

period of history is so systematically judged by the light of another. To Mr. Roosevelt, recent progress may be summed up in the two phrases religious and political liberty, and he looks at every event of the seventeenth century through these spectacles. The result is a distinct curiosity in historical literature. Externally, the book is a handsome volume, uniform in binding with the author's *Rough Riders*. It has numerous illustrations, for the most part interesting and well chosen, though the propriety of including fanciful battle-scenes by a modern illustrator may well be questioned.

GUERNSEY JONES.

*Napoleon: The Last Phase.* By Lord ROSEBERY. (New York: Harper and Brothers. 1901. Pp. 284.)

To read a book by an Englishman which treats without prejudice the *dirus Hannibal* of Great Britain yields one a novel pleasure. After Waterloo, Napoleon's life presents little which interests the student of his greater deeds; for except to check off historical misstatements, the sifting of the years in St. Helena is barren. Yet Lord Rosebery has made a readable volume by his discrimination in awarding praise and blame. Except for short digressions on the great Corsican's loss of balance by superhuman successes, on his "supreme regrets," and on the estimate of man, ruler and captain, Lord Rosebery confines himself to a marshalling of evidence, and a description of the *dramatis personae*. He handles Sir Hudson Lowe, that "unfit representative of Britain," without gloves. Living in the only good residence on the island, with a salary of £12,000 a year, "hapless and distracted Lowe" was a childish, petty tyrant of the great prisoner in his charge, for the maintenance of whose *entourage* of fifty-one people in a collection of huts which had been constructed as a cattle-shed, a paltry £8,000 was awarded—though later this pittance was increased. "There are few names in history so unfortunate as Lowe's." His absence of gentlemanly instincts and his quarrelsomeness made a difficult situation intolerable, and covered him with ridicule worse than ignominy.

Of Napoleon's suite each member is fairly characterized: sympathetic Grand Marshal Bertrand and his lovely wife; the voluminous, Boswellian, but mysterious and unreliable Las Cases; suave Montholon, the blind devotee; mendacious Antomarchi, the physician, and O'Meara, M.D., of the long and worthless book; that "fretful porcupine" Gourgaud, whose impertinences, because of his devotion, Napoleon so patiently overlooked, and who in his lachrymose diary has unwittingly given us a picture of the Emperor in his last years "almost brutal in its raw realism." What has been written of this period also comes in for criticism: Warden's literary inventiveness, the fabrications of Santini, the so-called *Letters from the Cape*, Lady Malcolm's *Conversations from Napoleon* and others. Scott's estimate of the great man is weighed and found wanting. If only for its culling-out of historical myths and lies, the book would have a distinct value.

The picture of Napoleon is faithful. Retaining his power of fascination so that even the crews of the ships which deported him grew fond of the man, and that every visitor felt its influence ; insisting on his ancient ceremonial until his aides and attendants almost dropped from the fatigue of standing ; dining on gold and silver plate, though he finished the meal in twenty minutes' time ; driving with coach and six—though indeed the roads of St. Helena accounted for this ; reading voraciously the books supplied him, among which the Bible (not from religious motives however), Homer, Aeschylus, Euripides, and other classics were prominent ; like Voltaire's *Candide*, digging in his garden, and obliging all about him to lend a hand ; never unoccupied, but always ineffably bored ; growing fat and pudgy and careless of his dress, yet in bearing still "the Emperor," we see, from Lord Rosebery's résumé, the man as he actually was, up to the day when cancer of the stomach ended his abnormal career.

The farce is detailed of the French, Austrian and Russian Commissioners, charged "to assure themselves of Napoleon's presence," and yet unable to get a sight of him, so sedulously did he keep within his own domain ; and a sketch is given of "amorous Montchenu," a "mountebank" Napoleon called him ; of Balmain, the dignified and amiable Russian, who alone had orders (from his master Alexander) to show Napoleon "les égards personnels qu'on lui doit ;" of the neutral Austrian Stürmer. Their quarrels with Lowe were constant ; and though it was a physical impossibility for Napoleon to escape, both they and Sir Hudson were ever ridden by the nightmare of such an event.

Napoleon had been crowned as Emperor by the Pope and accepted as such by all Europe ; yet on his deportation he was ordered to be treated as "a general out of employment ;" and to this low rank his St. Helena gaoler would fain have degraded him. But Napoleon rose superior to this affront. In every instance where Lowe matched himself against Napoleon's dignity, he lost. Yet Napoleon's personal bearing towards Lowe was "imperturbably calm," writes Lavalette, only on rare occasions descending to any expression of indignation.

Overbearing enough in his years of success, captivity appears to have brought out Napoleon's native amiability. Even Gourgaud's impudent reply : "Yes, Sire, provided that history does not say that France was very great before Napoleon, but was partitioned after him," was passed over in silence. A caged animal, "gagged and paralyzed by Europe because his was too gigantic a force," he lapsed into neither ferocity nor laziness.

Lord Rosebery deems Roederer's report of Napoleon's conversations to be the most exact. "Concise, frank, sometimes brutal, but always interesting" was the Emperor's real talk. Las Cases pads, Montholon lacks intelligence ; O'Meara translates ; Gourgaud painted him from one standpoint.

So unduly sensitive to English newspaper criticism that he learned a little English in order to understand it, yet Napoleon never caught its spirit. There was no lapse in intellectual ability, but it took shape solely in talk, for he had dictated so many years that he quite lost his power to

use a pen. His views of what he might have accomplished in the Orient by heading a Mahometan movement were vastly exaggerated. His supreme regret was that he had not fallen at Borodino or Waterloo—death on the field would have rounded his career.

Not lacking in kindly virtues, Napoleon, though he possessed devoted followers, had no friends. As Emperor, his test of friendship was utility; afterwards it was too late to create friendships. As with most very great men, the world either worshipped or hated him.

Lord Rosebery's summary, in the last chapter, of Napoleon's character and powers is strong and judicious. That he so markedly overcomes his English prejudices reminds one that the century, in the first years of which Napoleon rose to supreme power, has passed away. In a recent article in the *Atlantic* Dr. Goldwin Smith gives us the old-fashioned British view, and its bitterness stands out in marked contrast to Lord Rosebery's equipoise.

The book is luxuriously made up, the paper being almost inconveniently thick; the type is large and clear; and the manufacture worthy of the distinguished author and great subject.

THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.

*Daniel O'Connell and the Revival of National Life in Ireland.* By ROBERT DUNLOP, M.A. ["Heroes of the Nations" Series.] (G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London. 1900. Pp. xv, 393.)

THIS volume appears to the present reviewer to be fully up to, but not above, the average of this series. We are not justified in looking to publications of this kind for additions to our knowledge, and none such seems to be attempted here. But it is a clear and interesting treatment, based apparently on a considerable knowledge of the secondary material and on some work with the sources, O'Connell's letters and speeches being used with good effect. The critic will be somewhat embarrassed by the total absence of all references or bibliographical indications, and in connection with this it might be said that even if the writers in this series are debarred from foot-notes, there seems no good reason why a slight sketch of the material used should not be given in some other part of the volume. The amount of space thus taken would be imperceptible, and it is difficult to see that even the most delicate sensibilities would be unpleasantly affected.

The author's treatment is closely chronological. Although written with strong Irish sympathies, the narrative is usually an impartial one, and little indication is given of personal, political, or religious views. The reviewer indeed feels that justice is scarcely done Peel, but is ready to believe that what seems to him somewhat misleading references are due rather to inadequate study of the Peel papers and to limited space than to any wilful blindness to Peel's energy and earnestness in Irish affairs. O'Connell's principles and methods are brought out very clearly;