LITERATURE.

The Great Napoleon Sketched by Josephine's Dame du Palais.

MME. DE REMUSAT'S MEMOIRS

Emperor and Conqueror Viewed as Husband and Man.

THE UNDRESS OF HISTORY.

The extracts published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from "Mme. de Rémusat's Memoirs" have only whetted the public appetite for the book whose publication followed close upon their appearance. The first volume of these memoirs has proved the most important book that has been issued in France in many years, and to D. Appleton & Co. belongs the glory of having presented it to the American public. The book is edited by M. Paul de Rémusat, the grandson of the author, whose father bequeathed to him the manuscript of these "Memoirs." Mme. de Rémusat was the daughter of Charles Gravier de Vergennes, a gentleman who held many offices of public trust in France in the eighteenth century. Mlle. de Vergennes married M. de Rémusat in 1796, when she was sixteen years old. M. de Rémusat became an officer of the government, and his wife held the most intimate relations with Mme. de Beauharnais, who afterward became the ill-fated wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. Quite unexpectedly M. de Rémusat was appointed prefect of the palace in 1802, and shortly afterward Mme. de Rémusat became lady-in-waiting to Mme. Bonaparte, a title which was soon changed into the better sounding one of lady of the palace.

In her "Memoirs" Mme. de Rémusat gives an exact record of her life at the court of the first Napoleon and the history in the early years of the present century. Upon the downfall of Josephine her faithful lady of the palace left the court, and her husband gave himself up to the management of the Théâtre Français. It will be readily seen how important it is historically to have a full knowledge of the man in his *vie intime*, that we may fill out and vitalize the portrait which, so far as history has carved it has so much more of the stone god than of the living man. The seven years of Mme. de Rémusat's residence in the Imperial court cover a most important period in Napoleon's life. They cover the budding and bloom of the Empire, its inception and its efflorescence of glory. Mme. de Rémusat begins her "Memoirs" with a chapter of anecdotes and portraits which will be found exceedingly interesting. To tell the exact truth, she says, was her object in writing these memoirs. Her gallery of portraits opens with Napoleon.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

Napoleon Bonaparte is of low stature and rather ill proportioned; his bust is too long, and so shortens the rest of his figure. He has thin, chestnut hair; his eyes are grayish blue, and his skin, which was yellow while he was slight, became in later years a dead white, without any color. His forehead, the setting of his eye, the line of his nose—all that is beautiful and reminds one of an antique medallion. His mouth, which is thin lipped, becomes agreeable when he laughs; the teeth are regular. His chin is short and his jaw heavy and square. He has well formed hands and feet; I mention them particularly, because he thought a good deal of them.

He has a habitual slight stoop. His eyes are dull, giving to his face when in repose a melancholy and meditative expression. When he is excited with anger his looks are fierce and menacing. Laughter becomes him; it makes him look more youthful and less formidable. It is difficult not to like him when he laughs, his countenance improves so much. He was always simple in his dress, and generally wore the uniform of his own guard. He was cleanly rather from habit than from a liking for cleanliness; he bathed often, sometimes in the middle of the night, because he thought the practice good for his health. But, apart from this, the precipitation with which he did everything did not admit of his clothes being put on carefully; and on gala days and full dress occasions his servants were obliged to consult together as to when they might snatch a moment to dress him.

A DREAMER.

In his youth he was a dreamer; later in life he became a moody, and later still a habitually ill tempered man. When I first began to know him well he was exceedingly fond of all that induces reverie—Ossian, the twilight, melancholy music. I have seen him enraptured by the murmur of the wind, I have heard him talk with enthusiasm of the moaning of the sea, and he was tempted sometimes to believe that nocturnal apparitions were not beyond the bounds of possibility; in fact, he had a leaning to certain superstitions. When, on leaving his study in the evening, he went into Mme. Bonaparte's drawing room, he would sometimes have the candles shaded with white gauze, desire us to keep profound silence and amuse himself by telling or hearing ghost stories, or he would listen to soft, sweet music executed by Italian singers, accompanied only by a few instruments lightly touched. Then he would fall into a reverie which all respected, no one venturing to move or stir from his or her place. When he aroused himself from that state, which seemed to procure him a sort of repose, he was generally more serene and more communicative. He liked then to talk about the sensations he had experienced. He would explain the effect music had upon him; he always preferred that of Paisiello, because he said it was monotonous, and that impressions which repeat themselves are the only ones that take possession of us.

WANT OF ELEGANCE.

Bonaparte was deficient in education and in manners; it seemed as if he must have been destined either to live in a tent, where all men are equal, or upon a throne where everything is permitted. He did not know how either to enter or to leave a room; he did not know how to make a bow, how to rise or how to sit down. His questions were abrupt, and so also was his manner of speech. Spoken by him, Italian loses all its grace and sweetness. Whatever language he speaks it seems always to be a foreign tongue to him; he appears to force it to express his thoughts. * * *

"A PRINCE CAN HAVE NO FRIENDS."

Although very remarkable for certain intellectual qualities, no man, it must be allowed, was ever less lofty of soul. There was no generosity, no true greatness in him. I have never known him to admire. I have never known to comprehend, a fine action. He always regarded every indication of good feeling with suspicion. He did not value sincerity, and he did not hesitate to say that he recognized the superiority of a man by the greater or less degree of cleverness with which he used the art of lying. On the occasion of his saying this he added, with great complacency, that when he was a child one of his uncles had predicted that he should govern the world, because he was an habitual liar.

INCAPABLE OF GENEROUS COURAGE.

"He dreaded the ties of affection," Mme. de Rémusat tells us, and "endeavored to isolate every one." She also says that he was incapable of generous courage by his own admission and quotes the following anecdote in proof:—One day, after the defeat at Leipsic, he was talking to M. de Talleyrand of the ill success of the Spanish war and of the difficulty in which it had involved him. At this interview, in the midst of his plain speaking, M. de Talleyrand said to him suddenly, "But, how is it? You consult me as if we had not quarrelled." Bonaparte answered, "Ah, circumstances! circumstances! Let us leave the past and the future alone. I want to hear what you think of the present moment."

"Well," replied M. de Talleyrand, "there is only one thing you can do. You have made a mistake; you must say so; try to say so nobly. Proclaim, therefore, that being a king by the choice of the people, elected by the nations, it has never been your design to set yourself against them. Say that when you began the war with Spain you believed you were about to deliver the people from the yoke of an odious Minister, who was encouraged by the weakness of his prince; but that, on closer observation, you perceive that the Spaniards, although aware of the faults of their King, are none the less attached to his dynasty, which you are therefore about to restore to them, so that it may not be said you ever opposed a national aspiration. After that proclamation, restore King Ferdinand to liberty and withdraw your troops. Such an avowal, made in a lofty tone, and when the enemy are still hesitating on our frontier, can only do you honor; and you are still too strong for it to be regarded as a cowardly act."

"A cowardly act!" replied Bonaparte; "what does that matter to me? Understand that I should not fail to commit one if it were useful to me. In reality, there is nothing really noble or base in this world; I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power and to deceive those who think they know me. Frankly, I am base, essentially base. I give you my word that I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonorable action; my secret tendencies, which are, after all, those of nature, opposed to certain affectations of greatness with which I have to adorn myself, give me infinite resources with which to baffle every one. Therefore, all I have to do now is to consider whether your advice agrees with my present policy, and to try and find out besides," he added (says M. de Talleyrand), with a Satanic smile, "whether you have not some private interest in urging me to take this step."

NO HEART.

In the organization of Napoleon Mme. de Rémusat thinks that the heart was left out; at any rate if he had such an organ "he succeeded in suppressing it completely."

"I don't know that even paternity weighed with him," she continues. One morning while at breakfast with Talma the young Napoleon was brought to him. The Emperor took the child on his knee and amused himself by slapping him. Then turning to Talma he said, "Talma, tell me what I am doing?" Talma, as may be supposed, did not know what to say. "You do not see it," continued the Emperor; "I am slapping a king."

HATRED OF WOMEN.

"I am disposed to believe that Bonaparte, almost always exclusively occupied by politics, was never awakened to love except by vanity. He thought nothing of a woman except while she was beautiful, or at least young." Yet Mme. de Rémusat believes that Bonaparte had considerable affection for Josephine. "Notwithstanding his preference for her," she continues, "I have seen him in love two or three times, and it was on those occasions that he exhibited the full measure of the despotism of his character. How irritated he became at the least obstacle! How roughly he put aside the jealous remonstrances of his wife! 'It is your place,' he said, 'to submit to all my fancies, and you ought to think it quite natural that I should allow myself amusement of this kind. I have a right to answer all your complaints by an eternal I. I am a person apart; I will not be dictated to by any one.' But he soon began to desire to exercise over the object of his passing preference an authority equal to that by which he silenced his wife. Astonished that any one should have any ascendancy over him, he speedily became angry with the audacious individual, and he would abruptly get rid of the object of his brief passion, having let the public into the transparent secret of his success.

A POWERFUL, COMPREHENSIVE MIND.

"The intellect of Bonaparte was most remarkable. It would be difficult, I think, to find among men a more powerful or comprehensive mind. It owed nothing to education, for in reality he was ignorant, reading but little, and that hurriedly. But he quickly seized upon the little he learned and his imagination developed it so extensively that he might easily have passed for a well educated man.

"His intellectual capacity seemed to be vast, from the number of subjects he could take in and classify without fatigue. With him one idea gave birth to a thousand, and a word would lift his conversation into elevated regions of fancy, in which exact logic did not indeed keep him company, but in which his intellect never failed to shine.

"It was always a great pleasure to me to hear him talk, or, rather, to hear him hold forth, for his conversation was composed generally of long monologues; not that he objected to replies when he was in a good humor, but, for many reasons, it was not always easy to answer him."

FROM JEST TO EARNEST.

Mme. de Rémusat recalls an incident which will show how, when he found it useful, he could pass from the most complete calm to the most violent anger:—

A few days before the last rupture with England "the Corps Diplomatique had met as usual at the Tuileries. While they were waiting I went to Mme. Bonaparte's apartment, and entered the dressing room, where she was finishing her toilet.

"The First Consul was sitting on the floor playing with little Napoleon, the eldest son of his brother Louis. He presently began to criticise his wife's dress, and also mine, giving us his opinion on every detail of our costume. He seemed to be in the best possible humor. I remarked this, and said to him that, judging by appearances, the letters the ambassadors would have to write, after the approaching audience, would breathe nothing but peace and concord. Bonaparte laughed, and went on playing with his little nephew.

A STORM OUT OF THE BLUE SKY.

"By and by he was told that the company had arrived. Then he rose quickly, the gayety vanished from his face, and I was struck by the severe expression that suddenly replaced it; he seemed to grow pale at will, his features contracted; and all this in less time than it takes me to describe it. 'Let us go, mesdames,' said he, in a troubled voice; and then he walked on quickly, entered the drawing room, and, without bowing to any one, advanced to the English Ambassador. To him he began to complain bitterly of the proceedings of his government. His anger seemed to increase every minute; it soon reached a height which terrified the assembly; the hardest words, the most violent threats were poured forth by his trembling lips. No one dared to move. Mme. Bonaparte and I looked at each other, dumb with astonishment, and every one trembled. The impossibility of the Englishman was even disconcerted, and it was with difficulty he could find words to answer.

"OUF!"

"Admirably served, always obeyed on the moment, he would still find fault and keep everybody in the palace in dread of his displeasure about some small detail. * * * His service was the severest of toil. He has been heard to say in one of those moments when the strength of conviction appeared to weigh upon him, 'The truly happy man is he who hides from me in the country, and when I die the world will utter a great ouf!'"

THE MOTHER OF THE NAPOLEON.

The second portrait in Mme. de Rémusat's gallery is of Mme. Bonaparte, the mother of Napoleon, who established herself in Paris on her son's attainment of power. She lived a retired life, amassing as much money as possible; she meddled in no private matters and "neither had nor wished to have any influence." Her son overawed her as he did all the rest of the world. She was "a woman of very ordinary intelligence, who, notwithstanding the rank in which events placed her, never did anything worthy of praise." After the fall of the Empire she retired to Rome, where she lived with her brother, Cardinal Fesch.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

Of Joseph Bonaparte Mme. de Rémusat says:—"He has a handsome face, is fond of the society of women, and has always been remarkable for having gentler manners than any of his brothers. Like them, however, he affects astute duplicity. His ambition, although less developed than that of Napoleon, has nevertheless come out under certain circumstances, and he has always shown capacity enough to be master of the situations in which he has been placed, difficult though they have often been.

THE WIFE OF JOSEPH.

"His wife, the daughter of a Marseilles merchant named Clary, is the simplest and the best woman in the world. Plain, common looking, timid and silent, she attracted no attention, either at the Emperor's Court or when she successively wore those two crowns which she has apparently lost without regret. There are two daughters by this marriage.

BROTHER LOUIS.

It is very evident that Mme. de Rémusat did not love Louis Bonaparte. "His assumption of a stricter morality than that of other members of his family," she writes, "his odd opinions—based, however, on daring theories rather than on solid principles—have deceived the world and made for him a reputation apart from that of his brothers. With much less talent than either Napoleon or Lucien, he has a touch of romance in his imagination, which he manages to combine with complete hardness of heart. Habitual ill health blighted his youth, and has added to the harsh melancholy of his disposition. * * * Louis Bonaparte is essentially egotistical and suspicious. * * * Bonaparte said of him one day, 'His feigned virtues give me almost as much trouble as Lucien's vices.'"

JOSEPHINE AND HORTENSE.

In 1793 chance placed Mme. Josephine de Beauharnais and Mme. de Rémusat in a little village on the outskirts of Paris, "where like her," writes the latter, who was at that time a little girl, "we were passing the summer. Our near neighborhood led to some intimacy. I remember that Hortense, who was three or four years younger than I, used to visit me in my room, and while amusing herself by examining my little trinkets she would tell me that all her ambition in the future was to be the owner of a similar treasure. Unhappy woman! She has since been laden with gold and diamonds, and how has she not groaned under the crushing weight of the royal diadem?"

JOSEPHINE'S BEAUTY AND TASTE.

Josephine at that time had very little fortune, and "her taste for dress and luxury rendered her dependent on those who could help her to indulge it."

"Without being precisely pretty," says Mme. de Rémusat, "she possessed many personal charms. Her features were delicate, her expression was sweet, her mouth was very small and concealed her bad teeth, her complexion was rather dark, but with the help of red and white skilfully applied she remedied that defect; her figure was perfect, her limbs were flexible and delicate, her movements were easy and elegant. La Fontaine's line could never have been more fitly applied than to her:—

Et la grace, plus belle encore que la beauté.

"She dressed with perfect taste, enhancing the beauty of what she wore; and with these advantages and the constant care bestowed upon here attire, she contrived to avoid being eclipsed by the youth and beauty of many of the women by whom she was surrounded. To all this, as I have already said, she added extreme kindness of heart, a remarkably even temper and great readiness to forget any wrong that had been done her.

HER CHARACTER.

"She was not a person of remarkable intellect. A Creole and frivolous, her education had been a good deal neglected; but she recognized her deficiencies and never made blunders in conversation. She possessed true natural tact; she readily found pleasant things to say; her memory was good—a useful quality for those in high position. Unhappily she was deficient in depth of feeling and elevation of mind. She preferred to charm her husband by her beauty rather than by the influence of certain virtues. She carried complaisance to excess for his sake, and kept her hold on him by concessions which, perhaps, contributed to increase the contempt with which he habitually regarded women. She might have taught him some useful lessons, but she feared him, and allowed him to dictate to her in everything. She was changeable, easy to move and easy to appease, incapable of prolonged emotion, of sustained attention, of serious reflection; and, although her greatness did not turn her head, neither did it educate her. The bent of her character led her to console the unhappy; but she could only dwell on the troubles of individuals—she did not think of the woes of France. The genius of Bonaparte overawed her; she only criticised him in what concerned herself personally; in everything else she respected what he called 'the force of his destiny.' He exerted an evil influence over her, for he inspired her with contempt for morality, and with a large share of his own characteristic suspicion; and he taught her the art of lying, which each of them practiced with skill and effect.

THREE STRINGS TO HER BOW.

"It is said that she was the prize of his command of the army of Italy; she has often assured me that at that time Bonaparte was really in love with her. She hesitated between him, General Hoche and M. de Caulaincourt, who also loved her. Bonaparte prevailed. I know that my mother, then living in retirement in the country, was much surprised on learning that the widow of M. de Beauharnais was about to marry a man so little known as Bonaparte.

"PASSIONATE AND FASCINATING."

"When I questioned her as to what Bonaparte was like in his youth, she told me that he was then dreamy, silent and awkward in the society of women, but passionate and fascinating, although rather an odd person in every way. She charged the campaign of Egypt with having changed his temper and developed that petty despotism from which she afterward suffered so much.

BONAPARTE'S LOVE LETTERS.

"I have seen letters from Napoleon to Mme. Bonaparte, written at the time of the first Italian campaign. She accompanied him to Italy, but he sometimes left her with the rear guard of the army, until a victory had secured the safety of the road. These epistles are very singular. The writing is almost illegible; they are ill spelt; the style is strange and confused. But there is in them such a tone of passionate feeling; the expressions are so animated, and at the same time so poetical; they breathe a love so different from mere 'amours,' that there is no woman who would not have prized such letters. They formed a striking contrast with the graceful, elegant and measured style of those of M. de Beauharnais. How strange it must have been for a woman to find herself one of the moving powers of the triumphant march of an army, at a time when politics alone governed the actions of men! On the eve of one of his greatest battles Bonaparte wrote:—'I am far from you! It seems to me that I am surrounded by the blackest night; I need the lurid light of the thunderbolts which we are about to hurl upon our enemies to dispel the darkness into which your absence has thrown me. Josephine, you wept when I parted from you—you wept! At that thought all my being trembles. But calm yourself; Wurmser shall pay dearly for the tears I have seen you shed.' And on the morrow Wurmser was beaten. * * * His letters, sometimes sullen, and sometimes menacing, reveal the torments of jealousy; and they abound in melancholy reflections which betray his weariness of the fleeting delusions of life. It may have been that these misunderstandings, which outraged the first very keen feeling Bonaparte had ever experienced, had a bad effect upon him and hardened him by degrees. Perhaps he would have been a better man if he had been more and better loved."

A DRAMA OF JEALOUSY.

While Napoleon was in Egypt he heard many strange and tormenting stories concerning his wife. He came back with his mind full of the evil reports that Lucien had repeated to him in his letters. "His wife," writes Mme. de Rémusat, "on hearing of his disembarkation, set out to join him; she missed him, had to retrace her steps and returned to the house in the Rue Chantereine some hours after his arrival there. She descended from her carriage in haste, followed by her son and daughter, and ran up the stairs leading to his room; but what was her surprise to find the door locked. She called to Bonaparte, and begged him to open it. He replied through the door that it should never again be opened for her. Then she wept, fell on her knees, implored him for her sake and that of her two children; but all was profound silence around her, and several hours of the night passed over her in this dreadful suspense. At last, however, moved by her sobs and her perseverance, Bonaparte opened the door at about four o'clock in the morning, and appeared, as Mme. Bonaparte herself told me, with a stern countenance, which, however, betrayed that he, too, had been weeping. He bitterly reproached her with her conduct, her forgetfulness of him, all the real or imaginary sins of which Lucien had accused her, and concluded by announcing an eternal separation. Then, turning to Eugène de Beauharnais, who was at that time about twenty years old—"As for you," he said, "you shall not bear the burden of your mother's faults. You shall be always my son: I will keep you with me."

"No, no, General," replied Eugène; "I must share the ill fortune of my mother, and from this moment I say farewell to you."

THE COMEDY OF RECONCILIATION.

These words shook Bonaparte's resolution. He opened his arms to Eugène, weeping; his wife and Hortense knelt at his feet and embraced his knees; and, soon after, all was forgiven. In the explanation that ensued, Mme. Bonaparte succeeded in clearing herself from the accusations of her brother-in-law; and Bonaparte, then burning to avenge her, sent for Lucien at seven o'clock in the morning, and had him, without any forewarning, ushered into the room where the husband and wife, entirely reconciled, occupied the same bed.

POOR HORTENSE!

Mme. de Remusat is very decided in her expressions of sympathy for and admiration of Hortense de Beauharnais, the unhappy wife of Louis Bonaparte. "Her marriage," she writes, "cast her on the mercy of the most tyrannical of husbands; she became the resigned and dejected victim of ceaseless and unremitting persecution, and sank under the weight of her sorrow. She yielded to it without daring to complain, and it was not until she was on the point of death that the truth became known. I knew Mme. Louis Bonaparte very intimately, and was acquainted with all the secrets of her domestic life. I have always believed her to be the purest as she was the most unfortunate of women.

Her only consolation was in her tender love for her brother. She rejoiced in his happiness, his success, his amiable temper. How many times have I heard her say, "I only live in Eugène's life!" * * *

SHOOTING OF THE DUC D'ENGHIEN.

Mme. de Rémusat tells a sad tale of the Empress Josephine's jealousy and gives many thrilling stories of her splendid misery. The shooting of the Duc d'Enghien, with its effect upon society, is graphically described. Mme. de Rémusat, who was horrified by it, could hardly bring herself to meet Napoleon after the dreadful event.

Before dinner, both Mme. Bonaparte and her daughter entreated me to command my countenance as much as possible. The former told me that her husband had asked her that morning what effect the deplorable news had produced upon me; and on her replying that I had wept, he said, "That is a matter of course; she merely did what was to be expected of her as a woman. You don't understand anything about our business; but it will all subside and everybody will see that I have not made a blunder." * * * Bonaparte did not come into the drawing room at all; he went from his cabinet to the dinner table. He affected no high spirits that day; on the contrary, he remained during the whole time of dinner in a profound revery. We were all very silent. Just as we were about to rise from the table the First Consul said, in a harsh, abrupt tone, as if in reply to his own thought, "At last they will see what we are capable of, and henceforth, I hope, they will leave us alone."

AT THE OPERA.

To try the effect of his appearance upon the people after this execution Bonaparte determined to go to Paris and appear at the opera. The memoirs record:—

"On that evening I was in attendance on Mme. Bonaparte; her carriage followed her husband's. His usual custom was not to wait for her, but to pass rapidly up the staircase and show himself in his box; on this occasion, however, he waited in the little ante-room adjoining it until Mme. Bonaparte arrived. She was trembling very much, and he was excessively pale; he looked round at us all, as if mutely asking us how we thought he would be received; and then he went forward at last like a man marching up to a battery. He was greeted in the usual way, either because the sight of him produced its customary effect—for the multitude do not change their habits in a moment—or because the police had taken measures of precaution beforehand. I had greatly feared he would not be applauded, and yet when I saw that he was my heart sank within me."

A RARE BURST OF EMOTION.

A terrible scene took place between Lucien and Napoleon when the former avowed his determination to marry Mme. Jouberthon. The Consul offered him every inducement to break the match, and as he refused he was exiled from France.

"It was near midnight when Bonaparte came into the room; he was deeply dejected, and, throwing himself into an armchair, he exclaimed in a troubled voice, 'It is all over! I have broken with Lucien and ordered him from my presence.' Mme. Bonaparte began to expostulate. 'You are a good woman,' he said, 'to plead for him.' Then he rose from his chair, took his wife in his arms, and laid her head softly on his shoulder, and with his hand still resting on the beautiful head, which formed a contrast to the sad, set countenance so near it, he told us that Lucien had resisted all his entreaties, and that he had resorted equally in vain to both threats and persuasion. 'It is hard, though,' he added, 'to find in one's own family such stubborn opposition to interests of such magnitude. Must I then isolate myself from every one? Must I rely on myself alone? Well! I will suffice to myself, and you, Josephine—you will be my comfort always!' I retain a pleasurable recollection of this little scene. Tears were in Bonaparte's eyes as he spoke."

PROPOSES AN HEIR.

There was a great hue and cry raised by the brothers of Napoleon when he announced his determination to adopt the son of Louis and Hortense as his heir.

Bonaparte, who was always irritated by opposition, grew very angry, and only the more determined. He confided his intentions to his wife, who was overjoyed and spoke to me as though the realization of this project would bring her own anxieties to an end. Mme. Louis assented, but without displaying any gratification. She was not at all ambitious, and, in fact, could not help fearing that such an elevation would bring down misfortune on the head of her son.

A DARK HINT.

"One day, when Bonaparte was surrounded by his family, he placed the little Napoleon between his knees, and said, while playing with him, 'Do you know, my little fellow, that you run the risk of being a king some day?' 'And Achille?' immediately asked Murat, who was present. "Oh, Achille," answered Bonaparte, "will be a great soldier." This reply incensed Mme. Murat; but Bonaparte, pretending not to notice her, and stung by his brother's opposition, which he believed with reason to have been prompted by Mme. Murat, went on to say to his little step-grandson, 'And mind, my poor child, I advise you, if you value your life, not accept invitations to dine with your cousins."

FROM CONSUL TO EMPEROR.

A few days after Bonaparte had assumed the title of Emperor he discussed his position as follows:—

THE RESULT OF VANITY.

"I have now acquired one great advantage for my government of France; neither she nor I will deceive ourselves any longer. Talleyrand wanted me to make myself King—that is the word of his dictionary; but I will have no *grands seigneurs*, except those I make myself. Besides which, the title of King is worn out. Certain preconceived ideas are attached to it; it would make me a kind of heir, and I will be the heir of no one. The title that I bear is a grander one; it is still somewhat vague and leaves room for the imagination. Here is a revolution brought to an end and, I flatter myself, not harshly. Would you know why? Because no interests have been displaced and many have been revived. That vanity of yours must always have breathing room; you would have been wearied to death with the dull sternness of a republican government. What caused the revolution? Vanity. What will end it? Vanity again. Liberty is a pretext; equality is your hobby, and here are the people quite pleased with a king taken from the ranks of the soldiery. Men like the Abbé Sieyes,' he added laughing, 'may inveigh against despotism, but my authority will always be popular. To-day I have the people and the army on my side; and with these a man would be a great fool who could not reign."

WAS THERE MALPRACTICE?

"MME." ECKHARDT AND "DR." FAYEN HELD TO ANSWER MINNIE PAPE'S COMPLAINT.

The examination in the case of Miss Minnie Pape, of No. 253 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, who charges Mme. Nanetta Eckhardt, of No. 34 Stanton street, and "Dr." Wilhelm Fayen, with making her the victim of malpractice, was continued in Essex Market Court yesterday. "Dr." Fayen waived examination and was held in default of $5,000 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. He said that he was forty-six years old, and by advice of his counsel, Mr. F. C. Steffen, declined to talk about the case. Mrs. Dorethea Wiebald, of No. 71 Clinton street, offered to go as his bond, but Justice Duffy was not inclined to accept her.

Miss Minnie Pape was then cross-examined by Colonel Spencer, counsel for Mme. Eckhardt. The girl said, in answer to his questions, that she went to the "doctress'" house on last Saturday and asked for a home for the time being; her reason for leaving home was because her parents were cross; her mother was the only person present when she was confined; she thought it was on the 23d of last July; as well as she could remember she heard the child's cries, but never saw it; in Mme. Eckhardt's house she had remained since Saturday, except when she went to work; she was kindly treated while there; in going through Chrystie street, on Wednesday, she was stopped by a policeman and taken to Police Headquarters.

The young girl said, while tears coursed freely down her face, that she could not imagine who had instigated the police. Just then Minnie's father entered the room. The young girl looked at him reproachfully through her tears and accused him of revealing her case to the police. The father, in slow, measured tones, denied that he had done so, and told her that her mother was lying in their Brooklyn home in very poor health. Miss Pape, who had said that her father caused all the arrests to be made because she left her home, was puzzled, after his earnest denial, to think who was the informant. Inspector Murray will not reveal the way he came to make the arrest.

REQUESTED A DISCHARGE.

Colonel Spencer asked for the discharge of Mme. Eckhardt. He claimed that it was not at all shown that she had had a hand in the malpractice, or that, in fact, there had been any malpractice or any child born. He said that he thought he could prove that the young girl did not give birth to a child. Justice Duffy said that he had made up his mind to hold the "doctress" to await the action of the Grand Jury, in default of $5,000 bail. Her husband, a young looking man, with dark side whiskers, was in court. Bail was not forthcoming for either prisoner up to the close of court yesterday afternoon.

Colonel Spencer said that Mr. Pape had asked him to see that his daughter was bailed. Justice Duffy said that $1,000 bail would be required from her and from Clements as witnesses against the accused. George J. Smith, a civil court marshal, bailed Clements. The young girl was taken back to the House of Detention. She has evinced no desire to prosecute the prisoners, but appears, on the contrary, to be on very friendly terms with them. She said she had been entrapped and made to make public her secret while laboring under great excitement owing to her arrest.

HANLAN AND COURTNEY.

THE CANADIAN OARSMAN IN NEW YORK—HE IS WILLING TO ROW COURTNEY WITHIN FIVE WEEKS.

Hanlan, the champion oarsman, paid a visit to Mr. W. Blaikie's office yesterday afternoon, his object being to obtain a settlement of the controversy in regard to the $6,000. Some days back he had an interview with Mr. Soule, who said that in the event of Mr. Blaikie being unable to bring about a race he would, if it was proved to him that Hanlan never intended to pay over any part of the prize to Courtney, probably award the prize to the Canadian. On the strength of this Hanlan came to the city and had an interview with Blaikie, the result of which will be found in the appended proposition. While the meeting was in session Blaikie received a telegram from Soule, which ran as follows:—

Prospects good for a race; will write you from Rochester.

What this referred to was not known. Mr. Blaikie asked Hanlan if he would be willing to let the race go over until next season. Hanlan said he would not; that he would give Courtney five weeks more, and no longer. The following is the ultimatum signed by Mr. Hanlan:—

OFFICE OF WILLIAM BLAIKIE,
NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1879.

I, Edward Hanlan, am willing to row Charles E. Courtney, at any time within five weeks from this date, on the Potomac River, near Washington, D. C., under the articles of agreement dated November 13, 1879, extended so as to include said five weeks, on the following conditions, namely:—

First—Said Courtney to deposit his $500 referred to in said articles on or before Monday, December 22, 1879, with William Blaikie, the referee; my $500 to remain on deposit with said referee until said December 22, 1879.

Second—If, after said deposit only one of us two, said Courtney and myself, appears at the starting line on the appointed day and hour, and starts at the word "go" when such word is given by the referee, then he, so starting, shall have the $6,000 and also the $500 deposited by his opponent.

Third—But, if both he and I start at the word "go" at said time and place, then the said $6,000 are to be paid over to whichever of us two the said referee decides to be the winner of the race, said payment to be made within twenty-four hours after the said race is rowed. This is the last chance I will give Mr. Courtney to row me for said prize of $6,000. EDWARD HANLAN.

YACHTING NOTES.

Mr. H. J. Bryant, of Boston, has purchased the sloop yacht Fanny, built at Mystic, Conn., by Mr. C. H. Mallory. The Fanny is 72 feet over all, 23 feet 9 inches beam and of 90 tons measurement.

Rear Commodore Waller, N.Y.Y.C., has ordered the schooner yacht Dauntless to be given a new deck and to be rebuilt in stern. She will also be fitted with a new suit of canvas during the winter months.

The owners of the sloop yacht Gracie intend to put her in first class trim for next season, in order that she may again show her racing qualties. A new suit of racing canvas will be given her.

There are twenty-three yachts laid up for the winter in the basin at the foot of Seventh street, Brooklyn, L. I.

Mr. Henry J. Steers, of Providence, R. I., has ordered a centreboard schooner yacht built at Nyack on Hudson during the present winter. She will be named Republic and will be of the following general dimensions:—Length over all, 93 feet; length on deck, 90 feet; length on water line, 82 feet; length on keel, 79 feet; breadth of beam 22 feet 6 inches; depth of hold, 8 feet 10 inches; draft of water, 7 feet. Her frame, keel, keelson, stern and sternpost, centreboard trunk and outside planking will be of white oak. All knees are to be of hackmatack and oak. Her deck will be of selected white pine, the bulwark stanchions of locust, with top rail of oak. The dimensions of the Republic's spars are given as follows:—Bowsprit, outboard, 28 feet; inroad, 8 feet; flying jibboom, 48 feet; foremast, 75 feet; mainmast, 77 feet; foretopmast, 32 feet; maintopmast, 33 feet; foreboom, 26 feet; foregaff, 25 feet; mainboom, 56 feet; maingaff, 29 feet 6 inches. Mr. J. M. Sawyer will furnish the new yacht with working and racing sails from canvas made to order. Her cabin accommodations will be very ample and comfortable. The main cabin will be 14 feet by 16 feet and finished in handsome hard woods. Mr. A. P. Bliven will superintend the construction of the Republic, and she is to be finished by the latter part of next April.

The schooner Siren, owned by Dr. C. Morrogh, of New Brunswick, N. J., will be lengthened this winter and enrolled in the New York Yacht Club.

Captain E. Willis, of Port Washington, L. I., is building a centreboard and counter stern sloop yacht, 48 feet on the water line, for a tea broker of this city. She promises to be fast.

SPORTING NOTES.

Mr. C. B. Height and Mr. Sanford shot a pigeon match at Somerville, N. J., yesterday afternoon, the conditions being twenty-five birds each, $25 a side and Rhode Island rules to govern. Height killed 21 and Sanford 18.

At Bergen Point, N. J., yesterday, Mr. A. B. Dexter, Dr. Zellner and Colonel Butler, of New York, shot a pigeon match, the conditions being as follows:—Fifty birds each, 30 yards rise, and Hurlingham rules to govern. The contest was for a pool of $200, of which $150 to the first and $50 to the second. Dexter killed 44, Zellner 40 and Butler 37. Dexter used a gun that, under the rules, he was allowed to stand two yards in.

COLLEGE OF ORATORY.

The College of Oratory and Acting, under the direction of Professor Frobisher, at No. 54 East Twenty-first street, was formally opened last evening. A select company of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the parlors of the new college at eight o'clock, and were treated to a lecture on elocution—mainly the mechanical and physical parts—by Professor Frobisher, to several select and appropriate songs in English and Italian, and recitations, rendered in the very best style, and to a grimly humorous and characteristic speech about the "superior lower animals" by Mr. Henry Bergh. Among those present were Miss Kate Field, Dr. William Elmer, Lawrence Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Mr. Joseph Bell, Mr. William F. Gill and Mr. and Mrs. Courtney.

RECENT EXPLORATIONS IN AUSTRALIA

The Daring Journey of Alexander Forrest.

LOST IN THE BUSH.

Discovery of a Vast Pastoral Region.

PORT DARWIN, Australia, Sept. 5, 1879.

From the time when Captain Cook planted the British standard in Botany Bay in 1777 the history of exploration in Australia forms an interesting volume, containing accounts of deeds of daring, patience and suffering unsurpassed in any country—deeds sometimes crowned with the laurels of success and often followed by the sacrifice of the lives of the adventurers. In the latter category stand prominently Burke and Wells, who, without companions, rushed precipitately over a barren, stony desert and back again only to lie down under a tree and die; and Leichardt, who essayed to cross the continent from east to west, more than twenty years ago, but never returned to give the world the benefit of his discoveries. His bones and those of his party lie bleaching in the bush, and his name is now almost forgotten. On the other hand John Stuart determined to cross the continent of Australia, from south to north; and, though baffled in his first attempts, he renewed his efforts, until he finally planted the South Australian flag in Adam Bay and named the far north Alexandria Land. This discovery was followed by the construction of the overland telegraph line and by Palmerston, the capital of the northern territory, being made the terminus of the British and Australian cable. Still, between the telegraph wire and the shores of Western Australia there lay a vast extent of territory, not only unexplored but unknown to and untraversed by white men. It is about this new country that I now intend to write.

PREVIOUS CAREER OF MR. FORREST.

Mr. Alexander Forrest is a Western Australian explorer of many years' experience. From his earliest manhood he has had a liking for the bush, for bush life and bush adventure, and in every expedition he has undertaken he has been successful; he always made his way cautiously and carefully, always managed to keep on the best of terms with the natives, never recklessly exposed himself to danger by rushing into desert country, but kept in the line of water, and so succeeded in bringing himself and party safely home. Several parties attempted to bridge the gap between South and West Australia, and either died in the effort or abandoned it in despair. Not many years ago Mr. Forrest started with a few men from Perth and in a remarkably short time he and his followers presented themselves in Adelaide safe and well. For this act of bush daring he received the thanks of both colonies, and, having afterward gone to England, he was cordially received by the Royal Geographical Society.

WARBURTON'S EXPLOITS IN THE BUSH.

In the meantime the South Australian government sent out Major Warburton on an expedition, the object of which was to ascertain the feasibility of laying a telegraph line between Perth and Adelaide. He accomplished the object for which he was sent out, and a wire between the capitals of the two colonies is now *un fait accompli*. There now lay the whole of the country between the coast of Western Australia and Port Darwin, a *terra incognita*, and it was highly desirable to ascertain its character, whether it was barren desert, auriferous ranges or good pastoral land. For this purpose the Western Australian government agreed to send out Mr. Forrest again to explore the Fitzroy River to its source and afterward the northwest coast to Port Darwin. The expedition consisted of eight men, six Europeans and two natives, with twenty-six horses and provisions sufficient to last for six months. The party left Perth on the 13th of January last, going by boat to the northern settlement of the colony, from which a start was made, the point of departure being latitude 20 degrees south and longitude 119 degrees east. Mr. Forrest proceeded along the coast, exploring Beagle Bay and King's Sound, and from this travelled through well grassed and well watered but very rough country to the basin of the Fitzroy River.

UP THE FITZROY RIVER.

This river at its mouth is a magnificent body of water, nearly half a mile wide, with numerous lagoons and small lakes along its banks, covered in every direction with water fowl; and the river itself abounding in fish of every description. The explorer could not imagine any better country for settlement, nor one better suited for agricultural or pastoral purposes. It was impossible to cross the river at this point without a raft or boats, and, as the object of the expedition was exploration, the party kept the southern bank of the river without finding a fording place for 250 miles. At this distance a precipitous range of mountains, more than two thousand feet high, abutted upon the river and formed a bar over which they were able to cross.

AN ELDORADO FOR AUSTRALIAN FARMERS.

Up to this point the banks on both sides