

than in their author's prose, however keen the sensibility to pleasure, however hopeless at the moment may appear the problem of life, there is a steadfast, loyal fidelity to morality; never the impulse to grasp recklessly the joys of sense; never the disposition to say, "Evil, be thou my good." It is this moral fidelity which, even in the poems of deepest sadness, might be accepted as the presage of that serene morning which breaks upon the later pages. And, further, we quote this passage from Robertson, because our subject inevitably takes our thoughts beyond all literary criticism, into the struggles which to-day are going on in numberless minds, mostly in silence; and to such minds these words, from one who has been through the depths of the struggle and conquered, come home with deepest insight and power:

"It is an awful moment when the soul begins to find that the props on which it has blindly rested so long are, many of them, rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditional opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all. It is an awful hour,—let him who has passed through it say how awful,—when this life has lost its meaning and

seems shriveled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counselors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle doubts, which for aught he knows may arise from the fountain of truth itself; to extinguish, as a glare from hell, that which for aught he knows may be light from heaven; and everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty,—I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scatheless: it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still,—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain: If there be no God, and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who—when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him, and his friends shrink from him—has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed, because *his* night shall pass into clear, bright day. I appeal to the recollection of any man who has passed through that hour of agony, and stood upon the rock at last, the surges stilled below him, and the last cloud drifted from the sky above, with a faith, and hope, and trust no longer traditional, but of his own,—a trust which neither earth nor hell shall shake thenceforth forever."

MADAME BONAPARTE'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

FIRST PAPER.

THE romantic marriage of Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, and Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon, and the unfortunate termination of that ambitious and ill-starred match, are familiar to most readers. Shamefully deserted by the man who had solemnly sworn to love and protect her forever, and disappointed of the dazzling career which she had fondly anticipated at the imperial court of France, Madame Bonaparte's brave and determined spirit was bruised, but not broken. Foiled in her brilliant schemes, she returned to her father's house, where it would seem she did not receive the welcome of the returned prodigal.

The subsequent career of Madame Bonaparte as a beauty, wit and queen in the first circles of European society has only been vaguely surmised. The recent discovery of her letters, written to her father during this period of her social success—when beauties envied her beauty and wits dreaded her wit,

when kings sought her acquaintance and princes claimed her friendship—will enable us to give to the world the true story of the most brilliant years of this remarkable woman's life. These letters have lain in a lumber-room of the old Patterson mansion on South street, in the city of Baltimore, since the death of William Patterson—the father of Madame Bonaparte—in 1836. A few years since, the old house was pulled down to make way for the opening of German street, and the contents of the garret were sold to a junk dealer for a trifling sum. The junk dealer sold them to a paper dealer, who, fortunately, discovered their value, and instead of sending them to the paper-mill, disposed of them to the present writer. The package was carefully tied with red tape and indorsed "Betsy's Letters." Each letter was also indorsed with the name and date, for Mr. Patterson, one of the merchant princes of Baltimore, was a methodical man of business.

In this correspondence, the three predominant traits of Madame Bonaparte's life are revealed with astonishing distinctness: her ambition, her maternal devotion, and her love of money. Her letters display an amazing knowledge of the world, a keen analysis of men's motives, and an eager pursuit of worldly honors. This Baltimore girl, married at eighteen and deserted at twenty, seems to have possessed the *savoir vivre* of Chesterfield, the cold cynicism of Rochefoucauld, and the practical economy of Franklin. She always addresses her father as "Dear Sir," and shows no affection for any person except her son.

The first letter was written after Jerome had left her, but while there was still doubt whether he would abandon her.

ENGLAND, August 14, 1805.

DEAR SIR: * * * * *

We have at length concluded on remaining here the winter, but not in London, as my going into public or showing myself would be highly improper. I have received no letters from Bonaparte since he has seen the Emperor—he wrote to me from Madrid and Mont Cenis, which is near Milan, where the Emperor then was; but, on his arrival, his brother refused to see him, and he is now cruising before Genoa. He sent Le Camus from Milan to Amsterdam to meet me, and upon finding I was neither at Amsterdam or Embden, Le Camus refused to leave his letter for me with Robert.* I however have just received a message from Bonaparte as late as 29th of June, that he was as much attached to me as ever—he sent this to me through the medium of some English friends of the Marchioness of Donegal, who reside at Genoa. I suppose he finds it impossible to have a letter conveyed. I request you will not mention a word of my affairs to Mr. O'Donnell;† for, although he would not willingly injure me by telling, yet he is incapable of keeping a secret, and everything that is said the French Minister Turreau will certainly write to France. They have had poor Bentalou‡ in the Temple, but he is liberated; they took from him a letter from you to Bonaparte, and I have never been able to get a single letter sent to him. I am sure, likewise, that Turreau has orders to try to sound you with respect to my consenting to a separation from Bonaparte on certain conditions; but, as we have no reason to suppose that he will ever consent to give me up, we must certainly act as if we supposed him possessed of some principle and honor. Turreau will likewise try to find from you what were his intentions on leaving the United States in case the Emperor would not receive me; but a perfect silence if he sees you or talks of me would be the safest.

We imagine that Bonaparte is in some measure a prisoner, and we must wait patiently to know how he will act; in the meantime, it would be extremely imprudent for me to go out or see any one, and I must avoid getting into any scrapes which I might be led into from thinking that he would desert me.

No matter what I think, it is unjust to condemn until we have some certainty greater than at present, and my conduct shall be such as if I had a perfect reliance on him. I think that by returning to the United States it would seem as if I had yielded the point, and by next spring everything will be decided.

Mr. Monroe* and family are in London and have shown us the greatest civility and kindness. It is of the greatest importance for you to be very guarded with respect to Turreau; for I have every reason to know that they will try to prevail on me to consent to a separation, and if they can get anything from either you or myself like encouragement, they will persuade Bonaparte that we have no objection, provided, etc., etc., etc.

Do not speak of my connection with the Marchioness of Donegal as if it were known that she conveyed a message from Bonaparte to me, or from me to him, which she has promised, she might be brought into trouble, and no one would venture to oblige us again. We received last evening a letter from Garnier† at Genoa; he says that Bonaparte desires me to return to the United States, that he will be absent from me a year or eighteen months, and that he strongly objects to my staying in England, but we think it is a trick of Garnier's, and that Bonaparte knows nothing about the letter,—especially, as we know Garnier to be a villain. The Emperor has offered to give me twelve thousand dollars a year during my life, on condition that I would return to America and give up his name. I request you will not mention this proposal; I have never taken the smallest notice of it. I never talk before any one of the Emperor or any of his family, and one advantage of my staying the winter in this country is, that I escape observation more than in Baltimore, where you know people are always on the watch, and where many stories would be written to France. We received yesterday letters from Mama and Miss Spear,‡ of the 29th of May, they express surprise at me not saying anything about the decree the Emperor had passed to annul my marriage in our letters from Lisbon. But not one of us knew it until Bonaparte had departed, and he was ignorant of it when he left us. You must place no confidence in what the English papers say, as they often publish that I will appear in public, when I am sitting quietly in my room. * * *

I remain, Dear Sir, yours,
E.

In the autumn of 1805, Madame Bonaparte returned to Baltimore, where she resided until the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo, when she visited England and France. While the ex-emperor was dragging out a weary exile at St. Helena, and his family were excluded from France, Madame Bonaparte was reigning in the *salons* of Paris, receiving homage from Wellington, compliments from Talleyrand, and presents from princes.

CHELTENHAM, August 22, 1815.

DEAR SIR: I have been obliged to remain here owing to indisposition, but shall proceed to Paris when my health will permit me to travel. I have been agreeably surprised at the kind and flattering

* Brother of Madame Bonaparte.

† John O'Donnell, Esq., a wealthy East India merchant in Baltimore, at the beginning of this century.

‡ A French officer who served in the American Revolution.

* James Monroe, afterward President of United States.

† Dr. Garnier, Jerome's physician in America.

‡ Cousin of Madame Bonaparte.

reception which I have received from the most fashionable and elevated ranks of society in this country—nor is there anything left for me to desire except the presence of my American friends to witness the estimation in which I have the happiness to be held. The political state of Europe is still fluctuating. France is a volcano from which occasionally are emitted sparks of fire which threaten alike all parties. Louis XVIII. remains at Paris protected by the combined forces of Europe. Napoleon is gone to St. Helena, but has left behind him a reputation which adversity has not subverted.

Every one wishes me to educate my child in England, and they are good enough to flatter him by saying that Bonaparte talents ought to have English education. He would indeed be much more highly considered in Europe than in America where unfortunately he possesses no rank, and could I combine with the interest he excites here, the solid advantages of a larger fortune, I should be too happy! As a last resort he must be a professional character, and the talent with which nature has so lavishly endowed him might lead him to the highest eminence in Europe. America and its institutions are yet in a state of infancy—nor is there from the commercial complexion of all its pursuits the same field for successful exertion of the kind of mental superiority which your grandson, happily or unhappily, possesses. Splendid intellectual endowments may be a misery or a blessing to their possessor, and everything depends on the method of directing them in early age.* My conduct in leaving America was the result of much previous reflection, nor do I see any reason yet to regret it—on the contrary, my most sanguine expectations have been exceeded.

CHELTHENHAM, Sept. 2, 1815.

DEAR SIR:

As to leaving America without the consent of my friends,—it appears to me that, if indeed I have friends there, they would have wished me to come to a country where I am cherished, visited, respected and admired. It appears to me that, if I have friends in America, their friendship might have been shown in some more agreeable mode than finding fault with me for being miserable in a country where I never was appreciated and where I never can be contented. It appears to me natural too that, if I have friends in America,—which I have, I reluctantly confess, sometimes doubted,—that their pride might be gratified in hearing that I am in the first society in Europe; and that too for my personal merits; for without vanity I may say so, since I have neither rank, fortune nor friends of my own, willing to assist or protect me. I acknowledge that the standing I possess in this country is highly flattering, and that it is not surprising I should prefer people of rank and distinction who are willing to notice me,—their attentions are very gratuitous for I am a very poor stranger, and a very unfortunate one on many accounts. * * * Every one who knows me has heard that your wealth is enormous, and consequently they think I shall have a large fortune from you. In Europe a handsome woman who is likely to have a fortune may marry well, but if it gets about that her parents are dissatisfied with her they will think she will get nothing by them, and if she had the beauty of Venus and the talents of Minerva no one will marry her. People here are not such fools as to marry poor beauties, however much they may admire them.

* At this time her son was ten years old.

Your own pride must be interested in having me the object of public esteem and your interest is to have me placed in an elevated situation. As to the opinions of old Mr. Gilmor and other very respectable and worthy persons, that I ought to be in Baltimore, they only tell you so, because they know that their daughters might come here and never be known. Besides they are envious of your fortune and my situation. Look how they run after the poorest sprigs of nobility, and then you will know what they think of my standing in Europe. I am surprised you do not see the advantages of my position, compared with that of the daughters of other people in Baltimore, and that you permit the chattering of envious people to influence you. You well know that the wealth of our family, and the consequence which from many circumstances we possess, must be very disagreeable to others, and small towns are always worse than others in every respect. If people do not approbate my conduct in America what is the reason they paid me so much attention? Ask George* what I was in New York. What other American woman was ever attended to as I have been there? Who ever had better offers? I never would marry without rank, or God knows I might have got money enough by marriage. They are afraid of your supporting me in a rank, and of your sending my child where he will be in one which all their government stock, insurance stock and real property could never put them. Let them come and try which is of most consequence, they or me! I confess that it would have been perhaps a blessing if I could have vegetated as the wife of some respectable man in business; but you know that nature never intended me for obscurity, and that with my disposition and character, I am better as I am.

All my conduct is calculated, but you will undo the effects of my prudence if you write to certain people, who show your letters. Let people think you are proud of me, which indeed you have good reason to be, as I am very prudent and wise.

E. P.

In her next letter she alludes with just pride to the perfect propriety of her conduct which, during a long residence in the most corrupt society, remained untarnished.

CHELTHENHAM, September 23, 1815.

DEAR SIR: I every day find new reasons to think we succeed best in strange places, since human infirmity seldom stands the test of close and perpetual communion. Europe more than meets the brilliant and vivid colors in which my imagination had portrayed it. Its resources are infinite, much beyond those which can be offered us in a new country. The reception I am happy to meet in England makes me regret the loss of health which sometimes obliges me to decline brilliant parties. The Portuguese ambassador, Count Tonsall, sent me through Viscount Lord Strangford, late ambassador at the Portuguese court, an invitation to a grand ball given to the nobility of Cheltenham. I left my bed at ten o'clock to go, as my attendance was expected, and at one in the morning I found myself so ill as to be unable to go to the supper table, and to be obliged to return.

My fervent desire of European pleasures was not

* George Patterson, her youngest brother.

the vision of a distempered fancy, it was only a prophetic spirit of the fascinations which here surround existence. The purposes of life are all fulfilled—activity and repose without monotony. Beauty commands homage, talents secure admiration, misfortune meets with respect.

In this country the term *old*, which is so often repeated in America, is completely banished from the polite vocabulary. Women of forty, even fifty, are more cherished and as advantageously married as chits of sixteen. They are not here cheated out of their youth as with us, but retain the glorious privilege of charming until at least sixty. Another advantage too they possess of generally marrying men as young or younger than themselves. Since I am so happy as to be in the best society, I much deplore the absence of American friends to witness the estimation in which I am held. I have taken a house for myself, as the customs of this country do not authorize any person of fashion in remaining at a boarding-house; Lady Falkener has been kind enough to chaperone me, and my house communicates with hers. There is no danger of my committing a single imprudent action—circumspect conduct can alone preserve those distinctions for which I sighed during ten years.

The laureled hero, the sceptered monarch, the subtle statesman, the profound politician, have all been betrayed by the *ignis fatuus* of admiration into ruin and degradation. The situation of a young and beautiful woman has ever been one of peril. Detraction accompanies praise, and the advantages of loveliness are dearly purchased by the pains which envy inflicts.

The Americans begin to excite respect and interest. Their war, so calamitous in its existence, has produced beneficial results. My compatriots enjoy a degree of consideration abroad which was long denied them. They are admitted by their proud enemy into the scale of nations. American institutions, government, manners, climate, etc., etc., have become the subject of inquiry and concern. I feel some little complacency in pronouncing myself an individual of a country which every one seems to think will one day be great. I contribute my mite of applause to the valor of its defenders, and the wisdoms of its councils. *Vive la Patrie!* I exaggerate when I descant on its amusements, since whatever may be the great destinies which Baltimore may develop, its pleasures have not yet dawned. Patriotism induces me to draw a veil over the defects of my country; and policy as well as fashion dictate patriotic feelings. The British are, as they modestly confess, the greatest nation in the world. We must acknowledge that their monstrous vanity is excusable when we know that their gold, their armies, and their councils have successfully directed the efforts of combined Europe against the man whose talents menaced their existence. He was the object of their admiration and dread, and they have in him subverted the glory, the existence of France as a nation. They do not in England pretend to revile Napoleon, as some persons in America have done. His stupendous abilities are admitted—his misfortunes almost respected by his enemies. I listen silently to any discussion in which he bears a part. I easily perceive that he has more justice done him here than with us.

Adieu, dear sir, yours affectionately, E. B.

Madame Bonaparte was now in Paris, for whose gayety she had sighed for ten years. She always detested Baltimore, and seemed

to liken herself, while there, to a grain of wheat hid in a bushel of chaff.

PARIS, 22 February, 1816.

DEAR SIR: I have received your letters by Triplicata. As all mine are liable to be opened and published, I wish you would have the goodness to avoid mentioning such things as you have done. I am really pained at your sentiments respecting the course I have pursued. It is the only one which can make me happy, and was adopted after the experience and reflection of my whole life. I am not half as foolish as you imagine, or I should, perhaps, have been more contented. There is but one single chance of securing tranquility for the future years which I may have to live, that is to remain in Europe. I can never be satisfied in America. It was always my misfortune to be unfitted for the modes of existence there, nor can I return to them without a sacrifice of all I value on earth. I have everything necessary to my complete success except money. I possess the means of commanding everything else. I preserve amidst the corruption, the pleasures, the liberty of Paris, the most irreproachable conduct. I have the courage to submit to every privation when a departure from the strictest propriety is required. I form no plans, I try to hope that some unexpected happiness may continue me where alone I attach value to existence. The Ex-King of Westphalia is now living at the court of Württemberg. He has a large fortune, and is too mean to support his own son. He ought to pay you your money.

I remain, sir, affectionately yours,

E. Etc, etc.

Notwithstanding Madame Bonaparte's repeated declarations that she could not be happy in America, she returned to her native city of Baltimore, where she remained until the first of May, 1819, when, with her son, she again sailed for Europe, and after a tedious voyage of seven weeks arrived at Amsterdam on the 25th of June, whence they started in a private conveyance for Geneva, where Jerome was to continue his education. The expenses of the journey, amounting to seventy-five guineas, were duly reported by Jerome to his grandfather, Mr. Patterson. Immediately upon their arrival in Geneva, Madame Bonaparte became the recipient of attentions from the most distinguished people who were residing at the time in that city. Among others were the stepson of the Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria), the Princess Potempkin of one of the oldest families in Russia, Princess Galitzen, and Prince Demidoff, then the wealthiest noble in Europe, whose ancestor was originally a Russian serf who fled from his native village to avoid conscription, and laid the foundation of his immense fortune by the manufacture of arms during the reign of Peter the Great.

In the spring of 1820, the Princess Borghese signified through Mr. John Jacob

Astor her desire that Madame Bonaparte and her son should visit her at Rome, and her wish to make some provision for the latter. Madame Bonaparte wrote to the princess, expressing her appreciation of the invitation and saying that she was unwilling to interrupt Jerome's education.

On 23d of April, Mr. Astor wrote to Madame Bonaparte from Florence as follows :

Your letter to the Princess* I received at Rome and gave it to her myself; the day after she sent a friend to me to inquire about your circumstances. I told her what I thought was the case, that your father is very wealthy, but that his property consisted chiefly in houses and lands which at present did not produce much; that he has a large family, say seven besides yourself, and that I believed you had to economize to educate your son. I was then asked whether you did not receive anything from the King of Westphalia. I said I was pretty sure you never received a dollar from him. Then the Emperor was mentioned. I said I knew that he once made some provision, but that it had long been withdrawn. The result was that the person did not know what the Princess would do, and you know I had no right to inquire farther. My own opinion is that she feels an interest in your son, and I suppose that under certain circumstances would do something for him. I presume she would wish to have him, but I give it as my opinion that at present you would not give him up to any one.

She has your letter. I think you will do well to depend on yourself and keep your son steady to his education. She was quite unwell when I left Rome, so much so that I could not see her to take leave. Your son will have sense enough not to be flattered with prospects which may prove vain.

* * * * *
JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

10 April, 1820.

DEAR SIR : * * * * *

Two weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. Astor of New York, who spent a month last summer in the same boarding-house with me in this country, which he left for Italy in the autumn. His letter, dated Rome, 15th of March, contains : "Last evening we had the honor of an introduction to the Princess B—, who immediately inquired after you and your son. When I informed her that I had left you at Geneva, she expressed much regret at your not having made the journey with us. She then said : 'I am very happy to find an opportunity of speaking frankly to you. I wish very much to see Madame P. and her son here. I have spoken to Mr. Russell and Commodore Stuard [*sic*]; both promised me to speak and write to Mrs. P—, but as yet I have no account of them or her. My object is to make some provision for the son of my brother, who is poor and can give him nothing. I am rich and have no child, and find in myself every disposition to do everything for him.' She requested me to write you without delay in her name to invite you to make her a visit and to bring your son."

Having never heard either from Russel or Stuard—your letter of 26 February not having reached

me, nor that to which you allude as having sent some days previously directed to the care of Vanbagan, Parker & Dixon (the latter not now arrived)—I wrote the following letter to the Princess, copy of which I inclose to you. I made every inquiry concerning her circumstances, disposition, and mode of life. She has, perhaps, some fortune of her own. Her husband has been compelled to make her an allowance (which, I presume, is only for her life). They are separated, but not divorced. She is about thirty-seven years of age, the handsomest woman in Europe of her age, excessively luxurious, consequently expensive in her habits, said to be extremely capricious in her attachments. They are a sort of state prisoners who can move only with the permission of the sovereigns of Europe, and the wife of Joseph was refused permission to inhabit her chateau in Switzerland last summer. My opinion is that I should go to the Princess myself in the autumn for three months, that Cricket should be left at his present boarding-school, as his education is the only certain fortune which I can calculate on for him, that he should remain ignorant of the expectations which are held out to him and on which I think there is no reliance to be placed, until he has acquired sufficient instruction to enable him to pursue some useful and honorable occupation in life.

The desire of the Princess for my residence with her offers many advantages and disadvantages. Rome is a delightful place, she occupies a superb palace, receives the homage of all strangers of distinction; pleasure is the sole pursuit in Italy, her modes of existence are magnificent; although capricious and spoiled by adulation, which in a beautiful woman and a princess is very natural, they say she is good *au fond*. I should prefer Rome to Geneva, a palace to my apartment, strangers of distinction to my present resources, pleasure to work, elegance to economy, my liberty to all these attractions and the interests of my child to every other consideration. I expect her answer to my letter which will decide my departure. I shall remain three months near her; my object is to judge by my own eyes and ears, to engage a continuation of her present friendship for the child, and to convince her of the necessity of letting him pursue his education here for three or four years.

I cannot consistently with my ideas of propriety expose my son to the danger of losing his time in a country where amusement is the sole pursuit. Three years will produce great changes. It is not prudent for him to change his place of residence at the present moment; if he joins them, he will be obliged to share their captivity—at present he is considered as entirely separated from their destinies, which are very fluctuating and completely under the dominion of others. My resolution is uninfluenced by personal feelings, never having felt the least resentment toward any individual of that family, who certainly injured me, but not from motives which could offend me—I was sacrificed to political considerations, not to the gratification of bad feelings, and under the pressure of insupportable disappointment became not unjust. * * * Adieu, sir.

Yours affectionately,
E.

25 April, 1820.

DEAR SIR : * * * * *

I am desirous to profit by every remote chance of wealth for him and at the same time conscious that a good education is the only certain advantage I can command for him. I wish to make him ac-

* Pauline Bonaparte, wife of Prince Borghese, of Rome.

quainted with the old lady, of whom, by the way, I have heard nothing, and if I take him there it will not be in my power perhaps to bring him here again, as none of that family are allowed to come here, and once received by them he will be considered as one of them. The French Chargé, at Amsterdam, refused me a passport for him to travel through France, which would have been a shorter route to this place: he said his resemblance to the Emperor was so striking that it would expose me to great inconvenience in that country, and that he could not accord him a passport without first stating this fact to the government and obtaining their decision. * * * * *

The fact is my task is no easy one; this child has more conversation and better manners, a more graceful presentation, than other children of his age, consequently he excites more attention, and I am constantly tormented with the fear of seeing him spoiled by the compliments paid him in society of which if I compel him to abandon he will lose the ease and habits of politeness so difficult to acquire at a later period. He has grown taller and much better looking; he is thought very handsome, but I do not myself think him by any means a beauty and regret that others tell him so, as it is a kind of praise which never made any one better or happier. I do not think there is any confidence to be placed in expectations from his father's family; they are less wealthy than reported to be. I have seen a person who lived years with the mother, who, she says, is a woman of sense and great fortitude, that her fortune cannot be immense, as, although a great economist, she was obliged to spend great part of her income. * * * * *

The King of W. spends everything he can get hold of and will keep up kingly state until his expended means leave him a beggar. He has never taken the slightest notice of his son, and is said to be as extravagant and thoughtless as he was fifteen years ago. He buys houses and then leaves them, and is less popular than any of his family. * * * * *

There is certainly no doubt of the policy of my keeping the child on the best possible terms with them; one can lose nothing by that. I shall write and act as if I firmly believed there was something to expect, although I confess I am not sanguine on the subject, distrusting all good which I do not find perceptible to the touch. * * * * *

There is a son of Sir Robert and Lady Wilmot going out with the British Ambassador. I have given him a letter to Robert Gilmor. I know his mother and father, to whom I gave the letter here, not knowing the young man. If you should be giving a family dinner you might invite him; but I do not advise people to take any trouble about strangers, as they are very ungrateful in general, and their acquaintance of no great advantage unless one has daughters to get rid of.

Adieu, sir.

Yours affectionately.

GENEVA, May 8, 1820.

DEAR Sir: * * * * *

Lady Morgan arrived here a few days since. She left Rome the first of April; was very intimate with the Princess whilst there, who spoke to her of her desire to see us in Rome, but did not mention any intention of either offering her house or making any provision for Bo. She desired Lady Morgan to write to me to come there, and expressed her interest in us. Lady Morgan describes her extravagance as boundless. She keeps up the state of a queen, and is not at all to be relied on, as she is

perfectly capricious, and will spend her whole fortune before a great while, and perhaps much more than her own. Lady M. says I would be mad to take the child there; that his education would be sacrificed; that he would adopt the most absurd ideas of his own greatness, as they all call themselves Majesty and Highness, and expect to return to France as they were formerly; that there is not the least dependence to be placed on her promises, which she makes to get us there, because she hates the Queen of W. and her brother Jerome, who have both behaved very unfeelingly to the family since their dethronement, whom they seem now anxious to cut, and have ceased all correspondence with them. * * * * *

She says the old lady has sense and dignity; that if she had promised she would place greater confidence, but that she said nothing on the subject, and that it is more than probable she will have very little to leave. * * * She told Lady M. that she had heard that I was like her, and asked her if she saw the resemblance. Lady M. is one of the shrewdest women in Europe, and her opinion is perfectly to be relied on. She knows the value of money as well as any one, and when it is worth while to put oneself in the way of getting it. She thinks the Princess would like to have Bo with her to provoke the Queen of W., but she is firmly of opinion that he would be ruined for every purpose of life if taken to her, and that he should be kept where he is, if it is intended that he should pursue a profession as a maintenance, that there is nothing to expect from the Princess or any of them. * * * * *

Joseph is the only certain fortune; they all have children except the Princess, who has a life income in her husband's estate. * * * * *

Yours affectionately.

GENEVA, May 22, 1821.

DEAR Sir: I beg you to do me the favor of sending the inclosed to the Count de Surveilliers. * It is an answer to his proposal of my inhabiting his château in Switzerland. He gives me the choice of three furnished country-houses, and an order to that effect to his agent here. I cannot however accept either; they are too far from town for me, who have no carriage, and I should be melancholy without society. He has been very friendly, and from what Mrs. Toussard writes me, he appears disposed to acknowledge and be fond of Bo. I have not been in Italy, nor do I propose taking the child, having seen at once that it would have been his ruin. I have had a letter from his father, in which he informs me that his fortune is not sufficient to provide for his present family, who will be taken care of by their mother; that I might have known his character too well to suppose he ever thought of laying by a fortune; and that the little he did save he has been cheated out of by the persons he trusted. I believe he is not as bad-hearted as many people think, and that many of his faults and much of his bad conduct proceed from extravagance and folly, which are indeed the source of all evil, both to their possessors and to those about them. * * * * *

I am, dear sir, yours affectionately,

E. P.

The Prince and Princess of Würtemberg are here, have invited me to see them, and particularly requested Bo should be presented to them. The Prince is brother to the late King, and uncle to the

* Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, who assumed this title after the fall of Napoleon.

ex-Queen of Westphalia. He expressed his surprise at his resemblance to the Emperor, which is remarked by every one that sees him. Please have the inclosed letter put in an envelope and addressed to the Count, it not being respectful to send a single sheet of paper to a person of his rank; and the postage is too dear to allow me to make this package larger for Amsterdam.

GENEVA, September 19, 1821.

DEAR SIR: *

I am fully aware of the little reliance to be placed on either promises or expectations from the B— family. They are prodigal of professions in proportion as they are sparing in actions of generosity. Their habits of expense make it impossible for them to provide for the wants of others, but as they say kind things, it is but fair they should be answered in the same way. We reciprocate by all opportunities kind wishes on their part and grateful expressions of mine—there can be nothing lost by this mutual expenditure of words, because I am too clear sighted to be the dupe of ill-founded hopes. I have not changed in a single instance my plans. The offer of the house was something like reality of kindness. The Count passes in the estimation of the world for being possessed of greater wealth, consistency of character and prudence than the others. The old lady, to do her justice, promises nothing more than she gives. She is said to be avaricious, which, I suppose, means that she does not spend more than her income. Whatever may be her means, she has immediately around her a number of helpless, extravagant relations to consume her fortune whenever she leaves it.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

E. P.

GENEVA, October 16, 1821.

DEAR SIR: I have resolved by the advice of many persons to spend this winter at Rome and to take Bo with me. I confess my own opinion is, that this step will avail him nothing, unless it be the conviction that there is nothing to be expected from any one but himself, and that his success in the world must ultimately depend on his own exertions.

My desire was to defer this experiment until he was two years older, but as the old lady and the Princess may not live so long, it has been urged to me, that I was allowing an occasion to escape, which might be irrecoverable hereafter.

I can only add, that I am grateful to the kind Providence which withheld from me the care of a larger family, and amidst all the trials and disappointments which have fallen to my share I take comfort to myself that I have only one child. I do believe that it is impossible to give children sufficient ideas of the necessity of economy and industry, when parents are not in absolute want, and that it is only when they are reared in the midst of privation and starvation that they can be made to comprehend the folly of spending time and money on trifles.

I have taken three seats in a carriage which contains six passengers. The terms are fifteen Louis d'or each person hence to Rome, found by the driver for this sum in a seat and two meals per day, bed at night, and fire if wanted. I pay seven Louis d'or only for the maid, who sits on the box with the coachman. We must, however, pay something at the inns to servants, and at least three Louis to the coachman if content with him on our arrival, besides paying for the days we may desire to spend at large towns on the way. This bargain is said to be one

of the best that has been made here, but I find it quite dear enough.

Yours affectionately,

E. P.

Bo has grown very tall, and I am persuaded he is quite as industrious and promising as other children of his age, but the solicitude and care of a parent are much greater than any common success can ever repay.

ROME, 28 November, 1821.

DEAR SIR: *

The Princess B. had heard from Florence that I was on my way to Rome. She wrote me a note, expressing her desire to see me instantly on my arrival, sent it to all the hotels in Rome, where I was not to be found, having taken rooms in a private house, until, an American paying her a morning visit, she discovered my address. I answered her note by asking the hour her Highness would be pleased to receive me. She immediately sent her lady of honor in her carriage to convey me to the Palace, since which I have been there every day.

I have waited on Madame [*Mère*], after her expressed desire that I should. They have all been very kind. The Princess has presented me with an elegant ball-dress, a pink satin cloak, and a bonnet. She has new-dressed Bo even to his flannel jacket, and has promised to allow him two thousand francs, or four hundred dollars annually to dress himself until he marries, when the pension will cease, and she will give him a capital of forty thousand francs, or eight thousand dollars.

She and Madame wish Joseph to marry him to his youngest daughter, now in America, in which event the Princess would leave something to him at her death. She has written this to her brother, and if he likes the match she wishes me to take the child out, and to return to live in Rome myself for company for her.

They are all pleased with Bo. I shall be directed by circumstances, which are very mutable in this life. The marriage, I know, was desired by Joseph, who wrote it to the Princess. She answered that she desired one between the son of Lucien and Joseph's daughter, now in America. Since our arrival she is still more anxious that my son should be the person chosen instead of Lucien's son, which some [time] ago she had desired. She has written her preference of my son, but whether Joseph will choose him I know not. Madame, knowing the state of Jerome's finances and the impossibility of his ever doing anything for any one, wishes Joseph to provide for this child by a marriage. I have given my consent and promise that he shall remain with Joseph wherever he may be, but will not incur the expense of a sea-voyage unless Joseph writes me positively his intentions. This I have stated, as well as the impossibility of my giving any money, my income being with great economy barely sufficient for my own maintenance.

Yours truly, dear sir.

Bo feels the propriety of doing what I please on the subject of the marriage, and has no foolish ideas of disposing of himself, in the way young people do in America.

I have taken rooms in Rome, where everything is horridly dear, ten guineas per month. I find there is great scarcity of money in all places and all families, and the great expectations and chattering of travelers are exactly what I always supposed, nothing but smoke. I am very glad I came here. They have received us extremely well, and at all events I have done my duty, which is all we can do

in this world, where no one is for his pleasure, and where events baffle all schemes of prudence. No one can command success; wisdom consists in profiting by lucky chances.

If the marriage is offered I mean to accept it, and as things go in the generalities of families, shall esteem myself fortunate in being able to dispose of my son according to my views, instead of his choosing before his judgment is matured, and probably encumbering himself for life with a poor wife and clamorous offspring. Marriage ought never to be entered into for any other purpose than comfort, and there is none without consequence and fortune; without these it is more prudent to live single.

ROME, Dec. 21, 1821.

DEAR SIR: Bo has been well received by his family; his grandmother and his aunt have written to the Count their desire to marry him immediately to his daughter now in America, and have asked me to take him in the spring, if the Count still perseveres in wishing this connexion which I know he did some time ago. I have told the P—— that I have no money to give, and as his uncle is so rich I imagine there will be no question of getting anything with the boy. It cannot be expected that I should rob myself, and as it is their wish to keep up the name through him, they will arrange matters to support him. There is one thing however which must be insisted upon, in the event of her death before his, part of her fortune must be his. I cannot expose him to the inconvenience of contracting expensive habits, losing his education by marrying at this time too, without some certain support, if he should be left a widower. This point must be stipulated, and if my health should not allow me to accompany Bo in the spring, I must request you to act in my place. I shall write you particularly to this effect when we receive the Count's answer to his mother's and sister's letters. I forwarded him two through France from the Princess immediately after my having seen the ladies. * * I am rejoiced at having brought him here, although I feared the experiment might prove a dangerous one. At all events there will be no loss except of a few months from his education. * * I wait the arrival of the Count's letters, but shall not be surprised at a failure of the affair. For this life there is nothing but disappointment. The happiest are those who support misfortune best.

I remain, dear sir, yours affectionately,
E. P.

ROME, 8th January, 1822.

DEAR SIR: I have already written you an account of our arrival and reception here. Bo has been received very affectionately by his relations. His aunt allows him a dollar a day to dress himself. * * The grandmother is said to be rich; we may, however, make allowances for an exaggeration of one-half. She lives in great splendor, and with great economy; her principal expense being the interest of her palace and furniture,—a palace here is worth about thirty thousand dollars the first purchase. She is very kind to Bo. He goes to see her every day. She gave him forty guineas to buy a horse, but as there was no allowance for his keep, I persuaded Bo to hire one by the month. The fact is her own children are always wanting money from her, which perhaps accounts for her relying on my income to maintain her grandson, which appears to be the intention of all his family also. His father, they all say, is ruined, therefore it is vain to expect anything from him. I do indeed

regret that there is no one of the whole connexion rich enough to allow me twelve hundred dollars a year for Bo's maintenance. He dines with them, rides with them, goes to their boxes at the theater, and they seem very much pleased with him. He has resumed his family name, which piece of vanity may give me some trouble about his passports. I am glad I brought him because I like to know that nothing has been lost by not coming after it. * * I am now curious to know Joseph's answer to the ladies' written desire of a marriage. * * *

I can only say I have spent my time and money on this boy. I shall give nothing more until my death. They do not expect me to do anything, as I have been at the whole expense of his education. I shall not be at all surprised if Joseph has changed his mind too by this time. * * *

I am, dear sir, yours affectionately,
E——

They expect the K. W. and his wife here on a visit to his mother. I fancy he is coming to get money out of her. The family are all like other families. * * I shall not see the K. W., nor would he like it himself, after the unhandsome way in which he has always conducted himself. I shall hold my tongue, which is all I can possibly do for him.

In order to further the scheme for the marriage of her son to Joseph's daughter, Jerome was dispatched to America that he might be on hand.

ROME, 29-30 January, 1822.

DEAR SIR: Jerome sails in the *White Oak*, to leave Leghorn the 14th or 20th of February. His grandmother, who has been very kind to him, his Uncle Louis and the Cardinal, all advise me to lose no time in sending him to his Uncle Joseph. The Princess, after having been consulted the first person, and having approbated highly the project of embarking him, has since changed her mind now that his passage is engaged and every preparation made for sending him. If Joseph should continue to desire the marriage it will be one that all the family desire, and the only probable way of ever getting anything like pecuniary aid for the boy from any of the family. Madame is most anxious for the match; I do not think it absolutely necessary for me to go out, as I should think you might do everything I could do. The principal and only thing is to see that he will not be left without any provision if she dies before him, or that he will not be entirely dependent on her as long as she lives. They tell me here, Joseph means to give a hundred thousand dollars on the marriage. If he does not secure the whole or any part to her, there is nothing to be said, as the money becomes her husband's. But if he means to tie it up, I wish at least fifty thousand to be settled on my son. There is no knowing how marriages may turn out—women may treat husbands ill, leave them, die before them, but if a good provision be made for the husband, there is nothing lost by risking a marriage. * * *

If Joseph desires to have him in Philadelphia with him, of course it is better to let him stay with him as much as possible. His daughters are the best matches in Europe—in point of both money and connection. They will have at least five hundred thousand dollars from him each and something besides from their mother. They are the nieces of the Queen of Sweden. The family are so anxious for my son's marriage—Madame has refused to acknowledge the marriage of Lucien's daughter with

an Englishman on account of the inferiority of his birth. She would never forgive my son's marrying any woman but of high rank.

I will never consent to his marrying any one but a person of great wealth. He knows I can only recognize a marriage of ambition and interest, and that his name and rank require it.

I refer you to Bo for the history of his aunt, the P—. She has treated him exactly as she has done all her other nephews, that is, promised and then retracted. She makes a new will every day and has quarreled with every human being on earth, and will finally leave her property to strangers. All that has been said of her is not half what she de-

serves,—neither hopes of legacies nor any expectation can make any one support her whims, which are so extraordinary as to make it impossible not to believe her mad.

I certainly regret being separated from Bo, but parents must let their children live where their interest or taste leads them. All is sacrifice on their part. I do not expect my poor child to live where I do, although his society would be a great comfort to me. If the marriage takes place, he must live with his uncle in America. My health, and the taste I have for European society, render it quite impossible for me to live near them, as probably they will continue in Philadelphia.

(To be continued.)

EDISON AND HIS INVENTIONS. I.*

THE ELECTRO-MOTOGRAPH AND ITS APPLICATIONS.

NOTHING can better illustrate the rapidity and intensity of life in the latter half of the nineteenth century than the impatience with which the American press and public have awaited the result of Mr. Edison's experiments with the electric light. The daughter of the horse-leech would contemplate with surprise the importunity with which it is demanded of an inventor that within a few months he shall turn the current of a subtle force into commercial channels, constructing and giving to the public a new illuminator requiring profound experiment and the most complicated mechanism. "What they have done," says Emerson of men of action, "commits and enforces them to do the same again;" and to this great public demand Mr. Edison's high standard of achievement has made him forever amenable. That in the case of the electric light he has not disappointed popular expectation, is perhaps not the greatest, but only the most immediately tangible, exhibition of his wonderful genius. In the present and following papers it is proposed to make observation, in detail, of the singular and interesting methods which characterize Mr. Edison's work, as exhibited by his many inventions—including not only those already well known (with the latest improvements made by the inventor up to the date of going to press), but also a number of minor importance as yet unannounced and unapplied—the incidental results of the superfluous activity of a great scientific mind.

Until within a comparatively recent time

there existed great misconception of the character and surroundings of the inventor of the telephone, quadruplex, tasimeter, phonograph and the many other marvels of science. Like a newly discovered Eldorado, his seemingly inexhaustible store of wonders made him the theme of every tongue, and when one person suddenly becomes the object of general observation, Mr. Edison speedily became one of the best known but least understood of men. Perhaps no better illustration of this misconception could be given than that afforded by the press throughout this country and Europe, about the time when the phonograph, with its strange powers and properties, was given to the world. The newspaper press—animated by the same intense interest that moved the public at large, to learn more of the man who could perform such startling scientific feats—eagerly seized every story relating to the great inventor. But the material soon ran short; and then, under the plea that necessity is the mother of invention, industrious *littérateurs* began the work of drawing upon their imaginations. The hero of their labors assumed all sorts of forms. Now he was a scientific hermit, shut up in a cavern in a small New Jersey village, holding little or no intercourse with the outside world, working like an alchemist of old in the dead of night, with musty books and curious chemicals, and having for his immediate companions persons as weird and mysterious as himself. Again, he was a rollicking, careless person, highly gifted in matters scientific but deplorably ignorant in

data in the past what he may not be in the future. There are aspects of evolution in the man which would astonish and, possibly, terrify Darwin himself. While these lines are written the blacks are contemplating an exodus to the north-west. The Hon. Milton is greatly perplexed, and is saying to himself: "Shall I be the Moses to lead them out of Egypt, or the Pharaoh to make them stay where they are?" At times one could wish that he would head a colony of his people, say to Liberia, for he can hardly get to be even a cabinet officer here, and he might be president, possibly emperor, elsewhere.

But you would like his wife. She reminds me, in her relations with her husband, of a child whose brilliant toy balloon has

broken the thread by which it was held and is careering before the winds. Long ago she has given up trying to understand, to say nothing of holding, him, and is merely watching him, fearing for him even more than she wonders at him.

The great American question of to-day is not as to greenbacks or gold, as to centralization or state rights. Stand forth, Hon. Milton McPherson Berrien! *You* are the problem of the day! Your rival on the Pacific coast is nothing as a Question in comparison to you! I do not believe that any of us know how to hold and manage you much more than does your good, black, sensible Seely. May God solve and save you! He alone can.

MADAME BONAPARTE'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

AT the conclusion of the first paper of these letters from Madame Bonaparte to her father, William Patterson, Esq. (published in the last number of this magazine), we saw that everything was arranged for the departure of Jerome for America, previous to which event he had been in Rome in all nearly three months. He did not, however, see his father, who was absent from the city all that time. On the 25th of February, 1822, he embarked at Leghorn for the United States, reaching New York on the 14th of April. Madame Bonaparte's object in allowing her son, not yet seventeen, to make this winter voyage, was that he might carry out her darling project of marrying him to his cousin Charlotte, the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte. So we find that two days after his arrival in America, he visited his uncle at Point Breeze near Bordentown, New Jersey, where the ex-King of Spain had taken up his residence after the battle of Waterloo. In all the letters written at this period, Madame Bonaparte shows how ardently her heart was fixed upon marrying her son to Joseph's daughter, and how persistently she urged her father to secure strong settlements in favor of Jerome.

A few weeks after Jerome sailed, his father arrived in Rome, as we ascertain from a letter of Madame Bonaparte's, dated Rome, March 8th, 1822:

Your father arrived yesterday,—wrote to your aunt, who replied she would not see him because he would begin *de lui parler des choses désagréables*—he went however and found her in bed; she pretended we came to Rome uninvited by her, that she received us from compassion; he contradicted this, etc. I have not seen your father and most probably I shall not, for he does not wish it for many reasons. He and Madame have been at the Princess's; Napoleon* was there last night. They seemed to have all made up for the moment. * * * For heaven's sake spend as little money as possible, and recollect the smallness of my income and the many privations it subjects me to. I foresee nothing but poverty and solitude. I shall go to America if you think there is the least necessity for it. * * * I am very uneasy about you, and almost blame myself for not going with you to take care of you, and shall never forgive myself if you meet any accident by being alone.

In a letter addressed to her father, dated Paris, July 7th, 1822, Madame Bonaparte said she was willing to return to America, provided her presence there would aid her matrimonial plans for her son. But, having received letters which informed her that the proposed marriage with Joseph's daughter was not likely to come off, she writes:

There is nothing can or ever will surprise me in that family. The only way is to act and feel exactly as if they said and promised nothing. * * * There is one advantage from the connexion, which is, that he is placed by it in the first circles of Europe, that his acquaintance has been sought by persons of the highest rank, and that, with very little money, he

* Son of Louis Bonaparte, who died in 1837.

can always live with them. This I consider a great point, and although I sincerely deplore any circumstance or combination of events which oppose his being rich, I console myself under the present disappointment by the comforting conviction that his name and rank are beyond the influence of any one's caprice. * * If by chance the uncle goes back to his former dispositions, you know that not the most amiable verbal promises must induce him to put himself in dependence, that parchment deeds examined by a skillful lawyer are the best and only guarantee for happiness, and certainly the only assurances I shall ever rely on for him.

The boy must neither seek nor avoid being with his relations. If they invite him, let him go to them; if they do not, he is not called upon to run after them. * * * His conduct should appear natural, respectful, and as affectionate as nephews generally are to uncles, independently, however, of all obsequiousness or meanness. He is in every respect upon an equality with them, and I think there would have been entire reciprocity of advantages in forming a connexion. Although he has not money, he has other advantages. He has name, rank, good natural capacity, good appearance, and if he does not suit them, there are perhaps many other families that he will suit. Another capital point is, that he is not a woman, it being much easier to marry sons than daughters, I mean to advantage; for as to the marriages in America, they are simple acts of youthful folly and inexperience, and, although they may be liable to fewer inconveniences in a commercial or republican society than they would be in Europe, are still absurd and improper in many respects. * * I have no confidence in the banks, insurance companies, road stocks, or, in short, in any stock in Baltimore. The people of business there all live above their means, all speculate to support the extravagant wants of their families, and from folly are driven to dishonesty. Their want of moral feeling and scandalous effrontery when detected in the commission of crimes which conduct to the pillory in other countries have entirely destroyed the reputation of the place, and made me take a resolution to sell out the little property I unwarily confided to Baltimore companies. I shall wait, however, until people forget the explosion that took place three years ago; human credulity is so great that confidence may perhaps revive and purchasers be found for what I think very precarious property. I can never again consider any stock but government at all secure, but my want of reliance on all other kinds is no reason why others should not be firm believers, and their faith may serve me effectually by giving me a tolerable price for my property when I decide upon the time to sell it. * * * I wish Bo's education to be particularly attended to; on that no money to be spared. Every other kind of saving is a gain, and no one can be more disposed to save in everything than I am; but a good education is never too highly paid for. Money spent in that way brings a good interest to every one. Adieu, my dear sir. * * *

Madame Bonaparte soon returned to Geneva, from which point were written the next five letters. Bo meanwhile had entered Harvard College.

GENEVA, October 15th, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have no letters from Bo since the date 29th June. There is a report that his grandmother is dead,

which may be true, but I have no letters from any of the family. I write you this in haste and beg you to make him acquainted instantly with the report. I hope it is not true. She appeared to me an estimable person in every respect and showed great fondness for this poor child. I lament his having left her so soon, as from the sense and penetration which distinguished her, I am convinced she would have taken great interest in him had he been more with her. She appeared to be exempt from the shuffling and double-dealing common to people on the continent of Europe, which troublesome qualities are as useless to their possessors as wearisome to those on whom they are exercised. * * * *

Adieu. Yours affectionately.

GENEVA, 11th December, 1822.

DEAR SIR:

I am most happy to learn that Bo is applying himself assiduously to his studies, and that his absence from me has not abated his diligence or ambition. * * * *

Without partiality, I may say that there is not in the world a boy who combines greater intelligence with more remarkable personal beauty. In his situation a good appearance is important, because, although every one cannot appreciate mental superiority, the most stupid and ignorant are sensible to a handsome exterior, and for one conspicuously placed as he is, it is fortunate that he is not misshapen nor disgraced by vulgar common features. * * * *

I hear Mrs. R. P. is coming out; she will be the best sailor in the world. Her sisters are not yet married, which, considering their persevering endeavors and invincible courage rather surprises me. * * * *

I remain, very affectionately yours,
E. P.

GENEVA, 24th December, 1822.

DEAR SIR: * * I have been here since the middle of August, and I find my health much improved by my residence in this place, which indeed suits me better in every respect than Paris. * * *

There are balls or parties every evening, and I have not spent one during five months at home. My intimate friend is a lady of your age, who never passes a day in her own house unless she gives a ball, or a card party, which she does every Friday. * * * I shall never regret having taken him [Bo] to Italy, because, although people cannot command success, they ought to secure to themselves their own approbation, and the conviction of having done all that depends on their own exertions. Bo is neither deficient in capacity nor the knowledge of the demands of his situation in life. I think myself fortunate that he was not born a fool, which two-thirds of the children brought into the world are; had he been one, it would have embarrassed me exceedingly to know what to do with him. It is only permitted to women to be idiots, or men whose fortunes have been accumulated by their wiser ancestors, and which they may enjoy without trouble. * * * I think Bo clever enough to conduct himself better than most children of his age, but the unhappy propensity of his father's to throw away money makes me perhaps more fearful on this subject than I need be. He is entirely ruined by his and his wife's absurd prodigality, added to their confidence in rogues. Poor man! his faults always proceeded from want of judgment, more than badness of heart; but when the first is wanting, nothing improper can excite surprise. * * * *

Very affectionately yours,
E. P.

GENEVA, 5th February, 1823.

MY DEAR SIR:

There is, I hope, no danger of his [Bo] forming an imprudent matrimonial connexion; if he cannot marry suitably, and in America he could not (with one exception, and that I fear is out of the question), he can live single. Marriage offers no such comforts as to induce rational beings to give up their independence without some return of advantage. I am at times not happy on the subject of his falling in love, recollecting the extreme folly and great simplicity of the people he sees, who, without giving a single thought to prudence or the future, marry some poor young woman from the caprice of the moment, and consign themselves to her insipid society and the torment of bringing up a family of children. It may be patriotic to sacrifice one's time in this way, but it is not charitable to one's self, and charity well understood begins at home. I hope you, my dear sir, will inculcate to him privately the nonsense and absurdity of such marriages, which are unknown beyond the new world. In Europe no one marries unless they have the certain means of supporting their children, and in Geneva no one has more than two or three because they say they would be too expensive. Nothing can equal the people here for calculation.

GENEVA, February 15, 1823.

I write to Bo and you to-day to inform you both of all I have learned respecting Madame. She is now quite well. The report of her death originated from her having been despaired of in September. She then made a will by which she left her whole fortune to the son of the Emperor by Marie Louise, excepting only fifty thousand dollars to each of her own sons, and twenty-five thousand dollars to each of Lucien's sons. As her son Jerome is ruined and in debt, and has an expensive wife and her two children to provide for, she being entirely without property herself, fifty thousand dollars are of little use to them. I suppose the Emperor wrote to her in his last moments to provide for his son, which he was unable to do himself, having left his whole property to the people who emigrated to St. Helena with him. She owed every thing to him; therefore justice demanded that she should leave the greater part of her savings to his son; but justice might have induced her to leave something to Bo, and her not having done it does no honor to her reputation. Her fondness of him and her attentions must naturally have led the child to suppose she would not have acted in this way; therefore it was with great reluctance that I wrote him these particulars, but duty required that I should not allow him to encourage hopes which might lead to imprudence or habits of prodigality on his part.

PARIS, May 6, 1823.

DEAR SIR:

I have been pretty regularly paid twelve hundred dollars per annum for the last two years for Bo's expenses, but as he [Jerome] is ruined I have little expectation of this sum being continued, and I spend not a farthing more than I should do if he had not promised it. It is only so much out of the fire; whilst it is paid I shall take it thankfully, but no one can suppose I should be such a fool as to spend upon an uncertainty.

He [Bo] was very much attended to by all ranks in Europe, and admired by every one. Some ladies in Rome ran after him so much that I feared his being spoiled, although he seemed quite unconscious of it, supposing probably that women old enough to be

his grandmothers could not be foolish enough to fall in love with him. It is certain that his beauty attracted great attention; a German princess told me that she had followed him once in Geneva, at a ball, from room to room to look at him, and that he was the handsomest creature she ever saw. He certainly is the handsomest boy I ever saw of his age, and in all respects the finest creature possible.

The marriage with M——'s son* does not surprise me, as the uncle is notorious for want of stability in his plans, and there is no Frenchman whose word is less brittle than pye-crust. The people on the continent of Europe have not the most remote idea of truth or principle in any way, and no one can live long with them and remain ignorant of their being utterly destitute of anything like moral feeling. I was the first traveler who found out what the Genevans really paid, and it required some address to get at this useful information. They show me great respect for my adroitness, and seem to consider me now worthy of being dealt fairly with in prices. No Jew has ever been able to get a living in Geneva. The French proverb is: "It takes four Jews to make a Genevan." They are the cleverest people in Europe and the most roguish, not excepting the Italians.

PARIS, May 22, 1823.

I hear Mme. M.'s son is gone to Philadelphia, and have little doubt he will marry his cousin. I wish them joy of the union, but until they have been at church it is impossible to be quite certain that the family politics may not change. I rather think the grandmother's wishes were not much consulted on this occasion, having some reason to believe that she remembers how little her family stand indebted to the folly of the young gentleman's father, which contributed greatly to the misfortunes of the E—— [Emperor], her son.

I remain, dear sir, affectionately yours.

GENEVA, November 9, 1823.

DEAR SIR:

I learn from you with great satisfaction that Bo is now profiting by the advice I have never ceased giving him since he came into the world, which was to distinguish himself. It would have been a sad mistake if he had fancied an ordinary education or common attainments would have sufficed for him. He is too conspicuously placed to permit himself to rest contented with the exertions made by other people, and however agreeable it may be to bear a great name, it is less easy to bear it with propriety than one which attracts less notice.

The land of romance is now only to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. People on this side know the exact value of everything and turn existence to its best account. Love in a cottage is even out of fashion in novels. I should consider an amiable, prolific daughter-in-law a very poor compensation for all the trouble and anxiety I have had with that boy, and most sincerely hope the *amiable, scheming* (for even in America the women know their own interest and look as sharply after good matches as they do here) young ladies will select some other unsuspecting dupe to make wives of them.

*The projected marriage of Charlotte with the son of Madame Murat, widow of Joachim, King of Naples, is here referred to.

In the spring of 1824, Madame Bonaparte returned to America, where she remained until early in the summer of 1825, when she again sailed for Europe. She spent the autumn of 1825 in Havre, and was present at the reception given to Lafayette upon his return from America in October of that year. In her next letter, Madame Bonaparte announces the marriage of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Patterson, to the Marquis of Wellesley. The lady was the granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

HAVRE, November 2, 1825.

DEAR SIR: I write by this packet to announce to you the marriage of Mrs. Robert Patterson. Mrs. Brown received a letter from Betsy Caton the day on which it was to take place.

She has made the greatest match that any woman ever made, and I suppose now that people will see that Mrs. Caton was right in starving herself to keep her daughters in Europe. The Marquis of Wellesley is Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He is sixty-five. He married an Italian singer, by whom he had a family of children. She is dead. He has no fortune; on the contrary, he is over head and ears in debt. His salary is thirty thousand pounds per annum as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He will be there eighteen months longer, and if the King does not give him another place he is entitled as a poor nobleman to at least a thousand pounds a year. He is the brother of the Duke of Wellington.

The Catons, I suppose, will be enchanted at the match, and with reason, too, for it gives them a rank in Europe, and with Mr. Carroll's money to keep it up they may be considered the most fortunate in the United States of America. His being without fortune is of little consequence when his rank is considered. There is not a woman in Europe who would not prefer a man of rank without money to the richest man in the world who has no title. To be sure, it would not have done for a poor woman to marry a poor nobleman; but of course old Mr. Carroll will strain every nerve to maintain his granddaughters now that they have, beyond all probability, connected themselves so highly. Mary's fortune is reported in Europe to be eight hundred thousand dollars cash. It has been mentioned in all the papers at that sum. Mrs. Caton deserves the unexpected good fortune which has now occurred to her family by the sacrifices she has made to support them abroad. I can only say that if Jerome were a girl and had made such a match, I am convinced that I should have died with joy.

Yours affectionately,
E. PATTERSON.

In the summer of 1826, Jerome joined his mother in Europe with a view of meeting his father, and continuing his acquaintance with the rest of the family. Madame Bonaparte writes:

PARIS, 23 January, 1826.

DEAR SIR: I have been advised by several persons in Europe to have Bo sent out by way of Leghorn to visit his father and the rest of the family; but if it is done, it must be kept a secret from all of his father's relations in America, as there is great

jealousy about the old lady's money. The Cardinal* has sold his hotel in Paris for five hundred thousand dollars. The sum is immense, but as his establishment took up a whole square in one of the best streets in Paris it has been considered a fair price.

FLORENCE, 6 October, 1826.

DEAR SIR: We arrived here near three weeks since. * * * Bo's cousin [Charlotte] we found married to her other cousin, who, by all accounts, was forced by her perseverance into the match. The young man, they say, showed no small reluctance to marry this hideous little creature, and I find that her marriage portion, which they promised to be seven hundred thousand francs, has not been paid yet and I think it probable it never will. They are living with his father near Florence, and she is said to be a vixen. * * * She kept Bo as a resource if she could not find a richer husband, but I can tell her she would have found me rather too sharp to have let him run his head into the noose in the way her present spouse has done, without either ready money or security for the payment in any way. The individuals of this singular family are always cheating each other, and do not verify the proverb of setting a rogue to catch a rogue.

Bo is now with his father, who has contrived to get out of his aged parent almost her whole fortune. It is said that he has spent almost everything she had since his residence near her, that she has given him even her jewels, and that, although avaricious to all the rest of her family, she refuses him nothing. Her children are all naturally quite furious at the injustice she has shown in giving to the most worthless of the race what ought to have been equally divided between them.

In the following letter Jerome gives a description of the lazy life led by the Bonaparte family, and their enormous debts.

ROME, January 25, 1827.

MY DEAR GRANDFATHER: I have been here now about six weeks, and have seen nearly all the members of my father's family who are living.

I am excessively tired of the way of living at my father's. We breakfast between twelve and one o'clock, dine between six and seven, and take tea between eleven and twelve at night, so that I seldom get to bed before half-past one o'clock in the morning. My father does not see much company at present, but during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, the whole of his family is assembled together in the parlor, principally for the purpose of killing time. No one about the house does anything, and I find it impossible to read or study; although my time is not entirely lost, because I have an opportunity of examining the antiquities of Rome, and observing the manners and customs of its inhabitants. The expenses of my father are enormous, and so greatly exceed his means that he has not the power, even if he had the inclination, to do anything for me; indeed, I fear I have very little, if anything, to expect from any of my father's family. I spend but very little money—as little as I possibly can; but I feel that I am living in a style to which I am not entitled, and to which, not being able to support it, I do not wish to become accustomed, more especially as it would totally unfit me for living in America.

* Fesch.



MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE.*

[From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, painted in 1804, and now in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society.]

My cousin Charles is expected here every day. He comes from America for the purpose of settling his pecuniary affairs with his father, whose fortune is pretty much like my father's—that is to say, equal perhaps to one-third of his debts. I shall be very glad to see Charles as he will be able to give me some news of America. You have no idea how anxious I am to return home. I was always aware that America was the only country for me, but now I am still more firmly persuaded of it than ever.

The next letter is from Madame Bonaparte, who writes thus to her father:

FLORENCE, 12 February, 1827.

DEAR SIR:

I have been presented at court, and go there once a week. The balls given there are magnificent, and the finest suppers I ever saw. The English Ambassador gives a ball every week, which are also very agreeable. I can give you no idea of the gay-

* These portraits were first printed in SCRIBNER for May, 1875, in Mr. Didier's paper "The Baltimore Bonapartes." The timely interest of the letters, and the recent large accession of readers of the magazine have persuaded us that their republication here will be well received.

Ed. S. M.

ety of this place. The nobility of Florence give, during the winter, a ball a week, which I attended. No one can go to the balls of the nobles except persons who can be presented at court. There are several English families in Florence who give dinners and balls, and my time has been entirely taken up. I was out every night for three months until two in the morning, until I became so unwell that for the last two weeks I have had a fever, which forced me to stay at home. I am now better, and shall commence my amusements by going to a party this evening.

I should prefer a child of mine going to court and dancing every evening in the week in good company to his or her marrying beggars and bringing children into the world to deplore existence. In America there are no resources except marriage, and as there was no one there for me to marry, I very naturally sought to quit a place where I was not pleased. I am one of the few persons in the world who owe their position in society to their own efforts, and, really considering everything, I have some merit in having worked my way to the consideration and respect which are shown me both in America and Europe. I worked against wind and tide. My company is sought everywhere, and I have reason to congratulate myself upon the discretion and prudence which have directed my course through life.

I remain, dear sir, affectionately yours.

Madame Bonaparte was destined to be disappointed in all her matrimonial speculations for her son. Two years after his return to America, that is, in 1829, all her high hopes of an ambitious European marriage for Jerome were ended by the sudden announcement that he was engaged and was soon to be married to a young lady of Baltimore. Her letters about this time were filled with violent opposition to the match, and are so personal that only a small portion of them can be published. When the news reached her she wrote to her father :

FLORENCE, 5th September, 1829.

You and the son of Prince Jerome Bonaparte had been told so often by me that I considered a marriage between him and any American woman so much beneath him that I would never, for any consideration, consent to it. I can only repeat that if it takes place I shall declare publicly that I was not consulted, that my consent was not asked, and that my opinion always was and always will be that he ought to live single unless he marries suitably to his connexions in Europe.

In a few days she wrote as follows :

FLORENCE, September 15, 1829.

The residence of Baltimore never was agreeable to me, and after this marriage you must all naturally be convinced that my presence there would be a reproach to all concerned in it, and at the same time very painful to myself. It is natural that I should prefer remaining with strangers, when my own family appear to think so much less of me. Here I pass for a person of sense and proper conduct; there I

am looked upon as a ridiculous old fool, fit only to sew and say my prayers. I have certainly been more respected and more admired everywhere than in my own family. I am consulted by strangers upon their private affairs, and my relations think me incapable of judging for myself.

On the 7th of October she writes from Florence :

You announce to me that my son's marriage was expected to take place in the month of October, which, of course, means this month. I had foreseen that it would be precipitated to prevent my interference. I find, too, that he has been fool enough to marry her without even getting hold of her fortune.

FLORENCE, 27 October, 1829.

DEAR SIR: When my son left Europe I told him never to marry in America, and I have repeated the same thing in every letter to him since. I certainly never would have married any one there after having married the brother of an emperor. He has no ambition, and it has been impossible for me to give him what nature had denied; therefore an obscure existence may be more suitable to his disposition than the brilliant one which I have been always trying to force on him. I shall in future spend my income, buy wood and candles and eating and try to make myself more comfortable than I have hitherto done. My home has certainly not abounded in what is called the comforts of heat, light, and eating and drinking,—all which things I have got out of the public, as well as books, newspapers, etc. I believe that I have pushed the system of economy as far as any one ever did. I shall in future buy a comfortable dinner, and write my notes on fresh paper, instead of the backs of letters, which I have hitherto done to my friends.

I have no other idea of comfort in any other mode of life than in courts, and living with people of rank, and going into company every day. I hate retirement and domestic life, and have sacrificed through life everything to my ambition; therefore it could not be expected that I should ever advise my son to marry in Baltimore.

I was unreasonable in expecting my son to be as ambitious as I have been and shall always be. I however hope that as he has married an American, he will not bring her to Europe, because, if he does, she will never be content in America. The American women who have come here have turned out much worse than the European women, and not one of them of any age has ever been satisfied in her own country after having lived here. I shall try to get the twelve hundred dollars per annum continued by the family, and if anything can extort money out of them, it will be the fear of my tongue.

No one likes money more than I do. I am, perhaps, too avaricious; but I would not, even at my age, marry any one in America with twenty thousand dollars a year, and my pretensions are certainly, or ought to be, much lower than his.

I hope to hear nothing about affections being engaged, because that is a poor excuse. We all know that men's or women's affections may be got over, and that only fools marry for anything but connexions or great wealth. Immense wealth is better than rank, but it ought to be great indeed to excuse a young man of rank forming a misalliance, or, indeed, any alliance.

Mr. Patterson wrote to his daughter that she ought not to blame Jerome for marrying without her consent, and reminded her of her own conduct in relinquishing her family and country, to which she replied :

FLORENCE, 11th November, 1829.

I really wonder that a person of as much sense as yourself can ever affect to blame me for leaving a family who neither admired nor liked me, and, above all, I wonder at you ever having written it to me, because it forces me to tell you that I consider myself as having been always most unjustly and cruelly treated by some persons in my family. The less said about my leaving my country the better,—after my marriage, it was absurd to expect that I could descend from a prince to a trader, and you ought to have sent me to Europe if I had not come. America was no longer a residence for me. * * *

I wanted Bo to make a figure in the world and to live with the great. He has neither ambition nor industry, and the efforts I made to push him on were like rolling a stone up a hill. * * * I toiled for years to convert him into a man of talent, and to inspire him with the elevated sentiments which ought to distinguish the nephew of the greatest genius who ever lived. * * *

I wish him all the happiness consistent with the lot of humanity, and I wish you the repose of conscience which some persons might not feel after having advised the only son of an only daughter, who had been unfortunate through life, to marry against her approbation. * * *

FLORENCE, 21st December, 1829.

DEAR SIR : I tried to give Jerome the ideas suitable to his rank in life; having failed in that, there remains only to let him choose his own course. A parent cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear, and you found that you could never make a sow's ear of a silk purse. It was impossible to bend my talents and my ambition to the obscure destiny of a Baltimore housekeeper, and it was absurd to attempt it after I had married the brother of an emperor. I had not the meanness of spirit to descend from such an elevation to the deplorable condition of being the wife of an American. * * *

I shall leave my fortune to my son. This is my duty as well as my inclination,—and to his children after him; if he dies without any (I hope that he never will have any), it must revert to my nearest relations. * * *

Very affectionately yours.

Immediately after her son's marriage, Madame Bonaparte made her will, leaving her entire property to her son, saying she felt that "no parent had a right to disinherit a child"; that she would have left him everything had he attempted to cut her throat and failed in the attempt.

FLORENCE, 26th April, 1830.

DEAR SIR : I shall leave this on the 1st of May, and return here in September. My spirits, never good, are now dreadfully broken, but I shall drag on the load of life many years. My income, I shall in future spend. The miserable economy I was obliged to practice has been a great disadvantage to me. * * *

The thought of my son's marriage makes me sick for days at a time. I shall never know a day of peace; all his prospects and mine are now ended.

FLORENCE, December 22, 1830.

DEAR SIR : The fifty dollars per month, which I had been enabled by retrenchments on my table, fire, lights and dress to pay my son, were discon-



JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE ("BO"). [FROM A BUST TAKEN IN 1859.]

tinued when he married, because it would be folly to starve myself any longer for a child whose conduct has convinced both the public and myself of the disregard in which he holds me. I willingly made sacrifices for him and would have deprived myself of anything to place him in the position which both his name and birth had marked out for him. * * *

Placed by my marriage in a rank of life which I have hitherto resisted every temptation to disgrace, I feel it incumbent to appear with decency in those societies where alone I will appear, and my whole income is too small for this purpose. Had my means been more ample not even the contemptuous, unnatural, unjust and disingenuous conduct adopted toward me during the whole process of this marriage could have made me stoop to the mean revenge of suppressing a pecuniary allowance to a child, but I believe that every one who has not made hatred and contempt of me a systematic proceeding must confess that the time has now arrived for me to attend more closely to my interest than my relations have done for me. * * *

After her violent outbreak upon the occasion of her son's marriage, Madame Bonaparte remained silent for some time. Her father reproved her for her long silence and urged her to return home, saying,—“intercourse with our family is, after all, the only chance for happiness in this world” During this time she removed from Florence to Geneva, where she remained until the autumn of 1833, when we find her once more in Paris.

PARIS, 10 October, 1833.

DEAR SIR: I was obliged to leave Florence on account of my health, which is now perfectly restored. The Princess Galitzin brought me to Geneva, where I lived with her some time. I could

After a brilliant career in Europe of nearly fifteen years, Madame Bonaparte returned to America in 1834, and established herself in the "little trading town of Baltimore," as she



JEROME BONAPARTE.

[From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, painted in 1804, and now in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society.]

not return to Florence, because Prince Jerome went there to live, having no desire ever to meet him.

* * * * *

The Duchess d'Abrantes has published twelve volumes of memoirs, where she relates everything relating to the Bonaparte family. She has mentioned me in the highest terms, and has overrated my beauty and conduct. Since the publication she has made my acquaintance. I have refused to give her any anecdotes, either of Prince Jerome or of myself. She has already said enough of ill of him, and more good of my beauty and talents than they deserve.

Dear sir, truly yours,

E. PATTERSON.

contemptuously called her native city. Instead of creating a *salon*, and making her house the resort of distinguished men and fascinating women, she lived in a boarding-house, seeing little company and spending little money. In this comparative obscurity were passed the last forty-five years of the life of this celebrated woman, whose early ambition had disturbed the imperial dreams of the First Consul,—whose divorce had caused a rupture between Napoleon and Pius VII.,—whose wit and beauty had made her a queen of society.