

The SAINT JOHN GAZETTE.

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THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT AND CABINET OF ST. CLOUD. In a series of Letters from a resident in Paris to a Nobleman in London, written during the months of August, September and October, 1805.

LETTER XXI.

Paris, August, 1805.

MY LORD,

THAT the population of this capital has, since the Revolution, decreased near two hundred thousand souls, is not to be lamented. This focus of corruption and profligacy is still too populous, though the inhabitants do not amount to six hundred thousand; for I am well persuaded that more crimes and excesses of every description are committed here in one year than are perpetrated in the same period of time in all other European capitals put together. From not reading in our newspapers, as we do in yours of the robberies, murders and frauds discovered and punished, you may perhaps be inclined to suppose my assertion erroneous or exaggerated; but it is the policy of our present government to labour as much as possible in the dark; that is to say, to prevent, where it can be done, all publicity of any thing directly or indirectly tending to inculpate it, of oppression, tyranny, or even negligence; and to conceal the immorality of the people so nearly connected with its own immoral power. It is true, that many vices and crimes here, as well as every where else, are unavoidable, and the natural consequences of corruption; and might be promulgated therefore, without attaching any reproach to our rulers; but they are so accustomed to the mystery adherent to tyranny, that even the most unimportant law-suit, uninteresting intrigue, elopement or divorce, is never allowed to be mentioned in our journals, without a previous permission from the prefect of police, who very seldom grants it.

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

The undeniable truth, that this city alone is watched by one hundred thousand spies (so that when in company, with six persons, one has reason to dread the presence of one spy) proclaims at once the morality of the governors and that of the governed: were the former just, and the latter good, this mass of villainy would never be employed, or, if employed, wickedness would expire for want of fuel, and the hydra of tyranny perish by its own pestilential breath.

According to the official registers published by Manuel in 1792, the number of spies all over France, during the reign of Louis XVI, were nineteen thousand three hundred (five thousand less than under Louis XV,) and of this number six thousand were distributed in Paris, and in a circle of four leagues around it, including Versailles. You will undoubtedly ask me, even allowing for our extension of territory, what can be the cause of this disproportionate increase of mistrust and depravity? I will explain it, as far as my abilities admit, according to the opinions of others compared with my own remarks.

When factions usurped the supremacy of the Kings, vigilance augmented with insecurity; and almost every body who was not an opposer, who refused being an accomplice, or feared to be a victim, was obliged to serve as an informer, and vilify himself by becoming a spy. The rapidity with which parties followed and destroyed each other made the criminals as numerous as the sufferings of honour and loyalty innumerable; and, I am sorry to say, few persons exist in my degraded country, whose firmness and constancy were proofs against repeated torments and trials, and who, to preserve their lives, did not renounce their principles and probity.

Under the reign of Robespierre and of the Committee of Public Safety, every member of government, of the clubs, of the tribunals, and of the communes, had his private spies; but no regular register was kept of their exact number.—Under the Directory a police minister was nominated, and a police office established. According to the declaration of the police minister, Cochon, in 1797, the spies, who were then regularly paid, amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand; and of these, thirty thousand did duty in this capital. How many they were in 1799, when Fouché, for the first time, was appointed a chief of the department of police, is not known; but suppose them doubled within two years: their increase since is nevertheless immense, considering that France has enjoyed upwards of four years uninterrupted continental peace, and has not been exposed to any internal convulsions, during the same period.

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

brothels, and in bathing houses, where the proprietors or masters of these establishments pay them. They receive nothing from the police, but when they are enabled to make any great discoveries; those who have been robbed or defrauded, and to whom they have been serviceable, are indeed obliged to present them with some douceur, fixed by the police at the rate of the value recovered; but such occurrences are merely accidental. To these are to be added all individuals of either sex, who by the law are obliged to obtain from the police licences to exercise their trade; as pedlars, tinkers, masters of puppet shows, wild beasts, &c. These, on receiving their passes, inscribe themselves, and take the oaths as spies; and are forced to send in their regular reports of what they hear or see. Prostitutes, who, all over this country, are under the necessity of paying for regular licences, are obliged also to give information, from time to time, to the nearest police commissary of what they observe or what they know respecting their visitors, neighbours, &c. The number of unfortunate women of this description, who had taken out licences during the year 18, or from September 1803 to September 1804, is officially known to have amounted to two hundred and twenty thousand, of whom forty thousand were employed by the armies.

It is no secret that Napoleon Buonaparte has his secret spies upon his wife, his brothers, his sisters, his ministers, senators, and other public functionaries, and also upon his public spies. These are all under his own immediate control, and that of Duroc, who does the duty of his private police minister, and in whom he confides more than even in the members of his own family. In imitation of the masters, each of the other Buonapartes, and each of the ministers, have their individual spies, and are watched in their turn by the spies of their secretaries, clerks, &c. This infamous custom of espionage goes *ad infinitum*, and appertains almost to the establishment and to the suite of each man in place; who does not think himself secure a moment, if he remains in ignorance of the transactions of his rivals, as well as of those of his equals and superiors.

Fouché and Talleyrand are reported to have disagreed before Buonaparte, on some subject or other, which is frequently the case. The former, offended at some doubts thrown out about his intelligence, said to the latter, "I am so well served, that I can tell you the name of every man or woman you have conversed with, both yesterday and to-day; where you saw them, and how long you remained with them, or they with you."—"If such common-place espionage evinces any merit," retorted Talleyrand, "I am even here your superior; because I know, not only what has already passed with you, and in your house, but what is to pass hereafter. I can inform you of every dish you had for your dinners this week; who provided those dinners, and who is expected to provide your means to-morrow, and the day after. I can whisper you, *in confidence*, who slept with Madame Fouché last night, and who has an appointment with her to-night."—Here Buonaparte interrupted them, in his usual dignified language: "Hold both your tongues; you are both great rogues, but I am at loss to decide which is the greatest." Without uttering a single syllable, Talleyrand made a profound reverence to Fouché. Buonaparte smiled, and advised them to live upon good terms; if they were desirous of keeping their places.

A man of the name of Ducroux, who, under Robespierre, had from a barber been made a general, and afterwards broken for his ignorance, was engaged by Buonaparte, as a private spy upon Fouché, who employed him in the same capacity upon Buonaparte. His reports were always written and delivered in person into the hands both of the Emperor and of his minister. One morning, he by mistake gave to Buonaparte the report of him, instead of that intended for him. Buonaparte began to read: "Yesterday at nine o'clock, the Emperor acted the complete part of a madman; he swore, he stamped, kicked, foamed, roared," here poor Ducroux threw himself at Buonaparte's feet, and called for mercy, for the terrible blunder he had committed. "For whom," asked Buonaparte, "did you intend this treasonable correspondence?—I suppose it is composed for some English or Russian agent, for Pitt or for Marceff."—"How long have you conspired with my enemies, and where are your accomplices?"—"For God's sake here me, Sire," prayed Ducroux. "Your Majesty's enemies have always been mine. The report is for one of your best friends; but were I to mention his name, he will ruin me."—"Speak out or you die!" vociferated Buonaparte. "Well, Sire, it is for Fouché—for nobody else but Fouché." Buonaparte then rang the bell for Duroc, whom he ordered to see Ducroux, shut up in a dungeon, and afterwards to send for Fouché. The minister denied all knowledge of Ducroux, who, after undergoing several tortures, expiated his blunder upon the rack.

LETTER XXII.

Paris, August, 1805.

MY LORD,

The Pope, during his stay here, rose regularly every morning at five o'clock, and went to bed every night before ten. The first hours of the day he passed in prayer, breakfasted after the mass was over, transacted business till one, and dined at two. Between three or four he took his *siesta*, or nap; afterwards he attended the vespers, and when they were over, he passed an hour with the Buonapartes or ad-

mitted to his presence some members of the clergy. The day was concluded, as it was begun, with some hours of devotion.

Had Pius VII possessed the character of a Pius VI, he would never have crossed the Alps; or had he been gifted with the spirit and talents of Sextus V, or Leo X, he would never have entered France to crown Buonaparte, without previously stipulating for himself, that he should be put into possession of the sovereignty of Italy. You can form no idea what great stress was laid on this act of his Holiness, by the Buonaparte family, and what sacrifices were destined to be made, had any serious and obstinate resistance been apprehended. Threats were indeed employed personally against the Pope, and bribes distributed among the refractory members of the sacred college; but it was no secret, either here or at Milan, that Cardinal Feich had *carte blanche*, with regard to the restoration of all provinces seized, since the war, from the Holy See, or full territorial indemnities in their place, at the expense of Naples and Tuscany; and indeed, whatever the Roman Pontiff has lost in Italy, had been taken from him by Buonaparte alone; and the apparent generosity, which policy and ambition required, would, therefore, have merely been an act of justice. Confiding foolishly in the honour and rectitude of Napoleon, without any other security than the assertion of Feich, Pius VII, within a fortnight's stay in France, found the great difference between the promises held out to him, when residing as a Sovereign at Rome, and their accomplishment, when he had so far forgotten himself, and his sacred dignity, as to inhabit as a guest the castle of the Thuilleries.

Pius VII mentioned, the day after his arrival at Fontainebleau, that it would be a gratification to his own subjects, were he enabled to communicate to them the restoration of the former ecclesiastical domains, as a *free gift* of the Emperor of the French, at their first conference; as they would then be as well convinced of Napoleon's good faith, as he was himself. In answer, his Holiness was informed, that the Emperor was unprepared then to discuss political subjects, being totally occupied with the thoughts how to entertain worthily his high visitor, and to acknowledge becomingly the great honour done, and the great happiness conferred on him by such a visit. As soon as the ceremony of the coronation was over, every thing, *he hoped*, would be arranged to the reciprocal satisfaction of both parties.

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

Either seduced by caresses, or blinded by his unaccountable partiality for Buonaparte, Pius VII, if left to himself would not only have renounced all his former claims, but probably have made new sacrifices to this idol of his infatuation: Fortunately his counsellors were wiser and less deluded; otherwise the remaining patrimony of St. Peter might now have constituted a part of Napoleon's inheritance in Italy. "Am I not, Holy Father!" exclaimed the Emperor frequently, "your son, the work of your hand? and if the pages of history assign me any glory, must it not be shared with you? or rather, do you not share it with me? any thing that impedes my successes or makes the continuance of my power uncertain, or hazardous, reflects on you, and is dangerous to you. With me you will shine or be obscured, rise or fall. Could you therefore hesitate (were I to demonstrate to you the necessity of such a measure) to remove the Papal See to Avignon, were it formerly was, and continued for centuries, and to enlarge the limits of my kingdom of Italy, with the ecclesiastical states? Can you believe my throne at Milan safe, as long as it is not the sole throne of Italy? Do you expect to govern at Rome, when I cease to reign at Milan? No! Holy Father! the Pontiff who placed the crown on my head, should it be shaken, will fall to rise no more." If what Cardinal Caprara said can be depended upon, Buonaparte frequently used to intimidate or flatter the Pope in this manner.

The representations of Cardinal Caprara changed Napoleon's first intention of being again crowned by the Pope, as a King of Italy. His crafty eminence observed, that, according to the Emperor's own declaration, it was not intended that the crowns of France and Italy should continue united. But were he to cede one supremacy confirmed by the sacred hands of a Pontiff, the partisans of the Bourbons, or the factions in France, would then take advantage to diminish, in the opinion of the people, his right and the sacredness of his Holiness, and perhaps make even the crown of the French empire unstable. He did not deny that Charlemagne was crowned by a Pontiff in Italy, but this ceremony was performed at Rome, where that Prince was proclaimed an Emperor of the Holy Roman and German Empire, as well a King of Lombardy and Italy. Might not circumstances turn out so favourable for Napoleon the First, that he also might be inaugurated an Emperor of the Germans, as well as of the French? This tall compliment, or prophecy, as Buonaparte's courtiers call it (what a prophet a Caprara!) had the desired effect, as it flattered equally Napoleon's ambition and vanity. For fear, however, that