SOME NEW BOOKS.

Rosebery's Napoleon.

It is a singularly interesting book which LORD ROSEBERY has given us in the volume entitled *Napoleon: The Last Phase* (Harpers). This is a study of Napoleon, considered, not as a master of the art of war, nor as an administrator and legislator, but as a man. Historians and biographers are by no means agreed as to the manner of man that Napoleon was. For the study concerning him in this fundamental capacity the most fruitful material is or ought to be furnished in the six years that he spent at St. Helena, when he not merely recorded and annotated his career, but afforded a definite and consecutive view of himself. "Now," as he there said himself, "thanks to my misfortune, one can see me nakedly as I am." Lord Rosebery suggests that what Napoleon dictated at St. Helena in the way of autobiography and commentary has never, perhaps, received its just measure of attention. People seem to prefer to drink at any other source than the original. They may undoubtedly allege that Napoleon's own memoirs are not so spicy as those of some of his servants, and also that they are by no means to be relied upon as unbiassed records of fact. Still they remain as the direct, deliberate declaration of this prodigious human being as to his own achievements, and they contain, moreover, commentaries on the great captains of the past, Cæsar, Frederic and Turenne, which cannot be without serious interest to the historian or the soldier. Lord Rosebery also points out in an introductory chapter that the indifference to truth apparently exhibited in Napoleon's own memoirs should not be made to count for too much in an estimate of his character. In those days truth was neither respected nor required in continental statesmanship; half a century later Bismarck discovered it to be the surest means of deception. Assuredly Napoleon's memoirs are entitled to as much credit as we give to those of Metternich and Talleyrand. At St. Helena he was making the best case for himself, as he had been in the habit of doing in his bulletins. His memoirs, like his bulletins, represented what Napoleon desired to be believed. They are, indeed, neither more nor less than a series of Napoleonic bulletins on the Napoleonic career. Lord Rosebery, however, would draw one distinction. In writing his bulletins, Napoleon had often an object in deceiving. At St. Helena his only practical aim was to further the interest of his dynasty and his son. Consequently, where these are not directly concerned, the memoirs may be considered as somewhat more trustworthy than the bulletins.

I.

What may be called the literature of St. Helena is already vast, and it is fast accumulating. The relative value of the so-called authorities is discussed by Lord Rosebery at some length. He reminds us that eighty-four years have elapsed since a greedy public absorbed five editions of Warden's Letters in five months; seventy-eight years since the bookshops were thronged with eager purchasers of O'Meara's book, the "Voice From St. Helena." Then came the narratives of Gourgaud, Montholon and Las Cases, met by the ponderous defence of Forsyth and the more effective abstract of Seaton. Then we had what Lord Rosebery calls the "light artillery" of Maitland and Glover, and Cockburn and Santini, and of the madcap "Miss Betsy," who became Mrs. Abell. We have had the histories of St. Helena by Barnes and Masselin. Of late, too, Montchenu, Balmain, Sturmer and Mme. de Montholon have yielded their testimony. Napoleon, indeed, urged his companions to record his utterances in journals, and frequently alluded to the result. "Yesterday evening," says Gourgaud, "the Emperor told me that I might turn my leisure to profit in writing down his sayings; I would thus gain from 500 to 1,000 louis a day." He was cognizant of the journal of Las Cases, which was dictated to or copied by St. Denis, one of the servants, whom Napoleon would sometimes question as to its contents. O'Meara's journal was read to him. He took it for granted that all of his companions kept journals, and he was right, for, except the faithful Bertrand and his wife, none of the actors in that dreary drama have held their peace. Lately, however, there have appeared two further contributions, and Lord Rosebery thinks that, while both are striking, one exceeds in interest all the previous publications touching St. Helena from the light that it throws upon Napoleon's character. As for Lady Malcolm's "Diary of St. Helena," it gives a vivid account of the Emperor's conversations with Sir Pulteney, and an impartial account of Lowe, which seems to turn the balance finally against that hapless and distracted official. But it is in Lord Rosebery's judgment the second publication which is in some respects not merely the most remarkable book relating to Napoleon at St. Helena, but to Napoleon at any time. This is the private diary of Gourgaud, written entirely for his own eye, which unquestionably embodies the truth as it appeared to the writer from day to day. The diary throws a strange light on the author, but a still newer light on his master. "When we have read it, indeed," says Lord Rosebery, "we feel a doubt of all the other records, and a conviction that this book is more nearly the unvarnished truth than anything else that has been put forth." There is, in fact, one rule applicable with scarcely an exception to all the Longwood publications; they are none of them wholly trustworthy. If an exception must be made, Lord Rosebery would make it in favor of Gourgaud. With regard to all the Longwood publications, it may be said that their veracity increases in proportion to the remoteness of their appearance from the events to which they relate. Gourgaud, who published in 1848, is more truthful than Montholon, who published in 1847, and Montholon is more truthful then Las Cases, who published in 1823. Least of all, perhaps, to be depended on is O'Meara, who published in 1822. In all these books except, perhaps, the latest, there are gross instances of misrepresentation and fabrication. There seems to have been something in the air of St. Helena that blighted exact truth; and he who collates the various narratives on any given point will find strange and hopeless contradictions. A striking circumstance remains to be noted. Of the last three years of Napoleon's life we can learn scarcely anything. From the departure of Gourgaud in March, 1818, to the end of May, 1821, we know practically nothing. We know what the English outside reported. We have an authorized, but not very trustworthy, record from within. But, in reality, we know nothing, or next to nothing.

Who was Gourgaud, whose private journal is accepted by Lord Rosebery as the one capital and supreme record of life at St. Helena? He was a man who in active service on the field of battle would have been of the utmost utility to his chief, a keen, intelligent, devoted aide-de-camp. In the inaction of St. Helena, however, his energy, deprived of its natural outlet, reacted on himself, on his nerves, on his relations to others. The result was that he was never happy except when quarrelling or grumbling. The value of his journal does not lie, of course, in his portrayal of himself, but in that of his master. Incidentally, however, Lord Rosebery finds it needful to say much of Gourgaud as the foil who illustrates a new view of his chief's character. Bored with the island, bored with the confinement, bored with the isolation, bored with celibacy, bored with court life in a shanty, involving all the burden without any of the splendor of a palace, bored with inaction, bored with himself for being bored, Gourgaud found himself forced to sharpen his rusting energies with quarrels, sulky rage with the Emperor, fitful furies with Las Cases, and, when Las Cases was deported, animosity against Montholon, apparently because there was no one else to quarrel with. At the same time Lord Rosebery confesses that the more he sees of Gourgaud the better he likes him. There is no doubt that Gourgaud was esteemed by all who knew him personally, but who did not have to live with him. The curse of his temper was jealousy. It empoisoned his life at St. Helena. Long after his departure from St. Helena the success of Ségur's narrative of the Russian campaign maddened him and drove him to publishing a waspish, unworthy criticism of it in a thick volume which has by no means attained the fame of the history which it professes to review. By others whom his jealousies did not touch he was highly esteemed. Lowe, for example, always considered and described him as a gallant and loyal soldier who followed his Emperor in adversity without mixing himself up in vexations and complaints. Jackson says the same thing. "He is a brave and distinguished officer," says Sturmer, "but no courtier;" and in Lord Rosebery's opinion, this description sums him up exactly. Gourgaud was so little of a courtier that the proceedings of courtiers irritated him. That he had good sense is unquestionable. Lord Rosebery thinks that as regards the disputes with Sir Hudson Lowe, his good sense was nothing less than portentous. With reference to one letter of complaint, Gourgaud declares boldly that "the less one writes about eating and drinking the better, as these sordid details lend themselves to ridicule." Again, speaking of the Emperor, he says: "He is working at a reply to Lord Bathurst, but one cannot make a noble rejoinder out of the question of eatables." He protests against the waste of the servants at Longwood, and makes a remark full of the truest sense and dignity: "In our position the best course is to accept the least." Lord Rosebery is convinced that, on the whole position, Gourgaud writes with wisdom and a conviction of what was Napoleon's proper attitude. "The only law that the Emperor can follow in my opinion is neither to insult nor be friends with Hudson Lowe. It would be unworthy of his Majesty to be on cordial terms with that person. The Emperor's position is so frightful that the only method of maintaining his dignity is to appear resigned, and to do nothing to obtain any change in the restrictions. He must endure everything with resignation. If his Majesty had all the island to himself, it would be nothing compared to what he has lost." Would, says Lord Rosebery, that Napoleon had followed this counsel! Evidently the household at Longwood was not, and could not be, a happy family; but it might have been much happier than it was. It could not be happy, in the first place, of course, because of the prodigious vicissitudes. Secondly, a collection of Parisians could not be cheerful, perched like crippled sea birds on a tropical rock. St. Helena had been chosen because it was one of the remotest of islands; for that very reason it was antipathetic to the whole lives and nature and to every taste of its involuntary brilliant tenants. There was no space, no society, no amusement. There was a meagre shop, but even there credit was refused to them by order of the Governor. All things considered, they bore their fate, so irksome to any one, so terrible to them, with fortitude and philosophy.

II.

Gourgaud's devotion to his mother, whom he had left behind in France, irritated the Emperor. In the first place, Napoleon suspected, and, as Lord Rosebery thinks, not unjustly, that the frequent mention of the mother and of her needy circumstances was meant as an appeal for his assistance, which he was willing to give, but not under pressure; so he gave it at last, but ungraciously. Secondly, this good son caused some inconvenience by painting in rose color everything at St. Helena in order to cheer his maternal parent. His letters of this deceptive character were read by Lowe or by Bathurst, or both, and gave them the most lively pleasure, as affording an authoritative contradiction to Napoleon's complaints. These dutifully mendacious letters could not be agreeable to Napoleon. Thirdly, the Emperor could not bear that any one who was devoted to him should be devoted to any one else. He required an absorbing allegiance. Bertrand's wife and Gourgaud's mother offended him. "You are mad to love your mother so," said Napoleon to Gourgaud. "How old is she?" "Sixty-seven, sire." "Well, you will never see her again; she will be dead before you return to France." Thereupon Gourgaud weeps. Napoleon's brutality, however, was only a passing expression of annoyance at a devotion which he considered he should monopolize. Napoleon made no secret of this; he avowed it to Montholon. "Every one," he says, "has a dominant object of affection, and to those whom I like and honor with my confidence I must be that object. I will share with nobody." On other occasions he was even more cynical. "Princes," he said, "only like those who are useful to them, and so long as they are useful." Again, he says to Gourgaud: "After all, I only care for the people who are useful to me, and so long as they are useful." His followers were well aware of this principle in Napoleon. Bertrand, in a moment of irritation, confides to Gourgaud the astonishing discovery that for some time past he has been aware that the Emperor is an egoist. "He only," says Bertrand, "cares for those from whom he expects some service." Another day Bertrand goes further: "The Emperor is what he is, my dear Gourgaud, we cannot change his character. It is because of that character that he has no friends, that he has so many enemies, and indeed, that we are at St. Helena. It is for the same reason that neither Druot nor the others who are at Elba, except ourselves [Mme. Bertrand and himself] would follow him here." Lord Rosebery holds that Bertrand was right in saying that Napoleon had no friends, for the friends of his youth were dead; and in the days of his power he had denied himself that source of solace and strength. "I have made courtiers; I have never pretended to make friends," he would say. His imperial ideas of State and aloofness, indeed, made any relation of friendship impossible. Now the hour of retribution had come, when he wanted friends he found only courtiers. Painfully and laboriously he endeavored to resume the forgotten art of making friends. It was only fair and in the nature of things that he should be but partially successful. It is not, of course, a pleasant trait in Napoleon that he should expect the blind renunciation of every human tie and human interest that a Messiah alone may exact; that he should desire his followers to leave all and follow him. In our author's judgment, however, much excuse must be made for an egotism which was the inevitable result of the prolonged adulation of the world.

We repeat that if Lord Rosebery dwells on Gourgaud, it is not for his sake but for Napoleon's. What makes Gourgaud's diary profoundly interesting is the new and original view that it affords of Napoleon's own character and the faithful notes of Napoleon's conversation in its native strength. We all are apt to fancy that we thoroughly understand Napoleon's disposition. We have been taught to think of him as selfish, domineering, violent, and so forth. In this diary, however, we see a new Napoleon, strange to us, contrary to our preconceived ideas, a Napoleon such as few, except Rapp, have hitherto presented to us. Rapp, indeed, who was the most independent and unflattering of all Napoleon's Generals, and, as his aide-de-camp, was constantly by his side, says of his master: "Many people describe Napoleon as a harsh, violent, passionate man. It is because they never knew him. Absorbed as he was in affairs, opposed in his plans, hampered in his projects, his humor was sometimes impatient and fluctuating. But he was so good and so generous that he was soon appeased, though the confidants of his cares, far from appeasing, would endeavor to excite his anger." The austere and upright Drout constantly averred when at Elba that the Emperor's anger was only skin deep. "I always found him," says his private secretary, "kind, patient, indulgent." Lord Rosebery points out that testimonies of this kind might be multiplied from more dubious sources. As for Gourgaud, our author has no doubt that he was one of the confidants described by Rapp. Unconsciously, he depicts himself as petulant, sulky and captious to the last degree; whereas, in his diary, we see Napoleon gentle, patient, good-tempered, trying to soothe his touchy and morbid attendant with something like the tenderness of a parent for a wayward child. Once, indeed, he called Gourgaud a child. Gourgaud is furious: "Me a child! I shall soon be 35. I have eighteen years of service. I have been in thirteen campaigns. I have received three wounds! And then to be treated like this! Calling me a child is calling me a fool!" All this he pours forth on the Emperor in an angry torrent. Obviously, the Napoleon of our preconceptions would have ordered a subordinate who talked to him like this out of the room before he had finished a sentence. What does this Napoleon do? Let us hear Gourgaud himself: "In short, I am very angry. The Emperor seeks to calm me; I remain silent; we pass to the drawing room. His Majesty wishes to play chess, but places the pieces all awry. He speaks to me gently: 'I know you have commanded troops and batteries, but you are, after all, very young.' I only reply by a gloomy silence." The insulting charge of youth is more than Gourgaud can bear. This is Gourgaud as we come to know him through his diary. But is this, asks Lord Rosebery, the Napoleon that we have been taught to see? Not menacing or crushing his sullen and rebellious equerry, but trying to soothe, to assuage, to persuade.

Assuredly there was no one at St. Helena who had more to endure and more to try him than the Emperor himself; no one whose life had been less trained to patience and forbearance. What is new and original in Gourgaud's diary is, in truth, the revelation of Napoleon's long suffering. The instances of Gourgaud's petulance and insolence are innumerable. One day the Emperor orders him to copy a letter on the subject of his grievances, which was to be launched above Montholon's signature. "I am not M. De Montholon's copyist," replies Gourgaud. The Emperor rightly rejoins that he is wanting in respect and Gourgaud has the grace to acknowledge that he is uneasy all night. Then, when Las Cases goes the Emperor writes him a letter too warm for Gourgaud's taste. Irritated by Gourgaud's criticism and sulks, Napoleon signs it *votre dévoué*. Then Gourgaud breaks out. The Emperor invites him to play chess, and asks why he is so out of temper. "Sire, I have one great fault; I am too much attached to your Majesty. I am not jealous, but I feel bound to say that this letter is not worthy of you. Good God! I see that my poor father was too honest a man. He brought me up in much too strict principles of honor and virtue. I know now that one should never tell the truth to sovereigns, and that flatterers and schemers are those who succeed with them. Your Majesty will come to understand some day what a hypocrite is this man." Napoleon replies half wearily, half pathetically, "What do you mean—that he betrays me? After all Berthier, Marmont and the rest, on whom I have heaped benefits, have all done it. Mankind must be very bad to be as bad as I consider it." This incident rankles, and leaves Gourgaud for a long time in so diabolical a mood that the Emperor is forced from mere weariness at these outbursts of temper to confine himself to his room. And so the incessant and fatiguing scenes go on; the Emperor patient and friendly; the aide-de-camp fretful, sullen, even insulting. One day, for example, he says: "Yes, sire, provided that history does not say that France was very great before Napoleon, but partitioned after him." Even this taunt does not ruffle his master. Another time, after a tiresome wrangle, the Emperor tells him good humoredly to go to bed and calm himself. To which Gourgaud replies that, if he had not more philosophy and strength of mind than Napoleon, he would not be able to get through the night. A few weeks after this remarkable statement the diarist shows his own philosophy and strength of mind by informing Bertrand that his patience is at an end, and that he must box Montholon's ears. On another occasion Napoleon utters a few gloomy words: "I", he said, "though I have long years of life before me, am already dead. What a position!" "Yes, sire," says Gourgaud, with patronizing candor. "It is indeed horrible. It would have been better to die before coming here. But, as one is here, one should have the courage to support the situation. It would be ignominious to die at St. Helena." The Emperor in reply merely sends for Bertrand as a more agreeable companion. On yet another day the Emperor groans, "What weariness! What a cross!" Gourgaud is at once ready with his superior compassion: "It pains me—me, Gourgaud—to see the man who commanded Europe brought to this." On this occasion, however, he keeps his pity for his journal. All this seems incredible to us with our preconceived opinion of Napoleon, but, as Lord Rosebery's business is with the man as he really was, he makes these quotations to exhibit the ceaseless irritations and annoyances to which the Emperor was exposed on the part of his own friends and the unexpected gentleness and patience with which he bore them.

III.

In a chapter on the deportation of Napoleon to St. Helena Lord Rosebery confesses frankly that the literature relating to this subject is peculiarly painful for an Englishman to read. An Englishman "must regret that his Government ever undertook the custody of Napoleon, and he must regret still more that the duty should have been discharged in a spirit so ignoble and by agents so unfortunate. If St. Helena recalls painful memories to the Prince, much more poignant are those that it excites among ourselves." At the same time Lord Rosebery suggests that in these days we are not perhaps fair judges of the situation as it presented itself to the British Ministers. They were at the head of a coalition which had twice succeeded in overthrowing Napoleon. It had cost Great Britain more than eight hundred millions of pounds sterling to effect Napoleon's removal to Elba. His return had cost her millions more, besides a hideous shock to the nervous system of nations. What all this had cost in human life cannot, perhaps, be accurately computed; our author would put it at not less than two millions of lives. The main object, then, of the allies—a duty to their own people who had sacrificed so much—was to make it absolutely certain that Napoleon should never more escape. With the knowledge at our disposal Lord Rosebery's personal view is that under no circumstances could Napoleon have ever again conquered Europe; his energies were exhausted and so was France for his lifetime. The allies, however, could not know this; they would have been censurable had they taken such a view into consideration, and in any event Napoleon, well or ill, active or inactive, would have been, if at large, a formidable rallying point for the revolutionary forces of Europe. Our author, then, is disposed to consider it as admitted and established that Napoleon could never again be a free agent. It was hard for him, but he had been hard on the world. In a sense, moreover, deportation was the greatest compliment that could be paid him.

It is certain that Napoleon surrendered himself to Great Britain and that the allies desired that Great Britain should be answerable for him. In what spirit, however, inquires Lord Rosebery, did the British Government accept the charge? "We wish," writes Lord Liverpool, Prime Minister, to Lord Castlereagh, Foreign Secretary, "We wish that the King of France would hang or shoot Bonaparte as the best termination of the business." To make his case clear, the British Premier put it thus to Lord Chancellor Eldon: "Napoleon," he said, "must then revert either to his original character of a French subject; or he had no character at all, and headed his expedition [the expedition from Elba] as an outlaw and an outcast—*hostis humani generis*." The option, as it presented itself apparently to Lord Liverpool at that time was that Napoleon might either be handed over to Louis XVIII. as a subject to be treated as a rebel, or might be placed outside the pale of humanity, and treated as vermin. Again he writes regretfully to Castlereagh, that "if the King of France does not feel himself sufficiently strong to treat him as a rebel, we are ready to take upon ourselves the custody of his person," and so forth. Sir Walter Scott admits that in 1816 a considerable party in Great Britain still considered that Napoleon should have been handed over to Louis XVIII. to be dealt with as a rebellious subject. Lord Rosebery's comment on the fact is: "Fortunately, though no thanks to our Ministers, we are spared the memory of their having handed over Napoleon to the French Government to be shot like Ney." He adds: "We see, then, that there was not the slightest hope for our Government behaving with any sort of magnanimity in the matter, though a British Prince, the Duke of Sussex, in combination with Lord Holland, recorded his public protest against the course which was pursued." Napoleon, who had thought of Themistocles, and afterward thought of Hannibal, had appealed, with not perhaps so much confidence as he professed, to the hospitality of Great Britain. He had hoped, under the name of Col. Muiron, an early friend who had been killed by his side, while shielding his body, at Arcola, and for whose memory he had a peculiar tenderness, to live in England as a country gentleman. This Lord Rosebery thinks was impossible, although he reaches the conclusion with regret. "England was too near France for such a solution. The throne of the Bourbons, which had become for some mysterious reason a pivot of our policy, could never have been safe were it known generally that some score of miles from the French coast there was a middle-aged French Colonel who had been Napoleon. Not all the precautions that enclosed Danaë could have prevented commiseration and solicitation to so potent a neighbor. Napoleon had been the genius of unrest in Europe: the tradition and association would have remained with Col. Muiron, however respectable and domesticated that officer might be. Napoleon, indeed, blurted out the truth at St. Helena in the presence of his little circle. He had just received a letter stating that there was a great change of opinion in France. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'were we but in England!' Moreover, he would have been the innocent object of all sorts of legal questions which would have tormented the Government."

Nor is this all. Lord Rosebery suspects that what weighed most with the British Ministers was the fear that Napoleon would have become the centre of much sympathy, and even admiration, in England itself. Though victorious, Great Britain was by no means contented. When her internal history from Waterloo until Napoleon's death is recalled, one can well understand that the presence within the United Kingdom of the triumphant child of revolution could not have been regarded by the Tory Ministry as a source of strength or support to their Government. "You know enough," writes Liverpool to Castlereagh, "of the feelings of people in this country not to doubt that he would become an object of curiosity immediately, and possibly of compassion in the course of a few months." The innumerable visitors who flocked to see him at Plymouth confirmed the prescience of the British Premier. There was indeed an extraordinary glamor about the fallen sovereign of which he himself was quite aware. He said with confidence at St. Helena that, had he gone to England, he would have conquered the hearts of the English. He certainly fascinated Maitland, who took him to England, as he had fascinated Ussher, who had conducted him to Elba. Maitland caused inquiries to be made after Napoleon had left the Bellerophon as to the feelings of the crew, and received the following reply: "Well, they may abuse that man as much as they please, but if the people of England knew him as well as we do they would not touch a hair of his head." When he left the Northumberland the crew were much of the same opinion: "He is a fine fellow who does not deserve his fate." When he had left the Undaunted, which conveyed him to Elba, the boatswain, on behalf of the ship's company, had wished him "long life and prosperity in the island of Elba, and better luck another time." After two short meetings, both Hotham, the Admiral, and Senhouse, the flag Captain, felt all their prejudices evaporate. "The Admiral and myself," writes Senhouse, "have both discovered that our inveteracy has oozed out like the courage of *Acres* in 'The Rivals.'" There was yet a worse peril threatened. "Damn the fellow!" said Lord Keith, after seeing him. "If he had obtained an interview with his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England." Napoleon was ultimately made aware of the danger that was apprehended from his living in Great Britain. A traveller told him that the British Government could not suffer him there lest the rioters should place him at their head. Another told him that he had heard Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh say that their main reason for sending him to St. Helena was their dread of his caballing with the Opposition. In a word, Napoleon in England would have been a danger to the Governments of both France and Great Britain.

IV.

In another chapter Lord Rosebery recalls some of the Emperor's conversations in his captivity. Concise, frank, sometimes brutal, but always interesting—such seems to have been the real talk of Napoleon. The secret of the charm is that he can bring his whole mind instantaneously into play on a subject, and so he lights it up in a moment with reminiscence, historical parallel, native shrewdness, knowledge of mankind in general and of the men with whom he has had dealings in particular. Napoleon's conversation at St. Helena is set forth in a score of volumes of very unequal merit and trustworthiness. Some of these are filled with dictations, which have, of course, an interest and distinction of their own, but which are not conversations. For talk, as revealing the man, our author is convinced that Gourgaud's is the most faithful transcript, and far superior to the other writers'. It is to the notes taken by him that Lord Rosebery mainly confines himself. Gourgaud's account of the comments made by Napoleon on Ney's and Murat's execution differs materially from that of Montholon or that of Las Cases. According to Gourgaud, the Emperor's view of Ney's fate varied at different times. Once he said that they had assassinated Ney. On another occasion he declared that Ney only got his deserts. "No one," he said, "should break his word; I despise traitors." And again: "Ney has dishonored himself." Once more: "He was precious on the field of battle, but too immoral and too stupid to succeed." Napoleon even goes so far as to say that he ought never to have made Ney a Marshal of France; that he should have left him a General of Division; for he had just the courage and honesty of a hussar. He says that in 1814 he was a mere traitor; that he behaved, as always, like a rascal. Lord Rosebery contrasts this with what Napoleon himself, when in Russia, had said of Ney: "What a man! What a soldier! Ney is lost! I have three hundred millions in the cellars of the Tuileries. I would give them all to get him back." Our author concludes from this cruel change of opinion that Napoleon never forgot or forgave the terrible interview with Ney at Fontainebleau in April, 1814, nor Ney's vaunt in 1815 to bring him back in a cage. He only summoned Ney to the army, indeed, at the last moment before Ligny. At the end there was evidently no love lost between the two heroes. Gourgaud says that he was the first to bring Napoleon the tidings of Murat's death. "I announced the fatal news to his Majesty, who keeps the same countenance, and remarks that Murat must have been mad to risk such an enterprise. I say that it grieves me to think of a brave man like Murat, who had so often faced death, dying by the hands of such people. The Emperor cries out that it is horrible. I urge that Ferdinand should not have allowed him to be killed. 'That is your way of thinking, young people, but one does not trifle with a throne. Could he be considered as a French General? He was one no longer. As a King? But he had never been recognized (by the Bourbons) as one. Ferdinand had him shot just as he has had a number of people hanged.'" But Gourgaud watches him as the newspapers are read to him, and says that he suffers. Long afterward Napoleon said to Gourgaud: "Murat only got what he deserved. But it is all my fault, for I should have left him a Marshal and never have made him King of Naples, or even Grand Duke of Berg."

One of Napoleon's chief topics was religion, and one of the books that he most loved to read aloud was the Bible. The reading was not always from the highest motive, for on one occasion he scrutinizes the Books of Samuel and Kings to see what is their testimony in favor of legitimate monarchy. On other occasions, however, the Bible was read with no such object; he was, we are told, a great admirer of St. Paul. We have often read, of course, anecdotes in which the Emperor is represented as pointing to the firmament and declaiming a vague deism. Newman has given from tradition the final judgment passed on Christianity by Napoleon at St. Helena, wherein Napoleon is reported to have compared the shadowy fame of Cæsar and Alexander with the living force of Christ, and to have summed up with: "Can he be less than divine?" As a matter of fact, the real Napoleon talked in a very different fashion. Gourgaud, indeed, talks of the stars and their creator in the way attributed to Napoleon, but the latter snubs him. Napoleon's real leaning seems to be to Mohammedanism. He declares that he was much disturbed by the arguments of the sheiks in Egypt, who contended that those who worshipped three deities must necessarily be pagans. Mohammedanism, on the other hand, is, he says, more simple and, he adds, characteristically, is superior to Christianity, in that it conquered half the world in ten years, while Christianity took 300 years to establish itself. Another time he declares Mohammedanism to be the most beautiful of all religions. Once he even says, "We Mohammedans."

Although he prefers Mohammedanism to Christianity, he prefers the Roman to the Anglican communion, or, at any rate, the Roman to the Anglican ritual. He gives as the reason for his preference that in the Roman Church the people do not understand the prayers, and that it is not wise to try and make matters too clear. He thinks, however, that the clergy should marry, though he should hesitate to confess himself to a married priest who would repeat everything to his wife. He declares that he himself, having been anointed, is capable of confessing a penitent. He is not so favorable to the hierarchy as to the ritual of Rome. He is hostile to the Papacy. Britain and northern Europe have wisely, he says, emancipated themselves from this yoke, for it is ridiculous that the chief of the State should not be chief of the Church of the State. For this reason he regrets that Francis I. did not, as he nearly did, emancipate himself and his people by adhering to the Reformation. He himself had regretted in old days, when wearied with his disastrous struggle against the Papacy, that, instead of concluding the concordat, he had not declared himself a Protestant. The nation would have followed him, and would have thus freed itself from the yoke of Rome. As the Emperor proceeds, he becomes more hostile to Christianity. "As for me," he breaks out on one occasion, "my opinion is formed that the divine Christ never existed. He [the man Jesus] was put to death like any other fanatic who professed to be a prophet or a Messiah. There were constantly people of this kind. Then I look back from the New Testament to the Old, and I find one able man—Moses." He ends by returning to the Bible with a map, and declaring that he will write the campaigns of Moses. So slight is his belief in the Saviour that he mentions as an extraordinary fact that Pope Pius VII. did actually believe in Christ.

As to man the Emperor proclaims himself a materialist. Sometimes he thinks that man was created in some particular temperature of the air; sometimes, that he was produced from clay, "as Herodotus narrates that Nile mud was transformed into rats"; that he was warmed by the sun, and combined with electric fluid. "Say what you like, everything is matter more or less organized. When out hunting I had the deer cut open, and saw that their interior was the same as that of man. A man is only a more perfect being than a dog or a tree, and living better. The plant is the first link in a chain of which man is the last. I know that this is all contrary to religion, but it is my opinion that we are all matter." Again: "What are electricity, galvanism, magnetism? In these lies the great secret of nature. Galvanism works in silence. I think myself that man is the product of these fluids and of the atmosphere, that the brain pumps up these fluids and imparts life, and that the soul is composed of these fluids, which after death return into the atmosphere, whence they are pumped into other brains." Once more: "When we are dead, my dear Gourgaud, we are altogether dead. What is a soul? Where is the soul of a sleeper, or of a madman, or of a babe?" Still another time he breaks out: "Were I obliged to have a religion, I would worship the sun—the source of all life—the real god of the earth." The editors of Gourgaud's diary think that Napoleon talked in this way in a spirit of opposition to Gourgaud, who was a believer, more or less orthodox. Lord Rosebery deems it probable that the Emperor often argued thus to bring out the strength of the orthodox position. Often, on the other hand, he is only thinking aloud in the bitterness of his heart; as when he says that he cannot believe in a just God punishing and rewarding, for good people are always unfortunate, and scoundrels are always lucky. "Look at Talleyrand; he is sure to die in his bed."

V.

What did Napoleon think of the English? Though he sometimes broke out against them, he seems to have held them in a certain unspoken respect. "The British nation would be very incapable of contending with us if we had only their national spirit," he said on one occasion. When he is most bitter, he quotes Paoli, the real author of the phrase, "They are a nation of shopkeepers." Sometimes he jibed, not unnaturally, at the nation which had been his most persistent enemy, and had accepted the invidious charge of his custody. Once, however, he paid them a noble tribute: "The English character is superior to ours. Conceive Romilly, one of the leaders of a great party, committing suicide at 50 because he had lost his wife. They are in everything more practical than we are. They emigrate, they marry, they kill themselves with less indecision than we display in going to the opera. They are also braver than we are. I think one can say that in courage they are to us what we are to the Russians, what the Russians are to the Germans, what the Germans are to the Italians." He goes on to say: "Had I an English army, I should have conquered the universe, for I could have gone all over the world without demoralizing my troops. Had I been in 1815 the choice of the English, as I was of the French, I might have lost the battle of Waterloo without losing a vote in the Legislature, or a soldier from my ranks. I should have won again." On two other occasions, when on the throne, he had in confidential talk paid rare compliments to Britain. To Auguste De Staël, who had declared that he could not serve under the French Government for it had persecuted his mother, Napoleon said: "Then you must go to England, for, after all, there are only two nations, France and England; the rest are nothing." Still more remarkable was his language to Foy. In the midst of the Peninsular War, Foy came to Paris and had two or three interviews with the Emperor. One day Napoleon said to him abruptly: "Tell me, are my soldiers fighting well?" "What do you mean, sire? Of course——" "Yes, yes, I know. But are they afraid of the English soldiers?" "Sire, they respect them, but do not fear them." "Well, you see, the English have always beaten them: Cressy, Agincourt, Marlborough." "But, sire, the battle of Fontenoy." "Ah! the battle of Fontenoy. That is a day that made the monarchy live forty years longer than it would otherwise."

Another day at St. Helena when Napoleon conceived Lady Malcolm to be saying that he hated England, he interrupted her with much animation, saying she was mistaken, he did not hate the English; on the contrary, he had always had the highest opinion of their character. "I believe there are more honorable men in England proportionately than in any other country, but, then, there are some very bad. They are in extremes." Again: "The English are quite a different race from us; they have something of the bulldog in them. They love blood. They are ferocious. They fear death less than we do, have more philosophy and live more from day to day." While at St. Helena he read English history with interest, having read none since he left school. "I am reading Hume," he said one day. "These English are a ferocious race; what crimes there are in their history! Think of Henry VIII marrying Lady Jane Seymour the day after he had had Anne Boleyn beheaded. We should never have done such a thing in our country. Nero never committed such a crime. And Queen Mary! Ah! The Salic law is an excellent arrangement." He discoursed on the analogies between Cromwell and himself. There is, he thinks, some resemblance between the reign of Charles I. and the French Revolution, but there can be no real comparison between Cromwell's position and his own. Napoleon was thrice chosen by the free election of the people, and the French Army had only waged war with strangers. He seems to have forgotten La Vendée. Cromwell, the Emperor said, had one essential quality, dissimulation. He had also great political talents and consummate judgment; for there was no action in his life which could be criticised as being ill calculated. Was he a great General? Napoleon does not pretend to know enough of him to judge. On French history he made one or two interesting and, indeed, startling remarks. St. Louis he considered an "imbecile." To Lady Malcolm he said that Henry IV. was undoubtedly the greatest man that ever sat on the throne of France. This judgment, however, was only for external use; in his interior circle he spoke very differently. Henry IV., he declared, never did anything great. Voltaire made him the fashion by the *Henriade* and then he was exalted in order to depreciate Louis XIV., who was hated. Napoleon laughed when he saw Henry described as the greatest captain of ancient or modern times. He was, no doubt, a good sort of man, brave, and would charge, sword in hand; but, after all, an old graybeard chasing women in the streets of Paris could only be an old fool. Louis XIV., in the Emperor's opinion, was the greatest King that France had had. "There are only he and I. He had 400,000 men under arms, and a King of France who could collect such a host could be no ordinary man. Only he or I was able to raise such armies." Had he himself lived under the old monarchy, he thinks he would have risen to be a Marshal. For, as it was, he had been remarked as a Lieutenant; he would soon have become a Colonel and have been placed on the staff of a Marshal, whom he would have guided and under whom he would have distinguished himself.

VI.

Even of his wives the Emperor was not chary of talking, nor was he sparing of the most intimate details about both. He wonders if he ever really loved anybody. If so, it was Josephine—a little. She, indeed, almost always lied, but always cleverly except with regard to her age. As to that, she got into such a tangle that her statements could only be reconciled on the hypothesis that her son Eugene was 12 years old when he was born. She never asked anything for herself or her children, but accumulated mountains of debt. Her greatest defect, Napoleon said, was a vigilant and constant jealousy. Strange to say, she was not jealous of Marie Louise, whereas the latter was extremely susceptible as to her predecessor. When the Emperor tried to take his second wife to see his first, the former burst into tears, and she endeavored by every possible ruse and device to prevent his going there. Marie Louise, he declares, was innocence itself, and really loved him. Had she not been influenced by that wretch (*canaille*), Mme. de Montebello, and by Corvisart, who was a scoundrel, (*misérable*), she too, would have followed him to Elba. The "too," of course, refers to Mme Walewska. "And then her father had placed that *polisson* [Neipperg] by her side." Lord Rosebery points out that this is, perhaps, the only avowal which we have from Napoleon, who kept up appearances gallantly to the last, that he was aware of his wife's infidelity; although as a matter of fact, Lavallette had informed him of it during the Hundred Days, and his suite were all gossiping about the scandal. Still, he always praises Marie Louise, and gives, in sum, the following account of her. She was never at ease with the French, remembering they had killed her aunt, Marie Antoinette. She was always truthful and discreet, and courteous to all, even those whom she most detested. She was cleverer than her father, whom alone of her family she loved. She could not bear her stepmother. Different in this from Josephine, she was delighted when she received ten thousand francs to spend. One could have trusted her with any secret, and she had been enjoined at Vienna to obey Napoleon in everything. She was a charming child, a good woman, and had saved his life. And yet, all said and done, he loved Josephine better. Josephine was a true woman, she was his choice, they had risen together. He loved her person, her grace. "*She* would have followed me to Elba," he said with oblique reproach. Had she had a child of his, he would never have left her. It would have been better so for her and for France, for it was Austria that ruined him. But for the Austrian marriage and the false sense of security in which he was consequently lulled, he would never have made war on Russia. He declares that he has made up his mind, should Marie Louise die, not to marry again. Lord Rosebery suggests that, considering the circumstances in which Napoleon was placed and the area of choice presented to him at St. Helena, there is something half comic, half tragic in the declaration.

The Emperor's confidence did not end with his family, for he liked to talk of his loves. He has had, as he counts on his fingers, seven mistresses in his life: "*C'est beaucoup.*" Of the most famous, Madame Walewska, to whom at one time he seems to have been sincerely attached—though he thought all Polish women addicted to intrigue—he speaks with great attachment. She was obtained for him, he declares, by Talleyrand. He avers to Gourgaud, when vexed with the General, that when they started for St. Helena, he would have given her to Gourgaud as a wife, but not now, such was the change of his sentiments. He hears with complacency that she has married M. d'Ornano. "She is rich and must have saved, and I settled a great deal on the two children." "Your Majesty," says the tactless equerry, "paid Mme. Walewska 10,000 francs a month." The Emperor blushes and asks him how he knows this. "Lord," says Gourgaud, "as if I were not too close to your Majesty not to know that sort of thing. Your household knew everything." On another occasion Napoleon declared that one of his main grievances against Murat was that King Joachim had sequestrated in 1814 the Neapolitan estates of Mme. Walewska. He spoke with candor of his relations with Mlle. Georges and Mme. Grassini, with Mme. Duchatel, Mme. Galliano and a Mme. Pellaprat. Of another lady, whose name Gourgaud does not record, but who is sufficently described to be recognized as Mme. Fourès, he says: "She was 17 and I was Commander-in-Chief." He was supposed, when Emperor, to disdain female society. He admits the fact and explains it. He declares that he was naturally susceptible and feared to be dominated by women; consequently, he had avoided them, but in this, he confesses, he made a great blunder. Were he again on the throne he should make a point of spending two hours a day in conversation with ladies from whom he should learn much. He had endeavored, indeed, during the Hundred Days, to repair the fault of his former indifference. Whatever he may have been in France he is diffuse on this topic at St. Helena. When he finds himself engaged in a gloomy retrospect he turns the conversation by saying, "Let us talk about women," and then proceeds to discuss the subject with a zest worthy of Henry IV. During one dinner, for example, the conversation turns entirely on the question whether fat women are more admirable than thin. He discourses on his preference for fair women over dark. Time had to be killed somehow.

What did the Emperor consider his most brilliant victory? Austerlitz? Perhaps, he answers. But he has a leaning for Borodino. It was superb; it was fought so far from home. At Austerlitz he had the best army, and at Wagram the largest army that he had ever commanded in battle. After Austerlitz, he said, the quality of his army declined. He recurs with pride to the strategy of Eckmühl: "That superb manœuvre, the finest that I ever executed," where, with 50,000 men, he defeated 120,000. Had he slept the previous night he could never have won that victory. As it was, he had to kick Lannes awake. A commander-in-chief should never sleep. It is while others sleep that he should work. That is why he used a carriage to avoid unnecessary fatigue in the daytime. His brother Joseph had lost, he said, the Battle of Vittoria by his somnolence. It was Napoleon's conviction that a great General is rarely found. Of all the Generals produced by the Revolution, Desaix and Hoche are the only ones, he thinks, who had the makings of one. The campaign of Dumouriez in Champagne was extremely fine and bold; he was the only man produced out of the nobility. Kléber, said Napoleon, had the qualities and defects of a tall man. Turenne was the greatest of French Generals; he was the only one who became bolder with old age. "He does exactly what I should have done in his place. Had he come to me at Wagram he would at once have understood the position. So would Condé, but not Cæsar or Hannibal. Had I had a man like Turenne to second me in my campaigns I should have been master of the world; but I had nobody. When I was absent my lieutenants were always beaten. [This certainly was not true of Davoust at Auerstadt.] Condé was a General by intuition, Turenne by experience. I think much more highly of Turenne than of Frederick. In the place of that sovereign he would have done much more, and would not have committed Frederick's mistakes. Frederick, indeed, did not thoroughly understand artillery." Napoleon went on to say that "I count myself for half in the battles I have won, and it is much even to name the General in connection with a victory, for it after all the army that wins it." Yet he sets great store by officers. "A perfect army," he says on another occasion, "would be that in which each officer knew what to do according to circumstances; the best army is that which is nearest to this." His real hero and model is Alexander. It is not merely Alexander's campaigns that Napoleon admires, for these one cannot, he says, well conceive, but his statesmanship. In his thirty-fourth year he heads an immense and well-established empire. He had, too, the art of making friends of the people that he conquered. It was a great act of policy to go to the temple of Ammon, for it was thus that he conquered Egypt. "So I, had I remained in Egypt, should probably have founded an empire like Alexander's by going on a pilgrimage to Mecca."

VII.

It is well known that Napoleon could not endure to have near him men of approved merit or commanding ability to share the lustre of his Government. What he wanted was trained subordinates, not brilliant malcontents. Lord Rosebery is inclined to concur in Stendhal's opinion that one of the two main causes of the Emperor's fall was his taste for mediocrity. Of the preference he made no secret. The author of this book points out that two men of eminent parts were long in his employment and necessary to his Empire. When he discovered, however, that they were considered indispensable to him, his vigilant egotism took alarm, and he got rid of them. It is difficult, of course, to find in history a personage more infamous and more loathsome than Fouché. But he was a master of those vile arts which despotism requires in a Minister of Police. He was, in truth, a pestilent instrument, which it was equally dangerous to utilize or to neglect. Napoleon did both, a course which combined both disadvantages. Talleyrand, cynical and ignoble as he was in many respects, stands on a higher level, and may find some excuse, not merely in the laxity and the exigencies of a revolutionary epoch, but in a cool foresight which gives color to the plea that, while doing the best for himself, he was doing the best for France. In spite of his indolence and corruption he was an incomparable Foreign Minister and an unrivalled diplomatist. Up to the time of the Spanish imbroglio he was Napoleon's close confidant, as he had been one of the earliest associates of his fortunes. Napoleon charged him with advising the policy pursued with regard to Spain, and then denouncing it. Talleyrand denied the charge. Lord Rosebery is disposed to think that both were right. Talleyrand, as we learn from Mme de Rémusat, openly declared that "a Bourbon was an inconvenient neighbor to Napoleon, and it was doubtful whether such a neighbor could be tolerated." He entirely disapproved, however, of Napoleon's proceedings. Our author suggests that he may have given the impulsion and inspired the idea, while Napoleon found the methods, and that possibly something of the same kind occurred with regard to the Enghien affair. The important matter, nevertheless, is the rupture, not its cause. Our author is persuaded that had Napoleon been able to retain Talleyrand and work with him his fall would not have taken place. As a matter of fact, he quarrelled with both Talleyrand and Fouché and was never able to replace them.

Was Napoleon a great man? Lord Rosebery undertakes to answer the inquiry in a final chapter. Obviously the question involves definitions. If by "great" he intended the combination of moral qualities with those of intellect, great he certainly was not. But that he was great in the sense of being extraordinary and supreme is pronounced indisputable. If greatness stands for natural power, for predominance, for something human beyond humanity, then Napoleon was assuredly great. Besides the indefinable spark which we call genius, he represents a combination of intellect and energy which has never, perhaps, been equalled, never, certainly, surpassed. He carried human faculty to the farthest point of which we have accurate knowledge. Alexander is a remote prodigy, too remote for precise comparison. To Cæsar the same objection is applicable. Homer and Shakespeare are impersonal names. Besides, it is men of action and business that are needed for comparison. Of all these great figures it may be said that we do not know enough. Napoleon, on the other hand, "lived under the modern microscope. Under the fiercest glare of scrutiny, he enlarged indefinitely the limits of human conception and human possibility. Till he had lived no one could realize that there could be so stupendous a combination of military and civil genius, such comprehension of view united to such grasp of detail, such prodigious vitality of body and mind. 'He contracts history,' said Mme. d'Houdetot, 'and expands imagination.' 'He has thrown a doubt,' said Lord Dudley, 'on all past glory; he has made all future renown impossible.'" This is hyperbole, but Lord Rosebery recognizes in it a substance of truth. No name represents so completely and conspicuously, as Napoleon's, dominion, splendor and catastrophe. He raised himself by the use, and ruined himself by the abuse, of superhuman faculties. He was wrecked by the extravagance of his own genius. No less powers than those which had effected his rise could have achieved his fall. M. W. H.

The Sultan Was Angered.

From the Chicago Record.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 1.—The Sultan, who is fond of theatrical performances, has been in the habit of sending to Pera for a company of French actors, whom he always paid liberally. At their final performance before leaving Constantinople he gave the prima donna a bracelet worth 6,000 francs ($1,158) and intimated to the director of the French theatre that he was willing to pay 15,000 francs ($2,895) to enable him to have a good company during the winter. Unfortunately at this last performance the enterprising wife of a French journalist, who wished to procure copy for her husband, persuaded the director to allow her to appear with the company on the stage as a member of the chorus. The spies at the palace at once noticed that she was a stranger, and not being satisfied made further inquiries the next day, and found she did not belong to the company. The Sultan is furious, as the incident shows how easily an Anarchist might have approached him. It is probable there will be no more plays at the palace.