleans faction, and became one of the most persevering, violent, and cruel persecutors of the privileged classes, particularly of the clergy, to whom he was indebted for every thing. In 1792 he was elected a member of the National Convention, where he voted for the death of his King.

It was he who proposed a law (justly called by Prudhomme, the production of the deliberate homicide Merlin), against suspected persons; which was decreed on the 17<sup>th</sup> September 1793, and caused the imprisonment or proscription of two hundred thousand families. This decree

procured him the appellation of *Merlin Suspects*, and of *Merlin Potence*. In 1795 he was first appointed a minister of police, and soon afterwards a minister of justice. After the revolution in favour of the Jacobins, of the 4th September 1797, he was made a Director; a place which he was obliged by the same Jacobins to resign in June 1799. Buonaparte expressed at first the most sovereign contempt for this Merlin; but on account of one of his sons, who was his *aide-de-camp*, he was appointed by him, when First Consul, his attorney-general.

As nothing paints better the true features of a government, than the morality or vices of its functionaries, I will finish this man's portrait, with the following characteristic touches.

Merlin de Douai, has been successively the counsel of the late Duke of Orleans, the friend of Danton, of Chabot, and of Hebert, the admirer of Marat, and the servant of Robespierre. An accomplice of Rewbel, Barras, and la Reveilliere, an author of the law of suspected persons, an advocate of the Septembrisers, and an ardent apostle of the St. Guillotine. Cunning as a fox and ferocious as tiger, he has outlived all the factions with which he has been connected. It has been his policy, to keep in continual fermentation, rivalships, jealousies, inquietudes, revenge, and all other odious passions; establishing by such means, his influence on the terror of some, the ambition of others, and the credulity of them all.

Had I, when Merlin proposed his law concerning suspected persons, in the name of liberty and equality, been free and his equal, I should have said to him: "Monster, this your atrocious law, is your sentence of death; it has brought thousands of innocent persons to an untimely end—you shall die by my hands as a victim, if the tribunals do not condemn you to the scaffold as an executioner, or as a criminal.

Merlin has bought national property to the amount of fifteen millions of livres, £625,000 and he is supposed to possess money nearly to the same amount, in your or our funds. For a man, born a beggar, and educated by charity, this fortune, together with the liberal salaries he enjoys, might seem sufficient, without selling justice, protecting guilt, and oppressing or persecuting innocence.



**Philippe Antoine Merlin**





**THE  
SECRET HISTORY  
of  
THE COURT AND CABINET  
of  
ST. CLOUD**

**LETTER XXIX**

**Paris, August 1805**

**MY LORD,**



**HE** household troops of Napoleone the First, are by thousands more numerous, than those even of Louis XIV were. Grenadiers on foot and on horseback; riflemen on foot and on horseback; heavy and light artillery; dragoons and hussars; mamelukes and sailors; artificers and pontoneers, *gens d'armes*, and *gens d'armes d'Elite*; *Velites* and veterans, with Italian grenadiers, riflemen, dragoons, &c. &c. compose all together a not inconsiderable army.

Though it frequently happens, that the pay of the other troops is in arrear, those appertaining to Buonaparte's household are as regularly paid as his senators, counsellors of state, and other public functionaries. All the men are picked, and all the officers, as much as possible, of birth, or at least of education.

In the midst of this voluptuous and seductive capital, they are kept very strict, and the least negligence or infraction of military discipline, is more severely punished, than if committed in garrison or in an encampment. They are both better clothed, accoutred, and paid, than the troops of the line, and have every where the precedence of them.

All the officers, and many of the soldiers, are members of Buonaparte's Legion of Honour; and carry arms of honour, distributed to them by Imperial favour, or for military exploits. None of them are quartered upon the citizens; each corps has it own spacious barracks, hospitals, drilling-ground, riding or fencing-houses, gardens, bathing-houses, billiard table, and even libraries. A chapel has lately been constructed near each barrack, and almoners are already appointed. In the meantime, they attend regularly at mass, either in the Imperial chapel or in the parish churches. Buonaparte discourages much all marriages among the military in general, but particularly among those of his household troops. That they may not, however, be entirely deprived of the society of women, he allows five to each company, with the same salaries as the men, under the name of washerwomen.

With a vain and fickle people, fond of shows, and innovations, nothing in a military despotism, has a greater political utility, gives greater satisfaction, and leaves behind a more usual terror and awe, than Buonaparte's grand military reviews. In the beginning of his consulate, they

regularly occurred three times in the month; after his victory of Marengo, they were reduced to once in a fortnight, and since he has been proclaimed Emperor, to once only in the month.

This ostentatious exhibition of usurped power, is always closed with a diplomatic review of the representatives of lawful Princes; who introduce on those occasions, their fellow subjects, to another subject, who successfully has seized, and continues to usurp the authority of his own Sovereign. What an example for ambition! What a lesson to treachery!

Besides the household troops, this capital and its vicinity have for these three years past, never contained less than from fifteen to twenty thousand men of the regiments of the line; belonging to what is called the first military division of the army of the interior. These troops are selected from among the brigades, that served under Buonaparte in Italy and Egypt, with the greatest *eclat*, and constitute a kind of depot for recruiting his household troops with tried and trusty men. They are also regularly paid, and generally better accoutred than their comrades encamped on the coast, or quartered in Italy or Holland.

But a standing army, upon which all revolutionary rulers can depend, and that always will continue their faithful support, unique in its sort and composition, exists in the bosom as well as in the extremities of this country. I mean, one hundred and twenty thousand invalids, mostly young men under thirty, forced by conscription against their will, into the field; quartered and taken care of by our government, and all possessed with the absurd prejudice, that, as they have been maimed in fighting the battles of rebellion, the restoration of legitimate sovereignty would to them be an epoch of destruction, or at least of misery and want; and this prejudice is kept alive by emissaries employed on purpose, to mislead them.

Of these, eight thousand are lodged and provided for in this city; ten thousand at Versailles; and the remainder in Piedmont, Brabant, and in the conquered departments on the left bank of the Rhine countries where the inhabitants are discontented and disaffected, and require therefore to be watched, and to have a better spirit infused.

Those whose wounds permit it, are also employed to do garrison duty in fortified places, not exposed to an attack by enemies, and to assist in the different arsenals and laboratories, foundries and depots of military or naval stores. Others are attached to the police offices, and some as *gens-d'armes* to arrest suspected, or guilty individuals; or as janissaries, to enforce the payment of contributions from the unwilling or distressed.

When the period for the payment of taxes is expired, two of these janissaries present themselves at the house of the persons in arrears, with a billet signed by the director of the contributions, and countersigned by the police commissary. If the money is not immediately paid, with half-a-crown to each of them besides, they remain quartered in the house, where they are to be boarded and to receive half-a-crown a day each, until an order from those who sent them, informs them, that what was due to the state has been acquitted.

After their entrance into a house, and during their stay, no furniture or effects whatever, can be removed or disposed of, nor can the master or mistress go out of doors without being accompanied by one of them.

In the houses appropriated to our invalids, the inmates are very well treated, and government takes great care to make them satisfied with their lot. The officers have large halls, billiards, and reading-room to meet in; and the common men are admitted into apartments adjoining libraries, from which they can borrow what books they contain, and read them at leisure. This is certainly a very good and even humane institution, though these libraries chiefly contain military histories or novels.

As to the morals of these young invalids, they may be well conceived, when you remember the morality of our Revolution; and that they, without any religious notions or restraints, were not only permitted, but encouraged, to partake of the debauchery and licentiousness which were

carried to such an extreme in our armies and encampments. In an age when the passions are strongest, and often blind reason and silence conscience, they have not the means nor the permission to marry; in their vicinity it is, therefore, more difficult to discover one honest woman, or a dutiful wife, than hundreds of harlots and of adulteresses.

Notwithstanding that many of them have been accused before the tribunals of seductions, rape, and violence against the sex, not one has been punished for what the morality of our government consider merely as bagatelles. Even in cases where husbands, brothers, and lovers have been killed by them, while defending or avenging the honour of of their wives, sisters and mistresses, our tribunals have been ordered by our grand judge, according to the commands of the Emperor, not to proceed.

As most of them have no occupation, the vice of idleness augments the mass of their corruption; for men of their principles, when they have nothing to do, never do any thing good.

I do not know if my countrywomen feel themselves honoured by or obliged to Buonaparte, for leaving their virtue and honour unprotected, except by their own prudence and strength; but of this I am certain, that all our other troops, as well as the invalids, may live on free quarters with the sex, without fearing the consequences; provided they keep at a distance from the females of our Imperial family, and of those of our grand officers of state and principal functionaries. The wives and the daughters of the latter have, however, sometimes declined the advantage of these exclusive privileges.

A horse grenadier of Buonaparte's Imperial guard, of the name of Rabais, notorious for his amours and debauchery, was accused before the Imperial judge Thuriot, at one and the same-time, by several husbands and fathers, of having seduced the affections of their wives, and of their daughters.

As usual, Thuriot refused to listen to their complaints; at the same time insultingly advising them, to retake their wives and children; and for the future to be more careful of them. Triumphant, as it were, in his injustice, he inconsiderately mentioned the circumstance to his own wife; observing, that he never knew so many charges of the same sort exhibited against one man.

Madame Thuriot, who had been a servant-maid to her husband before he made her his wife, instead of being disgusted at the recital, secretly determined to see this Rabais. An intrigue was then begun, and carried on for four months, if not with discretion, at least without discovery; but the lady's own imprudence at last betrayed her: or I should say rather, her jealousy.

But for this, she might still have been admired among our modest women, and Thuriot among fortunate husbands and happy fathers; for the lady, for the first time since her marriage, proved, to the great joy and pride of her husband, in the family way. Suspecting, however, the fidelity of her paramour, she watched his motions so closely, that she discovered an intrigue between him and the chaste spouse of a rich banker; but the consequence of this discovery, was the detection of her own crime.

On the discovery of his disgrace, Thuriot obtained an audience of Buonaparte, in which he exposed his misfortune, and demanded punishment on his wife's gallant. As, however, he also acknowledge that his own indiscretion was an indirect cause of their connection, he received the same advice which he had given to other unfortunate husbands; to retake, and for the future guard better, his dear moiety.

Thuriot had, however, an early opportunity of wreaking his vengeance on the gallant Rabais. It seems his prowess had reached the ears of Madame Bachiocchi, the eldest sister of Buonaparte. This lady has a children mania, which is very troublesome to her husband, disagreeable to her relations, and injurious to herself. She never beholds any lady, particularly any of her family, in the way which women wish to be who love their lords, but she is absolutely frantic. Now Thuriot's



worthy friend Fouché, had discovered by his spies, that Rabais paid frequent and secret visits to the hotel Bachiocchi; and that Madame Bachiocchi was the object of these visits. Thuriot, on this discovery, instantly denounced him to Buonaparte.

Had Rabais ruined all the women of this capital, he would not only have been forgiven, but applauded by Napoleone, and his counsellors and courtiers ; but to dare to approach, or only to cast his eyes on one of our Imperial Highnesses, was a crime nothing could extenuate or avenge, but the most exemplary punishment.

He was therefore arrested, sent to the Temple, and has never since been heard of; so that his female friends are still in the cruel uncertainty, whether he has died on the rack, been buried alive in the oubliettes or is wandering an exile in the wilds of Cayenne.

In examining his trunk, among the curious effects discovered by the police, were eighteen portraits, and one hundred *billet-doux* with medallions, rings, bracelets, tresses of hair, &c. as numerous. Two of the portraits occasioned much scandal, and more gossiping.

They were those of two of our most devout and most respectable court ladies, maids of honour to our Empress, Madame Ney and Madame Lasnes; who never miss an opportunity of going to church, who have received the private blessing of the Pope, and who regularly confess to some bishop or other, once in a fortnight. Madame Napoleone cleared them, however, of all suspicion, by declaring publicly in her drawing room, that these portraits had come into the possession of Rabais by the infidelity of their maids; who had confessed their faults, and therefore, had been charitably pardoned.

Whether the opinions of Generals Ney and Lasnes, coincide with Madame Napoleone's assertion, is uncertain; but Lasnes has been often heard to say, that from the instant his wife began to confess, he was convinced she. was inclined to dishonour him; so that nothing surprised him.

One of the medallions in Rabais' collection, contained on one side the portrait of Thuriot's, and on the other that of his wife; both set with diamonds, and presented to her by him on their last wedding day. For the supposed theft of this medallion, two of Thuriot's servants were in prison, when the arrest of Rabais explained the manner in which it had been lost.

This so enraged him, that he beat and kicked his wife so heartily, that for some time even her life was in danger, and Thuriot lost all hopes of being a father.

Before the Revolution, Thuriot had been, for fraud and forgery, struck off the roll as an advocate, and therefore joined it as a patriot. In 1791, he was chosen a deputy to the National Assembly, and in 1792 to the National Convention. He always shewed himself one of the most ungenerous enemies of the clergy, of monarchy, and of his King; for whose death he voted.

On the 25<sup>th</sup> of May 1792, in declaiming against Christianity and priesthood, he wished them both, for the welfare of mankind, at the bottom of the sea; and on the 16<sup>th</sup> of December the same year, he declared in the Jacobin Club, that if the National Convention evinced any signs of clemency towards Louis XVI. he would go himself to the temple, and blow out the brains of this unfortunate King. He defended in the tribune the massacres of the prisoners, affirming, that the tree of liberty could never flourish without being inundated with the blood of aristocrats, and other enemies of the Revolution.

He has been convicted by rival factions of the most shameful robberies and his infamy and depravity were so notorious, that neither Marat, Brissot, Robespierre, nor the Directory would or could employ him. After the Revolution of the 9th November 1799, Buonaparte gave him the office of Judge of the Criminal Tribunal, and in 1804, made him a Commander of his Legion of Honour.

He is now one of our Emperors most faithful subjects and most sincere Christians. Such is now his tender conscientiousness, that-he was among those, who were the first to be married again by some Cardinal to their present wives; to whom they had formerly been united only by the municipality. This new marriage, however took place, before Madame Thuriot had introduced herself to the acquaintance of the Imperial Grenadier Rabais.



## Volume I



## The Palace of St. Cloud Paris



**Napoleon at Saint Cloud - this palace doesn't exist anymore**



**The Château de Saint-Cloud dates back to 1572. Until the 18<sup>th</sup> century, it was largely the country palace of the cadet branch of the royal family**

**THE NEW CHRISTIAN CRUSADE  
CHURCH**

**CALLING THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN**

**At last the bible makes sense!**

**At last we know its meaning.**

**Its the book of the RACE**

**"For out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the  
Word of the Lord from Jerusalem"  
(Isaiah 2:3)."**

