

Clemenceau "The Tiger" in His Lair in 1916

A Hitherto Unpublished Interview With the Man Then Helplessly Caged

By Frank H. Simonds

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Nearly three years ago, at the moment of the German attack upon Verdun, a London friend of mine furnished me with a letter of introduction to M. Georges Clemenceau, then holding no other political position than a member of the French Senate, but since become the President of the Council, the leader of the French nation and the savior alike of France and of the Allied cause. But even in the Verdun period he was, as he has been for at least a quarter of a century, the most interesting of French public men, and, through his newspaper, he was the single outspoken critic of Allied mistakes and the champion of vigorous and concerted action against the common enemy.

At the moment when I was in Paris no man ventured even to hint that Clemenceau might succeed to the post then held by Briand. His vigor and his energy were everywhere conceded, but there was a general lack of confidence growing out of the incidents in the statesman's long history of political battle. He was in that now forgotten time a lonely, if splendid, figure. France was not yet face to face with defeat, as was the case two years later; the Verdun episode, which was to remove Joffre and bring about the ultimate fall of Briand, was only beginning, and the war, although already seeming long, had not yet come to appear interminable.

So great has been the transformation since 1916 so complete the triumph of Clemenceau, that I have thought that the notes of my interview of that time, revealing as they do the great man, already consciously measuring himself for the task which was to come, might have contemporary interest, and I here present my notes made at the time, but never before published for obvious reasons. To them I add only the further explanation that I came to Paris from London, bringing a letter of introduction, which I had been assured in the British capital would open the way for me.

Accordingly, when I reached Paris a few days later, I sent to Senator Clemenceau a letter which contained the necessary message. Two hours later I received an invitation to call upon the Senator at his home, No. 8 rue Franklin, the next morning at 11 o'clock.

Where Clemenceau Lives

Rue Franklin is that relatively obscure street which starts somewhat grandiosely at the Trocadero, to end in the maze of streets which come out of Passy, once the

home of Benjamin Franklin. Clemenceau's house, guarded by the inevitable courtyard and blank wall, extends southward to the next street and gives a broad opening for sunlight from the south; and it was in his study, illuminated by the March sun, which in Paris means spring, that Clemenceau received me. Before I went to him my French friends had warned me. One is always warned of Clemenceau. "He will tell you that 'the Germans are still at Noyon,'" was one admonition, citing the sentence that almost daily appeared in Clemenceau's newspaper, "L'Homme Enchaîné," until at last the Germans left Noyon and Clemenceau came to power. "He will criticize America; he will say something terrible; he always does—beware!" This was an even more frequent warning. In point of fact he did neither. But this is anticipating.

Tending me down a long and dusty hallway, an old sergeant ushered me into Clemenceau's study, the room of which I had heard so much, and there, seated at the wonderful desk which is a part of the stately properties of political Paris, sat Clemenceau. For the moment the desk seemed even more remarkable than its owner. It was a huge circular desk, shaped like the emplacement of a heavy gun, with long sides stretching backward as if to protect the gunner from flank fire. And as he rose from his chair to greet me, Clemenceau seemed almost like one of the short howitzers rising to the discharge.

Seventy-Seven, But Still Young

I had expected to see an old man, for Senator Clemenceau is well past the seventy mark. Instead, I saw a man whose first motions suggested the energy and force of fifty. I had expected to see a stern, even bitter, face, but instead it was the smiling face of one who welcomed a friendly guest. The first impression was of energy; the second of courtesy.

When I had sat down he retook his place at the desk, at the gun emplacement, for the figure is more than a figure. From behind that breastwork he daily bombarded Paris, France, ministries and generals with those articles which had overruled many ministries and were in a later time to overrule the last before he came back to power.

And as he sat down again M. Clemenceau placed upon his bald head one of the familiar soldier's fatigue caps, well pushed back on his forehead, and it gave him a most amazing appearance. The enemies of Clemenceau—and he has spent a lifetime collecting them—will tell you that he is a Mongolian; that he represents the survival of some ancient Tartar invader of prehistoric France. This is probably a mere legend, and yet, unmistakably, there is

about the man the suggestion of the Oriental; something about the high cheekbones, the deep set eyes with their enormous gray eyebrows, which suggests, not the Oriental we know in America outside of Washington, but the Oriental of high rank and equally unmistakable intelligence.

Yet, cap and desk, and almost fantastic appearance, it was still a kindly and vigorous old man, with hardly a trace of the burden of years, who welcomed the invading American.

"I knew America once; I knew it well," he said. Then with a touch of mock sadness, "but that was long ago, too long ago. For, you see, I am an old man." Then for a moment he gossiped about the New York which he had known, the New York of Dana and of Greeley, whom he had visited in the days after the end of the Civil War and during the days when he was in exile, an instructor of French, I believe, in a girls' school in a Connecticut suburb.

"But you come to talk about the war, about France?" he said, after a moment.

"Well, I am not going to tell you what France is doing; I am not going to praise France. You must look around for yourself; you must see it for yourself; you must feel it for yourself."

Then, after a moment, he went on with quickening tone:

"There have been times in the past," and he waved his hands toward the busy street beyond the lattice window, "there have been times when I have despaired of my country, when I have been afraid of the future for my countrymen; but now! Now, look at them; look at France!"

Then he repeated details of the Verdun episode, of the tragic opening day about Douaumont, which all Paris was then repeating, but which I shall not repeat here.

"We need a man; we need a general; we need a man!" he said with sullen intensity.

"And Joffre?" I asked, recalling the name of the man who then still commanded, but whose sun was sinking rapidly.

"I have nothing against him," he said sharply, "nothing; but he is not the man, he is not the man."

"And Foch?" I inquired, naming my own hero.

But Foch did not arrest his attention. "What of Pétain, then?" I inquired, naming the man who was just coming to world's notice as the defender of Verdun and was to succeed to the rank and power of Joffre before Clemenceau himself became Premier.

A Biting Critic

"Perhaps, I do not know him," he replied. "But we must have a man."

"What of Kitchener?" I queried, naming the man who then commanded the British armies and was at the moment in Paris. The question roused Clemenceau. All of a sudden his whole demeanor changed; he leaned over the emplacement for all the world like a big gun in action.

"Kitchener!" he said with extreme deliberation, but in a tone of unmistakable ice—"Kitchener is a symbol."

"A symbol?" I asked, a little puzzled.

"Yes, a symbol. A symbol is a man about whom some people still believe what was never true."

Here at last was the "Tiger," the Clemenceau of the legend. This was the man who a few months before had said to Viviani, then Premier, "He has spoken, he speaks, he will speak," and Viviani had fallen, together with a whole Cabinet of eloquence.

The conversation drifted to politics. "What of the opposition?" I asked. "The opposition in the Chamber," I explained. "Opposition?" he puzzled over that for a moment and then said with calmness:

"But I am the opposition." It was the famous phrase of Louis XIV—"L'Etat, c'est moi!"—but it was repeated without the smallest note of personal vainglory; it was not a boast; it was a simple statement of fact.

"I am the opposition," he repeated, "and it is an opposition to the conduct of the war, to the mistakes. It is an opposition which wants things done better—that is all."

"But those who want peace?" I asked. "Who are they?" he queried.

"What would happen, then," I asked, trying a flank movement, "what would happen if some one should advocate peace now—peace without Alsace-Lorraine—a German peace?"

He reflected for a moment, and then said, with a softness of voice which was hardly deceptive:

"Accounting for Caillaux"

"If any one should advocate peace now—a German peace—I think he would be shot. But it would be done decently—oh, very decently!" The words were in my mind now, when Bolo Pacha, prosecuted by the Clemenceau government, faced a firing squad for seeking a German peace.

"And Caillaux?" I asked, naming the name that then, as always, has been the nightmare in the minds of those who love France and hope to see her victorious and herself, the man of whom Clemenceau had said: "He thinks himself Napoleon."

"No," he said, with a calm smile. "I do not fear him."

"Will he come back?" I asked.

"I do not think so," he responded. And again his words had new meaning, when Caillaux was jailed to await in prison that trial for treason which Clemenceau has directed and will force.

The talk drifted to the Bulgarian disaster of the previous autumn and the mistakes and failures of Allied diplomacy in the Balkans.

"Bulgaria was a case of money," he said thoughtfully, "a case of money, and I think, if I had been in power, I should have bought."

"And Greece?"

But he would not talk of Greece. He had been for years one of the great friends of the Hellenic Kingdom, and the desertion of Greece was to him, patently, in the nature of a personal sorrow.

"Oh, the unhappy Serbs!" he continued. "And we—we French—have had to reequip the army. Yes, we have sent to them the uniforms, the equipment at Corfu. Invaded

France has done that—please remember that!" And his eyes lighted again.

"But you must go to Verdun," he said. "You must see our soldiers as they are. I go. I go everywhere. I see them all. And you must go, and then you can go back to America and tell your countrymen what France is like—what it is. You must see it for yourself—certainly you must see our soldiers."

Impatient With Fools

The conversation became general and for the next few moments he talked of many things, with the same characteristic energy, impatience, frankness—energy in laying forth the dangers; impatience of the fools and the blunders—which filled his columns in that epoch, and made the arrival of each edition of his paper an event almost as considerable as the communique—frankness, for it is the terrible frankness of the man which has created the Clemenceau of the legends.

As he led me to the door at the close of the audience I was again struck with the energy and force of the man. In an odd way he reminded me of Colonel Roosevelt; a smaller man, lacking in height and weight by comparison, but yet unmistakably burly and getting over the ground with that same vigorous forward thrust which is familiar to all who have seen Colonel Roosevelt in action.

At the door he reminded me again of America. "You will see everything, and you will go back and tell the Americans. They must understand. I know if they understand it will be all right. As for me, I have always liked America. I knew it once, but that was very long ago. Yes, as I told you, I am an old man."

An Unforgotten Figure

Looking backward now, after three years, and trying to recall the faces and the words of the men I have met in the public life of Britain and France, Lloyd George, Balfour, Poincaré, Painlevé, I find that even now my recollection of Clemenceau is the clearest. Alone of all these men, there was about him a sense of force, of power, a sort of fearlessness alike of phrase and of form. What the man felt you would be sure he would say; he would say it whether it hurt himself or another, whether it destroyed a ministry or merely labelled an opponent.

Again I recall the touch of Roosevelt, a much polished Roosevelt, the master of the phrase and of the manner, which the Colonel had not. The man who wields a rapier, not a broadsword; who strikes but once, where the Colonel battered and pounded until at last he destroyed his foe sometimes by mere bruising. But in energy, in carelessness, the men are alike, and Clemenceau is like no other man I have ever met in the public life of the three countries.

And when I came back to my French friends and told them of Clemenceau, of the Clemenceau I had met, they laughed at me a little incredulously, as at one who had insisted on preserving his gods, despite

His Amazingly Candid Comment on the Blundering Leaders of That Time

having encountered the fact. And when I asked them if he would "come back," they one and all said, "Impossible. Clemenceau is finished. Do you not know what he said of—of—? No, decidedly he is to be dangerous; he is terrible. It is impossible."

The Great Come-Back

But now Clemenceau has "come back." The man who said to me, "I am the opposition" is to-day the government. The man who told me that the politicians who talked peace, "surrender peace, German peace," would be shot, "decidedly," has made good his words, and in the lonely and dangerous eminence he now occupies he has at the least, the best wishes of all those in Britain and in America who care most for France and desire most to see her come unspoiled and restored from this terrible struggle.

For the final terrible year of war Clemenceau has been the incarnation of the will to live in France. In a sense this old man, the Connecticut school teacher of the period when the Civil War was just over in America, was the final hope for France. Viviani, he of the words; Briand, who once more tried under a great task; Painlevé, the scholar, incredibly active, but inescapably didactic—they all failed, and when the enemy was again at Noyon and still within range of Rheims, but when pessimists came from France bringing words of evil, I thought always of this man, Clemenceau, as he sat behind his gun emplacement, two years before, shaking the cap he had borrowed from some poilu, who was glad, I doubt not, to lend it, and saying:

"Once I had doubts about France, once I feared for my countrymen, but now, is it not wonderful, is it not unbelievable!"

The Likeness To Roosevelt

There are men in whom you believe, once you have seen them. I do not think men would trust Clemenceau as they do Roosevelt; his following personally admire or love him. But the thing you must feel about the man is that he will fight it out; he has fought it out, in French politics, for nearly half a century. His enemies have passed; he it is who has survived. And as he was the first Premier in France to make unhesitating answer to Germany, the first since 1870, so he deserved and achieved victory—as a man who has no fear and has never yet surrendered.

To-day men all over the world are reading with joy of the return to France of her "lost provinces," of French generals in Colmar, in Mulhouse, in Metz, in Strasbourg. To-day the glory of the achievement be-

longs to the soldiers; they have earned it and they should enjoy it. And to-morrow and for all other days the fame of Foch will endure as the conqueror of the German military machine, the man who broke the mighty, if evil, tradition of the Prussian war lords.

But without Clemenceau Foch could not have triumphed. Without Foch, Pétain could not have reorganized the French army following the military defeat and the moral weakening of 1917. When France turned to Clemenceau all other hope was gone. He came, heralded by evil forecasts of a brief ministry and a complete and disastrous failure. He came when treason was abroad and defeatist propaganda general. After he came there was a period of military disaster and a growing sense of impending defeat.

In the Hour Of Triumph

Who can forget the bitter weeks when day after day Clemenceau appeared in the Chamber still covered with the mud and dust of Flanders, of Picardy, of the Beas France, bringing news of defeats only narrowly prevented from becoming disasters? Who will forget it, who knows, the other appearances of this man of seventy-seven on the battle lines, under the heaviest fire, inviting death, men said then? He brought to the army the immediate personal assurance of the support of the civil government; he brought to the civil population, to the legislators, the unconquerable spirit of the army.

There was a day when all changed and the Senate and the Chamber alike greeted with an applause which had no dissent the leader returning from rescued Lille, bringing the assurance that Metz and Strasbourg would soon be redeemed. One more triumph was his. Men had debated about the fashion in which Alsace-Lorraine would be restored to France. Clemenceau settled all that by having written in the armistice the provision that Alsace and Lorraine should be reckoned with all other occupied districts, with those of 1914 and 1915.

Thus he made good his ancient protest, for he was the last survivor of the Deputies who in 1871 had protested against the cession of the provinces, denied the right of the Legislature to make such a surrender, proclaimed it illegal and unjustifiable. In the language of the armistice, he made good his protest of 1871—the provinces were returned as French soil.

Rarely in human history has it been given to any man to represent his country at a supreme hour in its history and so to represent it that his own personality and figure became the expression of a nation which itself was the object of world admiration. Such was and is the achievement of Georges Clemenceau.

The Other Back Stairs Peace, and What Came of It

By Fred B. Pitney

HERE is an old system which appears condemned to-day and to which I do not fear to say that I remain faithful at this moment. Countries have organized the defence of their frontiers with the necessary elements and the balances of power—Premier Clemenceau.

Organizing balances of powers is the most fascinating task statesmen have ever set themselves. It succeeded the old system of organizing conquest, and by many is thought to be in truth merely that system greatly developed by the addition of countless complications to bring a new test and what the jaded appetites of statesmen grown old and weary at the game.

The balance of power theory reached its highest development in the Congress of Vienna, following the Napoleonic wars, which constructed a balance of power that kept the peace for thirty-eight years. The machinery was so delicate that thirty-eight years of constant use wore it out, and since then even the utmost vigilance in renewing parts and an almost complete rebuilding of the machine at the Congress of Berlin, in 1878, has only succeeded in keeping the peace of the world at the longest period for sixteen years.

Espionage on a Social Plane

Sumeraw said: "One must find and attach to himself persons whose social position is such that they frequent High Society and have access to the places where the foreign ministers and ambassadors go, such as the salons of the Arnsteins and Geymuller, the Baroness d'Eichelberg and the famous Mme. Ripp." In a second report he emphasized this point again, saying: "One must devote himself especially to finding them in the highest society and among the persons to whom their birth, their situation and their relations give access everywhere, not only in the salons of the Arnsteins, Geymuller, d'Eichelberg and Mme. Ripp, but also in those of the aristocracy and the embassies."

His report then dealt with the Cabinet Noir, "where after having intercepted and deciphered letters coming from foreign countries the results are sent to Councilor of State von Stahl." Sumeraw insisted on the necessity for a special organization to take charge of the letters foreign ministers had sent to them in care of their bankers or that they themselves sent by confidential messengers. He advised "appealing to the patriotism of the bankers, to whom would be promised the most absolute secrecy."

These are the serious preliminaries to organizing the most effective balance of power ever created, one that kept its poise for thirty-eight years, not more than half the Biblical term of man. The justice of the remarks of the serious commentator is evident: "One sees that in such grave circumstances the Austrian government had need more than ever to know exactly, almost hour by hour, what was done, what was said and what was written by all those persons, all those statesmen brought together in the capital. It had

the greatest interest in knowing not only the tenor of the instructions and the dispatches they received from their courts, but still more the state of their minds, their private conversations, their confidences and the opinions contained in their private correspondence."

The Austrian secret service as organized by Pergen, Sumeraw and Hager ceased to exist in 1848, and the Crimean War began in 1853. In the last thirty years there have been nine wars, great and small. No secret service, no cabinet noir and an unbalanced balance of power allows nine wars in thirty years. It is well to study the Austrian method in detail.

Hager made a daily report to the Emperor during the whole course of the Congress of Vienna. These reports were divided into three parts and accompanied by a detailed index. The first part contained the information gathered by the regular secret police; the second comprised the reports of volunteers recruited from people of social position, reaching to the highest ranks of the aristocracy, while the third, often the most valuable of all, consisted of letters and dispatches intercepted and copied by the Cabinet Noir and the chiffons—that is, parts of letters or notes for dispatch, not thoroughly destroyed, only half burned, through the carelessness of the writers or recipients, and gathered up and preserved by secret agents introduced as servants. From those the experts of the secret police would reconstitute the original letter or dispatch. The surveillance extended even to members of the imperial family, whose correspondence was intercepted and copied by the secret police, to letters and dispatches written under the very orders of Metternich himself.

Vienna's Ham Dictaphones

When the first Treaty of Paris was signed on May 30, 1814, Hager had brought his secret police to such a state of perfection that it was only necessary for him to give a few special instructions to be ready for the meeting of the congress. On July 1 he wrote to Siber, the director of the Vienna police: "The imminent arrival of foreign sovereigns imposes on us the obligation of making special dispositions, of reinforcing our measures of surveillance so that we will be in position to know daily and in all their details all that has to do with these august persons, with their immediate entourage and with all those who seek to approach them; also the plans, projects and enterprises with which the illustrious guests are concerned. I invite you, then, not only to give instructions to this effect to your best agents and to the confidants of whom you already dispose, but to seek our new collaborators among the merchants and notables, and even among the nobles and officers, who seem apt and disposed to

furnish you—or me—instant reports, written or verbal, on all that they may be in position to learn."

The same day he wrote to La Roze, chief of the Jewish division of the police: "By reason of the influence you have with the principal Jewish houses, it should be easy for you to find among the chiefs of these houses, or among the most intelligent of their sons, some individuals capable of furnishing interesting news to the political police." And to one of his trusted agents of social position, von Leurs, he wrote: "I have the honor to ask you to give your best efforts not only to making the most of your relations and your channels of information, in order that you may give me every day an ample harvest of news, being sure that I will not fail to reimburse you for any special expenses you may incur, but to indicate to me the names of persons you think likely to accept employment under the present circumstances and for the duration of the congress, and with whom you can put me in touch."

The Kings Arrive

A certain point of view is necessary for one who would be a cog in the machine that preserves the balance of power. The Kings of Denmark and Wurtemberg arrived in Vienna September 22, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia the 25th, the Empress of Russia the 27th and the King of Bavaria the 28th. Affairs were warming up and Hager wrote to the Prince Trauttmansdorff, the Grand Master of Ceremonies at the royal palace: "As the police have not the right to enter the Burg, and the exits and entrances are so numerous that it is almost impossible to keep a watch of any value from the street, I cannot do my work unless the servants in the palace and the royal stables who are attached to the sovereigns and their suites lodged in the palace are joined to the secret police. I have already tried to make use of a personal servant of the Emperor, but the valets de chambre and messengers of the visiting sovereigns have succeeded in blocking the endeavors of the seven members of the police force put at his disposition to accompany the aides-de-camp and members of the suites of the sovereigns and report on what they do."

"I have, then, the honor to ask you to order the servants in the Burg to make a daily report on the comings and goings of these personages, the places where they go and the persons, other than the most immediate members of their suites, whom they receive."

"This measure is the more indispensable as, for example, the Emperor Alexander has already refused to avail himself of those designated to assume the service of honor near him. I have not given up hope in this direction, however, and I expect valuable assistance from Field Marshal Lieutenant Count Harteg, who has been

attached to the person of the Emperor Alexander."

But in a balance of power it will not do to have the spies all on one side. The agent Freidl reported to Hager at the end of September: "Captain Ferrari and two men, named Cellini and Sartori, are the three individuals who keep the Papal nuncio secretly informed on affairs. But it is a Protestant, whose wife has recently been converted to Catholicism, who gives him his most important information."

A little later it was learned that this was Frederic Schlegel, a secretary in the office of Foreign Affairs.

Money's Pleasing Plea

Money is hardly less important in building a balance of power than a secret police. The Marquis de Brignole, plenipotentiary of Genoa, was one of the best supplied men in Vienna. Genoa wanted independence and was willing to pay for it. A report to Hager, September 27, said, "Labrador (one of the Spanish delegates), is opposed to the cession of Genoa to Piedmont. It appears that Brignole has brought with him two millions with which he intends to try to win Metternich."

Another report the same day gave more details. It said, "Brignole will receive within a few days two millions to use principally to win Prince Metternich to the cause of Genoa, and it seems that the business is already under way. Metternich is acting as though he were not particularly well disposed toward Genoa. He is said to have told Brignole that it has been decided to give Genoa to the King of Sardinia. Castleberg has not given a categorical reply. Brignole hopes to have better luck with another English diplomat, Lamb, unless I deceive myself."

Hager kept track of the Genoese millions, October 4, the agent reported, "The two millions Brignole is to make a present of to Metternich have arrived."

By the 15th he was still better supplied. State Councillor Guehausen wrote to Hager, "Brignole has received his money and has now 2,500,000 florins, but Castleberg has told him the cession of Genoa to Piedmont is decided."

Some of the other credits opened in Vienna were noted in a report to Hager on September 23 as follows: "The Emperor of Russia, 100,000 rubles; the King of Prussia, unlimited credit; the Prince of Wrede, 100,000 florins; Cardinal Consalvi, unlimited credit; Count of Hartz (Jerome Napoleon), 300,000 florins; Baron von Haacke, Grand Master of the Court of Denmark, 30,000 ducats and afterward unlimited credit; Senator von Hack, of Lubeck, unlimited credit, and Dr. Jassoy, of Frankfurt, unlimited credit."

Organizing a popular reception is not a modern art. September 27, Hager by order of Prince Trauttmansdorff, sent the follow-

ing note to his subordinates: "The reception of the sovereigns by the people of Vienna has produced the best effect on them. It is hoped that it will be the same when the Prince Royal of Sweden (Bernadotte) arrives, and it is hoped the people will forget what happened on the occasion of his mission here during the times of the revolution."

Secret stairs are important. Schmidt reported to Hager, October 1: "The secret stairs from the apartments of Alexander do not lead to one of the courts, but to three rooms on the first floor, that give on the grand staircase, and are occupied by one of the aides-de-camp of the sovereign. It is probably by this path that the Poles who wish to see him in secret reach the apartments of the Emperor."

Secret treaties are no less important. A report to Hager on September 26, said: "Since the arrival of Talleyrand it is known that there is a secret article in the treaty between France and Spain by which they agree to require the Congress of Vienna before taking up any other question to restore Naples and Parma to the Spanish Bourbons."

General Jomini's Iest

General Baron Jomini, one of the shrewdest observers at the Congress of Vienna, was so much interested in watching the building up of the machinery of a balance of power and the results achieved by it that he drew up a satirical treaty which he sent to Baron Anstett, of the Russian delegation. It reached the Baron in safety, but fell into the hands of Hager on its return and was preserved by him in his secret reports. Jomini's treaty was as follows:

"The Great Powers, who have made war on France only for her happiness and to procure for her the benefits of a solid and glorious peace, wishing to prove their disinterestedness to His Majesty, Louis XVIII, and treat with him more favorably than they have ever done with Bonaparte, have decided on the following treaty:

"1. There shall be an eternal alliance between France and the Allies, except in case war becomes necessary for the happiness or benefit of one of them.

"2. The Empire of France shall keep the title of Kingdom.

"3. In consequence of the declaration of Frankfurt, providing that a great nation shall not disappear, the Allied Powers, anxious to give the French armies a mark of their high esteem, will only hold the territory conquered since 1792.

"4. Belgium is returned to Holland to recompense the Prince of Orange for the part he has taken in the war and the sacrifices he has made to recover his territory.

"5. In exchange for Belgium and in accordance with the declaration of Frankfurt, which provides that France shall be greater than under any of her former kings, His Majesty, Louis XVIII, shall acquire the

prefecture of Ancey, the rights to which are vested in him until a new order is made.

"6. The millions spent on the part of Antwerp will not be returned to the King, but he will be overwhelmed with blessings, and in consideration of this sacrifice the King of Sardinia will not demand any war indemnity.

"7. The King of Sardinia shall keep forever his titles of King of Cyprus and Jerusalem and he can, if necessary, join to them Marquis of the Ottoman Empire.

"8. The Pope shall recover his property in Rome. His civil powers are abolished and he will order all his subjects born since 1802 to make a declaration before the ecclesiastical authority.

"9. England will return to France all her colonies except Tobago, Ste. Lucie, the Seychelles, the Isle of France, etc., etc. As for the others, France can fight for them.

"10. England will give Norway to Sweden and Sweden will cede Guadeloupe to France. His Britannic Majesty will abandon all his legitimate rights on Norway and Guadeloupe.

"11. England will consent to keep Antwerp's ships under the express condition of maintaining on the Continent an army at the expense of Holland.

"12. The French Royal Navy shall consist of thirteen ships of the line, eight frigates, three corvettes and five sloops, of which half only shall be armed. The King will be free to enroll as many naval officers as he wants to.

"13. Her Majesty the Empress and Queen Marie Louise shall be elevated to the dignity of Duchess of Parma and Plaisance by the generosity of her august father, Francis, Emperor of Austria.

"14. In consequence of his frank, loyal and noble conduct, Prince Eugene Napoleon will cease to be Viceroy of Italy and the throne of Naples will continue to be occupied by King Joachim Napoleon, one of the sovereigns most faithful to Bonaparte, the Pope, France and the Allied Powers.

"15. England will consent that French navigation shall be free on the Rhine, the Saone, the Dordogne, the Isere and part of the Gironde. Manufactures and commerce will begin again. French merchants will be free to sell only English goods.

"16. Allied troops will leave France as soon as possible, being careful not to pass through territory they have once crossed—under penalty of dying from hunger.

"17. Former treaties, also the millions spent on the fortifications of Danzig, Frankfurt, Mayence, Cassel, Mons, Luxembourg, Antwerp, etc., etc., and the blood of 5,000,000 Frenchmen poured out for the glory and honor of France are declared null and void.

"18. While waiting for the execution of this treaty and to prove the unity that exists among the European Powers, a Te Deum will be chanted in all languages, after which orders will be given to fortify all important points and the armies will be at once recruited to full strength."

Less than a month after Francis became Emperor he created the Ministry of Police and the Censure, placing Pergen at its head. "Thanks to the untiring zeal of the statesman charged with its direction, and thanks, also, to the pressure, the gravity and the multiplicity of events, it increased steadily in importance from