

signation, and entering with him in the room in which the duke was sitting, she said in her amiable manner. "My dear duke, I fear I kept you long waiting for your supper, but as an atonement for my offence I beg leave to introduce this young gentleman, with whose wit and manners I am sure you will be pleased." The duke smiled, saying, "another frolic of yours, well, be it so." Indeed the prince during the supper discovered so much wit and agreeableness in the young man, that after having enquired into his other concerns, he placed him by his person. This Princess was the Grandmother of the too famous *Egalité*, who so shamefully and shamelessly traduced her reputation, by declaring in the Convention or national assembly, that he was not the descendant of the duke, but that of one of his coachmen.

My father having so far gone through the education then requisite in the station of life which he was to fill, entered the army, and followed it in Germany in the campaign of 1733, in a corps belonging to the king's household cavalry, called *Petite Gendarmerie*, to distinguish it from another corps, known by that of *Gendarmerie à Cheval*. There he met with an affair d'honneur, deserving to be recorded as characteristic of the manners of those days. He had had a servant, who after having left him, had enlisted in the regiment of Auvergne, in which he had risen to the high dignity of Grenadier. That regiment was not a little proud of the honorable addition of *sanstache*, (spotless) added to its name, and which it had acquired in the field. One day, being then encamped near a small town called Nuits, my father was met by his former servant, and then, as said before, a grenadier in spotless Auvergne. The latter recollecting his former relation with my father, accosted him with respect, *his grenadier's cap in his hand*. In that situation he was perceived by another grenadier, who approached fiercely and upbraided him for his submissive countenance to a petty gendarme, and then turning to my father arrogantly asked him, how he dared to suffer a grenadier of auvergne to stand bare-headed before him. No kind of remonstrance could assuage the irritated feelings of the mad man, who said that blood alone could atone for such an insult, and insisted on an immediate satisfac-