

decision by telling Sawicki that he must consult the canons and act according to his conscience. Then the question presented itself anew, for Dmitri had promised to marry Marina, daughter of George Mnieszek, Palatin of Sandomir, a powerful Polish magnate, who had aided his enterprise. She, of course, was a Catholic, and at her coronation she too would be expected to take the sacrament. Mnieszek assembled a trio of theologians, who concluded that Dmitri should be urged to omit the communion in the ceremony, and that Rome should be asked to grant a dispensation in view of the enormous advantages anticipated for the Church. On the one hand, Dmitri succeeded in suppressing the communion at the coronation of his bride; on the other, as evasion would no longer serve, the Inquisition again examined the question thoroughly, and in a solemn session held March 2, 1606, under the presidency of Paul V., it decided adversely with but one dissenting vote. In this it proved to be wise, for prolonged dissimulation would have been useless, seeing that Dmitri was put to death on May 17, and with him vanished the dreams of subjecting Russia to the Holy See.

ROSE'S NAPOLEON I.

The Life of Napoleon I. Including new material from the British Official Records. By John Holland Rose, M.A. The Macmillan Co. 1902. 2 vols., pp. 471, 547.

Now that impartiality is looked upon as a prime virtue of the historian, a new field is thrown open to the English biographer. It becomes legitimate for him to write about Napoleon in any one of several forms. If learned, he may prepare a work of erudition for specialists; if well informed, he may dispel many prejudices which still haunt the mind of the general reader; and even if he be a mere bookmaker, he will deserve to escape the reproaches of the reviewer so long as he approaches the subject with a mind unwarping by patriotic prejudice. In the moments which immediately followed his first abdication, Napoleon spoke thus of England. To Caulaincourt he said: "She has done me much harm, doubtless, but I have left in her flanks a poisoned dart. It is I who have made this debt, that will ever burden, if not crush, future generations." A century after the Peace of Amiens that debt has not been paid, and perhaps there will be a survival of rancor in the English heart until the distant day when the nation shall have cleared off the last account which can be laid to the charge of the "Corsican usurper." In the meantime it would be unreasonable to expect from the generality of Englishmen any outburst of hero-worship. Under existing circumstances, the historical spirit wins a notable victory whenever an isolated scholar in Great Britain comes forward to treat the career and character of Napoleon with fairness.

As a mere academic statement, this may sound trite, but it is necessary that some such comment should precede any detailed review of Mr. Rose's work. From a great variety of passages, some general and some minute, one can see how carefully the author has sought to guard against prepossessions of whatever kind. Mr. Fyffe, by the degree of his antagonism to Napoleon, re-

calls the days of Scott and Alison. Freeman, going farther still, recalls the suggestion which the *Times* made when the *Bellerophon* arrived at Torbay: "The first procedure, we trust, will be a special Commission, or the appointment of a court-martial, to try him for the murder of Capt. Wright." Dr. Fitchett, whose volumes circulate widely, informs us that "Napoleon's amazing success is not explained by his intellectual gifts. His epoch explains his career. An exhausted Revolution needed a military dictator and was certain to crystallize into one. If Napoleon had not played that part, Moreau [*sic*] would, or Hoche, or Bernadotte." Such is the attitude of recent well-known writers in England.

On the contrary, Mr. Rose holds his balance with a firm and even hand. We have mentioned Fyffe, Freeman, and Fitchett. There remain the late Sir John Seeley and Mr. Goldwin Smith, from both of whom Mr. Rose dissociates himself. With a fuller knowledge of Napoleonic literature than has yet been shown by any Englishman, he has a graver sense of the inherent difficulties and a clearer determination to face the thousand problems of fact and motive. While on the one hand he escapes from the bias of inherited antipathy, he succeeds, more conspicuously than Lord Rosebery has done, in keeping his mind free from the overmastery of Napoleon's genius. If Mr. Rose's views have been deeply affected by those of any contemporary, we should venture to conjecture that he has felt the touch of the late Lord Acton, who receives the dedication, and whose article on Napoleon in the second volume of the *English Historical Review* discloses much of the same spirit.

We dilate upon this aspect of the work because, where it is a question of the Reformation, the French Revolution, or Napoleon, everything depends upon the animus, the point of view. Mr. Rose confronts as delicate and hazardous a subject as Dr. Creighton did when he set out to write the history of the Papacy during the period of the Reformation. They are alike, also, in learning and openness of mind. It is therefore interesting to see that Mr. Rose concludes his preface with the following words: "That I have escaped altogether the pitfalls with which the subject abounds is not to be imagined; but I can honestly say, in the words of the late Bishop of London, that 'I have tried to write true history.'"

Napoleon and his age are so important, while among all the books which have been written about them so few are really good, that it is a duty to single out and praise the rare work of merit when it appears. Mr. Rose has won high honor where most fail lamentably or absurdly. Though his special researches may have been less arduous than those of Chuquet and Vandal, of Houssaye and Lumbroso, he has made his original contribution to knowledge of fact, and, by gathering up the results of a thousand monographs into a connected biography, he takes his place beside Fournier. Thus, while he helps to redeem his countrymen from the reproach of having studied Napoleon casually and in a wrong spirit, he has produced a book that will be of great value to all who speak English. It deserves moreover, to be translated into the languages of Continental Europe. We shall not overpraise Mr. Rose by saying that he has produced a Thucydidean

classic, or that his view of Napoleon will convert the world. He has written, in the narrative form, at which, he says, history ought always to aim, a learned and thoughtful, a compact yet animated, account of Napoleon's life.

Having thus referred to Mr. Rose's outlook and attainment, we may now pass to the subject of his own independent research. He says in the preface: "I should not have ventured on this great undertaking, had I not been able to contribute something new to Napoleonic literature. During a study of this period for an earlier work [*'The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era'*], published in the 'Cambridge Historical Series,' I ascertained the great value of the British Records for the years 1795-1815." Drawing from the War Office and Admiralty Records and from the Foreign-Office Archives, he has carried out an investigation which has already been pursued in the case of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The importance of this quest for Napoleonic material in British instructions, dispatches, and reports is supported by a passage taken from M. Lévy's 'Napoléon Intime': "The documentary history of the wars of the Empire has not yet been written. To write it accurately, it will be more important thoroughly to know foreign archives than those of France." Mr. Rose's comment upon this quotation runs: "I think that I may claim to have searched all the important parts of our Foreign Office Archives for the years in question, as well as for part of the St. Helena period."

Here no allusion is made to what Mr. Rose has discovered in British state papers regarding the period of the Consulate. Yet, like Mr. Bowman, he has examined the Peace of Amiens in the light of information gained from this source, and he has found something new about the part of British officials in the Royalist Plot of 1804. As the conspiracy of Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal was the immediate means of raising Napoleon to the purple, the incident has some significance of its own, while it illustrates forcibly the First Consul's methods of meeting his enemies, and the mental feebleness of the Addington administration. Mr. Rose calls it "the most famous plot of the century," and the fresh facts which he has established deserve to be selected as an example of his diligence.

During 1803-04 two plots were in progress at the same time. The Comte d'Artois and other leaders of the *émigrés*, with certain allies in France, were seeking to effect the assassination of Napoleon; and he, watching their stupid manœuvres, with all the confidence of superior skill, was trying to enlarge the circle of the conspirators until it should include some of his most formidable opponents. By the help of Mehée de la Touche, a skilful *agent provocateur*, Fouché kept the First Consul informed, "while he also wove his meshes round plotting *émigrés*, English officials, and French generals." What has repeatedly been alleged, on the authority of memoirs and other evidence of varying quality, Mr. Rose now proves from British archives, namely, that British officials were guilty of helping forward Pichegru's scheme. Among the Foreign Office Records there is a letter (August 30, 1803) from the Baron de Roll, a Bourbon emissary, to Mr. Hammond, Permanent Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, asking him to call on the Comte d'Artois

at his residence, No. 46 Baker Street. During October of the same year, a secret memorandum follows, in which the Comte d'Artois reviews Bonaparte's career, showing how, at the present moment, all the leading generals and politicians of France are against him. Active complicity is proved by a document of November 18, wherein is noted the payment made by the British Government to royalist officers "who had set out or were ready to set out." "Another 'most secret' Admiralty letter, of January 9, 1804, orders a frigate or large sloop to be got ready to convey secretly 'an officer of rank and consideration' (probably Pichegru) to the French coast. Wright carried over the conspirators in several parties, until chance threw him into Napoleon's power and consigned him to an ignominious death, probably suicide." Finally, Mr. Arbuthnot, Parliamentary Secretary at the Foreign Office, wrote to Sir Arthur Paget (March 12, 1804) about the "sad result of all our fine projects for the reestablishment of the Bourbons: . . . we are, of course, greatly apprehensive for poor Moreau's safety."

In view of these facts, Mr. Rose brushes away all ministerial denials. Perhaps it was a plot which embraced young and hot-headed officials rather than the respectable chiefs. Perhaps it may be slightly condoned by a French plot of the same kind against George III. "But," Mr. Rose concludes, "when all is said, the British Government must stand accused of one of the most heinous of crimes. The whole truth was not known at Paris, but it was surmised; and the surmise was sufficient to envelop the whole course of the struggle between England and Napoleon."

When he comes to the wars of the Empire, Mr. Rose is likewise able to increase previous knowledge by details that he has drawn from the British records. These are especially interesting for the war of the Third Coalition, during the course of which Napoleon won such brilliant victories over Continental troops supported by English subsidies. We can hardly say that the new evidence thus gathered will cause many verdicts of history to be reversed, but it is always interesting and often valuable. Napoleon is the subject of the book, not British diplomacy; yet few of the incidental topics are so important as the latter. In the end, after ridiculous inconsistencies, the British Foreign Office came to have a settled policy.

"Nevertheless," says Mr. Rose, "the splendor of the finale must not blind us to the flaccid eccentricities that made British statesmanship the laughing-stock of Europe in 1801-3, 1806-7, and 1809. Indeed, it is questionable whether the renewal of the war between England and Napoleon in 1803 was due more to his innate forcefulness or to the contempt which he felt for the Addington Cabinet. When one also remembers our extraordinary blunders in the War of the Third Coalition, it seems a miracle that the British Empire survived that life-and-death struggle against a man of superhuman genius who was determined to effect its overthrow."

We would not have it inferred from what has been said that Mr. Rose exalts Napoleon's relations with Great Britain above everything else in his career. The duel between the Emperor and England is but one feature, however striking, in an experience of unparalleled activity and diversity. Mr. Rose has studied a particular aspect of the

subject more thoroughly than any of his predecessors, and this fact we have sought to bring out. At the same time he writes a remarkably well-modelled biography, in which the English element is given no more than its due share. The first volume closes with the collapse of the Boulogne flotilla; the second extends from the campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz to the last hour at St. Helena. If any period has, of conscious purpose, been treated briefly, it is that which comes between 1809 and 1811, when imperial prestige reached its height. Everything essential has been discussed—origin and training, personal and family relations, wars, political aptitudes, the creation of institutions, contact with the Revolution, effect upon European statecraft, character and genius. These things have been taken up by Mr. Rose, not in a loose and nebulous way, or as affording themes for phrases, but with a sure grasp of fact and in stern subordination to a well-wrought plan. If necessary, he can stop to tell a story, even though the telling occupies a whole page—as in the case where he relates how Joseph and Lucien tried to dissuade Napoleon from parting with Louisiana. The story is a good one, but it is not told merely because it is an amusing anecdote.

In any life of Napoleon war must fill a large share of the space, and for this reason the author is sure to feel at a great disadvantage unless he has received special training in military history. Mr. Rose cannot claim to have the grasp of strategy and tactics which the late Mr. Ropes possessed, and we imagine that he would be the last to suggest such a comparison. He writes of war like the intelligent amateur who, after comparing the judgments of the best experts, has used common sense in reaching a conclusion of his own. The campaigns are fully described and with admirable clearness. Even where a moot point arises, like the share of Augereau in the credit for Castiglione, or the reconstruction of what actually took place at Marengo, or Napoleon's mistake in the disposition of his forces just before the battles of Jena and Auerstädt, Mr. Rose is not afraid to state his opinion, since it has been formed after a careful scrutiny of the evidence.

We shall not try to state in a single word what Mr. Rose's attitude is towards either the genius or the character of Napoleon. These are complex questions which cannot be disposed of with a plain yes or no. But there is one manifest disposition of the writer that can be briefly indicated. Mr. Rose is fond of analysis and the investigation of motives, yet at times he reaches the point where he stops short in a mood of pious agnosticism. For example, he will not decide definitely whether in 1805 Napoleon planned his expedition for Ireland seriously, or whether he simply meant it for a feint while he dealt the chief blow at London.

"Both Nelson and Collingwood believed him to be aiming at Ireland. But Napoleon is often unfathomable. Herein lies much of the charm of Napoleonic studies. He is at once the Achilles, the Mercury, and the Proteus of the modern world. The ease with which his mind grasped all new problems and suddenly concentrated its force on some new plan, may well perplex posterity as it dazed his contemporaries."

And again, after describing the wonderful battles of February, 1814, he says:

"Whatever the mistakes of these leaders, and they were great, there is something that defies analysis in Napoleon's sudden transformation of his beaten, dispirited band into a triumphant array before which four times their numbers sought refuge in retreat. But it is just this transcendent equality that adds a charm to the character and career of Napoleon. Where analysis fails, there genius begins."

Finally, Mr. Rose does not blink the Emperor's shortcomings, but he grows eloquent over his achievements. It is in the following strain that this thorough and mature work closes:

"The man who bridled the Revolution and remoulded the life of France, who laid broad and deep the foundations of a new life in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, who rolled the West in on the East in the greatest movement known since the crusades, and finally drew the yearning thoughts of myriads to that solitary rock in the South Atlantic, must ever stand in the very forefront of the immortals of human story."

The Service. By Henry David Thoreau. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed. 1902.

The brief article which Mr. Sanborn has had so handsomely printed (500 copies on French hand-made paper and 20 on Japan), has had a curious and interesting history. It was sent by Thoreau to the *Dial*, bearing the date July, 1840, the same as that of the first number of the *Dial*, in which he made a double appearance, in poetry and in prose. Margaret Fuller; then one of the editors of the *Dial*, turned it over to Emerson, one of her two associates, with a comment intended for Thoreau, which probably he never saw. She found it full of thoughts, but these so out of their natural order that she could not read it without pain.

"It is true," she continued, "as Mr. Emerson says, that essays not to be compared with this have found their way into the *Dial*. But then these were more unassuming in their tone, and have an air of quiet good-breeding which induces us to permit their presence. Yours is so rugged that it ought to be commanding."

Whence it appears that Emerson desired its publication, but, on becoming sole editor of the *Dial*, the courage of his opinion was not equal to the act he had advised. After Emerson's death, the manuscript found its way somehow into Mr. Sanborn's hands, and now the stone which the lapidaries rejected has been set in a manner equal to, if not beyond, its just deserts.

It will add nothing to Thoreau's reputation, but it will furnish the critics of Transcendentalism with one of their most striking illustrations of its occasional extravagance. Here is a kind of writing which makes the most unintelligible passages of the earlier Emerson seem miracles of clarity. Jeremiah Mason would have been twice confounded by it, and hardly could his "gals" have understood it. Here are colors floated off from Emerson's palette, and here are the stiffness and the involution of English prose before Dryden took it in hand. As for the militant rhetoric, Mr. Sanborn considers this a counterblast to the peace sermons that were getting written in 1840 and about that time. One of the most notable of Channing's had appeared in 1839.

The article has a triple division, the first part being headed "Qualities of the Recruit," the second, "What Music Shall We Have?" the third, "Not How Many, but