Private Letter of Louis Napoleon to his Mother.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Mr. Editor:—While at the present moment the attention of all Christendom is anxiously directed towards the war of principle now waging on the northern plains of Italy, the perusal of the following letters may prove somewhat interesting to many of your readers. Not as proving strongly the feelings of sorrow and sighing some might find into the private feelings of that unfathomable essence of Italian independence—the Emperor of the French.

Some of Napoleon's letters written immediately after the fight of Dreaking, while on board the French frigate which conveyed him to the United States, whither he was banished by the Government of Louis Philippe. Let his enemies say what they will of him, politically, unless letters or the Emperor speak the sentiments of a true man and a Gentleman and a Christian.

G. W. M.

IN SIGHT OF THE CANARIES, December 14, 1836.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—To give you a detailed recital of my misfortunes will be to renew your sorrows and mine; but as at some time I will be in communication both for you and for me to put you in possession of all the impressions which were on my mind at all the epochs which have agitated me during the close of last October. You know what was the ardent wish which ever was passing in my heart. Strong in my conviction, which had long made me look upon the cause of Napoleonism as the cause of the nation in France, and as the only virile element in Europe—proud of the noble blazon and purity of my intentions—I had become fully resolved to elevate again the Imperial Eagle, firmly resolved to overset the Government of Louis Philippe, which I looked upon as the only political belief in France.

[Here follows an account of the transaction which, being more historic than personal, we omit.]

Every and certain within himself a world composed of illusions that I had created, and into which, concentrating my whole heart, even the most insignificant recollections—those of misfortunes which have befallen us, or those relating to happy times, which are no longer—We have now got through the stormy and the gusts surrounding my summer evening, and my present hours succeeded to the sanguinolent weather of the earlier part of our voyage, and the consequences I was enabled to remain the greater part of the time on deck, where, seated upon the poop, I indulge in reflections which I shall have happened to me, and which open you and about all around me. The attentions I am in which we are placed, keeping for their effect upon the feelings which we bring to bear upon them. Two months ago I wished for nothing except never to behold Switzerland again, and now, in the midst of my own inclinations, I should have no other wish than to find myself again in my little chamber, in the midst of that fine country, in which I fancy I ought to be so happy! Alas! when one has a soul which feels deeply, one is destined to pass one's days oppressed with the pangs of inactivity, or in the struggles of painful situations.

When some months ago I went to bring home Matilda on re-entering the park I found a tree which had been blown down by the tempest, and I said to myself, something will be broken of my life. That which I vaguely guessed at has become realised, here I am, now in 1836, exhausted of all the happiness which was destined for me?.

Do not accuse me of weakness, if I allow myself to give you an account of all my impressions. One is permitted to regret what one has left behind, without repenting what one has done. Our feelings, moreover, are not sufficiently independent of internal causes that our ideas should not be always modified according to the objects which surround us. The brightness of the sunshine, even the direction of the wind, the great indolence which is the condition when it is beautiful weather, as now, to-day, when the sea is as smooth as Lake Constance; and when, walking the deck at evening, the moon illumines us with its delicate pale rays; when, in short, we are in the sublime month of August in Europe—then I am more sad than usual, all the reminiscences of my life, cheerful or sorrowful, come fully with the same weight upon my bosom; the smiling weather dilates the heart and renders it more susceptible, while at the time it has the same effect upon the nerves. Can a peaceful mind be superior to the severities of the seasons. When we were leaving the Bay of Amsterdam a snow storm broke over us. Gen. Vand, to whom I remarked upon it, said: "For all this hubbub this will be a fine day."

[Here follows an account of the transaction which, being more historic than personal, we omit.]

JANUARY 1, 1837.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—This is New year's day. I am a hundred and fifty leagues away from you in another hemisphere; happily, though overcome all this space in less than a second of time. I feel that I am near you. I express to you all the regrets I have in not being with you, and the expressions of my affection and gratitude.

In the morning the officers came in a body to wish me a happy new year and I was touched with this mark of attention on their part. At half past four we went to dinner. As we were two degrees of latitude from the Equator, it was then seven o'clock at Arenenberg. You were then also probably at dinner. I drank to your health; you, perhaps, did the same by me, at least, I took pleasure at the time in thinking so. I also thought of my companions in misfortune; and I am always thinking of them. I thought that they were more happy than myself; and this idea made me much more unhappy than they could be.

Present my affectionate compliments to that good old man Salvage, and to the young ladies, and to Miss Clark, to M. Conrad, and to Adele.

JANUARY 5.

We had a gale of wind yesterday, which came down upon us with great violence; but for the sails being sent by the wind, the frigate would have been in danger. One of the masts was broken; that main came down so impetuously that the sea was beaten up into foam. To-day the sky is as bright as usual, all mishaps have been repaired, and the storm is forgotten. Oh! that it were so also with the troubles of life. Thinking of you, I have composed a song, sold on the frigate which was once named after you is now in the South, and is called the "Flora."

JANUARY 10.

We have just arrived at Rio Janeiro. The crew will from me read, it seems, to-day, and this make me to-morrow. I hope that this letter may reach you soon. Do not think of coming to meet me. I do not at present know where I shall take up my abode; perhaps I shall find better opportunities of obtaining a livelihood in Southern America. Labor, to which the uncertainty of my circumstances may subject me in order to obtain a position, will afford the only consolation which I can now enjoy. Adieu, mother; remember me to our old servants, and to our friends in Thurgovia and Constance.

I am well in health.

Your affectionate and respective son,

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

Having arrived in New York, he gave up all thoughts of returning to the Old world; and was on the eve of starting for the interior of the States, where he intended to settle down and work himself out a new position by his labor, when the following letter from his mother induced him to go to Europe, where he arrived barely in time to attend her death-bed and receive her blessing:

MY DEAR SON:—I am about to undergo an operation which has become absolutely necessary in case it should not terminate successfully, I send you my last blessing. We shall then meet again—shall we not?—in another world, where you may come to join me as late as possible; and you will believe me that in quitting this world I regret only leaving yourself and your good, affectionate disposition, which alone has rendered my existence happy. This will be a consolation for you, my dear boy, to reflect that, by your attentions, you have rendered your mother as happy as circumstances could allow her; you will think also, of all my affection for you, and will imitate your mother with courage. Think that she was always a Christian, devoted and sincere, and that she died in the full enjoyment of all the impressions which were on my mind at the epoch when were agitated me during the close of last October. You know what was the ardent wish which ever was passing in my heart. Strong in my conviction, which had long made me look upon the cause of Napoleonism as the cause of the nation in France, and as the only virile element in Europe—proud of the noble blazon and purity of my intentions—I had become fully resolved to elevate again the Imperial Eagle, firmly resolved to overset the Government of Louis Philippe, which I looked upon as the only political belief in France.

[Here follows an account of the transaction which, being more historic than personal, we omit.]

Every and certain within himself a world composed of illusions that I had created, and into which, concentrating my whole heart, even the most insignificant recollections—those of misfortunes which have befallen us, or those relating to happy times, which are no longer—We have now got through the stormy and the gusts surrounding my summer evening, and my present hours succeeded to the sanguinolent weather of the earlier part of our voyage, and the consequences I was enabled to remain the greater part of the time on deck, where, seated upon the poop, I indulge in reflections which I shall have happened to me, and which open you and about all around me. The attentions I am in which we are placed, keeping for their effect upon the feelings which we bring to bear upon them. Two months ago I wished for nothing except never to behold Switzerland again, and now, in the midst of my own inclinations, I should have no other wish than to find myself again in my little chamber, in the midst of that fine country, in which I fancy I ought to be so happy! Alas! when one has a soul which feels deeply, one is destined to pass one's days oppressed with the pangs of inactivity, or in the struggles of painful situations.

When some months ago I went to bring home Matilda on re-entering the park I found a tree which had been blown down by the tempest, and I said to myself, something will be broken of my life. That which I vaguely guessed at has become realised, here I am, now in 1836, exhausted of all the happiness which was destined for me?.

Do not accuse me of weakness, if I allow myself to give you an account of all my impressions. One is permitted to regret what one has left behind, without repenting what one has done. Our feelings, moreover, are not sufficiently independent of internal causes that our ideas should not be always modified according to the objects which surround us. The brightness of the sunshine, even the direction of the wind, the great indolence which is the condition when it is beautiful weather, as now, to-day, when the sea is as smooth as Lake Constance; and when, walking the deck at evening, the moon illumines us with its delicate pale rays; when, in short, we are in the sublime month of August in Europe—then I am more sad than usual, all the reminiscences of my life, cheerful or sorrowful, come fully with the same weight upon my bosom; the smiling weather dilates the heart and renders it more susceptible, while at the time it has the same effect upon the nerves. Can a peaceful mind be superior to the severities of the seasons. When we were leaving the Bay of Amsterdam a snow storm broke over us. Gen. Vand, to whom I remarked upon it, said: "For all this hubbub this will be a fine day."