
If Napoleon Had Escaped to America

BY H. A. L. FISHER

When Napoleon lost Waterloo, abdicated, and was ordered to leave France, his thoughts turned at once to America. He tried desperately to obtain a passport but it was refused by Wellington. There were plots in America to rescue him from St. Helena.

In the third of the "If" articles, the author, Warden of New College, Oxford, an authority on Napoleon, speculates as to the Emperor's course in the New World, if one of these attempts had succeeded. He re-creates the character of Napoleon in a new setting—and that setting our own country.

NEVER shall I forget that August evening. The Harvard boys were dispersed for their vacation, and had I not been expecting a box of books from France, I too should have been far away from the stifling heat of Boston, and not idly watching a foreign frigate (a *Dane*, they said) as she slowly worked her way up toward the quay. After the scorching heat of the day, the evening breeze on the banks of the Charles was pleasant, so I stood watching, and a thought crossed my mind, that my books might be in the hold of that ship, for I was to lecture in the fall to the sophomore class on recent French literature, and was awaiting with some impatience the latest piece from Châteaubriand.

Suddenly I saw him. There could be no mistaking the figure as he stood there, with his three-cornered hat on his head, and his arms folded across his breast, looking just as in the pictures, only a little fatter and paler than I expected to see him. I bowed low, and he returned my salute. Then, as he stepped ashore, I came forward and welcomed him in French.

The power and dignity of his opening words struck me with the force of a reve-

lation. "Napoleon, the martyr of Liberty, the enemy of Popes and Kings, claims the hospitality of your Protestant Republic!" I replied in French that we Americans had just concluded a war with the English, who had cruelly bombarded our capital, and that he would receive a warm welcome. At this he smiled, and then proceeded with incredible rapidity to pour into me a volley of questions as to my parentage, my religion, my fortune, my calling, and many other details of my life and habits, which I answered as best I might. Meanwhile, a small company of French ladies and gentlemen had disembarked, and showing evident signs of delight at the sound of the French tongue, clasped my hand and eagerly urged me to find accommodation for the Emperor and his suite.

As you know, Napoleon's first night on American soil was spent in my uncle George's fine new, brick house in Tontine Crescent, Franklin Place.

The next day being Sunday, the Emperor must needs accompany the family to the Old South Meeting House. Indeed nothing would content him, but to carry with some ostentation my uncle's Bible, which he affected to read during the greater part of the service.

As we walked home, he asked me what religion was most popular in Boston. I said "Congregationalist." "Espèce de jesuit?" he asked. When I told him that Congregationalists were convinced Huguenots, who much objected to Bishops, he nodded and said that they acted rightly, that Bishops should certainly be kept "*en bride*," and that it was fortunate for Boston that the city was not under the Pope.

All through his stay in Boston, the Emperor made a point of attending the church services. "L'Amerique vaut bien une messe," he would say; but since he never succeeded in learning enough English to understand a word of what was said, or even to pronounce the word Massachusetts (Massachusse! he would call it) the spiritual profit which he derived from his church-going cannot have been great. What really seemed to interest him most at this time was not religion, but the history of the war with the British in Canada, which had just been concluded. He would send me to search out notable citizens who had played a part by sea or land in that conflict, and would closely interrogate them. When he learned of the deserters from the English frigates, who had fought against King George, his eyes sparkled with delight. "The English marine power is decaying," he said, "in the next war the islanders will be defeated at sea."

As you may imagine, the news that the Emperor was in Boston spread through the country like wild fire. People flocked from every quarter to see him. A special service of coaches was run from Philadelphia and New York. Crowds of newspaper men waited outside the apartments which had been reserved for his use by the State, and, whenever he walked abroad, followed him with their note-books and pencils. Some of the most illustrious figures of

our age, Mr. Cabot, Judge Parsons, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Mason, were anxious to shake him by the hand, and to ascertain his views on the American Constitution.

On the great day of his public reception at the State House the crowd was indescribable, stretching across State Street, and even into the Common beyond. At that hour he shone with a double lustre as our latest American citizen, and as the immortal Emperor of the French. As this was my first public appearance in the character of interpreter, every word of his speech is graven on my memory. "Citizens," he said, "I am a Republican. I am here to pay my tribute to the Republicans of the United States, who have valiantly thrown off the despotic yoke of perfidious Albion. That tyranny which you have broken in part of the New World I have endeavored to destroy in the old. The fates which have been harsh to me have been indulgent to you. I have sustained a reverse, you have gained a victory. But do not imagine either that my course is run, or that your destiny is accomplished. Great tasks lie before us, great conquests to be made, and great empires to be overthrown in Canada, in South America, on the far side of the Pacific Ocean. I have come, my brothers, to offer you my brain, my heart, and my sword."

Here he stopped for the translation, and as the words came through in English, the women in the audience sobbed with emotion, the men cheered till they were hoarse, and the whole company were waving their handkerchiefs for five minutes together.

Then with an intense fervor he continued speaking in a low, thrilling voice, which filled every corner of the Hall.

"I do not forget that you are Protestants. Have I not read your Bible? Do I not cherish it? Does it not accompany

me wherever I voyage?" (Here he took a Bible from his pocket, and showed it to his audience). But citizens, the Bible has an adversary, vigilant, unsleeping, formidable. It is the Pope. Do not imagine that because Protestants rule in Boston, the power of the Pope is broken in the New World. Look at Canada, look at Mexico, look at the vast continent of South America. Everywhere you find the Vatican enslaving the minds and dominating the lives of men. In a word, citizens, your task has hardly begun. The New World awaits a Liberator.

"Have I not imprisoned a Pope? Have I not bridled the Bishops? Have I not granted to Protestants and Jews freedom of conscience? Men of New England, I ask you to follow me. A great destiny attends us. The Briton in the north, the Bourbon in the south hold in subjection suffering and martyred peoples. Upon you, who have secured your own freedom by valor, Providence has devolved the duty of making Liberty triumphant throughout the American Continent. In you I behold the vanguard of the human race.

"Two hundred years ago your fathers turned their backs upon the old Europe. They could not breathe the air of tyranny. The battle of Waterloo has been as fatal to the liberties of Europe as the battle of Philippi was fatal to the liberties of Rome. Everywhere reaction triumphs, in Britain, in France, in Italy, in Spain. The flowers of liberty which I sowed throughout Europe have been trampled under foot. The Sacred Ark is broken. The constitutions are torn to pieces. The Goddess of Liberty veils her face. Europe is no longer the place for a free man. I turn my back upon Europe. I come to you as a missionary of Liberty. When the last chain which binds America to Europe is broken, the call of democracy

will pass eastward over the waters, and once more cause the thrones to tremble."

The immediate effect of the Emperor's speech, though lessened by the necessity of translation, was greater than I could have imagined. Women and men alike rushed forward to clasp his hand, to touch his garment. The sound of sobbing was audible through the hall. Such was the crush, that the Emperor positively fainted, and had to be conveyed back with the utmost care to my uncle's house.

The next day emotion had cooled. Peace had just been concluded with England, and no one was in the mood to reopen the quarrel. It was commonly said that Andrew Jackson was a greater general than Bonaparte, for he had whipped the British at New Orleans, while Bonaparte had been soundly beaten by the same people at Waterloo. When I told this to the Emperor, for it was my commission to collect the rumors of the town, he frowned, looked fierce and intent for a few minutes, and then snapped out: "*Bêtise incroyable!*"

You must not suppose that my life was idle. Every day I was running errands for the Emperor, collecting books and maps (especially books and maps relating to Canada and Latin America) and bringing important men to see him, arranging for a series of communications with friends in New York, with Red Indian Leaders, with Catholic priests in Quebec. The Emperor at this time rarely went abroad, but was busy with his books, his interviews, his dictation. Though much of his thought was hidden, it was clear that the main part of it revolved round the idea of evicting the British from Canada. One evening in mid-October he sent me out to bespeak three places in the New York coach. Of his design neither I nor General Bertrand, who was selected as one of the

three, was acquainted. I only noticed that, though the weather was beautifully mild, and warm as June in northern Europe, he wore the heavy great coat, which was spread upon his bed at night. During the journey, which lasted three days, he was at times drowsy, while at other times he would cross-question his fellow travellers, particularly such as had any knowledge of the Canadian frontier. But it was only the second day after our arrival that I learned the true mystery of the visit and of the heavy great coat. There was in New York a Dutch jeweller, who had connections with the diamond merchants in Amsterdam. How the Emperor had heard of him I do not know; but I suspect that his retentive memory had stored up this name and this address many years before, when passing through Holland, or from some paper in the possession of his brother Louis. Anyhow, Van Byl, for such was the little man's name, seemed to expect him, and showed no surprise, when the Emperor, ripping up the lining of his coat, took out fifty diamonds of the best quality, and laid them on the counter. People have often wondered whence the Emperor obtained the wherewithal to support his establishment: but I can say with truth that, though many of his American admirers subscribed to his coffers, and he became, especially after his reception by Mr. Jefferson, the recipient of legacies, the nucleus of his fund was obtained from the sale of these stones.

From New York, we proceeded up the Hudson to Albany. How can I forget the enchantment of that journey, the red and gold of the maples, the noble spread of waters, the graceful mountain outlines against the pale blue October sky, the stillness of those windless hours? Everything in the atmosphere invited to repose. Even the Emperor would sometimes surrender himself to

the sweet spirit of the season, recounting ghost stories or his own adventures or lapsing into some dreamy monologue on the soul and immortality or the destiny of the Universe. Only once I remember that he spoke openly of politics. We were nearing Albany, where it was arranged that we should disembark, and have our interviews with the French plotters and Indian chiefs, who had undertaken to render help during the summer expedition to Quebec. Our small steamer was moored for the night. The crew had gone to their rest. The moon was shining so brightly that one could easily read the map which the Emperor held outstretched upon his knees.

"Do you ever have presentiments?" he said to General Bertrand.

"No, sir."

"Look at this map. Here are the British in Canada, here are the French. You, Bertrand, will meet the Jesuit Father at M. Lemoine's in Albany. You will be conducted by him to Quebec. He will introduce you to the French notables of the Province. You will speak, of course, of my care of the Mother Church. You will tell him how I restored the churches, how I made the Concordat, how the Pope came to Paris to crown me Emperor, and you will tell them that I am at hand to free a nation of French Catholics from the tyrannous yoke of a Protestant alien. You will tell them all this, *mon cher*, you will conspire with them, you will travel everywhere laying the foundations of a great rebellion; and next spring you will return to me, and if the news be favorable, we shall march. Shall we succeed? Shall we plant the tricolor on the citadel of Quebec? Here I admit, my friends, that I have a presentiment of misfortune. The snow is unfriendly to my genius. Ah! those terrible snows in Russia!" Here he drew his

coat round him and shivered. "The British, they are nothing—but the snows! We must not allow ourselves to be caught in the snows of Canada. Sometimes I ask myself whether Canada is worth the effort. Moscow, the Kremlin, the road to India! There was glory. But a little *bicocque* like Quebec, won from a bad French general by a single volley, it is hardly worth the candle. What is the glory of conquering a frozen waste without monuments or history, bare as yon moon, but without its beauty? No, *mes amis*, let us leave the English to starve and shiver in the wilderness. Nevertheless if our good Bertrand can add to their discomforts, we shall not regret it, *hein?*"

For the most part of his sojourn in Albany, the Emperor was closeted with French Canadians and Indian chiefs, and since a good Jesuit interpreter was available, I was sent abroad to collect the opinions of Albany and the neighborhood as to the prospects of a new war with England. When I rejoined the Emperor, he was alone. A few hours before, the general had set out on his errand, disguised as a Jesuit Father, and charged with letters and proclamations to the Canadian French. "Our good Bertrand is no theologian," observed the Emperor, with a pleasant smile, "I have been teaching him the Pater Noster."

It is not true as some have alleged that the capture of General Bertrand by a Canadian patrol, followed as it was by the publication of the Emperor's secret correspondence with the fathers of Laval, was the determining cause for our removal from Philadelphia. My belief is, that in any case my master had resolved to spend the winter months in the first city of the Republic, where he might meet the leading men of the time and enjoy an atmosphere more liberal than that of Puritan Boston, and that in

making this decision he was confirmed by the evidence, which he had received, more especially in New York, of the aversion of the leading Americans for a renewal of the war with Great Britain. Be this as it may, the confluence of Philadelphians attending the arrival of the New York coach on that third Friday in November was, in spite of the intercepted documents, most astounding. One could hardly believe that a population, of which the Quakers formed so large an element, should thus soon have passed the sponge of oblivion over the Emperor's recent profession of faith in the Roman Church. But curiosity is mightier than religion. A general returning from a triumphant campaign could not have been greeted with more enthusiasm. Men and women pressed forward to shake his hand, to pat him on the back, to chaff him with the utmost good nature on Bertrand's mishap. The Emperor did not take kindly to these homely demonstrations. From the first he seemed to bear a grudge against the Philadelphians, which was deepened by two untoward circumstances, their admiration for Lafayette, and the praises of General Andrew Jackson, which entered into every conversation. "I guess our Andrew licks creation" they would say, at which my master would turn on his heel hissing out "*Imbéciles*," bitterly annoyed at so lax a judgment.

There was one very painful scene. It was on the occasion of his public reception in Independence Hall (as we must now call the State House) when, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Madison, Mr. Calhoun and other eminent men, he completely lost his self-control at the close of the last of a long series of eloquent speeches, all nominally framed to do him honor, but nevertheless chiefly concerned with the excellence of American institutions, and the brilliant strate-

gy of the popular general who had recently whipped the British at New Orleans. "You compare your Jackson to Napoleon," he burst out, "you do not know what war is. There is more genius in my little finger than in the whole body of your General Jackson. I tell you Jackson is a mediocre general. If Jackson had a thousand men, and I had fifty, I tell you that I would beat Jackson ten times in eleven." I was naturally too discreet to translate this passage literally, and as the special friends of General Jackson were unacquainted with French, the incident passed without serious consequences.

From that moment I noticed that Napoleon's thoughts turned steadily southward and westward.

The winter climate of Philadelphia, which was colder than he expected, may have had something to do with this, but more serious was his antipathy to the nature of the North American people. He would say that North America had all the faults of England, and none of its advantages. He complained of the language, so clumsy, obscure, ill-sounding; of the religion, so tedious; of the moral standards, so severe that he could not even stroll abroad with Madame Walewska (who had arrived unexpectedly on November 29), of the absence of a court and an aristocracy, of the easy-going familiarity of our ways, of our whiskey, our tobacco, of the common habit of expectoration, and of our rough, uneven roads.

I fancy that in a society devoid of social deference and speaking a language which he could not comprehend, he felt that he had no great rôle to play. "They compliment me as if I were a God," he complained bitterly, "but they treat me as an equal. They do not even see the difference between the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz, and a vain coxcomb

like Lafayette, who could not control the Paris *canaille*."

More and more he thought of the South, of establishing perhaps a little Kingdom in Louisiana, where French was spoken, and the climate was warm, and of thence effecting the liberation of South America. "It was a mistake to sell Louisiana to the Americans," he said more than once. "But *n'importe*, they will see in me one of the historic glories of France. Who will think of the miserable Jackson, when Napoleon appears to claim the allegiance of the French people?" It was at this period that he wrote a letter to his brother Joseph urging him to come to New Orleans in the following spring, with such money and supplies as he could collect.

The visit of the two Spaniards, which was destined to have so great an influence on the history of the world, was kept a great secret. Even the Philadelphia news men never got an inkling of the fact that late every night during the last week of November the agents of Bolivar were closeted with the Emperor. Even I was not admitted to these conferences, but I could guess what was afoot from the maps and books which I was commanded to buy, and from the way in which, from that moment onward, the Emperor's mind seemed to be occupied by South American affairs to the exclusion of other interests.

It is idle to pretend that the arrival of Madame Walewska and her little child was not an embarrassment to the Emperor and his suite. Nothing could have been more unfortunately timed. Just when it was important that the Emperor's mind should be concentrated on his great design, this beautiful woman, to whom he was deeply attached, came to distract him with her passionate attentions. In Philadelphia, where everything is immediately known, her arrival could

not be concealed. The newspapers were full of the mystery of Citizen Bonaparte's Polish lady friend. The Quakers came in a deputation to protest. Only the dressmakers were really pleased, and for many years contrived to attire the Belles of Philadelphia after the fashion of the Polish beauty. Fortunately time adjusts all things. When Mrs. Madison, in her blue velvet gown and plumes, had called at Spruce Street, followed by that famous wit and leader of *bon ton*, the Abbé Correa, the tempest of criticism subsided, and the adventuress of yesterday was announced to be an excellent little woman, and much maligned.

Not a fortnight later there followed a visit so strange and important that every detail of it, even after this distance of years, is stamped upon my mind. I can see the Emperor sitting in his shirt-sleeves, for the heat of the stove, and lifting his eyes from a Spanish news-sheet, as I came to announce that two English visitors were below. I remember his first dark suspicions, exchanged so swiftly for the brightest hopes, when I had ascertained that our visitors were none other than the famous Lady Holland and Doctor Allen, her secretary; how he sprang to his feet crying "Lady Holland here! This may be the crisis of our fortunes. Tell her to wait a few moments, and return to me."

The Emperor had determined to receive the great English lady *en grande tenue*. As he dressed, he conversed rapidly.

"I remember Lady Holland. She came to me at Malmaison during the peace. Does she keep her looks? She must be fifty. Is it possible to amuse oneself with Lady Holland? No? She has a great soul, I am sure of that. Were I to marry Lady Holland, the English Whigs would follow me, and I could dethrone George. You say that her husband still

lives, but he is doubtless old as well as gouty. Bah! What does it matter? A woman who crosses the Atlantic to pay her respects to a man is his in advance!"

I said I thought it unlikely that Lady Holland would divorce a husband to whom she was attached.

"You do not understand Lady Holland," he replied warmly. "She has a great soul. We shall comprehend one another. In the New World, polygamy should be tolerated. I believe that if I had reigned longer, I should have induced the Pope to tolerate polygamy in the Sugar Islands. Lady Holland will understand this point of view, she will be my interpreter, my ally, perhaps even a wife, who knows." Then drawing himself up, and buttoning the last button of his uniform, "Lady Holland will follow her star. She will inscribe her name on the annals of history as the companion of Napoleon."

I observed that while Lady Holland admired the Emperor as a statesman and a general, she was not likely, at her age, to fall in love. The English were always cold. "You will see," replied the Emperor, laying his finger on his nose, "Lady Holland will prove the exception to the rule."

With that he bade me show Lady Holland into the room, but on no account the English secretary. "Engage Mr. Allen downstairs," he added. "Interrogate him. Find out the total fortune of Lord Holland, how much of it is in land, how much in houses, how much in stocks and shares, how much Lady Holland has brought with her. Ask the same questions with respect to Allen's estate. It is not only English lords who are rich. Fox was not a Lord, but he could spend money. Perhaps it was not his own. That is likely." Here he paused, as if in meditation. Then, as I was leaving the room, he added, "Do not forget to enquire

whether they know any rich Americans."

I confess that I found it impossible to execute these instructions. Dr. Allen, who appeared to be a learned man, spoke of the historical antiquities of Massachusetts, asking me many questions, which I was unable to answer. It was therefore a relief, when, an hour later, I heard the Emperor's bell. As I entered the *cabinet de travail*, Lady Holland was making a low reverence. "Madam, we will regenerate the world together," said my master sublimely as she kissed his hand.

Overcome with emotion, the lady rejoined her friend, and drove away.

"What did you make of the secretary?" asked the Emperor. I said that he was a learned man, who had travelled in Spain, and was interested in antiquities.

"Well, that is better than nothing. We shall want antiquarians. I took antiquarians with me to Egypt: They shall accompany me to South America. Allen can be better employed with the glorious monuments of the Incas than with the mouldy relics of his damp little island. I know the history of England. It is nothing. But South America! A vast continent, untouched by the spade, rich with extinct and brilliant civilizations! What a noble field for the savant! Our expedition will infuse new life into South America. It will do more. It will regenerate Allen!" Here he laughed till his sides shook. "And stay, there is another use for Allen. We will make him a Lord. Then he will marry one of these rich Boston ladies. Lord Allen will sound very well. You see, *mon cher* [rubbing his hands], fortune opens out on every side. What does it matter to the Universe, if Allen is a Lord! It is a name only, but if it brings us the *dot* of Allen's ugly American wife—that is worth while, I think."

"As for Miladi, she does not resemble Walewska. They would be antipathetic. See to it, Claude, that these ladies do not meet. Miladi is an *esprit fort*. She reasons like a man. I call her an English Madame de Stael, but better looking, and not so unreasonable. Yes, Lady Holland is decidedly more intelligent than Madame de Stael. But bah! how ridiculous intelligent women are!

"Still we must humor Lady Holland. In Philadelphia, perhaps, where the English are not popular, she will be suspect; but one never knows. Lady Holland is a *grande dame*. We will employ her to relieve the rich Quakers of some of their superfluities."

Lady Holland's arrival was as helpful as the appearance of Madame Walewska had been otherwise. For it appeared that this proud and beautiful English lady (much as she despised the North Americans) was as eager to spill English blood in the liberation of South America as the Emperor himself, and that she had even met Miranda on the occasion of his visit to London. Need I picture my master's delight in finding that the leading whigs in England were all Spanish "liberals"! For the better part of a fortnight he could think of little but the assistance which might be drawn from English whigs to the furtherance of his great designs. One day he even appeared at déjeuner wearing Whig favors. "*N'est ce pas que je suis Vig, Miladi? Fox même n'était plus foncièrement Vig que moi.*" I have never known him more cheerful. He counted that with the wife of Lord Holland, and the Whigs, all the disbanded idle soldiers and sailors of England could be enticed over to share the great adventure of liberating South America. In a letter addressed to a prominent Philadelphia Quaker he spoke of the power of Spain in South America as the great obstacle to a Pan-

American peace, but to Lady Holland he said, not altogether in jest, "You English are a race of bandits. You must not forget your traditions. Regard me as one who combines the qualities of a Raleigh and a Fox."

The situation in South America, as we came to learn, was at that time critical. The republican revolt, which for the past four years had blazed and spluttered all over the continent, now seemed almost extinguished save in the Plate province. Morillo's royalist forces had stamped out the rebellion in Venezuela and in Granada. Bolivar was a fugitive. A blood-thirsty reaction was running its evil course from one end of the continent to another.

The night before Lady Holland sailed for Europe, Napoleon divulged to me the broad outline of his plans. He would first go to Washington to press upon the government the conquest of Florida. "Jackson is a bad general, but he is capable of commanding the army of Florida!" Then he would proceed to New Orleans, where he had already made an assignation with two great leaders of the South American revolt, Bolivar and Sucre.

"At New Orleans," he observed, "I shall feel at home. My Latins will be about me. It is there that I shall organize the conquest of South America."

"Sire," observed Las Casas, "it is an immense project, greater and more difficult than the conquest of Russia. They tell me that in those swamps and forests of Venezuela the yellow fever is worse than it was in San Domingo."

"You do not understand the war of the future. How does one tame a land, rich beyond dreams, but inhabited by a sprinkling of half-starved, superstitious, quarrelsome Creoles? You think that I do not understand the Creole nature?" Here he paused, and we remembered

that Empress Josephine was a Creole. "I tell you that Creoles are not like Prussians. It is not by force that Creoles are ruled, but by seduction and gold. Besides in this new world the art of war takes on a wider aspect. Arms alone do not suffice. Empires will be won by propaganda and gold, by men of affairs and architects and savants. Byron will write odes which we will translate and scatter everywhere, in Caracas, in Bogotá, in Lima. At New Orleans we shall set up a great bureau of literature, which will inundate the continent. The Quaker mission is organized. Lady Holland's mad admiral has sworn to help us. A young French soldier named de Vigny raises a legion from among my veterans. The English adventurers, Whigs, brigands, old soldiers, sailors escaping the Press Gang, will flock to my standard. The *rendez-vous* is arranged. It is Margarita, a small island in the Caribbean Sea. We will hurl our English on Morillo. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* Make no mistake. The yellow fever will not leave the English unvisited, nor the royalists either."

By this time the Emperor, having emptied his own snuff-box, seized mine without a word of apology, took a pinch, and pocketed the box.

"We shall take the money of the Quakers *bien entendu*, but we shall not deceive them, for we shall give to South America a lasting peace."

The story of Napoleon's visit to Mr. Jefferson at Monticello is well known. It has furnished the theme of so many pictures (all the world knows Sully's fifty-thousand dollar canvas) and descriptive essays that I would not mention it but for one circumstance. After that visit, we had no more criticism of Napoleon as the Attila of his age, the blood-thirsty tyrant, the enemy of the human race. It was sufficient for the citizens of our country that the immortal Mr. Jef-

feron, the chief author of the Declaration of Independence, had received him in his beautiful home, shown him the library, the garden, and the mills of Monticello, and that he should have been there entertained for six days as an honored guest. Hour after hour did Napoleon converse with that venerable and famous friend of human liberty, speaking of the far-reaching plans for the regeneration of Europe, which had been foiled at Waterloo, of his friendship with the English Whigs, and of his desire to see South America freed by the joint efforts of the patrons of liberty in Britain, in France, and in the United States. My belief is that Mr. Jefferson, who at this time was anxious to be cordial with England, was originally persuaded to relent toward Napoleon by the news of Lady Holland's visit, and that our invitation to Monticello was due to that cause. However this may be, there can be no doubt that Mr. Jefferson felt the fascination of his guest. For often afterward he spoke of him with enthusiasm, as a friend of Liberty and humane letters, in whom all that was generous and addicted to virtue in the Anglo-Saxon people might find a prop and support.

It is largely to Mr. Jefferson's influence with the government at Washington that, despite many representations from the envoys of Britain and France, Napoleon was permitted to establish in New Orleans a centre of political activity, so intense as to convulse the fortunes of a continent. Never, save perhaps during the first years of the consulate, were his energies so happily inspired. There were indeed days when a certain languor seemed to overtake him; but these would be followed by a sudden recovery of nervous power, which enabled him to accomplish in a day what an ordinary

mortal could scarcely hope to achieve in a month.

When I think what was accomplished in those wonderful eighteen months—the gathering of the army of Venezuela, of the army of Granada, the raising of the African volunteer corps from the Southern plantations, the defeat of Morillo's royalists by the combined levies of Bolivar and Sucre on a plan of campaign devised by the Emperor at Port au Prince, the bribing of Peru, the great workshops of republican propaganda established in Bogotá and Lima, I am lost in amazement at the amount which was accomplished in so small a time. It is no exaggeration to say that in these eighteen months the foundations were laid for the South American Republic.

I can see him, even at this distance of time, in his broad panama hat, reviewing the black troops upon his vast plantations, for you must know that a torrent of legacies had suddenly made him the largest slave owner in the Southern States. I can see him leading the cotillon with Madame Walewska, he so grave, she so radiant, in one of those warm, perfumed, southern nights, when the light of the moon and stars seems to outshine the yellow lamps. I can see him in his *cabinet de travail* in the Cabildo (which had been placed at his disposal by the City) dictating to three secretaries at once, in his quick, nervous, jerky voice, or lying on the floor sticking pins into maps, or again, as in moments of relaxation he held us all spellbound by his anecdotes and recollections. I remember, too, the day on which he received the news that the Pope (influenced, it was said, by a Polish Cardinal) had annulled his marriage with Marie Louise. All that is long ago now, but I remember it as if it were yesterday, the black gloom of the Emperor, his cherished son being now

declared illegitimate, the triumphant joy of the Polish lady, and the eager preparations which were made in the town for a popular wedding.

As you know, it turned out otherwise. When the Emperor started upon his great expedition on the last day of August, 1817, Madame Walewska, having hardly recovered from the birth of her second son, was left behind. To cross the sea, and then to undertake a journey on mule-back through swamps and forests, and across the lofty Andes to Lima was no work for a delicate woman. Do not, however, suppose that my master was heartless. He grieved at the parting, and it was only after he had reached Lima, the ancient capital of Pizarro, and there discovered how high and proud was the tone of the Spanish aristocracy, that he determined to marry the Montemira girl.

Little satisfaction did he obtain from a union founded upon hard political calculation, for the girl was as cold as ice and stiff as starch, her blood soured by priestcraft, and her father, the marquis, a parched old mummy, who thought of nothing in the world but his descent from the Inca Princess.

Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Preston have both employed their famous pens on a description of Napoleon's journey from Caracas to Lima—the long line of mules, litters, *valencins*, and carts, the African bodyguard, the light horsemen, Spanish, American, English, French (these in small numbers) and North Americans, the body of picked American savants and architects, the corps of French veterans, the three hundred deserters from English ships, the three theatrical companies, English, French, and Spanish, the musicians, the numerous printing-presses which passed over the country which had already been cleared of ene-

my forces by the armies of Bolivar and Sucre. Such a triumphant procession South America had never seen. Long before the liberator had reached Lima, he was master of every South American heart. Even the forces of nature were defied, for who has not heard of Le Cid, played on a sunny afternoon in a sheltered cup of the towering Andes?

In Peru he found that spirit of social deference, the lack of which had constantly pained him in the north; but notwithstanding it was easy to see that he was restless and unhappy. There was something huge and unearthly about the landscape which haunted him. "This," he said, "is a country of vast mountains and small minds. There is more life in a village of Provence than in the whole province of Peru." Startling as his triumph had been—for could anything be more wonderful than the creation in so short a time of a federal Republic of South America?—he was still hungry. To rule Creoles and South American Indians in that damp shadowland seemed an unworthy conclusion to a great career.

Yet, Mr. Bancroft in describing his work in South America does not hesitate to compare it to the achievements of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton, the first supreme in war, the second the architect of the glorious American Constitution; but I have heard that the great and good Mr. Jefferson in the closing year of his life expressed his disappointment in Napoleon, saying that the South American Federation, though in name a Republic, was in fact little better than a military tyranny, and that the governors of the provinces, Bolivar, Sucre, San Martin, and the rest, were no friends to democratic liberty, but tyrants supported by pretorian guards. Candor compels me to admit

that the venerable statesman has, with his habitual perspicacity, divined a truth which long escaped the notice of the North American people.

Indeed, if the exact truth must be told, he never esteemed at their full value our noble institutions. "The Clermont, that little steam packet on the Hudson," he would say, "is worth more than all your Jeffersons and Madisons. With steam you Americans will revolutionize the world. Distance will be vanquished. Who knows but if some day great American armies may not be conveyed across the Atlantic Ocean, and mould the destinies of Europe? But your Constitution! It is the worst in the world, the fabric of idealogues living in a Utopia of bucolic dreams. What great enterprise can your President achieve in four years?"

I reminded him that in less than four years he had reconstructed France.

"Ah!" he said, "but then I did not allow myself to be hampered by politicians. Everything in France, the army, the foreign policy, the police, the education, the taxes, was under my hands. Your President cannot make a treaty without the Senate, or raise a dollar without the House of Representatives. In England such institutions may succeed, for England is governed by an experienced aristocracy; but in this country, where one man is as good as another, there must be a supreme figure to stir the flame of admiration, and make the wheels of history go round."

On the first evening of his arrival at the plantations, which had been left him under the will of the beautiful Contesse de Morainville, he recurred to the subject of the destiny of North America, saying that although he was now a wealthy proprietor in Louisiana with slaves and sugarcane, not to speak of a fine cellar of good old Madeira, he would never tolerate the life of a planter.

We were sitting on the porch, sipping lemonade and fingering our ices. The great yellow river flowed behind the orange groves. It was that delicious hour before the swift coming on of a Southern night. Monsieur de Vigny, a young soldier and man of letters (who had recently arrived with General Foy from France), spoke with poetic enchantment of the beauty of the great river and the evening sky, and of the delights offered by an existence spent among these soft and tranquil scenes.

My master did not scruple to interrupt his flow. "Ah! our young friend is a poet. It is not by poetry that the Americans grow sugar and cotton, but by a stout whip of cowhide applied to the backs of their African slaves. Jefferson is an idealogue, but I observed that neither in his home nor on his property did he dispense with the services of these useful creatures. As for me, I am no idealogue like Jefferson, but wealth does not interest me as an end. What is the value of ownership? But power, glory, the foundation of institutions, these are the ambitions of a lofty soul. You will see that all the wealth which I have gathered in this country will be employed on great ends."

General Foy then asked whether the vast expanse of North America did not hold out fine prospects for the ambitious man.

"For the traveller, the discoverer, the seeker after wealth, yes. Not so for the statesman or the soldier. America is not a State, but a company of exploitation. The policy of Providence is to sprinkle this continent with individuals. The function of the statesman is to manœuvre with masses. I tell you that the North American does not understand politics, and has no need of politics. He wants to get rich and he is right. To develop the resources of this continent by mining,

farming, manufacturing, that is his destiny, but it is not a fate which I desire to share."

The world has never ceased to wonder why in the midst of the pleasures and glories of his Peruvian home, while he was the undisputed master of a continent, and the dictator of innumerable schemes for its social and intellectual advancement (a handsome new quarter designed by Mr. Bulfinch, principally for the accommodation of the French veterans, had just been added to the city of Pizarro), he took the astonishing resolution which led to his end. If he had retired to a monastery, like Charles V, it would have seemed to his Spanish speaking subjects more intelligible than the course which he adopted. The theory of Doctor Springmann, that it was a case of *tedium vitae*, I dismiss at once. Nor do I agree with those French historians who assign the blame to his high-born Spanish wife, for if the truth be told, he found among the Creoles of the *Calle del peligro* many sources of consolation for that insipid lady. My theory is that a certain spring of memory was touched by the news, coming to him in the autumn of 1818, that certain Indian peoples had risen against the English, and that an invitation from the Peshwa, reaching him at the very moment when he was dictating his Egyptian memories, lit a certain flame in his mind, which grew and grew until it burned its way through every obstacle.

A few words which he spoke late one night in the Palace garden confirm me in this opinion. "Great men," he said, "speak in prophecy. After all, Columbus was right. The way to the Indies is by the West." Then, twitching me by the ear, he continued, "Do you know that Wellington made his first campaigns in India? Perhaps it is fated that, where Wellington began, there I should end.

Who knows? I say to you, India is the Achilles heel of English power. Already the proud islanders tremble for their plunder. The Indians murmur. They await a man. Something whispers to my heart that the battle of Waterloo will be avenged on the plains of Bengal."

It is now established beyond doubt that the *Galvanino* went down with all hands in that great November gale off the coast of Java. Of the voyage nothing is known, and of the preparations for the voyage very little certainly to me. By what arts Napoleon induced the commander of that Chilean vessel to convey him across the Pacific I have never learned, for the whole secret was so skillfully kept, that even I, the confidential secretary and interpreter, never divined the purpose of Admiral Blanco's nightly visits to the Palace. All I know is that on the morning of September 23 it was found that Napoleon had sailed from Callao, on an unknown errand, with fifteen of his old companions in arms, and a crew of deserters from the English navy, and that the ex-King Joseph was governing the Republic in his place.

Mr. Prescott's fine phrase "A South American Charlemagne" must not be pressed too far. It is true that Napoleon's travelling inspectorate (save for the fact that it was everywhere attended by a train of light artillery) was avowedly modelled on the *Missi dominici* of the Frankish Empire; but "the Friends of Liberty," a club or faction of the Emperor's South American adherents, highly organized, alone entitled to bear arms, and alone privileged to vote at elections, recalled the party groups of mediæval Italy; while other features of the South American Constitution, such as the division of the settled districts into departments, and the curtailment of the legislative sessions to a period of four-

teen days, were clearly derived from Imperial France.

Such institutions Mr. Jefferson was justified in regarding as falling short of the spirit and intention of his immortal Declaration of Independence, and their acceptance only to be explained by the exhaustion bred of five years' civil war, from which the South American people was then suffering.

My belief is that the Emperor (for so I continue to think of him) held the South American population in deep contempt. Save for Generals Sucre and San Martin, no leaders of the revolution inspired him with confidence. In Bolivar he beheld the flame of genius, but too often obscured by the hateful fumes of animal passion. "Some day," he would say, "I shall be compelled to execute that creature. Otherwise he will shock the world with his lusts and atrocities." In a word, he held that South America was not fit for liberty, and, were it not for the curb of strong insti-

tutions, would lapse into a century of chaos. This, however, was not the language which he used in public. To the world at large he spoke of "our provisional institutions," and hinted that great preparations were being made for a golden age of Liberty. That my master was insincere, I am reluctant to believe. Honesty, however, compels me to admit that the diligent researches of Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Prescott among the Archives of Lima have failed to discover any trace of these preparations.

Of the twenty-eight false Napoleons who appeared in the United States during President Monroe's administration, three were women, claiming to have changed souls with the Emperor. Of these, Ellen Jane Mason, of Roxbury, Mass., was the most successful, for despite the failure of her costly action of law for the possession of the Louisiana plantations, she left a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars made by this deception.



Departure

BY BERNICE KENYON

THIS is the only house that I shall found
 Ever again on earth. From now, beware!
 What building I shall do will be in air,
 Safe from the sands—cut off from lovely ground
 That breeds too many wonders, and chokes me round
 With high green walls of beauty and despair.
 Now with the last strength in me I must dare
 To leave this place, and forever be unbound.

Let us go free and find us wider room,
 For it were death to stay too long inside.
 Fling the door open, put the windows wide!
 Let us go out, before it is too late,
 Past the long garden pale with fullest bloom,—
 And never look behind nor lock the gate.