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**THE ST. HELENA JOURNAL
OF GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD**



GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD
from a portrait formerly painted about 1840

THE ST. HELENA JOURNAL OF
GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD
1815—1818 BEING A DIARY WRITTEN
AT ST. HELENA DURING A PART
OF NAPOLEON'S CAPTIVITY NOW
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH FOR THE
FIRST TIME BY SYDNEY GILLARD
AND EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES BY NORMAN EDWARDS
WITH A PREFACE BY HILAIRE BELLOC
AND FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS :: ::

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PREFACE BY HILAIRE BELLOC

WHEN history began to be scientific the contemporary document took on a new importance. The word "scientific" when it is used accurately should mean, "knowledge according to a method which permits of exact measurement". For instance, you can have a scientific statement as to the comparative volumes of the Cathedral of Seville and Broadcasting House in London. But you cannot have a scientific statement upon the relative beauty of these two buildings.

The contemporary document as a witness to history has the single advantage that the process of time will probably have warped it less with the growth of a myth than a later document. When it is not only contemporary but the writing of an eye-witness it has of course an added value in this regard; and when the eye-witness has presumably written it down day by day as the events occurred, that value is further increased.

I need not waste the reader's time with a criticism of this kind of evidence in history. It must be enough to say that it is subject to the usual perils of deliberate falsification or inaccurate observation, the omission of the important and the resulting lack of proportion, etc. It is also true that tradition long established and mature conclusions, coming as they do through a multitude of men, will usually have more body, and as it were more "central truth" about them than a contemporary historical document. In other words, the spirit of our time has exaggerated the value of the contemporary historical document, as the spirit of any time will exaggerate the value of some particular kind of evidence suitable to itself. Nevertheless the contemporary historical document on the whole stands first in the list of particular witnesses, although of course it can never have the value of a broad and universal tradition.

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Now the journal of Baron Gourgaud written at St. Helena stands very high in the list of original contemporary documents upon an important subject, and its value is felt to be the greater because on that particular subject such a vast amount of research had been done. There is, with the possible exception of critical examination of the New Testament, no historical subject upon which so much energy and ingenuity has been spent as the life of Napoleon. Pretty well everything that could be examined seemed to have been examined, and it almost seemed as though there was nothing further to come when, rather more than thirty years ago, at the very end of the last century, this diary of Baron Gourgaud was allowed to see the light. The effect of such a novel intrusion upon the mass of Napoleonic matter may be imagined. The man's name and attitude and to some extent his character were widely known. He had written considerably upon the events which he had witnessed during the Napoleonic wars, though, as what he had written was plainly inspired by violent personal feelings of irritation against others, his writings did not attain as much consideration as perhaps they deserved. But the diary was kept back, perhaps from a scruple which still has force among people of old-fashioned breeding, that matter of this kind should not appear while those who are attacked or exposed in it are alive, or even their immediate descendants.

The diary had the more effect because it came in support of a certain reaction against what may be called, according to one's philosophy, "The Napoleonic Legend" or "The Napoleonic Vision". For an active lifetime, some fifty to sixty years after the chief victories and the superhuman activities of the great man, the great bulk of our civilization exalted his memory in a religious fashion. It was exalted no less by his detractors than by his worshippers, for both combined to regard him as something almost more than human. The comparatively few who sneered at this enthusiasm and belittled the main European tradition in the matter were properly treated as negligible—as being incapable of understanding greatness. But a reaction took place following upon the fall of the Second Empire, upon the persistent propaganda of the clique of politicians who seized upon French public life after 1876 and upon the rise to a climax of Prussian power in Europe.

Meanwhile the general decay of religion affected judgment in this as in all other matters. The classical spirit with which the name of Napoleon is naturally associated, the succeeding romantic spirit in the eyes of which his glory was transformed but enhanced was succeeded by the spirit first apparent in the Naturalists, now still further developed, which has a distaste for the worship of anything, and for that of beauty, glory and all the rest of it. Inevitably there went with this change an attack upon the vision of Napoleon, as there had come many years before with rationalism an attack upon the vision of the Saints. His glory, like all other glories, was extinguished, and whatever could emphasize the petty, the inconsequent or the offensive in his connection was put forward—whatever could correct the exaggeration of such things was left out.

By a remarkable but not unique piece of irony a hero-worshipper if ever there was one thoroughly served this spirit. Gourgaud's attitude towards the Emperor was more than admiration and adoration, it was exalted personal love filled with the highest measure of admiration. On this very account he exaggerated all slights and even all moments of indifference ; on this very account he noted too much what to others would have been but chance pieces of irritation, and therefore in the third step of this series the hero-worshipper becomes unconsciously the detractor.

There are two schools among those who would belittle Napoleon. There are those who would talk of him with admiration and even enthusiasm for this, that or the other side of his genius, but who let one feel all the time that they have taken him down from his pedestal, that he is not for them the chief or among the greatest of our Western race and that at any rate his primary purpose, which was more than half-conscious in him during his prime and was clearly perceived by him before his end—I mean the unifying of our civilization : peace through order and one restored Europe—is either indifferent or negligible. Of this sort I think at heart was the late Lord Rosebery, though he was a man of the highest talent and of excellent judgment who, if he had only avoided politics, would have been a much greater figure in English history than he is likely to become. For he had eloquence, style, and thought

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—three things incompatible with any long exercise of public life in its present condition.

There is another form of detractor who will make as little as he can even of Napoleon's talents, emphasizing his errors even in his own most conspicuous department of excellence, the military ; but, more commonly, content to emphasize weak or evil moments in his conduct. To both of these, but especially to the latter, the sudden publication of Gourgaud's Journal so long after all seemed to be known was a godsend ; it was hailed as a new revelation upon at least the end of Napoleon's life, and for the matter of that, upon his character as a whole.

To all however, whether they were detractors or worshippers, the thing was of capital import and will I think always so remain even when it has shaken down into its proper place. Lord Rosebery, as we know, not only made full use of it but may almost be said to have written his book on account of having read Gourgaud. What is, I think, more conclusive as a proof of Gourgaud's importance is the attitude taken by M. Bainville. M. Bainville is perhaps the best of modern historians—illuminating, conclusive, terse, observing exact proportion and happily releasing all that he does from the wretched pedantry of reference which has half-killed history in our time. His study of Napoleon should be read as a model, not indeed of judgment—upon which the reader is free to differ—but of how historical judgment when it has been arrived at should be set down. And M. Bainville in his recent great book on Napoleon—for it is not an exaggeration to call it great—particularly emphasizes the value of Gourgaud's evidence. He remarks that we have here something living, immediate, right from the heart of reality, and of a different quality from the other evidence upon Napoleon's last years—all of which suffered from advocacy, all of which was written for a purpose.

So much being said of the importance of the document—and it is of very great importance—let us examine as best we can its value to history. Before analysing this it is first to be remarked that the contrast between the national temperament not only of the writer but of those for whom he writes, his fellow Frenchmen, and the average English reader is so great that it may lead to confusion. The two nations have

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followed divergent lines during the last 400 years or more, and especially widely divergent lines during the last century and a half; the corporate tradition of each has become less and less appreciable by the other until at last what seems dignity to the one seems to the other an absurdity. And even in the conception of justice they differ so much that it is difficult for the readers in the one to follow judicial proceedings stated in terms of the other. The very conception of truth is not the same in the two minds. In so small a thing as the framework of a sentence this difference appears: the French use of rhetoric and the historical present jars upon the English mind as something insincere; repeated and open expression in which a man often contradicts himself will strike the English mind as something contemptible where the Frenchman will rather regard the effort at repression, silence, and expressing emotions the opposite of what are really felt as something clownish and farcical. To put it in a phrase, "The Frenchman is still a comic figure in England and the Englishman a comic figure in France."

Allowing for all that, let us attempt to estimate the value of Gourgaud as a witness—not as a man, but as a witness.

First, let us calculate the points in favour of his evidence. There is the obvious and primary point that it "rings true." All through the book which the reader will now have before his eyes you get that character. Look at the passage on p. 260 for example—it is only one of fifty—in which he jots down on the 30th of August, 1817, a chance phrase of the Emperor's upon religion. It is exactly what a man like Napoleon would have said at that moment when his mind was beginning to turn in the direction in which he finally reposed. It is the parrying of a thrust. Or again look at the little passage on p. 289, November the 5th of the same year, upon the use of grape-shot and ball. It is not a thought-out disquisition; as it stands it would not mean anything; obviously you could not use grape-shot at long range. Much must have gone before those last two remarks. If the diarist had been making things up he would have rationalized this passage: instead of that he just jots down hastily but vividly the end of a discussion. Or again, on the 21st of March the same year, "He continues to ignore my presence, and sings, and expresses to Montholon his satisfaction

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with the haricot beans." From an ironical pen that might be as false as you like, made up from the first word to the last, but from a simple soul it is vivid relation of what remained remembered when the dinner was over. The whole book is a series of passages of that kind. The second point in his favour is that the diary was almost certainly written^{*} self-regarding—that is, for the writer and for no one else. One can never be certain of this in any diary, however spontaneous it may seem ; there is an ineradicable appetite in men to commune with their fellows, and when a man takes the trouble to write down for his own eye alone his most private and concealed miseries, he still has at the back of his mind some vague conception of a confidant. But I do think that in the case of Gourgaud you have as intimate a relation as can be found. The diary was not meant to be given to others, whatever afterthoughts the writer had in the matter. It was meant for his own consolation. I have known one case in my own life of one important diary the writer of which both kept it from day to day and deliberately falsified it upon mature consideration for the purpose of annoying the human race, or such of it as had come in contact with him. But then that diary was published as quickly as might be. Gourgaud wrote for himself, as adolescents write and as certainly no one would write who had ever written for fame, let alone for a living.

He is the more trustworthy because he was vain, and therefore was not proud. Proud people are always quite untrustworthy, they are liars to the core by the necessities of their vice ; but vain people blurt things out and are sincere. They lack proportion, but what they do say is true so far as it goes. They are touchy as a rule, the two qualities can hardly help going together ; they will make a prodigious case (as Gourgaud does) out of things which only concern themselves, and take an impatient cry—when their victim is bored beyond bearing—for a studied insult, but yet they do record the cry as it was given. They do not invent it.

But I think the best one can say for Gourgaud as a sincere and valuable witness lies in this : that though in his sense of proportion he is ridiculous, though he tells one fifty times too much of what Napoleon said or did which seemed to slight him and not one-hundredth of what he might have told us

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on the profundities of the Emperor's gesture, carriage and regard—yet on the large lines he was right. You get a living man before you ; his circumstance, his reactions to the characters around.

All this is in favour of Gourgaud as a witness. He must be read for what he is, a simple—too simple—straightforward emotional young man ; young even for his young years, the early thirties. There is virtue in him which we miss in the more accomplished cynics who illuminate but do not reveal. As against this, Gourgaud has two quite obvious disadvantages as a witness. In the first place he is a disturbed man. Evidence may be compared to the reflection of a real but concealed object in a sheet of water. We cannot see the mountain which is on the other side of the lake because it is above our windows, but we can see the reflection of the mountain in the lake. The surface of the lake is the mind of the witness. A calm unruffled surface will give a picture of an exact outline ; a ruffled surface will give but a blurred image and to that extent a misleading one. The simile is of course most imperfect, for the lake (not being human) will not set out to lie deliberately ; but it will serve my purpose and my reader will know what I mean. There is a quality of accuracy which accompanies the relation of those rare witnesses who are calm as well as honest (for your calm witness is commonly untrustworthy) which you do not get from an honest witness who is far from calm. Now Gourgaud is not only far from calm, but he is a man without intervals of calmness. He is in a perpetual irritation. Everybody offends him, every one is preferred to him, he is always being insulted and neglected and the rest of it. These defects go with virtue, but neither with social charm nor value in evidence. For instance, Napoleon comes into a room where there are several people and says, nodding to him, "Ah, Gourgaud——" and then goes on and says something else to some one else. Napoleon had been master of the world and still felt himself to be what he was—the greatest among men—and those about him felt it to be so, and no one more than Gourgaud. The Emperor was in a good temper that day, and probably thought when he said, "Ah, Gourgaud——" that he was being if anything specially warm in his regard. But the recipient of the remark

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took it as a blow. Again, we know quite enough about the character of Montholon, and this perpetual bickering against Montholon is ridiculous. Napoleon said a mass of wise things applying to the human race as a whole, as well as a mass of things which he never intended to apply to anybody for more than a second, but he never said anything wiser than when he said to Gourgaud, "What you need is a little wife!" And when he added that Gourgaud must consent to regard Montholon as more important he said something obviously true and sensible, which Gourgaud again takes as an insult.

In the reading of Gourgaud, as of any other intimate witness to the conversation and manner of the Emperor, it is important to emphasize once more the contrast between the national temperament of the reader and that of the writer, as also the contrast between the temperament of the reader and that of the subject of the book. Perhaps the most important rule to follow in this matter is to remember that Napoleon said many things which expressed his mind fully and permanently, but very many more which were not even intended to express his mind fully and permanently. To quote chance sayings of the Emperor's as permanent judgments is a proof of ignorance—ignorance of a foreign temper and ignorance of the human mind in general. Watch your contemporaries, and you will notice that a man who talks a great deal talks a great deal of nonsense, and that a man who talks very little hardly ever talks sense. When Napoleon said, "One bad General is better than two good ones," he was striking forth an immortal truth which ought to be written in gold wherever politicians or even kings are concerned with war. The moment a nation goes to war its first business is unity of command. If there be alliance, unity of command is still more imperatively necessary. If you had asked Napoleon his opinion upon that point a hundred times he would have given you a hundred times the same answer ; but when in exasperation he cries out against this or against that, and then a little later contradicts himself, it means nothing ; and indeed, to those who know that such exclamations mean nothing it is a marvel that anyone can take them seriously, or make of exact verbal consistency a necessity for their own self-respect. When you read in Gourgaud, as in any one of the contemporary

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records, of Napoleon's sayings—chance, irritable, merry, determined—distinguish between the categories : for he was a man who talked and talked and talked all the time, having—to put it without exaggeration—a creative brain.

Let me conclude by saying that I think there is in connection with Gourgaud's diary one very lamentable lack not due to the man himself ; and that is the absence in it of the last scenes. Far the deepest moment in the life of any man is the approach to death, so long as he is still conscious. Napoleon in that moment, as we know, fully returned to that from whence he had sprung. The very inward of the man was revealed. Had Gourgaud, with his sincerity, his simplicity, his hero-worship, been present in those last spring days of 1821 his relation would have been invaluable : there would have been no occasion for peevishness, he would have risen, I think, somewhat at last to the occasion. But he was not there. It is a great loss to history.

September 2nd, 1932.

HILAIRE BELLOC

INTRODUCTION

BY NORMAN EDWARDS

A GREAT man is sometimes obscured by the cloud of his own greatness. Fate dissipates the cloud. The man is revealed—not only to the world, but to himself.

“Now,” said Napoleon at St. Helena, “thanks to my misfortune, one can see me naked as I am.” There was truth in that remark for, after the defeat of the Grand Army at Waterloo, and Napoleon’s subsequent surrender to the British, the eyes of the world were focussed on the rocky island which the British Government decreed should be the future home of the exiled Emperor.

When the Old Guard made the final desperate charge at Waterloo, only to be completely repulsed, Napoleon walked his horse off the field, and remarked to Marshal Soult : “All is lost—for the present.” The Emperor was confident that when he reached Paris he would be able to raise another army. He was by no means prepared to believe that Waterloo marked the end of his career. But when he arrived in Paris, he surprised his friends by an unaccustomed lethargy. He seemed unable to make up his mind what was the best thing to do ; and when the Government demanded his second abdication, he acquiesced without much protest, and left Paris for his country house, Malmaison, where, in the days of the Consulate, he and Josephine had spent so many happy hours together.

There he passed several days reading novels ; and only when he heard that the Allied Armies were rapidly approaching Paris did he bestir himself, and offer to lead an army to protect the capital. His offer was refused ; and the traitorous Fouché—in daily communication with Wellington—hinted with increasing emphasis that the Emperor had better leave France as soon as possible.

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Those days of indecision at Malmaison undoubtedly ruined Napoleon's chances of evading the English fleet and escaping to America, for when he at last made up his mind to quit the country and, travelling by road with a few faithful officers and servants, reached Rochefort, it was only to find the port blockaded by British men-of-war.

General Gourgaud tells in his diary how the Emperor and his suite reached Rochefort on July 3rd, 1815, and how several days were passed in discussing various plans for evading the English fleet. Plan after plan was considered, and all the time the danger of delay became more acute, for the Allies had entered Paris, and a Bourbon King was once more installed in the Tuileries. Time after time Napoleon consulted with his friends. Which was the best course to adopt? Should he go on board a Danish brig and try to run the blockade; should he accept the offer of some loyal midshipmen, who enthusiastically guaranteed a successful escape; or should he give himself up to the English?

Gourgaud states that at first he did not dare to offer an opinion, seeing that there were so many risks in all the plans suggested; but, pressed by Napoleon, he eventually gave it as his opinion that it would be best to surrender to the English Nation.¹

While one of these discussions was in progress, Gourgaud relates how a bird flew through the window. Gourgaud cried: "It is an omen of good fortune", and caught the bird in his hand. But Napoleon replied: "There are enough unhappy things in the world. Set it at liberty." "I obeyed," writes Gourgaud; and the Emperor went on: "Let us watch the augury." The bird flew to the right, and Gourgaud cried: "Sire, it is flying towards the English cruiser!"²

Napoleon at last decided to surrender to the English. He sent Gourgaud and one of his other friends, Las Cases, under flag of truce to H.M.S. "Bellerophon". Captain Maitland received them well. Gourgaud carried with him the Emperor's famous letter to the Prince Regent, which read as follows:

"ROYAL HIGHNESS.—A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the greatest Powers of

¹ Gourgaud's Journal for July 12th, 1815.

² Ibid., July 13th, 1815.

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Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to place myself at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim of your Royal Highness as of the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.—
NAPOLÉON.”

Gourgaud had been instructed by the Emperor to go to England and deliver this letter in person to the Prince Regent. On board one of the British frigates, “The Slaney”, he was conveyed to Plymouth. But he was not allowed to land, and the Commander of the frigate was soon ordered to proceed to Torbay, there to meet the “Bellerophon”.

While Gourgaud had been proceeding to Plymouth, Napoleon had surrendered to Captain Maitland on July 15th.¹ As the barge containing the Emperor and his followers drew alongside the warship, Maitland and his officers gathered together on the quarter-deck and, still hardly crediting their good luck, awaited the arrival of Napoleon. As the Emperor stepped on the deck, he took off his hat and said to Maitland :

“I am come to place myself under the protection of your Prince and your laws.”

From that moment he was in the power of Great Britain. He remained so until he died.

* * * * *

The “Bellerophon” came to anchor at Torbay on July 24th, and Gourgaud rejoined his master. Once again orders arrived, and the “Bellerophon” sailed to Plymouth. Crowds besieged the boat when it was known that “Boney” was on board, and several times the Emperor appeared upon the poop and smiled and bowed, with evident gratification, at the swarm of boats which had invaded the bay, all crowded with folk anxious to catch a glimpse of the famous Napoleon.²

¹ See “The Narrative of the Surrender of Bonaparte and of his residence on board H.M.S. ‘Bellerophon’”, by Capt. F. L. Maitland (Pub. 1826, 1904).

² For detailed descriptions of the scenes which occurred when the “Bellerophon” was at Torbay, Plymouth, etc., and for accounts of Napoleon’s life and conversations when on board the “Bellerophon” and “Northumberland”, see “Extract from a diary of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn” (1888); “Taking Napoleon to St. Helena”, by J. R. Glover; “Century Magazine”, October,

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Many stories are told of those amazing days when the "Bellerophon" was anchored off Torbay and, again, off Plymouth—how, when Napoleon appeared on deck, as if by instinct every man in the watching crowd removed his hat, and women smiled and waved their handkerchiefs.

On July 31st, Admiral Keith and an Under-Secretary of State arrived on board. They informed Napoleon that the British Government had decided he must go to St. Helena.¹ The Emperor at first declared that he would not go; that his blood should rather stain the planks of the "Bellerophon". He maintained that, by coming among the English, he had paid the greatest possible compliment to a Nation whose present conduct would throw a veil of darkness over the future history of England.² He protested that he had been tricked; that he had been assured of considerate and courteous treatment in England. But Captain Maitland had no power to make promises, and his own diary proves that, when Napoleon agreed to surrender, he made it clear that all he could do was to convey him to Great Britain in safety. What happened to Napoleon afterwards was no concern of his. Las Cases' "Mémorial" also makes this clear.³

Despite Napoleon's protests, and the frantic efforts made by his companions to persuade the British Government to be more generous, the Emperor and his suite eventually left the "Bellerophon" and embarked on H.M.S. "Northumberland". Those of the officers⁴ not allowed to accompany him into

November, 1893; also in "Napoleon's Last Voyages", by Dr. H. Rose (1906); "Napoleon and his Fellow-travellers", by C. K. Shorter (1908). This latter work contains Warden's "Letters"; part of "Memoirs of an Aristocrat", by G. Home, and W. H. Lytton's account of Napoleon on the "Northumberland", "Napoleon at Torbay", by John Smart, etc., etc.

¹ See "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena", Vol. I, by W. Forsyth; "Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena", Vol. I, by Norwood Young, for the uncoloured facts.

² Gourgaud's Journal for July 31st.

³ "When there was no resource left but to accept the hospitality of the 'Bellerophon', it was not, perhaps, without a kind of secret inward satisfaction that he (Napoleon) saw himself irresistibly drawn to it by the force of events." (Las Cases' "Mémorial de Ste. Hélène", May 26th, 1816).

⁴ Napoleon was allowed to choose three principals and twelve servants to accompany him to St. Helena. Eventually, these numbers were slightly increased. Gourgaud was not originally chosen by the Emperor, but he made such a scene that the Emperor agreed to take him instead of Planat. Las Cases was allowed to join the exiles in the guise of secretary. Generals Lallemand

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exile said their farewells, and on August 9th, 1815, the "Northumberland" shaped her course for St. Helena.

The voyage was long and tedious—it lasted two months and five days—and, during that time, Gourgaud kept his daily journal. It consists chiefly, until the landing at St. Helena, of reports of the ship's latitude and longitude, and of the state of the weather. Occasionally there is an entry which tells us how the Emperor spent his time during the monotonous voyage.

It was while on the "Northumberland" that Napoleon started to take a few lessons in English; and Gourgaud seems to have been gratified—judging by his entry for September 23rd—when, on crossing the Equator, and the time-old custom of "Crossing the Line" was indulged in by the crew, Napoleon and his followers were exempted from the horseplay of Neptune and his satellites. On September 28th, Gourgaud notes in his diary: "His Majesty sends for me to talk about Waterloo. 'Ah, if it were only to be done over again,' cried Napoleon."

In another entry, Gourgaud bewails his lot, and the intrigues which go on around him. "Poor Gourgaud," he notes in his diary. "What are you doing in this galley?"

On October 14th, 1815, the island of St. Helena was sighted, and it is from this particular day that it has been thought best to commence the English translation of Gourgaud's journal.

* * * * *

Several of Napoleon's companions in exile kept diaries. Napoleon knew it, and approved. But only one diarist kept a reasonably truthful record and, in doing so, compiled an account of the life of the Emperor during a part of his captivity which is of unrivalled interest and importance. It was published in Paris as late as 1899 under the title: "Journal Inédit à Ste. Hélène," and now, suitably modified in length, and edited in light of more recent knowledge concerning Napoleon's exile, it is available to English readers.

and Savary were refused permission to join their master, and they were shipped to Malta. Others left behind were Planat, Resigny, Schultz, Mercher, Autrie, Riviere, and Piontkowski. The latter, however, eventually obtained permission to join the exiles at St. Helena. Gourgaud frequently mentions him in his journal.

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The journal is of outstanding importance because it was written mainly for Gourgaud's own eyes. The other exiles who wrote journals did so with a view to future publication. Unfortunately, with the exception of Gourgaud, they painted a one-sided picture, depicting Napoleon more as a god than as a man, and the Governor of St. Helena, Sir Hudson Lowe, as a fiend from the pit.¹

"The one capital and supreme record of life at St. Helena is the private journal of Gourgaud," wrote the late Lord Rosebery. "He alone of all the chroniclers strove to be accurate and, on the whole, succeeded."²

That is not all. Gourgaud not only reveals the truth about a considerable period of Napoleon's captivity. He reveals himself; and in a way which few other diarists of importance have succeeded in doing. It is as well, for the diary portrays a man who would have tried the patience of Job. While devoted to his master, Gourgaud suffered torments of jealousy when the Emperor paid more attention to the other exiles than to himself. He often behaved like a thoroughly spoilt child, and Napoleon said of him on one occasion:

"He loved me as a lover loves his mistress. He was impossible!"

He was. Cantankerous, argumentative, quarrelsome, tactless, and sometimes even insolent to his master, Gourgaud proved himself a trial and a misery to Napoleon, to his fellow-

¹ The following are the chief accounts of the exile at St. Helena written by Napoleon's followers. "History of the Captivity of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena" (4 vols., 1846-7, in English), by Comte de Montholon. (Although historically unreliable, this work is becoming scarce. A second-hand set may occasionally be obtained for £5.)

Also, in French: "Histoire de la Captivité de Ste. Hélène" (2 vols. in 1, 1846); and "Récits de la Captivité de l'Empereur Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène" (2 vols, 1847), by Montholon.

See also "Souvenirs de Sainte-Hélène", by Comtesse de Montholon, edited by Comte de Fleury, 1901. "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène", by Comte de Las Cases (8 vols., 1823). Several English editions (4 vols.) available. "Journal Inédit à Sainte-Hélène", by General Gourgaud (2 vols., 1899). French editions scarce.

Souvenirs:—"Expédition de Sainte Hélène" (1840), by Gourgaud; see Nouvelle Revue Rétrospective, Jan. 10th, 1895. "Napoleon—From the Tuileries to St. Helena", by St. Denis (Ali), 1 vol., 1922 (American edition).

"Les Derniers Moments de Napoléon", by Dr. F. Antommarchi (2 vols., 1825). English edition scarce.

² See "The Last Phase", by Lord Rosebery.

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companions in exile, and to himself. His diary is amazingly frank in this respect. He also shows himself a man who adored his master and yet, in spite of that idolatry, did everything possible to annoy and irritate him.

Undoubtedly the most important person to follow Napoleon into exile was General Henri Gratien, Count Bertrand.¹ Bertrand had been Grand Marshal of Napoleon's palace, and he was devoted to his master. Dr. William Henry,² who knew him well at St. Helena, says of him: "He was quiet and pleasing in manner, very unostentatious, conversible and well-informed."

Bertrand was accompanied by his wife and children—little Napoleon, aged 7; Hortense, aged 5; and Henri, aged 3. Years later, in 1840, Bertrand, in company with Gourgaud, returned to St. Helena for the exhumation of the Emperor's remains, and at the second funeral at the Invalides in Paris it was the Grand Marshal's undisputed privilege to carry his master's sword. Unfortunately, Bertrand did not keep a diary at St. Helena. He died in 1844.

Another officer chosen by Napoleon to accompany him was General Charles Tristan, Marquis de Montholon and Comte de Lee.³ Montholon was closely related to the old nobility and had known Napoleon as a boy in Corsica. He served the Emperor throughout the Hundred Days and, after Waterloo, followed him into exile. He was accompanied by his wife. At St. Helena he kept a casual notebook and, years later, when in prison at Ham with the Emperor's nephew, Louis Napoleon,—afterwards Napoleon III—he elaborated these notes into a book, which was eventually published in English under the title: "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena." It is an unreliable work, full of mistakes and, in many cases, deliberate falsehoods.

Besides Bertrand, Montholon and Gourgaud and the servants,

¹ For further details of Bertrand, see "Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena", by Norwood Young; "Autour de Sainte-Hélène", and "Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène", by F. Masson.

² See "Events of a Military Life", by Dr. William Henry. (Quebec, 1839. 2 vols.) Very scarce.

³ For further details of Montholon, see Note 1.

INTRODUCTION

Napoleon was eventually allowed to take with him to St. Helena, in the guise of a secretary, Emmanuel Auguste Dieudonné, Marquis de Las Cases.¹ Las Cases was 49, and the oldest of the followers. He was a man of considerable culture and experience ; but he was also blinded by his hero-worship of Napoleon. There is evidence to show that he went into exile with Napoleon, not only because of his adoration of the Emperor, but because he saw financial possibilities in keeping a diary and recording the Emperor's sayings. And he knew that he could leave the island if he found the life intolerable. He stayed at St. Helena a little more than a year, and after Napoleon's death published his famous "Memorial of St. Helena". Like Gourgaud's diary, it is a record of the life and habits and conversations of the Emperor at St. Helena. Historically, it is unreliable, but hardly justifies Lord Rosebery's contemptuous comment that the Memorial "was an arsenal of spurious documents".²

Las Cases was an intriguer. He helped considerably in setting Napoleon at loggerheads with Sir Hudson Lowe. In 1816 he got into trouble with Lowe over an affair of a smuggled letter and, eventually removed from Longwood, was taken to the Cape of Good Hope. Gourgaud distrusted Las Cases, and in his journal deals very severely with Napoleon's pet Machiavelli, whom he dubbed "The Jesuit".

We must briefly refer to another gentleman who officially joined the party of exiles—the first of the several surgeons who came into contact with Napoleon at St. Helena. Dr. Barry Edward O'Méara was an Irishman, an ex-Military surgeon and an ex-Naval surgeon. He was a spy of Napoleon's and of Lowe's, of the Secretary of the British Admiralty and, incidentally, of My Lords of the Admiralty themselves. He was a traitor to all of them. He was clever, plausible, and unscrupulous, and a liar and a libeller of remarkable aptitude.

O'Méara was serving on the "Bellerophon" when the Emperor surrendered and, with the concurrence of the British Government, accepted an offer to act as official surgeon to Napoleon. O'Méara hated Sir Hudson Lowe, and he betrayed him and the British Government by taking bribes from

¹ See Note 1, page xi.

² See "The Last Phase", by Lord Rosebery.

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Napoleon. He was found out in 1818. He more or less accused Lowe of trying to bribe him to poison Napoleon. The charge was unfounded, and O'Méara was dismissed the service. In 1822 he published his notorious book, "A Voice from St. Helena", in which he described Lowe as a tyrant and a rogue, and a tormentor of an illustrious and helpless prisoner. Lowe became the most hated man in England. He was ostracized. O'Méara prospered, and died in 1836 in an odour of sanctity. He was buried in St. Mary's Church, Paddington Green.

Nobody vindicated Sir Hudson Lowe in his lifetime. He received no pension, and died in poverty. In recent years new facts have come to light which clearly indicate that, although Lowe was tactless and narrow-minded, he was not a tyrant. According to his lights, he did his duty.¹

* * * *

For the benefit of the reader who has hitherto read little or nothing about the Emperor's exile, it is necessary in this Introduction briefly to touch upon Napoleon's grievances at St. Helena. These grievances arose out of the British Government's policy in refusing him an asylum in England, denying him the courtesy title of "Emperor", and imposing certain restrictions upon him when he was safely landed at St. Helena.

Directly Napoleon heard he was to be exiled at St. Helena, he began to compile a list of complaints, and until the day of his death he never stopped talking or writing about them. It is these complaints which form the subject-matter of a controversy which will probably never end; but when they have been analysed, and when Napoleon's point of view has been carefully examined, as well as the British Government's, and when the case for and against Sir Hudson Lowe has been minutely studied, the fact remains that, since Napoleon was a prisoner, he was entitled to compile a list of grievances a mile long if he wished to do so, and if he thought it worth while. The validity of his grievances is another matter.

¹ See "Napoleon's Captivity in relation to Sir Hudson Lowe", by R. C. Seaton (1903); Forsyth's "History", and a Memoir of Sir Hudson Lowe in "United Service Magazine", April-June, 1844; and "The Real Martyr of St. Helena", by T. Dundas Pillans (1913).

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Napoleon might have chosen a different policy. He might have decided to suffer his captivity in silence and in dignified aloofness. He seems to have considered this policy, but only to reject it. He chose a more active, but less dignified one, and decided on a campaign based on grievances, some genuine, some doubtful, and some frankly concocted to suit his case. He decided to try to win sympathy and less rigorous treatment for himself and his companions by consistently complaining of injustice and insults, and by compiling a multitude of other charges against the British Government, and especially against the Governor of the island.

Very often the charges were made wildly ; and even some of Napoleon's greatest sympathizers and friends eventually had to admit that many of the accusations were unjustified and demonstrably false.

Years after Napoleon's death, Montholon, who was then living in Paris, met a certain Basil Jackson,¹ who at one time had fulfilled the duties of Orderly Officer at Longwood House, when Napoleon resided at St. Helena. "Montholon", writes Jackson, "enlarged on what he termed 'La Politique de Longwood', spoke not unkindly of Hudson Lowe, allowing he had a difficult task to execute, since an angel from Heaven as Governor would not have pleased them."

That, in our opinion, is the clue to the origin of the grievances formulated by Napoleon, and to his general conduct while in captivity. Little or nothing could please him. It was his policy to complain—and to keep on complaining. The chief grievances may be briefly outlined as follows :

Napoleon realized at Rochefort that he could not escape. He could have surrendered to the Russians,² or to the Germans, or he could have committed suicide. In the end he decided to give himself up to the English. He surrendered to Captain Maitland, but received no guarantee as to his future treatment, except that Maitland, obeying orders, would convey him to England.

¹ See "Notes and Reminiscences of a Staff Officer", by Lieut.-Col. Basil Jackson (1877), and edited by Seaton, 1893. Also, "Recollections of St. Helena", "United Service Magazine" (1843).

² When it was suggested to Napoleon that the Russians would treat him well, he exclaimed : "Dieu m'en garde !" As for the Germans, Blücher wanted to shoot him. (See "Wellington's Supplementary Despatches", XI, 45.)

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Napoleon thought that he would be allowed to go to America, or reside as a private gentleman in England, and when St. Helena was decreed as his future home he argued that he had been betrayed. He was prepared for exile from France, but he vigorously protested against the choice of St. Helena as the place of exile. He maintained that the climate was not healthy, and that hepatitis—a liver disease—was endemic to the island.¹ During his captivity, he persistently declared that he was suffering from liver trouble, which was slowly and surely killing him. Dr. Barry O'Méara supported this contention; but, while it is true that hepatitis was fairly common at St. Helena in those days, it is equally true that there was nothing wrong with Napoleon's liver. This was proved by the autopsy held after his death. His liver was found to be larger than normal, but was proved to be free from disease.² It is now known that Napoleon died of cancer of the stomach—the same disease which killed his father.

It has been argued that the climate aggravated Napoleon's illness and killed him before his time, but it was not so much the climate that hastened his end as his own mode of living. Soon after his arrival at St. Helena, he gave up regular exercise and often, for days on end, would shut himself up in his rooms with all the windows closed and refuse to stir out. He also continued his practice of indulging in very hot baths, and generally allowed himself to deteriorate. Probably he did not mind. He was bored to death and sick of life.

He also complained about his place of residence, Longwood House. This grievance has a good deal of justification. Certainly, Longwood House was no palace. It was a ramshackle building which, prior to Napoleon's arrival on the island, had been used as a country house for the Lieut.-

¹ For proof that St. Helena was not unhealthy, see evidence collected by Norwood Young. "Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena", vol. I.

² Antommarchi's account of Napoleon's illness and death is unreliable, but see "An Account of the Last Illness, and Decease and Post-mortem Appearances of Napoleon Bonaparte", by Archibald Arnott, M.D. (1822). Copies of this little book are very scarce.

See also "The Illness and Death of Napoleon Bonaparte", by Dr. Arnold Chaplin (1913); and his paper: "The Fatal Illness of Napoleon" (1913); "Napoléon à Ste. Hélène—opinion d'un médecin", by J. Héreau (1829); Address delivered before the Hunterian Society, by Sir Arthur Keith, "British Medical Journal", Jan., 1913.

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Governor. It was repaired for the Emperor in a rather hasty and slipshod style. It was damp and literally swarming with rats. The floor-boards were rotten. Underneath them was bare earth covered over with manure. In fact, it was a shabby house. It was only intended as a temporary residence, and a new house, complete with furniture, was shipped to the island.¹ But Napoleon never lived in it. To the day of his death he never quite made up his mind to move, partly because he considered a new house indicated resignation on his part to his fate, partly because he kept changing his mind about certain alterations in the design of the house, and partly because his refusal to make up his mind annoyed Sir Hudson Lowe. Napoleon maintained that he should have been allowed to live at Plantation House, the Governor's residence, which was a fine, well-shaded and well-kept mansion.

When all the facts are considered, it must be admitted that, as the British Government had its greatest enemy in its power, it could have afforded to be a little more generous, and Napoleon's protest at being badly housed, while Lowe resided in considerable comfort, may be regarded as a fairly reasonable one.

The grievance against Sir Hudson Lowe can only be briefly referred to here. Lowe was not a prepossessing jailer. He and Napoleon were definitely antipathetic. Lowe lacked imagination. He constantly got on Napoleon's nerves by his persistent fussing, and by his strict adherence to the red-tape rules and regulations laid down by the British Government. Napoleon once tersely expressed his opinion of Sir Hudson Lowe to Admiral Malcolm. "His manners", he said, "are so displeasing to me that if he were to come and tell me a frigate was ready to take me to France, and I was at liberty to go where I pleased, he could not give me pleasure."²

During Napoleon's six years of captivity, he had only six interviews with Hudson Lowe. The last was the worst. Napoleon completely lost his temper, and flooded Lowe with every variety of abuse. It is to Lowe's credit that he kept

¹ Old Longwood House is still standing. It is the property of the French Republic and is occupied by the French custodian of Napoleon's last residence. New Longwood House is some hundred and fifty yards away.

² See "A Diary of St. Helena", by Lady Malcolm. (New edition, 1899.)

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his dignity and his temper, and did not in any way return Napoleon's insults.

Count Balmain, the Russian Commissioner sent to St. Helena as a representative of the Allied Powers, sums up Lowe in one of his reports. "The Governor is no tyrant, but merely very unreasonable. He is killing his people by inches (presumably through overwork and worry). His is a weak, stubborn mentality which becomes frightened at almost nothing."¹

After Napoleon's death, Lowe was scurvily treated by the British Government and, because of O'Méara's lying book, his name was tarnished, and he was cold-shouldered when he returned to England. Years later, Forsyth² was inspired to write the history of the captivity based on Lowe's voluminous official papers, now preserved in the British Museum.³ But, even then, Forsyth was not strictly impartial, as Mr. G. L. St. M. Watson has amusingly demonstrated.⁴

¹ See "Le Prisonnier de Sainte-Hélène—d'après les rapports officiels du Commissaire du Gouvernement Russe", by Comte Balmain. "Revue Bleu" du 8 Mai au 12 Juin, 1897. (An edition in English has been published by the Century Publishing Co. of America.)

² William Forsyth was commissioned by the British Government to write the history of Napoleon's exile and to refute the allegations of ill-treatment, etc., levelled at Sir Hudson Lowe. The three volumes contain many reproductions of official letters, documents, etc., selected from the Lowe papers in the British Museum. But Forsyth is careful to suppress certain evidence definitely unfavourable to Lowe.

³ The Lowe papers in the British Museum are numbered: "Additional MSS., 20,107-20,240." The last eighty-four volumes of papers deal solely with Napoleon's captivity. Other documents and MSS. relating to the captivity are as follows:

The Gorrequer papers. These form the important collection made by Lowe's military secretary, Major Gideon Gorrequer. At present they are in the Court of Chancery, having been deposited there in 1881 by an Order of the Court. Unfortunately, these papers cannot be examined, owing to the nature of the Order of the Court for their safe-keeping. It is to be hoped, however, that before long something will be done to make these papers available for students and research workers, as they will undoubtedly throw a new light on the history of Napoleon's captivity.

There are twenty-nine volumes in the Colonial Office Series in the Record Office, consisting of official despatches between Lowe, Lord Bathurst, and other officials, with many papers and Regimental letters, all relating to the captivity.

The India Office Records contain the Consultation Books of St. Helena, in which are recorded the Council Minutes. A number of MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, deal with Napoleon's captivity; and in Les Archives Nationales is the journal kept by Dr. James Verling, which has not yet been made public.

⁴ See "A Polish Exile with Napoleon", by G. L. de St. M. Watson.

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Napoleon's complaint that the British Government refused to acknowledge his title of "Emperor" and recognized him only as "General Bonaparte" was justified.

One excuse put forward by the British Government for denying him the title of "Emperor" was that, with Louis XVIII back on the throne of France again, it was difficult to acknowledge the existence of an Emperor of France as well as a King of France. In any case, the British Government would have been more generous in allowing Napoleon to adopt some other title. He wished to call himself Colonel Muiron, or Duroc, after the name of an old friend, rather than suffer the indignity of being addressed as "General Bonaparte". He once told O'Méara that he felt as it were "a slap in the face" when he was addressed as General Bonaparte, because if the French people had given him the right to one title they had the right to give him another. In other words, if the British Government acknowledged the right of the French to make Napoleon Premier Consul, they should also have acknowledged the right of the French people to make him an Emperor.

He once said to O'Méara: "One half of the vexations that I have experienced here has arisen from the title of General Bonaparte."

On another occasion, he said: "I don't call myself Napoleon, Emperor of France, but the Emperor Napoleon. Sovereigns generally retain their titles."

It was tactless, inconsiderate, and ungenerous of the British Government to deny Napoleon a title granted to him by a majority vote of the French people. Even when he was dead, and his followers wanted to put the one word "Napoleon" on his tomb, Lowe said "No". The inscription had to be "Napoleon Bonaparte" or nothing.¹ So no name was inscribed on the tomb. After all, it was not really necessary.

Another grievance was about the boundary limits, and led to endless complaints, arguments, outbursts of anger, intrigues and quarrels. If Napoleon wanted to travel outside certain boundaries, he could do so—always provided he was accompanied by a British officer. Within a twelve-mile limit he was free for most hours of the day to wander about unac-

¹ Forsyth (vol. 3).

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accompanied. There was also an inner circuit, in the immediate neighbourhood of Longwood House, which was forbidden to strangers, and in this inner area Napoleon could exercise himself free from prying eyes. But he was not satisfied. He wanted the abolition of all limits, with the possible exception of the main town in St. Helena, Jamestown, and the sea-shore. He demanded free access to the rest of the island without the irritation of being accompanied by a British officer. As St. Helena was closely guarded by the Navy and, to all intents and purposes, escape was impossible, it must be admitted that Napoleon might have been allowed more freedom to roam about free from restriction.

Nobody can say that Lowe took any chances. Napoleon was very well guarded. During the daytime four sentries were posted round the four-mile Longwood boundary, and after sunset twenty-eight men were posted round the garden. At nightfall, sixteen sentries closed in and surrounded the house.

During the day, Longwood House was guarded by sixteen men, and at sunset by forty-two. In the stables, twenty-three men were posted on guard duty by day, and fourteen by night. In fact, a grand total of one hundred and twenty-five sentries were detailed to guard Longwood, while at night-time the total number of men guarding the exiles was seventy-two. All these military precautions were quite apart from the naval patrols under the command of Admiral Malcolm, and subsequently under the command of Admiral Plampin.

Napoleon also had a grievance about the restriction on visitors to Longwood House, but perhaps the most unreasonable demand he made was that he should be granted complete freedom as regards correspondence. Of course, the Government could not possibly permit this. Nevertheless, channels for illicit correspondence were at one time numerous, but after O'Méara had been found out and dismissed from the island, opportunities for secret correspondence became fewer. On one occasion Napoleon offered a ship's captain as much as six hundred pounds if he would act as an unofficial postman to Europe. The offer was declined.

The last complaint was that of meanness in connection with provisions. Without going into details, it may be said that

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there is abundant evidence to prove that this grievance was quite unfounded. The cooks at Longwood lived in clover. They used claret for cooking, and cases of champagne accumulated until no one knew what to do with the wine. In November, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe was authorized to incur any additional expenses which were found necessary at Longwood, so that the exiles should not have a single scrap of evidence for complaint. And in March, 1818, Montholon told Lowe's military secretary that too much wine was being supplied, also an unnecessary amount of meat and bread. Montholon wrote: "We have no reproaches against the Governor. We do not complain of anything, and we have an abundance of all that is needed."

In short, Napoleon's grievance against the British Government of meanness as regards food, etc., is absolutely unfounded.¹

* * * * *

After concluding Gourgaud's journal, the reader will probably agree that the author of it must have been a very difficult man to live with. Admittedly, Gourgaud was a young man of only thirty-three, and he was, in all probability, the most lonely and the most neglected of the exiles. Napoleon was unhappy at St. Helena, but his unhappiness was alleviated by the companionship of Bertrand and Montholon and, for a time, by Las Cases. These three men set themselves out to please the Emperor in every possible way. They suppressed their own feelings of misery in a loyal attempt to help their master bear the agony of his memories and the wretchedness of his exile.

But however unhappy Napoleon may have felt, there is little doubt that Gourgaud was utterly disconsolate. His was the type of impulsive, warm, affectionate nature which could not stand loneliness. He brooded. He gave way to boredom. He missed the companionship of men of his own age, and particularly the bright society of Paris.

Gourgaud was quite out of his element at St. Helena. He needed a life of constant action. Left to himself, he developed what we should call to-day neurasthenia, and an

¹ For a very clear and detailed examination of Napoleon's grievances, see Norwood Young's "Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena" (vol. I).

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inferiority complex which made him irritable, quarrelsome and difficult to get on with.

An appreciation of Gourgaud's peculiar character is essential before passing judgment on the man. As we see him, he was rather like a brave, faithful dog ; but, above all, a blunt, honest, independent dog. He could appreciate loyalty, but that loyalty had to be reciprocated. He could not, and would not fawn.

"I have one great fault," he once said to Napoleon. "I am too much attached to your Majesty."

And, again : "Sire, I am too truthful !"

Poor Gourgaud ! It was true. His character was not cast in the mould of a courtier. Napoleon did not relish his bluntness, and his unfortunate habit of always telling the truth. Sometimes Gourgaud spoiled the effect of some of the Emperor's complaints by writing the plain truth in his letters to his mother, and as Sir Hudson Lowe censored all letters, Napoleon often found that his schemes were nipped in the bud because of Gourgaud's appalling frankness.

Towards the end of the diary the reader will note the growing tension between Napoleon and Gourgaud. From being a fanatical admirer of the Emperor, Gourgaud gradually becomes a rather bitter critic, and his final quarrel with Montholon and his departure from St. Helena suggests a hidden drama beneath the surface of the daily entries in his journal. There is, in fact, a good deal of mystery about Gourgaud's departure from the island, and at the conclusion of the journal the reader will be in a better position to appreciate the full significance of the query : Did Gourgaud leave St. Helena on his own account, because of boredom and misery, or did he pretend to quarrel with Montholon in order to give an innocent pretext to Sir Hudson Lowe for leaving the island, and thus obtain permission to return to Europe, where he could act as a secret agent for Napoleon ?

The "Gourgaud problem", as we term it, is fully dealt with in the Appendix, where the reader will also find more detailed notes in connection with this Introduction, and a selection of the letters sent by Gourgaud to the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, etc., when, on his return to Europe, he made an attempt to arouse sympathy for his exiled master.

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In concluding this Introduction, we would remind readers that in no other book, written by one who knew Napoleon well, with the possible exception of Constant's "Mémoires", do we find such intimate details about the life and habits of the Emperor. We find portraits of the General, of the Premier Consul, and of the Emperor, in a multitude of memoirs of the times, but it is left to Gourgaud to provide posterity with the portrait of the man in exile. Some may find the portrait pleasing, others may find it repugnant. We offer no opinion, but will conclude with Byron's lines :

" Yes, here he is, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or mild ;
Whose game was Empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones.
Behold the grand result, in yon lone isle,
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile."

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**THE ST. HELENA JOURNAL
OF GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD**

THE ST. HELENA JOURNAL OF GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD

CHAPTER I

THE ARRIVAL AT ST. HELENA

October 15th, 1815.

AFTER lying to from 9 p.m. until 6.30 a.m., we cast anchor at midday. I was in the Emperor's cabin as we approached the island. When he saw it, he exclaimed : " It's not an attractive place. I should have done better to remain in Egypt. By now, I should be Emperor of all the East."

The Pilot's cutter comes alongside, with an officer from the island. On its arrival, the Admiral ¹ and Bingham ² go ashore. At 2.30 the Admiral returns with the Governor, Colonel Wilks, ³ who seems a very gallant man, and presents him to the Emperor. To His Majesty's questions, Wilks replies that the island has two or three thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of whom are slaves. There are no Catholics among them. During dinner the Admiral painted a pretty and glowing picture of the town, but when I asked him if we might go ashore on the morrow, he objected, saying that that was impossible ; that it was necessary, first of all, for him to go over the island, and to make arrangements with

¹ Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn (1772-1853). Chosen to convey Napoleon to St. Helena in H.M.S. "Northumberland". Sailed on August 8th ; arrived at St. Helena October 15th, 1815. He remained in command of the island until the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe on April 14th, 1816. He left on June 19th, 1816.

² Brig.-General Sir George Ridout Bingham (1776-1833). Commander of Troops at St. Helena. Remained at St. Helena until May 24th, 1820. Was friendly with Napoleon.

³ Colonel Mark Wilks (1760-1831). Governor of St. Helena from June 1813 until April 1816. See "Monthly Magazine", 1901, for article "Colonel Wilks and Napoleon".

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the Governor. In vain I assured him that I should speak to nobody; he refused to grant my request. Oh! how absurd it is to be a prisoner . . . !

October 16th.

The Admiral goes ashore with Bingham. On his return, he appears satisfied, and announces that he has found a very pleasant house. He has decided that we shall go ashore on the morrow, and that we shall stay in the town until the country house is ready for us. According to his description, I make a rough sketch of the house. I show it to the Emperor, who declares it a mean dwelling.

October 17th.

Captain Ross sends word that he has been ordered to prevent my servant François landing. He must be sent back to Europe. In spite of my protests nothing is done. Finally, Captain Ross assures me that it depends upon the Admiral, to whom I must speak. My entreaties are all in vain. The Admiral does not seem the same man towards me. Bertrand returns from land, where he had gone to examine His Majesty's quarters. As he doesn't wish to retain his servant, I propose his taking mine. He says neither "Yes" nor "No" the whole day. I rage. I beg Bingham to take my servant himself, but I appeal in vain to all. The Emperor says to me: "By this trick that the Admiral has played on you, you must now believe what I have said about the English. They are destitute of all generosity. As Paoli says, they are a nation of shopkeepers."

I eat nothing at dinner. At 7, His Majesty, who had not wished to go into the town earlier, lest he should be seen by the inhabitants, embarks in a cutter with the Admiral and Bertrand. At 7.15, I leave in a launch with Las Cases and Mesdames Bertrand and Montholon, and at 7.30 we set foot for the first time on the famous island of St. Helena. It is agreed that the next day His Majesty shall visit Longwood House, which the Governor has chosen as his residence.

October 18th.

At 6.30, the Admiral arrives and asks if the "General" is ready. I inform the Emperor, who comes down; but

THE ARRIVAL AT ST. HELENA

the Admiral is on horseback, and grows impatient at being made to wait. His Majesty is amazed at his attitude, and exclaims: "The Admiral is a coarse man." I help him into the stirrups, and immediately he is in the saddle. His Majesty sets off at a gallop, but not knowing the way, he is obliged to wait for the Admiral. Bertrand follows him. After visiting Longwood, and lunching with the Skeltons,¹ His Majesty appeared satisfied. He sets out for the town. Coming up to "The Briars", the Emperor, seeing this house for the first time, remarks to the Admiral that he would be content to stay there until Longwood House is ready, rather than return to the town, where he would be unable to leave his quarters because of inquisitive eyes. The Admiral says that he will see to that.

They go to the Balcombes.² His Majesty stays there and sends Bertrand back to stay with us in town, adding that he himself requires only Las Cases to stay with him. Bertrand remarks that there are two pretty young ladies at "The Briars", and that I shall be able to marry.

October 19th.

I go with Las Cases' son to see His Majesty at "The Briars", but we are held up by sentries at the barrier. I write to Bingham about it, and a Sergeant is sent to escort us. I joke about the marriage which, according to Bertrand, I am to contract with Miss Balcombe. But the Emperor recommends me never again to allude to this subject. It is unworthy of one of his aides-de-camp. He will get me married in Paris, in a becoming manner.

¹ Lt.-Col. John Skelton (1763-1841). Lt.-Gov. of St. Helena, 1813-16. Lived at Longwood until Napoleon's arrival. Lowe suspected Skelton of helping Napoleon's clandestine correspondence.

² William Balcombe (1779-1829). Superintendent of Public Sales at St. Helena and official Purveyor to Napoleon and his suite. He lent "The Briars", a cottage, to Napoleon, until Longwood was ready. Balcombe's friendliness with the Longwood exiles aroused Lowe's suspicions, and he left St. Helena on March 18th, 1818. Balcombe helped N. with his clandestine correspondence. His daughters, Betsy and Jenny, were friendly with Napoleon. Betsy left St. Helena in 1818 and later, as Mrs. Abell, she published in 1844 her recollections of Napoleon at St. Helena. She died in 1871.

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October 20th.

I go with M. and Mme Bertrand to lunch aboard the "Northumberland". I make my final effort to keep poor François, but in vain, so I resolve to bid my farewells to this excellent servant. I offer him a tip of fifty louis, besides some trousers and shirts. In addition, I entrust to his care some rings for my mother and sister, urging him to reassure my mother as to my fate, and to see some friends of mine. I commend him to the captain of the brig which is to take him back to Europe.

October 21st.

I go with Bertrand to the Emperor, who orders him to write saying that we are very uncomfortable. "This is a disgraceful island," he says. "It is a prison. You must all complain very strongly." I walked with the Emperor in the garden, and we discussed women. He maintains that a young man should not run after them.

October 22nd.

At 1 o'clock, I go with Bingham to see the Emperor, but am informed that he is sleeping. Bingham waits until 3 o'clock, and then returns to dine in town, while I remain with Jenny and Betsy Balcombe until the arrival of Bertrand and Montholon. We then visit the Emperor, who asks Las Cases to read a detailed letter on the treatment His Majesty is receiving. The letter is to be signed by Bertrand. The Emperor asks us our opinion. I find that, as an official document, there are too many ridiculous details in it—such as, for example, references to his chamber servants; that he has only one mattress, etc. These are observations unworthy of His Majesty who, however, gives back the letter to Bertrand, requesting him to write to the Admiral, as that will have more effect. The very day of our arrival, the brig "Peruvian" set out on an expedition to Ascension Island.

There is a rather ridiculous prohibition against amorous dogs. Those caught in the act are punished by death.

We are subject to extreme severity, being always escorted by Sergeants. Ships are not permitted to communicate with the inhabitants of the island.

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October 23rd.

At 8 o'clock, Mr. Glover¹ pays me back the twenty Napoleons I lent him aboard the "Northumberland". I buy two lengths of cambric with which to make some shirts, some stockings for 7/-, and some quilting for 9/-.

October 24th.

The Emperor tells me that Bertrand would not write the letter of complaint, and that if the Admiral asks him what he would like, he will reply : " Either I command, or I am silent." His Majesty is indignant at all the foolish precautions which are being taken on his account. I go to Longwood with Glover, and find that it is a very dismal place. Decidedly our tormentors lack courage ! The Emperor is still anxious for Bertrand to write the letter of complaint before midnight. Bertrand refuses to write the letter. The Admiral invites us to dinner on the morrow because our cooks have gone to settle in at Longwood.

October 25th.

The Grand Marshal assures me that he will do his utmost to see that I am comfortably lodged at Longwood, and he returns me the note of complaint written to the Admiral. We arrive at the latter's at 5 o'clock, and after waiting ten minutes, he deigns to appear and asks : " Do you think that if I give a Ball, the ' General ' will come to it ? "

October 26th.

On consideration, the letter of complaint is not written to the Admiral ; but Montholon sings the praises of the latter very highly to the Emperor, and attributes all the disagreeable orders to Governor Wilks. His Majesty speaks badly of Ney and La Bédoyère. " One should never break one's word, and I despise traitors." He then adds that he doesn't think of returning to Europe unless, as is very probable, there is a revolution in Prussia and in England.

October 27th.

Glover calls to tell me to visit the Admiral. We do so, and wait several minutes in his drawing-room. He appears, and

¹ Secretary to the Admiral.

addresses us in these terms: "Gentlemen, here are your swords. M. de Montholon has told you on what condition you can have them back." I reply: "I don't know what M. de Montholon can mean. Please tell me what the condition is." "It is", replies the Admiral, "that you do not use them against the English." I retort: "Not against those who would insult me, or against assassins?" He replies: "Against none." "Ah!" say I, "I am certain that, in such circumstances, the Admiral would lend me his sword." He replies: "Indeed, but that will never happen!"

I demand His Majesty's sabre and sword and, after a few inexplicable difficulties, the Admiral hands them over to me. But he refuses me my pistols, adding that, if the Governor knew we possessed fire-arms, he would tremble! I give a louis to the Orderly to take them home for me, and there I find a letter from Las Cases, in which he says that the Emperor demands each of us on the morrow to return the Frs. 1,600 he gave us aboard the "Bellerophon".

October 28th.

Noverraz¹ comes to ask for the Frs. 1,600 which I hand over to him. I take His Majesty the chapter on "The Siege of Toulon". He compliments me on it, and dictates another chapter on "The Raising of Forces on the Coasts of Provence". The English troops which had come with us encamp.

October 30th.

A woman slave is sold publicly. His Majesty approves a draft copy which I read to him. He takes the manuscript, and asks me to stay to dinner. He receives the Balcombes, who call him "Monsieur", and remarks: "I thought I was at a masked ball when I heard the foolish questions of the Balcombe girls."

Then the Emperor speaks to me of his campaigns. He cannot understand his defeat at Waterloo. "It isn't for me," he adds; "it is for poor France." His Majesty tells me again,

¹ Jean Abram Noverraz (1790-1849). Third valet to Napoleon. Married Madame Montholon's maid, Josephine Broule. Stayed until Napoleon's death. Returned for the exhumation.



DRAWING OF NAPOLEON MADE BY AN OFFICER WHO ACCOMPANIED
HIM IN THE "NORTHUMBRIAND" TO ST. HELENA AND REMAINED
WITH HIM AT "THE BRIARS" FOR SOME WEEKS

THE ARRIVAL AT ST. HELENA

that with twenty thousand men less, he ought to have won the battle. It is Fate which made him lose it.

November 3rd.

In town I learn that a brig and a three-master are in the harbour. No communication is allowed with these vessels. Some say that Marshal Ney is on board ; others, that they are rebels from the Île de France on their way to England. The English avoid us, and appear morose. Cipriani¹ annoys me continually with his questions and his visits to my room. In the evening, His Majesty dictates. There is a great quarrel between Madame Montholon and Madame Bertrand.

November 5th.

We find His Majesty in the small garden, playing chess with Las Cases. After the usual compliments, the Emperor speaks to Bertrand about the situation, complaining that no one has written weekly, expressing our grievances as he desired, and that no freedom has been granted us. The Grand Marshal is angry because the Emperor told him that he was nothing but a ninny.

"Your Majesty errs in not believing in my opinion. Your Majesty would have done well to do so." He raises his voice. The Emperor, amazed at this, imposes silence on him with these words : "At the Tuileries you would not have said that to me. Everything I did there was right."

The conversation becomes heated. His Majesty cries : "Anyhow, the 'Weymouth' will soon bring each of you permission to leave." I reply that our intention in coming to St. Helena was to share His Majesty's lot, that the more intolerable it becomes, the more firmly would we devote ourselves to him, and that we would leave him only when he should dismiss us. Las Cases, Madame Bertrand and I retire, leaving His Majesty and the Grand Marshal together to make their peace. Later, His Majesty dictates a chapter on Egypt, and asks me to stay to dinner. This is the etiquette observed in regard to Las Cases' son : when we are at table, His Majesty sends him an invitation to dinner. He says that this is in

¹ Cipriani. Napoleon's butler. He died at St. Helena on February 26th, 1818.

case young Las Cases should take it for granted. Every day he does the same. The Emperor tells me that I must come and sleep in the tent at the door of his chamber. He talks and strolls with me, discusses his love affairs with Madame D—— and Mademoiselle Galliene ; and tells me, that in going to Lyons he had *bonne fortune* with Mademoiselle Pellaprat. His Majesty adds that women are often good to consult ; that if he were ever restored to the throne, he would devote two hours daily to conversation with women. He learned many secrets from Madame de Rovigo and Madame de Montebello. Las Cases tells His Majesty that it is very probable he will sit on the throne again, and that Russia will help. The Emperor declares that that is possible only if the Jacobins become masters of Europe.

“ It is only I who can crush them, and that involves great risks, for I envisage the secret assemblies. Deliberative assemblies are a terrible thing for a Sovereign. I see them in Prussia, whose king is foolish enough to extend his liberality, and make promises of Chambers. He will see what that will cost him. In England I pin much faith on Princess Charlotte.”¹

His Majesty becomes excited, and continues : “ In such circumstances, the minister who would advise my return to Europe would deserve death by hanging. Belgium and the Rhine are integral parts of France. They hope for much by a change of régime.”

His Majesty discusses Egypt with me. “ If I had stayed there, I should now be Emperor of the East. At Acre, the whole population was declaring itself for me. I should have been able to go to India.”

November 6th.

On my way to His Majesty, I meet Montholon and the Admiral returning from Longwood. The latter bids me a gracious “ Good-day ”. Bertrand had written to him yesterday about the bad treatment meted out to His Majesty, but the reply was that no Emperor was recognized on St. Helena,

¹ Napoleon hoped she would one day be Queen. Her death was a blow to him. Gourgaud reported to the Austrian Commissioner that Napoleon exclaimed, on hearing of her death : “ Well, there is another unexpected blow.”

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and that the Orderly could not be removed. His Majesty is furious with his reply. "This man fails me, and I am quite certain Bertrand didn't write as I dictated."

Montholon dines with the Admiral, who has assured Bertrand that Longwood is more beautiful than Saint-Cloud !

November 8th.

I go to Longwood to inspect the quarters the Admiral has provided for me. It is a veritable cellar ! I understand from Montholon that the Admiral has declared that, unless the Emperor deposits the 4,000 Napoleons we brought with us, he will lose his money, as it will be confiscated. The only way of turning this situation to good account would be to give 1,000 Napoleons to each of us. Montholon adds that His Majesty ought to make over to each of us a pension of Frs. 50,000. He asks me to speak to the Emperor about the Frs. 80,000, otherwise he will lose them. I refuse, hating to ask for money. Montholon decides to write to Las Cases on this matter, begging him to show his letter to His Majesty. He is very anxious to get the 1,000 Napoleons !

November 10th.

Two officers come to inform Bertrand that if we are found outside the town after 9 p.m., we will be made to spend the night in the Guard Room, and that, the next day, the Admiral will be asked for instructions. I fly into a great rage during dinner against Montholon. Madame Montholon defends her husband.

November 12th.

His Majesty dictates notes and instructions for Bertrand and Las Cases ; they are model reports of a *maître d'hôtel*. Las Cases is to take complaints relative to the kitchen, and Bertrand those of the other departments. Montholon, Bertrand, their wives and family, go to the Balcombes, who rudely do not invite me. I start to go to town to dress. However, His Majesty does not wish me to go, so I return to "The Briars" and stroll with him. He tells me by what stroke of luck he discovered the Georges conspiracy. I dine with him and Las Cases, the Montholons and the Bertrands. We all return to

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town at 10 o'clock, and I find my servant, dead drunk, stretched out on my bed. I am reduced to sleeping on a sofa in the drawing-room.

November 13th.

I feel rather tired and lazy. We send our visiting cards to the Governor. In the evening, wishing to go into the street with Dr. O'Méara, we are stopped by the sentry at our door. In accordance with His Majesty's instructions, I address a complaint in writing to the Grand Marshal.

November 14th.

It is my birthday. We receive invitations to the Admiral's Ball. There is one for "General" Bonaparte.

CHAPTER II

NAPOLÉON MOVES TO LONGWOOD HOUSE

November 18th, 1815.

I AM bored. I work. In the evening we have company—Mr. Skelton, the Lieutenant-Governor and his wife.

November 19th.

His Majesty is sad. We dine with him. He makes me read some "Molière". He is rather feverish.

November 20th.

The Admiral's Ball. All the Balcombes dine with us. At 9 o'clock, we arrive at the Ball. The Admiral, introducing me to a partner, asks whether I shall dance. I reply : "Yes." A moment later, he informs me that I am to dance the first quadrille with Madame Balcombe, the second with Betsy Balcombe, and the third with Rosebud ¹ (Miss Kneips). My intention was not to dance with the Balcombes, but here I am caught. Madame Bertrand dances with Bingham, and Madame de Montholon with an English captain. We have two successive dances with the same partners. It is a dreadful bore ! I see Miss Wilks ² for the second time. She has a charming face ; a mixture of sweetness, intelligence and distinction. She salutes me as she dances past. Ah ! Why am I a prisoner ?

I am told to take Madame des Fontaines, wife of a councillor, to supper. After the second dance, we adjourn to the dining-

¹ Miss Kneips, daughter of a St. Helena farmer. Greatly admired for her beauty. She left St. Helena in 1820.

² Laura Wilks, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Wilks. Gourgaud appears to have fallen in love with her.

room. I place myself beside an elderly lady in a seat other than the one assigned to me, and I was right in doing so, for with the insolent one must be insolent ! Rosebud is on my left ; on the right of the Admiral are Mrs. Wilks, Bingham, Miss Wilks, Bertrand, and Mrs. Skelton. On the left of the Admiral sit the Governor, Madame de Montholon, and Mr. Skelton. Las Cases is lost in the crowd ! I wasn't able to return home until 5.30 a.m., because of my three—or rather six—quadrilles.

November 21st.

To-day I was with the Emperor, who asked for news of the Ball and how the guests were seated. He flies into a rage ; he considers we have been slighted ; that we were not seated according to our rank ; that Madame Bertrand—who is a *real* lady, and the wife of a high officer of the Crown—ought to have sat on the Admiral's right, instead of Mrs. Wilks, who is only the wife of a petty Governor. He scolds me for refusing to dance with the Misses Balcombe. Las Cases had assured His Majesty that he had been treated with particular distinction. "That is because", says His Majesty, "he is here with me."

I replied that Las Cases was no better placed than the rest of us ; he didn't know where to sit at supper ! I stroll with His Majesty in the garden and I relate, in part, my conversation that morning with Montholon on the question of my quarters at Longwood. I had told Montholon what I had in my mind, and that if he wished to continue to practise meanness he had only to take a red coat, and abandon the uniform of a French General. I abused him. Montholon replied that he intended to return to Europe when the permit arrived.

The Emperor expresses to Bertrand his dissatisfaction at the lack of respect shown him yesterday. "Before accepting the invitation you ought to have asked how you would be placed at table, but, as the proverb says : 'If you insult a man once, you are in the wrong ; if you insult him again, he is.' You must not go to any more of their Balls or dinners." I thought to myself that, if His Majesty had gone to this Ball, as Montholon advised, all the stupid inhabitants of the island would have fraternized with both him and Bertrand.

NAPOLÉON MOVES TO LONGWOOD HOUSE

November 24th.

His Majesty is sad. He attempts to dictate notes on Henry IV and the Pope, but he soon abandons the task. Bertrand says that Bingham's aide-de-camp has just been to ask if his wife will go to lunch, and that she has replied vaguely. The Emperor thinks we should explain ourselves once and for all. I observe that an explanation would make no difference to our situation ; that we should have to put up with insults, in addition to the ridiculousness of contending for a place on the right or the left at table, and it was better not to accept invitations again. His Majesty entirely agrees. He is very tired, lies down on his couch, reads, and falls asleep.

November 26th.

I visit the Admiral, who assures me that Longwood will soon be ready. His Majesty is better. Bertrand comes with the Major to see him. The Emperor declares in his presence, that his position is frightful ; that the Admiral is a positive shark ; that he is going to sketch his portrait in his memoirs.

November 28th.

I agree to go with Montholon and the doctor to the camp and then to lunch with Bertrand, in order to see Longwood. Montholon keeps me waiting under the pretext that his wife is ill. However, accompanied by the Admiral, we visit our future home, and every one protests against the shabbiness of His Majesty's residence and the wretchedness of its furnishings. We ask for a fireplace to be built, but that cannot be ready for two months. Meanwhile, I shall sleep in the tent, and Montholon will stay at "The Briars". We leave together for the camp. Bingham receives us at the door of a large tent in which dancing is in progress. I am told that I am to sit with Mrs. Balcombe at lunch. When the time comes, the Governor entertains Madame Bertrand, the Admiral, Mrs. Wilks, Glover, Mrs. Neal. Las Cases is right at the end of the table ! On the left of Madame Bertrand sit the Governor and a lady's companion. Opposite is the Admiral, and on his left Miss Wilks, Montholon, and Skelton. I find no place laid for me. I am asked why I am not eating. I reply, that as no place is laid for me, I don't wish to eat ! Bingham's

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meanness offends every one. However, after lunch, no apology is made to me. I ask for an orderly to accompany me back to "The Briars", where I tell the Emperor of my discomfiture. He is incensed at the rudeness shown me. "It is imperative that we have some explanation before going to dine with the Governor," he says. I return to town with Bertrand. The Admiral also is shocked. He said that he was going to dine, as he was dying with hunger!

November 29th.

I have my trunk taken to "The Briars", and give the Emperor extracts from the Gazette from Paris for 9th August. There had been shouts of: "Long live the Emperor", beneath the King's windows. His Majesty remarks: "I shall need much strength and courage to tolerate life in my position."

He dictates a chapter on the mistakes of Louis XVIII in 1814. I stroll with him in the garden, and we speak of Waterloo. He doesn't understand this battle, regrets not having put Clausel or Lamarque in his War Ministry, and repents of having appointed Fouché to the police.

"I ought to have had Fouché hanged. That was indeed my intention. If I had been conqueror at Waterloo, I would have had him shot immediately. I was perhaps wrong in creating Chambers, but thought they would be useful to me.

"I was wrong to waste valuable time bothering about the Constitution, all the more so since it was my intention to dissolve the Chambers once I saw myself victor and affairs settled. But my hopes of finding resources in the Chambers were vain. I was deceived. They injured me before Waterloo, and have abandoned me since." His Majesty is roused, becomes sad and melancholy. We find Las Cases, return to dinner, and read a book on Egypt.

November 30th.

Here I am, established in my tent at "The Briars". The Admiral comes to confer with His Majesty, but is told that he is ill. The Admiral announces he is going to Longwood, and will call again; but on his return, he is not received. The Grand Marshal brings news of France, up to September 1st.

NAPOLÉON MOVES TO LONGWOOD HOUSE

La Bédoyère has been condemned to death, and Brune assassinated. The dinner is a melancholy one. This news has touched the Emperor. His Majesty retires at 10.30.

December 1st.

I lunch in the garden with His Majesty, after which I play chess and walk with him until 4 o'clock. Montholon arrives with news he has read in the Gazette. He says that the whole of France is in a state of revolution; that an army of 15,000 men is being organized; that everywhere they are shouting for the Emperor; and that the Admiral has told him that such a state of affairs would be the ruin of England, where they had to call up the militia. Fouché, it seems, has countersigned the verdict on La Bédoyère. His Majesty is indignant.

Bertrand strolls with us. He announces that Clausel has escaped from Paris. The Emperor is so moved by this news about the 15,000 men, that he strides along crying: "It is now that it is cruel to be a prisoner here. Who will lead this movement? I see nobody capable of doing anything big. Eugène has a good headpiece, judgment, and good qualities, but not that genius, that resolute character that distinguishes great men. Soult isn't capable of anything more than being an army commander. It is I only who could succeed. Clausel! Ah, Clausel! He is young. He has means and vigour. I would fear only him."

Las Cases interrupts: "Well, Sire, if he succeeds, it will be very advantageous to Your Majesty."

"Do you think he's fool enough to yield his place to me? I have numerous partisans, but if he were to succeed, he would have partisans also. The people would soon forget the great things I have done, and would think of him as the saviour of France. Then again, the last one is always right. One forgets the past for the present."

December 2nd.

The Emperor decides that we shall not go to the Ball, and that we shall refuse everything. I write personally to the Governor, expressing regrets. His Majesty has a cold, and retires early.

December 3rd.

The Emperor dictates on the Decimal System, which he criticizes without understanding. I stroll with him in the garden. He tells me that what the English ought to do would be to raise an insurrection in Paris as a pretext for burning the city. "It would be a great coup for England to destroy our capital. The English could probably sink our Fleet, overwhelm our ports—especially Cherbourg, Brest, Toulon. After this, they would have nothing to fear from France for a long time."

I reply that the whole Nation would rise and resist. His Majesty continues with these remarks: "Bah! The Nation is kept in subjection at the moment. If her enemies so desire, they will share her territory. It is very easy. To begin with, they have only to divide among themselves all the officers, and send some to Prussia, others to Russia, Austria and India. Once the army is scattered, and in captive hands, what can France do? There's no alternative but to yield."

Montholon and Bertrand dine with their wives, and Las Cases and I dine with His Majesty.

December 6th.

The Emperor dictates a standing order as to the nature of service at Longwood. He fixes the wages of the domestics and, at my request, agrees to increase Cipriani's.

Montholon, returning from Longwood, announces that sentries will be placed round the house at 9 p.m., and that we won't be allowed to walk in the garden after 11 o'clock. His Majesty flies into a rage, and cries: "You can be certain they have instructions to kill me. They will find some excuse or other for running me through with a bayonet. Oh! I know the English!"

The Emperor concludes by deploring his situation. He complains that he hasn't had a bath for some time. Marchand¹ had been to Longwood in the morning, and the Admiral had informed him that he would come and see His Majesty the

¹ Louis Marchand (1792-1876). First valet to Napoleon and one of his executors under his will. Was made a Count in 1869. See "A Gift of Napoleon", by Sir Lees Knowles, Bt., and "Après la Mort de l'Empereur", by Cahuet.

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next day at 4 o'clock. Bertrand discusses a title for the Emperor, and "The Comte de Lyon" is suggested. I express the opinion that His Majesty can call himself none other than "General Bonaparte" or "The Emperor Napoleon". The others quote the case of the Comte de Lille, and His Majesty declares that it is the custom for Sovereigns, on certain occasions, to assume titles whereby they can go about incognito. I make the observation that the title of "Comte de Lyon" would lend itself to ridicule more than any other, seeing that the Comtes de Lyon are Canons! The Emperor appears very concerned with what Montholon says about the sentries being placed at Longwood, and cries: "The Admiral is an assassin!" We dine very sadly.

December 7th.

I go to Longwood. The Admiral, whom I find there, shows me my tent. I object, since I have not come to St. Helena to camp. It was the Emperor who dictated the objection to me. Before reaching Longwood the sentry on the road would not let me pass. His instructions forbade anyone to pass except Montholon. "I am he," I cried. And I pass! I return to town to dine with Mr. Skelton, and learn that the Allied Powers are to send Commissioners to St. Helena.

December 8th.

I find Las Cases with the Emperor, reading the English Gazettes, in which is news of Fouché. His Majesty says to us: "The King ought to begin by showing sternness, and afterwards, he could employ gentleness. He must be absolutely a feudal king; it is imperative that he re-establish Parliament. He can do everything at present; later on, he won't be able to. He must take advantage of the stupor in which the Nation is, and of the presence of foreign armies. The English constitution would never suit France. I busied myself with the constitution on my return from Elba, just to be in the fashion; but had I been victorious I would have dismissed the Chambers. A deliberative assembly is a terrible thing. The English constitution suits England only."

December 9th.

Bertrand goes with Wilks to see the new house in which he is to live, until he is lodged at Longwood. I wish to go to

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the "Briars", but am refused an escort. I am compelled to have an officer with me, but they will not give me one. Mr. Mackay, the captain of "The Minden", begs me to take him to the Emperor, and also Mr. Hare, a young officer. The latter tells me that His Majesty was present at his christening at Boulogne, when he presented him with a tri-coloured cockade. I go with them, since they serve as escort. Mr. Mackay speaks French very well. He tells me he is a great admirer of His Majesty, and that he will undertake any commissions. I announce the visitors to the Emperor, who does not care very much about seeing them, but on my entreaties he sends Las Cases to fetch them. His Majesty receives them in the garden. Mr. Mackay was presented to him when His Majesty was First Consul. They stroll together, but His Majesty is very sad and doesn't speak much. The Grand Marshal announces that His Majesty will go into residence at Longwood on the morrow.

December 10th.

I leave for Longwood, to set my tent in order, and at 4 o'clock, His Majesty arrives on horseback with the Admiral, and finds the house fairly well ordered. The Admiral is delighted at this. The Emperor dines alone, and every one retires early.

December 13th.

The Emperor, Montholon and I go riding. On our return, His Majesty sends me to Bertrand, who complains of being badly housed, of having no cook, and of lacking everything. The Emperor requests that everything Bertrand needs be sent him. Then His Majesty sends Montholon to invite Major Ferzen¹ to dinner. I discuss with Montholon the places we are to occupy at table. I declare that I will yield nothing to him, being older than he in the military household, and that I would rather fight with him. After dinner, we play *reversi*, and at 9.30 go to bed.

¹ Major Oliver George Ferzen (1786-1820). C.O. of the 53rd Regiment at St. Helena. He met Napoleon several times and was asked to luncheon and dinner.

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December 14th.

The Admiral and Colonel Skelton come to pay their respects to His Majesty, but His Majesty has it announced that he is indisposed. Skelton leaves, but the Admiral appears annoyed. Montholon asks the Admiral if he might take the Orderly Officer's room and give it to Las Cases. The Admiral flies into a passion with Montholon, but is very civil to me. He has a window made for me, suggests shutters, and asks me how I like my room. I reply : "Very much." He adds : "Yet you speak ill of me to the captain of the 'Minden'." "It wasn't I who spoke to the captain, it was Montholon," I reply.

In the afternoon, the Emperor sends me to Bertrand's to explain that, although Montholon is in charge of the kitchen, and I the stables, Bertrand is still Grand Marshal. Constitutionally, his post is permanent.

December 15th.

The Emperor mounts his horse and goes to the Bertrands' to invite them to dinner. We desire to extend our ride. The sentry stops us. The Emperor's feelings are hurt. Returning, we meet Bingham at the head of his battalion who, in order to give us room, passes to the higher ground on the left, and salutes His Majesty. His Majesty sends me on a tour of the limits.

December 16th.

His Majesty strolls with me, and speaks about the constitution. "We must not have deliberative assemblies," he remarks. "The men on whom one believes one can rely in these assemblies change their opinions too easily. Waterloo ! Waterloo ! The English constitution is useless for France."

In the town I inquire after a negress. *Reversi* after dinner, and bed at 10 o'clock.

December 17th.

I go with Dr. O'Méara to Plantation House, where I meet Miss Wilks. She is full of charm and sweetness. What a woman ! I walk with her in the garden, which is very pretty. There are some very beautiful oaks ; everything is well kept. I am afraid that, away from Plantation House, I shall become melancholy. Returning, I pass a pretty mulatto.

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December 18th.

I reconnoitre with O'Méara the limits imposed on our excursions. The evening before, the Admiral had issued instructions to allow us to pass outside the enclosure, if accompanied by O'Méara. To-day, he goes back on his word, and issues a contrary order. The whole camp finds a curious inconsistency in his instructions.

December 20th.

The Admiral gives orders about the stables and is very civil to us, but the Emperor authorizes Montholon to tell him that he is very displeased ; that the Admiral behaves badly towards us ; that he is an assassin. I think that Montholon will have softened these remarks ! His Majesty assures us that, if he had been in England, he would have commanded every one. He would have won the hearts of the English. " I am sure that Lord Grenville would not have resisted my arguments."

December 22nd.

I am sad. It is raining. The English troops are manœuvring near Plantation House. The Emperor speaks to me about my mother. " You are mad to dote so on your mother. Do you think that I didn't love mine ? One must be reasonable. Every dog has his day. How old is she ? "

" Sixty-seven, Sire."

" Parbleu ! You will never see her again. She will be dead before you get back to France."

I weep. Bed at 11. Wind and rain the whole night.

December 23rd.

I go shooting with a rifle that Captain Poppleton lends me, and kill five turtle-doves, which I give to His Majesty. He is indisposed, does not go out, and dines alone. The horses bought at the Cape for the Emperor and us, arrive.

December 24th.

The Admiral is very charming and invites Montholon, his wife and myself, to dine on Tuesday. I neither accept nor refuse until I have received orders from the Emperor. Some

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foreign ladies visit my tent, and the Admiral pays me the greatest civilities. After their departure, I go shooting and kill a partridge. In the evening, *reversi*.

December 26th.

I go shooting, but bag nothing. I watch the camp sports held in celebration of Christmas. The soldiers chase a pig whose tail has been greased, and it is by the tail alone that the animal must be caught. There are also foot and sack races.

December 29th.

Three vessels from Europe are signalled. I accompany the Emperor into the valley, where we risk breaking our necks. Major Ferzen, who comes from town, tells me that there has been a change of Ministry in France. The Governor pays us a visit, and invites me to dinner on Wednesday. One named Piontkowski¹ is on board one of the boats arriving at St. Helena. Apart from Bertrand, not one of us knows him. The Emperor had no inclination to receive him. However, he is perhaps sent by our friends in France. Unquestionably he is the bearer of news. At 8 o'clock, Bertrand begs me to go and fetch his wife on horseback. I do so. The Emperor is very annoyed, and says in front of all his guests: "I am not made to wait for anybody." After dinner Bertrand leaves, very much upset. No *reversi*.—Bad temper!

December 30th.

His Majesty rides with me and Noverraz. The Emperor scolds me for lending a horse to Madame Bertrand yesterday. Then he speaks of the Grand Marshal and his wife: "They did the same thing at Elba. They think only of themselves, forgetting what they owe me. They take my house for a hotel. Let them dine here always, or not at all."

Major Ferzen is present at lunch with the Emperor in the garden, and His Majesty tells me that if he had his guns he

¹ Captain Frédéric Jules Piontkowski (1786–1849). Received permission to join Napoleon at St. Helena. Arrived December 29th, 1815, but was sent home in 1816. See Watson's book: "A Polish Exile with Napoleon".

would go game or target shooting. I go shooting with Ferzen and kill a partridge and three turtle-doves. On my return, I find Bertrand in my tent. He complains bitterly of the Emperor's conduct towards him and his wife, and declares that for some time he has known His Majesty to be an egoist. I try to pacify him by telling him that the Emperor is annoyed because Madame Bertrand dined in town with the Admiral, and had spent the night at a lodging-house.

His Majesty summons me to show him the result of the shooting. During lunch Piontkowski arrives, wearing the uniform of an Ordnance Officer. The Emperor tells me that the Admiral called, and, by dint of his entreaties, succeeded in getting himself received by His Majesty, who blamed him openly for his conduct in placing sentries round the house, for not restoring our rifles, and for executing absurd orders, etc. "Posterity cannot fail to reproach England for leaving me two months at 'The Briars', in a single room, very badly lodged, and without the possibility of having a bath." The Admiral tries to excuse himself by attributing these severities to the Governor. The Emperor cries: "The Governor, a man of common sense, maintains the opposite."

The Admiral, quite disconcerted, promises to do all he can to ameliorate our lot. He promises to return me the rifles, but he cannot—because of his instructions—allow His Majesty to go outside the limits without being accompanied by an officer. The Emperor, unable to agree to having an English officer by his side during his walks, induced the Admiral to accede to his request that the officer should not be one of his party, but should remain thirty or forty yards in the rear, dressed as an ordinary civilian. The Emperor talks for a long time with Piontkowski, who has a great fund of stories. At dinner His Majesty is sad. Piontkowski dines with us and the Emperor.

December 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Skelton visit His Majesty, who receives them, and asks Mr. Skelton to go riding with him. Las Cases and I accompany them in the valley. It is enough to break one's neck. This morning the Emperor tried the open carriage

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(barouche) which had been sent from the Cape. In the evening, the Admiral sent back the six rifles of His Majesty's to Poppleton.¹

¹ Captain Thomas William Poppleton (1775-1827). Of the 53rd Regiment. Orderly Officer at Longwood from December 10th, 1815, to July 24th, 1817. Poppleton was the only Orderly who dined with Napoleon. Lowe was angry because Poppleton accepted a snuff-box from Napoleon.

CHAPTER III

TROUBLE WITH A SENTRY

January 1st, 1816.

POPPLETON hands over the Emperor's rifles. At 10 o'clock, we all go to His Majesty to wish him a Happy New Year. He receives us in the drawing-room, and remarks : "A year ago I was at Elba."

This reflection saddens him. He goes with us into the garden and tells us that we must live as a family ; that, placed at the end of the earth as we are, it is painful to be at variance. Then he complains of the dinner of the evening before, which was badly served, and scolds Montholon for his bad cuisine arrangements. We lunch together, and then drive in the park in an open carriage. The Emperor rides round the valley and is nearly thrown into the stream. He meets Miss Robinson¹ ("Rosebud") and finds her very pretty. After a family dinner, we play *reversi*. There is a Ball at the Balcombés. The Emperor would have wished Las Cases to be present to get news, but Poppleton being absent, we cannot leave Longwood.

January 2nd.

His Majesty thinks it ridiculous that Piontkowski should wear the uniform of an Ordnance Officer. He thinks it rather ambiguous, for no one seems to know who Piontkowski is. His Majesty does not care to admit him to his table. The Emperor repeats the same thing to Montholon, and declares that he will have this Pole eat with Las Cases' son. I reply that I think Las Cases *père* will be grieved if his son

¹ Known as "The Nymph". Daughter of a small farmer. She married and left the island in 1817. She seems to have been a very pretty girl who attracted a good deal of notice.

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doesn't dine with us. His Majesty decides that we will examine Piontkowski's papers, to find out his rank, and that, under my instructions, the management of the stables shall be entrusted to him ; but he must dine apart from the rest of us. We lunch, and then go riding to the Bertrands', and then on to Miss Mason's,¹ whose house marks the new limit. We have Bingham to dinner. In the evening, *reversi* and whist. His Majesty is sad and weary.

January 3rd.

His Majesty informs me that he is going to ride to Sandy Bay. The horses are ready at 7 o'clock, when the Admiral and Glover, informed by signal, arrive. The Emperor goes to the stables, and is astonished to find Sir George Cockburn there. Sir George greets His Majesty, hat in hand, and proposes to accompany him. His Majesty then lunches, goes out riding, and, seeing me in red trousers, cries : " I don't like that colour. The English wear it ! You're carrying a villainous sabre. I've some fine Turkish ones. I'll give you one I call Aboukir."

I reply that that would give me the greatest pleasure. " Will Your Majesty allow me to ask Ali ² for it ? "

Whereupon, His Majesty mounts his horse and merely replies : " Ah ! We'll see ! "

January 4th.

His Majesty, tired from his visit to Sandy Bay, remains in bed until 10 o'clock. He assures me that while out yesterday he fascinated the Admiral. Piontkowski asks permission to dine with the doctor and Captain Poppleton. Later, I go riding with His Majesty, Bertrand, and Las Cases. We go along the valley. The Emperor's horse sinks in the mud and all but throws him. We enter Miss Mason's garden, breaking down the railings—to the great despair of the negro, to whom

¹ Miss Polly Mason. A big landowner on the island. Lowe had the idea of renting her house for Napoleon at £100 a month.

² Louis Etienne St. Denis (1788-1856). Second valet to Napoleon. Married Mary Hall, nursemaid to the Bertrand children. See his " From the Tuileries to St. Helena ", and Sir Lees Knowles' " A Gift of Napoleon ".

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His Majesty bids me give a Napoleon. This pleases the poor black immensely. We then go to Miss Robinson's. She is just leaving her house. His Majesty talks to her, without dismounting. This young lady, noticing me, asks Bertrand : "Is that General Gourgaud?" Returning, the Emperor jokes and says : "Did you see her? She paid more attention to you than to me, because you are unmarried. Poor young girls think only of getting married."

Major Ferzen dines with us, also Bertrand and his wife. *Reversi*, and bed at 11.

January 5th.

His Majesty rides with the Grand Marshal in the valley, visits a freed slave, and Miss Robinson. We go all over the island, breaking down hedges and fences. At Mr. Pey's, the Emperor accepts a glass of wine and allows Mrs. Pey and the children to be presented. He discusses forestry and agriculture. They give us a branch of a coffee plant. His Majesty says that he has never seen one before. He then brings the conversation round to Miss Robinson, whose face he finds charming. Las Cases, who usually agrees with the opinion of his Master, does not think her so pretty. We return to Longwood through the other end of the valley. The Admiral, whom the Emperor has invited to dinner, arrives with Major Ferzen and his wife. It seems to us that this lady, on closer inspection, is not so pretty. When the Emperor visited her at the time he was staying at "The Briars", he and Las Cases had found her charming. His Majesty tells us that he will do what he likes with the Admiral.

January 6th.

His Majesty, mounting his horse, says he wishes to go half-way to Sandy Bay, to show Poppleton that, according to the agreement made with the Admiral, he is to keep at a distance behind. We leave. Poppleton, wearing a chestnut-coloured greatcoat, keeps a hundred yards behind us. He has the appearance of a servant rather than an officer! Arriving at the valley, and after calling on Miss Mason, we visit several small houses, giving dollars to the slaves. Crossing the ditch at the other end of the valley, poor Poppleton finds himself

in too close proximity to us, and the Emperor cries to Bertrand :
 "Keep him off!"

Bertrand says to Poppleton : "Captain, do you think we wish to escape? You are absolutely on our backs. His Majesty desires you to keep yourself at a greater distance."

Hardly had we crossed the ditch when His Majesty, seeing Poppleton well in sight, cries : "Monsieur Gourgaud, at full gallop!"

We gallop off as hard as we can into rather deserted country. Poor Poppleton, Bertrand's dupe, loses us. We reach Rock-rose Hill out of breath, where we find the mistress of the house. I recognize her as the widow of Captain Pritchard. She is rather alarmed. We go into the garden, skirt the ridge, and discover the two valleys which run down to the sea. The Emperor commands me not to say where we have been, and instructs me to give a coin each to the gardener and the slave. We return to Longwood at 7 o'clock, and His Majesty assures me that the ride has done him good, and that each day he intends to have similar ones, and take lunch with the inhabitants. He instructs me to prepare a horse to carry the lunch and the table silver. That will impress the inhabitants.

"I shall ask water of them only and, from time to time, shall invite them to lunch with us."

I say : "But the captain, Sire ; we shall have to lose him!"

To-day there was also a big luncheon party at the Balcombes. Las Cases and Madame Bertrand had left in the carriage, but it had failed to get them there, so they had to return as best they could. Poppleton, after scouring the district for us, lost his way, and returned, scared to death, to the Balcombes to tell the story to the Admiral, Balcombe and Bingham. The latter was in a state of anxiety, although the Admiral said : "That's nothing. There's no danger. Just a lesson for you."

At 8 o'clock, the Admiral receives a letter from Poppleton, announcing the return of His Majesty to Longwood.

January 7th.

The Emperor sends for me to go shooting, but he wearies after half an hour. He believes that the partridges will wait for him! I continue shooting until 11 o'clock, and

kill nine turtle-doves. Mr. Porteous¹ brings Rosebud to lunch. Madame Montholon, who believes Rosebud to be His Majesty's mistress, flatters her intensely, and takes her arm. The Emperor goes into the garden, meets them, talks to Mr. Porteous, and declares that Madame Walewska is much more beautiful than Rosebud. He orders me to harness the horses to take the ladies back, and I am to accompany them. On the ladies' return, His Majesty salutes them, and we observe that Madame Montholon is no longer the same to Rosebud, since she sees that His Majesty doesn't find her so beautiful after all!

Later on, the Emperor talks to us of his love affairs, and asserts that nothing has more effect on a woman than a good-looking boy. "Isn't that so, Madame Montholon?" he asks.

I inform the Emperor that Poppleton is annoyed because he hasn't dined with His Majesty, while others, younger than he, have been invited to do so. "I didn't want to invite him, because he's a spy," says His Majesty. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter."

Poppleton is invited, however, that very day. In the evening *reversi*. Montholon tells me he is going to town to buy some furniture. I cut up my portmanteau to make saddle-bags for the table silver.

January 8th.

Montholon and the Pole go to Jamestown. Young Las Cases and I go to Mrs. Skelton's to lunch. We are not well treated. The Admiral, who is dining there, says to Piontkowski: "Come, captain, sit by me, and tell me of your campaigns and battles."

I immediately ask Piontkowski whether he took part in the Russian Campaign. The Admiral cries with astonishment: "Didn't you ever see Piontkowski in the army?"

"Never," I reply. I ask Piontkowski in which Corps he served.

"I don't remember," says Piontkowski. "Lauriston's, I believe."

¹ Henry Porteous. Superintendent of the East India Co.'s gardens on the island. He kept a boarding-house in Jamestown. Napoleon spent his first night ashore there.

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I say : "Impossible !", for Lauriston never left the Emperor. "But where were you during the Siege of Smolensk ?"

"We were well in front," says the Pole. "It was Dombrowski who commanded this Siege."

"You are completely mistaken," I retort.

The Admiral is edified.

January 9th.

I am informed that the Emperor wishes to lunch in the country, so that the inhabitants may see him. The horses are ready, but His Majesty then declares he doesn't wish to go. He sends for me and asks for news of the town. I tell him about Piontkowski's lying. The Emperor says he is very annoyed that this man, Piontkowski, has been sent to him. "I ought to have sent him away, and he might have undertaken commissions for me. I feel hedged in by countless liars."

The Emperor asks me to lecture the Pole, and to persuade him to tell no more lies. He then decides to go and lunch in the country.

"After lunch, I shall dictate to you in the open air, and all this will impress the inhabitants."

His Majesty goes out, and asks me to have Captain Poppleton informed. Poppleton, wishing to keep with us, sends the reply that he is unwilling to follow in the rear. I inform His Majesty, who has already one foot in the stirrup. He appears in a very bad humour, and says that they can unsaddle the horses. He returns home, has a bath, and refuses to dine with us.

January 11th.

The Emperor strolls with Las Cases and me until 8 o'clock. The conversation turns on Corsica and Murat. "The Corsicans hate traitors. I could have gone from Malmaison to Corsica ; that would have been quite possible. But the United States tempted me. Even London would have been a great opportunity for me. I would have been welcomed there in triumph ; all the populace would have been on my side, and my own reasoning would have convinced the Greys and the Grenvilles."

We then discuss the new wooden house which has been offered us. Are we to accept, or refuse it? The Emperor says: "If we accept, that amounts to a decision to remain here permanently, and in the eyes of my followers, that would dash their hopes. On the other hand, the construction of a house would be showing us more consideration. It would be seen that I am not treated as an ordinary General. To refuse it would produce a very bad effect with the Prince Regent. And again, we are very badly housed at present. It is difficult to know what I ought to do. I will postpone my decision for the time being."

January 12th.

Montholon and Bertrand go into town to ask for an extension of the limits. His Majesty rides with me. Leaving Miss Mason's house, a sentry—posted on an eminence close by—shouts out to us not to go any further. We were on the road home. The Emperor is vexed, and says that his dignity is imperilled. What are we to do? I suggest to His Majesty, and to Las Cases, that they carry on with all speed, while I remain behind to talk to the sentry, thus giving them time to get away before the sentry reaches the road. The Emperor and Las Cases set off at a gallop. The sentry comes down, shouting and loading his rifle. He uses threats, and refuses to listen to my reasoning. He cocks his rifle, and would have given chase to His Majesty, but I stop him. I tell him that those are not his orders. I have something of a struggle with him, and I wonder whether I ought to use my sabre. I request the brute to fire on me rather than the others. His Majesty is already well away. The sentry accompanies me to within 150 yards of the Guard House, by Hut's Gate. There, he realizes his mistake. He thought we were outside the limits. I want to bring him before the officer commanding the guard, but he refuses to follow me, and turns back. I report the affair to the officer, after which, I go to the camp to complain to Bingham, or to Ferzen, but neither of them is to be found. I inform His Majesty of what I have done. He expresses his satisfaction, and says: "Poor Las Cases thought he would get a bullet in his back!"

Bertrand brings bad tidings. The Emperor sees nothing

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but bloodshed and misery in France. According to him, what the Bourbons ought to do is to take advantage of the presence of foreigners, and carry out a sort of St. Bartholomew massacre of all the revolutionaries.

I reply : " Ah, Sire, one can say what one will, but St. Bartholomew killed the Protestant party—it has never revived since." We are all sad.

January 13th.

I go with Las Cases to Plantation House. On my return His Majesty asks for news of our visit, and of Miss Wilks. " I will get a better marriage for you in France," he says. His Majesty meets Piontkowski and has him invited to dinner. I go to the camp to complain about yesterday's affair.

January 14th.

Montholon speaks to the Admiral about the sentry incident, and requests that the man be punished. He begs me to accompany him to the camp with Las Cases, to find Bingham. The soldier denies having pointed his rifle. Bingham then counts his cartridges, and says that one cannot punish the man except by bringing him before a Council of War. He proposes to summon one to-morrow, at which I must be present. As I have no wish to play the part of prosecutor, I go to His Majesty, requesting him not to insist on the sentry being punished. In the evening, Bingham having arrived, everything is satisfactorily arranged.

January 16th.

Captain Poppleton refuses to escort me to town. It appears he has the right to refuse. His Majesty dictates on " Egypt ", does not go out riding, but drives round the park in the open carriage. He then strolls, plays chess with me, and asks me how we are to spend our time. It would be nice to fall asleep and not wake up for a year or two ! We would then find big changes. O'Méara makes a dubious joke by declaring that we may be taken to Botany Bay. This rumour does nothing but sadden us. At dinner the Emperor talks mathematics like a professor.

TRouble WITH A SENTRY

January 17th.

I go to town, accompanied by Poppleton. I buy clothes, and see Mrs. Skelton. She says I go too often to Plantation House ; that I am too fond of Miss Laura Wilks, who is leaving shortly. Mrs. Skelton declares that I can lay no claim there, adding : " Your lot is so frightful." Sad at heart, I return to Longwood. The Emperor plays chess. Boredom ! Sadness !

January 18th.

Balcombe informs me that Prince Joseph (Bonaparte) has arrived in America. The Emperor, overhearing these words, stops his reading, remains in thought for a moment, then expresses his satisfaction. He doesn't ride, but strolls with us.

" Joseph has money," he says. " Murat will probably join him. For my part, I've always been too much involved in big affairs to think of my own private interests, or of money."

We then speak of the return from the island of Elba, and of the circumstances of the 15,000 rifles sent out to Antibes. " I would have preferred a little scrap there," says the Emperor, " in which fifty guardsmen and two hundred Royalists were killed. Such an affair would have justified energetic measures."

I disagree with this opinion, but Las Cases welcomes it openly. His Majesty tells us that, on his return from the Italian Campaign, Madame de Staël did everything possible to please him. She went to the Rue Chantier, but was ejected. She had written numerous letters to him in Italy and Paris, and had invited him to a Ball. But the Emperor had not accepted. At a party at the Talleyrands she came and sat by his side, spoke to him for two hours, and finished by shamelessly asking : " Which is superior—the woman of antiquity or the woman of the present day ? " The Emperor replied : " The one who has had the most babies ! "

January 23rd.

I go shooting, but kill nothing. An American vessel approaches the island, but is not allowed to anchor. On returning, I find the Admiral. I ask him for my pistols with which to amuse myself on the shooting range. He refuses. I insist.

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Then he promises to give them to Poppleton, when he goes to town. The Emperor tells me that Montholon said that we could buy horses. I am rather annoyed, adding that Montholon thinks only of his own comfort. He likes to have pretty furniture, etc., whereas other people have nothing. As for me, I have but two chairs.

"You are a boy," says the Emperor, "and that's enough."

I reply : "But, Sire, a wife is a very pretty piece of furniture. Moreover, in this world it is only the intriguers who succeed."

"Ah ! to be sure," replies the Emperor.

Before dinner, Bertrand reports that Ney and Davout are dead.

January 27th.

Several vessels signalled. I go down to Plantation House. The Governor is ill and receives me in his bedroom. I don't see Laura Wilks. On my return, Ferzen tells me he has been to a slave sale. Frightful !

CHAPTER IV

SIR HUDSON LOWE ARRIVES AT ST. HELENA

January 28th, 1816

I GO shooting, and kill seventeen turtle-doves. The Emperor wishes to go to the camp, and asks me to prepare a route. Then he orders me to buy a pretty slave for myself. I reply that I intend to do so.

January 30th.

His Majesty rides at 4 o'clock, and goes along the valley. He attempts a few words in English, but cannot master the pronunciation. We visit the Nymph, who hints that she goes out walking every morning, alone. On the way back, His Majesty stops at Madame Bertrand's, discusses cookery with her, and then returns to Longwood. The Emperor is in good spirits. Dinner and chess.

January 31st.

A sad dinner. I read out loud chapter two of "Egypt", and His Majesty invites every one to make observations, and to criticize. They all find the work excellent, and Las Cases declares he is amazed. The Emperor tells us that, before his Syrian expedition, Berthier wanted to leave him to return to France, in order to be near his sweetheart, Mme Visconti. After arranging everything for his departure, Berthier then demanded, as a special favour, to be allowed to remain. Every evening, Berthier used to gaze at the moon at the same moment Visconti was supposed to be doing the same thing ! The Emperor twitted him before all the other Generals. Berthier had a tent specially to house a portrait of Mme Visconti. This picture was surrounded with rugs and shawls,

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and cashmeres of great value. Only Berthier and the General-in-Chief were allowed in the tent. In Italy, the Emperor once gave Berthier a diamond worth Frs. 150,000, bidding him keep it for himself. Some time afterwards, Josephine spoke to Napoleon about Mme Visconti's beautiful diamond, whereupon Napoleon asked the lady to show it to him. He recognized it as the one he had given Berthier !

February 1st.

Tremendous heat at Longwood. 71 degrees Fahrenheit. Sinister ideas ! His Majesty summons me and we go riding. A cheerless dinner. Boredom.

February 2nd.

Deariness and chess. In the evening, it is announced that Fouché¹ has been executed. "I always predicted that he would end on the gallows," cries the Emperor.

February 3rd.

Rain. A vessel approaches to within nine miles of the coast, but is chased off.

February 5th.

Piontkowski announces that five boats are to be seen. They are said to be Dutch. The camp flies to arms, but it proves to be nothing more than a whaler, which didn't reply to the Squadron's signal, and so received fifteen gun shots ! The Emperor reads English with me. Rain.

February 7th.

Dr. O'Méara brings the Gazette, and informs us that Murat has been shot. I announce the fatal news to His Majesty, who preserves a calm countenance, and says that Murat must have been mad to risk such an enterprise. I assure His Majesty that it grieves me to see a man as brave as Murat, who had faced death so often, perish at the hands of such people. The Emperor declares that it is hideous. I contend that Ferdinand need not have had him executed in this way.

¹ False news. Napoleon's traitorous Minister of Police died peacefully in his bed.



SIR HUDSON LOWE

"That is the way young people think," says the Emperor. "But one does not trifle with a throne. Could one regard him as a French General? He was one no longer. As a King? He had never been recognized as such. Ferdinand had him shot as he has had scores hanged."

The dinner is a sad one. No one speaks. We read the English Gazettes. His Majesty, sad and preoccupied, plays mechanically with some coins during the reading. He is obviously suffering.

February 8th.

We discuss affairs in France. "I committed an error in assembling the Chambers," said the Emperor. "Everything depended on Waterloo. Regnault and Martin were wanting in courage. The Chambers appeared zealous, and honestly elected Napoleon II. Now the minority is sure to be expelled from the Chambers. The Chamber of Deputies will ruin the King. He will not understand public opinion. There will be an outbreak. I had a thousand men with me when I disembarked from Elba. If I had been like Murat, twenty-five gendarmes could have arrested me. What would have happened if I had landed near Toulon? Messina told me that he didn't know what would have happened, though he contrived to be with the victor, wherever he was. Marchand behaved well. I wasn't able to use him, for political reasons. La Bédoyère acted as a man without honour. I didn't want him as an aide-de-camp. But it is Hortense who has vexed me. And Ney dishonoured himself."

The conversation turns on women. "When I told Josephine", continues His Majesty, "that I wished to divorce her, she employed all the tactics that tears can possibly suggest. If fifty thousand men were to perish for the welfare of the State, I would mourn them, but reasons of State must come before everything else. So in spite of Josephine's tears, I said to her: 'Will you accept this decision willingly, or is it to be by force? My mind is made up.' The next day Josephine sent word that she consented. But later, sitting at table, she uttered a cry and fainted. Mademoiselle d'Albert had to lead her out. It's the marriage with the Austrian (Marie Louise) which ruined me. Could I believe that the

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Austrian Emperor would ever act as he has done? But let's speak of other things. It was Talleyrand who procured Mademoiselle Walewska for me. She has not denied it. Louis XVIII is in an embarrassing position. I don't know what I would do in his place. France is in a wretched state. Gauls! Gauls! It isn't in the French character to insult kings."

February 11th.

I go to Plantation House, where I see Laura Wilks. I love her more and more, but, alas! as Mrs. Skelton says: "Your position is so frightful!" The Emperor is in bad spirits. A sad dinner.

February 13th.

Montholon, who yesterday had reported to the Admiral that a ghost had been about the house, had foolishly requested the sentries to be posted nearer. During the night one of them comes to my window. I get up, and find another at my door. In the morning, I tell Montholon that it is extreme foolishness, and that if he is afraid of ghosts coming through his window, he has only to shut it. We are too hemmed in as it is!

The Emperor tells me that Montholon has spoken to him about a ghost. I reply that that is why the sentries were placed beneath my windows, and why the Admiral has ordered Poppleton to ask me for my pistols back! The Emperor flies into a rage, and says that it is ridiculous. He summons Montholon who, under pressure, and in my presence, confesses to His Majesty that he asked for the sentries.

"You must have a very wicked mind to make yourself our jailer," exclaims the Emperor. "Soon, if this continues, there will be sentries in my bedroom. Why do you pretend that I am exposed to danger, that the sailors and inhabitants are annoyed at my living on the island, and that they wish to assassinate me? It is foolishness! Moreover, if necessary, one of my officers could sleep near my room. But, for God's sake, don't take care of my safety by using an English sentry. You say that girls are being brought here at night. If that becomes a scandal, you can prevent it without the English

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helping. Do you wish this to be a convent? Come now, leave me alone."

Montholon goes out with me, but the Emperor calls me back, and says: "He's a real lady's man, is Montholon." He sends for Montholon again, and says: "The first servant who has dealings with the English will be cleared out at a minute's notice, even if it is my aide-de-camp or Pierron.¹ Tell the English officer to change his orders, and restore everything as it used to be."

The Emperor scolds me for allowing Poppleton to take away my pistols that evening. I promise never to give them up again.

February 14th.

The Admiral assures O'Méara that he changed the position of the sentries only at the request of Montholon. We understand that Mr. Brown—a famous English lawyer—is to speak on our behalf in the English Parliament; but such hopes are vain. The Emperor speaks again of the danger he is supposed to run of being assassinated by the inhabitants, soldiers or sailors. He has no fears himself, and thinks Montholon has made a fool of himself.

February 15th.

I write to my mother in time for the "Zenobie", which leaves to-morrow. I re-read the letters which my mother wrote me in 1805, at the time of my father's death. I suffer at the thought of being so far from my family, who perhaps need me. We receive five Gazettes, one of which is dated November 5th. We read that Marshal Ney is to be charged by the House of Peers, which brings from the Emperor the remark: "They couldn't do otherwise."

February 16th.

Great boredom! We read in the Gazette of the 13th about Ney's trial. "His replies are foolish," says the Emperor. "His character does not correspond to his courage. At Elba I never had any correspondence with him, nor with Soult. Ney will jeopardize Soult very badly. . . . The foreign

¹ Pierron, butler at Longwood. He returned in 1840 for the exhumation.

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Powers avenge themselves on France for her lack of affection for her kings. Kings do not like to see their people playing with their masters."

Madame Montholon arrives. I get up, out of politeness. The Emperor is amazed, saying that no one must rise for anyone. Such is etiquette. His Majesty then asks me to play chess.

February 17th.

I go riding, and remark that even if His Majesty were once again on the throne of France, his power would not be dreaded by the English. His Majesty replies to the effect that in six years he would place France on the same footing as formerly. "It appears that Austria is on the side of Napoleon II. Bassano will be well treated. Bavaria, Saxony, Italy are discontented. Belgium would soon declare herself for me."

"Your Majesty saw", I remark, "that at Waterloo, the advance guard of the English consisted of Belgians, and they fought well."

"One always fights well", replies the Emperor, "when one's heart is light. But the Belgians are for me. If I hadn't been foolish enough to let myself be beaten at Waterloo, all would be well. I can't even now conceive how that defeat happened. But don't let us talk any more about that!"

Excessive heat. Rain. Boredom. In the morning Poppleton had warned me that I had to hand over my pistols every evening. I replied that I wasn't captured on the field of battle, that I am not a prisoner of war, and that I shall not hand over my pistols. To agree to such humiliation would amount to extreme cowardice on my part. I commiserated with him for being entrusted with such orders. He assured me that the Admiral even ordered him to be present whenever I went shooting on the range. Poppleton returned to the Admiral to tell him my answer.

I tell His Majesty all about this, and he says: "Smash your pistols, and give him the bits."

February 19th.

The meat sent us is rotten. The Emperor declares we must write and complain, because everything is inadequate. In the morning, while out riding, we discuss our position. We

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should have been better off in the United States. I consider that the Prince Regent, yielding to public opinion, could get us brought back to England. We are also fortunate in that Princess Charlotte, on her accession to the throne, will wish to have us back.

February 21st.

I drive with the Emperor, who says : " A year ago I had the brig repainted for our return (from Elba). There were scarcely five hundred aboard. Hardly had we disembarked and bivouacked at a point on the Antibes-Grasse road, when I sent a detachment to Antibes ; but the result was disastrous. We had no sooner encamped when Milowski arrived in the red livery of a postilion.

" He had been in the service of the Empress Josephine, and he assured us that everywhere, from Paris to Provence, the Emperor was being proclaimed. . . . I moved on to Grasse ; and large numbers of the inhabitants came and parleyed with the troops. The Mayor, an able politician, delayed expressing his opinions until I arrived at Grenoble, but then announced that he had had his country-house prepared for me ! Arriving at this house on the road to Grenoble, I learned that the Mayor's servant had gone on in advance to announce my landing. Unfortunately, we had no printing press with us, for printing produces a greater effect on the peasantry than hand-written proclamations. We met a battalion of the 5th of the line. I went on ahead and gave a cuff to a soldier, remarking : ' What ! you old rascal, would you fire on your Emperor ? '

" ' Look,' replied the soldier, and showed me his unloaded rifle.

" The people thronged round me. A grenadier presented his father to me, aged 90 years. I threw him my purse, and took his name for a pension. What a beautiful subject for a picture ! "

February 24th.

I am ill during the night. They make me take medicine. The Balcombe girls come to Longwood and commit a thousand acts of folly. They play Blind Man's Buff.¹

¹ Mentioned in Mrs. Abell's book.

February 26th.

We read a play: "Mahomet." The Emperor thinks it feeble and in bad taste, good only for chambermaids and shopkeepers.

From now until about the 3rd April, I discontinued this diary because of a violent attack of dysentery, which brought me within easy reach of the grave. My youth, my healthy temperament—fate, in fact—saved me. Meanwhile, His Majesty was much distressed because of me. He sent for news several times daily, and often came himself to offer his sympathies. General Bertrand behaved almost as an elder brother. Montholon and Las Cases were also very kind to me. I thought I was going to die. My greatest anxiety was for my mother and sister. God preserved me for them. The evening I thought I was going to die, I was on the point of sending for Bertrand to dictate to him my Last Will and Testament. His Majesty ordered the Household, be it day or night, to advise him whenever I asked for him.

On the 8th March, I received a letter from my sister and mother, dated November 14th. My joy was extreme. It was about the 13th or 14th that my illness was at its worst. Five or six times the Admiral sent his surgeon, Dr. Warden,¹ to sleep here. Every morning he was informed by signal how I was. Once he came to see me himself.

About March 20th I was better, and my convalescence began. Finally, to-day, April 3rd, I was able to stay with the Emperor from 2 to 6 o'clock. His Majesty told me that, when I returned to France, I would be well looked after; it was shameful that no doctor of his own had followed him. He then told me that Soult had advised him not to accept my services. Soult was annoyed at seeing me at the Tuileries. Louis XVIII had once said to Soult, in confidence: "I have a mind to send M. Gourgaud to Elba, to find out what Bonaparte is doing."

I told the Emperor I had no knowledge of that, and that the king, who didn't know me, judged me wrongly. If anyone had made me such a proposal, I would have been profoundly unhappy, for my formal refusal would have lost me

¹ William Warden (1777-1849). Surgeon on board H.M.S. "Northumberland". Author of "Letters from St. Helena". See Shorter's "Napoleon and his Fellow-travellers".

both my position and my friendship with the princes. The Emperor then discussed the Legislative Corps during the Hundred Days. Two expedients presented themselves—either to do what His Majesty did do, or to assemble, on June 20th, a Council of State, the five or six thousand men of the Imperial Guard, who were in Paris, the faithful part of the National Guard—and to harangue them all; and then, marching on the Chambers, which had declared their sittings permanent, adjourn and dissolve them. Blücher and Wellington could not have arrived in time. We could have gained a respite for a fortnight, and have amassed in Paris more than one hundred thousand men. We could have fortified the right bank (of the Seine) and we should then have tested fate once more.

I declared that, in view of the state of public opinion, and of the army, it was doubtful whether we would have succeeded. We should have found nothing but inertia everywhere; and it would have been said of the Emperor: "This man will ruin France by his personal ambition." The Chamber of Deputies would not have been badly received by the enemy, as it has been, if the Emperor had remained. They would have shown much politeness, but would have said: "Clear Napoleon out, and we will open negotiations."

April 4th.

The Emperor asks for me. He is in his bath. He says that he has a mind to spend his time thus; to stay at home each day until 4 o'clock, undressed, reading and working at his English. From 4 to 6 o'clock, walking. From 6 to 8 o'clock, working with Bertrand. Dinner and conversation till 10, and from 10 p.m. to midnight, working with me on the campaigns of 1812, '13, and '14. The Emperor discusses these campaigns with me. He recounts that the Turks, learning that the French had entered Moscow, predicted that the army would perish in the cold. His Majesty's plan was to return to Smolensk via Kalonga. From Smolensk he intended to return to Wittepsk, but having learned that this town was occupied by the Russians, he altered his mind. He would have done better to have fallen back on Wittgenstein, with Victor and Oudinot's Corps, before crossing the Bérézina.

"If I had had Bessières at Waterloo, my guard would have decided the victory."

April 5th.

I go riding with His Majesty, who talks of Madame Bertrand's stupidity in going out to sleep. He says that he will write to Bertrand and ask him not to come to dine at Longwood as at an Inn. I take Bertrand's part, and try to calm the Emperor. Montholon and Las Cases do not utter a word. We lunch with His Majesty, who talks to us of ghosts and of bombs.

April 6th.

His Majesty sends for me at midday and speaks again about Madame Bertrand. His house is not a hotel. She makes a mistake by going so frequently to the Admiral's. Not to dine at Longwood is insulting to His Majesty. The Emperor knows that she is a Creole by birth—and Creoles are all inconsistent. He declares that he doesn't like them, and that he will dine every day at home alone. He goes on to say, that if she fears losing his esteem, she must alter her conduct. I have to tell her all this. I plead as much as I can, but in vain. The Grand Marshal tells me that Madame Bertrand did not go to town for relaxation, but he compelled her to do so because, although it was his intention to remain at St. Helena as long as possible, he didn't wish to reduce a young wife to despair through boredom. Further, that he does not deserve the reproach he has suffered to-day. He knows that the Emperor's sense of reason always returns with the passing of his bad humour. Meanwhile, his wife and he will dine at home. Longwood is a frightful hotbed of bickering. The Grand Marshal is much pained. I share his grief, for he is a very decent fellow. Returning to Longwood, I find His Majesty walking alone, and I tell him of my mission. He replies that I erred greatly in speaking about the matter at all! I plead again in Bertrand's defence, but in vain. The Emperor is annoyed; says that probably he is wrong, but that he has always been accustomed to people about him being happy. He wants to live *en famille*, but that is becoming impossible. He couldn't live as a private individual, and failure to pay

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him attention was infinitely more painful at Longwood than in Paris. He says that, henceforth, he will dine at home, alone, waited on by a solitary negro. He doesn't mind ; he can be self-supporting.

Meanwhile, Bertrand arrives. He is warmly welcomed ! We all stroll together and discuss the arts, guns, watches, etc. At 7.30, I go down to the drawing-room, where I am astonished to find His Majesty playing chess with the Grand Marshal ! Dinner is announced. His Majesty rises. Bertrand goes out by another door, and says to me : " Good-bye, I am going home to dinner." The Emperor is very sad, eats hardly anything, and we remain at table barely fifteen minutes. His Majesty retires at 9 p.m. I then ask for something to eat.

April 11th.

I go riding with the Emperor, and then to town. I pass the Bertrands' house, and I notice that Madame Bertrand is weeping because she is not admitted at Longwood. I try to console her. We have news from Europe. The " Morning Chronicle " ¹ reproves the Admiral for having lodged the Emperor at " The Briars " in a single room.

April 14th.

Bingham arrives and asks to see the Emperor, in order to tell him that the " Phaeton " has arrived, and that the new Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, is on board. I inform the Emperor, adding that Bingham is radiant with joy.

His Majesty is not dressed, but says that he will receive Bingham in his private room. I show Bingham in, accompanied by his aide-de-camp. The Emperor declares that he will see only Bingham, so the aide-de-camp leaves. I am reprimanded later on for this breach of etiquette ! Madame Bertrand arrives, talks fashions with Madame Montholon, and assumes a soured look when His Majesty enters.

April 15th.

O'Méara, who had been to town, gives me a letter from my mother, dated January 5th. A moment later, he gives

¹ See " Extracts from ' The Times ' and ' Morning Chronicle ' 1815-1821 relating to Napoleon's life at St. Helena ".

me six others of an earlier date. He has seen the Governor, who has just landed, and has lunched with him at the Admiral's. The Commissioners of the Allied Powers¹ left only a fortnight after the "Phaeton". They have instructions to see His Majesty once a year. All this indicates a long stay for us. The Emperor says he will receive the Governor to-morrow at 9 o'clock. Bertrand announces that the Admiral is coming with the new Governor. "Bertrand has not advised me of this. If the Admiral comes, I will receive no one," says the Emperor.

April 16th.

At 9.30, the Admiral and the new Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, arrive together. I advise the Emperor, who says: "The Grand Marshal is not here—that is not polite. I will not receive anyone."

Montholon ushers the visitors into the parlour, whither I follow. Bingham is standing on the steps with the officers of the Governor's suite, and I offer him congratulations both on his Generalship (he had just been promoted) and on the arrival of his wife. Bingham then introduces the officers to me. I enter the drawing-room. The Admiral introduces me to Sir Hudson Lowe, and we exchange bows, without speaking. The Governor seems quite abashed, and says that he has come only out of an earnest desire to present his compliments to the "General", as he styles the Emperor.

After twenty-five or thirty minutes' hesitation, the Governor leaves, still embarrassed. The Admiral seems delighted! I find Las Cases with His Majesty, and I express my opinion about the new Governor—he looks cold and severe, but not a bad fellow. Bertrand then relates how the Governor has returned home, apparently very angry, and fearful of having made a mistake. At 4 o'clock, the Emperor sends for me,

¹ For France, the Marquis de Montchenu; for Austria, Baron Stürmer; for Russia, Count Balmain.

See "La Captivité de Ste. Hélène d'après les rapports du marquis de Montchenu" (1894), by Firmin-Didot, also the reports of Stürmer (French edition), "Napoléon à Ste. Hélène", by Saint Cène, Jacques, and Schlitter (1887), and for Balmain's reports in English, "Napoleon in Captivity", edited by Julian Park.

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and says : " Well, you know the great news. You must either go to the Cape, or undertake to follow my fate for ever." ¹

I reply that that emphasizes the honour of our position. But it seems they wish to deprive us of all hope of seeing our families again. I am in a dilemma, being the sole support of my family. I would rather learn that I was going to be shot, for then my decision would soon be taken !

" You see," interrupts the Emperor, " it requires more courage to suffer than to die. I have an intuition that I shall be in France before any of those who go to the Cape."

The dinner is a very sad one.

April 17th.

Bertrand calls on the Governor, who tells him about the new instructions concerning us. He announces that he will visit His Majesty at 2 o'clock. According to the orders he has received, the Governor is to accompany the Admiral on this first official visit. I see these two on their way to the camp to inspect the Regiment, and advise the Emperor of their forthcoming visit. Later, they arrive. The Grand Marshal goes to His Majesty for orders. Shortly after, he comes out and summons the Governor. The Admiral follows him, but on reaching the Emperor's door is told by Noverraz that only the Governor has been summoned, so he must not enter ! Noverraz closes the door. The Admiral, disconcerted, steps back and hesitates, not knowing what to do. Montholon offers him refreshment, but the Admiral is completely bewildered. This happened in the presence of us all, including the Governor's officers. A moment later, the Emperor summons these officers, and the Governor presents them. When the Governor comes out of the Emperor's room, the Admiral addresses him. They hesitate for a moment and then depart. Bertrand asks Noverraz why he refused to allow the Admiral to enter the Emperor's room. The latter replies that His Majesty had asked only for the Governor.

The Emperor goes into the garden, and assures us that

¹ Sir Hudson Lowe had been instructed by the British Government to obtain from all Napoleon's followers a written statement to the effect that they would stay permanently with their master, and would submit to any restrictions imposed upon them.

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everything happened by mistake, and that it is providential that the Governor had said so little. His Majesty asked the Governor how many years' service he had done. "Twenty-eight years," was the answer. "Well, then," said the Emperor, "I am an older soldier than you. I have done nearly forty." Lowe replied: "Your years are so many centuries."

The Emperor told us that, had the Admiral entered the room, he would have said to him: "I am sorry for your uniform because of the part you have played here. Your conduct, unworthy of an officer, will bring shame on the face of your descendants unto the tenth generation."

April 18th.

His Majesty asks for me and discusses events, and then hands me the Governor's instructions, which I am to copy out for all of us to sign. At Bertrand's every one is sad. Madame Bertrand is very moved because Hamilton told her that even the ladies will be compelled to sign the declaration. Later, Montholon returns from town. He has been with the Governor and the Admiral. The latter told him that there was no risk in signing the declaration, because, before two or three years had passed, Napoleon would be at St. Helena no longer. Montholon sketches us a pretty picture of Lady Lowe.¹

April 19th.

Bertrand and his wife come to breakfast with His Majesty. I stroll with Madame Bertrand. She is always the same—lively, passionate—in short, a real Creole. I bid her reflect that probably the Emperor's life depends on what her husband does. During the day, I find the Governor in heated conversation with Bertrand. Bertrand wishes to know what assurance will be given him—whether it can be guaranteed that he will not be given up. (Bertrand had been proscribed by Louis XVIII's decree and was under sentence of death.—Ed.)

The Grand Marshal and his wife are very timid outside the

¹ Lady Lowe (1781–1832). Sister of Sir William de Lancey. She married a Colonel Johnson, who died in 1812. She married Hudson Lowe in 1815. She was 35 when she arrived at St. Helena. Her daughter, Susan Johnson, married the Russian Commissioner, Count Balmain.

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house. We then visit Plantation House. The Governor asks me if my health is restored. Lady Lowe is ill, so we cannot see her. I pay my respects to Madame Wilks, and say "Good-bye" to the adorable Laura. Returning to Longwood, I learn that Montholon and Las Cases protested vigorously against signing the declaration.

CHAPTER V

“TO MEET THE COUNTESS OF LOUDOUN”

April 20th, 1816

I AM busy drawing up my declaration, in which I prove that, while on board the “Bellerophon”, the interest inspired by the misfortune of a great man had persuaded me to go to St. Helena. Nobody had realized better than I, the horror of such an abode ; but since I had to choose, honour directed me to stay with the Emperor. Mr. Wilks, with his charming daughter, and Mr. Younghusband, arrive at midday. The Emperor dresses to receive them, enters the drawing-room, and says to Laura Wilks that he will not repeat to her all the kind things he has heard said of her. Then His Majesty talks with the Ex-Governor on the methods of commanding men, whether by persuasion, honour, force, or the lash. His Majesty finds English discipline rather too rigorous ; it doesn’t leave sufficient to one’s honour. The Ex-Governor asserts that ten Englishmen are as difficult to command as a hundred Irishmen, a thousand Scotsmen or ten thousand Sepoys ! However, he has often employed persuasion with success. The Emperor declares that distinction between officers and men is wrong, and that instead of proposing to the Government to abolish the lash, it would be better to propose equality between men and officers. The Ex-Governor and the ladies depart, enchanted. The Emperor strolls, and asks to see my written declaration. He is annoyed, finds fault with the way I end it, and declares that it would seem that I would stay at St. Helena only from a sense of honour. I retort that, honour being preferable to life, I consider it the greatest motive for making such a sacrifice. His Majesty is vexed, and orders me to go and correct my declaration. I do so, and

again show it to him. He approves. The Grand Marshal informs me that he is going to stay only six months ; that he is returning to England to find colleges for his children, and to do other business. He might return here in a year's time. He promises to do his utmost to bring me back permission for a year's leave of absence. If it were necessary to stay here for ever, he would not advise it.

April 21st.

The Emperor complains bitterly of the treachery of the English Government, and demands either his liberty or a hangman.

April 23rd.

The Emperor talks about his expedition to Egypt : " Had I taken Acre, I would have gone to India. My intention was to wear the turban at Aleppo.¹ I was sufficiently beloved for that, and I would have found myself at the head of an army of two hundred thousand men. The East only awaits a man ! Now that I am no longer there, Czar Alexander will march on Constantinople. He fears nothing from Poland, and the Greeks are all for him. At Erfurth, he asked me for Constantinople, but I wouldn't consent. I put him off. If the Russians had not burned Moscow, I would have been Master of Russia. I would have allowed the peasants to return, to bring food and horses. Moscow being burned, I would have had to stay there for only a fortnight at most ; but I was deluded. Waterloo is cast in my teeth . . . I ought to have died at Moscow ! "

I maintain that, in France, public opinion is all for His Majesty ; that it asserts itself daily ; that it behoves us only to live. If they recall Napoleon II, our return is imminent. Europe is in a state of ferment.

" My father ", says the Emperor, " died at Montpellier at the age of thirty-nine, of a glandular tumour.² That was about 1785. My brother Louis was foolish enough to have him exhumed, in order to raise a monument to him at Sant-Leu. Both my father and mother were handsome folk. My nurse came to see me at my Coronation, but my mother be-

¹ Napoleon meant that he would have adopted Mohammedanism.

² Cancer. Napoleon died of the same disease on May 5th, 1821.

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came jealous because the Pope took such notice of her ! My foster-sister, a woman of resource, married a major, and her brother—of almost my own age—although the son of a common barge-master, became captain of a frigate in the British Navy.”

We hear a salute being fired in honour of the departing Governor. The frigate doesn’t leave until 5 o’clock. Adieu, Laura ! At nightfall, a letter arrives from the Governor for the Grand Marshal.

April 24th.

At lunch I am vexed because, when Montholon feeds in his own room, we have no attendance at our table. The Emperor informs me that the letter sent by the Governor last evening was to instruct the Grand Marshal to hold himself in readiness to leave for the Cape, on the 27th April, aboard the “Phaeton”. His Majesty says that Bertrand was completely wrong not to make a written declaration, as commanded. I calm His Majesty, but promise to make Madame Bertrand realize the danger to which she is exposing her husband.

April 25th.

Sir Hudson Lowe arrives. Montholon, being informed, appears beforehand, in uniform. The Governor assures me that he will supply everything that is necessary. His visits will be frequent, and whenever His Majesty will receive him, he will put himself at his disposal. Hudson Lowe visits Longwood and finds it better than the other dwellings on the island. Montholon goes to the Emperor for orders, explaining to Lowe that His Majesty is suffering. He returns and says : “I was not even admitted.”

The Governor replies that he is calling one day to ask the domestic staff whether their declarations were sincere. After his departure, we forgather in the Emperor’s room. The Emperor is sad. Bertrand then announces that he has sent his declaration to the Governor that very morning. His Majesty relates that, at the time of his election as First Consul, he was staying with his colleague, Lebrun. One day there were many people in the drawing-room, and, unseen in one of the window recesses, he heard a mother say to her daughter : “I am sorry that I have not visited Mr. —, who had our

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names erased from the list of *émigrés*, and to whom we are under obligations." "But, mother," said the young miss, "is it necessary for one to visit people one has no need of?"

Bertrand seems to be very upset by this story!

April 26th.

Las Cases visits Sir Hudson Lowe. The Emperor is hurt because the Governor wishes to inspect his Household. He charges Montholon to tell the Governor that he will never agree to anyone coming between his valet and himself. To do so by force would be outrageous. On his return, Las Cases relates that he was well received; that the Governor has placed his library at our disposal, and that he has books and official reports available.

April 27th.

I work at a chapter on "Waterloo". At 2 o'clock, the Governor arrives, and asks members of the household whether they have signed their declarations of their own free will. All answer: "Yes." Then he hands a letter to Mesdames Bertrand and Montholon, which states that they will follow their husbands. Everything is done to force the Grand Marshal to go away. His wife is in despair.

April 28th.

The Emperor is sad, and cold towards me. Later, Las Cases informs me that the Emperor is asking for me in the garden. His Majesty is with Bertrand, and says nothing to me. The dinner is a sad one—a doleful evening.

April 29th.

The Emperor stays indoors all day and sees no one. He sends word that he is suffering. It is the anniversary of our departure from France to Elba. At 10 p.m., the Emperor sends for Las Cases, and tells him that he has not been bored for an instant. But Las Cases adds that, in speaking thus, His Majesty appeared to him to be very sad.

April 30th.

His Majesty dines alone and remains indoors. In the afternoon he received the Governor, and told him that he would

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have been better treated if he had gone either to Russia or Austria.

May 1st.

At midday, the Emperor sends for me. He is sad, and gives me to understand that there is little to hope for from the Governor.

May 4th.

The Governor visits Bertrand, where he kicks up a devil of a row. We don't know what he wants, but he appears upset because the Emperor hasn't been out for several days. His Majesty dines with Las Cases. In the evening, he summons us, and discourses on the complaints which Sir Hudson Lowe has addressed to the Grand Marshal. The Emperor insists that we always ask the Governor's permission before buying anything. It is believed that this is a move on the Admiral's part to set us against Sir Hudson Lowe.

May 5th.

His Majesty goes riding with Las Cases and me. Returning to Longwood, we meet an Englishman, resident in China, who is here for some little time. We don't say much to him in favour of the Governor ! Balcombe, who was present at the interview, is confident that we shall soon be back again in France. That is the general opinion. The Emperor invites Balcombe to lunch in the garden, also the gentleman from China.

May 6th.

I go into the valley to see the Nymph. Her house is poverty itself. Her father tells me that the Governor is a very good man ; he has harangued the three hundred militia men, and told them that, to show his appreciation of their services, he is going to give them fresh meat six times a year ! The Nymph's father thinks we are very fortunate people, because we have sufficient to eat. He is a simple rustic. At 7, the Emperor summons me, and discusses the Nymph. I believe she is Piontkowski's passion. We dine, read “ Du Florian ”, then “ Paul et Virginie ”. Florian's style, according to His Majesty, is studied ; that of “ Paul et Virginie ”, good.

May 7th.

Just as the Emperor is mounting his horse, the Governor arrives. His Majesty does not go out. Sir Hudson Lowe asks for none of us, and speaks to none of us. He goes round the house, and then departs, without stopping at Bertrand's, although he has invited Bertrand to dinner on Friday. The Emperor dines in his apartment, and then sends for us. The conversation is sad.

May 8th.

His Majesty asks for me. He is in his bath. He speaks of 1815. "I ought to have rested on the 16th at Fleurus," he remarks; "beaten the Prussians the same day, the 16th, and then the English on the 17th. During the Battle of Ligny I was told that many men had deserted to the enemy. D'Erlon's movement did me great harm. All those around me thought he was the enemy. D'Erlon was a good chief of staff; he had sense of order; but that's all." The Emperor wishes Las Cases and me to go to the ball at the Balcombes to-morrow.

May 9th.

I go with Las Cases to the Balcombes. When we arrive, our reception leads us to believe we were not expected. At dinner, the Admiral does not speak to us, but at the end of the meal he asks me for my news, and sends me among the first into the ballroom. Reade¹ chats with me. He seems a good fellow. Gorrequer² is rather sly. I talk with Lyster, who always says: "General Buonaparte", and maintains that the Emperor will be able to see the Governor just when he pleases,

¹ Sir Thomas Reade (1785-1849). Deputy-Adjutant-General at St. Helena. Even more zealous than Lowe in obeying orders for guarding Napoleon. He was present at the post-mortem on the Emperor's remains and made a careful and valuable report (see "Lowe Papers", vol. 20, 133). Reade only met Napoleon three times.

² Major Gideon Gorrequer (1781-1841). Aide-de-camp to Lowe. Also acted as secretary. According to Dr. Arnold Chaplin (see "A St. Helena Who's Who"), Gorrequer left valuable documents, now in the Court of Chancery, which may yet throw a great deal of light on the history of Napoleon's captivity. It is certain that these documents—which may not be inspected—give a candid criticism of the policy in force concerning Napoleon's detention at St. Helena.

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if only he will conform to the instructions by having an English officer as escort. I reply that there is nothing new in these proposals, but that the Emperor will remain at Longwood rather than tolerate such humiliation. My poor opinion of Sir Hudson Lowe is more and more confirmed. We go in to supper, and remain at table until two in the morning.

May 10th.

His Majesty sees Las Cases, who tells him that we were excellently treated last evening. He painted a beautiful picture, in glowing colours. I remark that I found everything gloomy, and instead of being better treated, we were treated worse. The Emperor declares that I am a young man ; that I let my imagination run away with me ; that Las Cases expressed the very contrary of what I had said ; and that His Majesty would rather believe Las Cases than me. I maintain that I have one great fault, that of always telling the truth. This annoys the Emperor, to whom I remark that the tone of the conversations I had heard last evening made me conscious of a certain lack of respect for His Majesty. But the Emperor interrupts me with these words : “You still believe yourself to be the Chief Ordnance Officer of the Master of the World.”

May 11th.

His Majesty sends for me early. He dictates notes on Waterloo. This dictation rends my heart by reminding me of our defeat. The Emperor is very calm when dictating. He asks me : “ Is that well ? ” “ Ah, Sire,” I answer, “ it is only too well ! ” Madame Skelton comes to bid us good-bye. She and her family are leaving on Monday or Tuesday. She plays chess with the Emperor, who speaks ill of the Governor, adding that he has “ a sinister face ”.

May 12th.

The doctor comes to see us, and tells us that Sir Hudson Lowe has invited the Emperor to dinner to meet the Countess of Loudoun ! I reply that that is impossible, but the doctor assures me that it is true. I declare that it is the Grand Marshal who is invited, for I am unable to believe the Governor capable of such a lack of tact. I remark that we have only

our dignity left. Sir Hudson Lowe can compel us to do as he wishes, but we will never humiliate ourselves. I then recount O'Méara's conversation to the Emperor, who replies : " 'Tis true ; Bertrand confessed it to me yesterday. The Governor wrote to him, and Bertrand has announced that he consulted me, but that I gave no reply." Bertrand arrives, to tell us that the whole town is talking about it.

May 14th.

I visit Madame Bertrand's. It is rumoured that many English ladies and gentlemen have disembarked from India. They arrive at 4 o'clock, to the number of fifteen or twenty, among whom are a Judge, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Arbuthnot and his wife, and two aides-de-camp. The Judge tells me he is a relation of Wellington's. He says that one cannot sufficiently praise us for having followed the Emperor. I complain to him about the narrowness of the limits. He replies that His Majesty is still too much to be feared, and that if one granted him the whole of the island for a residence, he wouldn't be long in escaping. The Emperor goes into the garden, where he receives the English people. They are delighted. His Majesty speaks to the Judge, who cries : " Ah, he is indeed a Sovereign ! " As he approaches him, he remarks to me : " But he looks a Frenchman." I reply : " By God, he is, as much as I am."

May 15th.

More Englishmen are presented to His Majesty. They are amazed. They came expecting to see a tiger, and they find a man.

May 16th.

I am with Bertrand, when the Governor arrives with his secretary. Hudson Lowe is polite to every one, takes the Grand Marshal aside, strolls with him, and then returns to the room where we await him. Later, they depart. Bertrand, taking me on one side, whispers in my ear : " Let's go and repeat to His Majesty the Governor's proposals. Lowe is going to Longwood, and wishes to speak to the Emperor. If His Majesty is not yet dressed, he will have to wait. It is,

‘‘TO MEET THE COUNTESS OF LOUDOUN’’

Lowe says, to announce something pleasing—probably something about the new house and furniture.”

Sir Hudson Lowe had thought there were reasons, other than the limits, which had prevented the Emperor from accepting his invitation to dinner. Bertrand, having assured the Governor once again that the Emperor would never consent to go out accompanied by an English officer, the Governor replies that he would gladly accompany the Emperor himself! He said his instructions were such that, had he not found the limits assigned to us as they were, he would never have dared to make them so extensive. Even when His Majesty goes into the garden, he ought to have an English officer with him.

“Well!” cried Bertrand, “that is a way of polishing the Emperor off more quickly.”

Whereupon, Lowe replied: “No one wishes to kill him. It is he himself who is doing that.”

We hasten to Longwood, to tell His Majesty of Sir Hudson Lowe’s coming visit. The latter is, in fact, received by the Emperor, from whose presence he is not long in getting away, and in a rage! His Majesty goes for a drive with Bertrand, and seems very moved. He doesn’t utter a word. On his return, he tells me about the visit of the Governor, whom he made feel ashamed. Lowe said: “I haven’t come here to receive lessons.” “It isn’t for the want of needing them,” retorted His Majesty. His Majesty told Lowe that he was nothing but a gaoler, who had once wished to enter his presence by force. His Majesty added that nobody can do that. He defied the Governor to do it. If the Governor were to employ the brave 53rd Regiment for this task, it would only be over the Emperor’s corpse that they would enter his house. After this rating, Hudson Lowe hastened to O’Méara. He was puzzled, and declared to Bertrand that the Emperor had seen an imaginary Spain, an imaginary Poland, and that he now sees an imaginary St. Helena.

May 19th.

After dinner, we discuss ladies of honour, and the Emperor remarks that Marie Louise, at her confinement, was afraid of being sacrificed for the sake of the child. She cried out: “I am the Empress, yet above all they would save my son.”

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This poor young woman, isolated as she was from all her family, very justifiably complained. She thought herself lost. She held the Emperor's hand throughout her delivery.

May 20th.

The Balcombe girls come to lunch. They bring with them a gentleman from the Cape. They refer to His Majesty as the "General", for which we twit them. They visit Madame Montholon, and make grimaces behind her back.

May 22nd.

I go shooting, but kill nothing. The sentries are being posted closer, and the enclosure limits have been reduced.

May 25th.

Bertrand and his wife had gone to town on a visit to Lady Bingham when they met the Governor, who said to them: "You don't understand your position. You still think you are at the Tuileries. You think you can give taunts, like Napoleon. Madame Montholon has just written to me to say that the wine sent by my Government is the sort which is drunk in France by the lowest classes. You seem to believe that my Government is like yours." What nonsense! In a word, Hudson Lowe thinks we are very well treated, and that what we are supplied with is quite good enough for us. The Governor even went on to say that, in England, many people declared it ridiculous that so much was being spent on us. He ought to have added: "Yes, and there's no need to pay a salary of £20,000 to a gaoler."

Bertrand sips the wine and declares he never tasted anything like it before!

May 26th.

I don't go out until 4 in the afternoon, and then find the Emperor in the garden. He tells me he had planned to attempt his expedition to India by sea, by despatching from Brest a squadron of eight old vessels, each carrying a complement of 500 crew and 500 soldiers. Arriving in India, he would have burnt these eight vessels, transferring the crews to other ships.

CHAPTER VI

‘‘BOREDOM’’

May 28th, 1816.

SEVERAL vessels are in sight. I confess to the Emperor that I am feeling anxious about my family.

“What !” cries the Emperor. “Haven’t you saved anything ? I gave you Frs. 50,000.”

I reply that I am still in debt, because of my expenses during the Russian campaign. “At Fontainebleau, Your Majesty authorized for me the sum of Frs. 50,000, but the King never paid me. My mother lives on a small pension, given her for bringing up the Dukes of Angoulême and de Berry, but that is very little.”

“Very well,” says the Emperor, “the first time I write to the Viceroy Eugène, I will order him to allow Frs. 1,000 a month to your mother.”

My gratitude for such kindness is extreme.

May 29th.

The Emperor speaks to me about Corsica. The General of the Insurrection, Paoli, said to him in 1790, when showing him the place where 150 Corsicans had beaten 1,500 Genoese : “You, Bonaparte ! You are all Plutarch. You have nothing modern about you.”

May 30th.

The Emperor speaks to me about my mother. He has received a letter from his mother saying she wishes to come and see him. “I am very old”, she says in her letter to the Emperor, “to undertake a voyage of 2,000 leagues. I shall probably die on the way, but what does it matter ? I shall die near you.”

She is with his sister, Princess Pauline. His Majesty tore the letter up. We stroll in the garden, and the conversation turns on the Duc d'Enghien.

"I never ordered an assassination," says the Emperor. "The Duc d'Enghien was brought to trial for conspiracy. Talleyrand was all for taking advantage of the offer of certain smugglers who, at the rate of a million francs per head, proposed to rid me of all the members of the Bourbon family. I was right in fighting them with the means they employed against me. I must confess that Louis XVIII was the only one who did not attempt to assassinate me, but all the others tried it. Possibly I did wrong to France by rejecting Talleyrand's proposal. . . .

"The death of the Duc d'Enghien deprived the Bourbons of all hope of negotiation, but in the opinion of the Revolutionaries, it answered my purpose, and frightened the other members of the family, who believed that by conspiracy, and even by appearing on our soil, they would never be condemned to death. Moreau committed the greatest wrong in bearing arms against France. He was a gallant man, and it would have given me great pleasure to talk with him; but urged on by his wife and mother-in-law, he stopped seeing me, and said to Talleyrand: 'He does not respond to my friendship.' If I had been killed, Moreau would have been appointed Consul in my stead."

May 31st.

I rebuke Piontkowski for his lies. At about 4 o'clock, the Governor arrives, and, with great strides, makes for the Grand Marshal's house—but he leaves hurriedly without speaking to anyone!

June 2nd.

We lunch in the tent, and then go for a drive. We discuss the budget of a private individual with an income of Frs. 200,000. After dinner, we read a chapter on Arcola. Every one thinks it good; but I have the misfortune to criticize it, saying that "Digue" and "Adige" are in the same sentence. Las Cases exclaims: "This chapter is more beautiful than any in the Iliad!"

‘ ‘ B O R E D O M ’ ’

June 8th.

I go shooting with Fitzgerald. We go over to Rockrose, and return via Diana's Peak, through very dangerous places, where we risk falling from a great height. Piontkowski isn't enjoying himself! The Emperor wished to go out for a drive, and was annoyed because I had taken the horses. However, he said nothing, and joked at the smallness of our bag. After dinner, we read the Gospel. Madame Montholon declares she will end by becoming a Saint, and adds that I will also!

June 13th.

I persuade the Emperor to dress, and to breakfast in the garden. He speaks of Waterloo. "The men of 1815 were not the same as those of 1792. The Generals had become timid. It would have been better to have waited another month in order to have given the army more stability. I needed some one to command the guard. If I had had Bessières, or Lannes, in command of the guard, I would never have been defeated. I thought I had the Horse Grenadiers in reserve. Their charge would have retrieved the day, for there was only a brigade of cavalry which caused all the disorder. An officer had given General Guyot the wrong order to charge. Soult had not a good staff. My ordnance officers were much too young—for example, Regnault and Montesquiou. They were only aides-de-camp. Ney did me a lot of harm by his attacks on La Haye Sainte, and by changing the position of the artillery. When I left Quatre Bras, I ought to have left just Pajol with the troops of the Sixth Army Corps to pursue Blücher, and to have brought the rest with me. On the night of the 17th, I sent three orders to Grouchy, but in his report, he says he only received the order to advance on St. Lambert at 8 p.m. on the 18th. It was fate, for, in spite of all, I should have won that battle. . . . I didn't want to declare war on Russia, but I believed that Russia wanted it. I knew the difficulties of such a campaign. The destruction of Moscow did great harm to Russia; it put her back fifty years."

The Emperor dictates on Waterloo, and I urge him not to speak of certain Generals, such as Ney, Vandamme, etc. He replies: "One must tell the truth."

June 15th.

At 3 o'clock, His Majesty sends for the presents which Mr. Elphinstone had sent him, and talks of nobility. He has a weakness for the word "gentleman".

June 16th.

His Majesty strolls with me, and we lunch under a tree. "It was after entering Moscow that I should have died," he says. Las Cases protests that all His Majesty has done since would have been lost, but I think as the Emperor does. Death at Moscow, or at Waterloo, would have been best, for the campaign of Dresden had nothing extraordinary about it, whereas the return from Elba was one of the Emperor's most remarkable performances. The culminating point of his reign was his stay at Dresden.

"The Empress of Austria", continues the Emperor, "was jealous of Marie Louise. She didn't love France at all. I did wrong in preventing the King of Saxony from marrying Princess Auguste to a Frenchman, but I was afraid that that might impel the King towards the Empress, whereas the contrary was the case. After Wagram, I would have done well to have made three distinct kingdoms of the Empire—Austria, Bohemia and Hungary."

At Tilsit, the Emperor of Russia had induced the King of Prussia to send for his wife. When the Queen saw Napoleon, she adopted the tragic rôle.

NAPOLÉON : "She was a versatile and self-possessed woman. She often interrupted me. One day, in the presence of the Czar Alexander, she plagued me about Magdeburg. She wanted me to pledge my promise. I refused, but with gallantry. A rose was on the chimney-piece. I took it, and offered it to her. She drew back her hands, saying : 'On condition that it is with Magdeburg.' I replied instantly : 'But, Madam, it is I who offer you the rose.' After this interview, I escorted her back to her carriage. She began to weep, saying : 'I have been much deceived.'"

June 17th.

After lunch, the Emperor tells me that Warden has written a book ¹ on our journey to St. Helena. I explain the Battle

¹ Reproduced in Shorter's "Napoleon and his Fellow-travellers".

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of Waterloo to Warden, and Las Cases gives him a pair of garter buckles, which once belonged to the Emperor. Warden is delighted.

June 18th.

Madame Montholon's accouchement is very near. The Governor has sent her some Gazettes. I read in them the trial of Drouot. On his return from Jamestown, O'Méara tells us that M. de Montchenu (the French Commissioner) is an old man, and that he has a youthful aide-de-camp, a M. Gors. Admiral Cockburn leaves to-morrow. The Austrian Commissioner has his wife with him. M. de Montchenu, on seeing the island, cried : " Oh, my God ! Am I to end my days among these rocks ? "

Madame Montholon gives birth to a little daughter at 6 p.m. She presents the babe to His Majesty, who allows her to be called Hélène Napoleone.

June 19th.

Bertrand goes to say good-bye to Admiral Cockburn. The new Admiral asks to be presented to His Majesty. The Emperor is rather disconcerted by the arrival of the Commissioners, who have been sent by the Allied Powers.

June 21st.

I go to town, to see Mr. Porteous. I meet M. de Montchenu there. He speaks to me of his salary, and says that he does not wish to be lodged at the Inn. He assures me that he saw my mother and sister before he left, and that they were very well. Montchenu declares that he is quite a " verbal letter ", charged as he is with so much to say to Mesdames Bertrand and Montholon. He gives himself an air of importance, although with very becoming manners. Then we meet the Governor, who greets me very casually, but bows ostentatiously to the French Commissioner. On my return, I relate all this to the Emperor, who replies : " M. de Montchenu hardly considers you because you belong to the rabble. You are a plebeian. "

Whereupon I reply, that I am a gentleman after the style of the Emperor, and that is sufficient for me ! His Majesty has a weakness for the nobility !

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June 22nd.

Sadness. Six cases of books and furniture arrive. The weather is bad.

June 25th.

Boredom.

June 26th.

Idem.

June 27th.

Idem.

June 28th.

Idem.

June 29th.

Idem.

June 30th.

Terrible boredom. The Governor has been to Bertrand's. Hudson Lowe spoke a good deal about reducing expenses. Bertrand and his wife come to dinner. They say that Flahaut told the Admiral's wife that he would gladly have come to St. Helena, had it not been for his mother. Montholon and his wife receive letters from France, dated March, received by M. de Montchenu, and sent up to Longwood by the Governor. The Emperor is still sad. To-day, Sunday, the Governor came, saluted me, but spoke to no one. He visited the outposts and then went back. Passing the Guard House, he appeared to be in a bad humour. The Emperor takes a drive; and maintains that Sovereigns must be allowed their mistresses. He cites the example of Mme de La Vallière. Las Cases is intolerable. To sum up, sadness always. After dinner, we read the *Æneid*.

July 2nd.

The Governor arrives about midday, asks me how I am, and then speaks to Montholon about reductions to be made in the Emperor's household. I find His Majesty in the garden,

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and begin a conversation on these lines. In my opinion, there is considerable waste at Longwood. This saddens the Emperor, who goes to Madame Montholon to discuss the menu for to-day's dinner. I declare that the domestics are bunglers ; that it is impossible for us to drink twenty-seven bottles of wine, and to eat 90 lb. of meat and nine chickens a day. We lay ourselves open to criticism. In our position, to take the least possible is the best thing for us.

July 4th.

Admiral Malcolm and all his officers pay a social call on the Emperor. I show them into the parlour. Half an hour later, His Majesty sends for the Admiral only, and spends a good hour talking with him. This officer was dining with Wellington on June 15th, 1815, when they heard that the French army had crossed the Sambre. Wellington believed that the Emperor would cross the Sambre more to his right. The Admiral was at Waterloo. He thought the battle would be lost, and so, hastened to Brussels to arrange for the re-embarking of the troops. Wellington had 90,000 men, not including Bulow. The English say that there are no better soldiers in the world than the French, particularly the Cuirassiers. His Majesty then sends for the officers, whom he has kept waiting an hour and a half. As he leaves, the Admiral says to Bertrand : "He has given me a good history lesson." The Admiral told the Emperor that the opinion in England was that the Bourbons would remain on the throne if the Allies occupied France three or four years. I discuss science with the Admiral, who tells me that the best astronomer was Laplace, and that he has read his "Mécanique Céleste".

July 5th.

I am oppressed with boredom. The Governor has informed Bertrand that he is entrusted only with the person of the Emperor. He added : "If you're not content, go back home."

July 6th.

At breakfast, I say that, since we have not made our submissions, we can't complain of the Governor saying : "If you're not content, go back home." Las Cases is of the opinion

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that we can complain, and this gives rise to a very heated discussion.

July 9th.

We skin a turtle, which the Admiral sent us last night. It weighs 575 lb. I shoot and kill a sow. When out shooting, I notice that the sentries have been posted once again. We read Calas. Boredom.

July 10th.

Great boredom. We read : " Les Souvenirs de Félicie " and " Les Aventures du faux Martin-Guerre ".

July 11th.

Boredom. Melancholy. I go with Montholon to watch the military manœuvres in the camp. The officers are extremely polite. Returning home, we find the Governor waiting for Montholon. The Governor says that, if we are not comfortable now, it is our own fault, but that he will do all that lies in his power to improve our position.

July 12th.

The Emperor speaks about the Man in the Iron Mask. The Governor of Pignerol (the prison where the Man in the Iron Mask was confined) was called " Bompars ". This man had married his daughter to a mysterious prisoner, supposed to be a brother of Louis XIV, and had then sent the couple to Corsica, under the name of " Buonaparte ". The children of this marriage were the ancestors of His Majesty. " I had but to say the word for people to believe this fable," says the Emperor.

July 16th.

After lunch, His Majesty talks to O'Méara about the Governor. " He's a galley-slave driver—a *shirro* ! " Lowe has remarked to Las Cases that, if his boots needed repairing, he would send them to him. Meanwhile, Hudson Lowe arrives. His Majesty at once feels his anger rising, and remains speechless for about ten minutes. Then he calms himself, and begins the conversation. He reproaches Hudson Lowe for

all he is doing ; tells him that before *he* came, we always wrote letters to one another, and that it is horribly vexing to hear that a letter, sent by Madame Bertrand to Montchenu, was intercepted and read. Since we can't go and see Montchenu, it is simpler to write to him. Lowe denies having intercepted the letter. However, Porteus saw him reading it ; and the doctor was told of it by the Governor himself. The Emperor reproaches Lowe for having spoken to Las Cases about a letter he wrote in England, and for his remarks about the shoes. This Lowe also denies, as well as the charge of having arrested a Parsee domestic, whom he did not know belonged to Montholon.

Hudson Lowe declares we poison everything. His Majesty, without getting angry, tells him that he is a veritable gaoler, and that a certain letter he had written to Montholon had been drawn up deliberately in order that it might be believed in England that, if life is bad for us here, it is our own fault.

“ Do you wish me to say what we think ? ” asks the Emperor, and then tells Lowe that he thinks him capable of doing a jig before him. The English Government is desirous that her prisoners at Longwood be treated with the deference due to them. We are entitled to certain liberties, otherwise we should not have been sent to St. Helena, where our stay costs two millions a year. The Emperor would have been kept in England, if the British Government had wanted to keep him in a dungeon. His Majesty terminates the conversation with these words : “ But all this will not change you, neither you, nor the opinion we have of you.”

The Governor goes away with Dr. O'Méara. In the evening, the Emperor recounts this conversation, and tells me that I am wrong to plague Las Cases as I do. I reply that Las Cases has annoyed me by telling absurd stories, such as the one about the shoes. With a laugh, His Majesty gives me a cuff. We go in to dinner. Madame Montholon is in the drawing-room, and is dining for the first time since her accouchement. At the christening of her baby, the Emperor declares Las Cases is to act as priest. Whereupon Madame Montholon raises the objection that Las Cases isn't a sufficiently good Christian. His Majesty retorts : “ Well, what about Gourgaud, then ? ”

July 19th.

About 6 a.m., I hear a cry of "fire". I dress quickly and hasten to the fire, which is in the drawing-room. The window is broken, the chimney-board is burnt. There is no water at hand. The guard arrives, and I climb on to the roof to remove a few slates. The fire is extinguished. Montholon comes and takes coffee with me. The Emperor says to him that no one is to be jealous of the others. If any of us are banded together, as appears likely, against Las Cases, he will show coolness to those in league, and redouble his interest in Las Cases. Montholon remarks to the Emperor that we are all bitter. Here, at St. Helena, there is neither fortune nor position; there is only the consideration which His Majesty shows to us—which is, to a certain measure, the only consolation we have. Montholon adds that I am most justified in complaining, seeing that I am without wife, children, or even a servant. (As I said to Montholon, I believed I had every claim to the Emperor's friendship. I had, at 32 years of age, lost a position which I loved; I had abandoned my country and my family to follow the Emperor, solely for honour's sake. His Majesty's conduct is truly extraordinary, for Las Cases has neither intellect nor knowledge. He has never served on the field of battle. I will not be discredited by him.) Montholon finishes with these words: "Do you imagine that my wife and I are not annoyed that His Majesty didn't ask for us yesterday? We must dissemble, and abide our time."

The Bertrands try to console me. "The Emperor is like that, my dear Gourgaud," says Bertrand. "We cannot change his character. Just let us do our duty, and disregard the rest. It is because of this trait in his character that he has no friends, and has made so many enemies. That, after all, is why we are at St. Helena. It is also the reason why neither Drouot, nor those who were with him at Elba, or anyone else, apart from ourselves, would follow him here."

July 22nd.

I am grieved all night, because of His Majesty's attitude towards me. I, who have sacrificed everything to follow

him ! My heart is heavy. I have no other consolation. The Emperor asks for me at 11 o'clock, and coolly requests me to draw him a map of Egypt. He lunches in the garden with Las Cases, Montholon and myself, and then goes for a drive, but with an air of depression. He asks me which of us is the least bored. I reply : " The Grand Marshal." " And the most ? " I reply : " I am " ; and add : " I am the most miserable man here, being single, and forced to stifle all my sorrows. Not only am I unable to rest my eyes on the present, but the future appals me."

Then the Emperor begins a long talk, remarking that everything that happens is my own fault. I expect too much from other people. I am a gallant young man and, although my heart is in the right place, I am too hot-headed. The Emperor says it is natural that Las Cases, by virtue of his age, is better suited to His Majesty than I. In reply to this, I say that I am far from wishing to put constraint upon the Emperor's affections. I only ask for justice, and it seems to me that I ought not to be worse treated at St. Helena than I was in the hey-day of our popularity. Once, His Majesty lavished on me the greatest kindnesses, and it is when I think of this that I feel so much grief, and compare his conduct then with what it is now. Las Cases does not open his mouth during all this, even when I tell him that he has no claim to His Majesty's favour, seeing that he never fought under him. The Emperor says that we are all equal, and that we must live as brothers. He retires to his room. At 4 o'clock, he sends for me. He seems sad, but not angry. After dinner we have a lively discussion on the wonders of nature. His Majesty believes only in what is. Messmer, Gall, Lavater, are all charlatans, because they tell of what isn't.

July 27th.

His Majesty tells me that I must not be so depressed ; that, come what may, he will guarantee me from two to three hundred thousand francs, which will enable me to live honourably. Sooner or later we shall be going to the United States, or England. In case of misfortune, however, the Empress would provide for me.

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August 3rd.

The Governor comes to speak with Montholon. Madame Montholon says to me that the more she sees of Sovereigns, the higher becomes her opinion of Republics. The Emperor speaks of Suez, and the possibility of an expedition of 5,000 men there, who, in a year, would flood Egypt by cutting away the ground somewhere near the Red Sea, where it is higher than the Nile by almost 15 ft. Excessive boredom. Bed at 10 o'clock.

August 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th.

Excessive boredom. The Governor asks Bertrand whether His Majesty would come to his house for the Prince Regent's birthday celebrations ! I am still in a bad humour. Bertrand alone gives me consolation. "Rest assured about the future, Gourgaud," he says. "The Emperor always returns to normal. Leave the intriguers to do as they will. His Majesty knows only too well that you are one of his children. He loves you. He is dreaming of a happy marriage for you. He will give you two or three hundred thousand francs."

CHAPTER VII

THE EXILES SIGN THE DECLARATIONS

August 11th, 1816.

LUNCH in the garden. We read "Arcola". What grand days they were for France! Las Cases exclaims: "This chapter is more beautiful than the Iliad." As for me, I can see quite well who Achilles is; but I cannot conceive Las Cases in Homer!

August 16th.

A machine for making ice arrives. The Admiral tries his hand at the instrument. We succeed in freezing the water, but that's all. His Majesty goes out with the Admiral after seeing the experiment.

August 17th.

Montholon brings a letter from the Governor, who declares that he cannot spend more than £8,000 sterling a year on Longwood, and that if there is any extra expenditure, the Emperor must defray it. The Emperor dictates a magnificent reply to the Governor on the situation, the Treaty of the Allied Powers, and the Commissioners.

August 18th.

The Governor arrives with the Admiral and his staff, and insists on seeing His Majesty, who is in the garden. The Emperor tells him all that is in his mind. Sir Hudson Lowe replies: "But, Sir, you do not know me."

"Eh, Pardieu!" replies the Emperor, "where should I have known you? I have never seen you on the battlefield. You were only fit to hire assassins."

The Governor then threatens to stop sending food supplies.

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His Majesty answers : " Do you see the camp yonder, where the troops are ? Well, I shall go there and say : ' The oldest soldier in Europe begs to join your mess, and I shall share their dinner.' "

The Governor is taken aback, and assures the Emperor that he did not apply for his present post, and that he wishes to be recalled. The Emperor interrupts : " I know ; I, who have been Master of the World. I know the type of man such positions as yours are given to. It is only the dishonoured who accept them. You do well to ask to be recalled. It would be to our mutual advantage."

With these words His Majesty leaves Hudson Lowe, bids the Admiral a polite good-bye, and comes to my room. Last evening, the Governor had gone to the Bertrands', who had almost sent him packing. I think of my mother's birthday.

August 19th.

The officers of the 53rd Regiment are indignant at the Governor's conduct. They say His Majesty is quite right in thinking that he will be welcomed in the camp, and there isn't a soul there who would not forgo everything for him. They are real soldiers. We read " Tartuffe ". Bed at 10.

August 20th.

His Majesty sends for me, and reads a letter which he has dictated to Montholon, in reply to the Governor. In the letter His Majesty points out that, if he had gone either to the Emperor of Russia, or to the Emperor of Austria, or even to the King of Prussia, the first would not have forgotten Austerlitz, the second, that his Empire was restored four times by France, and the third, that the Emperor, at Tilsit, could have put another Sovereign on the throne. As to financial matters, His Majesty concludes by saying that, if the food supplies are denied him, he will beg some from the Grenadiers of the 53rd, who will never refuse hospitality to the Premier Soldier of Europe. Good ! Las Cases declares it sublime !

August 27th.

His Majesty talks to us about spies, and then asks what we shall read this evening. " The letter, of course," Las

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Cases remarks gravely. He says that this document will set Europe on fire. The Emperor asks me to make a copy of it, and I reply that I am not Montholon's copyist. The Emperor takes me up, saying that I am disrespectful towards him.

August 29th.

It is said in the town that the Emperor has stabbed Bertrand for refusing to sign the letter ! His Majesty writes another letter, to say that he no longer wishes to receive anyone.

August 30th.

The officers in the camp had been warned by the Governor against coming to Longwood again. This vexes His Majesty. At dinner, the Emperor says to me : "Gourgaud, you, who always speak the truth, what did you think of that chapter on the revolt in Cairo ?" I reply : "Very good, Sire." His Majesty enters the drawing-room, and asks Montholon to write a fresh letter to the Governor. He dictates until half an hour past midnight.

October 1st.

Hudson Lowe arrives with all his staff, saying that he must speak to His Majesty, as he has just received fresh instructions. His Majesty sends back an answer that he is indisposed.

October 3rd.

The Emperor, Madame Montholon, Las Cases and I, are walking in the garden, when Dr. O'Méara arrives, to say that Reade was calling on behalf of Hudson Lowe, to announce the new instructions the Governor had received. O'Méara goes to fetch Reade, and we remain somewhere in the background. Reade shows His Majesty letters from Lord Bathurst, and adds that the Governor will intimate his new instructions to the Grand Marshal. He asks Bertrand to go to Plantation House to-morrow. Reade announces that Piontkowski, and three others, will have to leave the island, while those remaining will have to sign new declarations. The Emperor enjoins Bertrand to say on the morrow that, if the restrictions are too stringent, we shall not sign the declarations. In any case, we must see the restrictions first, before signing. Every

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one is sad. During the night, His Majesty dictates instructions for Bertrand. The latter is to declare that we await only a pretext for going away, and that if the restrictions are too humiliating and stringent, we will go. That will curb Hudson Lowe !

October 4th.

Bertrand goes to Plantation House. The Governor shows him his instructions, and says that we may name four of the people who are to leave St. Helena. The Governor would have liked to remove that schemer, Las Cases, who has sent letters to England, and sought to ally himself with the Austrian Commissioner, but he thinks such a dismissal would displease His Majesty. The next time Las Cases offends, he will not hesitate to send him away. While he is incensed against Las Cases, he does not complain of Montholon's correspondence, nor of mine. Bertrand asks whether we could put "the Emperor" in our declarations. The Governor, without replying, apparently mumbles : "Yes."

October 14th.

We hand over our declarations to Bertrand, who sends them to the Governor. The Emperor tries to conciliate me with Las Cases, although I explain the reasons for my hatred of the latter. His Majesty assures me that my reasons are vain imaginings on my part ; but I maintain that Las Cases is the cause of the Emperor's coolness towards me. It is nothing but his stupidity which is bringing all this trouble on us now. The Emperor is very patient, for I fly into a great passion. I say that I will sign anything rather than go, and that I cannot dishonour myself. In the evening, the Governor sends the declarations back to Bertrand, adding that he will come to Longwood to-morrow, and that he cannot accept the declarations, because of the references to "the Emperor Napoleon".

October 15th.

Bertrand shows me the letter which the Emperor has dictated for the Governor, in which he declares that it would be lacking in respect for him to sign a declaration which

did not contain the title of "Emperor". I tell Bertrand that, as far as I am concerned, I do not believe that I am failing in respect to His Majesty; that I cannot, under so flimsy a pretext, cover myself with dishonour. In short, I am going to sign the declaration. The Emperor speaks to me, and asks me not to sign. I reply that, on a subject of this importance, if His Majesty does not do me the honour of convincing me, I shall sign. At last, I arrive before the Governor, who says that the Grand Marshal must have communicated the instructions to me. I reply: "Yes, Sir; but it is felt that it would be failing in respect to His Majesty to sign the declaration in the way you wish. I have been with the Emperor for the last six years. I accompanied him in his victories, and I thought it my duty to remain faithful to him, when every one was forsaking him. I was not compelled to. I could have remained in France, and I could have retained my rank. I have betrayed no one. I have often been unhappy because of His Majesty, but the more terrible his position, the greater becomes my duty to try to share it. In coming to St. Helena, I knew quite well that my lot would be a hard one. Titles are nothing, but His Majesty considers it would be wanting in respect to him to sign the declaration without referring to him as 'the Emperor'. Can I, after that, sign? In the horrible position in which His Majesty finds himself, I can do only what pleases him. He considers, that to sign would show lack of respect; and, certainly, I should guard against doing anything of that sort. He is already so unhappy. Tell me, Sir, what would you do in my position?"

The Governor is very polite. He assures me that he despatched the letter which I sent to my mother. I return to the Emperor, and tell him of my talk with Hudson Lowe. Every one thinks the case is won. His Majesty doesn't think the Governor will dismiss us all at once. I told the Governor that, when the Emperor goes to England, he intends to adopt the *nom de plume* of "Colonel Muiron", that we had discussed the question with Admiral Cockburn, but that the matter had got no further. Las Cases considers the case is won. We shall not sign, and we shall be allowed to stay. I fear the contrary. At 9.30, a letter arrives from the Grand Marshal,

enclosing one from the Governor, announcing that we are all to leave for the Cape, and that orders have been given to the Naval Commanders to take us on board ! Only Bertrand and his wife are to stay—in view of Madame Bertrand's condition. I look at my watch and exclaim : “ We have only two and a half hours in which to make up our minds ! ” Every one is stupefied. The Emperor, who was reading when the letter arrived, affects the greatest calm, and resumes his reading ; but he soon stops, and with these words : “ In the circumstances, one can't read this rubbish.” We all feel very sad. Madame Montholon weeps. I break the silence by saying that I am convinced that we are not lacking in respect to His Majesty by signing the declarations. I am going to sign. Poppleton, on the morning of the 16th, takes our declarations, only just in time ! The Emperor speaks to me about my mother. The dinner is a silent one. We retire at 8.45, Las Cases with his tail between his legs. He fears the whip !

October 17th.

Las Cases is certain that, if we had not signed, we should have stayed all the same. He thinks that no one will leave, not even Piontkowski. But the Governor names the individuals who are to embark with Piontkowski ! They are Santini,¹ Archambault, and Rousseau.² He writes to Bertrand to say they will be leaving the next day, at 2 o'clock. Piontkowski will receive a year's pay, as an indemnity. The Emperor says that Piontkowski should be satisfied. Piontkowski appears hurt at not being able to pay his respects to His Majesty before he departs. Madame Bertrand is very kind. She offers a chain to Piontkowski, as a souvenir. I give him a tea caddy. Piontkowski shows signs of extreme grief at leaving us. I ask the Grand Marshal to give him a letter suitable to the occasion, which Bertrand does, in these terms : “ My dear Piontkowski : The affection which you have shown His Majesty, first in coming to serve him at Elba, and for your

¹ An usher at Longwood. In after years he became guardian of the Emperor's tomb at Les Invalides.

² An odd-job man at Longwood. Later became servant to Joseph Bonaparte.

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services as an ordinary soldier, since the rank of an officer was not possible, and then in joining him at the island of St. Helena, has earned for you the protection of both relatives and friends of the Emperor."

This letter somewhat cheers the poor Pole. We accompany him as far as the signal station, at Alarm House, embrace him, and bid him farewell. Bertrand seems very odd; and his wife complains of the horrible conversation Las Cases had with her in the carriage. To-day, fresh sentries were posted. The road to the camp is barred.

October 20th.

Bertrand and his wife move into their new house. I meet the Austrian Commissioner (Baron Stürmer). The Emperor is disagreeable.

October 25th.

The Emperor visits Bertrand's new house. His Majesty seems to regret that they haven't built us a house. "They spend much money on foolish projects," he remarks. "I should be more out of sight of the sentries if there was another house, corresponding to Bertrand's."

I ask for furniture at Darling's.¹ He replies: "General Las Cases . . ." I interrupt him: "Las Cases isn't a General." Darling continues: "Admiral Las Cases . . ." This is too much! I say to the Grand Marshal: "You see, the crooked line is the shortest distance! I ask for furniture, and I get nothing. Las Cases has said publicly, that we didn't require any, but secretly, he asks for some, and he gets it!"

October 28th.

The Emperor sends for me. He isn't dressed, but is lying on his couch, reading: "The Memoirs of Miot de Méliot."

October 31st.

I write a few lines to my mother. I work on the American War. Bertrand takes lunch with His Majesty, who sends

¹ Andrew Darling (1784-1841). Upholsterer. He was responsible for making Napoleon's coffin and was present at the exhumation in 1840. He supervised the various repairs, etc., carried out at Longwood.

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for me at 3 p.m. He is very sad, suffering, and low-spirited. His replies are solemn. I tell him that he ought to go out and take the air. He takes my advice, shaves, dresses, takes a stroll, and then goes out in the carriage, with Madame Montholon and Las Cases. He returns later, sad, and in pain.

November 8th.

According to the Grand Marshal, we have to stop worrying. We must not write any more to Sir Hudson Lowe. This is my opinion, too. Otherwise, we only serve to aggravate our position. Las Cases is always urging His Majesty to do so. We read "Œdipe".

November 9th.

His Majesty is very jovial at dinner. He speaks of the Empress Josephine, and of Marie Louise. They had two widely different characters. The latter was indifference personified. Eugène and Hortense did not take after their mother, Josephine.

November 12th.

Montholon is convinced that Las Cases will leave St. Helena shortly. The Governor sends Las Cases another servant, in place of the one he wishes to dismiss.

November 14th.

I am thirty-three to-day. The Emperor gets me to dismantle his bed, and asks me how much it weighs, and what is the diameter of the iron rods, etc. I weigh them; and then he dictates notes on the methods of preventing cavalry from breaking through the infantry, and carrying off guns. The Emperor is very well. We read "The Tragedy of Æschylus".

November 16th.

The Emperor reads for two hours, and says that no book is so bad that it has nothing to teach anybody. Montholon tells me that they are definitely going to take Las Cases' servant away from him. Las Cases cannot complain, how-

ever, for Gentili becomes his new servant. The Emperor's head servant will therefore empty this Jesuit's pot! At 7.30, young Las Cases arrives to say that his father is ill. His Majesty takes great interest in the poor man. We dine. The Emperor sends for news of poor Las Cases. Ali (St. Denis) ¹ returns with the news that Las Cases is in bed, but hopes to eat some soup and a good chicken! Montholon cries: "Ah! the poor man." His Majesty is silent at this. After dinner, he sends young Las Cases to keep his father company, and speaks again about "dear Las Cases". "It is undoubtedly the Governor's bickering that has upset him." I remark that I also suffered, when I was deprived of my servant, and that I was three days without having anyone to wait on me.

November 18th.

Las Cases' servant leaves, and is succeeded by Gentili. Bertrand assures me that I am wrong in my attitude towards Las Cases. He says that, being Chamberlain, Las Cases must take precedence. I oppose this view. I was His Majesty's premier Ordinance Officer. I received orders from no one but His Majesty. I had access to his private room at any hour, a privilege that nobody else enjoyed. I had my own table at the Palace, and a salary of Frs. 32,000, plus emoluments. In any case I, a military man, will never bow to a Chamberlain, who is really nothing but a titled valet. His Majesty sends for me. I find him with Las Cases. He asks me how I am. The conversation turns on Las Cases. His Majesty says that the latter is a man of the highest merit, a Talleyrand on a small scale, and what sets us against him is misplaced jealousy. It is true that he does ridiculous things—for example, placing his genealogy immediately after that of the Bourbon family—but he amuses the Emperor and, knowing England well, he can instruct us in much that concerns that country. And we shall all be living there one day. Consequently, His Majesty enjoins me to ally myself with him, assuring me that he is speaking as a father to a son. To this I reply, that Las Cases is too much of a Jesuit for me to ally myself with him. His Majesty is annoyed, and declares that I always imagine too much. He gives me his word for it, that

¹ See St. Denis' book, "From the Tuileries to St. Helena" (1922).

Las Cases is not guilty of what he is accused. It is Las Cases' air of importance and secrecy which has given us this opinion of him. His Majesty assures me that he promoted me because he knew that I was man of action, and a courageous one, too ; that I saw things all right on the field of battle ; that I was useful to him in the artillery ; but as far as my character is concerned I am still a child. Then I invite Montholon to say whether or not he thinks as I do. Montholon replies : " Yes " ; and adds that he has been a Minister ; that he is now a General, a Chamberlain ; that he served his country for seventeen years ; and that never, under any pretext, will he yield to Las Cases. He is, moreover, a military man himself, and of equal birth to Las Cases. The Emperor replies : " If you are an older Chamberlain, that's different." Then he reproaches Montholon for having excited me, adding that I am a trusting soul ; that I am a good, worthy fellow ; that I have received a good education, but that I let myself be carried away. At intervals, His Majesty seems to grow impatient, and declares that I am always making scenes ; that I wish to be esteemed more than Montholon, of whom I am jealous. I retort, that I am perfectly in agreement with Montholon, and that nothing could make me have a quarrel with him. My hope is that I am right in thinking His Majesty does not realize the indignities he makes me suffer. The Emperor concludes by declaring that, after Bertrand and Las Cases, comes Madame Montholon. Montholon and I are two children, whom he considers only as one. According to my reckoning, Las Cases Junior should be placed before me, since, at thirty-three years of age, and after seventeen years' service, I am treated as a child !

At 7.30, I find Madame Montholon in the drawing-room. She is in tears. His Majesty tells me she is very upset because of this morning's incident. Whereupon I reply that I have been very harshly treated, but I am accustomed to being the scapegoat. Before my arrival, the Emperor had assured Madame Montholon that he didn't mean a single word of the disagreeable things he had said to us ! And Las Cases was present. However, I enter the drawing-room before him. His Majesty is very amiable with us, but with Las Cases, too !

CHAPTER VIII

LAS CASES IS ARRESTED

November 19th, 1816.

I TAKE medicine, because of last evening's scene. Bertrand and Montholon come to see me. The latter says that, rather than play second fiddle to Las Cases, he will leave St. Helena. I dine in my room, Las Cases in his, and His Majesty in his. Only the Montholons sit down at table !

November 21st.

Sinister thoughts assail me. I don't go out. The Emperor asks me for news. I sulk.

November 25th.

I meet the Admiral, who tells me that Piontkowski, at the Cape, is boasting of being the Emperor's friend, and is telling very foolish stories. On his arrival, he wrote to the Governor in most impertinent terms, declaring that he was ill, and wished to be put ashore immediately. Malcolm told him that the best advice he could give him was to keep quiet, and not to invent silly tales. We eat oranges in the garden, and talk about the Cape, and the Admiral's conversation. At 4-30, I retire to my room. Shortly afterwards, from my window I see Mr. Reade, Captain Poppleton, a gentleman in mufti, and two orderlies, pass by. They are making for Las Cases' room. Their visit frightens me. Later, I see them come out with Las Cases, who is speaking with animation. I rush to Montholon, to tell him what is going on. An officer is standing at my door. Montholon is walking in the garden with his wife. Just as I approach him, he is stopped by Mr. Gorrequer. So I hurry to Bertrand. He is with His Majesty. Later, Montholon informs us that Mr. Reade asked for Las Cases

while the latter was with the Emperor, and that, entering with the Commissioner of Police, they had searched his papers, and had then arrested him on a charge of violating the provisions of the law, by secretly confiding to his slave, James,¹ letters destined for Europe. His Majesty sees us in the garden, calls us, and tells us that letters have been found on Las Cases' servant, who was endeavouring to smuggle them to Europe. The Emperor, who doesn't appear distressed, plays billiards. He then orders Bertrand to go to the Governor, and bring Las Cases back. The Grand Marshal doesn't seem in too good a humour. The Montholons are in fits of laughter. I alone appear dejected. Bertrand leaves. I follow him, and bid him assure Las Cases that, although I am his enemy, I sympathize with him in the misfortune which has befallen him. It is unheard of that a man should dare write a letter secretly, hand it over to a servant (who is a slave to boot, and already suspected by the Governor). It is the acme of foolishness. The Emperor swears that he is ignorant of Las Cases' offence. According to Las Cases,² he wrote a letter to Lady Clavering and, several days ago, he decided to entrust James with certain letters for England. His Majesty had suggested that that was a foolish thing to do, and so Las Cases said no more about the matter. But, unknown to the Emperor, he did write the letters. The Emperor is of the opinion that it was the servant who betrayed Las Cases. Dinner as usual. About 9 o'clock O'Méara sends us two Gazettes. His Majesty orders me to run through them, and then retires to his room, saying that he is going to see the doctor. He wants us to wait for him. He returns at 10 o'clock, and tells us the whole story. It appears that Las Cases had got his son to write two letters on white silk,³ which he put in the lining of James' waistcoat. James spoke to his father about it. The father, frightened, told the Governor. The doctor couldn't believe it. But he

¹ James Scott. Las Cases' mulatto servant. The letters were for Lady Clavering and Lucien Bonaparte.

² For Las Cases' version of the affair, see his "*Mémorial de Ste. Hélène*", vol. 4. It would seem that Las Cases was not at all displeased at being found out. He wanted to leave St. Helena, and the discovery of the letters helped in the accomplishment of his desire.

³ These letters—at the time of writing—are offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheran, of Piccadilly.

LAS CASES IS ARRESTED

had seen young Emmanuel Las Cases being taken off on horseback a short time after his father had been arrested. The doctor had asked him if it was true that they had handed letters over to James, and Emmanuel, in tears, had answered : "What do you mean? We are in terrible trouble!" We learn from the Gazette that Lavallette has arrived safely in America. Bertrand is quite upset by the death of his mother-in-law.

November 26th.

About midday, Bertrand, at the Emperor's orders, calls on Hudson Lowe. On his return, he confirms the story of the Las Cases' servant's treachery. The Governor showed Bertrand the two pieces of silk, on which the letters were written. At 6.30, His Majesty sends for me, and asks me to sit down. He is very sad, and says : "A man in whom I had placed implicit confidence—who had seen all my papers—to behave like this! To try and send letters, via a *slave*! Las Cases did speak to me about it", admits the Emperor, "and I answered as I would have answered a baby's question. Could I have imagined that he was going to write to this Lady Clavering?" The Emperor is very upset, but he goes into the drawing-room and plays chess with me. A gloomy dinner. Bed at 10 o'clock. "It seems to me", says the Emperor, "as if I saw savages from the South Seas dancing round a prisoner whom they are about to devour."

November 27th.

I accompany Madame Montholon on horseback, to try to see Las Cases, who is now lodged with Major Harrison,¹ at Hut's Gate. But the sentries turn us back. Las Cases and his son come to their door and beckon to us. On our return, we complain to Poppleton, who announces the Governor's answer concerning the papers taken from Las Cases' rooms, and which the Emperor is demanding to be returned. Madame Montholon's nurse has heard that a boat is being chartered to take Las Cases to the Cape. He is to leave within two days.

¹ Brigade-Major at St. Helena. He was present at the post-mortem on Napoleon. He was on the island throughout the captivity.

November 28th.

I ride over to Alarm House. Las Cases is no longer at Hut's Gate. He has gone to Rose Cottage. Sentries are in front and behind the house. They have sent to Longwood for his belongings. The Montholons are jubilant at Las Cases' departure.

November 29th.

At 3.30, the Governor brings Bertrand official letters, and his MSS. of the Italian campaign, confiscated from Las Cases. I look at Rose Cottage through the glasses, but see nothing. I ask Poppleton whether he will ride out with me to Miss Mason's house. He agrees, and, on the way, we see Las Cases and his son at the cottage window. They both wave to me and make friendly signs. I ask Poppleton if I might just say "How-do-you-do" to them, but he objects, saying that he would have to report it to the Governor, and this might compromise him. We arrive at Miss Mason's, and she dresses to receive us, but is too long over her toilet, and as Poppleton is afraid of being late for dinner, we leave before she comes down. On returning, more salutes from Las Cases. A man speaks to him, unseen by the sentries, and I mask him from Poppleton's eyes. Back at Longwood we find the Emperor not yet dressed. He tells me that Dr. O'Méara, who had been bled that morning, was found in his—the Emperor's—room. He had fallen backwards, and His Majesty had been obliged to take off his tie and loosen his clothing in order to restore him to consciousness. Then, speaking about Las Cases, the Emperor asks me to open the sealed envelope containing the chapters on the Italian Campaign. There are three chapters missing. The Emperor then dictates instructions on this matter to Bertrand, who is to go to the Governor to claim the papers and rough drafts, as well as Las Cases' journal. Las Cases was keeping this rough draft in order to make a fair copy of it, before submitting it to His Majesty, who was to have dictated what he wished recorded. The rest was to be destroyed. In case the Governor should refuse to hand over these papers, Bertrand was to ask if His Majesty might write to the Prince Regent, and whether, if he sent an open letter, he could be sure of its reaching its destination.

LAS CASES IS ARRESTED

At 8.30, His Majesty goes to dinner, then sends for Bertrand, who is still sad, answering only : " Yes, Sire ", and " No, Sire ". The Emperor is very pleasant to the Grand Marshal, but fails to cheer him up.

December 2nd.

The doctor told Montholon that the Governor would be coming to-morrow to search Las Cases' room. We are displeased. The Emperor does not see us, because they have taken Las Cases away from him. At 7 o'clock, His Majesty asks for me. " Paris must be fortified," he says. " To-day, armies are so numerous, that fortified towns on our frontiers cannot arrest a victorious army. And it is a tremendous sequel to let an army, because of a victory, march on a capital and capture it. But, in order to fortify Paris, its outer districts must be able to prevent a bombardment. I wanted to fortify Montmartre, and at a point on the Seine, not overlooked by Vincennes, such as L'Étoile. I have always been diffident about it, for the fear of upsetting the Parisians, who would have had visions of countless Bastilles ! However, the Bastille was very useful as an ammunition depot. I had imparted my resolutions to Fontaine, and the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile was to be built so that its platform might hold a heavy battery, which could shell distant spots, flank Montmartre, and convert a siege into an open country affair. I would have raised a temple to victory in Montmartre, but a temple capable of holding a gun ! It would have assured the safety of this important point. France needs a fortified place on the Loire, and in the direction of Tours. It is absurd that all depots and ammunition factories should be on the frontiers, for they are liable to be cut off when an army enters the country."

His Majesty gets out of his bath and dines alone. Poppleton was reprimanded by the Governor for failing to tell him that he had been with me to Miss Mason's.

December 4th.

Madame Bertrand is annoyed with me because I jokingly remarked that, every time the Governor pays her a visit, she wears a silk dress. The doctor has assured the Emperor that

the English Government would willingly let him return to England ; he was sure His Majesty would keep his parole, but since the Emperor had such numerous and warm partisans in France, it would be dangerous. Las Cases' servant has revealed a second letter, hidden under a stone. The Governor seems to know that the Emperor hasn't shaved for five days, and that he seldom goes out. After all, Sir Hudson Lowe seems disposed to become reconciled to us. His Majesty assures us that, by remaining in his rooms, he is alarming the English ; but in my opinion, the fact that the Emperor no longer dines with us, indicates his great grief at losing Las Cases. His Majesty thinks that Las Cases' journal will terrify Hudson Lowe, who will not dare to send such a document to London.

December 5th.

Montholon believes that His Majesty wants to exchange us for Las Cases. He declares his unwillingness now to serve anyone, and says that he will go to Holland, lest the Emperor should express the desire to see him leave St. Helena. Bertrand arrives, and I do not conceal from him how painful it is to me that His Majesty does not show the least interest in me. For the Emperor I have abandoned my country, my mother and my position. If the Emperor does not find us to his satisfaction, it behoves him to think of the sacrifice we have made in following him, and to remember that I left my country quite voluntarily. I have never betrayed the King. I was faithful to him—as long as he was all-powerful. I allowed myself to join in popular movements, and follow the impulse of my own opinion, only when the King left France. I have seen Lannes, Bessières, and Duroc, perish. They were faithful servants and disciples of His Majesty. Well, he regretted them less than he does Las Cases ! The Emperor spoke to me last night about artillery officers being well received in America, but he needn't imagine that I am anxious to go there and beg my bread. I shall go straight to France. They can do as they like with me. I have nothing with which to reproach myself. I shall say : " I have done everything which honour prescribed. I have been deceived. Do as you like."

At 1.30, we see arriving at Madame Bertrand's, Doctor Baxter,¹ then O'Méara, and Lady Lowe, accompanied by an officer of the island. Their arrival seems rather to intimidate Madame Bertrand, but she soon composes herself, and talks of commonplace things. Madame Bertrand remarks that the Governor would please the Emperor exceedingly by restoring Las Cases to him. The aide-de-camp asks whether Lady Lowe will be able to see the Emperor, but Madame Bertrand answers that he is indisposed. After half an hour, Lady Lowe gets into her carriage and makes for the Montholons'. Lady Lowe has a pleasant face, and possesses a considerable knowledge of the world. It is a long time since I saw a woman so smartly dressed. I was lost in wonder :—blue satin, and a white beaver hat, with feathers, etc. A little later, His Majesty sends for me. He offers me some oranges. He is very affable, pulls my ear, and says : " Well, well, illustrious Gourgaud." I interrupt him : " Say, rather, 'wretched'." The Emperor exclaims : " What reason have you for being so sad ? "

About 6.30, the Emperor sends for me again. He doesn't understand this visit of Lady Lowe's, unless it was inspired by her reading Las Cases' journal. According to me, the visit is due to fear of a complaint to the Prince Regent ; or is it because Las Cases, becoming reconciled to the Governor, has told him that, as far as formal visits are concerned, he has done everything that could be desired ? Las Cases wishes to appoint himself mediator between the Governor and the Emperor. Yet one can never become reconciled to a man who has humiliated one. This is another illusion of that schemer, Las Cases.

December 6th.

The Governor tells me that Las Cases will remain away for some time yet. I believe the Governor awaits a reply from England, before he decides on Las Cases' case. The Emperor

¹ Deputy Inspector of Hospitals at St. Helena. Died 1841. Lowe wished Napoleon to receive Baxter as a medical man, but the Emperor only saw him as a private individual. When Napoleon refused to allow O'Méara to send bulletins to Lowe, Baxter concocted them from information supplied by O'Méara. (See Lowe Papers, 20, 156.)

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says that it will take six months, to which I answer : " But the Governor would be acting like a child if he handed over Las Cases immediately. He must have foreseen that he wouldn't find any evidence of conspiracy in the papers, and he would never have taken the very serious step of arresting Las Cases if he hadn't been authorized to do so." His Majesty is angry, and exclaims that the Governor is a *sbirro* from Sicily, and that all the decent people in the island declare openly that he sent his wife to us merely to get us to change our opinion of him. His Majesty is crimson with anger. Montholon says he is in a terrible mood, and must have had some really bad news.

December 7th.

The Grand Marshal visits me, and we discuss Las Cases. The Governor has announced that he would see the latter, and come to some arrangement with him about the papers he was claiming. I am touched by the way His Majesty treats us. I say so, quite frankly, to Bertrand. Yesterday, His Majesty seemed very bad-tempered, and I presumed it was because of some bad news brought by Lowe ; but the Grand Marshal assures me that this officer said nothing. The Emperor speaks to me about anatomy. He assures me that no one has ever heard his heart before ; it is as if he never had one. I reply, as a real courtier, that the Emperor has his in his head. His Majesty thinks that a man can be dead and then restored to life ; that there is a certain interval of time in which that is possible. I express the opinion that, once life is extinct, it cannot be revived. One may have seen people, who were believed to be dead, restored to life, but really, they had only fallen into a state of coma. The Emperor continues with these words : " I know that my opinion is that of the materialist, for one might ask : ' What happens to the soul in the interval which elapses between death and the return to life ? ' "

December 8th.

At 7.30, His Majesty is in the drawing-room. He plays chess, and dines with us. The conversation turns on War. " I like a good artillery captain," he says, " one who can get

the best out of a piece of country by placing his guns correctly. I think the same of engineer officers. A good engineer officer is a man skilled in siege warfare and defence operations. Real nobility resides in the man who has been under fire. I would have given my daughter to a battle-stained soldier, but never to an administrator. An administrator will find courage only when forced to face fire and other dangers. It is then that he makes good resolutions. I loved Murat because of his brilliant bravery ; that is why I forget his numerous stupidities. Bessières was a good cavalry officer, but rather lethargic. He possessed, to a small degree, what Murat had to the full. Ney was a man of real courage. In France, men of intelligence, or good organizers will never be lacking, but there will never be sufficient men of sublime character and vigour."

In reply to my criticisms, His Majesty interrupts me, and says : " What ! Don't you esteem Nelson more highly than you did the best engineer constructors ? What Nelson had, more than any engineer, is not acquired : it is a gift of nature."

December 10th.

I discover that a tooth is decaying, and realize that the longer I delay, the more difficult it will be to extract. So I go to O'Méara, and ask him if he has ever extracted teeth. I look at his instruments, try them, and assure him that my mind is made up. He gets ready, lances my gum, makes it bleed, applies the forceps, and tugs hard. Ali enters at this moment, saying that His Majesty is asking for me. The tooth is not yet quite out, but Ali sees it finished off. I don't make a murmur. The doctor had wanted me to grip my hands, but I had refused, assuring him that I wouldn't flinch.

December 11th.

After dinner, the Emperor (who is in a good humour), tells me that, after Marengo, he had " sent for " Mme Grassini. She refused to come, because she had not been summoned during the previous campaigns, when she was much prettier. She followed the Emperor to Paris, thinking she was his titular mistress ; but she was not treated as such, which vexed her considerably. She spoke everywhere of the Premier Consul

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as an "ingrate"! The Emperor says there ought not to be any Generals over sixty years of age on active service. "They ought to be given honourable positions in which they would have nothing to do. I did wrong to appoint old Senators; the members of the electoral colleges know the people no longer. The peasantry, in speaking of a man of sixty, say: "Old Father So-and-so".

CHAPTER IX
GOURGAUD WANTS TO FIGHT
MONTHOLON

December 12th, 1816.

ON the boat which arrives from Bengal are many distinguished passengers, among them one of the premier judges of India, and his wife, sister of Lord Melville. They all wish to visit His Majesty. At 6 o'clock, His Majesty sends for me. I find him very upset. He makes me sit down and dictates a note. This is what it contained :

1. If Las Cases is guilty, let him be tried ; if he isn't, then let him be liberated.
2. Sentries must not be placed round Longwood until 9 p.m.
3. The enclosure is to be where it was two months ago. Let Poppleton be advised of all changes in orders, so that he can inform Bertrand or Gourgaud.
4. Will the Governor draw up a list of people on the island who may come to Longwood when invited, including the members of the East India Company? Foreigners are to be placed on this list when they are not suspected by the Governor. They will apply to Bertrand whenever they wish to be received by the Emperor.
5. That army officers be allowed to enter Longwood with the permission of their Colonel—Naval officers will get like permission from the Admiral.
6. That the restrictions forbidding the writing of letters, other than unsealed ones, will apply only to abroad ; but on the island, we may send sealed letters to the residents.
7. That the officers will be allowed to appoint the servants they wish, provided that they are not suspected by the Governor.
8. When the officers at Longwood go into town, they will be accompanied by an English officer as far as Jamestown, but that they will be allowed to pay their visits in the town itself, unaccompanied.
9. That the French Officers

wishing to draw letters of exchange, to receive books, gazettes, or articles of clothing for their own use, will apply to a banker appointed by the Governor, and that they will not be bound down to any formality.

The Emperor, after dictating this, cries: "It appears there is something new. Hudson Lowe has asked O'Méara what he thinks ought to be done to bring about a reconciliation with us, and he asked him to say whether he thought that possible." "Perhaps", continues the Emperor, "it is the effect of Las Cases' journal.¹ What do you think?" I reply: "I think the Governor is afraid you will carry out your threat, and make a complaint to the Prince Regent. He may fear that, although acting according to instructions, the Government will deprive him of his job. And so, I believe it is the fear of being sacrificed by his Government that makes Hudson Lowe act as he does." The Emperor doesn't know what is meant by the word "reconciliation". He thinks he would debase himself, without getting anything, since the Governor could break all the rules if he pleased. After dinner, the Emperor speaks of the Governor. He fails to see the motives which have induced Hudson Lowe to seek a reconciliation with us. He assured O'Méara that Las Cases was not attached to His Majesty; that he was just a journalist in quest of anecdotes for his memoirs. "He's a very astute man, is the Governor," says the Emperor. "I have written a letter for Las Cases, which will embarrass the Governor very considerably." Hudson Lowe declares that the Emperor is badly served by Bertrand—a man of icy temperament, and with a heart so ulcerated, that one can never become intimate with him! I read out the Emperor's note to Las Cases:

"M. le Comte de Las Cases. Your conduct, like your life, has always been honourable. The letters that you were careful enough to confide to a slave contained only what you have written in other letters which have been read. It is but a pretext to seize your papers and mine. Your arrest took place at my door. I thought I saw the inhabitants of

¹ Las Cases published his famous journal—"Mémorial de Sainte Hélène"—in 1823. Since then many new editions, in English and French, have been published.

a South Sea island dancing round a prisoner whom they were about to devour. How many nights have you not slept during my illness? You alone speak and write English. If you manage to meet the Empress and my son, tell them that not even a Vienna family who had seen them were allowed to visit me."

The Emperor then lauds Las Cases to the skies. It seems that he is a martyr. His Majesty asks me what I think. I give him my opinion that his laudatory style is unbecoming. He has known Las Cases only a year or eighteen months. Las Cases has made no sacrifice, nor given any great proof of devotion. He has never had to face real danger; and I add that His Majesty had never written such a letter to an old and better friend, such as Duroc or Lannes.

The Emperor is annoyed, and tells me that I am a child; that he is not seeking advice as to what he must do, but is merely asking whether I think such a letter will produce any effect on Hudson Lowe. He gets up. Madame Montholon, her elbows on the table, breaks into the conversation, and says that the letter is very apt, and that I am wrong to object to this and that. I answer that when His Majesty does me the honour to address me, I beg Madame Montholon not to interrupt me in my reply. Nevertheless, she continues, and I am forced to hold my tongue, for fear of precipitating a scene disrespectful to His Majesty. The Emperor asks Montholon to read the letter. It is Marchand who has written it—hence the spelling mistakes. I preserve a rigid silence, since every one else seems to approve. As the Emperor goes to his study for an instant, Montholon whispers to me: "It is all to the good that the letter is as it is. It proves that His Majesty will write similar ones for us." The Emperor, still angry, strolls about the drawing-room, sits down, asks for a pen, and signs the letter, adding the words: "*Votre dévoué*". As a matter of fact, Las Cases is indebted to me for this, for never in cold blood would the Emperor have signed a letter in this way. Montholon is commissioned to take it to Poppleton, and should Poppleton wish to read the letter, Montholon is to open it, and write on it: "Opened by order of M. le Comte Bertrand."

The Emperor passes into the drawing-room. It is 10

o'clock, and Montholon is playing chess. The Emperor, still agitated, addresses me. "Come, Gourgaud; play a game. It will do you good. Why do you always look so angry?" "Sire," I reply, "I have one great fault—that of being too attached to Your Majesty. What I have said is not dictated, as you suppose, by jealousy, for I couldn't be jealous of a man like Las Cases, who has never rendered service to Your Majesty; but I thought it only my duty to tell you that this letter is unworthy of you. It seems to me that you are abandoned here, and that we are all cyphers. What nights has Las Cases spent during your illness? They are nothing compared with those which the soldiers spent in camp, exposed to a thousand dangers. Good God! My poor father was too honest a man. He brought me up in much too strict principles of honour and virtue. I see only too well that, in this world, one should never tell the truth to Sovereigns. It is flatterers and schemers who succeed with them."

The Emperor interrupts me. "I want Las Cases to be your best friend one day."

"Never!" I reply. "I hate him!"

"Ah! Gourgaud," says the Emperor, "that is ungenerous."

I reply: "I have done Las Cases no harm, nor do I seek to, now that he is absent; but in any other circumstances, I would avenge myself on him for his conduct towards me. He is a Tartuffe. One day Montholon will realize it, too."

"What!" exclaims the Emperor. "What do you mean? That he betrays me? That he speaks ill of me? My God! Berthier and Marmont, on whom I had heaped benefits, how did they behave? I defy any man to deceive me. He would have to be a real rogue to be as bad as I imagine him!"

I express the opinion that Las Cases will never betray the Emperor, but Las Cases has made no sacrifice in accompanying the Emperor to St. Helena. He came with us, not out of love for His Majesty, but just to be in the public eye, to write stories, and to make money.

His Majesty replies: "Do you think that Drouot, who always wanted to be with the most exposed batteries, did so solely for love of me? No, he too wanted to be in the public eye."

December 13th.

The Bertrands think as I do, that the letter is an exaggerated one. The Emperor couldn't have written more for one of his oldest friends who had lost everything in his service. His Majesty has known Las Cases only a year, and in this year, what has Las Cases done? What proof of devotion has he shown? None! He is just a simple intriguer, a coward, a hypocrite who has done nothing but foolish things, exciting the Emperor to create illusions about everything. And yet, according to this letter, Las Cases is a god; he is to embrace the Empress and her son! He is the cause of the humiliation we suffer. Montholon cheers His Majesty somewhat, who jokes with Madame Bertrand, and sends for some oranges. At 6 o'clock, we play chess, but an hour later, Bertrand sends for me from the drawing-room, and the Emperor orders me to go. The Grand Marshal then shows me two letters, which he has just received from Hudson Lowe. One, dated the 12th, deals with the examination of Las Cases' papers, which we had asked to be returned. The Governor refuses to hand over the journal, since its author has declared himself the sole proprietor of it, and all the subject-matter his own composition. The other letter, dated the 13th, contains the one which the Emperor had written to Las Cases. Hudson Lowe sends it back, saying that he can allow correspondence with Las Cases only by unsealed letters. Lowe adds that he would do the same with any unsealed letter addressed to Las Cases which he judged improper. Bertrand entrusts me with these papers and urges me not to give them to the Emperor until to-morrow, because he might pass a bad night in consequence. I promise to say nothing about them, unless His Majesty becomes too pressing. I return to the drawing-room. The Emperor stops his game, asks me for news, and insists so much on knowing what I was wanted for, that in the end, I am obliged to say: "It is just as Your Majesty had foreseen. The Governor has returned the letter you sent to Las Cases because it was sealed down."

The Emperor is upset, and strides about the room. "The Governor will most certainly have read it; that's why he

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sends it back. He fears the effect of it. Go to Bertrand, ask him to send for Poppleton, open the envelope in front of him, and order him to take it back unsealed."

I discuss with the Emperor the contents of the other letter. He will read it to-morrow. I go to Bertrand's, but Poppleton isn't at Longwood. I return to the drawing-room, and find the Emperor very distressed.

"That b—— *sbirro* of Sicily," he exclaims.

At dinner, we discuss Las Cases, the journal, etc. I have the misfortune to exclaim: "It is to be feared that this journal contains . . ."

The Emperor doesn't allow me to finish, and says: "Ali, who wrote it, has assured me that there was nothing in it about me. You are still a child!"

Now a valet can take as praise things which, if reported and badly interpreted, bring about terrible reprisals. I am nearly thirty-four years old, but for some time His Majesty has seemed to take a delight in saying the cruellest things to me. Calling me a child is calling me a fool.

"What are the childish actions I have committed?" I ask His Majesty. "Have I compromised or humiliated Your Majesty? I have eighteen years of service, and have been in thirteen campaigns. I have received three wounds, and it is very hard, after all I have done, solely from zeal, to be treated thus—as nothing but a nuisance."

I am very annoyed. The Emperor tries to calm me. I remain silent. His Majesty wants to play chess, but he moves the pieces anyhow. He speaks to me gently: "I know you have commanded batteries and troops, but you are still very young." My only reply is a gloomy silence.

December 14th.

I write to Montholon, asking him if I might speak to him alone. He arrives, and says that, naturally, he must take his wife's part, although it was she who provoked hostilities the day before yesterday, by opposing me in support of the Emperor. The latter is sufficiently strong on his own account, without anyone else joining him, to crush me. The respect which I have for His Majesty I do not necessarily have for others, and I say, I will not be insulted or slighted by anyone.

I am driven to despair and am capable of anything. I warn Montholon to tell his wife. I am afraid that a quarrel might ensue—a very serious quarrel, which would pain me grievously, for I am fond of Montholon. Montholon replies that he is very sorry about what happened the day before yesterday. He thought it was I who had attacked his wife (he was absent during the quarrel). He says that we ought all to live in peace, and to help one another. His wife had been terrified by the harshness of His Majesty towards me. He gives me his word of honour never to say anything against me to His Majesty. His wife agrees that the letter contained matter unworthy of the Emperor. This morning, the Emperor ordered him to take the letter to Bertrand, and Madame Montholon had advised her husband to suppress certain phrases, but he hadn't dared to speak about them to the Emperor, who most certainly would never have signed himself "dévoué Napoléon" if I hadn't spoken against the letter. The surest way of preventing Las Cases from exercising so much influence on His Majesty is always to be praising the Emperor. Secretly, the Emperor is very annoyed at the confiscation of the journal. If he doesn't appear to be so, it is because I attack the journal. That's why he flared up so readily yesterday. The journal must contain the story of the Duc d'Enghien, and that of the Princes and the assassins, for Las Cases frequently spoke of them. And surely, there must be mention of a conspiracy for our return. Three or four persons are quoted and compromised. "His Majesty is afraid of this," says Montholon. "I am convinced of it. That is what puts him in such a bad temper, because, at the same time, he will allow no one to attack Las Cases' journal, or his opinions. The question of reclaiming the journal as private property must, however, open his eyes."

December 15th.

I think that the only system for the Emperor to adopt is not to insult Hudson Lowe, but to avoid becoming intimate with him. It would be unworthy of His Majesty to be on "thee and thou" terms with such a man. The Emperor's position is so frightful, that the only way of preserving his dignity is to appear resigned, and not to take a single step

to obtain any change whatsoever in the restrictions. We must tolerate everything with resignation. If His Majesty possessed the whole island to himself, it would be a mere nothing compared with what he has lost. The Emperor pities poor Las Cases, who must be terribly bored. Bertrand says : "Hudson Lowe did not expect that I should send the letter back unsealed. He is going to send it to England, for he considers Las Cases very guilty."

The Emperor replies : "It is from fear that the Governor says all this, but he will tell a different tale when he sees my note to the Prince Regent. It is a short note, but it reveals his conduct with great accuracy."

The Emperor says that the massacres of September were almost entirely the work of old military men who, before leaving for the frontier, didn't wish to leave any enemies behind them. "It was Danton", says the Emperor, "who conceived this plan. He was a remarkable man. He could have done almost anything. It is impossible to understand why he separated from Robespierre and got himself guillotined. It seems that the two millions he acquired in Belgium had changed his character. It was Danton who said : 'Boldness, then boldness, still more boldness.' Marat had intelligence, but was also a bit of a fool. What won him great popularity was his prophecy in 1790, of what would happen in 1792. He fought everybody alone. He was a very curious man. Such men are the makers of history. However much people may try, one cannot belittle them. Few men have made such an impression as these two. Robespierre will never be remembered in history. It is certain that Carrier, Fréron, Tallien, were much more sanguinary than he. Danton has left many friends, among whom are Talleyrand and Semonville. He was a real Party leader, beloved of all sectarians. Robespierre ought to have appointed himself Dictator, but that was not so easy for him as it was for a General. Soldiers are not Republicans. They are accustomed to obey, and are satisfied to see the bourgeoisie submitting likewise. At the Camp at Boulogne, all the soldiers wished to see me Emperor, for armies are essentially monarchic, and you will see this spirit in England. While surrounding myself with the old aristocracy—which is the real aristocracy—

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I gave the premier place, the command of the armies, to plebeians, such as Duroc. In one of my travels in Italy, I was on foot with Duroc, when we met an old woman who said she would like to see the Premier Consul. I said to her : ' Bah ! Tyrant for tyrant ; it's all the same thing.' ' It is not,' she replied. ' Louis XVI was the king of the nobility, but Napoleon's the king of the people.'

"An aristocracy is essential to a great Empire. The Bourbons seek to ally themselves to the Nation by raising the sons of Duroc and Bessières to the peerage. But they would have done better to have the House of Peers composed of men of the Revolution, whose first interest would be the preservation of the Constitution."

December 17th.

Bertrand reminds me that the Emperor complains of my hostility towards Las Cases—so beloved of him—that I am always making scenes, and that if it goes on, the Emperor will never again leave his room. To this I reply, that what I said recently to His Majesty was at his own request. I was not speaking voluntarily. His Majesty had asked me to read the letter, and had then requested me to say what I thought of it.

"What !" says the Grand Marshal. "You, who have read 'Gil Blas' ! Don't you remember the Archbishop of Grenada and his homilies ? When the Emperor asks for anyone's opinion, he expects it to be his own."

December 19th.

Gentili announces that I shall dine in my own room, and the Emperor in his. He says Cipriani told him this. I send for Cipriani, who tells me that it was originally Madame Montholon's suggestion. I am annoyed, and ask Montholon to come and see me. I deplore his conduct, and remind him that, two days ago, I warned him to tell his wife that, if she attempts to harm me, I shall hold him responsible. It grieves me to say this, for I have great affection for Montholon, but it is a question of my honour, and I demand an explanation. Montholon assures me that his wife said nothing to the Emperor. But, I say, how is it that, on the

day of the quarrel, His Majesty played two games of chess with me, and left me in the best of humours ; but since then, he has shunned me. I remind Montholon that, the day before yesterday, his wife went to His Majesty's room before he was even dressed. Madame Montholon must have had serious reasons for doing so. He replies that that is true, she did go to the Emperor's room, but the Emperor did not receive her. Yesterday the Emperor sent for Montholon, and, on hearing that I hadn't uttered a single word, His Majesty declared that we were all to dine in our own rooms. However, I repeat what I had previously said to Montholon, and demand an explanation ; and I add : " To-morrow, if you will, with pistols, in the corner of the ploughed field. I shall bring Bertrand as my second."

I tell all this to Bertrand, and ask him to stand by me, and not to say anything to the Emperor about it. Later, I find His Majesty in the billiard-room. As he goes out into the garden, he says to me, " Ah, Gourgaud ! " His Majesty goes no further than the enclosure, sees some sentries, retraces his steps, returns to the billiard-room, and finally, to his own room at 6 o'clock. His Majesty is in a bad temper because of new letters from Hudson Lowe. The latter proposes to liberate Las Cases, but on impossible terms. The Emperor wants us all to leave, and to send a letter to the Governor to this purpose, our reasons being that His Majesty cannot keep Generals in his service who are humiliated. But I will never sign that letter. I shall come for Bertrand to-morrow morning, for that other matter must be settled ; and the Emperor will see that I, at least, am susceptible on a point of honour. We discuss the Gazette which the doctor has brought. The Prince Regent has been ill. It is said that he wants to divorce his wife and remarry, in order to have a son. This would be a great calamity for England.

CHAPTER X

LAS CASES LEAVES THE ISLAND

December 21st, 1816.

I CANNOT refrain from repeating to Bertrand that my position is becoming too painful to tolerate any longer. It was the premier inspector of artillery, Lariboisière, who brought me into contact with the Emperor. His Majesty recognized the value of my service, my activity, and my knowledge of artillery. I was promoted, and became His Majesty's Chief Ordnance Officer. My memory, my knowledge of military details, became necessary to him. During the whole of the Russian Campaign, I was at his beck and call, day and night. At Moscow, it was I who found the bomb, in which there were three hundred thousand kilograms of powder. At the Bérésina, His Majesty made me swim across the river, to find if there was a passage for the artillery on the other side. At Dresden, it was as a result of my report, (and at great risk to myself), that the Emperor changed his plan of operations—which was to proceed from Bautzen to Koenigstein, assuming that the capital of Saxony might hold out for eight days. It was I who thought the army would be destroyed if it lingered before this town, and that the place would fall on the morrow, if His Majesty, with the rest of the troops, didn't hasten to its aid. On my report and instigation, the Emperor decided, at Stolpen, to abandon his operations, and to hasten with all speed to Dresden. And every one knows I was only just in time. At Brienne, I killed a Cossack, who hurled himself at His Majesty, in an attempt to run him through with a lance. At Laon, I succeeded in my mission, which the Emperor had entrusted me with, when Ney had considered the thing impossible. At Rheims I forced the town. So I don't see that His Majesty has rewarded me any

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too lavishly ! He has not mentioned me, except in one of his more recent bulletins. I have even had the vexation of seeing M. de Bussi become aide-de-camp to the Emperor. I have never received a gratuity, which hasn't also been given to my friends, and, as for promotion, the majority of my cadets have become majors ; and M. Boiteau even a Colonel, before me. There is certainly nothing extraordinary in the favours I have received. If the Flahauts had come here, they would, quite naturally, have been overwhelmed with titles, honours and money ; but I—poor wretched I—still have debts to pay for my war equipment ! And yet, Bertrand assures me that I shall lose nothing, that I must not worry, and that the Emperor will return to Paris.

December 22nd.

In the afternoon, the Emperor sends for me. He is in the billiard-room with the Grand Marshal, and asks me why I am sad. I reply : " Your Majesty understands me and the human heart only too well not to know the cause of my grief." The Emperor grows impatient at the non-arrival of the Misses Balcombe, and frequently looks out on to the road through his lorgnettes. The conversation turns on dowries and marriage settlements. " A woman ought not to stand security for her husband ", says the Emperor, " if she has children. In everything, one must follow the rules of justice. It is I who caused the introduction of the legal mortgage into the code. A father ought never to give everything to his children during his lifetime, because that makes him dependent on them ; and the children are always ungrateful. If he keeps what he has to dispose of until the last, the children will never fail him." The Emperor declares that a father may give substantial incomes, or allowances, to his children, but should never part with all his capital.

December 23rd.

Miss Jenny and Mistress Balcombe lunch with Bertrand. Hudson Lowe arrives later, saying that he is sorry for all that has happened ! He proposes to give us back Las Cases, and also the correspondence. The Grand Marshal makes Lowe feel the severity of his conduct. I understand that

Hudson Lowe has written to Las Cases, suggesting that he might return to Longwood ; but Las Cases has replied that his fate is sealed, and he will submit to it.¹ Lowe is waiting for orders from England before changing the limits. I learn, also, that when Bertrand declared that Las Cases was coming back to Longwood, Madame Montholon nearly went mad with rage ! At 7.30, I enter the drawing-room. His Majesty speaks about the Governor, and the letter. I remark that, while I was at Bertrand's, a dragoon came for a reply. His Majesty orders me to inform the Grand Marshal not to draft the letter, which he dictated to him for Hudson Lowe, before showing it to him again. Bertrand must wait until to-morrow for the reply, but he can make it known that the Emperor wishes to see Las Cases again. Bertrand confesses to me that he hasn't been pressed to make a copy of what the Emperor dictated to him. I think it contained some violent remarks addressed to the Governor. His Majesty sends some fresh victuals to the servants aboard the "Orontes", to remind them that they are not forgotten. Then he cries out that the Governor is a b—— ; a gaoler ashamed of his own behaviour. We read "Le Cid". Admirable sentiments. Bed at 10.30.

December 24th.

Lady Lowe sends a present of bonnets and baby's clothes to Madame Bertrand, who, it seems to me, can well accept such gifts. Her insignificant position makes that quite possible. According to Bertrand, Las Cases, no longer wishing to return, prefers to leave St. Helena immediately. I find Las Cases' conduct contradictory. His fate was bound to ours. The English are masters of his body, but not of his soul. I am of the opinion that people will not fail to say that he has engineered the whole affair as a pretext for leaving us. Dinner, then chess. His Majesty asks just this : "What's the time ?" "Ten o'clock, Sire," I reply. "Ah ! how long the nights are." "And the days, Sire !" I reply.

¹ Of course, the last thing Las Cases wanted was permission to return to Longwood. He had had enough of Longwood. Gourgaud and Montholon had plagued him to death, and he was only too anxious to get away from the island.

December 25th.

The Emperor takes a bath, and we dine at 9.30. As soon as the servants have retired, His Majesty discusses our position at length. He suggests that we are very well off here.¹ Very happy. We can go out riding, (accompanied by an officer) ; we have a good table ; if we complain, it is because we can't help complaining. We are at liberty to go out just when we please. In the past we covered ourselves with glory. We shall be well received everywhere ; we shall have topics for conversation as long as we live. There is no Power which would not be delighted to employ us, according to our rank. The Emperor of Russia, of Austria, the Bourbons, even, would welcome us favourably. They know, too, how to appreciate those who follow unfortunate monarchs. " They would have given me provinces to govern ", says the Emperor, " if I had surrendered to them, instead of trusting to the English. They would have been only too pleased to have me, so the Commissioners have led me to believe."² And so we are fortunate, at present, having before us a glorious future ; but we do not know how to live together. There are few campaigns in which joys are complete. You can pay visits to Plantation House and to Bingham's ; the only unhappy person here is myself : firstly, because of having fallen from so lofty a position, and secondly, because I am unable to go out as you are. And I am continually spied upon. If a woman enters here, every one is jealous . . . and then this talk of duels ! " Here the Emperor foams with rage, but continues :

" No one has any respect for me. What right has anyone to say that I shall not see any particular person ? Why should people meddle with my affairs ? "

Every one was waiting to know on whom the storm would burst. I said nothing but, fearing it was I who had incurred the Emperor's wrath, I broke the silence at last with a remark about the duel, and declared that it was the first time that I had provoked anyone ; but, being so reduced to despair, I

¹ Compare this report of Napoleon's sentiments with the official complaints made by the Emperor to Lowe, the British Government, etc.

² The Emperor was undoubtedly optimistic. Blücher would probably have had him shot if he had fallen into German hands—and certainly the Russians had not forgotten 1812.

was forced to take the step. I had spoken to Bertrand about it because I couldn't do otherwise, but I had asked Bertrand not to mention the matter. His Majesty becomes angrier and angrier. All to no purpose, I implore Montholon to repeat my words verbatim. The Emperor distorts them. Still angry, he says it is because of me that Las Cases doesn't wish to return. I have damned myself in Bertrand's estimation, who is a Chamberlain and hence of greater consequence than I. My promotion has been rapid, and it mustn't be forgotten that I said I was unfortunate in having had too honest a father, and that I was considered badly brought up because I expressed my opinion too frankly.

"Ah!" continues the Emperor. "What does it matter if you are too honest a man? Your devotion to me should have the single object of doing my pleasure. Your virtues are barbarous, whereas Las Cases is just as refined a man. You were jealous of Las Cases, and indecent enough to show it."

I find it hard to reply, for the Emperor interrupts me at every attempt. He goes on: "You thought that in coming here you were my friend. I am nobody's friend. No one can take ascendancy over me. You would like to be the centre of everything here, as the sun is the centre of the planets. You have been the cause of all our anxieties since we came here. If I had known, I would have brought no one but servants. I can live here alone well enough, and when one is tired of life, a dagger can do the rest quickly enough. If you're so maltreated here, rather than quarrel with Montholon, you had better leave us."

Then, after assuring me that Las Cases has never spoken ill of me—to which I agree—His Majesty adds that he has offered me a letter on the subject of a pension for my mother. But that nothing pleases me: I am always inventing idle theories; I am full of pretensions and consider myself superior to Bertrand. At last, the Emperor calms down. I reply that I have never asked anything of him; that I was grateful for what he had promised to do for my mother, but, thinking he had changed his mind, I found it too indelicate a matter to remind him of it. His Majesty replies that it is my fault if my mother hasn't received the letter, advising her of the pension.

I shall never go and beg my bread from the Emperor's relatives. From the manner in which he treats me, it is obvious how I should be treated by strangers ! I prefer to keep my independence, to be a soldier rather than to practise meanness. Having nothing with which to reproach myself, I can face anything. The Emperor declares that it doesn't always do to say what one thinks ; one must dissimulate, and acquire the art of living sociably. In these respects His Majesty puts the blame on me, because I am the butt—yet the Montholons could take what applied to them. Then, good-naturedly, the Emperor calls me : " Child ! "

We speak again of the Revolution : " Marat I like, because he is sincere," says the Emperor. " He always says what he thinks. He is a character. He opposes every one single-handed." Bed at 1 a.m.

December 26th.

Bertrand tells me that he has prepared a letter to the Governor, asking that Las Cases might, at least, be allowed to come to Longwood to bid us farewell. I also would like to write to Las Cases, to tell him that, although he has done me considerable harm, I am sorry to see him leave, and regret all that has happened. The conversation turns on Egypt.

" In Egypt, what astonished the natives most was our uniforms and our hats," says the Emperor. " I had already altered several features of the French uniform. The sheikhs always said that, if I wished to become a patriarch, the army would have to become Mussulman, and assume the turban. That, indeed, was my intention ; but I didn't want to take any step unless I was certain of success. Otherwise, like Menon, I would have made myself a laughing-stock. But I could have done what I wished with the army ; it was devoted to me. Any other General at the head of such troops—accustomed as they were to the delights of Italy—would have failed in this expedition. At the end of two or three days, the army would have re-embarked. I had a deal of trouble in this respect on the road from Alexandria to Cairo. We were short of rations, and discontent was extreme. Whole regiments refused to march. I was stern, and laid the blame on General Davout,

whom I threatened to have shot. Desaix, Berthier and Davout, were among the malcontents. Only Desaix thought as I did. Kleber was absent, but he would have followed suit. The soldiers were particularly hostile against the Savants, and against Caffarelli. They said that I had let myself be taken in by the Directoire. Perhaps the destruction of the French fleet was advantageous, in that it removed from the army, for the time being, all idea of returning to France. With our fleet I should have been master of everything. The Mamelukes would have joined forces with me, but the loss of the fleet prevented all that. The Arabs only wanted a man. They regarded me as an extraordinary being, especially in view of the absolute obedience of my Generals to me. I was careful to convince them that, were I to die, another would take my place, and receive the same obedience, although, probably, he might not be so well disposed in their favour as I was ! ”

Then, sitting down to chess, His Majesty says that Hudson Lowe wants to be friendly, that he has assured Dr. O'Méara that he intends to restore everything as it was in Admiral Cockburn's time. “What terrifies Hudson Lowe is my staying indoors day after day,” says the Emperor. To-day, the Emperor has been his old self towards me.

December 28th.

Hudson Lowe sends word that he regrets he cannot accede to the Emperor's wish to see Las Cases, unless an English officer is present during the interview. His Majesty is much annoyed, and dictates a letter to Bertrand for the Governor : “Sir : I have brought to the notice of His Majesty your refusal to allow him to see M. Las Cases. The Emperor sees in this a continuance of the barbarous treatment which you have meted out to him. He protests against this refusal as contrary to all the laws of humanity, and desires that this letter be brought to the notice of the Prince Regent.”

It seems that Las Cases is most anxious to leave, and doesn't wish to return to Longwood. This morning, the Emperor said to Bertrand that Las Cases was a man below the average, and that he recognized him as such ! It seems to me that the Governor acts like a fool in refusing to allow Las Cases to

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return, since, if he were to ask to return to Longwood, permission could be granted, and if he wanted to depart the next day, permission could be given for that, too. So one cannot understand the Governor's motives.

December 29th.

In the morning I went riding, and met Miss Mason and Miss Kelly—two very pretty girls. Sir Hudson Lowe writes, saying that he persists in his refusal, and is waiting for a positive reply from the Grand Marshal to send Las Cases on board. At 10 o'clock, Bertrand arrives with the information that he found Las Cases considerably changed, both physically and morally. He couldn't discuss anything with him, and was of the opinion his brain was unhinged. Believing that he was to have embarked at 11 a.m., and having waited until 6 p.m. without knowing the reason for the delay, he had worked himself up to a pitch of madness. Bertrand is going to see him again to-morrow and hopes to find him calmer.

December 30th.

I beg Bertrand to ask the Emperor to allow me to go to town, for I shall be very pleased to say good-bye to Las Cases before he goes. Bertrand returns, and says that the Emperor agrees. I meet the Governor, who says: "I have no objection to your seeing M. Las Cases." Consequently, he orders Poppleton to take me to the house where our friend is lodged. I find Las Cases in the drawing-room with Bertrand. I embrace him. He assures me that his motive for leaving is the thought that he will be more useful to us in Europe than at Longwood, as is proved by Hudson Lowe's particular desire that he remain on the island. He is suffering considerably as a result of the battle he is waging in his own heart, and, as I said to Bertrand yesterday, he needs support far more than oppression. On learning that the Emperor had said that if Las Cases were to return to Longwood His Majesty would be pleased, and that if he were to depart, His Majesty would be equally pleased, he seemed very happy!

Young Emmanuel arrives. I embrace him, and give him the addresses of my mother, the banker Goldsmidt, and

Madame Montholon's sister. Like his father, he is very elated.

"You will hear of us again. The Governor at the Cape will give us passports. If we come this way again, we shall not be under the jurisdiction of Hudson Lowe."

Las Cases has been well treated by the Governor, who only read the headings of his papers. His journal compromises nobody. I tell Las Cases frankly what I had against him, and he replies, that he has always appreciated my kindness. He has never harmed me, and was very appreciative of the friendliness I showed him when he was at Hut's Gate, and at Rose Cottage. He judges me well, and jokes about my remark that I would laugh if I saw him hanged. "That's true," I interrupted; "but it was on the assumption that I should be sharing the same fate!" In a word, he and his son behave very nicely towards me. I forget all my hatred, and view their departure with grief. I tell Las Cases that, since his departure from Longwood, the Emperor has treated me very badly; and I ask him whether my presence at Longwood has anything to do with his refusal to return there. Las Cases gives me his word of honour that it isn't so. He is amazed at my question. He fears he will not be allowed to depart. The Governor allows us to lunch together with Poppleton, but we have a deplorable meal. Las Cases assures me that the letters taken from him include one which was addressed to Lucien, and another to a friend. With Sir Hudson Lowe's consent, he hands over letters of exchange for bills of equal sums, all signed by the Grand Marshal. After lunch, we go to the drawing-room, talk for a time, and then exchange farewells, adding that all our quarrels are forgotten. With tears in my eyes, I embrace Las Cases and his son. Bertrand and I hasten to the shops, to make our purchases for the New Year, and I spend about £7 or £8. We meet Balcombe, Hudson Lowe, and Rosebud, and all seem pleased to see us. We call on the Admiral, who treats us to wine. He shows us his library, his farmyard, his ostriches. Hudson Lowe arrives, and talks to me for a time, during which the Grand Marshal stands by motionless. At 3 o'clock, it is announced that Las Cases has gone. At 4.30, we leave, and call for a minute or two at the Briars, where we eat peaches with Betsy and

Jenny Balcombe. We return to Longwood at 6 o'clock. The Emperor is in the billiard-room, talking to Bertrand. He sends for me. He is restless, and overwhelms me with questions, remarking that Las Cases was wise to go. He tells me that one must have control over one's self. Then he asks : "What about Montchenu?" I tell him all Montchenu said, and how polite he had been. Dinner at 9 o'clock. I report to the Emperor that, according to Las Cases, he has been well treated by Sir Hudson Lowe. This annoys His Majesty, who assures us that the Governor must have received bad news for such a change to have taken place. As a matter of fact, Hudson Lowe had said this very morning to Cipriani, who had gone to Jamestown to sell some silver-ware : "Why are you selling this silver-ware?" and, on being told it was to get some money on which to live, the Governor had remarked : "I hope the next news from England will be favourable." Madame Balcombe had been anxious to buy some of this silver-ware of the Emperor's. The Emperor tells us that, when he was a lieutenant in the Artillery, in garrison at Valence, he was out walking one day when a man approached him, and asked if he was "Lieutenant Buonaparte". After scrutinizing him, the man threw his arms round the Emperor's neck. The Emperor recognized him as a monk, from the École Brienne. This monk had always treated him with distinction and kindness. The young Buonaparte asked him what he wanted, whereupon the monk said he would tell him later on. Napoleon treated him well at Valence and, after three days, the monk said that he and his brother monks had shared the wealth of the convent, and thus possessed 30,000 golden francs. Not knowing into whose keeping to put the money, the monk had thought of his old pupil, whose wisdom and family he knew. He begged him to take the gold, and give it back to him when required. After much hesitation, Buonaparte accepted the money, which was an enormous sum to a lieutenant. He heard no more of the monk until the Italian campaign, when he met him at Milan—not to claim the 30,000 francs, but to embrace the man who had become so distinguished ! Buonaparte had, in the meantime, considerably increased the original sum ; but he never heard of the monk again.

L A S C A S E S L E A V E S T H E I S L A N D

December 31st.

Fitzgerald lunches with me. His Majesty is very weary, and dines alone. We request the Grand Marshal to ask His Majesty whether we should be received on January 1st, 1817. In the evening, Bertrand reports that the Emperor will not lunch with us to-morrow. He is as quiet as the grave, but he is willing to receive us at 4 o'clock in the drawing-room. I dine alone in my room, very dejected and bored.

CHAPTER XI

“WHEN I THINK OF WHAT I WAS— AND WHAT I AM NOW”

January 1st, 1817.

THE children call to wish me a happy New Year, and I distribute the toys which I have bought for them. At 10 o'clock, I see Bertrand at my door, and he, also, wishes me a better year. Montholon expresses the same sentiments: “Come, let us take courage. No more grief.” I present Madame Bertrand with a china tea-box, and I write inside it: “May her years equal her virtues, and become more numerous than the tea leaves herein.” We go for a stroll, and meet Miss Robinson on her way to Captain Fernandez’, where there is a dinner and a ball. Madame Bertrand is very cordial to me. At about 5.30, His Majesty sends for me in the drawing-room. He is with Bertrand and the children, who are playing with the billiard balls. As I enter, His Majesty says to me: “Well, Gourgaud, what are you giving me for a New Year’s present? I hear that you’re giving everybody something.” “Sire,” I answer, “I can only give you what I have always given—my life.” The Emperor sends for a box of sweets, which Pauline (his sister) had once given him. He offers the sweets to Hortense Bertrand, and says the box is worth fifty louis. He then sends for another box, and asks me what it is worth, as he believes it is very expensive. I answer, that the jewel is certainly pretty, but it is only an agate. His Majesty assures me that it is very beautiful, and then asks for all his snuff-boxes. He displays them, valuing them highly. He sends for some lorgnettes, which have just arrived from the Queen of Naples, and says: “Gourgaud, I give you these. They are very good lorgnettes.” After this, he sends for a trunk given by Mr. Elphinstone, and

distributes the contents among the ladies—shawls, robes, etc. To Bertrand, he gives a set of chessmen ; to Montholon, a mosaic cross ; to the children, Tristan and Napoleon, a drum each. His Majesty plays chess with Bertrand. In the morning, he had sent to Mesdames Montholon and Bertrand, each a beautiful porcelain cup and plate. In the evening he dines with us, and after the meal talks about the presents he has given. Montholon wears the cross in his button-hole. His Majesty retires at 10 o'clock. The New Year begins well !

January 2nd.

Talking after dinner, His Majesty says that, in France, many women will cherish a fond memory of him. “ I speak of the young girls who, in the various towns, were chosen to make me presentations of bouquets, etc. I always gave them some present or other, and I never failed to pay them a compliment, which flattered them extremely. At Amiens, one of these young ladies who, on a previous occasion, had presented me with a bouquet, rushed at me, crying : ‘ Ah, Sire, how I love you ! ’ I told the mother and father of this young lady that I was deeply appreciative ! All these young girls would easily have provided me with a harem—if my tastes had been in that direction ! One day, at the Tuileries, I found Tallien and his friends. They delivered courteous speeches. I replied : ‘ Gentlemen, yesterday you were nothing but rascals. To-day, you are servants of the Republic. And what do you say now of those forty thousand National Guards, who, yesterday, were out to massacre you, and who, to-day, declare that they are all for you ? The French are like that : real weather vanes ! ’ ”

January 4th.

At 8.30, I am informed that the Emperor is in the drawing-room. During conversation he says : “ At San Miniato, one of my relations, who was a Capucine, brother Boniface Buonaparte, died in an odour of sanctity. On my arrival in Italy, the Capucines begged me to have him recognized as a Saint. That would have cost a million ! When, afterwards, the Pope came to Paris, he proposed that I should have this brother sanctified. Such an event would have won over to my side

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many monks and peasants. Nevertheless, I sought advice on the matter, but it was thought that it would lend itself to ridicule, and so Boniface was never made a Saint ! ”

January 5th.

About 2 o'clock, the Governor calls with Wygniard.¹ He goes to O'Méara, and chats for a long time with him. Later, Madame Bertrand, leaving the Montholons, calls for her husband. Hudson Lowe had asked to speak to Bertrand but, not finding him in, had gone away again. Madame Bertrand says that, if the Emperor remains so long at table, it is because he cannot abandon etiquette ; and if one were in the drawing-room, it would be impossible to remain standing for such a long time. About 8 o'clock, the Emperor summons us, and asks whether we have seen the Governor—" That wretch, that detestable brute ! " The Grand Marshal interrupts : " No, Sire ; but O'Méara told me that the Governor had assured him that Your Majesty could go into the valley whenever you wished." All the same, I myself was stopped this morning by one of the sentries. The Emperor says again that we must complain. " If Malcolm were Governor, and if we had the whole island at our disposal, we wouldn't be much better off."

January 6th.

The conversation turns on Danton and Robespierre. The Emperor says : " The latter was overthrown because he wished to become a Moderate, and stop the Revolution. Cambacérès told me that Robespierre, on the eve of his death, had delivered a magnificent speech to this end, but it had never been printed. Billaud, and other Terrorists, seeing that he was weakening, and that he would doubtless lose them their heads, leagued themselves against him, and excited the so-called respectable classes to overthrow the tyrant. But, in reality, they were for usurping his place, and for instigating an even more glorious reign of terror. The Parisians thought that, in overthrowing Robespierre, they would destroy tyranny,

¹ Colonel Edward Buckley Wygniard (or Wynyard) (1780-1865). Military Secretary to Sir Hudson Lowe. He left St. Helena in 1820, and later on became Aide-de-camp to William IV.

but actually, they caused it to flourish even more abundantly. Once Robespierre was overthrown, the explosion was such that, despite all endeavours, the Terrorists could never again get the upper hand."

"What", asks His Majesty, "is electricity, galvanism, magnetism? Therein lies Nature's great secret. Galvanism works in silence. I believe that man is the product of these fluids and the atmosphere; that the brain pumps these fluids, and produces life; that the soul also is composed of these fluids, and that, after death, they return again to the ether."

January 8th.

At 2 o'clock, being at Bertrand's, I assure him that it is very hard to be at St. Helena on one's own account, without ever seeing the Emperor. Bertrand's wife is dying of boredom. She hopes to go away with the Admiral in June. I ask Bertrand whether he thinks His Majesty is anxious for me to go, but is afraid to say so. Bertrand's reply is in the negative. In his opinion, I am always wrong to get excited on that account, for His Majesty has adopted the policy of remaining in his room, and of dining there frequently, thinking that that will produce greater effect on the Governor. I am incredulous. Bertrand thinks that the Emperor is religious-minded. For the last eleven days we have been getting no milk for breakfast. Dinner at 7.30. The Emperor treats me kindly. The Governor is a pig. There are vegetables at Plantation House, and game, yet he sends us nothing. He sneers at the thought of our having nothing.

January 9th.

In conversation with me, the Emperor says: "I did all I could to better the fate of bastards, of the poor innocent wretches thus dishonoured; but one cannot do much for them without injuring the institution of marriage, otherwise few people would marry. In the olden days, besides having a wife, a man had concubines, and bastards were not despised, as they are to-day. I think it ridiculous that a man can have, legitimately, only one wife. When the wife is pregnant, it is as if the husband were unmarried. One no longer has concubines, it's true, but one has mistresses, who upset fortunes

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very much more ! I speak of people in easy circumstances, for the poor wouldn't be able to maintain more than one wife. In France, women are considered too highly. They should not be regarded as on equality with men. In reality, they are nothing more than machines for producing children. During the Revolution, they rose in insurrection, instituted assemblies for themselves, and were even desirous of organizing themselves in battalions. They had to be stopped. Disorder would have been introduced into society had women abandoned the state of dependence which is their rightful position. There would have been struggles, and continuous warfare. One sex must be subordinate to the other. One has seen women wage war as soldiers ; then they are dangerous, over-excitible, and capable of committing unheard-of outrages. At Orgon, a young and pretty woman was so infuriated with me that I am certain she would have drunk my blood ! If ever there were war between the sexes, it would be very different from that between rich and poor, or white and black. Divorce is entirely to the disadvantage of women. If a man has had several wives, he shows no sign of it, whereas a woman several times married fades completely. In the event of war, pregnancy is the only thing which would give inferiority to women. One has always decried loose women, and yet they are a necessity. Without them, men would attack respectable women in the streets. When a pretty woman prostitutes herself, it does much harm to her sex ; it lowers it ; and particularly does it reduce the charm which the presence of a beautiful woman should produce in society.”

January 12th.

Rain. Boredom. According to Bertrand, Murat is the man who insisted most on the death of the Duc d'Enghien. Murat said : “ If Napoleon delays till to-morrow, he will pardon him.” And consequently Murat so pestered the Emperor, that finally he got his way, and the Duc was executed. His Majesty then repented of his action, and was consumed with extreme grief and discouragement for several days afterwards. The Emperor thinks that the morality of Jesus is that of Plato, and that religion becomes a necessity for consolidating the union of men in society. It affords great joy, too. But

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is it good, or ill, for a man to be led by a master? There are so many bad priests.

January 13th.

Great boredom. I go riding, and return at 6.30. On seeing me, His Majesty cries: "My dear Gourgaud, my little Gourgaud!" He is very well. At dinner, as the coffee is bad, we suggest asking the Admiral for some fresh. "No!" cries the Emperor; "we must not impose on other people's kindness and goodness towards us, especially on such a trivial matter." There is no change in the limits. His Majesty fears the Commissioners are on bad terms with the Governor, because they are certain it is he who prevents them from seeing His Majesty.¹

January 14th.

I shall never forget Bertrand's kindness towards me. In truth, His Majesty treats me badly and wrongfully, but I am too decent a man ever to seek to harm him. The Emperor plays chess with Bertrand, and then exclaims: "Come now, let me play with this famous Gourgaud." Out of five games, I win three. Dinner, with trivial conversation on the superiority of stout over thin women.

January 15th.

The Emperor considers that the expense which his captivity involves, should decide the English Government to let him go when he wishes. Madame Montholon is sad because, she says, her little daughter is fretful. "It's teeth," says the Emperor. "You must be gay, and sing:

" Mon père est à la maison,
Que voulez-vous faire?
Que voulez-vous donc?"

I remark to the Emperor, that what was said about the Jewish race has been confirmed, and still continues to be confirmed. They wander about the earth—it is a constant miracle. His Majesty retorts that it is a curious thing, but equally amazing

¹ True. Lowe was definitely against the idea of the Commissioners meeting Napoleon.

is the fact that there remain in France one million Protestants, after all the persecutions they have had to suffer ; yet there are not more than two million Jews. Madame Montholon thinks that the Jews ought to reconquer their own country. The Emperor adds : “ The Christians are much more numerous, and they haven’t been able to do it ! I regret very much never having visited Jerusalem, but this would have delayed my expedition to Acre two or three days, and time was precious.” His Majesty speaks of populations. We discuss that of Amsterdam. He requests me to verify the number in the library, and I fetch the Imperial Almanach. The Emperor looks up the ages of his brothers. “ My mother can live a long time yet,” he says. “ Josephine faked her age ; according to the entry, Eugène must have been born at the age of twelve ! ” Then, taking the Almanach again, the Emperor looks at the names of the ladies of his Court. He is moved. “ Ah ! it was a fine Empire. I had eighty-three million human beings under my government—more than half the population of all Europe.” To hide his emotion, the Emperor sings, and scans the Almanach, turning over the pages of names of members of the Institute. He is obviously touched, although he wishes not to appear so. He reads several articles, as one not understanding what he reads. What a man ! What courage ! What a fall !

January 17th.

At 3 a.m. Madame Bertrand feels the first pains. They wake Poppleton, and O’Méara, but it is two hours before they can send to town for the man midwife, Lewinstone.¹ At 6.30 they arrive. Madame Montholon is already with Madame Bertrand, who is in bed, and conversing quite normally. At 2.30, Madame Bertrand gives birth to a son. It all happens very quickly. The mother is extremely ill, and at one time in grave danger. I see the little chap ; he is quite pretty, and weighs 12 lb. At 7 o’clock, the Emperor

¹ Gourgaud has the name wrong. He means Matthew Livingstone, Surgeon and Superintendent of the East India Co.’s hospital at St. Helena. He was a skilful accoucheur. He died in 1821, but he lived to attend the post-mortem on Napoleon’s remains. (See Verling’s Journal, Archives Nationale, Paris.)

sends for me in the drawing-room. He is very disagreeable, and plays three games with Montholon, to whose wife, however, he extends a civil welcome. "How beautiful you are looking. Poor woman, I hear you have been Madame Bertrand's nurse. Good! And does your little girl still cry?"

January 18th.

Bertrand urges me to remain on good terms with the Montholons. A quarrel between us would seem queer to the English. "I don't ask you to esteem the Montholons," says Bertrand. "But imitate my behaviour. Do you think that I do not suffer, and have not suffered, by their scheming? Always remember, that we are all under observation here, and that the English never take their eyes off us for a moment." At 7 o'clock, I am sent for in the drawing-room. Madame Montholon relates the news she has read in the Gazettes. The Chamber of Deputies is dissolved. Countess Walewska has married M. d'Ornano. His Majesty approves! "She is rich, and must have saved a good deal. I contributed much for her two children." I remark: "Your Majesty has now, for some time, been paying Madame Walewska a monthly pension of Frs. 10,000." At this the Emperor blushes. "And how do you know that?" "Pardieu! Sire," I answer. "I have been sufficiently near Your Majesty to know that. In the Cabinet one knows everything." "I thought it was only Duroc who knew that," says His Majesty.

January 19th.

The Grand Marshal speaks to me again about my quarrels with the Montholons, which displeases the Emperor. The Emperor cannot fail to see that we are just three wretched men, who are unable to live together in harmony. The Grand Marshal adds: "Wait a little, and then, if it continues, ask His Majesty's advice. You have acted nobly in accompanying him here, but don't go and spoil your fine action by some violent measure. Everything will settle itself." O'Méara contends that we are going to be better treated. We are going to have the whole island at our disposal. Already Hudson Lowe has removed several restrictions.

January 20th.

In the morning the Emperor sends Marchand for me, and invites me to sit down. "Well," he says, "it is high time that this wrangling with the Montholons ceased. For some time now I have avoided seeing you. Your behaviour is painful to me. You have got to live, at any rate as far as outward appearances go, on good terms with the Montholons—to visit them, and to take lunch with them occasionally." "Some time ago", I answer, "I was deeply attached to M. de Montholon, but ever since the harsh words that Your Majesty spoke to me in his presence, when, instead of trying to diminish your anger, he—by treacherous and false insinuations—did nothing but misrepresent the significance of my remarks, I cannot help feeling that his behaviour towards me is that of an ungrateful man. It is useless for me to read the gospels; he is a greater man than I! I cannot tolerate the thought of being second string to the Montholons. I cannot help it; and the greatest proof of devotion I can give Your Majesty, is to try to control my temper. In other circumstances, I would not have allowed the Montholons to do me such ill without revenge."

The Emperor declares that it is wrong of me to persecute people whom he loves, and that I would not have dared to do so at the Tuileries. The Emperor remarks that Montholon is Chamberlain and an older General than I, and these two titles alone place him above me. What! I was Premier Ordnance Officer, and my prerogatives were superb. I have nothing in common with the Chamberlains. Their service is distinct from mine. "Yet Your Majesty insists on Montholon wearing his red uniform, and if I may maintain my office of Ordnance Officer, I will be anything but jealous. In the army I, an artillery General, would never have obeyed M. Montholon." The Emperor retorts that an Ordnance Officer is nothing but a titled page, and declares that he had expressly abstained from making the Premier Ordnance Officer a member of the Household. Certainly, my privilege to work directly with the Emperor was a magnificent one but, in short, I was not an officer of the Household. "This signifies nothing at St. Helena," said the Emperor, "and if

you were to contemplate writing my words, no one would give credit to them." The Emperor had already charged the Grand Marshal to say all this to me. Here, it is impossible to be of use to His Majesty by means of reports, or military expeditions. Consequently, it becomes essential to do one's best to console His Majesty, to brighten his days ; but it seems I am always sad. My opinions are invariably contrary to his. "What does it matter to me", says His Majesty, "what feelings you all have, provided you all look well? I hear words only. I do not read your hearts." I always believed His Majesty loved those who were sincerely devoted to him, better than others who merely professed their devotion, but unfortunately, here one has opportunities for nothing other than words. The Emperor assures me that I am the most fortunate of all here. In two or three years, I shall be fêted everywhere. He, too, will assure my future. As for my mother, it is my fault if she has received no pension. I had been diffident about writing a letter in regard to this pension. I had only to write : "My dear Eugène ; I beg you to pay Madame Gourgaud an annuity of 12,000 francs, beginning January 1st, 1815," and the Emperor would have signed it. "I told you that," says the Emperor, "but you wouldn't." I weep, and exclaim : "Ah, if only Your Majesty had said so. How could I have jeopardized myself for my mother? Your Majesty did speak to me about it once, but then made no further reference to it. Could I have begged from the Emperor?" The Emperor repeats that it is my fault. However, Las Cases will return, and we shall easily make amends. "You are under no obligations to me," says the Emperor. "Yes, Gourgaud, you are the most fortunate of all here. If I die at St. Helena, though poor, I still have a few millions. I have no other family at present besides you all. My works will be yours, and no one does justice to your merit and ability more than I. But while I am here, it is every one's bounden duty to please me, and to brighten my days—but you are always gloomy." I reply : "If Your Majesty were to treat the Montholons for two or three days in the same way as you have treated me this last month, you would see whether they would patiently bear such treatment. You lavish honey on them, and absinthe on me." The Emperor declares, that it

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isn't right that I should be paid as much as the Montholons put together, to which I reply, that I ask for nothing. I can last out for some time yet, by selling my watch and scarf-pin. His Majesty urges me to show respect to Madame Montholon. Finally, the Emperor, in a kinder vein, adds that Bertrand is to bring about a reconciliation between Montholon and myself. "Let it all finish now," says the Emperor. "Do you think that when I lie awake at night I haven't my bad moments, when I think of what I was, and what I am now? When I came to St. Helena, I would have given you my sister, or Madame Walewska, but now—no, you are too suspicious, and given too much to idle imaginings. Also, you think that Las Cases was a schemer." To this, I reply that I could make a woman very happy, for no one feels better than I the need for love. I am too richly endowed with affection. If any one shows me friendship, my gratitude is extreme. Take the Grand Marshal, for example; he is a magnificent man; he has shown me sympathy. I would go through fire for him. His Majesty confesses that he has often realized how much he needs me for taking down his dictation; that I am the only one of us all whom he has brought up, and who has followed him in all his battles as Emperor. If he didn't love me, he would not go to the trouble of speaking thus. I weep. The Emperor urges me to change my behaviour. I was two and a half hours with the Emperor. I return to lunch, and my head aches from the shock I received this morning. I tell Bertrand everything. He assures me that the Emperor loves me. At 6 o'clock, the Emperor sends for me in the drawing-room. He is alone, and asks me to play chess with him. My headache and sickness of heart are such that I am compelled to ask to be excused, and I retire to my room. I am sick, and cannot eat, so go to bed.

January 21st.

The Emperor asks for me at 11.30, and declares that my quarrel with Montholon must finish. He summons the latter, too, and tells him the same thing. He makes us embrace each other. I promise His Majesty to do all he wants. He is in a bad mood, and we discuss nothing, except the rain and weather. I relate everything to Bertrand, who promises to

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be my friend for ever, and urges me not to be melancholy. At 7.30, I go into the drawing-room. His Majesty is busy, reading to Bertrand and O'Méara the "Amours Secrètes de Buonaparte". He is laughing heartily, and says he knows none of the women mentioned. "They make a Hercules of me!" he exclaims.

January 22nd.

It is announced that Sir Hudson Lowe is going to write to the Grand Marshal to the effect that fresh restrictions, less stringent, are to be granted us.

January 26th.

In all, my debts amount to 100 louis. This is an additional worry. Bertrand thinks that it is because he had asked for his account that Balcombe had the impression we had all received some money. I tell Bertrand what I have already said to the Emperor, which is that, although I am grateful, the fact remains that, judging by the expenses of the past year, the Frs. 6,000 the Emperor intends to give me are totally inadequate. I could tolerate everything if I knew that my mother was well. About 4 o'clock, His Majesty at last pays a visit to Madame Bertrand. He asks for me at 7 o'clock, plays chess, and adds that he intends to work till dinner. He finds Madame Bertrand's baby rather pretty, and is of opinion that the deepest feeling in Nature is that existing between mother and child. At dinner, the Emperor remarks: "The British Navy would be much less able to carry on the struggle with us if we had but half of the English National spirit."

CHAPTER XII

NAPOLEON BUYS A COW

January 27th, 1817.

MADAME BERTRAND is overjoyed because the Emperor called, and because he thought her baby beautiful, although he made it cry. The Emperor thinks that if Nelson had run into the French fleet, the English Admiral would have been beaten. The French possessed a three-decker, whereas the English hadn't anything of the sort. Besides, the English had no frigates, and could not have pursued the convoy. "Nelson was a brave man," says the Emperor. "If Villeneuve, at Aboukir, and Dumanoir, at Trafalgar, had had a little of his blood, the French would have been the conquerors." We read "Paradise Lost". The Emperor wants to buy a cow, but where shall we keep it?

January 28th.

I am bored. I have a headache. The Emperor bathed in the morning, but he seems in a bad humour. He sends for me to dine with him. "How much did you pay the man midwife?"¹ (for Madame Bertrand). "Twenty-five louis," I reply. "I gave Frs. 100,000 to Dubois," remarks the Emperor. (This remark is in connection with the birth of the King of Rome.—Ed.). "It was through Corvisart that I chose him. I would have done better by taking the first man I could get. The day on which the Empress was delivered, she had been out walking with me for some time, although she had already felt the first pains. It was thought that nothing would happen before 4 o'clock. I went to my bath. Soon, Dubois came running to me, quite distracted, and as pale as death. I cried: 'Well, is she dead?' for I am accus-

¹ Dr. Livingstone.

tomed to crises : it isn't at the time that they affect me—it is afterwards : Dubois answered : ' No, but the child is being born askew.' That was very unfortunate, for such a thing happens only once in two thousand cases. I hurried to the Empress. Another bed had to be got for her, so that the doctor could use the instruments. She didn't want to be moved, but Madame de Montesquiou assured her that that had happened to her twice and encouraged her to allow the operation. The Empress cried horribly. I am not sensitive, but to see her in such agony moved me. Dubois, not knowing what he was doing, wanted to wait for Corvisart, who would give him courage. The Duchess of Montebello was also there, behaving like a mad woman. Ivan and Corvisart were holding the Empress. The King of Rome remained for at least a minute without a murmur. He was lying on the carpet, as if dead. It was only by dint of much rubbing and massage that the child showed signs of life. He had a slight scratch on his head, caused by the instruments. The Empress thought herself gone. She was convinced that she would be sacrificed for the child, though, as a matter of fact, that was the reverse of what I had ordered. What a wonderful thing medicine is ! At Vienna, I had an eruption on the neck, which troubled me a good deal. I sent for Dr. Franck. He assured me it was dangerous, that the Elector of Trèves went mad as the result of a similar thing. I sent for Corvisart. When he arrived, he said : ' What ! Your Majesty didn't send for me for that ! A little sulphur will soon rid you of it.' I told him what Franck had said. ' Bah ! ' said Corvisart. ' The Elector of Trèves was an old man on his last legs. That makes all the difference.' And it is a fact, that in a few days, I was completely cured. Mange is a terrible malady. I got it at the Siege of Toulon. Two artillery men who had it, were killed under my very nose, and their blood covered me. I was only partially cured, however, for it recurred in Italy and Egypt. On my return, Corvisart completed the cure by inoculating me in the chest. Before the inoculation I had been emaciated and yellow ; after it, I became robust. I have often joked with Corvisart about the number of people he has killed, and asked whether, after their death, he never wondered whether he ought to have treated

them differently in order to save their lives. Corvisart replied : 'Yes, once or twice.' But I could only make him confess by comparing him to the General who, by issuing a certain order, had brought about the destruction of three or four thousand soldiers.

"I believe that a man is the product of the earth's clay, heated by the sun and fused with electric fluid. What are animals—an ox, for instance—if not organic matter? When one sees that men have a constitution almost similar, isn't one justified in believing that man is only matter more highly organized; perhaps in an almost perfect state? The day will surely come when human beings will be constituted of matter even more perfect. Where is the soul of a child, or of a fool? The soul follows the physical. It waxes with childhood and wanes with old age. If it is immortal, it must have existed before us. It is thus devoid of memory. On the other hand, how can one explain thought? At this very moment, as I talk with you, my thoughts go back to the Tuileries. I see the Palace, I see Paris . . . It is thus, in the old days, that I used to explain presentiment. I used to think that the hand rebuked the eye for lying, when the latter declared it could see a league off. The hand objected. 'I can see only two feet—how can you see a league?' So, presentiment is the eye of the soul. Nevertheless, the idea of God is very simple. Who has made everything? There is a veil which we cannot lift; it is outside the perception of our soul and of our understanding. It belongs to a superior plane. The simplest idea is to worship the sun, which fructifies everything. I repeat, I think that man is the product of the atmosphere, plus the heat of the sun, and that, after an allotted time, this faculty ceases to be productive. I wonder if soldiers believe in God? They see death on all sides. Religion can purify and pacify them."

His Majesty finds that the most religious countries are those which do the most good. "Every religion since Jupiter," says His Majesty, "possesses morality. I would believe in a religion if it existed ever since the beginning of time, but when I consider Socrates, Plato, Mahomet, I no longer believe. All these religions have been made by men." The Emperor agrees that the Catholic religion is better than the Anglican.

The people do not understand what they sing at vespers ; they see only the ceremonial. It is unnecessary to elucidate these matters. Montholon wishes there were an almoner and a chapel here. It would amuse us. I interrupt him. It is blasphemous to think of such things as a diversion. "I have other things to think about," says the Emperor, who, by the way, is in a bad humour.

January 29th.

The Emperor discusses a book on the Revolutionary Tribunal. "An excessive hatred exists between master and man, and between the masses and those who possess the world's wealth," he remarks. "The masses ask : 'Why do they have everything, and we nothing ?' The populace always rejoices when they see those who possess more than they, perish. The servant is the most implacable enemy of his master. Ah, my God ! even here, if there were to be a total change in my position, my own people would torment me for having been my servants ! It is human nature ! Lords who treated their peasantry in the best possible way have been most maltreated. The peasants say : 'They have done only what they ought to do, and they remain more fortunate than we are. Why have they lands and we nothing ?' Well, the best way to make every one poor is to insist on equality of wealth !"

January 30th.

News is received that King Joseph has received deputies of Spanish insurgents, asking him to put himself at their head. "This news does not please me," says the Emperor. "Joseph has intelligence, but he doesn't like work. He knows nothing of the soldier's art, although he pretends to. He knows nothing ; he loves pleasure." His Majesty asks for his maps and books on America, then sends for the Montholons. We joke about the books. "How happy we should be at Buenos Ayres", says the Emperor. At 5.30, he leaves us to take a bath. I go riding, and meet a slave, who tells me of a pretty miss who has just passed. I run after her, but in vain : a good chance missed ! Las Cases has arrived at the Cape, after a crossing lasting seventeen days.

NAPOLÉON BUYS A COW

February 3rd.

This morning, Montholon brought me Frs. 1,540, which, he said, completes my salary up to February 1st, at the rate of Frs. 500 per month. I reply that I couldn't accept such a salary. I take the sum, however, just to pay the debts I have contracted here. But once my debts are paid, I want nothing more. I prefer to be here at my own expense. I pay Montholon the 50 louis I owe him, and he asks me for a receipt for the amount he gives me. The Montholons show a disposition towards reconciliation.

In the evening, His Majesty asks for me in the salon, plays with Montholon, then with me, and jokes about the reported loss of the ship "Adolphus". "Poor Gourgaud has lost five or six letters from his mother." The Emperor says priests ought to be able to marry, because it is difficult to do without women. I interrupt, saying: "Let the priests come to Longwood: they would do without women, all right!" His Majesty continues: "I think I should have no wish to confess to a priest, who would probably go and tell everything to his wife. Formerly, all the priests had servant girls and nieces. At the Council of Constance, the older priests were in favour of marriage, while the younger ones, because of their ambition, were against it."

February 4th.

A few days ago, at the request of His Majesty, Mr. Balcombe sent a cow and her calf. They were brought into the stable, although nothing was said to me about it. After much trouble, the cow was tethered; but in the evening, she broke loose and got away. Two days later, she was brought back and tethered again in the stable, and Montholon announced that she was to be fed at the expense of the horses. Whether by accident, or whether because the grooms had no wish to look after the cow, in the evening they found the rope broken again, and the beast gone! The next day—that is to say, yesterday—I told Montholon about it. This morning, Montholon related the incident to the Emperor in such hectic colours, that the Emperor became very angry and sent for Archambault.¹ As he was long in coming, the Emperor then

¹ Coachman to Napoleon. He returned for the exhumation in 1840.

sent word by Noverraz and Ali, that if the cow was not brought back again to the stable, he would deduct the value of it from Archambault's wages. Also, he threatened that he would kill all the chickens, goats and kids that were in the yard ! Later : Bertrand calls on me. The Emperor is in a very bad humour, and full of the cow incident. At dinner, the Emperor asks Archambault : " Did you let the cow get away ? If it is lost, you'll pay for it, you blackguard ! " Archambault assures His Majesty that he caught the cow again at the other end of the park ; that she twice broke her rope, and that she gives no milk. I hold my tongue throughout the meal. His Majesty, in a very bad humour, retires at 10.30, muttering : " Moscow ! Half a million men ! "

February 5th.

Madame Montholon is annoyed because His Majesty does not ask for her as much as he used to do. She says she has had a headache all day. She appears on the verge of tears. " Why don't you get the piano tuned ? " the Emperor asks, and, after finishing a game with Montholon, he addresses me : " Come now, you're in a bad mood. Let's play together."

February 7th.

After dinner, His Majesty remarks that he could live very comfortably in France on Frs. 12 a day, dinner costing thirty sous. He would frequent literary salons and libraries, and mingle with the public at the theatre. A louis a month for a room. " But I should have to have a servant," he muses. " I am so accustomed to one—I can't dress myself. I should enjoy myself very much in the company of people of my own fortune. *Eh, Mon Dieu !* All men have the same share of happiness. I was certainly not born to live the life I am living now. *Eh bien !* As M. Bonaparte, I would have been just as happy as I am as Emperor Bonaparte. The common workman is as happy as the next—everything is relative. I have never experienced the pleasures of good living, because I have always been well served ; but the private individual, who does not dine as well, is quite as happy as I. Certainly, that sort of life would have been far happier than the one we are living at St. Helena. Yes, with one louis a day, one

can be very happy—it is only a question of knowing how to limit one's desires. For instance, if I were able to go about incognito, I should travel through France with three carriages drawn by six horses. Thus, I should make little excursions, accompanied by three or four friends and three or four women, stopping wherever I liked, visiting everything, chatting with farmers and farm labourers. Agriculture is man's real profession. I should have letters of introduction to all the principal places. I ought, when Emperor, to have travelled in France thus, but with four or five hundred horses, and a part of my guard, sending on ahead of me a carriage with servants to prepare a royal chamber wherever I proposed to stay. In this way, I should have done some good, not only to others, but to myself. To have stayed a few days in a place would have enabled me to become beloved of all the inhabitants. If I had been in America, I should have travelled extensively, with three or four carriages and friends. If ever I go to England, I shall assuredly do so ; only I shall have to make up my mind to admit an Englishman into our company ! This method of travel is worth while. It would be funny to arrive at Parma incognito, and surprise the Empress at Mass ! I shall always have sufficient money to maintain carriages, and then, as I have said before, with an extra louis per day, I should have enough to live on. Consequently, I would form new habits. There is always a limit, when a man is sick of everything. More or less riches add nothing to a man's happiness, provided he has the necessary character. Prince Louis had an income of Frs. 200,000. *Eh bien !* In almsgiving, and in charities, he spent more than Frs. 150,000. Don't you think that is real living ? I repeat, money and honours do not make for happiness. The sort of life I live here—if I were not a prisoner, and provided I lived in Europe—would suit me down to the ground. I should love to live in the country and see how land is farmed, for I never could understand farming. It's a fine existence. A sick sheep provides subject-matter for conversation. Also, one is happy in Paris, mixing in a society of folk of a rank inferior to one's own. One takes one's share in conversation as others do. One gets genuine respect for one's intelligence. I am convinced that, among the middle classes, there is more real happiness than among

the upper classes. At Elba, with money, living among the Savants of Europe, (of whom I would have formed the centre). I would have been very happy. I would have built a palace to receive people who came to visit me. I would have lived a life befitting the castle, surrounded by people of merit."

His Majesty then speaks of women and children. He remarks that, once children have reached the age of three or four years, he no longer likes them. Every household should have six, allowing for three to die and three to live—two of whom would replace the father and mother, the third providing against "accidents".

February 8th.

I am told that the cow has produced a bottle of milk, and that she may produce a second! Noverraz is going to make some butter. At 9 o'clock, we were informed that the Emperor, indisposed after bathing, is dining in his own room.

February 9th.

The Emperor is still indisposed. Josephine¹ says that Madame Bertrand's supply of milk has failed, that she will lose her child, as she did the other.

February 10th.

Balcombe informs me that Montholon spent a large sum of money the day he went to town. Where does he get his money from? He must ask the Emperor for it, through Marchand. I have often heard the Emperor say to the Empress Josephine that he yields to one thing only—importunity. During the visit to town, Montholon made a scene at Solomon's,² because Solomon had sent various articles of feminine attire to Madame Bertrand. Montholon maintained that his wife ought to receive such articles before the Grand Marshal's wife. The whole town is talking about it. At dinner, the Emperor, (whom we have not seen for two days), tries to be affable. He remarks that he sent for me this morning, but I wasn't in. I reply: "I have been out of my prison only for half an hour."

¹ Bertrand's cook.

² The main shop at Jamestown.

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February 12th.

The Emperor sends for me in the reception-room, treats me well, asks for champagne, and gives me a glass to drink the health of my mistresses in France. His Majesty complains that the Bertrands make a mistake by confining themselves exclusively to their own house. Now that His Majesty's star has set, Madame Bertrand remains at home, whereas she ought to be redoubling her cares and attentions, for the Emperor's sake. "Don't say anything about it to Bertrand," says the Emperor. "It would only hurt his feelings. It is his wife's fault." Then His Majesty announces that he intends to finish the chapter on Waterloo. He orders me to ask Bingham for the English version of the battle. I leave the Emperor at 5 o'clock, half-satisfied, half-sad. He has spoken kindly to me; but he does not appreciate real devotion. When I declared that he considered all humanity false, he replied: "I am not paid to find it better." At 7 o'clock, Bertrand pays me a visit. He has just left the Emperor, and seems in a good humour. The Misses Balcombe are visiting Bertrand's house, and he speaks a good deal about Betsy. "You should have one like her. She is very pretty." At 8.30, I am told that the Emperor is at table. His Majesty asks me whether I have been asleep. I reply that I was at the Grand Marshal's, with the Misses Balcombe. His Majesty sends me to fetch them. I do so, and they cause us much enjoyment with their ingenuousness. They constantly style His Majesty as "Monsieur". His Majesty is more cheerful. We pass into the reception-room. Betsy behaves amazingly.

February 13th.

I lunch at the Bertrands', with the Balcombes. Betsy is going to marry Mr. Reade. I play with this young madcap, and at 1 o'clock return home to work. I give Napoleon Bertrand a lesson in riding. In the distance, I see Mr. Reade, arm in arm with his loved one, whom he had come to fetch. The Emperor visits the Bertrands. Betsy has everybody running after her. At 7 o'clock, His Majesty sends for me in the reception-room. He is extremely sad and depressed. He wants to play chess but can't, because he is so taken up with his own thoughts. He begs Madame Montholon to go and

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visit the Governor's wife. The dinner is a sad one. The Emperor asks whether the Balcombes are coming. Montholon replies : "Your Majesty asked them to." We pass into the reception-room, and His Majesty asks Madame Montholon to invite the Balcombe girls to lunch to-morrow. But the young ladies refuse the invitation. The Emperor, with a serious air, chats for a moment with Betsy, and then passes into the salon with Bertrand, talks for a long time apart with him, and retires to his room at 10 o'clock. Madame Bertrand tells me that the Emperor has been all over the house. He kicked up a fuss because Ali, Marchand and Cipriani, have taken too much furniture.

February 14th.

The Misses Balcombe lunch with the Grand Marshal. Later, their father and Ferzen arrive. Betsy makes a thousand advances to Ferzen. Poor Reade ! Ferzen is fond of me, and invites me to shooting and picnic parties. He finds the Emperor very much changed. O'Méara boasts of having lunched with the Emperor. He escorts Madame Montholon to Lady Lowe's, while the Balcombe family return to the Briars. I go home, very sad at heart, and bored with all this stupid sort of life. Later, His Majesty sends for me. He is sad, and questions Madame Montholon about her visit. She replies, that Hudson Lowe was delighted because she caressed the baby. The Emperor suggests that I appear more gay. He gets me to read Chapter One of "The Return from Elba".

February 16th.

I complain to Bertrand that, although I have neither said nor done anything against His Majesty, he treats me very badly. I remain in my room until 7 o'clock, when I am informed that His Majesty is in the reception-room. "Ah ! Gourgaud. How hot it is !" he exclaims. His Majesty plays chess with Bertrand. The Montholons arrive, but His Majesty says nothing to them. The conversation turns on Chateaubriand and Fouché. "Fouché", says the Emperor, "presumed to speak to Josephine about my divorce—as if I required his help ! He did it out of self-importance. When I had made up my mind, I said to Josephine : 'You have children.

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I haven't. You must appreciate my necessity for thinking of consolidating the dynasty. For this reason I must divorce and re-marry. That would be to the advantage of your children. Your tears are vain. Reasons of State have the greater claim. You must submit with a good grace for, come what may, my mind is made up.' I had no need of Fouché. He posed as having always fought against my wishes, whereas, of all the Ministers, he was the most reluctant to oppose my wishes."

February 20th.

Madame Bertrand says to me: "If you are keeping a diary, mention Madame Montholon's spitefulness. That nasty woman announced yesterday that my baby was wasting away, and that my milk was useless. I sent for Dr. Livingstone, who found my baby in superb health, and my milk excellent. She is uncommonly spiteful. She's always going out of her way to annoy me."

February 21st.

The Governor has received despatches. His Majesty sends for me in the reception-room, and informs me of the news, particularly of what the Governor has done. Later, the Governor sends to tell me that there is a letter for me. It is a letter, dated August 13th, from my mother and sister. Mr. Daubry, captain of the ship "Julie", has been dining here. The Emperor fears that the captain thought the inside of Longwood rather poor. The Emperor asks me how my mother is, and whether my sister is pretty. After dinner he passes into the billiard-room. He implores Montholon not to talk politics—such conversation is boring and distressing. "They have assassinated Ney," says the Emperor.

February 22nd.

The Governor proposes to allow us to go into the valley, providing we enter no one's house. It's absurd!

CHAPTER XIII

“IT IS FATE THAT BEAT ME AT WATERLOO”

February 23rd, 1817.

TERRIBLE boredom. Rain.

February 24th.

I go to Bertrand's to lunch. The Rev. Vernon ¹ is there, to baptize the baby boy. After a good meal, (with champagne), the Padre goes into a neighbouring room and, kneeling at an arm-chair, says a prayer. Then he sprinkles a little water over the child's forehead, pronouncing these words : “ I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,” giving the baby the name of Arthur. The godfather is M. de la Touche ; the godmother, the English lady (*sic*). The Grand Marshal draws up a document, which Montholon and I sign, as witnesses.

Later : His Majesty is extremely affable to me. He passes into the reception-room, promising to take us both on at chess until dinner-time. Conversation. “ Ney ”, says the Emperor, “ defended himself badly (at his trial). He ought to have been more noble in his answers, and relied for support on the Convention of Paris. He could not justify himself. He was sincere, until March 14th, and I believe every one was convinced of his sincerity. . . . But Ney only got what he deserved. I miss him as a valuable man on the field of battle, but he was too immoral, and too much of a fool, to succeed. . . . I am convinced that it is through him that we are here ; instead of remaining quiet, as I asked him, he attacked the

¹ Chaplain at St. Helena. He attended Napoleon's funeral in his official capacity. He published a book of reminiscences favourable to Lowe.

Austrians just when the Emperor Francis was declaring himself for us. Then, there was no remedy, for it was said immediately that I should want to start my 'system' again and risk 'everything for everything'. In vain I protested that Murat's attack was contrary to my wishes. It was believed to be a put-up affair between Murat and myself. . . . The rabble is nothing ; it can do nothing on its own. From all that is going on in France to-day, I can see clearly that the rabble would have shot me, if they had been able."

BERTRAND : "I should never have believed it."

NAPOLEON : "Yes, they would have shot me—if they had caught me."

GOURGAUD : "It is like the trial of the King of Naples . . ."

NAPOLEON : "If I had delayed my attack (at Waterloo), I should have had 12,000 extra men, drawn from the Vendée ; but who would have guessed that the Vendée could have been so easily pacified ? Moreover, my plan had been well executed. It is Fate that beat me at Waterloo. The campaign ought to have succeeded. The English and the Prussians were taken by surprise in their cantonments."

The Montholons seem to think that, if the Emperor were to land in France now, he would be more welcome than he was in 1815.

NAPOLEON : "No, no. Both the disposition of the foreign Powers and the army have changed. The King's bodyguard would not rise for me. In order to succeed, I should need an army of from twenty-five to thirty thousand men to begin with, and then it would be necessary to get the malcontents to join up to sustain the war. Above all, it would be necessary for the Allies to be wholeheartedly in favour of my return. Otherwise, it would be very different. It would be repeating Murat's foolishness—Murat who, with thirty Corsicans, wanted to regain a kingdom, which he couldn't keep, even with sixty thousand soldiers. . . ! If I had had only Corsicans with me, on my return from Elba, I should certainly have failed."

I think, as His Majesty does, that times have changed.

February 25th.

The Emperor sends for me in the billiard-room, and asks me whether I have translated the English book on Waterloo.

“It was a great mistake”, says the Emperor, “to employ Ney. He was unhinged. His past had robbed him of all his energy. Carnot was opposed to my making him a peer. I should have acted wisely. I ought to have placed Soult on the left; but who would have thought that Ney—who, in your presence, Gourgaud, spoke of the importance of Quatre Bras—would fail to occupy that position? He was certain, when he first attacked the Prussians, that the English would not come to their aid, while Blücher, with his muddled brain, would have hastened to support Wellington even if he had only two battalions! The eyes of every one were fixed on Blücher. He knew full well that rewards would be lavished on him, were he to sacrifice himself for the English. On the 15th, I ought to have rested at Fleurus, instead of returning to Charleroi, in order to be more in the heart of things. After the battle, it was apparent what I ought to have done! I never gave the order to Drouot to come to Fleurus. I am blamed for failing to repulse the Prussians sufficiently, but you know how hotly the battle was contested, right to the finish. I ought not to have employed Vandamme. I ought to have given Suchet the command I entrusted to Grouchy. More dash was required than Grouchy was capable of giving. Grouchy could have carried out an effective cavalry charge, but Suchet has more fire, and is better acquainted with my methods of fighting. Mortier, by leaving the command of the guards to Beaumont, did me great harm. I ought to have placed Lobau there. Drouot had too much to do. He doesn’t understand the handling of troops. However, he would have excelled with the artillery.”

GOURGAUD: “But, Sire, all foreign reports of the battle say that the French artillery caused great havoc in the enemy ranks.”

NAPOLÉON: “Yes, but I never found my batteries of 12’s again.”

GOURGAUD: “A portion of them was sent against the Prussians.”

NAPOLÉON: “Duhesme would have commanded the Sixth Army Corps well. Friant was incapable of turning the Guard to good account; he is a good soldier, but that’s all. A commander of Cavalry Guards would have been of inestimable

value to me. I don't know what became of my Cavalry, especially my Horse Grenadiers. How was Guyot, who was my last reserve, able to charge without my orders? My Ordnance Officers were too young—Montesquiou, Rey, Chiappe . . . One of them must have given Guyot the order to engage. I ought to have had experienced officers there. If I had remained with a battalion of guards on the left of the road, I might have rallied the cavalry. There was still another battalion on the right, the one which we advanced with."

GOURGAUD : " Ah, Sire, it isn't possible to rally cavalry in flight, unless you have at hand two or three regiments of the general force in good condition. Then, again, it was very late. I am afraid Your Majesty hasn't followed the details of the battle."

NAPOLEON : " But at Arcis, you saw how I rallied the cavalry."

GOURGAUD : " The situation was not the same. That was an isolated charge, and not a battle raging for seven or eight hours. Moreover, on the right and left at Arcis, the Infantry were drawn up in good order."

NAPOLEON : " Seeing the immense superiority of the Prussians, I ought, possibly, to have retreated earlier. I should have lost fifty or sixty cannons. If my plan had succeeded, I should have repulsed the Prussians and then the English. But what can you expect? A big battle is always a serious thing. If I had been defeated at Jena !

" I was probably wrong in not dismissing the Chambers, and in not resisting to the very end, at Paris."

GOURGAUD : " Your Majesty would then have been abandoned by the army, although many people, who were opposed to Your Majesty, if they had known what was going to happen, would rather have given their lives than abandon you. Then, of course, they thought differently."

The Emperor is of the opinion that history will reproach him for not having dissolved the Chambers, and for not having convened them at Tours. The Emperor thinks Soult did not serve him well at Waterloo. His staff, despite the Emperor's orders, was badly organized.

" Berthier ", says the Emperor, " would have done better.

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Just imagine, during the battle not to have maintained order at Genappe !”

We speak of Elba. “I was very well there,” says the Emperor. “I should have sent for artists from Italy. I was more independent than a Prince in Germany. I should have remained there, if the King had had good Ministers, and I was feared so little that they didn’t even send a *Chargé d’Affaires* near me. I was insulted in all the public newspapers. *Ma foi !* I am a man. I wanted to show that I was not yet dead !”

February 26th.

After breakfast, I see Bertrand, and beg him to try to prevent the Emperor paying me a salary. I don’t wish to be humiliated. There remains now only my honour, which I wish to preserve untarnished. In the end, Bertrand gives way to my reasoning.

February 27th.

It is the anniversary of the famous departure from Elba. At 8 o’clock, His Majesty sends for me. He isn’t dressed, and says he is slightly indisposed. He is afraid of dysentery, although he has had a bath, and an injection.

February 28th.

I go to the camp to watch the races. There I meet the Admiral, who is very affable. I also meet Montchenu’s aide-de-camp.¹ He is a fine young fellow. I see the Marquis, and although I do not go up to him, he approaches me, asks for news, discusses horses, but doesn’t mention France, or politics. Returning to Longwood, Bertrand informs me that my conversation with Montchenu has already been reported. His Majesty retires, but shortly afterwards sends for us, asks about the racing, and says he was unable to distinguish me through his glasses, because I was wearing a round hat, whereas Montholon was in uniform. The ship “Adolphus” brings a huge iron railing for the garden. “Why”, says His Majesty, “do they send that? They must know that the new house

¹ Captain de Gors. He had a poor opinion of Montchenu, and wrote slightly of him.

isn't yet built." Bertrand professes to know that Cockburn has had an interview, lasting more than two hours, with the King of France. The story of the sale of the Emperor's silver is in the English Gazettes, and the Governor has expressed to Balcombe his uneasiness on that account. Reade has questioned Betsy and Jenny Balcombe very exhaustively about what the Emperor said to them, when they came to Longwood recently. The Emperor asks the Montholons whether any one of the servants—Gentili, for instance—might not be accepting bribes from the English. Reade declares that he knows everything that takes place at Longwood! Might not the doctor be the Governor's spy? His Majesty seems restless, and has a meaning look. According to the Gazettes, the sale of the silver has caused a great stir.¹

March 1st.

His Majesty treats me with great kindness, advises me to finish my account of Waterloo, and to have it published in London under my own name. It isn't a political account, so I could do it openly, even in a newspaper. The Governor is very distressed about the sale of the silver, and was foolish enough to believe that it would not be known in England.

March 2nd.

The Bertrands want to depart! The other ladies say they are going as well. Madame Bertrand is ill after lunch.

March 3rd.

The meat is bad. The Emperor tells us that he dreamed that he was near Malmaison, where he killed a Hussar who was charging him. His Majesty believes that dreams have ever had a great influence on people, for there are numerous things that one is ignorant of, and others that are inexplicable. Does the soul exist before the child who is just born? It must exist, since we are told that the soul is immortal. Everything that has a beginning must have an end. If the soul

¹ When he reached London in 1818, Gourgaud stated that the sale of the silver was unnecessary as Napoleon had plenty of cash available. The sale was organized with the idea of annoying Lowe and arousing sympathy for Napoleon.

existed before the body, we would remember the past ; but if we do not remember the past, it would seem that the soul did not exist. Materialists affirm that the soul is only matter, a peculiar quality of organized matter, just as a magnet and electricity have peculiar qualities. His Majesty goes into the billiard-room, complains of heaviness in the head, and talks about the departure of the Bertrands, whom he doesn't wish to see go.

March 4th.

I try my hand again at ice-cream making. At 5 o'clock, I go riding, and return to find the Emperor in the park, strolling with the ladies and their husbands. His Majesty summons me, visits Noverraz' garden, marks off several acres and, coming across the baby Montholon's clothes spread out on the grass, exclaims : " Ah ! this is too bourgeois, too suburban ! " The mother is very vexed at this. A new piano arrived this morning at Madame Bertrand's. His Majesty speaks to us about Paris, and the improvements he contemplated making there : " I should have preferred my capital at Lyons, but everything had still to be prepared there, whereas Paris was far in advance of any other town in France. I wanted this capital to overwhelm with its splendour all the capitals of the world. I was anxious to do everything for Paris. I fell out with the Pope because I wanted him to visit me in Paris, and for this reason, I planned the Archbishop's residence there. . . .

" All the provinces of France are pleasing to live in, but I prefer Champagne ; probably because I was brought up there. Nice is also a delightful town. I am fond of the people of Lyons, and they are fond of me, too. Neighbours of Italy, they know I extended their frontiers for more than five hundred leagues. I had purchased more than 130 millions worth of silk, (as much in Lyons as in Italy), as I was anxious to revive the silk industry.

" Ah ! If I had been able to govern France for forty years, I would have created the most illustrious Empire the world has ever known."

MADAME MONTHOLON : " Who knows, perhaps Your Majesty will some day build a vast Empire in America ? "

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NAPOLEON : "Ah ! I am an old man."

Bed at 11.30.

March 5th.

O'Méara informs us that Warden has just published (in English) a work¹ about us which has created a great stir. Bertrand comes out with me for a walk. He is quite convinced that Warden has written the book, which he thinks will advance the Emperor's cause. I fear, at first sight, that many details in the book will shock the Emperor, for Warden poses as his confidant, and quotes the Emperor. I return to my room, very pleased at receiving a letter from my mother.

March 6th.

The Governor has sent us Warden's book. It is probably a portion of Las Cases' journal,² which Warden has had printed. When I appear before the Emperor, he says : "Well, you look pleased. Is your mother well? You see, I had guessed Cockburn would go and see your mother. I am not surprised that you receive so many letters. Lord Bathurst³ loves you—Montchenu says so—and the feeling which you have for your mother is the cause of it. Cockburn has been saying nice things about you, I'll warrant." The Emperor finds much nonsense in Warden's book, especially about Las Cases. The Emperor is in a bad humour. He declares that the Governor has the face of a mangy dog, and that the doctor ought to sprinkle it with mercury and sulphur !

March 7th.

Bertrand thinks that, on the whole, Warden's book will be advantageous to us, although three-quarters of what he writes is nonsense. The Emperor sends for me in the billiard-room, and speaks about Warden. He says he thinks the book is written with the best intentions, and that at such a moment as this, a book of this sort must have a great effect. It is a

¹ The famous "Letters", supposed to have been written partly on board H.M.S. "Northumberland".

² The famous "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène".

³ The Colonial Secretary. He was responsible to the British Government for the safe custody of Napoleon.

good thing to have oneself spoken of. The Bourbons had adopted towards us the same policy that the Emperor pursued with regard to them—a policy of silence. His Majesty treats me with the utmost possible kindness, and playfully pulls my ears. “This work will have a good effect. They will ask us what we think of it. Let us say nothing, but behave as if we attach no importance to it whatsoever. Warden speaks of you, Gourgaud ; he speaks of my insistence on your taking medicine, when, actually, I didn’t wish you to take any ! He also speaks of your sword, but with good intentions !”¹

His Majesty treats me very kindly, and speaks to me as a favourite. Later, the Emperor sends for me again. “No news ? Very well, then let’s work on Waterloo.”

His Majesty does more work, and gives further dictation. . . . “Gourgaud, my Ordnance Officer, did this, . . . did that. . . .”

March 9th.

I am angry with Warden, who makes me out to be a swaggerer. I declare to the Grand Marshal that I wish to lodge a complaint with the Governor. It is Las Cases who has done all the harm. I recognize, in Warden’s book, parts of Las Cases’ journal. The book is nothing but nonsense, but wishes to be considered important. No one will believe the conversations reported in the book, for Warden doesn’t speak a word of French, and His Majesty doesn’t understand a word of English !²

Warden has merely lent his name to this book. Las Cases is the real author. He has sacrificed us to his plan. The Grand Marshal sees that I am excited about it, and he promises to speak to the Emperor. He tries to calm me. Montholon agrees that I have every right to be indignant. It is a libel. I told His Majesty that, if I were certain that it was Las Cases who was responsible for all that was written about Madame Montholon in Warden’s book, Montholon would never forgive Las Cases. I ask the Emperor’s permission to go and see

¹ This refers to the inscription on Gourgaud’s sword, to the effect that Gourgaud once saved the Emperor’s life.

² This is hardly accurate, as the Emperor certainly knew enough English to read—although with difficulty—English newspapers.

Hudson Lowe in order to lodge a complaint. He treats my anger lightly, and contends that the book sings my praises. I insist, however, with tears. His Majesty is vexed, and cries : "*Eh bien !* You ask for permission. The answer is 'No'. Go if you like, but it will be against my orders. You are a child !" I swear to him that I had never spoken to anyone about the Brienne affair, except to Las Cases, who happened to be in my room the day on which the fatal pistols which had killed the Cossack were restored to me.¹

Cockburn had told the Emperor, on board ship, that he knew quite well why he was attached to me—it was because I had saved the Emperor's life. The Emperor had denied this.

GOURGAUD : "I never had it inscribed on my sword that I had saved Your Majesty. However, I did kill a Hussar, who hurled himself at Your Majesty.

NAPOLEON : "I don't remember it."

GOURGAUD : "What ! Your Majesty does not remember it ! Why, the Staff Major saw it ; and, that same evening, M. Fain came to ask whether the pistols were the small ones I usually carried in my pocket, or horse pistols. All Paris has talked about it."

NAPOLEON : "You ought to have spoken to me about it."

GOURGAUD : "Sire, I was certain Your Majesty had seen it. I thought that, if I boasted of having rendered such a service to Your Majesty, you would have been cross with me. Moreover, I only did what any other man would have done in my place."

NAPOLEON : I know you are a brave young fellow, but it is astonishing that, with your intelligence, you can be such a child. Let's read together what Warden says."

After the reading :

NAPOLEON : "It is fine praise ! Obviously, you were discussing campaigns (with Warden) just as I am always discussing Egypt."

His Majesty repeats that I am not to go to the Governor's. I ought to feel indebted to Warden. Las Cases has had no part in it. In answer, I relate an anecdote, where Warden

¹ The occasion when Gourgaud was supposed to have saved the Emperor's life, and had the fact inscribed on his sword.

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reports a conversation which Las Cases, as Chamberlain, is supposed to have had in 1807. I say : “How can that be possible, for Las Cases was not a Chamberlain in 1807. He never saw service until June, 1815.” His Majesty is angry ; but I hold my tongue. He resumes his game, and then remarks : “Come, Gourgaud, you play. It will put you in a better temper.” I reply : “No, Sire.” The Emperor thinks I refuse to play, but I explain that I mean I shall never be in a better temper ! “I am far from refusing to play,” I answer. “It is too great an honour Your Majesty does me.” I play three games. The Emperor tries to make me smile, and says that Bertrand ought to have scolded me. He hopes to convince me that I am wrong.

NAPOLÉON : “Well, you have had a bad evening ! You work yourself up—you are livid with rage, whereas you ought to feel grateful to Warden.”

We go in to dinner. The Emperor talks of ordinary topics, such as the quality of the meat, and then says : “Gourgaud, I think it was at Brienne that I came into closest touch with the enemy.”

“Pardi ! Sire, Your Majesty actually touched one. They were Hussars, they wore white shakos, and were turning on our artillery, which had just halted in column on the road. Dejean was the first to recognize them. I was near you, and had just reported a movement. Your Majesty turned immediately to the left, but I turned to the right, between you and the Cossack who was hurling himself at you, lance in hand. I laid him out flat, with one pistol shot, fired point-blank !”

His Majesty speaks kindly to me, urges me to be gay, and retires at 10 o'clock, after playing several games and complaining of feeling tired.

CHAPTER XIV

THE EMPEROR DISCUSSES RELIGION

March 10th, 1817.

BERTRAND comes to see me during lunch, and I show him what I have written concerning Warden's misrepresentations. I am more enraged than ever. Bertrand recognizes that, at bottom, Warden's stories are too absurd for anything. In the afternoon, I visit His Majesty. He is in a bad humour. If I wish to please him, I must not appear morose. He asks me whether I have done any work. "No, Sire," I reply, "I am too grieved. I have been unwell." "You are a child," replies His Majesty. "You ought to finish Waterloo, while I am in the mood for working. How is Bertrand? It is most unpleasant, always to be having scenes. Yesterday, Madame Bertrand made one. She hurled plates about, was unwell, said that we were being starved to death, and then went to bed without any supper!"

GOURGAUD: "I did not witness it, and I doubt it very much."

NAPOLÉON: "But I am certain of it, I tell you."

GOURGAUD: "It must be because of their servants, who have failed them."

Later: After riding, I return at 6.30. The Emperor urges me to be gay, and maintains that I am a big baby. He asks why it is I grieve. I do not reply. He makes me play chess, and treats me with kindness. At dinner, His Majesty speaks to me frequently, and does for me what he has done only once before, and then for Las Cases—namely he places the spoon in the macaroni, and offers to serve me with some! "May I serve you with some macaroni?" He repeats this, and then inquires how I like it. "Excellent, Sire," I reply. "I

have never tasted such excellent macaroni." The servants are amazed. I receive unheard-of attentions !

March 11th.

I tell the Grand Marshal what the Emperor said to me on Sunday. He wants to make me out a liar. Now he denies what he said formerly, and asserts the contrary. He is kindness itself to me, in his room ; but if it is true that he told Cockburn I didn't save his life, then His Majesty does me a great wrong.

BERTRAND : "The Emperor is like that. He has been piqued ; but later on, he will admit the truth. Besides, it is a fact known to all the staff, that you did kill a Cossack making for His Majesty ; but His Majesty is of the opinion that this Cossack didn't know who he was, and that, consequently, you didn't save the Emperor's life any more than any other man's."

GOURGAUD : "I know very well that not all wounds inflicted by a lance¹ are fatal, but His Majesty—being in front—was the object of the Cossack's attack. And, further, I have never boasted of saving His Majesty's life. I knew very well that His Majesty would be indignant if I spoke of it."

Madame Bertrand gives way to tears. In a letter, Bertrand's father seems to fear that we shall never return. Also, he suggests that little Napoleon Bertrand should begin his education. The poor mother is completely distressed. In the evening, I am in the reception-room. The Emperor is well disposed towards me, and remarks that I am very lucky to get three letters from my old mother. We read "Andromaque". Time seems long. The Emperor retires at 9.30. He had received a letter from his brother Joseph, dated July ; but it bore no address.

March 13th.

Bertrand is in low spirits ; but he urges me always to act as he does, and always to do my duty. At heart, the Emperor is just, and if, at times, intrigue gets the upper hand, he always returns to the truth. He knows well enough that I killed

¹ Gourgaud's version of this affair varies rather—sometimes it is a sword and sometimes a lance !

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the Cossack. It is the Emperor's intention to have "Waterloo" printed under my name. After dinner, chess. His Majesty speaks to me about celestial movements, and begs me to cheer up.

GOURGAUD : "That proves how insignificant man is, and how great is God."

NAPOLEON : "How is it that Laplace is an atheist? At the Institute, neither he, nor Monge, nor Berthollet, nor Lagrange, believed in God. Only they did not admit it."

His Majesty falls asleep over his game, and retires at 9.30.

March 14th.

Bertrand comes to me this morning, and urges me not to worry, or to write anything on Warden. I explain how unfortunate my position is. "But remember", he replies, "that we are only three at St. Helena." "Yes," I retort, "but I am placed fifth! Madame Montholon is rated as a man; she is given a salary, although she, a rich woman, needs no salary." The Grand Marshal repeats that he has Frs. 500 for me. But I will not accept them. I beg him to ask the Governor for my pistols, so that I can sell them, for I will not be humiliated. I work, and write to my mother. We speculate on what the Grand Marshal will have to say to Hudson Lowe when he arrives, for we lack everything here—no flour, no butter. His Majesty speaks with kindness to me about my mother. It appears Cockburn kept a journal, noting everything we all said to him. According to this journal, Madame Bertrand is the most talkative of us all, and the Emperor has no spirit! In one of the Gazettes, it is reported that Montchenu, invited to dinner with the Emperor, replied that he was here to guard him, and not to accept meals from him!

NAPOLEON : "He probably did say that. That type of man is always like that—speaking well of you to your face, but evil of you behind your back!"

March 15th.

Bertrand takes up Warden's defence. His book will do a great deal of good for His Majesty in England. I oppose his opinion. The Governor repents a little; we are allowed

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visitors, and the Admiral himself issues passes. Two Captains from India are presented to the Emperor.

March 16th.

We must write up the story of Waterloo. There is a way of sending it to England, where it can be printed, both in French and English. It will earn me a great reputation, and bring in large sums of money. The Emperor dictates his memories of Waterloo. It appears that he couldn't see the battle very well. He wanted, as at Montmirail, to make a perpendicular attack, and to lead it himself; but Bülow's arrival forced him to remain in a central position. Ney didn't understand this attack. His Majesty works until 7.30. The Governor is a beast. He has sent a huge packet of replies to our complaints, and reproaches Montholon for not replying to two gentlemen who had asked to see the Emperor. We are given permission to go on the road leading to Miss Mason's, but not to go into the valley. Montholon is to write to England to the two gentlemen, explaining why he didn't answer their letter. The Emperor is in a cheerful mood. He pulls my ear, also Bertrand's; but in speaking about Madame Montholon, it is obvious that he has something against her. He finds she chatters too much, and thinks she would be well advised not to entertain the English captains.

March 17th.

We discuss confessors. The idea of having one here has never occurred to me. I have nothing with which to reproach myself. My conception of God is such that I can speak to Him myself. I have the greatest confidence in His loving-kindness. It is believed that I am always reading the Bible. "I don't know why Your Majesty thinks I am a hypocrite," I remark. "Yes, I do think that you are, rather," replies the Emperor. "I confess that I believe steadfastly in God, and cannot justify the existence of atheists," I retort. "Bah!" says the Emperor. "Laplace is an atheist, likewise Berthollet. At the Institute, every one was an atheist; yet Newton and Leibnitz believed in God." "I confess, Sire," I answer, "that this very evening, I was considering the stars, and was wondering how people could pretend to imagine that all such

mechanism was merely a string of matter. Who, then, created matter, if not a Superior Being, like God? Laplace himself cannot explain the sun, the stars and the planets; yet he dares to declare there is no God!" "Atheists compare man to a watch," replies the Emperor. "A watchmaker is the superior intelligence; they agree that it is the effect of matter, just as heat is the effect of fire. I would believe as steadfastly in Christ as Pope Pius VII does, if religion were to go back to the beginning of the world, and if it were the universal religion. But when I see the Mohammedans following a simpler religion, more adapted to their habits than ours . . . then Socrates and Plato are damned. That is what I always asked the Bishop of Évreux, and he answered me that it isn't so. God would rather perform a miracle in their favour. Do you believe, then, that God is concerned with all our actions?" "Sire," I reply, "if Your Majesty imagines God with human understanding, the reasoning is sound, but He who created the sun, and the leaf of a tree, is of an intelligence not to be compared with mine. He has no comparison with me. If, then, I compare God with man, I set up a vicious circle; but, by my reasoning I cannot comprehend how the sun exists, or how it is natural to think that it is by the same reasoning that God sees everything I do, for that idea is no more difficult to conceive than the formation of the stars or the creation of a blade of grass. God has not allowed our intelligence to go so far."

NAPOLEON: "It is true that the idea of God is natural. It has existed from the beginning of time among all peoples."

The Emperor says that, in time of war, he has seen so many people disappear suddenly, and pass so rapidly from life to death, that he has become familiar with death. "Matter, matter," he says.

Madame Montholon declares herself a materialist.

NAPOLEON: "It is cowardice to commit suicide. The English often kill themselves. It is a malady, caused by their damp climate. In my time, in Paris, there were half a dozen suicides each day."

March 18th.

I beg Bertrand to tell the Emperor I would like permission

to get my pistols from the Governor. I am going to sell them. He replies that I am wrong to do so. I have Frs. 500 of my own, and the Emperor will send me nothing this month. He has very little cash, and it behoves him not to touch it. I understand our position so well that I think we ought to accept nothing, either in salary, or portions of salaries. And I do not wish to accept wages, like a servant. "Don't you think it is very hard that I cannot send anything to my mother?" I ask Bertrand. "The Emperor promised to provide her with a pension. Yet he never mentions it now, and I cannot deliberately remind him of it. He has had opportunities for sending letters, yet he has sent nothing to my mother. The Admiral will be leaving this evening, and this affords another excellent opportunity, but I am sure that the Emperor will not avail himself of it. How can you expect me to have confidence in His Majesty's promises? If my mother were happy, I wouldn't demand anything; at the same time, I prefer to wear boots in holes than to accept wages. Thus, I reap vanity from my misery, and bring shame on the Montholons, who are able to obtain money. Moreover, how can I escape from embarrassment? I owe £54 to the doctor, the draper and my servant."

The Emperor discovers there are duplicate entries in the stable accounts. In Montholon's account, an item of 4 louis is put down to Piontkowski. This may be correct, but in my book there is no mention of it. His Majesty estimates that Frs. 50 a month are sufficient for the stable. I declare the sum inadequate. There isn't a decent saddle, bridle or halter. It would be better, if a saving is to be effected, to dispense with some of the horses. It is pitiful to see them. Frs. 50 a month for twelve horses means Frs. 4 per horse, and the farrier also wants money. During dinner, we discuss Waterloo again, and Grouchy's false movement. The Emperor then asks for the Bible, which he believes is often in my room. He wishes to read the Books of Saul and David, to find out what the Scriptures say about legitimacy. "There are many Napoleons in Corsica," says the Emperor. "I call myself Bonaparte. Bonaparte is the same as Bonarotti, or Buenarotti. I made a mistake in not allowing my relative, Brother Bonaventure, to be canonized."

THE EMPEROR DISCUSSES RELIGION

We pass into the reception-room. The Emperor is in a sorrowful mood, and plays chess with Madame Montholon. He is bored, asks the time, and at 9.30 retires.

March 19th.

I call on the Grand Marshal. His wife is dying of boredom and wants to go away. She came here sacrificing everything for His Majesty, who shows her no affection. Bertrand may do as he wishes, but she will leave St. Helena. Montholon shows me a paper, on which is written the statement that His Majesty is anxious not to contract any stable debts. He will pay arrears up to Frs. 250, and Frs. 50 per month. I reply that, not having my account by me, and being unable to perform such service at Frs. 50 a month, I would rather receive nothing. I have already refused Frs. 500 per month. All this angers me, and I go to Bertrand's to discuss the question. He is with the Emperor, but they send for me later. I am very sad, and His Majesty notices it. "Well, Gourgaud, still sad? Come now, what's the matter with you? Poor Gourgaud!" I reply that I am slightly indisposed. His Majesty asks Bertrand what is wrong with me. Bertrand says I was quite cheerful this morning when he saw me. They make me play chess. The Montholons dine, and the Emperor asks why I am not eating. "Poor Gourgaud," he says, "he is home-sick!"

March 20th.

I get up, feeling wretched. His Majesty asks for me, and says he wants to work. He inquires after the cause of my sadness. I reply frankly, that Frs. 50 per month for twelve horses are not enough. We are short of saddles and halters.

NAPOLÉON: "It's enough! They can look after themselves!"

GOURGAUD: "If Your Majesty prefers Montholon to have the stables, he can have them. It is amazing that Your Majesty will not provide adequate means for the stables, seeing that money is squandered in other departments. For a wretched cow that gives no milk you paid fifty louis!"

His Majesty tells me that I disappoint him by refusing the

Fr. 500. What the devil ! I have no need to change my shirt every day.

GOURGAUD : " I returned the Frs. 500 to Bertrand simply because, for the last month, I have been persuading him to see that Your Majesty gave me nothing, it being my opinion that none of us ought to accept anything, since Your Majesty has been compelled to sell your silver.¹ Of all of us, I am the most unfortunate, since, unlike Montholon, I have no means of drawing money from France. Montholon has considerable wealth, whereas I am destitute. Montholon is quite certain, whatever happens, never to die from hunger, but, on the contrary, to die a rich man."

The Emperor tells me that he gives no more to Montholon than to me. I reply that it is universally known that Montholon gets twice what I get. " Oh, yes," says the Emperor. " I give his wife the same as I give him." I consider this very unfair. His Majesty gets angry, says he is master of his own money. " Accordingly, I begged the Grand Marshal," I reply, " to see that I received nothing, for, considering myself as good as Montholon in this matter of salary, I ought to receive as much as he, or at least, I felt that Your Majesty should guarantee my mother an amount equal to the difference. But if it is a question of wages, I will not, and cannot, accept anything. Not possessing private means, I must be more sensitive in this respect than one who does. I demand nothing, and I beg Your Majesty not to humiliate me."

NAPOLEON : " You threaten to sell your pistols. Do as you wish. Henceforth, you will get nothing. I shall devote an extra Frs. 500 to the stable. You wish to get everything by force ; you wish to do as I do ! I threatened, too, and have sold my silver. Well ! That produced nothing. It is easier for me to guarantee you Frs. 300,000 after my death, than to draw on Europe for money to-day."

GOURGAUD : " I only ask not to be humiliated."

NAPOLEON : " But you must have money. Moreover, if you will not accept the Frs. 500, I no longer desire your presence here."

¹ When Gourgaud reached England in 1818 he told the French Ambassador that, at this time, Napoleon had ample cash available (see Forsyth, vol. 2).

THE EMPEROR DISCUSSES RELIGION

GOURGAUD : "Your Majesty is the master."

I possess the calm of resignation, but the Emperor slowly works himself up to a high pitch of anger. He reproaches me for my lack of confidence in him. I am the cause of Las Cases' departure. Before I came to St. Helena, the Emperor loved me more than Montholon ; that's why he gave me the letter to take to the Prince Regent. True, I suited him better than Montholon. I was more *au fait* with his habits. I had taken part in his campaigns. But there is a wild streak in my character. I will not yield to another's will. "You have the character of a real Corsican," says the Emperor. "When a Corsican conceives a notion, nothing will make him yield. You do not know how to begin to please me . . . if you have debts, you ought to have asked me for money with which to settle them."

GOURGAUD : "If Your Majesty refuses me things of necessity, and if I had asked you to pay my debts and you had refused, what could I have done, after having taken such a humiliating step?"

The Emperor replies that I am too proud. He is amazed. How, with my character, have I got so far? I must be more yielding ; and I ought to court the Montholons.

GOURGAUD : "I would rather remain in my room."

NAPOLÉON : "They say of you what you say of them. I would be sorry if Madame Montholon left us. You are always threatening her husband. The mere fact that I like the Montholons should be sufficient reason for you to respect them. Certainly, I would rather see you go than them."

His Majesty's anger is more and more aroused. "I prefer Montholon to you!" he cries.

I drop my arms, tears well up in my eyes, and I maintain the profoundest silence ; then I add : "I didn't expect this ! Marshal Lannes must have been mad to want me for his aide-de-camp. So must Mouton and Soult, and all those who professed their fondness for me—me, a poor plebeian ! Why did Your Majesty exalt me above my fellows, by creating a position expressly for me?" The Emperor grows milder. "It is because Lannes and the rest saw you were brave and active on the field of battle. The artillery officers loved you.

Lariboisière presented you to me. I found you active, courageous, and full of keenness . . .”

. “Lunch is served,” announces a servant.

“Come now!” says the Emperor. “Come and have lunch with me.”

I accept, yet eat little. I am very upset. The Emperor urges me to be less abstemious. Getting up from table, we pass to the billiard-room. The Emperor taps me on the cheek, says that I am quick-tempered. If I will not accept the Frs. 500 for the stables, the Emperor will regard my refusal as an insult to him. I shall not be able to remain here; I shall have to go. His Majesty retires to his room. I run over to Bertrand’s, and ask him whether the Emperor wishes me to go or not. It need never be feared that I shall reveal what is going on here. I remind Bertrand that, in 1815, the Duc de Berry showed me marked kindness; but I never betrayed anything to him. Returning to my room, to do the Emperor’s bidding, I despatch Archambault to Montholon for the Frs. 250 necessary for paying the stable debts, and for the Frs. 150, owing for the last three months. Montholon sends me this amount with a note, stating that he has deducted £4 sterling to pay the debts contracted by Piontkowski! I send Archambault back again with a note, saying that the Emperor advises me that there are Frs. 250 at my disposal for the stable, and that I am at liberty to do as I like with it. I cannot understand why this £4 has been deducted, seeing that I have not been paid the money Piontkowski owes me. It appears that Piontkowski is considered bankrupt. Archambault soon returns with the same paper, on which is scribbled “M. de Montholon will be pleased to receive instructions from the Emperor on this matter.” I am vexed, and send back a note bearing these words: “Does M. de Montholon, or the Emperor, command here?” Shortly afterwards, His Majesty asks for Montholon, who, as he goes out, sends for Archambault, and pays everything; adding that His Majesty thought my argument sound! I settle with Archambault, and indulge in my sad thoughts until 7 o’clock, when I am informed that His Majesty is in the reception-room. He is with Bertrand, and remarks to me that I ought to appear happy and cheerful. “Sire, you

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would despise me, and rightly too, if I appeared in a good humour, after what has happened." "Have you been quarrelling again with Montholon?" asks the Emperor. After playing chess with Bertrand, the Emperor plays with me. The Montholons are there, but His Majesty hesitates with whom to play. The Emperor holds frequent conversation with me, and calls me "Gorgotto". I do not enjoy dinner because of my vexation.

CHAPTER XV
GOURGAUD GAMBLES WITH THE
EMPEROR

March 21st, 1817.

AT 7 o'clock, the Emperor is in the reception-room. He is playing chess with Bertrand, and says "Ah!" as I enter. Then he plays with Montholon. Not a word is spoken to me! Dinner. He continues to ignore my presence, sings, and expresses to Montholon his satisfaction with the haricot beans.

March 22nd.

Bertrand advises me to continue my present behaviour. My position here is excellent. He endeavours to pacify me. He says that the Emperor will compensate me for the sacrifice I have made—one hundred or two hundred thousand francs are more valuable than being made a Colonel. His Majesty doesn't address a single word to me. He reads "Andromaque", and retires at 9 o'clock.

March 23rd.

Fitzgerald is on guard. He lunches with me, and is bored to distraction, as are all the officers of the 53rd Regiment. They all want to go to India, instead of staying at St. Helena. The Grand Marshal urges me to have patience. "Don't let bitterness enter into your discussions. Don't contradict the Emperor so often. Agree with him more!" In Bertrand's opinion, His Majesty is annoyed with me because I refused the Frs. 500. Finally, Bertrand persuades me to accept the cursed money. The Emperor had hoped I would put my name to the Waterloo article, but my obstinacy has created an

awkward situation. However, it will all die down. O'Méara says the Captain of the "Tortue" reports that the news about the sale of the Emperor's silver caused a great stir in England. Later, I join the Emperor in the reception-room. His Majesty is in a playful mood, sings, and says that Louis XVIII refers to him always as "M. de Buonaparte". Montholon is amused at this. But, after all, Louis XVIII is at the Tuileries to-day, and Napoleon is at St. Helena! Bertrand dines with us. The haricots are good. His Majesty discusses French history. There have never been good French historians. Last year, he says he read seventy-two volumes of Memoirs. The Emperor regrets he never established good prisons in Paris. He would have interned five or six thousand people, and accommodated them as in a furnished hotel, each prisoner according to rank. He doesn't know why he allowed himself to be dissuaded from doing this. He is sorry now. He has just been reading the observations of an Englishman on the prisons of Paris.

March 24th.

During dinner, the Emperor asks me when the races are to be held. I am amazed at this question, (considering the circumstances), and I esteem it a favour to be addressed. His Majesty inquires for details of our interview with the captain of the "Tortue", and whether it is true that England is in a state of revolution. The captain of the "Tortue" said that, in view of the great change in public opinion, we would not remain here three years. According to the Admiral, the Governor is a fool, who thinks that a few smiles will atone for his bad conduct. Lady Lowe and Madame Bertrand might, perhaps, improve matters; but the Governor's behaviour is so erratic. As to the change of opinion in favour of His Majesty, the captain attributes this to the visits of Englishmen to France.

March 25th.

I inform Bertrand that the Emperor has at last spoken to me. Bertrand replies, that he noticed this morning my disposition not to create a scene. All will go well now. We discuss the Cabinet. Neither with gold nor with silver was

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His Majesty able to persuade any of the Cabinet Ministers at Fontainebleau to follow him to Elba.

GOURGAUD : "What M. Fain said to me at the time, to dissuade me from going with the Emperor, has been realized since. He is a very fine fellow ! Bernard and Drouot have since given me the same warning." Shortly afterwards, the Grand Marshal presents the Admiral, his wife, and two naval captains to the Emperor. His Majesty discusses Scotland, Scottish peers, and the Englishman's liking for drink. Also, the number of horses it is possible to embark (33 per vessel of 200 tons) and the regiments brought from America for Waterloo. Then, insignificant conversation follows. His Majesty wishes his visitors "Good-bye", and requests us to accompany them back. They had stayed from 2.30 until about 5.15 p.m. Later, the Emperor sends for me in the garden, where we take a stroll. Madame Montholon thinks the Admiral looks like a cabbage stump—like the grotesque little figures the Chinese paint on their fans. She writes down all her conversations with the Emperor.

March 26th.

Bertrand thinks that, if I go away, it would be imprudent to go straight to France. Probably I would not be received in England. At 6 o'clock, the Emperor sends for me. He is in the park, with the Bertrands. He salutes me with his hat, but makes no remark to me. "Las Cases is enjoying much liberty at the Cape. He talks a lot and is allowed to write. Ah ! we shall see articles in the Gazettes." At dinner His Majesty doesn't say a word to me, but talks about Bourrienne. Bertrand informs me, as we walk back to the house, that His Majesty is still ill-disposed towards me, but such behaviour cannot last, as he is particularly anxious to finish the article on the Battle of Waterloo, and to despatch the manuscript by the Admiral. The Emperor who, through obstinacy, has twice lost his crown rather than give way to his enemies, will not give way to me, either.

March 27th.

His Majesty sends me word to join him in the park. When he asks for details about Bingham, I reply that Plantation

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House is a delightful place. "What! Have you been there?" The Emperor speaks about Russia. "What a magnificent town Moscow is. Of all of us here, only Gourgaud and I have been there."

March 28th.

Bertrand calls on me this morning. He is sad and very reticent. I harp on my old theme. Bertrand grips my hand, assuring me that everything will be all right. Yes, but meanwhile I am suffering a good deal, and I don't know for what reason. The Governor came to Longwood to-day, and talked to Poppleton, O'Méara, and the Grand Marshal. In the afternoon, I go partridge-shooting with Poppleton, but we have no luck. At 7.30, His Majesty is in the reception-room, playing chess with Madame Montholon.

"Have you seen the Governor?" he asks.

"Yes, Sire."

"You didn't speak to him?"

"No, Sire; I only saw him pass by my window."

"It was at Wagram", says the Emperor, "that I had the greatest number of troops under my command—more than in any other battle."

March 29th.

The Emperor was going to visit Madame Montholon to-day, but hearing that the Governor was at Longwood, he retires immediately to his room.

March 30th.

At six in the morning, His Majesty sends for my manuscript on Waterloo. Later, he summons me to the billiard-room. "Come, we must finish this work." He reads and dictates corrections until 10.30. I continue working until 5.30, and then go over to Bertrand's, where I find the Emperor. I withdraw discreetly, but he calls me back, and assures me I am welcome. He speaks to Madame Bertrand about Reade, who called this morning. He is a suave gentleman, whom Lady Lowe dislikes. The Emperor is much better disposed towards me, and sends for me in the reception-room at 7



LONGWOOD HOUSE, WHERE NAPOLEON LIVED DURING HIS EXILE AT ST. HELENA, AS IT IS TO DAY
 (OUR AUD'S ROOM WAS IN THE TOWER AT THE REAR THE SLAVES LODGED IN THE ATTIC, THE BATHING ROOM (THE THREE THREE
 SHUTTERED WINDOWS) AND NAPOLEON'S ROOM (WHICH WAS LOCATED IN THE TOWER) WAS IN THE EAST WING

o'clock. "Come, let's have a game, poor Gourgaud." His Majesty is tired, troubled with a cough, and retires early.

March 31st.

Bertrand urges me again not to worry about my position. He says I must have patience. The Emperor is annoyed with me because, first of all, I quarrelled with Las Cases, and now, I am at variance with the Montholons. It behoves me to be amiable with His Majesty, and not to inflict my troubles on him. "True," I answer. "But I cannot view with pleasure the fact that, in the olden days, when he was all-powerful, His Majesty had great affection for me, whereas now, he seems to esteem me least of all. I am only human, like the rest. I came here out of sheer devotion, not for convention's sake. I find the present horrible; and the future does not augur any too well. I have nothing to hope for from the Emperor. Now that I am no longer useful to him, he forgets me, and as time goes on, he will forget me even more. It is urgent that I do something." Bertrand thinks that, if Napoleon II, or the Orléans, were ever to reign in France, I should be well treated. "I am not indifferent to that," I say, "but I would rather scratch and scrape for a living than go on tolerating what I have to here. I ought to have followed the example of Flahaut, and Drouot, and Bernard. Then again, see how the Emperor allows me to be insulted by Warden! He is angry with me, and will not get over it."

At dinner, we discuss the world's policy. It is really amazing that an intelligent man like Laplace should commit the platitude of removing the Emperor's name from the inscription on his book, "*Mécanique Céleste*".

April 1st.

I find Fowler lunching at the Bertrands'. Shortly afterwards, Reade arrives with Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and their two pretty daughters. They have just returned from India. They do not know England, and would like to stay here. O'Méara, Poppleton and I accompany the mother as far as "The Briars", and I return to Hut's Gate with the Admiral and his wife. Later, in the reception-room, the Emperor plays chess with Bertrand, and is very cordial to me. I speak

to him about the Misses Churchill. "We'll get you married," says the Emperor. "I don't anticipate staying here for more than three years. I shall die rather. You will marry a French or English woman."

April 2nd.

I go to meet the Churchill family. The younger girl, Amélie, is charming. She tells me she would very much like to be received by His Majesty, and that she would be very grateful if I would procure for her a specimen of his handwriting. I promise to do what I can. The Emperor summons me into the garden, and I tell him about my walk. He authorizes me to give a specimen of his writing to the ladies, but declines to grant an interview. When I ask for the writing, His Majesty hedges and then refuses! I then suggest that we play chess for the following stakes: if the Emperor loses, he is to grant an audience to the ladies, and a specimen of his writing. The Emperor agrees, but demands that I stake four pigeons, all shot by myself. I double his stake to eight. I win three games in succession. It is all over. Then the Emperor declares that I must win five games off the reel. I play again, and win the next two. At this point, dinner is announced, so His Majesty gets up, gives me permission to go to town, but forbids me to write to say he will receive the ladies. He says it will influence public opinion favourably in England, when it is known that he refuses to see visitors. It creates a sombre effect. He is extremely affable, assuring me I am very fortunate in having illusions. "We will get you married, all right," he says. I accompany the Grand Marshal home, and he promises me a few words written by the Emperor, in case I cannot find any in my own rooms.

April 3rd.

The Grand Marshal gives me two words written by the Emperor: "Français; disaient." I cut off two more from a paper I find in my room: "Combattre; Lyons." At 8 o'clock, I ask Poppleton to accompany me to town, but the Montholons had booked him the evening before. I express my astonishment at this to Bertrand, who says: "The

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Emperor saw them yesterday, and told them to go to town, to try to establish relations with Madame Stürmer."

GOURGAUD : "Madame Montholon, who pleases nobody, will make an excellent ambassador !"

BERTRAND : "Madame Montholon's one ambition is to be pleasant to the Emperor, who esteems only those from whom he receives service. At any rate, if they can bring about our release from here, it will be a very good thing."

The Emperor is like that !

In town, I visit the Misses Churchill, who are shortly going on board ship. Miss Amélie asks me whether I have brought what she wanted. I open my portfolio, and hand her the papers. Hudson Lowe, with Mrs. Churchill on his arm, turns round and salutes me. I wish these charming people a cordial good-bye. At Porteous', I meet M. de Montchenu,¹ who is very polite to me, but speaks against those Frenchmen who, after serving Louis XVIII, threw in their lot with Napoleon.

GOURGAUD : "I am in this category."

MONTCHENU : "Ah ! I thought you went to Elba."

GOURGAUD : "No, my old mother forbade it. I remained with the Emperor until his departure, then I was placed on half-pay, and M. le Duc de Berry found me employment. You are speaking, Monsieur, to a chevalier of St. Louis. Whatever devotion I might have had for the Emperor, nothing would have made me fail in my duty to the King, and in my gratitude towards M. le Duc de Berry. This is proved by the fact that Lallemand, who was my friend, thought I was too attached to the latter Prince for him to confide his conspiracy to me. After the King's departure, his household was disbanded, and I allied myself to the leader of the French, for the Court was threatened with invasion. I would have always remained faithful to the King, had he stayed with the army, but I thought he was abandoning us. On April 3rd, 1815, I was appointed Chief Ordnance Officer of the Emperor, and that's why I am here."

¹The French Commissioner was born in 1757 and died in 1831. He was a pompous and rather ridiculous person. Napoleon once described him as "an old booby". See "La Captivité de Ste. Hélène, d'après les Rapports inédits du Marquis de Montchenu", by Firmin-Didot, Paris, 1894.

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M. de Montchenu proves himself to be a good and loyal soldier. He hopes to see me again on Monday, at the races.

April 5th.

Still ill. O'Méara gives me some medicine. I am sick. O'Méara diagnoses my illness, and by means of an operation, endeavours to check the trouble. But in vain. He causes me great suffering. However, in the course of the day, I get better. Montholon pays me a call, and also Bertrand. The latter doesn't know whether his wife will be going to the races. The favourable weather should entice a great crowd there. Lady Lowe proposes to come and fetch Madame Bertrand. I do not dine, but in the evening I feel much better. Later on, the Emperor sends for news of me.

April 7th.

I had a good night, although I am still very weak. The doctor recommends me to go to the races. Bertrand tells me that his wife will not be going. Montholon had wanted to go with his wife, too, but it seems His Majesty objected. However, Madame Montholon decks herself out to receive Lady Lowe. The Emperor sends for me. He is in the billiard-room, with Montholon. "If you want to go to the races," he says, "go, by all means. The distraction will do you good."

I am not well enough to go, just for the mere pleasure of it, but the Emperor insists ; so I mount my horse and set off. At the races, Lady Lowe, Stürmer,¹ and the other Commissioners, are together in a tent. I meet the Bingham, and Wygniard. Mrs. Wygniard hasn't come, because her carriage broke down. It appears that, immediately it was known at Longwood that Madame Bertrand would not be coming to the races, Lady Lowe set out with Mr. Wygniard to fetch her. I salute the Governor. I tell him that, but for my illness, I would have been at Plantation House, to pay my respects to My Lady. My horse is afraid of the music, and is troublesome. Lady Lowe comes down from the Stand with the

¹ Baron Barthélémy de Stürmer, the Austrian Commissioner (1787-1853). He left St. Helena in July, 1818. Lowe was suspicious that he had been "influenced" by Napoleon.

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Admiral and Count Balmain.¹ The latter asks to be introduced to me. Lady Lowe is very charming, and talks courteously to me. Then Ferzen invites us all to his house for refreshments. I salute M. and Mme Stürmer. M. de Montchenu speaks highly of me, especially of my devotion to my mother. He says that Lord Bathurst was greatly impressed with this devotion, and spoke very kindly of me. We discuss this sordid island. Tristan (Montholon's son) remarks that he dislikes Louis XVIII. Count Balmain says that he would very much like to meet the Emperor, even unofficially, but he doesn't know whether he will be received or not. He has received written instructions from the Emperor Alexander to treat us with the utmost respect. I understand that the Commissioners may see the Grand Marshal, and that Sir Hudson Lowe will place no obstacles in their way. Nevertheless, his colleagues hesitate. This absurd state of affairs will, however, cease on the arrival of the "Conqueror". It would seem that the Governor prefers these gentlemen not to meet us. Stürmer says, that if we were to meet occasionally, without discussing affairs in Europe, time would pass more pleasantly. His wife extends me a cordial welcome. She is vivacious, lively and pretty. She wishes to know why Madame Bertrand hasn't come, and regrets that she will not be present at the races on Thursday. Lady Lowe is really a charming woman. Montchenu speaks about the amount of leg which one of the ladies in the party is exposing—rather more than is comely. Lady Lowe doesn't possess such pretty legs, otherwise she would certainly show them! My Lady kisses the Montholon and Bertrand children. I sit in the Stand, and discuss the Campaign of 1812 with the Russian Commissioner. He jests about Miss Churchill. Montchenu declares that, in return for what I did for her (securing specimens of the Emperor's handwriting), I could have had any reward I liked. Montchenu doesn't believe, however, that I secured a genuine specimen of the Emperor's handwriting. All the Commissioners are very

¹ Alexandre Antonovitch Comte de Balmain. The Russian Commissioner, the most intelligent of the three commissioners, summed up Gourgaud and Lowe and his Longwood policy very shrewdly (see his official reports). He married Miss Johnson, the elder stepdaughter of Sir Hudson Lowe. He died in 1848.

cordial to me. I assist Madame Stürmer to mount her horse. She says she will be coming to the next race meeting. Every one says : " See you on Thursday, then." *En route*, Stürmer assures me that things would be much more pleasant if we saw one another more often. I answer, that His Majesty's mind is made up—he will never receive the Commissioners. If they employed force, he would defend his door, sword in hand. Stürmer tells me that, when he left England, it was the impression there that the Governor's was a happy meeting-place for every one. It seems we have been badly taken in ! We have helped Hudson Lowe's policy by aiding the Emperor to refuse to see foreigners. We have put sand, instead of oil, into the wheels. I admit that we might have done better, but His Majesty doesn't think it would be advantageous to him. He who has given up a crown rather than yield, scorned, and refused to receive foreigners, because he was only allowed to receive those whom the Governor chose to present. The Emperor would receive all of them, or none. I part company with Stürmer at Hut's Gate, being unable to go further. Stürmer hopes to have good news for the Emperor soon ; none of the Commissioners has received any fresh instructions. Possibly the " Conqueror " will bring some. The Russian almost said, " The Emperor " ! Montchenu, once or twice, said " Buonaparte " ; and then, on two occasions, in front of Lady Lowe, referred to " The Emperor " ! Stürmer not once employed any one of these three denominations. I forgot to mention that, during the conversation, Stürmer asked me this question : " Do you know who is very annoyed, because you have been speaking to us ? " " Hudson Lowe ? " I query. " No," he replies ; " the Admiral ; because, being an Englishman to his finger-tips, he thinks you may have been telling us how the Emperor is being treated. He is afraid you will do harm to his country. He prefers everything English to anything else in the world. In this respect he is intolerable." On my arrival at Longwood, the Emperor asks for me. He is standing at the door of the billiard-room, and I tell him what happened at the races. He doesn't appear greatly concerned on hearing that Madame Bertrand is going on Thursday. Formerly, when Hudson Lowe paid visits to Longwood, to find out whether

his prisoner was there, the Emperor merely let him know that he was still alive, and in doing so, suffered no humiliation. But the moment they decide to dishonour him, he dies. Having escaped from the field of Waterloo alive, His Majesty would be satisfied to die, assassinated by the English, as that would bring disgrace on England. The Emperor isn't at all interested to see the Commissioners, or to establish communication with them. Only the arrival of the "Conqueror" will bring anything certain in the way of news. The Emperor thinks he might have gone to the races with us this morning. He needn't have dismounted. He could have thus shown himself as a Sovereign. At 8 o'clock, dinner. Conversation about horses. The doctor maintains that, if I had asked for the hand of one of the Misses Churchill, I would have been successful. This does not surprise the Emperor. How many things have happened by chance. . . . His Majesty believes that, in England, he would have had many amusing adventures; and he asks me whether, in order to marry Marie or Amélie, or any other girl as rich, I would consent to remain ten years in England. "Yes, certainly," I reply. "I am thirty-four, and the longer I delay my marriage, the less likelihood there is of my marrying at all!" His Majesty married the second time very much later in life. He says, if he were to lose Marie Louise, he would not marry again. "At fifty", says the Emperor, "one can no longer love. Bertrand always loved, but I have a heart of bronze. I have never loved anyone for love's sake, except, perhaps, Josephine—a little. But then I was only twenty-seven when I knew her! I have some affection for Marie Louise. I share the view of Gassion, who once told me that he didn't love life sufficiently to give it to others." Then, turning to the Grand Marshal, the Emperor says: "You are a lover. If your wife were to die, would you take another?" The Emperor has treated me well to-day. Bed at 10.

CHAPTER XVI

“*PARBLEU*, GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE A
WRETCHED LOT!”

April 8th, 1817.

BERTRAND calls on me, and after lunch I go and visit his wife, who is really ill. The Emperor went and saw her yesterday, while we were at the races, and had her windows thrown open : with the result that she has now a cold in the chest ! They had to send for Dr. Livingstone. I tell Madame Bertrand about the races, and remark on the beautiful manners of Lady Lowe, and how sweet and pleasant a face she has. I am really charmed with her. Madame Stürmer is also very pretty.

April 9th.

Boredom. Rain the whole day. His Majesty has chosen Madame Montholon as a sort of Ambassador (for the benefit of Hudson Lowe) and she hopes to wear a gorgeous dress. But I assure her, that anything she may wear will appear as rags, compared with Lady Lowe's magnificent gowns. Madame Montholon is to receive her instructions—the rest of us, I suppose, are nothing but fools ! She is to outshine Baroness Stürmer. Madame Bertrand is piqued. She would like to be able to go to the fête. Bertrand is anxious to please his wife, but she thinks him a fool. In my opinion, he is the dupe of both the Emperor and the Montholons. Bertrand's favourite phrase is—“Water will always find its own level.” At 8.30, His Majesty sends for me. I find him reading, while lying on his couch. He asks me to sit down. It appears that Madame Montholon will be going to the races to-morrow without any ceremonious ostentation. She will be given instructions for dealing with Madame Stürmer. She is to

ask for news of the Empress, and her son. Bertrand is going, and I shall go on horseback. O'Méara has informed Bertrand, that Reade was furious at my having spoken to the Commissioners. He thinks they are at fault, seeing that they had given him their word of honour not to speak to any Frenchmen. The Governor has said nothing to the doctor. I maintain that I have violated no restrictions. Moreover, I exchanged no confidences with the Commissioners. It was Sir Hudson Lowe himself who brought me into touch with them. I certainly did not introduce myself on my own initiative.

April 10th.

Although the weather is bad, the races are to take place. There isn't a single lady there. For a long time I discuss warfare with Major Emmet.¹ The Russian is the only Commissioner present. He is in mufti, salutes me, and informs me that Montchenu is indisposed. All eyes are fixed on us, but it is useless ; I have nothing to say. Half an hour later, Sir Hudson Lowe arrives. He is very friendly, discusses the races, and also Madame Bertrand's health. The Russian says, in the Governor's presence, that he isn't allowed to go nearer to Longwood than the first barrier. This evening, there is to be a dinner at the Governor's, at which the Commissioners will be present. I return quietly to Longwood. At 7.30, the Emperor sends for me in the reception-room, where we read "Strabon". He is very affable ; but I am in rather a bad humour. He makes me play three games of chess. At dinner, he says he will get me tipsy, for I am as dull as ditch water.

April 11th.

At 8 a.m., the Emperor sends for me in the billiard-room. He is still in his night attire, and wants to know all I heard yesterday. The Emperor is so weary, so dispirited and sad, that his mind is incapable of work. He cannot go out ; he is in prison. In the United States, it would have been very different. He would have had plenty of books to read and

¹ C.O. of the Engineers at St. Helena. See "Extracts from Emmet's Diary", "The Century Magazine", January, 1912.

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Frenchmen with whom he could associate, but here, he has nothing. At the same time, it would be very useful to write up certain things—for instance, scarcely anything has been written about Louis XIV.

“Louis XIV”, says the Emperor, “was the greatest Sovereign our country has ever possessed.”

April 12th.

I am busy collecting material on the Russian Campaign. The Emperor is very well disposed towards me. “Gourgaud, mon cher Gourgaud.”

April 13th.

Madame Bertrand is progressing favourably. I find Admiral Malcolm and his wife ¹ with her. They apologize for not being able to stay longer because, having missed Mass this morning, they are anxious to attend it this evening. Later, the Emperor sends for me. He is naked. He dictates notes, dresses, and passes into the reception-room. Four vessels bound for China sail to-morrow. Possibly through fear lest some one should escape, the Governor redoubles the sentries.

“Las Cases”, observes the Emperor, “has said at the Cape that the Governor need not take such steps, because there are so many people anxious to effect my escape from here that the Governor couldn’t possibly prevent it. Las Cases speaks badly of the English. He must have said that there were countless people interested in my position here.”

During dinner the Emperor addresses me: “Isn’t it true, Gourgaud, that there is happiness in being egoistic and hard-hearted? If you were hard-hearted, you wouldn’t worry about your mother and your sister.”

“Ah, Sire,” I reply, “I prefer to suffer, and to have an affectionate disposition.”

April 14th.

After dinner, His Majesty says he will not receive the Ambassador from China. Why? I ask Bertrand’s advice as to

¹ Napoleon liked her and she and her husband had many intimate conversations with the Emperor. Lowe did not approve. See Lady Malcolm’s “A Diary of St. Helena” for a report of these conversations with Napoleon.

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whether I might visit Lady Lowe, or not. He remarks that the Emperor has already said "Yes", once, and that if I ask him again, he will probably say "No".

April 16th.

Madame Bertrand expects to spend a few days at Plantation House, with Lady Lowe. She is bored to distraction, and cannot understand her husband, who could stay here ten years without being bored.

April 19th.

This morning I saw Madame Bertrand. She believes the Governor will soon be superseded. Madame Bertrand says that her son will certainly become Grand Marshal, if the King of Rome happens to reign.

April 20th.

Sadness. Boredom. Nothing of interest to record.

April 21st.

Wanting very much to visit Lady Lowe, I ask Bertrand whether the Emperor would be displeased if I went. He replies, that I might go without permission, for it would be refused if I asked. His Majesty sends for me to play chess, and treats me with such kindness that I am absolutely amazed.

April 22nd.

The Governor pays a visit to Madame Bertrand. He only remains a short time, and says hardly anything. He seems preoccupied, and constrained. He also pays a visit to the Montholons. We pass into the reception-room, and discuss old age. Madame Montholon maintains that we are ageing considerably here; yet she thinks that there are many men at forty-eight who are still very young. "Yes," says the Emperor, "but they haven't experienced my grief. Gourgaud, in a dress coat, appears much younger than he really is, but he still has his illusions. He is like Bertrand, who adores his wife and children. I have no illusions. If I were to lose the Empress, I should never marry again."

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His Majesty is bored, begins a game of chess, but abandons it, and says, “Let’s go to bed”, though it isn’t yet 10 o’clock.

April 23rd.

After dinner, in the reception-room, we learn that Balcombe has been waiting to see the Emperor. “I didn’t know about it,” says the Emperor. “Bertrand hadn’t told me.” “Pardon, but I did tell Your Majesty,” replies Bertrand. “*Eh, Parbleu!*” exclaims the Emperor. “Grand Marshal, you lie!” “But I did announce him,” repeats Bertrand. “And you must have heard me, for you replied ‘Ah! Bah! Let him talk to Madame Bertrand.’”

The Emperor is annoyed, and says “Ah, yes”. But Bertrand is hurt by the contradiction; so, also, are the Montholons. There is an ominous silence. His Majesty endeavours to make the Grand Marshal talk, but the latter only mutters a few words. The Emperor loses patience, and gets up, saying —“*Parbleu*, gentlemen, you are a wretched lot!”

He passes into the reception-room, exclaiming “Ah, poor Las Cases! Where is he? At least, he told me amusing stories. But you, you are all like so many funeral mutes.” The Emperor taps Bertrand’s cheek; but Bertrand still preserves his injured air. The Emperor asks me why I am sad, and I reply that it is because I am unwell. He remarks that he himself has intestinal trouble; that this is “a b—— country!”

April 24th.

The Governor is a despicable man. It is to be hoped he will be relieved; provided they send one less despicable! The Montholons deplore poor Hudson Lowe, and say his wife isn’t as good as she is believed to be. I am surprised to hear this, for she appears to me to be so kind and gentle. Hudson Lowe wished to pay two visits a week to Longwood but, knowing this, the Emperor informed him that he was determined to defend his privacy, sword in hand. Having escaped from Waterloo alive, he considered it an honourable thing to die here, assassinated by the English. Balmain thinks the Emperor would have been better off if he had surrendered either in Russia, or in Austria; for this island is a horrible place.

April 27th.

The Emperor plays chess, and calls me "Gorgo, Gorgotto". Hudson Lowe is a worthless, wicked, wily man. In my opinion, I think His Majesty has him well in his clutches, and that it is better he should stay, than that we should have a new Governor. I speak of English history, of the great similarity existing between the reigns of Charles 1st and Cromwell, and the French Revolution. The Emperor promises to read this history again. He asks if the Protector had great talent. Wasn't he a bully? He had one excellent quality—dissimulation: but also, great political talent. He saw, and judged things, to perfection. There is no deed in his whole life in which he can be accused of exercising bad judgment. The Emperor thinks he was an extraordinary man.

April 28th.

Passing Alarm House, near the gun, I see Gors¹ and the Russian Commissioner returning from town. As soon as they see me, they turn their horses about; then, on second thoughts, they continue their journey. I let them pass, and I come up behind them. The Russian looks back from time to time, and at last waits for me. He asks me not to be surprised because he turned his horse away when he saw me, for, on the last occasion when he chanced to meet me, Hudson Lowe was very annoyed about it. The following day, the Admiral had visited him, to inquire why he had had conversation with me. Balmain had replied, that it was a chance meeting, and that he was delighted to have seen something of Longwood, and to have had the opportunity of finding out whether it was our intention to receive the Commissioners. He would certainly have himself presented, as soon as regulations permitted. The Admiral did not forbid him to see me, but begged him to wait until the vessel, the "Conqueror",² arrived. The Russian Commissioner added: "The Admiral is jealous, because others besides himself have communications

¹ Montchenu's secretary.

² With the necessary instructions regarding a possible meeting between the inmates at Longwood and the Commissioners.

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with Longwood. He is afraid lest we should receive an account of Waterloo differing from the one he reported to us as having heard at Longwood.” I assure Balmain that both our meetings were chance ones. I should be very annoyed if these meetings had compromised him, and so I urge him to leave me. He is piqued, and says that he receives orders neither from the Governor nor from the Admiral. He says it is sheer goodness on his part that made him promise the Admiral to avoid me. Finally, he assures me that both he and Gors will be very pleased when the “Conqueror” brings the necessary permits for them to visit us. The society of the English is boring to the Commissioners. There is a wall of brass between their manner of living and ours. I accompany Balmain to Bingham, who is just returning from an audience with the Emperor. Later, His Majesty sends for me. He is with Bertrand, and greets me: “Ah, Gorgo, Gorgotto.” But he seems preoccupied. The talk is about France. On the death of the King, there will be great changes. I hear there is much illness in the camp. Several soldiers have died. If only Hudson Lowe would die!

April 29th.

The doctor and Poppleton come and talk at my window. O'Méara, who went to town to the Admiral's yesterday, met the Russian, who talked about our meeting; adding that he wouldn't be able to see me again. “*Ma foi!*” I cry. “If he were not out to run across some one from Longwood, why was he on the Alarm House—Hut's Gate road?—a very unpleasant road for riding. Did he want to meet some one other than me? There is something savouring of intrigue here!” “It will all come out in time,” observes O'Méara.

His Majesty sends for me. He is in a bad humour, although he treats me well.

April 30th.

Archambault is annoyed, because he thinks he is underpaid. I persuade the Grand Marshal to dine with the Emperor because, Montholon being ill, there are only three persons at table.

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May 1st.

I am in a bad temper. It is raining. The Emperor sends for me, treats me kindly, pinches my ear, and says he is anxious to resume work.

May 2nd.

While out walking, I meet Balmain and Gors. I pass close to them, but make it clear I am avoiding them, so as not to cause them embarrassment.

"*Eh bien*, General. How are you?" says Balmain.

I return to the Emperor, and tell him about this meeting. "What's the time?" he inquires. "Ten o'clock, Sir." "Let's go to bed, then."

May 3rd.

I go out riding, and meet Bingham, coming from Hut's Gate. He avoids me. Miss Mason gives me a bouquet. Returning to Longwood, I read until 8 o'clock, when I am informed that dinner is served. His Majesty is at table, with Bertrand and Madame Montholon. The latter declares she will place me under arrest, because I am late for dinner! The conversation turns on the Admiral's visit.

"He wanted to speak to me about Hudson Lowe," says the Emperor, "and to bring about a reconciliation. I replied that Lowe was a Sicilian, grafted on to a Prussian. He had been chosen for the express purpose of giving me a slow death. It would be more generous of them to kill me outright. Governments employ two types of men for a position like Lowe's—(a) men of honour, and (b) miserable wretches, capable of anything.

"In the eyes of the world, I affect an appearance of calmness, and even gaiety, because I think it is absurd to seek to inspire pity. I said to the Admiral: 'I feel constrained to tell you, dear Admiral, once and for all, what I think. The chief fault rests with you, Malcolm. Having no responsibility now, but having been the first Governor of the Colony, you should have restrained Hudson Lowe, and given him to understand that it was not the British Government's intention that he should behave as he is behaving. But with you English people, if a man is not a fellow-countryman of yours,

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he is nothing more than a dog—a dog denied all help and esteem. You only think of what you can make out of us. Don't you think it is insolence on the Governor's part, always to be sending his staff officers here? That's why I prefer to remain in my room. And the meat supply—it is only fit for slaves. Good meat, it appears, is too dear. *Parbleu!* This must be the first time a man has been forcibly detained and allowed to starve! It is just by chance that you are discussing these things with me, but I charge you to repeat my words to the Prince Regent. And when I see Lady Malcolm, I shall beg her to say the same thing to the little Princess.¹ All I ask of the Governor, is that he will leave me alone, and not send his officers here. That rascal of a Reade had the insolence to say that we might walk on the main roads, but that we weren't to deviate to the right or to the left! For my part, I recognize no other law than that of force, and I will never consent to any conditions of this sort. Why, there was a botanist here once, who had seen my wife and child, and yet he was forbidden to bring me news of them! I will only receive the Commissioners as unofficial foreigners. If Hudson Lowe were to ask to see me, I would refuse. I do not like Admiral Cockburn, but if he had put in a request, through the Grand Marshal, I would have granted him an audience.’”

“Malcolm claimed”, continues the Emperor, “that Hudson Lowe would be delighted to present to me the man from China. He seems to attach great importance to this presentation, as the Ambassador is an important personage; but I replied that I didn't wish to see anyone. The poor Admiral was completely upset, particularly as I asked him to repeat all this to the Governor.”

GOURGAUD: “Yes, Sire, but they will start a rumour that, if Your Majesty receives no one, it is because you are melancholy and resigned.”

NAPOLEON: “Ah! no. This Ambassador has his suite with him, and they will make him realize the truth. He will soon see that I don't wish to receive him because I am exasperated with the Governor. The Admiral will have repeated to the Ambassador what I told him—that Hudson Lowe had

¹ Princess Charlotte.

no other instructions than that of preventing my escape from here.

"I would have issued the same instructions myself, but I would have removed a Governor who caused needless irritation to my prisoner. Finally, the English Government cannot write from London saying they give me the freedom of the whole island. It is the duty of the English Government to consider to what extent they can grant my requests here. I shall consent to a reconciliation with Hudson Lowe only when he becomes a reasonable man, and behaves as such."

May 4th.

It appears that the Admiral had visited Madame Bertrand before having an audience with His Majesty. He told her that, possibly, the "Conqueror" would bring an order for us to leave—that is :—Bertrand, Montholon and I ; but especially the Bertrands. Madame Bertrand repeated this conversation to the Emperor. There is a rumour that there are to be reductions in expenses. The Admiral did all he could to induce Madame Bertrand to dine at Lady Lowe's, when the Ambassador was there. I mount my horse, and meet Dickson and Jackson.¹ My horse falls on me, and I all but tumble into the Devil's Punch Bowl. My arm is slightly crushed. A soldier stops my horse, and attempts to mount it ; but the animal bolts, and throws him. I give the soldier Frs. 20. The Emperor has seen a gentleman of loutish appearance, accompanied by a servant, walking with Poppleton. He requests me to find out who he is. It is Baron Stürmer !

May 5th.

Poppleton is still ill. He has been requested to see the Governor in town. O'Méara goes every day to Plantation House. The Emperor says that a pamphlet states he has had a secret illness. This is false. The Emperor sends for me in the reception-room. He is playing chess with Bertrand, and is discussing the Governor. "He's a rogue," he says. Bertrand slips out, to go and dine at home, because his wife is so bored

¹ Basil Jackson (1795–1889). Lieutenant in the Staff Corps. For his account of Napoleon see his "Reminiscences of a Staff Officer". Jackson knew Gourgaud very well.

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when alone. His Majesty sends some one in pursuit, but the reply is : ‘‘ The Grand Marshal has a bad headache ’’ ! The Emperor treats me well, and makes me sample his wine. The conversation turns on love affairs and women, and continues until 11 o'clock.

May 6th.

According to Madame Bertrand, the Emperor will not live two years here. If he wakes up during the night, he can never go off to sleep again, but turns over in his mind all his mistakes, and compares his present position with the past. Yes, the Emperor is very unhappy. Later on, he sends for me. I thought it was to dictate notes. No, it is for some calculations on fire pumps, and the Nile. He asks me at what period I think he was happiest. I reply : ‘‘ At the time of your marriage, Sire. ’’ Madame Montholon says : ‘‘ When you were Premier Consul ’’ ; while Bertrand replies : ‘‘ At the time of the birth of the King of Rome. ’’

‘‘ Yes, ’’ says His Majesty, ‘‘ I was happy as Premier Consul, also at my marriage, and at the birth of the King of Rome ; but on those occasions, I was not quite sufficiently balanced. Perhaps it was at Tilsit. I had just experienced vicissitudes and cares at Eylau, but amid all, I was victorious, dictating laws, etc., and Emperors and Kings were paying me court. Perhaps, too, I was most happy after my welcome in Italy. What enthusiasm ! What cries of ‘ Long live the Liberator of Italy ! ’ At twenty-five years of age ! From that time, I foresaw what I could become. I saw the world floating under me, as if I were borne on air. ’’ His Majesty sings an Italian air.

May 7th.

Madame Bertrand declares that the Emperor is very sad, is suffering from insomnia, and is consumed with grief. Bertrand takes me out for a stroll, and I confess to him that my tailor is pressing me for money. I beg him to pay me what he owes me. I don't know how the Montholons manage. They spend large sums, yet they always seem to have money, whereas I am always penniless. The Grand Marshal promises to ask the Emperor for some money for me.

CHAPTER XVII

NAPOLEON CRITICIZES LORD BATHURST'S SPEECH

May 8th, 1817.

BERTRAND visits me and assures me that he is the most unhappy of us all. I think, however, that I am the most unhappy. I would readily change my lot for his.

BERTRAND : " But you can go just when you wish."

GOURGAUD : " Where can I go? I have no estate, no reputation, no fortune. You, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that you will be well spoken of; you have your family; and your fortune is made."

BERTRAND : " Don't forget that whenever His Majesty wakes, he thinks that he is the cause of all the misfortunes that have befallen France, which had never since Henry II's time suffered the humiliation of seeing the enemy in Paris. What miseries France now suffers—And all brought about by him. . . . Moscow, Dresden, Chatillon—he cannot go away, as you or I can."

GOURGAUD : " Certainly His Majesty has made many mistakes, but he has also achieved great things. In short, you would willingly change places with him."

The Grand Marshal doesn't know what to reply.

I continue : " It is unfortunate that the Emperor wasn't killed at Waterloo. It would have been a glorious finish to his life, whereas, to die of old age at St. Helena is to perish ignobly."

BERTRAND : " And yet, one doesn't know what is going to happen. Louis XVIII is on the throne again, after twenty-five years in exile. To-day, all Europe is in a state of ferment."

GOURGAUD : " France would always have been invaded,

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humiliated and subjugated. It would only be by some unforeseen event if His Majesty were restored to the throne ; it would not be through his own genius. Consequently, history would always reproach him with what he has done."

BERTRAND : "The Institutions he created all speak for the Emperor."

GOURGAUD : "Ah ! M. le Maréchal, it could never be said that the Emperor came here with a view to obtaining his restoration."

Bertrand leaves me, much piqued by the conversation.

May 9th.

His Majesty treats me very kindly, and advises me to go for a walk in the town. I object, on the ground that I am forced to spend too much money there. I return to the reception-room, where the Emperor, who is playing chess, assures me that he is going to write a book with me. He remarks at table that children are always ungrateful to their parents. This makes me weep, as it reminds me of my position.

May 10th.

My tailor comes for his money. I write to Bertrand, asking him to pay me what he owes me. The Emperor sends for me, pinches me, dresses, calls me a big baby, and asks me to fetch the MSS. of Waterloo and the Russian Campaign. Later, Marchand hands me over a bag containing Frs. 165 from the Emperor. I write to my mother. The Emperor reads "Paul et Virginie", and thinks Virginie's letter to her mother stupid. But the story touches the Emperor. I weep ; so does Madame Montholon, who says that, in our position here, reading such stories stirs one's mind too much ; her digestion is greatly impaired.

May 12th.

Madame Bertrand tells me that for several days now I have been sadder than usual. I reply : "I thought the Grand Marshal was bound to me in friendship, but I discover, to my great regret, that he shows me just what he shows every one else—indifference." She assures me that I am absolutely

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wrong. Poppleton, returning from Jamestown, thinks that the Governor will not visit Longwood again, but that he will make him, Poppleton, attend the Council every Monday morning. I go to the Emperor's room. He has been in his bath for four hours. He pinches me, is very affable, and plays seven or eight games of chess with me. Madame Montholon arrives. She has quarrelled with her husband over their little daughter. She weeps, and accuses him of being a hangman. His Majesty jests. Dinner. We read "*Nouvelle Héloïse*". "Let us see the letter about the suicide," says the Emperor, who then remarks: "It is cowardice to commit suicide."

GOURGAUD: "Religion forbids it, but apart from this, there are two pains—the one physical, and the other, moral. I find it easy to believe that a man suffering from an incurable illness might commit suicide."

The Emperor repeats that it is cowardice.

"Yes," I remark, "but only in the case of a man who has friends, or a family to maintain. In a word, it is cowardly for a man who can still be useful, but I find in other cases, when a man suffers, he is justified in destroying himself."

According to His Majesty, a man must not be swayed by the desire of the moment. He might repent of what he has already done. Men who have succeeded only in administering self-inflicted wounds have often later thought that moment absurd in which they made the attempt on themselves.

May 13th.

I discuss our situation here with Bertrand. I say it is an injustice on the part of the Emperor not to grant me a fixed salary, commensurate with the one I had in Paris. If the Emperor paid no salaries here, I would not feel the injustice; but to lavish money on the Montholons, who are very wealthy, and to pay me nothing, (except what I have forced on me by way of charity), is humiliating. I have been here two years. I have suffered many privations, and I am in debt. What a future! His Majesty declares that I have no confidence in him—that's true. Until I came to St. Helena I was so completely devoted to him, that I refused to believe what Drouot and others said of him. But now, I realize how right they were. I have sacrificed everything to follow the Emperor. It was

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not my own interests which prompted me to accompany him, for I believed that we should be much worse off than we are. We cannot even say we are suffering. We are vegetating—that's all. Ah! this existence is intolerable. I hate to beg, yet here I am only given alms, which I am forced to accept. In Paris, at least, I had friends. Bertrand replies that the Emperor has always been like that; and adds that he himself is without money. He begs me to lend him another £7 or £8. During the day his wife receives a visit from Lady Mounet, whose husband is a Colonel in India. I see her. She was in Paris in 1815. She is dressed in the French fashion, and speaks French very well. She gives Madame Bertrand some artificial flowers, strolls in the garden, and passes beneath the Emperor's windows. The Emperor, who is talking in the billiard-room, looks at her through his glasses, but refuses to receive her. If she were going to stay here for some time, it would be all right, but to see her only once is really not worth the trouble.

May 14th.

The Emperor is sad. At 6 o'clock, he abandons his chess, passes into the billiard-room, and discusses dancing. Before his second marriage, the Queen of Naples, Pauline, and Hortense all tried to teach him the waltz, so that he might dance with the Empress, but he could never master it. His Majesty tries a few quadrille steps, but he no longer has the legs for this sort of thing. He leans on me after attempting a few steps. The Emperor treats me as a youth, although I shall soon be thirty-four. "I am only fourteen years older than you," remarks the Emperor. "Differences in ages", he adds, "are big when one is young, but the difference diminishes the older one gets."

We dine. His Majesty doesn't like duelling with pistols—it's English! Duels with swords, he says, are all right. "I like to see blood drawn. It maintains politeness."

GOURGAUD: "I find, Sire, that a duel is no joke. One must avoid quarrels. But if the Seconds have done all they can to prevent the fight, once the duel is begun, it must be fought to a finish. To fight for nothing is childish."

The Emperor then talks of horsemanship. He says he

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never had any fear on horseback, because he had never learned the meaning of fear. "I had some good horses," he says. "Mourad Bey was the best and the finest of all. I had an excellent horse with the Italian army. When invalided out, I sent him to St. Cloud, where he grazed at liberty. Did you know him, Archambault?"

"No, Sire," replies Archambault.

The Emperor talks about his mother. "Madame has had thirteen children", he says, "and I am the thirteenth. On the 15th August, 1769, she was returning from church, when she was seized with birth pains. She only just had time to get home and drop me on the rug. My father died in 1785. Had he lived, my mother was capable of bearing twenty children. She was a superior woman, was Madame—a woman of resource!"

May 15th.

After dinner, His Majesty declares that our stay at St. Helena will make us all very learned, which remark provokes a unanimous "No!" Boredom. Bed at 10.

May 18th.

Madame Bertrand thinks the Emperor isn't so sad as he was at the beginning of his captivity. He is getting used to it. At 8 o'clock, we are in the reception-room. His Majesty reads "Mahomet", and speaks with volubility, but Montholon and I say very little. At 10 o'clock, His Majesty cries: "Oh, let's go to bed!" I remark to Bertrand that I cannot see that Mahomet did much for humanity. The Grand Marshal is shocked. The Emperor wants to know what happened in Arabia before the arrival of Mahomet. He supposes they had civil wars, etc.

May 20th.

The Emperor assures me that all will come right in the end. "You will marry a French woman," he says, "or an Italian, or an English lady. But I, although I have still many years to live, am dead. What a position!"

GOURGAUD: "Yes, Sire, it is horrible. It would have been better to die before coming here; but having come here, we

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must have courage to bear the situation. It would be an ignominious end to die at St. Helena."

May 21st.

A ship arrives from the Cape with the mail. Hudson Lowe writes to tell us there are no letters for us. Sadness. We receive the Gazettes. The Emperor reads them, and approves of Montholon's letter. He says it will do no harm. Bertrand thinks the same; who could say anything good about this island? According to the Montholons, there is a rumour prevalent in town that we are to be transferred to Botany Bay.

May 22nd.

Great boredom. All Longwood seems depressed. We tremble at the thought of Botany Bay.

May 23rd.

The 53rd Regiment is being reviewed by the Governor. We go to the Bertrands'. His wife isn't yet dressed. The Emperor jests about this. We go upstairs, where His Majesty watches the review through his glasses. "You ought to go there, Gourgaud," he says. "It would distract you."

Bertrand shows me a richly-bound book—a relic of old days of greatness. His Majesty sighs, hums and, with difficulty, goes downstairs again. "Gourgaud," he says, "I can go no further." He leans on me and, after a walk in the garden, returns with Bertrand. Two boats pass in sight of the island. The Emperor watches them through his glasses. According to Montholon, the Governor was in a bad humour, but Bertrand thought the contrary, as Lowe gave a bouquet to Hortense. Lowe's aide-de-camp declared that Lady Lowe was very pleased because Madame Bertrand had been to see her. It appears that Las Cases is no longer living with the Governor of Cape Colony, but has been removed to a private house, where he is subject to no restrictions.

May 24th.

The Emperor asks for me at 1 o'clock, and scolds me for not having finished the article on Waterloo. He dresses, and says that he is feeling better. To cure his indisposition, it is

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sufficient for him either to starve, or to drink an extra amount of wine. He then perspires, and the trick is done. He invites me to breakfast, and tells me that in Egypt, Junot introduced him to the wife of an officer of the Chasseurs. His Majesty added that he liked this woman, Madame Legrande, very much indeed, but as he had too much respect for the husband, he left it at that. . . . The doctor brings new Gazettes. His Majesty says : "There will be another opportunity soon, for they are going to remove O'Méara." Seeing my surprise, he repeats : "Yes, they will clear him out." During the day, the Emperor calls on the Montholons, sends for me, and upbraids me for my sadness. He finds me sullen, and urges me to do as he does when he cannot sleep—that is, to read. I reply that I would if I had some candles, but I have none. The Emperor asks for some, and shortly afterwards, they are brought to me.

May 25th.

His Majesty sends for me. He is sad ; he is painful to behold. He asks me if I still have the hump, and requests me to play chess with him until dinner-time. He instructs me to draft a short letter on the question of the money to be sent to my mother.

May 26th.

Montholon comes to my room after lunch, with the air of one seeking a reconciliation. He admits that I am the most unfortunate of us all. I tell him of the pain the Emperor's attitude is causing me. "You cannot imagine how well the Emperor used to treat me", I say, "when I was useful to him. Consequently, the first opportunity I have, I shall be off. I am still young, and I shall take over my estate again, and maintain my mother. If I delay much longer, I shall be too old."

Montholon assures me that I am wrong to get excited. He is sure the "Conqueror" will bring us good news. Well, I do not expect any.

May 27th.

Some boats arrive from England. There are no letters for

Longwood, only three Gazettes and a copy of a pamphlet¹ by Santini. Without dressing, Bertrand hurries to the Emperor with it. Shortly afterwards, the Emperor sends it to the Montholons, whom I am visiting at the time. Madame exclaims: "Ah, these Corsicans! They are intriguers." Every one is ill at ease over Montholon's letter. As a matter of fact, it is absurd to publish details about chickens and food, etc. Such details are vile. Gentili² brings me a copy of the "Morning Chronicle", containing a report of the Parliamentary Debate on Montholon's letter. I eat nothing, being unwell, and retire to bed. Bertrand comes to my room. "Ah, Gourgaud," he says; "you have seen the Debate in Parliament? Montholon's letter has been printed." I do not share Bertrand's opinion. It seems to me a very distasteful discussion, and it is obvious that we are to stay at St. Helena.

May 28th.

Bertrand visits me in the morning, and assures me that he has no money. His laundry costs him Frs. 25 a month. Later, the Emperor sends for me, and says I am very fortunate, and that I am worrying about nothing. "Your Majesty does not do me justice," I reply. "Of what does my life consist? Riding about on a horse, and going to the camp for news." Then I discuss Montholon's letter. "Sire," I say, "we shall all be taken for drunkards."

"But that's good," says the Emperor. "Whatever they say will have a good effect in Europe."

The Emperor passes with me into the billiard-room, pinches my ear, and treats me with favour. He says: "This Santini is doing marvellously well. Yet he needn't have spoken so much about victuals. It tends to make one lose confidence in his words."

GOURGAUD: "But this pamphlet he has written was really written here by Las Cases. Las Cases spoke to me about it, adding that the copy would serve as a preface to Montholon's letter."

¹Santini was supposed to have written "An Appeal to the British Nation", but it was really the work of a certain Colonel Maceroni.

²A footman at Longwood.

LORD BATHURST'S SPEECH

His Majesty says nothing in reply to this, but sends for the Grand Marshal, talks with him about Lord Bathurst's speech in the House of Parliament, and remarks that the article in "The Times" is better written than the others. He thinks Lord Holland's speech has been mutilated. Cipriani, who has been to town, reports that some naval captains just arrived there, have seen Piontkowski, who, it appears, keeps a carriage, and pays for everything with napoleons. Where does he get all this money from? When the Emperor tells me this, I am surprised: "*Ma foi!*" I exclaim, "that does surprise me, for as Montholon knows, Piontkowski left here penniless."

"Possibly", says the Emperor, "some of my friends have given Piontkowski money. It is also possible that the Ministry has paid him to open his mouth."

His Majesty makes me sit down, treats me well, and says that I am the most fortunate man in Longwood House. I have an assured future. I am a child to grieve so. "Ah, Sire," I reply, "if you consider my position, you will see that the present is, perhaps, better for me than the future. If I had a wife and children, I would be able to think that, after my death, they would be happy. This would be a comforting thought to me, but having no one, Your Majesty cannot imagine what I suffer."

NAPOLEON: "Bah! But I have a child. Even if I hadn't, it would be all the same. If you speak of death, all is finished, for then one has no longer need of anything. History will hardly speak of me. I have been overthrown. If I had maintained my dynasty . . . I repeat, you are very fortunate, the most fortunate of us all. You must give this credit to the Montholons—they do know how to spend their time."

GOURGAUD: "Ah, Sire, if I had a wife and child I, too, would know how to spend mine."

NAPOLEON: "You ought to see the Montholons more often. Go and dine with them."

GOURGAUD: "Sire, everybody here is much too egotistical."

May 29th.

Bertrand tells me he is sure that His Majesty is receiving money from Prince Eugène. "Bah," I reply. "Did he send you money at Elba?"

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BERTRAND : " My wife brought the Emperor letters from Eugène, although she was twice searched."

May 30th.

Archambault is in tears, and complains of being paid less here than in France. He says the wine he is allowed is bad. Old servants are much worse treated than new ones. He regrets he didn't leave, too, with his brother. He is in debt. I tell him to have patience, and that I will speak to the Emperor, Montholon and Bertrand. Shortly afterwards, Montholon returns from the Emperor, and I speak to him about Archambault. Montholon admits that His Majesty is unjust towards me. I have only to be removed by the Governor one day, (as Las Cases was), and I shall find myself a pauper. He speaks to me as if he were urging me to go, although he assures me, at the same time, that he would be very sorry if I left ! He believes that, with my talents as an artillery officer, I should be received everywhere—even the French Government would make me a monetary grant. Montholon says he is of opinion that the Emperor is sad in himself, but wishes to appear in good spirits in public. Bingham invites me to spend a few days with him. It will distract me. I thank him, and ask whether the Governor will give me permission. He promises to speak to Hudson Lowe about the matter, and to let me know. I mention this invitation to the Grand Marshal, who expresses the fear that Bingham's graciousness is nothing else than an attempt to trap me. Bingham issued a similar invitation to the Grand Marshal some time ago. All the same, Bertrand thinks I ought to accept it.

Later. His Majesty, not yet dressed, is lying on his sofa. He begs me to sit down, and asks for news. I tell him of Bingham's advances, and the astonishment the invitation has caused me. " It is, perhaps, because he has read the Parliamentary speeches," says the Emperor. " You had better go."

During the night, the Emperor sleeps first on the big bed, then on the small one, and, finally, abandons both for the sofa.

May 31st.

Madame Bertrand is desolate, and declares she will not stay here any longer. Her nerves are on edge. According to the

LORD BATHURST'S SPEECH

Gazettes, Las Cases' purpose in coming here was merely to collect material for his history of the Emperor. At 8 o'clock, dinner is announced. His Majesty appears in a state of excitement, and salutes Montholon and myself. "Good-day, Gourgaud!" We dine. The Emperor is very agitated, eats quickly, and scolds his footman for serving too many dishes.

"Don't you think the reply to Bathurst a good piece of work? That noble lord is a beast, an ignoramus who doesn't know what he is talking about. He will soon see how I am going to torment him. I'll crush him. The advantage of a good logician over an imbecile will be very apparent."

The Emperor advises me to go to the camp to see the officers, and to listen to what they are saying. "But", I say, "Your Majesty must know all there is to know through Cipriani."

The Emperor is staggered at this remark. "Does Cipriani go to the camp? Have you seen him?" he asks.

I reply that I see him go every day. Moreover, I have no desire to associate with him.

The Emperor dismisses the servants fifteen minutes after sitting down to table. I laugh. The Emperor asks me why. Drawing out my watch, I reply: "Your Majesty has dined very quickly." We pass into the reception-room. The Emperor strides about vivaciously. "Bingham", he says, "has invited you to go and see him. Well—go! It appears they want to speak to you; but be reserved. You may say, if you are approached on the matter, that the Emperor will never go out accompanied by an English officer. When are you going there?"

"After June 4th," I reply.

"Well, then," says the Emperor, "you must take my notes refuting Bathurst's speech and read them to him. You should also go to the Governor. Weren't you anxious to visit his wife? You have never yet been there. Go to-morrow, it is Sunday, and they are at home on Sundays. If these people want to speak to you, you will be able to tell them something."

His Majesty pinches me two or three times, and scolds me for being so sad. "Ah," he says. "The Governor is a regular rascal, a rogue. It is obvious from his letters that he has changed his tune, since he saw in Las Cases' notes that we

resented his treatment. My reply will be much more crushing than Las Cases'. The English must hear of it only through the Gazettes ; that will cause a great stir in Europe. We need attach no name to the reply, but I will write on it 'Approved, Napoleon'."

Madame Montholon remarks that it is amazing that the Governor hasn't instituted fresh restrictions. She thinks some one must have reprimanded him.

NAPOLÉON : "Don't be misled. He hasn't received all his despatches yet. He expects to have them all when the 'Conqueror' arrives. He is our absolute master."

The Emperor reproaches me for not working on Waterloo.

"Ah, Sire," I reply. "It is because I am so weary."

"I will put you under arrest," threatens the Emperor.

I reply that I am already under arrest, and in a cell at that. I couldn't be punished more than I am. Bathurst's speech was full of faults, but, being in a bad humour, I told Bertrand that the speech didn't concern me.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BUST OF NAPOLEON'S SON

June 1st, 1817.

WHEN I receive some letters from home I shall know whether the Emperor's promises are more than vain hopes.¹ After lunch, Bertrand receives some officers from India, while I call on Madame Bertrand. She is in a bad humour, and pretends she no longer loves her children because she doesn't find them pretty any more. Bertrand reads the Gazettes in a sullen voice. The Emperor asks for me. He begs me to sit down, and then reads a chapter from the "*Mémoires du Cardinal Retz*".

June 2nd.

I am sinking lower and lower in His Majesty's estimation. If the changes which have taken place during the last two years are any criterion, I can see what is in store for me and, *ma foi* ! I prefer to suffer with my family, than to suffer here. I tell all this to Bertrand. He runs after me, seizing me by the arm, but all to no purpose. I cry out that now I understand everything ; I have no illusions left. I should have married. . . .

"You will marry later," says Bertrand, "or not at all."

"But without a fortune," I say, "what can I do ? In France they are not fanatical about His Majesty. They will laugh at me for having sacrificed myself thus. Everybody must think of the future. I wish we were all in dungeons. It would at least be more honourable than vegetating as we are now."

¹ This refers to the Emperor's promise to pay Gourgaud's mother a pension.

I return home, with bitterness in my heart. I see O'Méara, and tell him of the extent of my grief. Fortunately, as an honest man, I have done nothing deserving of reproach. The Emperor asks for me.

"When will you have finished the article on Waterloo?" He then says: "Guess who wrote Santini's memoirs?"

"Las Cases," I suggest.

"No," he replies. "Wilson."¹

It appears that the material for the book was obtained from Piontkowski. His Majesty is confident he will break Wilson. Hudson Lowe has also made inquiries in Jamestown, and denies that the shopkeepers were compelled to refuse victuals for Longwood. He has reprimanded the shopkeepers on this account. Yet, according to Montholon, it was Hudson Lowe who restricted the amount of wine sent us. His Majesty asks whether there is a note from Hudson Lowe regarding the ruling that the Emperor shall receive only one bottle of wine per day. Montholon answers "No". The number of bottles for the table at Longwood has been fixed at six. His Majesty scolds Montholon for letting him dictate a note on this matter. It is certainly better not to discuss food. Montholon possesses all the letters which prove that he has brought about the reductions. It is he who showed them to Poppleton and O'Méara, in the hope of confounding Hudson Lowe. His Majesty wishes Cipriani to draft a note, revealing everything that has been done in the matter of victualling. Then His Majesty discusses finance. He knows all the figures of all his budgets, and quickly notices the inclusion of a fresh item. The cook has given birth to a daughter; Esther,² to a son.

June 4th.

The signals announce the arrival of the "Conqueror". His Majesty asks Bertrand to write to the Governor for the copy of the "Morning Chronicle" containing Lord Bathurst's speech.

Later. The signalmen have made a mistake. It isn't the "Conqueror". I discuss mathematics with the Emperor,

¹ They were both wrong: the book was written by Colonel Macaroni.

² Esther Vesey. Marchand's mistress.

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and express certain views ; but the Emperor gets annoyed, and says I have a hostile disposition. I remain silent. His Majesty then begins again to talk about the circle and the square, declares that I am not listening, and asks for the "Arabian Nights".

June 5th.

Montholon brings me £15 sterling. Since I am going to town, I offer my services to the Bertrands, but they require nothing, although the children demand toys. Meanwhile, Montholon has gone for the Emperor's orders. The latter sends me Frs. 1,000. We set out with Tristan, escorted by my servant and Poppleton. Montholon catches us up before we reach Alarm House, and informs us that the Emperor does not wish us to visit Lady Lowe. I think it will be a mistake if we don't. It will be rude. But we must do as the Emperor bids. Madame Montholon shows off during the journey. We call on the Balcombes. Only Montholon goes in to see Balcombe—and a mysterious conversation takes place. We visit all the shops, Madame Montholon giving me her arm. Ferzen and Gorrequer greet us with great politeness. Madame Montholon buys numerous gowns, while I purchase some cloth and some shirts for £20 sterling. We call on the Admiral. Lady Malcolm is very affable to me, but cool with the Montholons. Bingham arrives with his wife, and they persuade me, in the presence of the Montholons, to spend a few days with them. Tristan Montholon wants a gun he has seen in O'Connor's shop, but Poppleton will not allow him to buy it. We meet Montchenu and I ask for news. At 5.30, we leave for home. On the way, Madame Montholon is very cordial towards me, blames the Emperor for not wanting us to visit Lady Lowe, particularly as the Governor sent to ask Poppleton why we hadn't called on him. On arriving at Longwood, the Emperor demands news of us, and wants to know why we didn't call on Lady Lowe ! Who is wrong here ? The Montholons spoke of the welcome we received in town, and the Emperor exclaims : " We are still notable people. In England, the Whigs speak of no one but me. We underestimate our own importance. You did well not to visit Lady Lowe. She is only the wife of a petty officer."

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June 6th.

I give Madame Bertrand a fichu of lace, for which I paid £3 sterling. There is a big luncheon party at her house, and she is annoyed because Madame Montholon has bought so many gowns. The Grand Marshal begs me to go to town again to-morrow, and buy some for his wife. He asks me how much money I can advance him, but says I must say nothing about it to the Montholons. The Emperor sends for me, treats me well, pinches me, and taps my cheeks. I ask permission to go to town to-morrow, but he answers neither "Yes" nor "No", and retires at 10 o'clock.

June 7th.

Poppleton receives a long letter from Hudson Lowe forbidding Josephine, Archambault and myself, to go to Jamestown to-day. It appears that several boats are leaving to-morrow for England. I am amazed that the Governor should be so suspicious. However, eventually I leave for Jamestown with Poppleton and, arriving there, Poppleton finds Bernard¹ at the tailor's. Poppleton never leaves my side. I execute my few commissions, and meet Bingham, whose attitude towards me has changed. He remarks what a fine day it is. I tell him I am hoping to accept his invitation one of these days, but he says nothing in reply. I enter the Post Office with Poppleton, and pick up some of my purchases, after which we return to Longwood. At Bertrand's, I find a man with a beard, and the Commodore of the Chinese fleet. Bertrand tells me that the Emperor will surely want to see "the man with the beard." Half an hour later, the Emperor sends for me. He is not surprised that Hudson Lowe is afraid we might attempt to get our reply to Lord Bathurst's speech taken by one of the departing vessels. His Majesty treats me well, and inquires whether Madame Bertrand is satisfied with the things I bought in town for her. Although in the Grand Marshal's presence, I reply that I will do no more commissions, for I wasn't any too well received when I got back with them. His Majesty laughs, and orders me to go and kiss the lady's hand. I obey, and receive an extraordinary welcome

¹ Bernard Heymann, servant to the Bertrands.

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from Madame Bertrand. Her husband must have warned her !

June 9th.

I am sad, thinking of what the Emperor said to me two days ago, that the rioters in England were speaking of no one but His Majesty, that they had a tricolour, and that they were crying out for the Emperor to lead them in defence of the rights of the people. They might seize several vessels, and come and rescue us, after which, they would go to France and expel the Bourbons. His Majesty believes that it would be quite possible for them to commandeer a few English ships, and come here and rescue us. It is for this reason that Hudson Lowe appears so alarmed, and has redoubled his vigilance. Marchand has obtained permission from the Governor to go to the port to see Esther and her baby, but His Majesty thinks Marchand might not get there. For who can be certain that Esther's father will not thrash Marchand and make him sign a promise of marriage? "It is useless for him to go," says the Emperor. "I will not allow it. In a fortnight, Esther will be well again, and will be able to come and see Marchand. All this tenderness is ridiculous."

I call on the Grand Marshal, and tell him that I am afraid the Governor hasn't such a good opinion of me as he had ; and I am also afraid that my innocent shopping expedition in town has been misinterpreted. The Bertrands are cool towards me. Hudson Lowe has been to Bertrand's with presents from "the man with the beard", and toys for the children from Lady Holland. There is a bust of the King of Rome, brought by one of the store ships. There is some mystery about it.¹

The Emperor sends for me. He treats me with kindness, pinches my cheeks, and passes into the reception-room, where he makes me sit down. He asks me whether I have seen the Grand Marshal.

¹ The "mystery" is that Hudson Lowe retained this bust for over a fortnight before delivering it to the Emperor. At one time there was a possibility that it would be destroyed (not by Lowe), and not delivered at all ; and when Napoleon heard of this, he attacked Hudson Lowe's character more furiously than ever.

"No," I reply. "For some days now I have been rather cool with him. I used to think him a sincere friend, but I realize my mistake. I would have gone through fire for him. Ah, I am serving a hard apprenticeship at Longwood, where the motto is—'Every man for himself'."

His Majesty tries to show me that I am wrong, makes me play chess, sends for the Montholons, and discusses the bust of the King of Rome, which that rascal of a Reade wanted to throw overboard. The Emperor has known for ten days now that the bust had arrived, yet he hasn't mentioned it, so as to be able to include a new grievance in his reply to the Governor. "Now", he says to Montholon, "it will be necessary to make an alteration in what I dictated. We shall say that Reade was disposed to throw the bust into the sea, but the captain of the vessel would not allow it."

June 11th.

At 12.30, the Emperor sends for me. He is dressed, and is waiting for me in the billiard-room. He receives me cordially, and cries: "Take a seat, Cinna." He says Balcombe has just arrived. "Ah, he will certainly bring news. Bertrand does not know how to make people speak. . . . Ah, Gourgaud, Gorgotto! When *he* arrives in Paris in a post-chaise, and when his mother receives him . . . !"

All this, I consider, is in order to find out whether I wish to leave the island.

"In every way", says His Majesty, "it is to your advantage to stay here; but if you feel you haven't the necessary courage, you'd better go." His Majesty utters these words in very serious tones. I shall obey his orders if he wishes me to go. The fact is, I did not come here to be a burden to him, but to be useful, and to share his confidence.

"You caused me pain on account of Las Cases", says the Emperor, "and I maltreated you. But for some time now, I have treated you well. What would you do in France? You were favoured by the princes in 1814, but now, you would only be in request because you accompanied me here. If I judge your character aright, you would be vexed at this, and that would lead you to your death; whereas, if you stay here, you will become famous. Further, I shall not live long, and

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then I can make your fortune—I shall leave you four or five hundred thousand francs, and with that, you will be welcomed everywhere with open arms. While you are here, you must imagine yourself as on duty with your battery. Would you think of running away on the battle-field? Yet, such thoughts as these do fill your head nowadays. You must calm yourself and say—‘I expect to stay here for four or five years, and I shall reconcile myself to it.’ If I were to think of women, in five nights I should be in a state of revolt. That’s why I avoid thinking of them; but you are the slave of your imagination. Supposing you were to stay with me for ever—well, you oughtn’t to complain, no, not even if we were aboard a convict ship. And again, even if you were sure you were going to die at St. Helena within four months, you ought still to remain here.”

I repeat, that my chief reason for complaining is that I consider I have given displeasure, and that the present is frightful. I dare not contemplate the future.

“Bah!” exclaims the Emperor. “A man is always free, and master of himself. *Eh bien!* When all’s said and done, there’s death.”

“Sire,” I reply. “That is what the Grand Marshal told me. When one is dead, one is finished. But I asked him then why he worried so much about his wife, his fortune, and his children. In a hundred years they will all be in the grave.”

NAPOLEON: “It is his wife who worries him. She was just the same at Elba, and at Paris. Bertrand and Drouot had not been at Elba more than a month or so before they wanted to leave. *Eh bien!* How great their grief would have been if they had been in France at the time of my return. It will be the same here, too. If you leave me, I shall probably be in France before you. Then how great your grief will be! If I do not misjudge you, you will no sooner be aboard the ship than you will blow your brains out. This is not the moment to leave me. Within three years, the King of France will die. There will be a crisis, and if the princes succeed the King, France will be tranquil and consolidated. If the Prince of Orléans, or Napoleon II succeeds, you will be well received. Furthermore, everything is now in a state of ferment; and

you must await the crisis with patience. I have still a great many years to live. My career is not yet finished."

His Majesty assures me that he speaks to me as to his son. He has as much friendship for me as is possible, but—he is like that. I repeat, that my chief trouble is the knowledge that I—who know my good qualities and my faults—I, who am absolutely devoted to the Emperor and who would risk my life for him, am treated worse than anyone. "Yes, Sire, I would blow my brains out for you."

NAPOLEON: "It isn't a question of blowing your brains out; I know well enough that death ends everything."

His Majesty finishes his talk with more mildness than he began it, but he doesn't mention what he intends to do about my mother. The Grand Marshal has received some presents and books sent by Lady Holland. When he brings them, Balcombe, who is with him, declares that public opinion in England has turned in favour of His Majesty, although the riots have distracted attention, and have injured the Emperor somewhat. Reade wanted to smash the bust of the King of Rome to pieces, but the captain of the vessel which brought it to St. Helena prevented him. His Majesty asks me to open the case. I do so, and I take the bust of the little Napoleon out of the packing. I return with it to the Emperor. He is alone. He asks me what is the decoration that the sculptor has modelled on the young Napoleon's breast.

"The eagle," I reply.

"But it isn't that of St. Étienne," exclaims the Emperor.

"Ah! no," I reply. "It is the eagle which Your Majesty wears himself."

This pleases the Emperor, and his first thought is to look at the decoration. He thinks the bust of the child very pretty, although he considers the neck is damaged. The child resembles his mother.

"Is it the Empress, or the sculptor, who chose the eagle?" exclaims the Emperor.

We send for the Montholons, and every one thinks the bust of the young prince is charming. The captain of the vessel which brought the bust is going to Batavia, but he has handed over a declaration, to be taken to England, in which he affirms that it had been suggested to him that he

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should smash the bust of the King of Rome. It is reported that Reade has declared that the Allies missed their chance by not killing little Napoleon II. "What a rogue that man is!" cries the Emperor. "I shall mention him in my reply."

Madame Montholon thinks this reply will be the *coup de grâce* of the Governor. "This Reade is capable of getting me assassinated," exclaims the Emperor. Whereupon, our imaginations soar, and the word "poison" is uttered.

"If Reade displaces Poppleton, I shall protest," says the Emperor. "But there is no danger of poison, because Balcombe is responsible for our food supplies. And O'Méara and Poppleton are decent fellows. They are above that sort of thing." The Emperor then eulogizes O'Méara. He believes we can trust him. When Reade arrived at St. Helena, Baxter said to O'Méara: "You trust this man? Then you don't know him." For several days now a dish from the Emperor's kitchen has been sent to O'Méara's and Poppleton's table. The Governor sends for Poppleton, because he fears we have got to hear of the plan to throw the bust into the sea. At 8.30, the Emperor asks for me, and I read him Lord Bathurst's speech.

June 13th.

The Emperor gives instructions that I am to be given two boxes of tea, originally kept for himself. I shall send them to my mother. All Paris will hear of it, and everybody will want to drink some tea from St. Helena. We pass into the dining-room, and the Emperor exclaims: "My son, my Gorgotto is sad." We discuss Montholon's letter. "My reply will overthrow the Governor," says the Emperor.

June 14th.

At four in the morning, the Emperor sends for me, as Montholon is exhausted with too much dictation. The Emperor then dictates his reply to Bathurst, dealing with the restrictions, the Governor's conduct, etc. He repeats so often that Hudson Lowe is a rogue, that I cannot refrain from saying "But, Sire, Your Majesty is addressing me as if you think I am the Governor's friend!"

The Emperor is annoyed. He keeps giving me little taps,

remarking that I am still asleep. He dictates until 8 o'clock. He sends for me again at midday, and gets me to read out the notes he has already dictated. He also begs me to listen to the reply Montholon is going to read, and to give my frank opinion of it. I decline, but on his insisting, I raise a few objections. He retires, and I leave with Montholon. Montholon doesn't think the Emperor can sign this letter, as it contains too many personal remarks and too much detail. It will involve the Emperor in a direct quarrel with Lord Bathurst. His Majesty has already made five or six alterations in the reply. Montholon doesn't think it will be despatched, although the Admiral hopes to be back in London before Parliament is dissolved. A letter from the Emperor to the Prince Regent would certainly be more effective, but one has to be singularly cautious in taking such a step. At dinner, His Majesty finds the bread bad, and therefore eats biscuits. Cipriani, who went to town yesterday, has reported to the Emperor that some officers of the 80th Regiment told him they loved the Emperor as much as the French soldiers do. Reade is alarmed, because Cipriani asked for flour. They sought the best that could be procured in town, and managed to get hold of five barrels.

June 16th.

Some officers of the 80th Regiment visit Madame Bertrand, and assure her that the Emperor will be in Paris soon. They say they hope so ! The Emperor asks Montholon to read the reply to Lord Bathurst. The Emperor begs us to make what criticisms we think necessary, and adds that he will write on the letter "The above observations approved". My only criticism is that I don't think we ought to speak of the wines, and Montholon adds : "Nor the expenses, nor the sale of the silver." But the Emperor snubs him.

June 17th.

I beg Montholon to remind the Emperor to mention my name in this letter. My family would think it extraordinary if it were not there, for, in the past, my name was always mentioned by His Majesty in his Court Bulletins. Montholon says that the Emperor snubbed him yesterday for saying my

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name had been erased. The Emperor is like that. He dictated a letter in reply to Warden's book, in which he stated that Montholon was not his aide-de-camp! Montholon agrees that the Emperor is unjust towards me, and that he ought to guarantee my fortune. Perhaps His Majesty is ungrateful, but I am sometimes in the wrong. Every one is amazed that the "Conqueror" hasn't arrived yet. Possibly Admiral Plampin¹ has died, and the boat returned to England. Reade is worried about the bust.

¹ Rear-Admiral Robert Plampin (1762-1834). Commander-in-Chief of the St. Helena and Cape Naval Stations from July, 1817, to July, 1820. Was a supporter of Lowe's policy. He and Napoleon had no great opinion of each other.

CHAPTER XIX

“I WAS CHOSEN EMPEROR BY THE FRENCH NATION”

June 18th, 1817.

A BRIG bearing letters arrives from the Cape, where, we learn, Admiral Plampin was put ashore. Poppleton brings me several letters from my mother, dated December 30th, January 16th, and February 10th. After dinner, the Emperor sends for me. He assures me that whatever happens, the time I spend here will be very much to my advantage. I mustn't let myself become so depressed. After all, a pistol can put an end to our sufferings. His Majesty says that he is glad to know the Empress and his son are happy. That lessens his anxieties. “As for you,” says the Emperor, “you can make yourself famous here.”

“No, Sire,” I reply, “I am known only by Warden's libel, but the Grand Marshal is a rich man and can go elsewhere.”

NAPOLEON : “Why do you want to be at loggerheads with the Bertrands? Bah! Men!”

GOURGAUD : “I have done the Bertrands a service, Sire, which I would have refused my sister. And now when I have need of them, they fail me.”

NAPOLEON : “Bertrand thinks only of his children. See how the Grand Marshal and his wife behave towards me. Do you think it was for such behaviour that, in Paris, I gave Madame Bertrand my portrait in a diamond frame? I wanted to give a similar portrait, as a New Year's gift, to Madame Montholon. She is meticulous in her devotion to me. Her husband, too, does everything I want.”

The Emperor assures me, that when I leave him, he will treat me well. Besides, I shall be in demand everywhere. He sends for Marchand, and lies down on his bed. He tells

me that Marchand is supposed to be the father of Esther's son. This will be painful news to the Empress, when she hears of it. His Majesty detains me until 11 o'clock, and then dismisses me, urging me not to worry so much, as that will impair my health. He implores me to try to see eye to eye with the ladies; he himself derives much pleasure from visiting them. Besides, even seeing a different room is refreshing. I make a mistake in taking everything so seriously. The best way to make good friends is to grant no favours.

"Bah!" exclaims the Emperor. "Men are like that!" His Majesty jests about my credulity. "You believe in confessions!" he exclaims. "Very well then. I have been anointed. You can make your confessions to me!"

June 19th.

His Majesty sends for me at midday, and resumes last evening's conversation, for the purpose of proving that I am the most fortunate of us all. I ought to study history and geography. He expresses his regrets that the captain of the "Behring" refused to put his signature to the statement that Reade had wanted the bust of little Napoleon to be smashed. The Emperor says I ought to go to the camp, and visit the ladies more frequently. "Make promises, but don't keep them; that's the way of the world," says the Emperor. Seeing my downcast look, he asks me whether it is in consequence of the letters I have received. He gets up from his couch, struts about animatedly, and repeats that I need have no qualms as to my future. I am to trust in his promises. "If you leave, you can be sure that I shall give you at least Frs. 300,000. And I am sure that when you joined the army, you never dreamed of making such a sum. Boredom is an ever-gnawing worm, and what you need is a pretty little wife." (Inwardly, I think so, too!) "Further," continues the Emperor, "if I die before you—and I don't think I shall live more than five or six years¹—all I possess will be divided between you, Bertrand and Montholon. I don't need to give my son anything. Madame Bertrand is a fool to keep to her own house, and never to come and dine with me, or to make herself affable. In Paris, she would have behaved very differ-

¹ Napoleon died at 5.49 p.m., May 5th, 1821, aged fifty-one.

ently. And yet, I have been lavish with her husband. Quite recently, for instance, I gave him a million francs—though I beg you not to refer to that. Let her stay at home if she pleases. If I have any more diamonds to give away, I shall prefer to give them to Madame Montholon. Both she and her husband spare no pains to make me comfortable, and they never complain. I wanted to give my portrait, set in brilliants, to Madame Montholon for a New Year's Day present, but then, on reflection, I thought that that would upset the Bertrands. At Elba, Madame Bertrand never used to see me. She would go occasionally to my sister, Pauline, with some present or other, or a frock. Your complaint is that the Bertrands pay you no attention. That's because Bertrand is so absorbed in his wife, and thinks only of his children. . . . You are young, and too devoted. You must laugh, be straightforward and amiable, but don't fall for people as you would a mistress."

I have had intimate friends everywhere, but I had to come to St. Helena to be disillusioned. . . . I have humoured the Bertrands much more than I ever did my own sister, and it seems very hard that when I ask a favour of them, I should get nothing but egoism in return. The Emperor scolds me for not having sent a note to Eugène, via Santini, requesting the payment of Frs. 12,000 a year to my mother.

"But", says the Emperor, "I really cannot believe that your mother is in need of money. I know some one in Paris who, should she be in need, would see your mother provided for. Moreover, it is your own fault. Recently, the Grand Marshal made me sign so many things that I thought one paper was for you. However, this can be put right. Write out a bill, and I will sign it. What are Frs. 12,000 to me? Do you think that sum will be enough?"

"Quite, Sire," I reply.

"Good!" says the Emperor. "Then we will send it by the Russian, the Admiral, or Fowler.—Do you think I am a miser? I am careful about small things, yet I give away millions. I can give you, on your departure, four or five hundred thousand francs within two or three years. Rest assured, that if I die here, all that I possess will be divided between Bertrand, you and Montholon. You are achieving

fame here and, as for your fortune, I'll give you one larger than any you could ever have hoped to have made for yourself."

Shortly afterwards, the Grand Marshal arrives to say that the Admiral and Lady Malcolm are at his house, with two officers, and request an audience with the Emperor. The Emperor dresses, and receives them in the billiard-room, then ushers them into the reception-room. I remain with Bertrand, Montholon and the two officers, in the billiard-room. His Majesty talks with the Malcolms for two hours, and as the door of the billiard-room is open, and the Emperor speaks in a high voice, we hear a great deal of the conversation. The Emperor relates all his complaints against Hudson Lowe. What right has Lord Bathurst to adopt a scornful tone? After twenty generations, his descendants will disclaim their relationship to such a man. When one takes a prisoner, one considers him according to the rank he held. "I was Emperor," says Napoleon, "but I am treated as General Buonaparte. It is ridiculous in the extreme. If they preach legitimacy, then remember that your reigning family has usurped the throne. Consult the Holy Scriptures, and you will see that Saul and David reigned because they were the Lord's Anointed. I was chosen Emperor by the French Nation, and I was consecrated by the Pope. Your country recognized the Republic at the Treaty of Amiens. Their object in keeping me at St. Helena is that I may fall a victim to its devouring tropical climate. It would have been more generous to finish me off with a single blow. Why do they bring me here, if it is not to give me more liberty than in a prison? As it is, I cannot leave my room. Haven't they any prisoners in England then?" The Emperor speaks of the bust, but the Admiral defends the Governor as well as he can, and swears that the story of the bust is false. Malcolm adds, that His Majesty, and the Grand Marshal, have been wronged, but we have often forgotten that, here, Hudson Lowe represents the King of England. During the conversation, Malcolm approves several times of the Emperor's observations, by saying "It is true". Finally, His Majesty charges Malcolm to tell everything to Princess Charlotte. He gives Lady Malcolm a porcelain cup as a souvenir. The Malcolms depart, after calling on the Montholons. Bertrand then intro-

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duces Fagan¹ to the Emperor. He is about to sail for Europe. I give the captain of the ship a note, begging him to see my mother, and to give her my news. The captain is exceedingly polite, and assures me that he will certainly do so. He tears up the paper, keeping only the address. About 7 o'clock, the Emperor sends for me in the reception-room, and recounts his conversation with Malcolm. He hopes the gift of the cup will produce the desired effect. Madame Montholon thinks this will make the Skeltons jealous, and observes that the higher classes always receive much more than the lower. The Emperor is of the opinion that the Admiral will be enthusiastic about him in England, but adds that he hopes much more from Milady. He thought she was dressed very elegantly, and looked less of a fright than she did on the occasion of her last visit. In my opinion, the Admiral entertains hopes of returning here as Governor, and consequently it is possible that, when in England, he will seek to overthrow Lowe. In this eventuality, whatever Malcolm did, we should be powerless to make complaints. We are hoping that the new Admiral will cause some scandal, as he is said to be bringing his mistress with him. Will she be received by Lady Lowe? There will now be two parties on the island.

June 20th.

I read an article by Warden in the "Quarterly Review", and discuss it with Montholon. At 4 o'clock, the Emperor sends for me. I see him in the billiard-room. He dictates on Lord Bathurst, and declares that he has much material to support him. I observe, that Warden says more ill than good about the Emperor. His Majesty denies this, and claims that Warden has done him an immense amount of good. Three parts of Warden's stories are very bad, but the details he gives about the carriage are valuable. They will be handed down to posterity. I beg that the Emperor, in his reply to Warden, refute what is said about me. "Sire," I say, "I cannot forget the words of such a man, and it would be cruel to be misunderstood in anything Your Majesty wrote." Montholon

¹ Lt.-Colonel Christopher Fagan. Judge Advocate-General in Bengal. He was accused by Reade of the "crime" of speaking of Napoleon as the "Emperor".

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assures me he has not replied to Warden's article. It is said that Las Cases wishes to leave the Cape. The Emperor asks me whether I have been to Madame Bertrand's. "Yes," I reply, "but they send their negress away immediately I enter the house!" His Majesty thinks this ridiculous, and begs me to ask the Bertrands to lunch to-morrow. "In this life, it is imperative always to appear complacent, to promise much, but to fulfil nothing. That's the way of the world. You take everything too seriously. You are a big baby," says the Emperor.

June 21st.

The Emperor has seemed anxious for some time that the Grand Marshal should pay a visit to Lady Lowe, so as not to be in her bad books. She has twice visited Longwood. The Emperor is in full uniform, but makes no allusion to an excursion he is contemplating. At 3.30, he instructs Marchand to have his tricoloured cockade fixed to a hat. In the course of conversation he observes that, "on the death of Louis XVIII, great events will take place. If Lord Holland were to enter the Ministry, I would probably be recalled to England; and our greatest hopes lie in the death of the Prince Regent. In this event, little Princess Charlotte would ascend the throne. She would recall me. You see what has happened in Bordeaux, where they were very hostile towards me. They favour my son and his party in France; but if Napoleon II were to reign, his Ministry would demand my banishment".

Later on, the Emperor says: "Let us see if I can't remember the preamble of my reply to Lord Bathurst. Take this down." He then dictates for nearly half an hour. Montholon shows me what the Emperor says about me. I find it curious that the Emperor should only mention me to say that I have been insulted.

June 22nd.

I complain to Bertrand that the Emperor has allowed me to be insulted in the letters written by Warden, and that he does not speak favourably of me in the present ones. Madame Bertrand tells me again that Las Cases will not return here, but will go direct from the Cape to Europe. Poppleton tells

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me that Hudson Lowe is going to send us three saddles. Lowe has probably heard that I have bought one myself. The Emperor asks me to send to town for some biscuits, because the bread is bad. At dinner, he complains again of the quality of the bread.

June 24th.

I arrive at Plantation House, where I have not been for the last fifteen months. Sir Hudson Lowe receives me with cold civility, and ushers me into the library, where I find O'Méara and Gorrequer. The conversation is rather laboured. It appears that Lady Lowe is indisposed. The Governor opens the subject of the saddles. "They are from the best saddlers in London," he remarks. After ten minutes or so, I depart, for I was afraid to interrupt him in his work any longer. Lowe assures me there is no interruption, and offers me some books from his library. I ask him to convey my sympathy to Milady.

June 25th.

For dessert we are served with wine, the taste of which is extraordinary. I drink it, however, but it tastes of musk. It seems that it came from Malcolm, and not from Hudson Lowe. You see what it is to have a good reputation !

June 27th.

The Emperor dines with Bertrand, and I call at the house about 8.30. "Well, Gourgaud," the Emperor greets me. "One doesn't see much of you."

"*Ma foi !* Sire," I reply, "I thought Your Majesty had escaped."

The Emperor is disconcerted at this, and says to me : "Bah ! Well, anyhow, sit down."

His Majesty agrees that I do really need a wife, for to be without one at my age is indeed a great privation. "Yes," says the Emperor, "or else you need a mistress, such as Esther. I didn't want Marchand to go and see her because I was afraid that her father might force him to marry her."

The Emperor adds, that I ought to make friends with Madame Bertrand's mulatto servant. Now, I have never

spoken a word to this girl, because the Grand Marshal had begged me not to. Even so, the Bertrands' behaviour is very extraordinary; whenever I arrive at the house, the maid is sent out. The Emperor laughs, and asks Bertrand whether this is so. The latter excuses himself, on the grounds of his wife's delicacy of mind!

June 28th.

This morning, Bertrand advises us that Lord Amherst¹ is coming at 3 o'clock. At 2 o'clock, the Emperor sends for me. He is not dressed, but wants me to get his glasses, so that he can watch Lord Amherst's approach. The Emperor asks Montholon, who is walking in the garden, whether he can be seen crouching behind the venetian blinds. Later, when Cipriani passes, the Emperor exclaims: "There goes my spy." Suddenly the Emperor, looking through the blinds, cries: "Quick, give me the glasses. Here they come.—Ah!" he exclaims. "That Ambassador has a shabby look. I would rather not receive him. Besides, he is leaving the island in two or three days."

We see the whole party enter the Grand Marshal's house, where they stay for about half an hour. Then they go round the park. Hudson Lowe escorts them along the new road as far as the limits. Next, the Grand Marshal comes, and informs us that the Ambassador has his son with him. The latter, who speaks French very well, asks if he might see "M. de Longwood"! They also ask Bertrand whether the climate is healthy; and Bertrand replies that although he himself is well, the dampness plays havoc with His Majesty, and gives him a toothache. His Majesty, annoyed at this reply of the Grand Marshal's, turns and goes to his room. When dinner is served, His Majesty calls for me, and says: "If you haven't dined, will you do so with me?" He makes me sit down, but I eat very little, and the wine has a disagreeable taste. After dinner, the Emperor talks about his love affairs. It appears that Mademoiselle D—— would never accept any-

¹ William Pitt Amherst (1775–1857). According to Dr. Chaplin (see "A St. Helena Who's Who"), Amherst kept a diary, and wrote his impressions of his interview with Napoleon. Unfortunately, the diary has not been published.

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thing from him—not even a diamond necklace. “ I made love also ”, says the Emperor, “ to Mademoiselle Mathias, a Piedmontese lady, who was staying with my sister Pauline. I gave her presents, because she wasn’t very rich. Her father, who lived at Turin, believing that she was contracting debts, wrote and requested her to come home. She went home, but no sooner had she told her father the real facts when he, too, came back with her. He reckoned on making a thing or two out of me ! It was at Lyons that I saw her again, and she told me that her father had scolded her for not telling him sooner. . . ! At Vienna in 1805 ”, continues the Emperor, “ Murat said to me : ‘ I want to introduce you to a charming lady who is madly in love with you. She wants only you.’ Although this appeared rather suspicious, I asked Murat to bring her along. She didn’t speak a word of French, nor I of German. She pleased me so much that I spent the night with her. She was one of the most attractive women I have ever met. At daybreak, she woke me up, and I have never seen her since. I never knew who she was. Only, in 1809, the Chief of Police at Vienna told Savary that her name was Judith. A woman must be pretty and amiable to please me.”

We then speak of Lord Amherst. “ Shall I receive him or not ? ” says the Emperor. “ If I receive him, I am sure I shall displease my friends in France, and in England. If I do not receive him, it will seem more dignified ; however, if I do see him, I shall request him, after a few minutes’ conversation, to say to the Prince Regent when he meets him : ‘ Gaoler and Assassin ! ’ ”

Then the Emperor complains about Bertrand’s remark to Lord Amherst, regarding the climate of the island. “ Bertrand is an excellent man,” says the Emperor, “ but apart from his wife and children, to whom he devotes all his energies, he is a complete simpleton. I think I made him realize that this morning when he repeated the conversation to me.”

June 29th.

The “ Conqueror ” arrives, with Admiral Plampin on board. I am melancholy and unwell, and oppressed with boredom. The Emperor dines with Montholon, and sends me a bottle

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of wine. It is tainted. Then he sends for me. "This rogue Reade", he says, "is quite capable of trying to poison me. He has the key to the wine cellar, and he can change the corks."

I think His Majesty would be well advised not to be the only one to drink wine. They would not dare to poison the whole lot of us. It would cause too great a sensation. The Emperor shakes his head. "All the same, the fact remains—I should be dead."

June 30th.

I had a very bad night. I inquire of Montholon whether the Emperor has crossed out what he dictated about me. Then I ask the Grand Marshal whether His Majesty has written to Prince Eugène about my mother. It appears that he hasn't! Since the departure of Santini, the Emperor assures me that it was my fault that my mother hadn't received the letter, for the Grand Marshal had made him sign many things. The Grand Marshal denies this. O'Méara conveys to me Lady Lowe's regrets that she was not well when I visited Sir Hudson Lowe. She is sorry she was unable to see me. The Emperor again assures me that I am very fortunate. In England, where we shall be within a year, he will get me married to some young lady from the city who, in her enthusiasm, will bring me seven or eight hundred thousand francs. I observe, that I am known only by Warden's pamphlet. I wanted to reply to it, myself, but the Grand Marshal dissuaded me, saying that His Majesty would himself undertake to refute Warden's libels about me. Now I know that the reply has been sent, and that I am not mentioned in it. It is hard to suffer as I do, without compensation.

"Ah, a little girl is what you need," says the Emperor. "If I were to give you a portfolio containing four millions, you wouldn't be happy."

"Oh," I say, "then Your Majesty thinks me more of a fool than I am."

"Not a fool," says the Emperor, "but fickle. How do you wish me to speak of you? You are always afraid of compromising yourself. I should have to consult you on every occasion, to know whether what I say pleases you or not. That's not my custom, and it doesn't suit me."

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“ But, Sire,” I answer, “ it seems to me that, without compromising yourself, Your Majesty might contradict what has been said of me by Warden.”

“ Bah ! ” answers the Emperor. “ That’s a fine thing to get annoyed about.”

I reply : “ I am not annoyed about that, but because of the little interest Your Majesty takes in me. You speak of the Grand Marshal, but you never mention me. And yet I have contributed more than either Bertrand or Montholon. If the Governor were to send me to the Cape without a servant, what would become of me ? ”

“ Bah ! ” retorts the Emperor. “ If you were to have your leg blown off, no amount of complaining would restore it. Take what comes.”

“ According to that, Sire,” I answer, “ Your Majesty can console yourself in every circumstance. But then, we are told that death is the best thing of all, and I am afraid of dying ignominiously. On the field of battle I do not fear death, but here—far from my family, and cut off from the world—death seems hideous.”

The Emperor repeats that he will find me a bride. He says he will come and visit us, and enjoy fox-hunting.

CHAPTER XX

PRESENTS FROM CHINA

July 1st, 1817.

THE Grand Marshal announces that the Emperor will receive Lord Amherst. The Emperor sends for me, passes into the billiard-room, and reprimands Noverraz for not having buckles on his shoes. The Emperor's agitation is extreme. It appears that yesterday, when the Grand Marshal told Amherst that the Emperor would perhaps be unable to see him, in view of his health, the Englishman seemed upset, and turned quite pale. "He was doubtless afraid", says the Emperor, "that people would say he had been refused an audience by both the Emperor of China and the Emperor of St. Helena!"

Later. Amherst and his suite arrive. His Majesty spies on them through his glasses. They first visit Bertrand's, and, shortly afterwards, are shown into the billiard-room. Bertrand leaves them there without saying a word, and goes into His Majesty's room. The Grand Marshal then returns for the Ambassador, and ushers him into the reception-room, where he stays one and a half hours alone with His Majesty. Bertrand rejoins us in the billiard-room, and chats to Mr. Ellis, Secretary to the Embassy, Captain Maxwell, and another. Before leaving us, the Emperor had enjoined me to talk about the restrictions and the Governor. Bertrand discusses war and the Mamelukes, while I talk of China. I ask for details of the country, but when I mention St. Helena, the visitors become dumb. Later, the Emperor receives them all, and then dismisses them. It is after 5 o'clock, but the Emperor is delighted at having said everything he had on his mind about St. Helena. The Ambassador is to leave to-morrow at 10 o'clock, but His Majesty thinks that, as a result of his

conversation, Lord Amherst will delay his departure, and endeavour to reconcile us with the Governor. This morning, I received an invitation from Bingham.

July 2nd.

I prepare a letter for my mother, which I entrust to the Admiral, who leaves to-morrow. The Admiral sends his secretary to greet the Emperor. It seems that Lord Amherst will not come to take leave of His Majesty, nor will he present Admiral Plampin. The reply to Lord Bathurst has been refused. Montholon is sure of this, for he has the letter in his possession. At 7, the Emperor sends for me. He is in his room, sad and dejected. He scarcely speaks at all. The reply which the Admiral was to have taken is on the table. The Emperor tells me to sit down, asks for his dinner, complains of a headache, eats a little, and then reads quietly. Calling on the Grand Marshal, I repeat the Emperor's instructions regarding my mother. She will have to get in touch with the Ambassador in Paris. I don't wish to compromise her—a thing I might easily do. I ought to give the letter to the Governor. There is nothing political in it, and I fail to see why the Emperor doesn't want me to entrust it to Admiral Malcolm. Bertrand is very official. He says I have nothing to fear. The Governor will not be able to remove me.

July 3rd.

The Grand Marshal receives a four-page letter from the Governor, announcing that Malcolm is coming to-day to present Admiral Plampin. At midday I ask for the Emperor's orders, for I intend going to town to see the Binghams. I am admitted to his presence, when I inform him that I have just despatched the letter to my mother. His Majesty isn't yet dressed, but he treats me well, and asks me to sit down. Lord Amherst has gone. It seems that he has declared everywhere on the island that we are not ordinary folk, and that deference ought to be paid to us. Later, I take my leave of Malcolm, who presents me to Plampin. But Malcolm appears embarrassed when I intimate my intention to visit Lady Malcolm. I find Lady Malcolm alone with Madame

Stürmer. The English lady seems vexed. Madame Stürmer tells me that when the Malcolms have gone, the atmosphere will be clearer. She is cross with me because I don't go and visit her. She goes riding every day. As I leave, she repeats on the staircase that, on the Admiral's departure, she will call on Madame Bertrand. She urges me to visit Balmain. That will please Stürmer. Bingham and his wife give me a perfect welcome. They are going to see the Admiral embark to-morrow. I spend the night at the Bingham's'.

July 4th.

I rise early, and breakfast with my host. Madame Bingham isn't going to Jamestown because of the rain, so I leave with her husband, go down to the Balcombes', and there wait for Poppleton. Presently, I see the Grand Marshal approaching. He is on his way to visit the Governor. I join him. Sir Hudson Lowe receives us very coolly and hardly says a word. We retire shortly afterwards and meet the Admiral, his wife, the Stürmers and Montchenu, who is escorting them to the quay-side. We salute the Admiral and his party and bid them farewell. Montchenu is exceedingly polite. Balcombe comes up and speaks to us, and we all go with Miss Jenny and Miss Betsy to salute the frigate. We then ride back to Longwood. Bertrand is preoccupied. He is afraid that the Governor, having received his letter for despatch to Europe too late, has not sent it. Moreover, this letter may appear suspicious. The Emperor sends for me, and I tell him how well I was treated by the Bingham's. I describe Lady Bingham's toilet. I play chess with the Emperor, and he compliments Madame Montholon on her gown. In my opinion, every dress worn at Longwood is a rag compared with the flounces of Lady Bingham.

July 5th.

In the garden, His Majesty pinches me, and declares that we do not esteem ourselves highly enough. He asks me whether I think it seemly to present Poppleton with a snuff-box. "Yes, most certainly," I reply. Madame Bertrand is sad, and is still making plans for her departure. The Emperor hasn't been to see her for a fortnight. I return to His Majesty. He

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has dictated Montholon a new reply to Lord Bathurst, in which he demands a large sum to be allocated to him for expenses. His one-time treasures are passing into the hands of France. He dictates another note on this subject. The Emperor regrets not having shown the restrictions to Lord Amherst. We must ruin the Governor, if no one else. He is a rogue. The Emperor is staking all on Malcolm and Lord Amherst. We shall see Cockburn back as Governor. I say it will be Malcolm. The Emperor is satisfied with this, for Malcolm is a man of good breeding. He sings his praises. He is straight, even if Milady isn't. "Hudson Lowe!" says the Emperor. "Bah! *Sbirro—coquin!*"

July 6th.

Poppleton is probably going to leave St. Helena. The Emperor again asks me whether he ought to give him a snuff-box, for Poppleton has performed his duties with all possible delicacy. In England he cannot but praise the Emperor. "I am of the same opinion," says the Emperor. As far as policy goes, Montholon agrees also, but Bertrand thinks it would be undignified, for after all, Poppleton is a gaoler. In my opinion, it is not undignified to give presents. Poppleton is a Captain, and a man of honour. He has not performed his duties as a gaoler. "I think Your Majesty is doing right to offer him a snuff-box," I say.¹

The Emperor intends to consult Madame Montholon on the matter. He believes that Hudson Lowe is going to send the 53rd Regiment home as quickly as possible, before we have time to write and before we can find some one to undertake our commissions. Bertrand arrives, and confirms the report of the departure of the 53rd; Poppleton's departure, however, is still uncertain.

July 7th.

In the afternoon, Sir Hudson Lowe comes to my room, accompanied by Gorrequer and Reade. He talks about physics and chemistry. I complain of the piteous state of

¹ Poppleton got his snuff-box; but incurred Lowe's great displeasure for accepting it, as it was marked "N".

my quarters, and beg them, in the event of future building, to lodge me more comfortably. The Governor remains silent, and after half an hour, visits Montholon and the Grand Marshal. I discover later, that our gaoler spoke to none of the residents at Longwood. I visit the Emperor, who is reading "Germanicus". By the way, it is rumoured that Madame Montholon is going to have a baby.

July 8th.

The Emperor visits Bertrand, and makes baby Bertrand cry. It is fortunate for Ferzen that he is to leave, otherwise he would have been foolish enough to marry Betsy Balcombe. The Emperor thinks this observation is ridiculous, and says, "Betsy is a girl like any other. Moreover, life is short, and provided a woman produces children, what more does a man want?" Poppleton is leaving. I hear that he is not rich. "That's all the same to me," says the Emperor. "Spy for spy, gaoler for gaoler. But what pension will he get?" "I believe he'll get six or seven shillings a day," I answer. "That's more than he needs," says the Emperor. "But", I point out, "he has a wife and children." "Bah!" says the Emperor. "He's been in the army some time, and he must have saved. Besides, his wife must have had a *dot*."

His Majesty is sick at heart, and reproaches me for being disconsolate. Dinner is a gloomy meal. The bread is bad and the meat hard. The Emperor asks me what's wrong with my eyes. I am unwell, and this eye trouble is caused by the unhealthy state of my quarters. His Majesty remarks that it is very damp in his room, but if I like, I can sleep in the reception-room. He then asks: "What shall we read?" Madame Montholon suggests something, but the Emperor exclaims passionately: "Gourgaud will only criticize it all." While I am looking for the book, the Emperor remarks to Montholon: "Aren't you afraid he will remove you as he did Las Cases?" "No, Sire," replies Montholon. "I really believe that, under present circumstances, he (Lowe) would not have dared to remove Las Cases." "Why?" asks the Emperor. "Because", says Montholon, "public opinion has changed."

July 9th.

Montholon has a pretext for coming to see me. He speaks of France, and seems certain that the Bourbons will not be able to hold the throne, and, further, that we shall see the Emperor, or the Duke of Orléans, reigning. His intention is to remain here until the end, but if he should find he is troubling the Emperor, he would leave immediately. "*Eh bien !*" I cry. "See how I'm treated, and yet I stay on. Good God ! How I am punished for the devotion I, have shown His Majesty !"

Montholon is diplomatic, urges me to go, yet at the same time appearing to say "Stay". He asks for £9 for the saddle, but I have no money. Bertrand owes me some, and when, shortly after Montholon's departure, the Grand Marshal arrives, I ask him for a remittance, and then inquire whether a decision has been reached with regard to the Frs. 12,000 to be sent to my mother. "No," says the Grand Marshal ; "but I will speak about it."

I visit Madame Bertrand. She has received some boxes of chessmen, also books and playing cards, etc., supposed to have been sent by Mr. Elphinstone. I am amazed that this gentleman, who has already given one present, should send another from China. Madame Bertrand stammers and contradicts herself. "His Majesty ought to send all these presents to the Empress," she remarks. "He would be better pleased if they were given to her, and not to me." The Emperor sends for the presents. I find him in the billiard-room, unpacking them. He holds something up and says : "What do you think that's worth ?"

"Twelve thousand francs, Sire," I answer.

"It would be charming to send these presents (a set of chessmen) to the Empress, for they are marked with the crowned 'N'. Say nothing about it," says the Emperor. "We will send them secretly."

Bertrand has received a letter from Hudson Lowe stating that he has despatched the chessmen to Longwood, although several of the pieces bear a crowned "N", which is contrary to regulations. "Ah, the rascal ! The rogue !" exclaims the Emperor, and straightway dictates a reply to Lowe.

PRESENTS FROM CHINA

He will not accept any favour. "If there are fresh restrictions, let me know them. I recognize only those imposed by the Government. I am not a slave, at the mercy of every caprice of the Governor. I cannot tolerate such a situation."

Madame Montholon supports the Emperor. Certainly this Governor is a beast. He will say: "I do all I can to please them, and still they are dissatisfied."

The Emperor orders a letter to be written, stating that it is Armstrong, and not Elphinstone, who sent the presents; otherwise Hudson Lowe will assume that His Majesty ordered these articles from China, and had his monogram and the Imperial Crest put on them. It is curious that this Mr. Elphinstone should make such a beautiful present. How has he had time to get these articles? His conduct is a reproach to the Empress, who is amusing herself with M. Neipperg, while the Emperor is here. Is this Neipperg¹ a handsome man? Anyway, a present of these articles from China, to the Empress, will produce a good effect.

July 10th.

When the Emperor sends for me he is depressed, and complains of having been ill all day. This damp weather is very trying. The Admiral thinks that Hudson Lowe committed an indiscretion in hesitating to send the presents from China. The Governor is astounded at the Grand Marshal's letter, in which the Emperor asks: "Is it a fact that, if I were just an ordinary citizen, I wouldn't be allowed to have my linen marked with a crowned N?"

July 11th.

At 2 o'clock, I visit Bertrand, and as I have had a very restless night, I give vent to my feelings. Bertrand says he is just as unfortunate as I.

"And yet", I reply, "your fortune is made; you have run your course well. But if, as Montholon says, the Emperor were to assure me of my future, I would have confidence. As it is, His Majesty no longer needs me. I cannot speak again of his oft-repeated promise of a pension for my mother.

¹ Some writers assert that Napoleon died in ignorance of his wife's infidelity, but Gourgaud's reference to Neipperg suggests the contrary.

Since it is for my mother, it is sacred. I beg you, therefore, to speak to the Emperor about it for me, so that he will not be able to say that it is my fault if he forgets, and that I ought to have reminded him."

Bertrand answers my complaints with a feeble rebuke. He repeats what the Emperor says—that, when I have an opinion, no amount of reasoning can overcome my obstinacy. He tells me to go to the Emperor and ask for the Frs. 12,000. "But I cannot go to him without the risk of being snubbed," I reply. "You must, anyway," says Bertrand. "No!" I exclaim. "Either His Majesty wishes to be generous to my mother, or he doesn't. If the former, he will send for me about it. But if the latter, I am not a man who forcibly extracts a benefit, or receives humiliation."

I return to my room, my mind full of sad thoughts. His Majesty sends for me. "Take a seat, Cinna," he exclaims. He is sad, preoccupied, and asks for some tea. He offers me some; in fact, pours it out for me; and then speaks of the *Memoirs* of Cardinal Retz. While he is talking, I am silent, and an hour later, seeing that the Emperor has made no reference to the Frs. 12,000 for my mother, I decide to put the question myself. At first, the Emperor adopts a curious attitude, but pulling himself together, says: "Yes, certainly." Then he writes in pencil: "My son, You will oblige me by granting every year to Madame Gourgaud—the mother—in Paris, the sum of Frs. 12,000, beginning on January 1st, 1817. To Prince Eugène, at Munich."

"It is unnecessary to write 'Prince Eugène Napoleon'," says the Emperor. "Perhaps the title has been annulled. By the way, you ought to have asked me for this sooner."

I thank the Emperor, and he continues: "I might just as well give your mother twenty-four as twelve thousand francs. It's all the same to me. But that isn't what you want. That will not prevent you from being sad; you are afraid, as usual, of compromising yourself. Would you have signed Montholon's letter—the reply to Lord Bathurst? You think you have a penetrating mind. You conjure up false images. You ought never to dwell on what's in your mind."

His Majesty, gradually working himself up into a passion,

rushes about the room. "Yes, Gourgaud," he exclaims, "you have lost a good deal of my friendship."

"Ah, Sire," I exclaim, "what have I done to be thus treated? Your Majesty is profoundly unjust towards me."

I cannot conceal the fact that I am very affected by the Emperor's words. He quickly notices this, and is sorry for having said so much. "However, you caused me much annoyance over Las Cases, whereas I have never had anything but good feeling towards the Montholons."

"Sire," I reply, "when we arrived at Jamestown, they all wanted to leave, so frightened were they of exile. Had they been in my place, they would not have stayed a quarter of an hour. You treat them wonderfully well, but I, although you have nothing with which to reproach me, am being constantly wounded."

"You are active and brave," says the Emperor. "You make good reports. I scorned M. de Chabillant's objections, when I wanted to make you Premier Ordnance Officer. His objections only attached me all the more to you. You have been with me for a long time. You were in Russia, and you were useful. Furthermore, if a man wishes me to think highly of another, he has only to speak ill of him. In the past, how is it you didn't ask for positions for your relatives? I would have granted positions to them in preference to anyone else. Your brother-in-law could have been Receiver-General. I would have placed him in such a way that he could have supplied me with all the information I wanted. Why didn't you ask for money for your mother the moment we left Malmaison? I would willingly have granted her Frs. 50,000 or Frs. 60,000. Remember, one becomes more attached to those to whom one has granted favours than to those from whom one receives them! Have no fears as to your future. If I die, everything I have will be yours; there are only three of you to share my spoils. I have no need to worry about my children. If you leave before my death, four or five hundred thousand francs are nothing to me, and I will give you this sum. If you are forcibly removed, it will still be the same. Either you think me too small, or imagine that I could not do this. I, like you, was born without a fortune, and never anticipated one day to possess Frs. 400,000 or Frs. 500,000.

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Eh bien! I would give you Malmaison to-day, if only it would make you happy. But it is a little wife you need. *Eh, mon Dieu!* If ever we go to England, or America, the women will run after you in their thousands. Besides, I will find you a bride and give you a *dot*. But you must have confidence in me. Don't be wild and suspicious. Be merry! laugh! Don't paint such gloomy pictures!"

At dinner, the Emperor says: "*Eh bien*; you must agree that Montholon should come before you."

"No," I reply.

This angers the Emperor, and he retires at 9.30.

July 12th.

Bertrand wishes to know all about my interview with the Emperor yesterday. In my opinion, His Majesty makes one pay very dearly for the benefits he confers. It's a mistake. I make a copy of the letter to Prince Eugène for the Emperor to sign. Later, I meet Balmain and Gors. I ask them whether they are afraid of getting into trouble for speaking to me. "No, not at all," they reply, and they lavish attentions on me. The Russian tells me that, on the day following our last interview, Hudson Lowe made him promise not to speak to me until after the arrival of the "Conqueror". Balmain wrote to the Governor three days ago, asking for permission to visit Madame Bertrand. He is still waiting for a reply. Returning to Longwood, I meet Esther, with Marchand. I cannot see much of her baby, but Madame Bertrand, who has seen it, says that it has blue eyes and an enormous head. It does not resemble its father. The Emperor sends for me in the reception-room. He is very cool, and rather embarrassed. I tell him of my meeting with Balmain. He replies that Hudson Lowe is a clever man, who speaks well of Russians to the Russians, and praises Frenchmen in the presence of Frenchmen. Perhaps we shall have to hand over our reply to Balmain. His Majesty, by the way, does propose to give Poppleton the gold snuff-box.

July 13th.

The Emperor says he will receive the officers of the 53rd Regiment to-morrow.

CHAPTER XXI

GOURGAUD GETS INTO TROUBLE

July 14th, 1817.

AT 2.30, His Majesty sends for me. He is not yet dressed, and he asks me whether I have written the note to Prince Eugène. I reply that I have, give it to him and he signs it. I retire, feeling very happy, and put the note into an envelope, together with a short letter to my mother. Following His Majesty's advice, I shall speak about it to "——" ¹

At 4 o'clock, the officers of the 53rd arrive with Bingham. His Majesty then asks of each officer: "How many years' service have you done? Have you been wounded?" Next, addressing the officers collectively, the Emperor says: "I have been very pleased with the 53rd. I shall hear with pleasure of your future and your fortune." And then to Bingham: "You are sad at the departure of the Regiment. How many years have you been with it?"

"Thirteen," replies Bingham.

"Ah!" says the Emperor. "As a consolation, you ought to give Lady Bingham a little Bingham." Bingham blushes. I speak to "——". He promises to take my letter if I will give him my word of honour that it is purely a personal one. Foolishly, I decide not to hand it over immediately, as he is coming to Longwood to-morrow, and is lunching with me on Thursday. The Emperor, seeing me coming away from "——", calls me from his window, and asks whether "——" is going to deliver my letter. "Yes, Sir," I reply. We then discuss Mr. Hobhouse's book. The Emperor speaks to us about the island, its coast line, and a possible means of escape.

¹ In the original MS. Gourgaud scratched a word or two out here. Apparently, he did this because he feared Hudson Lowe would read his diary.

"Ah, if only we had a boat, a brig!"

"See Poppleton," says the Emperor. "See if he is on our side. If so, it is in the hope of receiving a bribe. Bah! The English are like that. With money, one could buy them all over."

His Majesty goes in to dinner, where he continues the same conversation. He asks for a map of the island, and makes a plan of escape. "Via the town, and in broad daylight would be best," he says. "On the coast, with our shot-guns, we could easily rout an outpost of ten men—yes, even of twenty. Ah, if only the Governor knew what we were talking about!" Laughter and idle talk. Bed at 10.30. "I've added fifteen years to my life," says the Emperor.

July 15th.

His Majesty summons me, and asks to see the letter to my mother. He opens it, and then wants me to write on the back that she is to apply (for the pension) to M. Calmellet, who, in 1813, was Secretary to the Tribunal de Prises, and Chargé d'Affaires of the Prince Eugène. He then requests me to seal the letter down, but not to send it by post. The Emperor sits at his table and writes in pencil as follows, bidding me copy it out again on the back of his first note of instructions concerning the Frs. 12,000 for my mother: "My son; I beg you to open for me a credit account for £500 sterling per month, beginning 1817, with Messrs. Andrews, Street and Parker. You will inform this bank that Count Bertrand will draw, every month, this amount, which they will kindly honour. My captors leave me without the barest necessities of life."

I make a copy of this regretfully, for I fear that it will compromise my mother. His Majesty signs it, and adds in his own handwriting: "Pass on my news to my wife, to mother, and to Hortense."

This postscript saddens me terribly; and I raise no objection when the Emperor observes that the Grand Marshal might have written the letter just as well as I. We go to lunch; I am so upset that I cannot eat. This annoys His Majesty. He summons me to the billiard-room, and looking straight into my eyes, says: "How you have changed!"

GOURGAUD GETS INTO TROUBLE

Would you like me to tell you what's wrong with you? *Eh bien!* You've no courage!"

The situation is beyond me, for the Emperor, speaking to me about Paris and its pleasures, seeks an opportunity to provoke me, and to frighten me about my future. "Look at the Montholons," he says. "They're not sad and miserable like you. Montholon wasn't afraid to sign his letter—a thing you would never do. In fact, Montholon even pesters me to add my name to the letter to Lord Bathurst, but I won't. Whenever the Montholons speak, it is to say something pleasant. But you—you always speak harsh words."

"Ah, Sire . . . !" I exclaim.

"Yes," interrupts the Emperor. "You are always the same. Nothing will alter you. The other day, it was Kléber you didn't know. Yesterday, it was Davout whom you *did* know, and better than I! You spoke well of Lannes, too."

"Sire," I reply, "Lannes has always shown me friendship, and I must be grateful to him for that. As for the Montholons, they often speak behind your back, in a manner they wouldn't dare adopt to your face. Montholon distinctly told me that he would not sign the reply to Lord Bathurst."

NAPOLÉON : "What does it matter what people say behind my back, or even what they think?"

GOURGAUD : "But, Sire, Montholon's fortune is made. I have nothing. I must have more courage than he. He risks nothing and I, having lost everything by following you, risk everything. What will happen to me if I am transported to the Cape? If that would help Your Majesty in any way, I . . ."

The Emperor becomes heated, exclaims that I am an adept at covering myself, and that I show intelligence when I argue with Bertrand because I have more logic than he.

"Here", says the Emperor, "we are on the battle-field, and any man who would run away from a fight, because he has insufficient fortune, is a coward."

I try to reply to all these sophisms, but the Emperor becomes more and more furious. "Yes," he exclaims, "you can't stand this life any more because you are lacking in courage."

"Sire," I retort, "life at St. Helena has never been as

horrible as I imagined it would be when I first came here with you. I thought we would be confined in cells, instead of which, as far as our physical comforts are concerned, we are well off. I do not complain of our material life here, but I do complain of your harshness and injustice. I confess, Sire, that life here became intolerable to me the moment you, without any reason, told me I had lost your friendship."

His Majesty is enraged, and speaks of people of low sentiments who prefer interest to honour. I, too, am mad with rage.

"Sire, you abuse my position. How could I go away? People would say it is from boredom. However, if Your Majesty requires it, I will go."

NAPOLEON: "You can't tolerate this, you can't tolerate that, or any of the normal things one says to you."

Dr. O'Méara is announced, but the Emperor still raves on. I restrain myself at first, but eventually cry out: "It is too much!"

His Majesty declares that I bore everybody, him, the Bertrands and the Montholons. Slamming the door violently after him, he leaves the room. I am in the throes of despair at being treated thus by one for whom I have sacrificed everything. I hasten to the Grand Marshal, to unburden my heart. I hand over to Bertrand the notes and letters for my mother.

"I shall accept nothing from the Emperor," I cry. "I shall speak to the Governor—I shall go."

Bertrand begs me wait until to-morrow before making any resolutions. At 7.30, dinner is served, but I remain in my room. Feeling ill, I take just a little broth, and formulate a thousand schemes in my mind as to how I can get away from here without sacrificing my honour. I can't publish all the facts without being called "a librettist". On the other hand, if I leave without giving an explanation, people will think my courage has failed me. Ah, what a cruel situation!

July 16th.

As a result of yesterday's scene with the Emperor, I am very ill. Bertrand visits me. He, too, looks sad, for His Majesty has told him all that happened. "The Emperor is like that,"

says Bertrand. "You must never contradict him—never!" I tell Bertrand again of my desire to leave, since I displease every one so much. What am I to do? What will become of me? Bertrand advises me to dine at table. Later, the Emperor sends Montholon to me. Montholon thinks I did wrong to hand over the note for Frs. 12,000 to the Grand Marshal, who did equally wrong in accepting it. "I would rather burn it than keep it," I exclaim.

"You have no right to refuse what His Majesty wishes to do for your mother," says Montholon.

I interrupt. "I have never asked anything of His Majesty. He knows I have sacrificed everything for him, yet to-day, he reproaches me with placing interest before honour!"

"You are wrong", says Montholon, "to be offended by the Emperor. What he wishes to give your mother is not in return for your coming here, but as a reward for your services to him—in Russia and in France. You cannot refuse his favours."

It seems that His Majesty was ill yesterday during dinner. A fish bone almost choked him. So oppressive is my melancholy, that I leave my room and drink some strong lemonade. Later, Gentili informs me that dinner is served, and that the Emperor is in the reception-room. I reply: "I am ill." Then Ali comes and announces dinner. I make the same reply. He repeats his announcement, hesitates, and then leaves. I go to bed at 9 o'clock, having had only a little broth.

July 17th.

Bertrand comes to my room about 9 o'clock. His manner is cool and severe. The Emperor has told him that I absented myself from dinner yesterday, and he added that if I do so to-day, he will not invite me again, and there will be no alternative for me but to leave St. Helena. I tell the Grand Marshal that I was not well yesterday, and that I am no better to-day. Furthermore, even if I had been in good health, I should have thought that it would have been more pleasing to His Majesty if I had remained out of his sight for a few days, for he must blush with shame when he recalls his words to me. As for leaving the island, my mind is made up: if I

can get away without appearing to do so either from inconsistency, or from boredom, I shall do so. Consequently, I shall make it known in writing, that the cause of my departure is not St. Helena itself; for I could have stayed here in confinement without complaining, but that it is because of the bad treatment the Emperor has meted out to me. The Grand Marshal tries to reason with me, but I see that the Emperor has prejudiced him against me. Then Captain "—" comes for the letter I promised him; I haven't got it now, and I don't feel inclined to give him my mother's address in Paris. At 7.30, the Emperor summons me. I pass into the reception-room, where I find him alone.

"Ah!" he exclaims. "Monsieur Gourgaud! You have been unwell, I hear."

"Yes, Sire, and I still am."

"You've no fortitude, as the English say."

"Ah, Sire, I have one misfortune, excessive devotion, and too much sensibility."

"Bah! Sensibility! What nonsense! Be a man. You don't know the world. Laugh at everything, and don't bother about anybody. Bah! I am sure your mother is in want of nothing. . . ."

Chess. Dinner. I don't utter a word. The Emperor retires at 9.30.

July 18th.

I still feel unwell, and refusing to take any lunch I go riding, and at 2 o'clock call on the Grand Marshal, where the Emperor joins me shortly afterwards.

"Hudson Lowe", remarks the Emperor, "has stated that I am the most cunning man in the world. Well, I do know how to be charming when I want to get round anyone! It was in this way that I won O'Méara over. I aped the sick man in order to get a visit from Lord Amherst, with the result that, when he departed from the island, the Governor could not dissuade him from believing all I had told him! I got the better of Lord Amherst, whom I knew to be a man of limited intelligence. I even won Malcolm over, but he is a fool. The Governor is certain that he knows me, and according to him, O'Méara is a bad Englishman, since he has ranged

himself on my side, and because he declared he would never be anyone's spy.

"They wanted to recall O'Méara, but Lord Liverpool opposed the suggestion. I have dictated to O'Méara the reply he is to make. Of course I worded it strongly! I want to have nothing whatever to do with Sir Hudson Lowe. I want him to leave me alone. In years to come, his children will blush with shame at having to bear the name of Lowe.

"Didn't Lowe say to O'Méara that Gourgaud violated the restrictions by talking to passers-by on the road? Didn't he say that the Grand Marshal excited me? Lowe is very annoyed with Bertrand, and declares that you, Gourgaud, are ungrateful."

Madame Bertrand remarks that she thinks the Governor is right when he says the Emperor is cunning. Whereupon the Emperor exclaims: "Ah, *mon Dieu!* You are wrong. There is no one less cunning than I. I am much too good."

The Emperor gets excited and raves about Hudson Lowe. It appears that O'Méara has called to take the famous reply to the Governor. The 53rd Regiment left St. Helena this morning. The Emperor felt a momentary urge to appear in full uniform, on horseback, to witness their departure. The Regiment would have honoured him with "cheers", but it occurred to him that he would appear to be running after the English, which would convey a painful impression to our partisans in France. I recall the dinner the Emperor gave in sight of Elba, on board the English frigate, and how it annoyed our friends. Captain Poppleton left this morning. The Grand Marshal wrote him a nice letter, and despatched a snuff-box from the Emperor. The latter wonders whether he will be pleased with it. Poppleton is to see Lady Holland, and is to take her a ring from Madame Montholon, a dress from Madame Bertrand, and a clasp from the Grand Marshal.

Later. I enter the billiard-room with the Emperor, just when the officers of the 66th Regiment are passing the Guard-room, *en route* for Longwood. Bingham is with them. The Emperor wonders whether they will call on Bertrand, hesitates about receiving them, but eventually orders Bertrand to meet them, as if by chance. Bertrand goes out, and returns with the officers, who are ushered into the reception-room. The

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Emperor addresses them individually, thus : " How long have you been on the island ?—When are you leaving ?—How many years' service ?—Who is the oldest soldier among you ? "

When the officers leave, Bingham remains behind, talking to us. His Majesty presses him to stay, and assures him that I was very pleased with the reception Lady Bingham gave me. Then Bingham invites the Emperor to come and take tea with them.

" Yes," says the Emperor, " if only your house were within the limits."

His Majesty thinks the English are a savage race, but they fear death less than we do. They are more philosophical, and live more from day to day. All this, if you please, because it is said that the Nymph is to marry a Merchant Sea Captain who proposed to her only two days ago ! At dinner, we discuss the reply to Lord Bathurst. His Majesty asks Madame Montholon to read it out aloud, but as she refuses, I am called on to do so. This time I take good care not to express an opinion on it ! The Emperor asks Madame Montholon what she thinks of it, and she ventures to say that she thinks the beginning and the end are good.

" But what about the middle ? " asks the Emperor.

" That is good, too," she says, " but it is the ugliest part, whereas the beginning and the end are sublime."

July 19th.

The Emperor sends for me in the reception-room and carries on about the Governor. " He's a rogue, a rascal," etc., etc. At dinner, we return to the same subject. " He's a warder, a convict guard, a galley-slave driver, isn't he, Cipriani ? " asks the Emperor. I hold my tongue, but the Montholons attack Hudson Lowe.

July 21st.

Bertrand calls on me, and tells me, rather confusedly, that I must send the note to my mother. He urges me to think seriously about it. The Emperor has given me a good deal. Bertrand says he would like as much himself. " You cannot refuse the Emperor's favours."

I reply that I have never asked anything of His Majesty.

It was he who offered me the only thing which could please me—that is, the guarantee of my mother's welfare. More than a year ago His Majesty received my thanks, but he never mentioned the matter again until a few days ago,—and then only with difficulty,—when, after giving me the note, he picked a quarrel with me, maintaining that I preferred interest to honour. Incidentally, the new note which he has written on the back of the first may terrify my mother, and give rise to trouble with the Paris police. It's no use Bertrand trying to convince me that there is nothing to fear on that score. I ask him what would have happened if, in the days of His Majesty, some one had received a similar letter from the Count of Artois. The Grand Marshal is cold towards me, and says he must report my refusal. I repeat, that if the Emperor were really anxious to do something for my mother he would set about it differently. Later in the day, while strolling with the Grand Marshal, I return to the subject, but he turns the conversation on to Sir Hudson Lowe, and his foolish conduct. Lowe's name will be cursed by posterity, thinks Bertrand. Admiral Malcolm will replace him for a certainty. Lord Bathurst will be very vexed to learn that Lowe has compromised him in everything.

During dinner, the Emperor tries to make me open my mouth, but I reply simply : " Yes, Sire " and " No, Sire ". My sadness is so obvious that His Majesty says to me : " Come, Gourgaud, what's the matter with you? *Morbleu*, look pleasant ! What have you been doing, what have you been reading? Why have you got such a long face? "

The Emperor retires at 10 o'clock, in a bad humour.

July 22nd.

At midday, the Emperor sends for me, and while dressing, inquires after my health. " Have some massage, as I do," he says. " It will do you good. Corvisart assured me it is excellent."

Going into the billiard-room, he asks me whether I have despatched the letter concerning the Frs. 12,000 for my mother. " No, Sire," I reply. " I have given it to the Grand Marshal."

" You must ask for it back," exclaims the Emperor. " Give it to the doctor, who is going to town, and he will entrust

it to '——'. You are a fool. No matter what crises we have had together, you've no right to refuse me what I wish to do for your mother. Moreover, it is in recognition of your past services. You can always leave here, when you wish to ; but it is disrespectful to persist in this refusal. By your behaviour you treat me as an equal, or, at least, as an ordinary individual. You have misinterpreted my words of the other day. I did not say that you were a man out for interest, but that your words savoured of such a man. Certainly you are not that sort of man. With an excellent heart, means and capabilities, you love arguing very much—far too much. You are always trying to anger and contradict me. Whenever I put forward a suggestion, you immediately employ your logic—and certainly you have logic—and your skill, to state the opposite point of view. You caused me endless trouble over Las Cases. What right had you to complain that I saw him too frequently ? You are jealous of everybody. Do you really think I esteem the nobility highly ? You are wrong. I am no more noble than you ; nor is Bertrand ; and as for Montholon, he has forgotten his nobility. His wife's a financier's daughter. But, I repeat, I have never begged you to go away. What I have told you is this, that if you can't get accustomed to St. Helena, if you can't tolerate your position here, you'd better go."

"Sire," I reply, "what is intolerable, is not St. Helena itself, but the bad behaviour of Your Majesty."

"I do not treat you badly," answers the Emperor. "And what is more, I do not wish to be angry with you. It is as a friend that I speak to you, and if you don't calm your imagination, you will go mad. You must not believe that we are hatching plots behind your back. Try to forget all your discomfort. Don't probe into things too deeply, and don't seek to find out what people wish to conceal. Imagination is like the Danube—it can be jumped at its source. I am devoted to you, and you certainly behaved loyally in coming here with me. Now go to Bertrand, recover the letter, and do as I tell you. Think how you would scorn yourself if ever your mother were in distress, when she might be comfortably off for the rest of her life. I repeat, you have no right to refuse to do what I wish for your mother. You

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have nothing whatever to fear. On the other hand, it is obvious that since I have no money here with me, I am obliged to apply to Prince Eugène. Go ! ”

I go to the Grand Marshal's, write the letter to my mother, and another to “——”, and hand them over to O'Méara. I am upset by the whole business. I see Betsy, Jenny and Ferzen. I also meet the Nymph. She was married three days ago. She is leaving for England and (according to Balcombe), her husband, the captain, only married her because he had heard that the Emperor loved her ! The major has become engaged to Betsy.

CHAPTER XXII

A RENDEZVOUS WITH COUNT BALMAIN

July 23rd, 1817.

THE Emperor sends for me while he is dressing, then passes into the billiard-room, and speaks about the Governor. "Ah, the rogue," he says. "He will be tormented by the letter the Admiral bears. By the precautions he has taken, he has made me a personality of interest, with the result that I could write to Lord Amherst—'You have placed on my head, as it was with Jesus Christ, a crown of thorns, and by so doing, you have won me many partisans'."

Incidentally, His Majesty expresses the opinion that, but for the crown of thorns, Christianity would have died long ago.

July 24th.

I learn that the Major is taking some of the Emperor's hair to Rome for the Empress. Captain Dee is entrusted with this commission. The Admiral laughs at the Governor, for all the intelligent English people think that the Emperor will soon be on the throne again. I ask the Emperor's permission to visit Bingham to-morrow, in order to see about the building of a summer-house, as Wygniard assures me that the Governor would agree to a suitable building for me if I were to ask for it in writing. His Majesty replies: "Longwood is the worst place in the island. You mustn't have anything added to it." To this I retort that the Montholons, in view of the size of Madame, are having a new room built! I couldn't bear to see building being done for the Montholons, if something similar was not done for me.

July 25th.

At dinner, the Emperor asks numerous questions, but I

am sad and reply only "Yes, Sire" and "No, Sire". His Majesty exclaims: "They say that travel makes for conversation. It will never be said that it has made you a chatter-box, for you never open your mouth." I see that His Majesty is getting annoyed, so I reply with the utmost politeness.

July 26th.

Bertrand calls on me. It appears that yesterday, a tradesman came for some money, but found I wasn't at home. Bertrand, with an embarrassed air, says: "You really ought to pay your bills." "Yes," I agree, "so will you give me back the £23 sterling you owe me!"

After lunch, we all take a stroll in the park, and on our return, meet the Nymph (Miss Robinson) with her husband, Mr. Edwards. The Emperor asks the husband whether he has *avantage* his wife. He gets no reply! The Emperor then asks whether the husband knew that, before his marriage, an officer of the 53rd courted his wife. The husband blushes horribly! We return to the reception-room, where the Emperor drinks to the health of the Nymph's first baby. The weather is superb. There are only four such days in the whole year. "As Warden says," remarks the Emperor, "the Nymph is a real Marie Jeanne. She looks like a *religieuse*. In London, she will be much sought after. Every one will want to have her at their parties. All that is necessary is for people to know what *I* thought of her."

The Emperor calls Madame Montholon, who has been out walking since 2 o'clock, and who seems a bit annoyed because she wasn't asked for earlier. "*Eh bien*, Madame," says the Emperor. "Where have you been that I didn't see you?"

"But, Sire," exclaims Madame Montholon, "you did not ask for me."

His Majesty sits on the verandah steps, and asks Madame to sit beside him, while Madame Bertrand suckles her baby. The Emperor continues to speak about the Nymph: "Pillet has painted the English well, although he has rather exaggerated his picture. He says that the English practise incest. That's probably because they read the Bible too much. The Pope often told me that one ought not to make the reading of the Bible too common. And it's true."

A RENDEZVOUS WITH COUNT BALMAIN

Dinner is served, and the Emperor enters the dining-room, saying "Come along, my Lady Montholon". He is gloomy, and doesn't look at me. I am mute throughout the meal. The conversation turns on the Governor. "The rogue! The rascal!" etc., etc.

July 27th.

I stroll for two hours with Montholon and, incidentally, keep the whole of the Longwood police-force busy! The Montholons have both noticed how downcast the Emperor was yesterday. It was probably because of the conversation he had with Dr. O'Méara. O'Méara is completely compromised. We risk imprisonment, and he the rope. It seems he is out to make money by printing the pamphlets he has translated for the Emperor. His Majesty makes a mistake writing so many.

July 28th.

Walking in the direction of Alarm House, I meet Balmain returning from the camp, where he has been on the prowl for the last hour. I accompany him as far as Alarm House, and he tells me that Hudson Lowe has written him a long letter, stating that he himself was on such bad terms with Longwood that it would be disrespectful to him for the Russian Ambassador to go there. It appears that on the day following the one on which I last saw Balmain, Gorrequer came and scolded him, because I had told the Emperor that Balmain had asked, in writing, to be allowed to come to Longwood. But I only spoke to His Majesty about it. It must be the doctor who has informed the Governor. Hudson Lowe is a fool. He told Montchenu that Balmain had had conversation with me. I hear that, for some time past, Hudson Lowe has been very gloomy. I ask Balmain if he intends coming to see Madame Bertrand. Pressed to answer "Yes" or "No", he promises to come on Thursday, with Stürmer. I accompany him through the valley, and we arrange a future meeting-place at the Signal Station. Balmain assures me that he can come without causing any trouble. I tell Montholon about my interview with the Russian. O'Méara and Cipriani, having just returned, must have met the Russian. Later,

we see Cipriani hastening to the Emperor, and shortly afterwards, His Majesty, who avoided seeing me yesterday, sends for me. He is in the reception-room. I keep silent, until the Emperor says bitterly : "*Eh bien*, Monsieur Gourgaud. Have you been riding ?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Have you been in the direction of Miss Mason's ? It is you the Russian Commissioner was looking for. Did you meet him ?"

"I did meet him, Sire ; but I don't think it was I he was looking for."

"I saw him speaking to some one in the distance," says the Emperor.

"Possibly it was O'Méara," I reply.

The Emperor grows angry, and accuses me of entertaining sinister thoughts. So I tell him of my conversation with the Russian, and the Governor's insinuation that my reports to the Emperor made the position worse.

"No", says the Emperor, "O'Méara has said nothing." His Majesty gets excited, and reproaches me for suspecting O'Méara. "To be sure," says the Emperor, "the doctor does everything for our good. He listens to my complaints, but he would not betray his country. Even if we wanted to escape, O'Méara would not have a finger in it."

I relate my conversation with the Russian, and the Emperor exclaims : "That's Montholon's letter !"

"Impossible, Sire," I reply. "That left here almost a month after the one taken by '——', and was known only by the Russian Embassy in London."

The Emperor, although inwardly annoyed, comes up to me, pinches my cheek, and does his utmost to make me speak. I remind the Emperor that the Russian is going to the camp on Thursday, but I wonder whether I shall be able to introduce him to Longwood. His Majesty says : "Say nothing about it to anyone. I shall send Bertrand, his wife and children, and you and the Montholons to the end of the park. Archambault will go and meet Balmain on the way, and then you will show yourselves. I will not breathe a word to anyone but the Grand Marshal. Have you mentioned anything to anyone ?"

"Yes," I reply. "To Montholon; but he has given me his word that he will keep it to himself."

The Governor is a real *de Lucques*, accustomed to watch over galley slaves. The first time the Emperor saw him, he hesitated about taking his coffee, for fear of poison. At his last interview, even, Hudson Lowe made a movement, and the Emperor all but hurled himself at him. Later, Montholon asks what I have been saying to the Emperor to make him so sad. I warn Montholon again not to speak to His Majesty about what I have confided in him. Montholon reassures me, and gives me his word of honour.

July 29th.

The Grand Marshal thinks, as I do, that the Russian Commissioner ought to visit us here secretly. The Emperor sends for me in the billiard-room, and asks whether it is he the Commissioner wishes to see on Thursday. "Yes, I think so," I reply. His Majesty seems in a mood for quarrelling. "I haven't yet decided to receive him," he says, "even if he should apply to Montholon. But we must take advantage of Thursday's interview, to hand over Bertrand's reply. You made a great mistake in making the Signal Station your rendezvous. The main road would have been better. You mustn't speak about the Signal Station, nor go there, but you must be on horseback when you hand over the letter. O'Méara cannot undertake to do it, for it is not expedient for an Englishman to have communication with foreigners; and he despises intrigue. He is a man of honour. Archambault is not skilful enough to do it, and Cipriani is spied on whenever he goes to town."

I can see that the Emperor wishes me to undertake the job, but as this is no more convenient to me than it is to O'Méara, or Montholon, I reply: "Sire, I hope Your Majesty will not entrust me with this commission. A servant, like Cipriani for instance, can execute it better than I. I am not anxious to compromise myself for such a trivial reason. It would be very humiliating. Your Majesty has just observed that O'Méara is a man of honour, and not an intriguer. I, too, am a man of honour, and despise intrigues."

The Emperor, obviously seeking an opening to quarrel with

me, waxes very warm. "You do nothing but insult me!" he exclaims. "You are not devoted to me. At least, if you will not serve me, please do not do me a disservice. I should like to say to you—'Ah, go away. You bore me'." In his rage, the Emperor hurls his snuff-box on to the billiard-table. I leave the room, livid with rage. I want to get away. . . . I ask Montholon for his advice. He tries to smooth matters over, and condemns the Emperor's conduct, adding that he would not tolerate a quarter of what I have to tolerate. He suggests means whereby I could depart from St. Helena. Montholon is convinced there is some secret intrigue at work. When I notice Montholon's wish to see me leave, I calm down somewhat. When the Grand Marshal visits me, I repeat to him how I feel towards the Emperor. I can put up with it no longer. To-morrow, I shall tell him of my resolution to leave. His Majesty's conduct towards me would never be credited, even by his most mortal enemy. It is atrocious! The Grand Marshal tries to convince me that I was wrong to annoy the Emperor by telling him that it was not I whom the Russian sought.

July 30th.

I lay awake all night thinking, and finally decide I cannot stay on. But how am I to get away? If I ask Hudson Lowe to remove me, people will surely say that it is because I haven't sufficient courage to face the life at St. Helena. In announcing my reasons for going away, I don't wish to involve myself with pamphlet writers, or to reveal the conduct of His Majesty. I should only find myself engaged in a pamphlet war with the Emperor, (at which he is very talented!), and so I conclude that, since His Majesty cannot tolerate me, and since I cannot endure his injustices, I had better obtain my removal by handing over to the Russian the reply to Lord Bathurst, just as the Emperor wishes. Then the Emperor will see I don't deserve to be so badly treated. For myself, I prefer to succumb honourably, rather than to appear inconsistent. Having made up my mind, I call on the Grand Marshal, but just before Cipriani had set out for Jamestown. So I am between the devil and the deep sea. I cannot ask the Governor to remove me—people would think it was because of boredom on

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my part. Obviously, His Majesty wants me to go—to be dragged from prison to prison, to be compromised as foolishly and as uselessly as possible. Right! An officer does not dishonour himself by refusing to disguise himself as a spy. I return to my room, put my papers in order, some of which I burn. I ask for two bottles, in which to put the others for burial. Bertrand tells me it is quite likely the Emperor will not commission me to hand over the letter to Balmain, and that he will repent of his anger towards me. Montholon arrives later, and says he has told His Majesty that he was treating me too harshly. The Emperor does not send for me, however.

July 31st.

Bertrand urges me to keep the appointed rendezvous with the Russian, and to make him pass through the ordinary gate, for even if he were to enter clandestinely it would soon be noticed. The Governor has sent three letters in reply to those concerning the bust, the chessmen, etc. I go to the Signal Station at the appointed hour, and wait there, but the Russian fails to turn up. That evening, the Emperor refuses to dine, as the letters from Hudson Lowe have disgusted him. Bertrand has spoken to the Emperor about me, and the latter replied, that I seem to take pleasure in continually irritating him. I still maintain that I would like to leave. I cannot demand the Emperor's friendship, but, at least, I would like his esteem.

August 1st.

I haven't seen the Emperor for four days. Has he escaped? I shall write to the Governor, informing him that I wish to depart.

August 5th.

The Emperor sends for me in the reception-room, where I find him with Bertrand. "Well, Monsieur Gourgaud; how are you? What bad weather we have had. That problem I sent you—go and fetch it."

August 6th.

There is a rumour that we are going to Malta.

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August 7th.

I do not see the Emperor.

August 8th.

The Emperor talks about Malta, and eats in private.

August 9th.

I dine with the Emperor.

August 10th.

The Emperor receives me in the billiard-room. "I would prefer to be dependent on the English Government, rather than on the Commissioners."

August 11th.

The Emperor is very kind to me.

August 12th.

There is a Ball at Jamestown.

August 13th.

Conversation about the Ball. The Commissioners have been in long conversation with the doctor.

August 14th.

We receive visits from Colonel Nibbs, of the 60th Regiment,¹ and from Bingham and his wife. There is a sudden change for the better in His Majesty's attitude towards me. What can it signify?

August 15th.

The Emperor sends for me in the billiard-room. He is wearing his Malmaison chestnut coat, and he accepts my compliments. The weather is superb, and he exclaims: "Is this a sign that our happiness has returned?" Soon the ladies and gentlemen are announced—Madame Bertrand with her four children, and the Montholons with Tristan.

¹ Gourgaud is in error here. The 60th Regiment was not at St. Helena. There is no mention of a Colonel Nibbs in Chaplin's "A St. Helena Who's Who".

A R E N D E Z V O U S W I T H C O U N T B A L M A I N

His Majesty fumbles in his pocket, and gives each of the children a gold coin. We thought at first they were medals, but the Emperor says they are double Italian napoleons. At 1.30, we go in to lunch. His Majesty places Madame Bertrand on his right, Madame Montholon on his left, and the Grand Marshal opposite, which seems to offend Montholon. The latter sits on my right, and I on the right of Madame Bertrand. The Emperor seems to mean me to sit near Madame Montholon, who has little Henry next to her. I prefer to sit there voluntarily, rather than by command. Tristan has my usual place. After half an hour, we adjourn to the garden for coffee, where the Emperor sits down under a tree. Hudson Lowe came to the garden yesterday, and pointed out to O'Méara that there was some shade there, and that it was the best place on the island. He even spoke of building a summer-house. Bertrand thinks that by next August, we shall no longer be here. To-day's glorious weather ought to make us happy. This causes the Emperor to remark: "Ah, we certainly need a little happiness!"

The ladies join us again. His Majesty had asked Madame Montholon to bring her little daughter, but the child cries and grizzles. The mother remarks: "The fact is, she never sees Your Majesty. She does not know you. (They don't dare to dress Tristan in lancer uniform, like the King of Rome! He is dressed exactly like the Bertrand boys.)"

August 16th.

We dine. Everything is bad. It is obvious that yesterday's feast used up all the supplies. I discover that our spy is leaving to-morrow for England.

August 17th.

Madame Montholon observes that, if we are transported to Malta, she will go to France for the sake of her child. She asks me whether she would be able to rejoin us. I don't think so. "Well, then," she says, "I shall go to Italy, where I shall be near you."¹

¹ Madame Montholon left St. Helena with her children on July 2nd, 1819. Her husband stayed with Napoleon until the end, returning to Europe in June, 1821.

Returning to Longwood, I meet Stürmer, who has been talking to Madame Bertrand. He came within the limits, and finding himself in difficulties, was obliged to produce his pass. On my asking whether he can come to Longwood, Stürmer answers that Hudson Lowe insists on presenting the Commissioners to the Emperor himself. I quote the case of Lord Amherst. Stürmer believes that, if he visited the Bertrands at their house, it would be thought that he was recognizing Bertrand's position as Grand Marshal, and consequently, Napoleon as Emperor. I think differently, and, with the Governor's permission, count on visiting Madame Stürmer without any fear of it being said that His Majesty recognizes Stürmer as a Commissioner. Stürmer presses me to say that the Emperor goes out riding and, in diplomatic tones, asks: "Why wouldn't the Emperor go to the races?" I reply in the same dull tone: "Yes, why wouldn't the Emperor go to the races?"

Stürmer thinks that Bertrand is a very decent fellow, but that O'Méara is in both camps, and, for that reason, he refuses to have much to do with him: it makes his position too embarrassing. They are all afraid of being accused of having underhand communication with us. Stürmer gives me his word of honour that, since the Admiral's departure, he hasn't seen the Grand Marshal. I request him to give me the German Gazettes, but he says he cannot do so without permission. Still continuing the conversation, he accompanies me as far as the barrier.

August 19th.

All night I suffer from terrible colic. I believe I have been poisoned. The doctor calls to see me in the morning, but I am in agony. O'Méara gives me a pill to take at midnight, and some medicine. Shortly after swallowing the pill, the Emperor comes with Bertrand. "Ah!" exclaims the Emperor. "What a magnificent light! What beautiful pictures, what fine swords! I see you've got three. Why? Ah, what a child you are. What lovely furniture!"

"Yes, Sire," I reply. "And Your Majesty can see how rotten the ceiling is, owing to the wet. The rain drops on to my bed!"

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"Bah!" says the Emperor. "A little rain won't do you any harm! What do you say, doctor?"

Then, learning the bad state of my health, he departs. O'Méara tells me he thinks the Powers will put the Duke of Orléans on the throne. "I don't think it will be the Powers, for every Sovereign has brothers or cousins, and the consequences would be dangerous, whereas a man like Napoleon is met with only every five hundred years."

August 21st.

I am better. His Majesty says: "I thought you were going to die. I expected you to remember me in your Will."

"Eh, Sire," I reply. "It would have been the Will of Eudamidas."

"Eh, what's that?" asks the Emperor.

I explain: "I bequeath to *my mother* . . .!"

"Well, well!" says the Emperor.

Since the feast on the 15th, the Emperor has been wearing his chestnut coat, but to-day he wore his green one. He asks me how I like it. He prefers it to the one made of English cloth—"At least," he says, "this one is made of French cloth".

CHAPTER XXIII

“MARIE LOUISE WAS A CHARMING CHILD”

August 22nd, 1817.

MADAME BERTRAND has just seen a midshipman from the “Conqueror”, who seems well disposed towards us. He expresses his conviction that the Emperor will soon be on the throne again. It appears, also, that many people in England are of the same opinion. His Majesty gets up on hearing this, caresses Madame Bertrand, and alludes to her height, whereupon we all measure ourselves by the door. The Emperor is 5 ft. 2 in. in height, Madame Bertrand 5 ft. $4\frac{5}{12}$ in., and I, $\frac{4}{12}$ ’s more, when measured in my boots. Bertrand is $\frac{4}{12}$ ’s shorter. His Majesty would like to know how much he weighs.

August 23rd.

The Emperor summons me to the billiard-room, and pinches and caresses me. I remark that I am full of sorrow.

“Ah!” exclaims the Emperor. “You haven’t the courage to put up with things here. But they will change—they will improve. Public opinion is becoming more favourable towards me. I have an idea that soon we shall all be in excellent circumstances. At present, you are known by all Europe, you are a famous man. Come now, pluck up courage.”

“Sire,” I reply, “it isn’t my position here at St. Helena that I cannot endure, but the way Your Majesty treats me. You seem to distrust me. You tell me I am famous. Ah, Sire, such a reputation means nothing to me, for I share it with every one who has accompanied you here—even with the women. I would have liked to be of greater use to you, but as it is, I am known only by Warden’s insults. Your

Majesty has prevented me from refuting them, and to-day, you reply to Warden yourself, and make no mention of me. It would seem that you approve of what Warden says."

The Emperor tells me that I shall have a reputation from the mere fact of my having accompanied him here.

"You ought to translate the Annual Register," he says. "That would add to your reputation."

"Sire," I answer, "although there is much good in the Register, I don't think it is worth my time to translate it. It comprises, in all, about fifty volumes. It would take years to do it. And it seems to me that I could better employ my time by writing my souvenirs, memoirs of the campaigns, etc."

"Ah!" exclaims the Emperor. "You don't know what such a work would involve. It would be the history of the last twenty-five years. Everybody would want to have it. I would add some notes to it . . . and it would be useful to me."

"I prefer to write up the Russian Campaign," I remark.

"*Eh bien!*" says the Emperor. "Then do it!"

It is 5.30. I am so depressed that I visit the Montholons. Madame Montholon says she doesn't wish to be out of France for more than five years, lest on her return she should be too old. At 7.45, the Emperor sends for me again, and I find him on his sofa. He is sad, and is reading the "*Histoire des Croisades*". He remarks that, if he has changed towards me, it is because I am always making scenes. I am too inconstant, and too fickle. He then talks about Murat. "He only got what he deserved," he remarks.

August 28th.

Madame Montholon thinks that the Emperor's replies to Warden's book will mean more insults for us. The replies are full of foolish observations, are badly written, and deal with too many personalities. She is annoyed because her husband's name is mentioned in them. "It is", she says, "like mud. The more it is stirred, the more it stinks." The Emperor invites me to dinner.

"Well, Gourgaud. What's wrong now? Have you begun your work?" he asks.

"No, Sire," I reply.

‘ ‘MARIE LOUISE WAS CHARMING’ ’

“ Ah ! ” he exclaims. “ Bertrand’s affection, like that of his wife, is all reserved for his children. One can expect only politeness from them. All men are egoists. You must take them as they are. But you, Gourgaud, you love yourself, and yet you want to be loved. Do you think I like seeing the Bertrands dining at their own table, instead of keeping me company here ? If there were five of us at table every evening, how much more pleasant it would be for us all ! But don’t say anything to them about it. Bertrand is translating Hobhouse’s letters. I am going to add a few words, which will give lustre to the book. I wanted to write some letters in reply, but had I done so it would have meant a falsehood or two. Notes strike me as being more dignified. I shall probably sign them ‘ By a Councillor of State ’ . . .

“ I have been reading the Bible. I do not believe that Jesus ever existed. I would believe in the Christian religion if it had existed from the beginning of time. Then Socrates would be damned, also Plato, and the Mohammedans. Jesus should have been hanged like scores of other fanatics who posed as the Prophet or the Messiah. Every year there have been prophets and Messiahs. Moses was a clever man, but the Jews are an ugly race, cowardly and cruel. Is there anything more frightful than the story of Lot and his daughters ? Religions are all founded on miracles—on things we cannot understand, such as the Trinity. Jesus calls himself the Son of God, and yet is descended from David. I prefer the religion of Mahomet—it is less ridiculous than ours.”

It is said that a boat recently arrived from Brazil, bringing Gazettes up to June 10th. We expected to receive good news, but were disappointed—consequently, we are very sad.

August 29th.

When I visit the Bertrands I find the Emperor there, pulling little Henry’s ears. His Majesty sings and whistles. I hope he is in a good humour. “ On the contrary,” says the Emperor, “ I am in the devil of a humour.”

O’Méara and Madame Montholon rush in to inform us that Sir Hudson Lowe has arrived at Longwood. We return in haste, and the Governor asks for the doctor, calls on Bertrand, and goes on a tour of inspection. He examines my hovel

from beneath my windows. Then Gorrequer informs me that the Governor wishes to speak to me. Hudson Lowe tells me he is anxious to raise the roof, as a temporary measure, and to give me Las Cases' rooms. I am afraid this will greatly inconvenience Blakeney¹ and O'Méara, without improving the situation for me. The Grand Marshal tells me that they do not wish to add new buildings to our present quarters, but rather, in accordance with orders from England, to build entirely new premises. Finally, it is agreed that they build me a small ante-room. When the Emperor sends for me, he is annoyed to hear of the Governor's visit.

"It is probably with the idea that we shall believe we are going to Malta. Surely Lowe has received news from Brazil? According to the newspapers up to June 22nd, he must have done. I hear there has been an insurrection, and that the Prime Minister wanted to make himself king."

August 30th.

Wynniard calls, to give orders for my new ante-room. He assures me that Hudson Lowe is willing to grant me anything. When I call on the Emperor, he prevails on me to play chess, after which, we again discuss Jesus Christ. We assure His Majesty that he will end his days a devotee, but he replies that "when the body becomes enfeebled, one's intelligence goes with it, and one never becomes a devotee without this happening".

It appears that, at the time of the Emperor's marriage, Madame de Bassano wrote to her husband saying she hadn't slept, because she found Marie Louise so ugly. She was convinced that the Emperor, accustomed as he was to seeing pretty women in Paris, would never get used to Marie Louise's face. But, later, she wrote again saying that she was wrong in her previous estimate, for Marie Louise was really well-made and quite pretty.

"When I went to meet her", remarks the Emperor, "I had her carriage stopped, as I didn't want her to know who

¹ Captain Blakeney (1782-1823). Orderly Officer at Longwood House from July 1817 to September 1818. Although liked by the exiles, they eventually charged him with inspecting the laundry baskets for secret correspondence. Blakeney denied this.

“MARIE LOUISE WAS CHARMING”

I was. But the Queen of Naples, who was in the carriage with her, cried : ‘It’s the Emperor !’ Whereupon, I threw myself into the coach and embraced Marie. The poor child had learnt a long speech by heart, which she hoped to deliver on her knees. I had asked Metternich and the Bishop of Nantes, whether I might sleep the night under the same roof with her. They removed all my fears by assuring me that she was the Empress, and not an Arch-Duchess.¹ Only the library separated Marie Louise’s room from mine. I asked her what she had been told, before leaving Vienna. She replied, that her father had said to her—‘As soon as you are alone with the Emperor Napoleon, obey him in everything he requires.’

“Marie Louise was a charming child . . . yet, I think that, although I loved her, I loved Josephine more. But that is natural. I had been brought up with Josephine, and she was a real wife—the one of my choice. She was the epitome of elegance, both in the bed-chamber and in her toilet. But just as Marie was sincere, so Josephine was a liar. She would always say ‘No’ at first, in order to give herself time to reflect. She contracted debts which I was obliged to pay. Every month she would break out, revealing everything that was in her heart—just like a real Parisienne. If she could have borne me a baby I would never have left her, but, *ma foi* ! . . .”

Madame Montholon remarks : “Ah, it would have been a happy thing for her !”

I add : “And for France, too !”

The Emperor looks at me with pleasure. “Yes, certainly,” he remarks. “If it hadn’t been for my marriage with Marie Louise, I would never have made war on Russia. . . .”

His Majesty is sad. We change the conversation, and talk about Cardinals.

“Fesch is an obstinate man,” remarks the Emperor, “unlearned, and a Papist. Yet he has an excellent heart. One day, Marie Louise consulted the Bishop of Nantes, to find out whether she might eat meat. ‘Is it served on the Emperor’s table ?’ asked the Bishop. ‘Yes,’ replied Marie Louise. ‘In

¹ The Emperor’s qualms in this respect were probably due to the fact that the Empress was married to him by proxy. Berthier represented the Emperor at the first marriage in Vienna.

that case, you may,' answered the Bishop. 'You must do what the Emperor does, and avoid scandal; even if His Majesty is wrong in eating meat, you must imitate him. It would be a greater sin on your part to cause a scandal, or trouble, by a refusal.' It was Marie who told me this story. Now, Fesch would have said: 'Chuck your plate at his head, rather than eat meat.'

"One could always talk to the Bishop of Nantes. I once asked him where a dog's soul was. He replied that there was a place for it, for there are dogs—even horses—of surprising intelligence. Once, the Empress saved my life in Amsterdam. She always preferred to be without a fire, and this often prevented me from visiting her at night. Yet she always kept a light burning in her room—five or six candles. She was afraid of ghosts."

August 31st.

While out strolling, I meet the Russian Commissioner who tells me there is nothing fresh in the way of news from Europe. He has some Gazettes, but he cannot lend them to me without the Governor's permission. He considers Madame Bertrand charming. He speaks highly of Sir Hudson Lowe and urges me to go with him to the theatre to-morrow. O'Méara favours me with a visit, so he must have some news. He tells me that Balmain will be replaced in three months' time. He has seen in the Gazettes that the Queen of Naples has married again—to General Napoleon Macdonald. I express my astonishment. This will be painful news for the Emperor.

"Why," asks Balmain, "if the General is a decent fellow?"

The fool!

"There is a good thing on at the theatre to-morrow," remarks O'Méara. "A piece called 'The Revenge'. Madame Stürmer will be going. You ought to come, too."

"Ah," I reply. "In my present frame of mind, such a distraction would alleviate my grief but little, and besides, I am feeling wretched enough already, without adding to my wretchedness by doing something which might displease His Majesty."

His Majesty sends for me. He is in the reception-room, with Bertrand and Montholon. He walks about with long

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strides. “You have received a letter!” he exclaims. He is in a bad humour, and seems agitated. He whistles and sings. “You know,” he says, “it is said that the Queen of Naples is going to marry again. It is infamous! She is thirty-four, and has been married twenty years. Why, she has children sixteen and seventeen years old! She should not bother about love. Why should she want to marry, and publicly, too, in Vienna? No, I cannot believe it. *Ma foi!* If this news is true, it will be the most amazing thing of my life. Only fifteen months after the assassination of her husband! Ah, human beings are indeed strange creatures!”

We go in to dinner, where—according to custom—there is confectionery on the table. But it smells bad. The Emperor is furious with the cook. “Sack this rascal!” he exclaims. “I prefer a Chinese. Cipriani needs a flogging. Servants ape their master, and threaten to go, eh? Well then, let this animal go.”

It is a long time since I saw the Emperor so angry, and over such a trifle.¹

September 1st.

At 4 o'clock, twenty-seven officers of the 66th Regiment^a call on Bertrand who, shortly afterwards, introduces them to the Emperor. The room is full. His Majesty asks his usual questions. To the Paymaster, he asks: “How much do you steal?”; to the Surgeon: “How many arms have you amputated?” Later on, he sends for me. He is in his study. Apparently the officers were pleased. The way to make them laugh is always to ask the Surgeon and the Paymaster questions such as the Emperor asked them. Says the Emperor: “Why didn't you go to the theatre? I instructed O'Méara to tell you to go.”

“Ah, Sire,” I reply, “O'Méara did try and persuade me to go, but I thought it was on behalf of Hudson Lowe. Besides, I am not in the habit of receiving your orders via the doctor.”

“I wanted to speak to you about it yesterday,” remarks

¹ The Emperor was undoubtedly furious at the news of his sister's marriage to Macdonald.

² Gourgaud probably means the 60th (1st Batt.).

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the Emperor, "but the news of the Queen of Naples' marriage put me in a bad humour. Go! You need some amusement. You're as melancholy as a nightcap. I hear the tragedy they are playing is superb. You understand what I am saying? It is for your own sake, and because it hurts me to see you so sad. There's no intrigue."

"Yes, Sire," I reply.

Suddenly, the Emperor remarks: "This money. Don't you want it? Is this another of your insults?"

I tell the Emperor that it pains me to have these discussions about money.

"And what right have you . . . !" The Emperor doesn't let me answer, but flies into a rage and says: "You say you can't discuss this. You haven't as much intelligence as Tristan. I want to come down to your level, and discuss these matters over with you. And yet *you* find it useless!"

I retort that, as a matter of fact, His Majesty often condescends to come down to my level, and then crushes me. The Emperor seems certain that, if I go on as I am, I shall go mad.

"That was why Baxter and O'Méara wanted you to seek diversion at the theatre," exclaims His Majesty.

September 3rd.

I write to the Governor, thanking him for his letter, and also reminding him that nothing has been done in the way of repairs to my quarters. I show my letter to Montholon, who declares that neither he nor I know how to set about getting things which are necessary for us. Later on, Wygniard arrives, with instructions from Hudson Lowe to do what is necessary to repair my room. He is amazed that the work has not been begun. He sends for the Sergeant-in-charge, and asks why. "Because of an order from Captain Blakeney," replies the Sergeant. This counter-order surprises Wygniard.

September 4th.

The weather is appalling. Bertrand sends me six oranges, and I take his wife a present of some Chinese linen. I do not know what to do. The last time I saw the Emperor he treated me very queerly, urging me to seek diversion by going to the theatre, because he was afraid I would fall ill, but for

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three days now, owing to the bad weather, we have been unable to go out, and although His Majesty is under the same roof with us, he hasn't sent for me. Is it because he is distressed about the announcement of his sister's marriage? Later. The Emperor expresses his regrets at not having sent for me. I remark that, for my part, I merely wish to kiss his hand, for to-morrow I am going to the Governor with Bertrand. His Majesty, much touched, says to me: "I'll see you again. Talk it over with Bertrand to-morrow. But I must warn you, it will be to your disadvantage if you don't change your disposition. You are a loyal son, but you have terrible sentiments." I retire. "Come now," cries the Emperor. "Sleep well."

September 5th.

In order to prove to the Grand Marshal that I don't discuss personalities in my letters, I show him my letters to my mother. I want him to come with me to see the Governor after lunch, but he is anxious to see the Emperor before taking any such step. When Montholon visits the Emperor, the Admiral is with him, and has given him a book entitled, "*Manuscrit trouvé à Ste. Hélène*."¹ Bertrand calls on me, and advises me on this question of leaving the island. He says it would be a mistake; but nevertheless, to-morrow, if I still persist, he will be at my disposal, and will visit the Governor with me. But I shall be acting foolishly if I leave.

September 6th.

I have spent a sleepless night, but at 10 o'clock, call on the Grand Marshal, for I have decided to go to the Governor. But Bertrand refuses to accompany me! Later on, Montholon enters. He says he is certain I am useful to the Emperor, etc., etc. Later, I have another conversation with Bertrand. He tries to console me, tells me that the Emperor loves me, and that I have nothing to fear for the future. I have only

¹ This book did not originate at St. Helena. It was the chief "fake" work of the period. It was supposed to have been written by Napoleon himself, but he disavowed it in his will. Copies in the original French are scarce, but the Editor luckily picked one up for 5s. ! The work is a clever forgery, written in Napoleon's style.

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to control my moods, and the Emperor will deal justly with me. In the end, he pacifies me, and invites me to dinner. The Emperor calls on Madame Bertrand and stays an hour, reading the "*Manuscrit trouvé à Ste. Hélène*" to her. He appears to know the author of it, but will not say who it is. Bertrand thinks it was written by Benjamin Constant, or by Madame de Staël.¹

September 7th.

Montholon calls, and urges me to address the Emperor without hesitation whenever I have anything to say to him.

September 8th.

The Emperor reads me the "*Manuscrit*", and at 7, sends for me in his study. "*Eh bien, M. Gourgaud. Bring me the manuscript of Waterloo.*" I do so. "That's good," remarks the Emperor. "The pages aren't numbered—but I'll see to that."

We pass into the reception-room, and His Majesty discusses the "*Manuscrit*". "It is Lord Bathurst who sent it to Sir Hudson Lowe," he says. I remark that it is a most astonishing work, contains some profound ideas, and some of the incidents are very well explained. But there are terrible mistakes in it. The Emperor replies that the author is some one now retired from public life, who has got his dates a bit mixed. I remark that there are even grammatical errors in the book. "Grammatical errors!" exclaims the Emperor. "Imitating me, then! That does surprise me. I would bet 299 to 1 that I know who has written it. Certainly, he knows French well. Get the book. I'll look up some of his errors."

Madame Montholon thinks the book may be by Benjamin Constant, Madame de Staël, or Sieyès. The Emperor declares he knows the real author, and says it is a work which will make its mark in history. At 10 o'clock, the Emperor sends for me, and asks me for my notes and researches on Waterloo. It appears that Las Cases also did a good deal of work on the Campaigns of Italy, but His Majesty, having added a few

¹ It was written by Lullien de Chateauvieux.

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of his own observations, claimed it as *his* work ! “ You make a mistake if you think that this work belongs to you,” he remarks. “ Disillusion yourself.”

I point out that I have taken great pains over the manuscript of Waterloo. I have studied the subject thoroughly, so I contend I have some right to ownership.

“ No,” replies the Emperor. “ A comma, or a full stop by me, changes everything.”

The Grand Marshal discusses the mysterious MS. with me. He cannot guess the author. In my opinion, many people will believe it to be by the Emperor himself ; but His Majesty would never have written that the affair of the Duc d’Enghien was a crime.

In the afternoon, His Majesty goes to the Bertrands’ and watches the races from an upstairs room. Later on, we see the Commissioner Stürmer and his wife and children approaching, whereupon the Emperor sends me to them for news. When I return, the Emperor begins a conversation about Madame Stürmer. I remark that I think her ugly, but His Majesty says that, looking at her through his glasses, he found her very pleasing.

September 10th.

His Majesty is much annoyed with O’Méara, because the doctor has confessed that he sent reports direct to the Admiralty in London. Lord Bathurst has reprimanded Hudson Lowe, because Lord Liverpool was better informed than he was of all that was going on at St. Helena ! The Emperor has ordered Noverraz publicly to smash up his bed, owing to the lack of firewood. This creates a sensation on the island. In my opinion, Hudson Lowe, by his bad actions, has rendered the Emperor a great service, for, with anyone else as Governor, we would have had no grounds for complaint. Indeed, if we had the whole island at our disposal, we could not be much better off. His Majesty finds my observations so true that he says that, if we were given the whole island, he would not leave his room any oftener. “ For then, everybody would see me, and that would not produce so much effect as remaining indoors does. Also, it was more dignified not to go to the races yesterday. They will say everywhere—‘ The Governor

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must treat them very badly at Longwood, since they do not go out.' ”

The Montholons come to dinner, and afterwards, we read “The Death of Cæsar”. “It is true that Cæsar himself was a failure,” remarked the Emperor. “Otherwise, he would not have died at the hands of assassins.”

CHAPTER XXIV

“WHAT THINGS TO REPROACH MYSELF WITH!”

September 12th, 1817.

ON my way back from the camp, I meet the Russian Commissioner and his aide-de-camp. It was Hudson Lowe who sent them to Longwood on the day of the races. They climbed to the top of the hill near Miss Mason's house, in order to spy on us.

September 13th.

Taking His Majesty's advice, I go to the races, where I find Bingham and the Admiral, but no lady of distinction, nor even the Governor. The Colonel of the 66th politely invites me to sit beside him, but, apart from Emmett, all the others are cold towards me. Montchenu thinks I have changed, and asks whether I intend always to live as a hermit.

“You must marry,” he remarks. “Find a woman with a dowry of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds. Court the farmer's wife. They say she is very complacent.”¹

After dinner, His Majesty sends for me. He is sad. The English papers say that Madame Montholon is pretty. “Better be with her, than be seen out with her,” remarks the Emperor.

September 14th.

Bertrand and his wife are confident of an early return to France. Montholon says he will retire to his estate. He is very annoyed that rumours of quarrels among ourselves have

¹ Montchenu fancied himself as a gallant and was always boasting of the ladies who had been “kind” to him—especially English ladies. For a time he was infatuated with Lady Lowe, and once wrote her a lengthy love letter which seems to have amused the lady.

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got about. While I am visiting the Montholons, the Emperor and the Grand Marshal arrive. We discuss the idea of finding ourselves on a desert island. His Majesty says he would like to found a Colony of two thousand people, with rifles and cannons. He himself would be king, and *we* would constitute the Chamber of Peers. The mob would play the part of the Chamber of Deputies. If we had gone to America, we would have established a kingdom. . . .

After discussing the means we would employ to suppress insurrection on our desert island, the Emperor suddenly cries out : "Bah ! We are better off here."

On the way home, the Emperor again talks about the desert island. "You would all require me as chief," he says. "We should have to build a citadel, and obtain powder and guns. Each of us would need a wife, for it is horrible to see oneself die without children."

September 16th.

Sadness. Boredom. After dinner, His Majesty sends for me, and, in the course of the conversation, declares that he prefers blondes to brunettes. "When I saw that Marie Louise was a blonde," remarks the Emperor, "I was very pleased."

September 17th.

I dine with the Emperor, and he tells me that, in his younger days, he won a prize offered by the Academy of Lyons, for an essay on the following question : "*What principles and truths should be inculcated in man to advance his own happiness?*" The Emperor says he received a gold medal worth fifty louis, which he sold later.

September 19th.

Bertrand makes me sign a document which has to do with obtaining £15,000 sterling from England. Later, when the Emperor sends for me, we discuss the "*Manuscrit trouvé à Ste. Hélène*". "What ! Can't you guess the author ?" exclaims the Emperor.

"Sire," I remark, "it contains such a mixture of profound and trivial matter that, frankly, I cannot guess the author. Is it by any chance Fouché ?"

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“No, you’re nowhere near,” remarks the Emperor. His Majesty retires, saying: “Well, the author is Roederer¹; I am sure of it.”

It is midnight. I retire. His Majesty has treated me well.

September 20th.

I meet Balmain and de Gors. They ask me to accompany them, but I reply that I do not wish to discuss politics. Balmain gives me his word of honour that he reports nothing he hears to Russia. We discuss women only. It appears that Miss Brock has refused Balmain.

When the Emperor sends for me at 8 o’clock, he is indisposed, and is drinking lemonade. I tell him of my talk with the Russian, and although His Majesty wants to appear in a good humour, he isn’t really. He walks about for a bit, and then suddenly exclaims: “Ah! it’s late. Go and have supper.”

September 21st.

At twelve minutes to ten, I feel an earthquake. Every one is terrified. His Majesty asks whether we felt the same sensation as he did.

September 23rd.

I go for a walk as far as the farm with the Bertrands. Returning, I meet Hudson Lowe, who asks after my health very courteously, and mentions the earthquake. “How do you wish your room to be done?” he asks. “Painted or papered?”

“Just as the paper-hanger thinks best,” I reply.

“Very well,” says Hudson Lowe. “I’ll give the necessary orders to Mr. Penn.”

Later, I am invited into the Emperor’s presence, and I mention my interview with Hudson Lowe. “Ah, the villain!” he exclaims. “He has rowed with Penn and he has rowed with the farmer.”

We discuss Waterloo, etc. Then the Emperor sends for the Montholons. “Ah, Madame,” he exclaims to Madame Montholon. “How beautiful you are! What a superb dress! I

¹ Senator Roederer—and Gourgaud’s future father-in-law. Napoleon never correctly guessed the author of the faked MS.

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think as Gourgaud does—we ought to have been swallowed up with the island, at the time of the earthquake. It is a pleasure to die in company.”

Throughout the meal His Majesty seems reserved and in rather a bad humour, all of which is directed against Hudson Lowe.

September 25th.

The Emperor sends for Montholon and myself, and urges the former to be more friendly with the Admiral. The Emperor says one never knows what is going to happen. Then he remarks to Montholon : “ You will see Rosebud as Gourgaud’s mistress. Why don’t you marry her, Gourgaud ? She isn’t rich, but what’s money ? ”

Strangely enough, O’Méara paid me a visit this morning, but he only talked commonplaces. Jackson also called on me. It seems that, as Bertrand has asked for a verandah, they are going to give me one, too. Later, the Grand Marshal arrives.

“ Great news ! ” he exclaims. “ First, Balcombe is coming to-morrow from the Governor, to bring you a dozen pairs of socks. Secondly, the Irish Catholics have been emancipated. This is regarded as a triumph for our party. The Royalists have been massacred at Guadeloupe and at Martinique. In France, everybody wants the Emperor back again. Montholon has learned all this from Balcombe, who was requested by the Governor to deliver the news to the Emperor to-morrow, and after that, to go and dine at Plantation House.”

I discredit all this—but we shall see ! Bertrand says His Majesty will certainly dine at table to-night. He is in high spirits. “ Let’s go and pack our bags.” However, His Majesty dines alone, and I also in my own room—absolutely alone . . . !

September 26th.

After lunching with Montholon, the Emperor sends for me. I find him in the billiard-room,¹ very excited, and looking out on the road through his glasses. “ You’ve heard the news ? ” he exclaims. “ It must be very good news for the Governor to send Balcombe to us.”

¹ The billiard-table is still to be seen in Plantation House.

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“Yes, Sire,” I reply. “But why choose a man like Balcombe? He probably won’t come.”

“Hudson Lowe is sending Balcombe because he seldom sees Bertrand, or Montholon, or you. And he doesn’t like O’Méara. Consequently, he will be able to deny everything Balcombe says.”

“It’s very extraordinary for the Governor to act in this way,” I reply, “for he is Your Majesty’s implacable enemy. But after all, he may have some reason.”

“Ah!” exclaims the Emperor. “You are always the same. I wish the Governor would send Balcombe at once.”

His Majesty grows impatient, but at last, at 2 o’clock, Balcombe is seen approaching. He goes to the Grand Marshal’s room. The Emperor is tormented by this delay. However, at 3 o’clock, Bertrand arrives. It appears that Balcombe has no news! He merely has a paper, reporting the riots at Martinique. His Majesty’s countenance changes. He rages. He asks to see Balcombe. Later on, the Emperor summons me. I find him very moved and angry. Putting one leg on the table he exclaims: “You can’t play jokes on people you are murdering.” I have just said so to Balcombe, requesting him at the same time to inform Hudson Lowe that I am suffering from scurvy, and that my legs are swollen.”

I say that O’Méara ought to write to Hudson Lowe about this.

“No,” says the Emperor, “that would only put the idea into the Governor’s head to come and see me, and what would I gain by that?”

We walk in the garden. The Emperor is very embittered against Hudson Lowe. Bertrand tells me, later, that he has never seen the Emperor as angry as he was to-day. Balcombe was completely disconcerted by it. None of the news was true—not a single word of it! In the evening, after dining alone, the Emperor sends for me. He tells me that he has drunk a bottle, to calm himself. Later, he remarks that he thinks Madame Bertrand is a beautiful woman. Apropos of this, he adds: “Josephine almost invariably lied, but intelligently. I can tell you, she was the woman I loved most. She knew me well, and never asked anything from me for her children. She never solicited me; but her debts ran into millions! She had

bad teeth, but she was so careful that this defect was hardly ever noticed. Marie Louise was innocence personified—the very antithesis of Josephine. She never lied. She loved me. She always wanted to be with me. If she had been well advised, and had not listened to that scoundrel, Montebello, or to Corvisart, who I am now sure was a wretch, she would have come here with me. But they told her that her aunt had been guillotined, and I suppose the circumstances were too much for her.”

It is probable that Balcombe didn't dare report the news Hudson Lowe had given him. Possibly Lowe had forbidden him to do so. Montholon hasn't yet given the reply to Balcombe. This reply is to be printed and published, for Poppleton has taken it, and has sworn to have it published. So also has the Admiral's secretary. We shall leave St. Helena only if there is a change in the Ministry.

“If Lord Holland were to become all-powerful,” remarks the Emperor, “perhaps his interests would be to restore me to the throne of France. Ministers are obliged to do as the majority wishes. . . . The English have no exalted feelings. They can all be bought. I would have done well to buy Poppleton—he would have let me go riding. Do you imagine that O'Méara is sympathetic towards us? He hopes to receive some recompense. He considers that he is worth £3,000 a year. The Emperor Francis and the Emperor Alexander would both have treated me better than the English. In Russia, I would have been a second Emperor. The Czar would have been delighted to consult me.”

Later on, the Emperor talks about his mother: “My mother was a superb woman, and of great intelligence. Even when she was carrying me, she followed the army in the Corsican War. The French Generals took pity on her, and instructed her to return home for the accouchement, where she was given a triumphal welcome. I can say that I was conceived before Corsica was joined to France, but before my mother was delivered, Corsica had submitted. When, during the Revolution, Paoli was inclined to put himself under the protection of the English, I opposed his scheme, and finally abandoned him. I was convinced that Corsica could only gain by being a French province. As I remarked to Paoli: ‘It is true that many

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crimes are being committed in France, but it is always so in revolutions. That will pass, and we shall be incorporated into a great country.’ Paoli did not believe me. I deserted him and came to France, after all my property had been pillaged. It has been said that Paoli was my father, but that couldn’t have been true, for Paoli was not capable of being a father.”

His Majesty has treated me perfectly.

September 27th.

The Emperor sends for me. “Go to town”, he says, “and get this watch repaired. Buy one for yourself, if you can. You may also see the Admiral.” Later, he sends for me again, and says he is unwell, and doesn’t want any dinner. “I can’t eat,” says the Emperor. Marchand retorts: “But Your Majesty had a good meal at 2 o’clock.”

September 28th.

I set out to take the Bertrand children the presents I bought them yesterday, but the Emperor, who is in the billiard-room, sees me pass. He calls me in, looks at the toys, and warns me that Hudson Lowe is to visit Longwood to-day. I then visit Madame Bertrand, who is all dressed up. I notice a big bouquet on the mantelpiece. As I leave, the Grand Marshal approaches, crying: “There he is!” The Governor is accompanied by Reade and Gorrequer, and is chatting to O’Méara. They all call on the Grand Marshal, but shortly afterwards, depart. O’Méara tells me that Madame Stürmer, her husband and Balmain, have been chatting with Montholon and the Bertrands at the Longwood gate for over an hour. When I visit the Emperor later, he asks me to sit down, and then says as if complaining: “Why didn’t you go and speak to the Commissioners?”

“Sire,” I reply, “I didn’t see them. But even if I had, I wouldn’t have gone to them. Two days ago, Your Majesty urged me to leave them to Montholon.”

“You ought to have gone,” says the Emperor. “You are going to make me angry again. But I don’t wish to be annoyed. O’Méara has had an audience with Hudson Lowe, and has told him that, in his opinion, I shall not live six months. It is very nice to have such testimony. That will harass the

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Governor. I am ill. I have scurvy. All the town knows it. They are issuing bulletins about me."

"You ought to have gone to see the Commissioners," continues the Emperor. "You don't believe, do you, that I mistrust you? It seems that Piontkowski was sent here as a spy. Well, go and get some dinner. I am going to bathe my legs."

I depart, very sad, for the Emperor seemed displeased with me.

October 1st.

Hudson Lowe has informed Balcombe that, if the Emperor has any complaints to make, he should send them to Lowe through one of us, and not through Balcombe. Balcombe has told Lowe about the Emperor's swollen legs.

October 2nd.

Montholon tells me that the "Observations"¹ (on Lord Bathurst's speech) have not yet been sent, but the Emperor has signed them.

It appears that His Majesty may enter any house in the valley, but we mustn't! This evening Hudson Lowe is giving a Ball, in celebration of his son's birthday. The Grand Marshal calls on me to show me his letter, in which he accuses the Governor of slowly killing the Emperor. In the letter, he reports the conversation he had on the subject with Hudson Lowe. Hudson Lowe's version of the affair, which was sent to England, was distorted. In this letter, Bertrand addresses the world in our name. After dinner, the Emperor sends for me. He is in a bad humour. On the table lies Bertrand's letter, and he makes me read it. He is entirely in agreement with what the Grand Marshal has written.

¹ See "Observations on Lord Bathurst's speech to the House of Peers, on March 18th, 1817." Copies of this pamphlet are very scarce. The editor's copy (a second edition, 1818) states on the title-page: "Sent sealed to Sir Hudson Lowe, to the address of Lord Liverpool, on the 7th day of October 1817." The following is also printed on the title-page: "I approve these observations. I desire that they may be placed before the eyes of the Sovereigns, and of the people of England. Longwood, October 9th, 1817—Napoleon."

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“That will rather spoil the Ball,” he remarks. “Only gaulers and blackguards are afraid of the Governor.”

“Yes, Sire,” I remark, “but Bertrand feared Lowe for some considerable time.”

This letter may frighten the Governor. There’s a good deal of repetition in it, but repetition is the best figure of rhetoric. His Majesty complains of his liver, and makes me feel his legs.

“Sire, when I heard how ill you were, I was stricken with sorrow,” I remark.

“What!” exclaims the Emperor. “You speak of sorrow—you! What sorrows have I not had? What things to reproach myself with! You, at any rate, have nothing to regret.”

The Governor has probably invited O’Méara to his Ball, for the doctor is dining with Bingham. Hudson Lowe cannot resist an opportunity to hear news of us.

October 3rd.

Madame Bertrand is annoyed about all these intrigues. Hudson Lowe called this morning, but spoke to the doctor only. According to the Emperor, there were eighty dancers at the Lowes’ Ball. Sir Hudson was in a bad temper throughout the evening! “I have aroused his ire,” remarks the Emperor.

October 4th.

The Governor removes the restrictions prohibiting our entering houses in the valley; but the Grand Marshal has replied that His Majesty will not go out again until the conditions, in force during the Admiral’s time, are restored. If we recognize Hudson Lowe’s right to make his own restrictions, he will soon confine us strictly to Longwood. In the afternoon, I ride to Alarm House to see Captain Blakeney. I meet Balcombe and Gors; but I merely wish them “Good-day”, without turning towards them. They have been speaking to the Montholons for more than an hour, and are calling to-morrow with Stürmer. Later on, I discuss with Montholon my meeting with the Russian. It appears that the Emperor hasn’t yet sent the “Observations” to the Governor; but they will appear in England,

and Lord Bathurst, who knows nothing about them at present, will undoubtedly say that they are false, and a libel. Furthermore, the Governor will not be long now in removing the restrictions, and then the "Observations", which are based chiefly on the restrictions, will be useless. The Emperor does nothing but make alterations in them. Montholon feels certain that the manuscript will go the way of other manuscripts—that is, to a hole in the garden. When I call on the Emperor at 8.30, he bids me sit down. Marchand enters with a double-bottomed box. He has drawn on the false bottom of the box, a portrait of the King of Rome. It is a present for Esther. The Emperor consults me.

"Marchand ought not to let the portrait of Napoleon II fall into the hands of these English pigs, eh?"

The Emperor tells me that the Austrian "Commissioner is calling to-morrow, and we must all see him. The Emperor is going to send (by Montholon) a basket of sweets to Madame Stürmer. Also, in a few days, he is going to ask for a medical examination, which, he hopes, will be the means of getting us away from St. Helena. That is, if the doctors are honest. His Majesty is sure of O'Méara, and of his devotion. In my opinion, the Emperor's liver-trouble would be his strongest claim for removal, for his legs have been swollen ever since he left Moscow. His Majesty speaks about the Corsicans.

"I am not a Corsican. I was brought up in France. I am, therefore, a Frenchman, as all my brothers are. I was born in 1769, Corsica already being joined to France. At Lyons once, the Mayor, wishing to pay me a compliment, said to me: 'It is amazing, Sire, that, although you are not a Frenchman, you love France so much, and are doing so much for her.'

"It was", remarked the Emperor, "as if he had given me a big blow with a stick. I turned my back on him."

The Emperor again remarks that, with money, one can buy any Englishman. "The doctor has only been good to me since I gave him money. I understand, now, why Frenchmen would rather vegetate in Paris than live as 'milords' in London. This business of consultation is a big question to them, on account of their fears of losing their jobs if they displease the

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Ministry. Hudson Lowe himself has remarked that he can see from Bertrand's letter that we have been in communication with England ”

His Majesty then retires to bed. He has treated me extraordinarily well.

CHAPTER XXV

THE COMMISSIONERS FAIL TO ARRIVE

October 5th, 1817.

AFTER lunch, I visit Madame Montholon, who is going to deck herself out for the great meeting with the Commissioners. Her husband remarks that the Emperor has almost driven him mad for, since 5 a.m., he has done nothing but take down dictation, rub out, and then begin all over again. Madame jokes, and says the same as I—that the Commissioners will not come at all. They are just having a laugh at us. His Majesty has prepared a very beautiful basket for Madame Stürmer, who is supposed to be bringing the Marquis de Montchenu with her. When I visit Bertrand, he is very flushed, and his wife is in a temper. *Ma foi!*—I leave them. Nevertheless, I return in half an hour, and find Madame all arrayed in her best. The children are also dressed up. All this for the Commissioners! I tell them that I warned His Majesty yesterday that they would not come, and I still think so; but the Grand Marshal is on his dignity. The Commissioners will come—they are so greedy for news of us. There are spies everywhere to warn us of their arrival. The whole house is in a state of excitement. At 4.30, no Commissioners! We laugh. The Emperor summons us to the billiard-room with the children. He is dressed, scans the road through his glasses, and becomes impatient and ill-humoured. There stands the basket of fruit! I assure him that the Commissioners will not come. After mistaking Archambault for one of the Commissioners, His Majesty distributes the sweets among the children, and then pinches their ears. I must admit that Madame Montholon does not like the Commissioners, and never did believe that

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they would come ; hence her scorn at the preparations made in their honour. At 6 o'clock, the Emperor retires to his room. Later, he sends for me, and asks me to examine his liver. He complains of pains, says that he is ill and has no appetite, and so will not dine. He speaks about the Commissioners. "But for the Governor, they would have come. Madame Stürmer is dying to see Madame Bertrand."

October 6th.

In the evening, the Emperor sends for Bertrand, who arrives with a long face. Hudson Lowe's reply, which has been received, suggests that he is on the defensive. He has removed the majority of the restrictions, and gives extracts of his instructions from the Government, and of the orders he has received from Lord Bathurst. He may settle the limits of the enclosure, but he is to forbid any communication with anyone which does not arrive through official channels—that is, through him. The Emperor cries : "What ! If Gourgaud wants a negress, must he get one through Lowe ?"

Bertrand says that, henceforth, Lowe will address His Majesty as "Napoleon Bonaparte" instead of "General Bonaparte" ! The Emperor is agitated. "We will write a nice reply", he says, "and Lowe will have it to-morrow morning."

October 7th.

The "Observations" have been sent this morning together with a new letter from Bertrand abusing the Governor. His Majesty goes out with Montholon, visits the stables, and, later, calls on Madame Bertrand. He asks her why she looks so upset. She replies, because her husband is such a poor fish.

"At night, or during the day ?" asks the Emperor.

"Ah, *ma foi* !" replies Madame Bertrand.

"Ah," says the Emperor. "You forget that woman is but one rib—she is the slave of the husband."

Yes, and it is true that here we are all slaves ! Shortly afterwards, I meet Bingham, who informs me that conditions have been restored almost to what they were in Admiral Cockburn's time.

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"How is His Majesty?" he asks.

"Well," I reply, "he is suffering from his liver, his legs and his gums."

Later, the Emperor sends for me. He is in his bath: he says he wants to have a salt-water bath. He asks me whether Bingham really believes that he is ill. He invites me to dinner, and talks of women. Then I meet Balmain, who asks me whether it is true that the Emperor has liver-trouble. It appears that, for the last thirty days, the Governor has been having secret conferences on the matter. Balmain urges me to distrust the servants. He says that O'Méara has sworn he will report everything. The Emperor sends for me at 7 o'clock, but is in an extremely bad humour, so I retire to my own room, dine, read a little, and then go to bed, thoroughly weary of everything.

October 9th.

The Governor calls on the Grand Marshal, and reports that the "Observations" are sealed down for despatch. The Emperor thinks Hudson Lowe has surely read the "Observations", and wants to come to terms with us. His Majesty is still suffering from his liver, but he hopes that sweating will cure him. O'Méara assures him that it takes a year to die from this malady. If we come to terms with Hudson Lowe, the Emperor will go riding again. He will purchase horses, and do eight to ten miles in the saddle daily.

October 10th.

The Grand Marshal thinks we ought to ask Gorrequer's help in negotiating with Hudson Lowe. The Governor has promised to re-establish the enclosure as it was in the Admiral's time, so as not to leave us any grounds for complaint. After dinner, the Emperor says to me: "Go out, M. le Général. It's a very beautiful day."

"Yes, Sire, very," I agree.

"Well then," says the Emperor, "why don't you go out riding? You always want to annoy me."

"Sire," I reply, "when I go riding, Your Majesty is annoyed, and when I don't, Your Majesty is still annoyed."

His Majesty assures me that it is my fault if I have no con-

sideration shown me. He seems very upset but quietens down, and repeats that it is my own fault if I haven't any friends.

His Majesty, who finally becomes quite calm, says to me : "Come now, go to bed and calm yourself."

I reply : "I have more philosophy than Your Majesty. If I hadn't philosophy, with all my strength of mind, I should not survive the night."

October 12th.

The Grand Marshal tells me that the Governor called yesterday. The Emperor watched him through his spy-glasses as he was saluting Balmain. A boat has arrived from the Cape with two papers, but with no letters. The Governor is very civil to me, and asks me how every one is at Longwood. "I haven't seen His Majesty this morning," I reply. "I don't know how he is."

It is definite that the Commissioners will not come to Longwood, on account of etiquette ; yet they report everything to their respective Governments. Hudson Lowe has asked them not to despatch their letters by the brig, but to wait for a man-of-war, which is due to arrive shortly. Montholon urges me to do the same, because he thinks the Emperor ought to advise us as to what he wishes us to say in our letters regarding his illness. It appears that the Governor maintains that the Emperor's illness comes from taking sea baths. I inform Bertrand that I have warned my mother not to be distressed if I mention liver-trouble in my letters, as a pretext for getting away from here.

October 14th.

Balcombe comes to see the Emperor secretly. I go for a walk with Bertrand, and we meet Jackson, then the Balcombes, with Betsy. They have just settled into their new house. The Emperor is waiting for me on my return. "What did you say to Jackson?" he asks.

"That Your Majesty has liver-trouble," I reply. I mention that I also saw Balcombe.

"Ah," says the Emperor, "and what did Balcombe say to you?"

"I thought Your Majesty had seen him yourself," I reply.

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"Yes, I did see him. They will all be coming again on Friday. Apparently negotiations with the Governor have broken down."

We dine very sadly, and discuss ghosts and presentiments. His Majesty speaks about the Wandering Jew, who was richer than he, and could spend three millions a day. "*Eh bien*, Gourgaud, you would have enjoyed a day like that, wouldn't you?"

The Emperor wonders whether the Almighty can make a stick without two ends. "Yes, Sire," I reply. "A hoop is an infinite and endless stick."

October 15th.

The Emperor is very annoyed with the Commissioners, and presumes that it is they who said that O'Méara was issuing bulletins. The Emperor has seen in those bulletins that he is styled "General Bonaparte". As a result, he forbids the doctor to issue any fresh bulletins, unless he is described as "The Emperor". That completely nonplussed the Governor! His Majesty urges me to tell all this to Count Balmain, if I see him before Montholon does. The Commissioners have asked if they might bring Montchenu with them, but the Emperor says he will kick that gentleman's bottom, not for being the King's Commissioner, but for having signed a libel against the Emperor. The Emperor remarks that the Balcombes are a family of bastards. "They belong to the lowest people", he says, "and dare not invite me to dinner. Betsy will not marry the Major—he has too much intelligence to lose caste in this way."

(I always thought that Ferzen never intended to marry—all this is His Majesty's invention!)

His Majesty is tired, and unable to walk. He says he would have lived until he was 80, if he had not come to St. Helena. Here, he will never make old bones. He discusses modern inventions, and Cinna.

October 16th.

While I was at Madame Bertrand's, an envelope arrived from Hudson Lowe, containing the latest newspapers. After some hesitation, Madame Bertrand opens it, and finds news-

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papers dated June 28th, and July 1st, 2nd and 3rd. We read of the marriage of Flahaut, of the arrest of Savary at Trieste, of the disinheritance of the King of Rome by his mother, and of the town built by Joseph. Later, His Majesty, sitting in the reception-room, receives me cordially, and scans the newspapers. I mention Flahaut's marriage.

"I tell you", says the Emperor, "that I will find you a bride, with three or four thousand pounds a year. That should justify your staying here with me."

Shortly afterwards, he says: "When we are in England, all the women will want you. Look at Flahaut. I wanted to make him my Grand Marshal. I must have an amiable person for that position."

Having treated me well, the Emperor retires at 10.

October 17th.

In the morning, Marchand begs me, on behalf of the Emperor, to design an invalid's chair.

October 18th.

The Emperor is playing with Montholon, and says he envies me my good fortune in seeing Betsy. He thought I was going to dine with this young person; but I reply that I haven't come to St. Helena for Miss Balcombe. When His Majesty does me the honour to invite me to his table, I do not go elsewhere. In the evening, we read Milton.

October 19th.

Bertrand takes me to breakfast at the Balcombés, but when we get there, they are still in bed. It seems that Hudson Lowe suspects something, for, last night, he increased the number of sentries. It is probably because of a rumour that an American schooner is cruising in the neighbourhood. Later in the morning, when the Emperor sends for me, he is quite gay, and sends me to lunch with the Balcombés. News is to hand that Paris is peaceful.

October 20th.

In the morning, the Emperor dictates to Montholon on Marlborough's Italian campaigns. Later, he sends for me,

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and discusses war—"Waterloo was lost because Grouchy failed to rejoin us. Poor France!—to be beaten by those rascals. But it's true—they had already beaten us at Crécý and Agincourt. I felt too confident of beating them. I had guessed their numbers, but probably I ought to have waited another fortnight. Perhaps I was wrong in attacking.¹ Russia and Austria would certainly not have acted against me."

October 25th.

I receive a letter from my mother, and one from Planat. The Emperor hears from his family. Later, he sends for me, and reads my letters.

October 26th.

The Emperor praises Warden. I think him a blackguard. His Majesty exercises constraint, and adds that he would have paid £10,000 sterling for this work. It is so useful. "If", he says, "O'Méara ever writes a journal, it will be very interesting."

October 27th.

After dinner, His Majesty seeks to quarrel with me, on the grounds that I am always complaining. "You are more fortunate than if I had remained on the throne," he remarks. "Louis XVIII would have had all my officers hanged."

"Sire," I remark, "I have never betrayed anyone. At Fontainebleau, Your Majesty freed me from my oath of fidelity, and urged me to serve the King faithfully."

October 28th.

Bertrand begs me not to pester him with my troubles.

October 29th.

The Grand Marshal lends me £20 sterling, and asks me again not to speak about my troubles.

¹ Probably the most candid explanation for losing the battle Napoleon ever gave—certainly the most candid on record.

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October 30th.

Mr. Darling comes to lay my carpets. Returning to my room, I find my window has been forced. Tristan tells me it was done by a workman. I speak about it to Montholon. He questions the workman who confesses that he broke in to get Darling's hat. This is a lie. Darling had his hat on when he left. Montholon and I examine the window. We find traces of housebreaking.

November 1st.

The Emperor assures me that he has only a year to live. We shall all be freed from his service soon. Prisoners remain in their cells. After all, exercise isn't necessary. Then the Emperor adds that he will go out in the morning if the Governor is changed. By remaining indoors he preserves his dignity. He is still Emperor. He couldn't live otherwise. His Majesty recognizes that he has his faults. "Now that I am far away I see them," he remarks. "I will not hasten the end of my life by one minute; but I will not tolerate insolence from anyone, nor will I allow my privacy to be violated."

November 2nd.

I ask the Emperor if I may call on Lady Lowe. "Yes, certainly. One cannot have too much respect for her." The Emperor pinches me, coaxes me, and dismisses me at 2.30. I go riding and meet Balmain. His conduct is approved by his Government, but Stürmer is blamed by his, because of the affair of the botanist. Balmain assures me that he prefers my conversation to Montholon's; and yet the latter is the diplomat of the party. He promises to bring Stürmer to see us, either to-morrow or the day after. Returning to Longwood, His Majesty sends for me in the billiard-room. I relate my conversation with Balmain. "That's right," says the Emperor, "you must go to Stürmer's to-morrow."

"What!" I say. "Pay a visit to him? To his wife, if you like."

The Emperor gets angry, assures me that Stürmer is a very proper person, and that one always calls on the husband when one is a bachelor. Besides, Stürmer is an envoy. I am

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obstinate. His Majesty insists, and is offended by my obstinacy. Shall I obey?

November 3rd.

I go to tell the Emperor that I am going to meet Stürmer. He is with O'Méara, and keeps me waiting a quarter of an hour before he admits me. He is in his bath, and advises me to wait a day or two. It is better not to visit Stürmer yet! I confess that I think the same; but my opinion vexes the Emperor again, and he maintains that the Austrian envoy has the rank of Colonel. He asks me to visit Bingham, Doveton,¹ etc. I tell Montholon of the change in my plans, and he declares that he would not call on Stürmer, even if the Emperor ordered him to. I ride with Captain Blakeney. We pass the Bingham's, who give us a courteous reception. Then we push on to Rose Hill, returning to Longwood at 5 o'clock.

November 4th.

I dine with His Majesty who eulogizes Bertrand. "He is the best engineer in Europe," etc.

November 5th.

The Emperor dresses at 10, and then sends for me. He praises Bertrand again, and then discusses the efficacy of grape-shot. He is annoyed because I hold a different opinion. Then he asks me: "If you had to choose between cannon-balls or grape-shot, which would you take?"

"Cannon-balls, Sire," I reply.

"I wouldn't," exclaims His Majesty. "Grape-shot for me."

November 6th.

For several days past Bertrand has been holding conferences with Balcombe. Bertrand's new house is on our road, and

¹ Sir William Doveton (1753-1843). Lived at Mount Pleasant, Sandy Bay, St. Helena. Napoleon's last excursion (in the nature of an early visit one morning for breakfast) was to Mount Pleasant (October 4th, 1820). Doveton received him with honour, but afterwards described the Emperor as being "as fat and as round as a china pig" (see Forsyth, vol. iii).

O'Méara dines there often. When out riding, I pass Balmain and Stürmer. They wish to come with me, but, in refusing, I repeat that they should meet Montholon, who is the diplomat of our party. As for me, I will never mix in politics. On my return, I meet them again. They had gone as far as Longwood without meeting Montholon. Stürmer seems very annoyed at having made a fruitless journey. They wish to wait until I fetch Montholon, who is out walking with his wife. I then see His Majesty, and dine alone in my room.

November 7th.

Montholon thinks the Emperor needs disillusioning, for his excessive self-respect leads him to believe that, after ill-treating a person, a smile from him will repair the damage. I inquire whether His Majesty intends dining with us again, for the quietness at meals is making Longwood intolerably dull.

"On the contrary," replies Montholon, "I believe the Emperor's mind is definitely made up. He will not dine again at table."

It is very unfortunate for us. Life here is becoming impossible. I would like to see Longwood submerged in a hundred feet of water. O'Méara and Cipriani hear these words of mine. The Emperor sends for me. He has had his bath, and has dismissed Bertrand without inviting him to stay to dinner ; but he sends him two dishes from his table. He bids me sit down. He is gloomy and I, too, am in a bad humour. The Emperor reproaches me for creating scenes ; for believing that I am being spied upon ; and especially for my misinterpreting his silence. I complain unreservedly of Longwood, whereupon the Emperor observes that we must be a lot of old women, judging from the amount of groaning that goes on. I reply sharply that the men are less than women here, for no one finds Longwood pleasant. His Majesty dissimulates his anger and talks of Bertrand again.

"He is the greatest engineer . . ."

But my patience is exhausted when the Emperor says :
"The engineers are cleverer than artillery men."

He continues reproaching me for what I have said. He says Bertrand loves me, and always defends me.

November 8th.

The Emperor sends for me. He snaps at me, and repeats that I am always complaining of Longwood. If I am unhappy, I can either go, or wait until we hear of Las Cases' arrival home, and of the nature of his welcome in Europe. Further, His Majesty says he cannot live for more than a year, and wherever I may be he will think of me. But I am too pretentious. Montholon suits him better, because he spares no pains to please him. I have a bad disposition, and I shall have a bad end. I ask the Emperor what he means by those words. I have always behaved honourably and will continue to do so.

"Well, then," says the Emperor, "what have you got against me?"

I answer that, according to Montholon, His Majesty has decided not to dine at table again.

"That is untrue," remarks the Emperor.

"Well, then, Sire," I reply, "ask Montholon yourself."

The Emperor storms and gives way to harshness. "You hate us all," he cries. "I can see that you have nothing but hatred for me. You love only my enemies. You attack anyone who is devoted to me—Bertrand—Montholon."

"Sire," I retort, "just because I defend the Artillery rather than the Engineers, Your Majesty assumes that I am attacking General Bertrand. In the presence of the English I defend you all, whereas, by treacherous insinuations, every one is made to think ill of me. As my treatment here is so impossible, so unjust, I prefer to go. Let us find an honourable excuse for me to depart from St. Helena."

The Emperor thinks I am very fortunate here. I have good board and residence.

"Sire," I reply, "in prison, or anywhere else I may go, I shall have board and residence ! But I shall not be so humiliated as I am here. I shall never agree to be considered under the orders of Montholon and Madame Montholon. I would rather die ! Montholon esteems himself as highly as Bertrand."

"And he is right, too," says the Emperor ; "he has the care of my household. If this were left to the Grand Marshal, Madame Bertrand would be better served than I. I know

what they did at Elba. Bertrand is endowed with sterling qualities, but they are discounted by villainous faults. In particular, he is very secretive."

I am much moved, although His Majesty declares that I am an egoist. "I too", says the Emperor, "am an egoist; and if you leave me, it will be because you are wanting in both nobility and devotion."

"Your Majesty offers me two alternatives," I reply. "Obedience to Montholon, or dismissal. I cannot obey Montholon. I despise him too much for that."

The Emperor is vexed. He often used to swallow his pride when he commanded the world. And so with his wife and his brothers. But I am not obliged to do so, and His Majesty, seeing that I have practically decided, softens somewhat, and scolds me more gently. He lies down and repeats that, before another year is out, his liver malady will have carried him off. He talks quietly until midnight, and then says: "Try and get a good night."

CHAPTER XXVI
THE EMPEROR TALKS OF
WELLINGTON

November 9th, 1817.

I TELL Bertrand all about last night's scene. He thinks that what hurts the Emperor most is having altercations with me. Bertrand is cool towards me. I supported him differently when it was he who was anxious to depart !

Returning from town, I find Balmain talking to Bertrand and Montholon. Later, His Majesty sends for Bertrand, and I remain with Madame Bertrand. She is an excellent woman—the only person at Longwood with any human feelings and sympathies. “It was I”, she remarked to me, “who informed the Emperor of the death of the Empress Josephine. The Emperor took me into his carriage to hear the news, and when I told him, he didn't wince, but merely remarked : ‘She is very happy now.’”

November 10th.

The Grand Marshal is distressed about the education of his children. “They will reproach me one day for neglecting their education.” The Bertrands want to leave St. Helena. They wonder what would happen to us if the Emperor died suddenly.

November 11th.

I ask Bertrand whether, in the event of a quarrel with Montholon, he would be my second. Bertrand replies : “Certainly not !”

“Eh !” I answer. “You would prefer me to ask an Englishman ?”

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November 12th.

O'Méara has given the Emperor a copy of the "Quarterly Review", in which is printed an attack on Montholon's letter. It also says that His Majesty hasn't any friends. Talleyrand and Marmont have betrayed him. It is thought that the exile of St. Helena can only last two years. Bertrand thinks this a stupid libel.

November 13th.

While out with the Bertrands, we meet the Misses Balcombe and O'Méara, but we see nothing of the Commissioners. The Emperor asked Bertrand yesterday what I was doing. It appears that His Majesty was sad, suffering from toothache and a swollen face. In the evening, the Emperor asks the time, and then announces that he isn't dining. He retires with the remark: "The weather has been bad to-day, Monsieur Gourgaud."

"Pardon, Sire," I reply, "but it has been excellent."

"I don't think so," says the Emperor.

And that's the end of the conversation!

November 14th.

It is the anniversary of my birthday. I am thirty-four. I think of my poor mother.

November 15th.

The Emperor sends for me in the reception-room. I find him playing chess with Bertrand, and all he says to me is "Ah, Monsieur Gourgaud!" But the Montholons are welcomed effusively! His Majesty plays with them, and then gets up, saying he will not dine. Passing me he says "Adieu, Gourgaud."

November 16th.

I go for a walk with Bertrand, and meet the Russian Commissioner and his aide-de-camp. Always the same refrain—the Commissioners cannot visit us without fresh orders. Balmain asks me whether it is true that the Emperor is sinking and falling into apathy. It is rumoured that he is. I reply non-committally, for fear of saying the wrong thing.

Then Balmain enquires about the "Manuscrit trouvé à Ste. Hélène". Did the Emperor, or Las Cases, write it? I say nothing.

His Majesty has had a wisdom tooth out. He sends for me in the reception-room.

"*Eh bien!*" he exclaims. "You have been talking to the Commissioners."

He embraces Madame Bertrand, who is all dressed up, caresses her, and begs her to play chess, although she doesn't even know the moves. At dinner, he has eyes for no one but her. The Emperor speaks only once to me, and then to ask whether the Grand Marshal's room was at Versailles. After dinner, we return to the reception-room. At last, the Emperor becomes bored and asks the time.

Montholon says: "Ten o'clock."

I exclaim: "Nine-fifteen!"

So the Emperor plays until 9.30, and then retires.

He told us that O'Méara made him sit on the ground when he pulled his wisdom tooth out. The operation caused vomiting. The doctor used his forceps. O'Méara was quite proud of the operation. It was a back tooth, and had two cavities above the gum, one on the outside, and the other at the back of the tooth.

November 18th.

The Emperor has been out for a bit, but the weather is bad, and he complains of feeling unwell. He complains particularly of the ague and says to me: "That's a sign of fever, isn't it, Gourgaud?" Then, after playing twelve games, he remarks: "Great news! I hear there is to be a change of Ministry in England. We shall see Wellesley, Holland and Grenville in power. The Little Princess¹ will punish the Ministers for ill-treating her mother. They no longer talk of me in England—they ignore libels. No one in France wishes to read the 'Quarterly Review'. The Bourbons are to be cleared out. Austria and Russia are going to withdraw their troops. The English will be asked to recall theirs, and, then, the Bourbons will be expelled. There is to be a complete change. Wellesley is for me. He says they

¹ Princess Charlotte.

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were wrong in driving me out of France in 1815. Lowe is being abused in the Gazettes."

His Majesty speaks with the greatest volubility, with his eyes fixed on me; yet he appears to be exceedingly angry. Then he gets up, says he isn't going to dine, and leaves the room. At 9.30, I retire to my room, feeling sad and wretchedly miserable.

November 19th.

The Emperor sends for me in the reception-room, where he is playing chess with Montholon. Madame Montholon is on the sofa, and she remarks that the Emperor's extracted tooth is worth at least a thousand louis. The Emperor plays until 7 o'clock, and then says: "Ah, what a villainous country!"

November 20th.

When the Emperor sends for me in the reception-room, he says: "It is curious that the Commissioners do not come. They are afraid of the Governor—the scoundrel!"

November 21st.

I tell Bertrand: "My patience is about exhausted. I shall box Montholon's ears."

November 22nd.

The Governor came to the farm this morning. He has sent a long letter to Bertrand, who passed it on to the Emperor. According to Madame Bertrand, the news which His Majesty announced recently, about a change of Ministry, etc., is true. Personally, I don't believe a word of it! Even if it were true, it would make little difference to my feelings. They will never allow the Emperor to return to England, unless he changes his mode of life, and particularly his views on etiquette, which are hateful to the English. The "Quarterly Review" alludes to this matter. "It is ridiculous", says the 'Review', "that Madame Montholon should appear every morning at St. Helena in a silk gown, just as if she were at Court in the Tuileries."

Cockburn has urged His Majesty to "abandon his royalty". England had never intended to recognize Napoleon as King, and never would begin to now.

Hudson Lowe's letter to Bertrand is full of reproaches. This means that we shall be badly received in England, as the Governor is convinced that there isn't another honest man, besides myself, at Longwood. I express the hope that Lowe will be superseded. If Lowe's recall hasn't yet taken place, it is because they have no respect for the Emperor. According to Bertrand, the letter he has received from the Governor is full of reproaches, because he, Bertrand, has done nothing but acknowledge receipt of letters from Lowe, and because we haven't yet withdrawn the "Observations". Bertrand tells me that, since writing the "Observations", Sir Hudson Lowe has offered to alter the limits, and to extend them as far as Miss Mason's. In the reception-room, the Emperor remarks : "I've been reading Hume. What a fierce Nation the English are. What crimes in their history ! Look at Henry VIII, who married Lady Seymour the very day following that on which he had Anne Boleyn executed. *We* would never have done such a thing in France ! Nero never committed such crimes ; and then, there's Queen Mary. A fine thing for the Salic law . . . !"

We speak about the Governor—"Hanging isn't good enough for him," exclaims the Emperor.

After playing ten games of chess with Madame Montholon, the Emperor says to me : "Come now, let me play with you, Gourgaud. It's a long time since I've beaten you."

"Pardon, Sire," I answer.

"Why !" adds the Emperor, "it's more than a fortnight since I played with you."

"Ah, yes. I thought Your Majesty meant it was a long time since you maltreated me."

The Emperor is offended at my words, and Bertrand nudges me to be quiet.

November 23rd.

While out riding, I meet the Stürmers. Stürmer says he is never coming to Longwood, because, however agreeable our conversations may be, they are not worth all the fuss and

explanations in which they involve us with the Governor. Stürmer thinks I must be very bored being all on my own. "What!" he remarks. "Only three of you, and yet you cannot live peacefully! You ought to dine with O'Méara."

Later on, I meet Hudson Lowe. "How are you?" he asks. "How's your room? If ever you need anything, let me know." I thank him. In the evening, the Emperor asks me: "Have you seen the Russian?"

"Yes, Sire," I reply.

The Emperor then takes me into the billiard-room, and I tell him about a rumour which says that I, first, and then Bertrand, will be leaving St. Helena. His Majesty thinks that the rumour is due to articles in the "Quarterly Review". I reply that, as far as I am concerned, the rumour is correct.

"Do you really want to leave?" asks the Emperor.

"Sire," I reply, "I am no longer of service to you. I would rather go than be a burden to you."

"Now, now," exclaims the Emperor. "Are you seeking another quarrel?"

"I never see Your Majesty now", I answer, "without having the misfortune to displease you. The Montholons have prejudiced you against me."

"But", answers the Emperor, "you never visit them. If you do not wish to stay, we shall have to devise some means whereby you can depart honourably."

"Sire," I reply, "I have lost everything. There remains only my honour. So I shall revenge myself on Montholon. Stürmer has assured me that the Governor is perfectly satisfied with my behaviour. I mention this to Your Majesty for the relief of my own conscience, and because I don't wish to keep anything from you."

His Majesty then speaks to me kindly, and we all go in to dinner. The Grand Marshal tells a story about one of his friends; after which, the Emperor tells an obscene anecdote. Madame Montholon blushes, and says: "I don't see it."

November 24th.

Bertrand urges me to have patience. He says that he himself was harshly treated by the Emperor a week ago. This is a time of crisis, but it will pass. Yesterday, for instance,

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His Majesty asked Bertrand whether his child was a boy or a girl. Bertrand replied : "*Ma foi*, I don't know—I'll ask my wife" !

It was only then that the Emperor saw that Bertrand was angry !

November 25th.

Colonel Nicoll¹ has invited me to a dance which he is giving on Monday. I reply neither "Yes" nor "No", for one cannot dance with a burden as heavy as mine. The Emperor says that there are no obstacles to prevent our going to the Ball.

"Madame Montholon cannot go to it," he remarks, "but you, Bertrand and Madame Bertrand, must go. It will not upset me in the least. You are all so miserable here, that it is up to you to take advantage of so good an evening. It will amuse you. The Governor isn't going ; but you will see Bingham and his wife there."

I go for a ride and meet Montholon, with whom I exchange a frigid greeting.

November 26th.

Bertrand persuades me to call for a bag containing 3,000 francs. This I accept with reluctance—for, after all, I must pay my debts. I pay back to Bertrand the £20 he lent me. He is worried about his daughter Hortense's health. He has talked to Dr. Baxter and Dr. Livingstone. Later, in the reception-room, the Emperor treats me well, and calls me : "Gorgo, Gorgotto."

November 29th.

Madame Bertrand proposes going to the Ball, but not I. It is untrue that Bertrand received 400,000 florins at Fontainebleau and, later, a million at St. Helena, as a price to make him stay with the Emperor. These affairs are no concern of mine : if the Bertrands have money—well, good luck to them ! As for the million, it was the Emperor himself who told me about it !

¹ C.O. of the 66th Regiment.

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November 30th.

I apologize to the Colonel of the 66th for not going to the Ball. Madame Bertrand tells me that all the discussions her husband has had with Wygniard were to their mutual satisfaction. At heart, the Emperor prefers to be at loggerheads with Hudson Lowe. Lowe has written a very strong letter regarding the limits, and His Majesty has replied, on the back of it, that Lowe is nothing but an assassin, and that it is amazing that the English Government did not send a man of honour to St. Helena ! And it is signed : Napoleon. There are only three sentences. The letter, with the added post-script, has been sent back to Lowe.

December 6th.

Miss Vincent, calling to see little Arthur Bertrand, spies on His Majesty through the keyhole. Hearing of this, the Emperor reprimands Ali¹ ; but Ali is in love with the young lady.

December 9th.

The Emperor has received a long letter from Hudson Lowe in reply to the three sentences which His Majesty wrote on the back of Lowe's last letter. The Governor maintains that His Majesty asked some Englishmen : "Are you men of honour ? Very well, then, take these letters." The Emperor gets up and strolls about, declaring that, if they remove O'Méara, he will not have a friend of Lowe's for a doctor. Baxter is a poisoner, who has known the Governor for some time, and has served with him.

December 10th.

The Colonel of the 66th invites us to his quarters to listen to the Regimental Band.

December 11th.

When His Majesty sends for me, he says he hears from a reliable source that every one is in a state of terror at Plantation House, as the Governor is expecting to be recalled. He hears, too, that it was Lord Wellington who insisted on His

¹ St. Denis.

Majesty being sent to St. Helena. He is a coward. "Miss Hamelin says that Wellington has no courage. He acted out of fear. He has had one stroke of fortune, and knows that such fortune never comes twice. He doesn't wish to risk losing his reputation. He knows well enough what would happen in a year or two, if I were at the head of 200,000 Frenchmen. . . !" ¹

December 12th.

I ride with O'Méara, and ask him not to form a bad opinion of me. It is the Montholons who have turned the Emperor against me. O'Méara doesn't like them, either.

December 13th.

The Emperor sends for me at 1 o'clock, treats me kindly, pinches me, and throws his arms round my neck. He says that if he were in Corsica, he would give me one of his cousins, Mademoiselle Paraviccini, whom he wanted to marry to Drouot. The Governor has recently made Darling swear never to have correspondence with Longwood. Later, I play chess with the Emperor until 8 o'clock. Then His Majesty gets up, and leaning against the mantelpiece, says: "It's a long time until dinner."

December 14th.

The Emperor remarks that Madame Bertrand dresses badly, and that when she is dressed up, she looks like a country wench all decked out in her Sunday clothes.

December 17th.

Conversation with the Emperor on God. "Why I cannot believe in a just God punishing and rewarding, is because good people are always unfortunate, and rogues always lucky. Look at Talleyrand! You will see—he'll die in his bed. When I see that a pig and a dog have stomachs and eat, I say to myself: 'If I have a soul, they must have one also.' Give a watch to a savage. He will believe that it has a soul."

¹ Another example of Napoleon's candidness. This is probably the most authentic report of the Emperor's opinion of Wellington after Waterloo—apart from the clause in his will, leaving a sum of money to a man who tried to murder the Duke.

"Just so, Sire," I remark, "but the watch proves the existence of God, for, to make a watch requires a watchmaker."

NAPOLEON : "If a man thinks, it is because his nature is more perfected than that of, say, a fish. When my digestion is bad, I think differently from when I am well. Everything is a question of matter. Besides, if I had believed in a rewarding God, I should have been afraid of war."

GOURGAUD : "On the contrary, Sire, it seems to me that that should make one more courageous. Nothingness is terrifying ; whereas the idea of God is consoling. Besides, the bravest men have always been fanatics who believed that they would gain Heaven. Without religion, Sire, there could be no society. If it were useful to you to kill your mother, would you do it? Who would restrain you?"

NAPOLEON : "If I weren't in the habit of seeing her, I *would* kill her, just as I would any other. Look at dogs—they don't eat their mothers. But, in order not to have religion, I don't say that we must not have morals."

GOURGAUD : "But, Sire, without religion, who would prevent secret crimes?"

NAPOLEON : "Bah! The laws—that's what makes people good. Morality for the 'Upper Ten' and the gallows for the masses. What prevents me from marrying my sister? Morality!"

GOURGAUD : "Sire, I think that the morality of all religions is the work of God. No matter whether one worships Him as a Catholic, Protestant, or Turk, one's prayers are equally acceptable to Him. It is as if one says that one must pray to God in the one language. Incense will always get there."

NAPOLEON : "Bah, Monsieur Gourgaud. Do you believe that the power which watches over the movements of the stars—and this power is nothing but the property of matter—watches over the actions of men, and keeps an account of them?"

GOURGAUD : "Sire, I believe in God ; and I should be very unhappy to be an atheist."

NAPOLEON : "Bah! Look at Monge and Laplace—vanity of vanities!"

Then the Emperor asks why I am always sad. "How time lags!" he remarks. "To-morrow, I wish Madame Bertrand and Madame Montholon to dine with me. See that they provide me with a good dinner."

CHAPTER XXVII

“WHEN WE ARE DEAD—WE ARE DEAD!”

December 18th, 1817.

THE Emperor sends for me in the billiard-room, wheedles me, and invites me to sit down. “Come now,” he says, “what’s the matter with you?”

I reply : “The treatment which Your Majesty shows me hurts me terribly.”

“Do you want to fight with Montholon?” asks the Emperor. “He doesn’t fear you; nor does Tristan.”

“I do not wish anyone to fear me, just as I am afraid of no one. But I would fight any man who robs me of my position; yet Your Majesty orders me calmly to look on, while Montholon seeks to estrange Your Majesty from me, so that he may be the sole recipient of your favours.”

“You speak ill of those who are devoted to me,” remarks the Emperor. “You are a wicked man. Your character is like Hudson Lowe’s. Even Bertrand says he cannot live with you. If you are bored, why don’t you go hunting with Archambault. Why don’t you join forces with Marchand and Cipriani? You seem to hate every one who loves me.”

“Sire,” I reply, “though I am no snob, I will never associate with valets.”

“I don’t ask you to eat with them,” says the Emperor.

“Ah,” I reply. “I displease Your Majesty, though I have never done anything to deserve your displeasure. I cannot bear it. I can’t change my behaviour. I can’t degrade myself.”

“If you behave yourself,” continues the Emperor, “in two years, or one year, perhaps, I will find you a bride, and present you with 300, 400, or 500 thousand francs. Convince yourself that I owe you nothing for accompanying me here. Had you remained in France, you would have been hanged.”

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"Sire," I reply, "I hadn't that to fear. If I had been attached to the person of the Duc de Berry, I would certainly have followed him when he left Paris in 1815. I was near you when every one recognized you as a leader. I have never quitted my position, nor have I ever betrayed anyone."

The Emperor repeats that Louis XVIII would have had to have all the officers hanged. Consequently, I am very fortunate to have a good home and excellent board. "And, what is more," remarks the Emperor, "you can go riding. It is you who are indebted to me. I owe you nothing. You are very fortunate."

At last, His Majesty softens his remarks somewhat, and even flatters me: "You can be certain that every one has great respect for you," he adds. "Every one knows that you are the only man with whom I can discuss science, that you are my Premier Ordnance Officer, that I have appointed you my aide-de-camp."

He then orders me to go and kiss the hand of Madame Bertrand, which I do forthwith. In the evening, the Emperor addresses me thus: "Monsieur le Baron, my Premier Ordnance Officer."

December 19th.

In the evening, the Emperor asks for me: "Where are the chapters on Marengo?" he inquires. "Are they readable? Fetch them."

He reads through the first chapter, and dictates on the campaigns of 1796, 7, 8 and 9.

December 20th.

Again I make it clear to the Grand Marshal that I would rather leave St. Helena altogether than associate with Marchand and Cipriani. Marchand has sketched a pretty view of Longwood for Tristan Montholon. His Majesty praises it highly, but suddenly I see a snare. Marchand has given Montholon (in the painting) a ribbon of a decoration, while His Majesty is placed between him and his wife, with the Bertrands a little in the rear. I am put more to the left of the picture, on horseback, and wearing white epaulettes. The Emperor tries to make out that Montholon is Bertrand. He

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promises to have a copy made of the picture for Madame Bertrand, so that when the English visit her, they will be able to see a portrait of the Emperor.

“I shall tell him to put me on the steps, with you beside me,” remarks the Emperor.

Later, His Majesty requests me to take Marchand’s drawing back to him. This is only a pretext for getting rid of me. I see no one, and am very miserable the whole evening.

December 21st.

In my recent scene with the Emperor, he said to me: “I can say of you what I said of Moreau—‘He will smash his head against a rock’. Here, at St. Helena, no matter what people say, I can, if it pleases me, make or mar the Governor’s reputation. Everything I say about him, and about his bad treatment of me, and of his intention to poison me, will be believed. That’s why, when the Spanish Prince, Ferdinand, asked me for a doctor from Paris, I replied: ‘Yes, but only as a consultant.’ I did not want people to say that I gave Ferdinand a doctor because, if misfortune resulted, they would have said that it was I who contrived it. Ferdinand should have his Spanish doctors. It is precisely the same here. People won’t believe a word you say; but they will have confidence in me. You are pretentious. And, I repeat, you will smash your head against a rock—and I am that rock.”

“Nonsense,” say I. “People will never believe that.”

Later, the Bertrands arrive. The Emperor doesn’t think Madame pretty. “That hat doesn’t suit you!” he exclaims, “and your dress—it comes from China. I don’t like it.”

At dinner, His Majesty talks about Elba, and is sorry that he isn’t there now. He would have made a rich country of it.

December 22nd.

In the evening, the Emperor sends for me and treats me well. “Why are you so sad?” he asks. “You’ve got the blues. What’s wrong with you?”

December 23rd.

While out walking with the Bertrands, we meet the Russian Commissioner, who is very cool towards me. He talks about

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Adèle, Madame Stürmer's chambermaid. It appears that she has a lover. Balmain promises to bring the Stürmers on Sunday for a private talk with Bertrand. In the reception-room, the Emperor plays chess with the Grand Marshal, and goes out of his way to be nice to me. He pinches me, and says : "What is it that makes you so sad ? Cheer up ! Gorgo, Gorgotto. We'll write a book together soon, Gorgo. My son Gorgo."

December 24th.

The Emperor sends for me and greets me with : "Gorgo, Gorgotto, my son." At 9.30, we all go to our rooms for dinner.

December 25th.

I distribute Christmas presents to a number of servants. The Emperor dictates notes on Marengo. We play chess until 9, and I have my Christmas dinner with the Bertrands.

December 27th.

At the Governor's request, O'Méara visits Plantation House. When the Emperor summons me, he discusses the Deity. He says that he can hear my confessions, as he has been anointed. "Montholon will die first," he remarks, "then you, and then I." He continues : "I believe that the most religious countries are those in which most crimes are committed. On the other hand, religion offers great consolation. Man is less unhappy when he believes in God. I confess that, having seen so many men pass instantaneously from life to death on the battle-field, this has made me a materialist. When a man is asleep, or when a man is mad, where is his soul ? I believe Voltaire contributed most to the Revolution. Every one read his books."

The Governor has written an insolent letter to O'Méara, complaining that he is a spy. What foolishness ! What ill-treatment to one who serves him well ! In the evening, I read to the Emperor.

O'Méara has just returned, after waiting three hours in the Governor's library, only to be told that he was sent for by mistake. The Governor had nothing to say to him. There is an air of mystery about this.

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December 28th.

We meet Balcombe and Betsy. and then Balmain, who only indulges in small talk. The Emperor treats me well.

(Gourgaud's entries for the 29th, 30th, and 31st December, are completely unintelligible.—ED.)

January 1st, 1818.

We all went to the Ball in the pouring rain. Madame Bertrand had a long conversation with Balmain. We didn't leave until 6 a.m. Later, I receive some sweets from Pierron, and am obliged to distribute 40 louis as New Year's presents to the Emperor's servants. In the afternoon, His Majesty sends for me. He is on his sofa, half-dressed. He asks me to sit down, and then questions me about the Ball, and Balmain's conversation. The Emperor seems to be angry about something, and anxious to quarrel. He says my servant Fritz is a spy. I answer that it is only because Montholon wants Fritz's room, and I should like to say more, but I check myself. The Emperor, angrier still, exclaims: "You insult me!"

"No, Sire," I reply. In the end, the Emperor instructs me to go and fetch the Bertrands for a party. I return with them. Madame Bertrand, (so she told me a day or two ago), expects to receive a magnificent New Year's present. Great surprise! The Emperor sends Montholon for some sweets, gives some to Madame and to the children, and then sends some to Madame Montholon, as she cannot come out. Two plates of sweets are also sent to Jenny and Betsy Balcombe, who are sleeping at the Bertrands'. The arrival of a boat with news from England is announced. The doctor hastens to town, and the Emperor is very excited.

"It is a boat specially sent," he remarks. "The Governor is recalled!"

In truth, Amherst, Malcolm, the "Observations", everything seems to coincide. There is possibly a change in the Ministry. The Montholons hope it will mean our return to Europe. If only it were the death of the Prince Regent! Presently, O'Méara's return from town is signalled. The Emperor looks for him through his glasses. "He is coming at a gallop," he remarks. "It must be good news. Surely

the Governor is recalled. It looks well. If the news had been otherwise, O'Méara would certainly have remained in town."

O'Méara dismounts amid great excitement. We all follow his movements. He goes straight to the kitchen! We are disappointed. Ten minutes later, he has himself announced. His Majesty receives him in the reception-room, while we stay in the billiard-room. The Emperor returns to us with the news. It is a boat from Brazil, which has brought two despatches from another boat from England. One is for the Governor, and the other for the Admiral, both countersigned by Lord Bathurst. Their contents are as yet unknown. Balcombe has been dining with the Admiral, attempting to find out something. I am given three letters from my mother. I inform the Emperor that she and my sister have been in great distress, despite His Majesty's fine words. At dinner, the Emperor is in a bad humour.

January 3rd.

The Emperor, still in a bad humour, announces a grave insurrection in Paris. German newspapers are saying all kinds of things about Sir Hudson Lowe. Bertrand seems very pre-occupied over a letter he received from the Governor this morning. The 56th Regiment arrives at St. Helena.

January 4th.

Madame Bertrand is all dressed up, ready to go out to meet Balmain, but it is raining. The Emperor was angry yesterday because of the happenings in France. He reproached himself. The Governor wins the day. Here are three extracts from Lord Bathurst's despatches to Lowe—firstly, Lowe is to send back all our letters on which there is written the word "Emperor". If His Majesty wishes to see Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor is to visit Longwood himself; if not convenient, one of us is to be sent to him.

Secondly, a new house is to be built (for Napoleon), suitable "for an officer of distinction".

Thirdly, a chambermaid is to be provided for Madame Bertrand, if a girl is willing to come here after being informed of the restrictions in force.

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The Emperor tells us that the Governor has asked to see O'Méara's papers. After playing chess with each of us, His Majesty gets up, very disturbed over the news from France. “That imbecile Louis XVIII”, he remarks, “spoils everything by fighting against the revolutionaries.” The position is a serious one. Possibly, we shall be massacred here. The Emperor discusses France and the budget, and retires at 9.

January 5th.

It is rumoured that I shall be arrested, and that Clausel has recruited a number of soldiers and sailors, probably with the idea of attempting a surprise attack on St. Helena. In port are two Austrian frigates, manned by Venetian sailors. Other vessels have been seen cruising in the vicinity. The Emperor asks Bertrand whether he has handed over a “certain packet” to the Russian.

“Yes, Sire,” answers Bertrand, “while my wife was talking to the surgeon of the 66th Regiment. He told me that he had some Gazettes, which he would pass over to Gourgaud, if he should meet him out riding. I said that Gourgaud could hide them in his holster.”

I remark to Madame Bertrand that I am not going to be anybody's dupe. She assures me that she didn't know her husband had to hand over anything to the Russian. In fact, she had only just heard of it. Later, in the reception-room, the Emperor says to me: “You are really too morbid for anything. Why don't you go hunting, or riding? Go and see Madame Bertrand.”

“I should be too afraid of boring her,” I reply.

“Well,” says the Emperor, “go and see Madame Montholon.”

“Ah,” I remark. “The Montholons!—that's different. I am not their crony. But I hope, one day, to see Monsieur Montholon, and then . . . !”

Later, the Emperor sends for me again, and finds me so depressed that he invites me to dinner.

January 7th.

The Emperor declares that, nowadays, people only play at fighting. “Formerly, the vanquished were either massacred, or reduced to slavery, and their women-folk violated. Had

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I done that at Vienna, the Russians wouldn't have reached Paris as easily as they did ! War is a serious thing."

I reply that, if our armies had "massacred everything", conquests would have been more difficult, as people would have defended themselves better. The rifle has established equality among men. Take Spain, for example. We behaved there in the old traditional way, with the result that the entire population rose as one man, and cleared us out. His Majesty is vexed at this, and assures me that, if he had remained in Spain, he would have conquered the country. He ought to have stayed there another month, in 1809, and driven General Moore into the sea. The English would have been disgusted, and would never have set foot again in Spain. "It is because of Austria that I am here," remarks the Emperor.

The Grand Marshal is thrilled with this conversation, and exclaims : "What a great man !"

January 9th.

Jackson asks me to lunch. I invite Bertrand, too. Jackson brings a parcel of Gazettes, sent by the Admiral to the Grand Marshal. Later, I receive a visit from Davis, the captain of the "Conqueror". He has heard of my possible return to Europe, and urges me to put up with the inevitable.

January 10th.

Hudson Lowe visits Longwood, but speaks to no one. Madame Bertrand is distressed about her husband, for yesterday, the Emperor publicly upbraided him because he left the luncheon table without asking permission. In Paris, he would never have done that. In the evening, the Emperor treats me with great consideration. The conversation turns on religion. "My dear Gourgaud," remarks the Emperor, "when we are dead, we are dead."

January 12th.

I am ill. The Grand Marshal thinks that this is because of the Emperor's indifference towards me. I ought to laugh at everything. I shared the dangers of the battle-field with His Majesty, when he didn't know what Montholon looked like.

"But, my dear Gourgaud," remarks Bertrand, "you

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mustn't suffer torments just because, nowadays, His Majesty favours nobody but the Montholons. I do not get angry because he places them before me. *Eh bien!* I just laugh at it. Do as I do.”

“Yes,” I reply. “If I hadn't forfeited my fortune, my health, and my country. If I hadn't . . .”

“Yes, yes,” replies Bertrand. “His Majesty ought to treat you better. Didn't he say to you recently: ‘Well, Gourgaud, let us call Pax’?”

“Yes,” I answer. “The Emperor did say that, but he didn't mean it. I have no confidence in him.”

January 13th.

The Emperor remarks to Bertrand: “Well, we're going to have some news. Yesterday, O'Méara was sent for by Hudson Lowe. The Governor wanted to know whether a certain article in the “Morning Chronicle” was written by him. It is a report of a conversation with Lord Amherst—probably Amherst authorized it himself.”

“Or the Admiral,” I suggest.

“Yes,” remarks the Emperor, “I thought of that, Gourgaud. By the way, go and fetch what you have been preparing.”

“Sire,” I reply, “Your Majesty charged Bertrand to do it. I thought about it, but wasn't able to do a drawing.”

The Emperor snaps back at me, but I remain silent.

January 14th.

The Emperor asks for me about 1 o'clock, wheedles me, and remarks that I ought to see the Russian, in order to get the newspapers. “We shall all die,” he exclaims. “I shall die, and you will return home.”¹

I reply: “Although Your Majesty usually treats me harshly, that remark (*vous rirez*) is exceedingly cruel. I hope you didn't mean it.”

The Emperor explains that he actually said: “*Vous vous en irez*”, and not “*vous rirez*”. The Emperor goes out of his way to be pleasant to me.

¹ The Emperor really remarked: “*Vous vous en irez*”; but Gourgaud appears to have thought the Emperor said: “*Vous rirez*”—i.e. “You will laugh.”

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January 16th.

In the evening, we play chess. The Emperor exclaims :
"What a bore life is ! What a cross !"

How it grieves me to see a man who has once commanded Europe talk like this !

January 17th.

The Emperor sends for me, pinches me, and asks me what I think of the new hour he has chosen for dinner (3 p.m.). "The Grand Marshal says it is a very good hour, provided one isn't too busy." I remark : "It is the hour that fat women choose,—women who don't take supper."

His Majesty is piqued, whistles to avoid losing his temper, pinches me again, calls me "Gorgo", and retires.

January 18th.

I am told that the Emperor will dine at 3 o'clock, so, at that hour, I return to the reception-room. He seems to be in a sullen mood. He asks the time.

"Three o'clock," I reply.

"Good !" he exclaims. "Let us dine ! I wait for no one."

Montholon goes out to see whether dinner is ready. Then His Majesty announces that, in future, dinner will be at 2 o'clock ! In the ensuing conversation, he observes that a general ought to have a mistress, preferably a comedienne. Hudson Lowe arrives in the company of a naval officer. This is disturbing. The Emperor's face changes appreciably. It is a Captain Routh who, after walking round the garden with Lowe, departs.

January 19th.

After dinner, I walk round the garden with the Bertrands. The Emperor sees me, but says nothing. Bertrand remarks that the great man is losing his hair. "Cæsar", I reply, "covered his with laurels." I am still in a bad humour because of the Emperor's bad treatment.

CHAPTER XXVIII

“IF YOU THREATEN MONTHOLON,
YOU ARE A BLACKGUARD!”

January 20th, 1818.

WHEN the Emperor sends for me in the afternoon, he welcomes me warmly, and tells me that he woke up this morning roaring with laughter at what I had said yesterday afternoon about fat women dining at 3 p.m. “Do you really believe”, adds the Emperor, “that the Montholons have such an influence over me?”

I reply that I was not thinking of the Montholons when I made the remark, though I am convinced that 3 p.m. is very suitable for the Montholons. The Emperor had been speaking with kindness and familiarity, but, suddenly, he changes his tone, becomes querulous, and declares that I insult him every day. I stick to my point—that the Montholons *do* order the Emperor’s life, that it is true that he does love them, and would do anything for them.

“They are scrupulously careful in their attentions to me,” replies the Emperor. “They would willingly forgo their dinner for my sake; and yet you say they regulate my stomach! Well, after all, I only like people who are useful to me, and so long as they remain useful, it matters little to me what they think. I pay no heed to what people tell me; if they betray me, they are only doing what many others have done. You bear them ill-will just because they love me. If you were really devoted to me, you would court them. You see for yourself, that theirs is a real devotion. You and I are diametrically opposed. Both you and the Governor make my life a very hard one.”

I protest. I have the same respect for His Majesty that I had for him at the Tuileries, but I cannot overlook the

intrigues of Montholon, and the fact that he is responsible for the bad feeling between His Majesty and myself. I cannot forfeit my honour by paying court to Montholon. His Majesty, who avails himself of every opportunity to quarrel with me, loses his temper again, and declares that I make a great mistake if I think he owes me anything. He owes me nothing. He imagines that I expect the Montholons to court me.

"The time you spend here you can use to your advantage," adds His Majesty.

"Yes, Sire," I reply. "I work ; and I have also learnt a good deal since I came here. I understand men—now !"

"Good," adds the Emperor. "But see that you do not annoy me with your frankness. Keep that for yourself. I tell you again, I only pay attention to what men say. I care little about what they think."

He then goes on to say that I am always making scenes, and that even the English respect him, whereas I insult him every day by showing him that I am depressed, and then by telling him so.

"What do I care whether you're depressed ?" adds the Emperor. "In my presence you should conceal your depression."

"Ah, Sire," I answer, "Your Majesty wants me to appear gay, and if there is no other cause for sadness but that of displeasing Your Majesty, then that should suffice to excuse me."

The Emperor rages afresh, retires to the billiard-room, and orders me to go riding. I am in the depths of despair, and I beg Bertrand to make arrangements for my departure from the island. During my interview with the Emperor, he had also exclaimed : "What right have you to object to my seeing and dining with Montholon only ? You are constantly sad, and do nothing but grumble."

I replied : "Sire, it is the natural right of a man to cry out when he suffers."

His Majesty also said that Bertrand wanted to leave St. Helena, and that he was right. "I don't want any man to bury himself with me. However, the Grand Marshal has

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stayed here, and he has done well. Although I bear him no ill-will, I am under no obligation to him,” remarked the Emperor.

January 21st.

Yesterday, His Majesty assured me that never had he felt more vigorous than at present. He has no wish to sleep. He thinks this forebodes an illness. Later : I was walking along the road with the Bertrands, when Hudson Lowe arrived. He stayed for a long while, and seemed anxious to speak to the Grand Marshal. He appeared quite affable, dismounted, and walked with us until 5.30. Bertrand doesn’t want me to leave St. Helena.

January 22nd.

I call on the Grand Marshal for orders. Later, in town, I meet Captain Davis of the “Conqueror”, who is on his way to Longwood both to pay his respects and to take his leave. I tell him that I hope to see him soon—in England.

Dr. Baxter asks me for news of the Bertrands. “They are quite well,” I reply.

“And the children?” asks the doctor. “And Napoleon?”

I think this is a reference to the baby Bertrand, so reply : “He does nothing but trot about, now.” Laughter.

I assure Baxter that the Emperor is marvellously well. I leave the town with Balcombe, and later on, meet Montchenu, who overwhelms me with his politeness, but scolds me for not inviting him to luncheon. He thinks that I am pale, and much changed. On my return to Longwood, the Emperor asks for me.

“Good day, Gorgo, did you have a good welcome in town? Any news? Did you see the Russian?”

“Sire,” I reply, “I didn’t go to town to see the Russian, and I can’t say what’s going to happen.”

January 23rd.

I begin a letter to my mother, but am so disconsolate that I don’t know what to write about. When the Emperor calls for me at 6.30, he says, rather offensively : “What have you been doing this morning?”

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I tell him that I have been writing a letter to my mother. "What!" he exclaims. "You have spent all the morning doing that? You must have written in verse!"

January 24th.

I finish the letter to my mother, and date it the 29th.

January 25th.

After dinner, His Majesty flatters Madame Bertrand, and asks to see her children. The Emperor then remarks that he has only a year to live—he has liver-trouble, and his legs are swollen. Such is O'Méara's opinion. Bertrand seems dissatisfied with the treatment his wife receives, and remarks: "Your Majesty will bury us all. It is absurd to think that you haven't long to live. If you had stayed in France, you would have lived to be eighty years old."

The Emperor confesses that his greatest strength, when in France, lay in his ability to withstand mental strain; and that he never knew anyone superior to him in this respect. "I could discuss a question for eight hours", he remarks, "and, immediately afterwards, begin another discussion with the same energy as the first. Even to-day, I could dictate for twelve hours on end. Messina, and the others, became bodily tired more quickly than I. You must confess, it requires tremendous courage to live here. My God! I am as calm here as I was at the Tuileries. I have never made a trouble of life. I have never taken, nor will I ever take, steps to avoid death."

The Admiral calls and asks to see the Grand Marshal. This makes the Emperor think. "He has been sent by the Governor," he remarks. "It is on account of the brig which is leaving shortly. If I receive him, he will be able to give me news. If I don't, he will complain that I didn't receive him. Ah! He's a cunning man."

The Emperor tells Bertrand to say that he is unwell, and that, when he sat down at table, he wasn't able to eat. Bertrand goes out with the message. Meanwhile, His Majesty is preoccupied, but remarks *en passant*: "We shall live here for another fifteen or twenty years, perhaps."

I am cold and embittered by His Majesty's treatment.

“YOU ARE A BLACKGUARD!

January 26th.

At 1 o'clock, Madame Montholon gives birth to a daughter. The child is born with a caul. She wanted a boy—probably in order to have a Napoleon in the family! This morning I saw the Grand Marshal, and declared that the moment was opportune for me to demand an explanation from Montholon. For nine years now I have been with the Emperor. It would have flattered my vanity to have died for him in Russia, in Saxony, or in France. I have been wounded three times, twice in his presence, in the act of executing his orders. At Moscow, I found a bomb. I swam the Beresina. At Dresden, no one was used more than I. I had His Majesty's entire confidence in connection with the reorganization of the army. When the Emperor wished to deceive the Allies into believing that Dresden would hold out, it was on the strength of my report that His Majesty came to Dresden with the greater part of his forces. If he had not come, Dresden would have been captured. For this service I received the Golden Cross. In recognition of further services, I was appointed Premier Ordnance Officer—a position created expressly for me, and quite contrary to the rules and regulations of His Majesty's household, and in spite of Duroc and Caulaincourt. Every one was jealous of me. But I redoubled my ardour and zeal, and gave myself wholeheartedly to the service of His Majesty. I venture to say that nobody applied himself more than I did. “And lastly, Marshal,” I remark to Bertrand, “I am far from casting in the Emperor's teeth the services I rendered him in 1814, at Brienne, on the 29th January. Anyone in my place would have done the same. But it is true, that if I had not shot down a Cossack who was hurling himself at the Emperor, His Majesty would have received a nasty sword-thrust through his loins. What would have happened then? I only did my duty, for which I have been amply rewarded by the consciousness that I was able to show the Emperor that I was not an ingrate. I had my horse shot beneath me at Lützen. It fell dead at His Majesty's feet. I was mentioned in despatches at Laon, and at Rheims I forced the town. I took possession of Troyes; and lastly, at Fontainebleau, I remained with the Emperor when every one else was forsaking him. Twice he

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sent me to Paris. I did not betray the King in 1815. I thought I deserved His Majesty's esteem. And you, Bertrand, you saw me at Waterloo. Finally, His Majesty entrusted me with delivering the letter to the Prince Regent.

"And here! Why, I am maltreated and sacrificed to the Montholons! I didn't wish to make any trouble during Madame Montholon's pregnancy, for fear of being accused of barbarity. I will even confess that I was glad of the excuse, for I was always hoping that His Majesty would change. But now, I have decided to fight it out with Montholon. He is the author of all my misfortunes. However, I will wait until Madame Montholon is completely out of danger. The Emperor's conduct towards my mother is unworthy of him. After practically forcing me to accept help for her, he obtains this help from a foreigner, much to my mother's embarrassment. What prevented the Emperor from writing to his bankers in London, as people do every day? And why did he apply secretly to Prince Eugène? Ah, Marshal, he has certainly been a great General, but what a hard heart he has!"

After dinner, I see Madame Bertrand. She has been paying a second call on Madame Montholon, but she refused to receive her. "If the same thing happens to-morrow," says Madame Bertrand, "I'll never put my feet inside her house again."

Another great longing to depart has come over Madame Bertrand. For her, life here is frightful. O'Méara shows us one of the Emperor's teeth, which he has just extracted. The Emperor did not turn a hair.

January 27th.

Bertrand urges me not to take Captain Blakeney as my second. I never intended to. I doubt very much whether I shall experience any difficulty, but I shall tell Montholon always to carry his sword. I will do the same, and I will attack him in the garden before the eyes of every one. The Emperor refrains from visiting Madame Montholon, for such visits provoke scandal in the eyes of the English.

January 28th.

There is a rumour that the authorities at Pernambuco have arrested six officers who were plotting to come here in a steam-

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boat to effect our rescue. I suggest to Jackson that we go for a ride, but the Emperor, seeing me, calls to me. He is sitting on a seat in the garden.

“You must go riding,” he remarks.

“I was just about to do so, Sire, with Jackson.”

“What’s that spy, that rogue Jackson doing here?” asks the Emperor.

Madame Bertrand informs the Emperor that Lowe has ordered Betsy and Jenny Balcombe to hand over the plates which His Majesty gave them on New Year’s Day. At 9 o’clock, the Emperor retires, because he saw Bertrand yawn. Bertrand apologizes, but observes that he has been kept standing for three hours!

January 29th.

To-day is the anniversary of the day on which, in 1814, at the battle of Brienne, I saved the Emperor from a lance-thrust in the back. Later, the Emperor summons me into the garden, and urges me to be gay. Madame Bertrand is also sad. Says the Emperor: “Is it because I told you yesterday that you looked like a washer-woman?”

“No,” says Madame Bertrand. “My chambermaid is ill.”

The Emperor then stoops down and picks up a pin. He offers it to me. “Here, Gourgaud, take this. I make you a present of it.”

In the evening, the Emperor discusses Marshal Brune with me. I take up Ney’s defence, not on account of his behaviour, but because of his military qualities. Ney is the bravest man I have ever seen. His Majesty attacks me, but I hold my tongue.

January 30th.

Balmain informs me that Brayer has been arrested at Rio de Janeiro; so has Colonel Latapie. They were planning to attempt the Emperor’s rescue in a steamboat.¹ Balmain also tells me that the main news in town concerns my possible departure for Europe. Though annoyed, I reply that it is quite true. I am despondent at the thought of having to

¹ The full story may be found in Forsyth. The plot was discovered, and nothing came of the projected attempt to rescue the Emperor.

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leave His Majesty, after sharing his fate in Russia, Germany and France. But there is no alternative. Left alone with the Grand Marshal, I beg him to speak to the Emperor about me, for I have quite decided to send my challenge to Montholon, the author of all my woes.

January 31st.

Bertrand calls on me and tries to dissuade me from my decision regarding Montholon. He says that his wife is sure the Emperor will be sorry when I have gone. Madame Bertrand is afraid that the Emperor will escape with Captain Dee, and thus compromise her husband. She tells me that the Emperor has made a distribution of money. Montholon is to receive 3,000 francs. She also is smarting under the Emperor's insults. He treats her either as a chambermaid, or as a wench decked out in her Sunday best. At 7.30, the Spolding girls arrive with some lace for Madame Bertrand. Later, when the Emperor sends for me, he greets me with : " Ah, my friend Gourgaud," then starts to play chess with the Grand Marshal, but gets bored immediately. He asks why the City of Rome has become the centre of the world. I ask Bertrand whether he has spoken to the Emperor about my departure. It appears that he hasn't been able to do so.

February 1st.

I am informed that His Majesty is in the reception-room, that he is angry and in a very bad humour. He is growing impatient because dinner is not yet served, and remarks to Montholon that he will not allow *Englishmen* to visit his apartments. Going into the dining-room, he finds everything unsatisfactory, curses the cook, and finally begins to talk about Marie Louise's confinement.

" Her pains were excessive," he remarks. " I was in my bath when Dr. Dubois came for me. He was scared to death. He had lost his head. It was then that I realized my admirable *sangfroid*. I said to Dubois : ' Is she dead ? If she is, we shall have to bury her.' Dubois replied : ' No, but *les eaux ont crevé*, and that never happens but once in a thousand cases.' I went upstairs with him to the Empress, who thought she was going to be sacrificed for her son. Happily, Madame

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Montesquiou assured her that she had had similar experiences. I ought to have allowed the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg in the room.”

The Emperor then adds that, if the accouchement had been unsuccessful, he would have dismissed Dr. Corvisart for having engaged Dubois. As a matter of fact, he gave Dubois 100,000 francs, and made him a Baron.

“And so”, continues His Majesty, “he was very interested in what I did with my other children!”

The Emperor passes into the billiard-room. He is sullen, and remarks to Madame Bertrand that she has no teeth, and that I am as dull as ditchwater. In order to cheer us up, he reads the “Moniteur” for an hour. Then, wishing to see Madame Montholon, he sends us all for a walk. We talk about Dr. Livingstone. We are certain he will not get a hundred thousand francs for Madame Montholon’s confinement!

February 2nd.

The Emperor seems more cheerful, and asks me what I have been doing. When Montholon comes in, the Emperor wheedles him, and then, turning to me, says: “Why are you so sad? Come, come; cheer up.”

“Your Majesty knows that that’s impossible,” I reply.

“And why?”

“I am too ill-treated.”

The Emperor whistles in an angry manner, whereupon he dismisses Montholon under the pretext of finding out how many sentries are posted. Jumping up, the Emperor says to me: “What is it you want?”

GOURGAUD: “I beg Your Majesty to allow me to depart. I cannot tolerate the humiliating position in which you wish to keep me. I have always done my duty, yet I displease Your Majesty. I do not want to be a burden to anyone, so I beg permission to depart.”

The Emperor becomes furious, and declares that he is his own master, and can treat the Montholons as he pleases. Terribly angry, His Majesty says that I ought to be on happy terms with Montholon. “Go and call him,” he says.

“Sire,” I answer, “the Montholons have wronged me too

much, though I ought not to say so to Your Majesty. I must have it out with Montholon."

Mad with rage, the Emperor exclaims: "If you threaten Montholon, you're a blackguard." He then calls me an assassin.

At this, I flare up and, pointing to my hair, shout: "Behold my hair, which I have not cut for months, nor will I cut until I am revenged on the man who reduces me to despair. Your Majesty calls me a blackguard—you abuse the respect that I have for you. Assassin! How can you call me an assassin? I have killed no one. On the contrary, it is I whom they wish to assassinate—they want to kill me with worry."

"I forbid you to threaten Montholon," cries the Emperor. "I shall fight for him if ever you . . . I'll put a curse on your head!"

"Sire," I answer, "I cannot let myself be ill-treated without condemning the man who is the cause of it. That's only natural. I am worse off than a slave. There are laws to protect them, while for me, there is nothing but the laws of caprice. I have never done a mean thing, and never will."

His Majesty is mollified and says: "But if you fight, Montholon will kill you."

"*Eh bien*, Sire," I reply. "My principles have always been that it is better to die with honour than to live with shame."

This remark of mine stings the Emperor, who becomes furious again. The Grand Marshal is leaning against the wall, but he remains silent. In vain I beg him to confess that, for a long time past, I have been imploring him to plead with His Majesty about the ill-treatment I am receiving, and that I have been intending to call Montholon to book about it. But still Bertrand is silent. The Emperor then tries to arouse Bertrand by telling him that I have spoken disparagingly of him and his wife. But, seeing my determination, and having exhausted all the wiles of artifice, His Majesty asks me: "What do you want then? To take precedence over Montholon? To see me twice a day? Am I to dine with you every day?"

Full of bitterness, I reply: "An assassin and a blackguard can ask for nothing."

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Then the Emperor apologizes, and says: “I beg you to forget that expression.”

I feel myself weaken, and I agree not to challenge Montholon, provided that the Emperor gives me a written order to that effect. He agrees, and points out that, if I do not stay here, I shall be detained at the Cape and put into prison. “The Governor will think you have been sent on a mission,” says the Emperor.

I remark that I shall then demand to be put into prison. Ruined, I prefer to die doing my duty. These were always the principles of my father and my mother.

“Ah,” remarks the Emperor, “but I am certain you will be well received. Lord Bathurst loves you.”

“And why?” I ask.

“You delighted him with your correspondence,” says the Emperor.

It is true that, in my letters, I always said that I was well, for the benefit of my mother, and I am not afraid to die. I have nothing with which to reproach myself. The Grand Marshal will have to make arrangements for my departure.

“Get him to say you are ill,” remarks the Emperor. “I will instruct O’Méara to give you a certificate of illness. But listen to my advice. You must not complain to anyone. You must not talk about me, and once in France, you will soon see the chess-board on which you are to play.”

The Emperor retires. I leave with the Grand Marshal, and ask him at what time to-morrow I may call for the letter forbidding me to fight Montholon, which the Emperor will sign.

February 3rd.

A boat arrives with news of the death of Princess Charlotte. I wait in vain for Bertrand. On calling at his house, I find he has not written the letter. Is this another piece of trickery to save time? If I do not receive the letter this evening, or to-morrow, I shall challenge Montholon. The Emperor sends for the Grand Marshal, and invites me to dinner. I tell Bertrand again that, if I do not receive the letter, I shall call Montholon out to-morrow. Bertrand grasps my hand.

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February 4th.

I send my servant to Montholon with a challenge, a gun, and six louis which I owed him, with instructions to deliver them to Montholon personally. My servant tries several times to find Montholon, but is unsuccessful. Finally, at 5 o'clock, he finds him. Bertrand visits me, and I learn that the Emperor has not written the letter. Well, I have sent my challenge. I have no regrets. At 10 o'clock, my letter is returned to me, with a superb supper! It appears that Montholon is in bed. I despatch the challenge again. This time it is accepted.

February 5th.

Bertrand tells me of the Emperor's wish to keep the manuscripts of the campaigns he has dictated to me. Also, His Majesty thinks I ought to go to the Governor for permission to leave the island on the grounds of ill-health. Bertrand is going to ask His Majesty to allow me to keep the manuscript on "Waterloo", and other campaigns. Later on, Bertrand tells me that His Majesty has said that my works were only rough outlines. Madame Bertrand says that, if I depart, she will die of boredom. She begs me to defend her husband's reputation when I reach Europe. The Bertrands have been very good to me.

CHAPTER XXIX

“WE SHALL MEET AGAIN IN ANOTHER WORLD”

February 6th, 1818.

WHILE dining with Bertrand, he remarks that it is natural for His Majesty to want to keep what I have written. I protest violently. Bertrand says that he is sorry I am leaving. His wife will be very lonely. I ought to stay. But, as I intend to go, I must write to the Emperor, informing him that I am unwell. “No one will believe it,” says Bertrand, “but it will seem an honourable excuse for leaving.”

I reply that I will not apply to the Emperor for permission to depart. His Majesty wishes to make out that I want to go, but in actual fact, it is he who is driving me away.

February 7th.

Archambault brings me back a rifle which young Bertrand had borrowed from me. He assures me that everybody will be sorry to see me leave the island. I call on Hudson Lowe. He receives me well, advises me to have patience, and to come to terms at Longwood. He says I am between the devil and the deep sea. Some will say that I am leaving because of boredom, and others, that I have a mission to fulfil. I beg Hudson Lowe to treat me, if necessary, with the utmost rigour.

February 8th.

I write to the Emperor, asking him to release me, on the grounds of ill-health. I also receive a letter from Hudson Lowe.

February 9th and 10th.

I pack my bags, and ask Ali for my books.

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February 11th.

Bertrand informs me that the Emperor wishes to see me. Dressed in mufti, I wait in the reception-room. His Majesty is sitting on his sofa. "Well," he exclaims, "you're leaving then?"

"To-morrow, Sire," I reply.

"You do well," says the Emperor. "First of all, go to the Cape, then to England. You will be well received there. They are creating a national army in France—I can imagine you commanding the artillery against the English. Tell them in France that I still detest those rogues and scoundrels—the English. Everybody will give you a welcome, now that Louis XVIII has turned nationalist."

The Emperor says that I am to get away as soon as possible. I have served him well; I am a good officer, and he will miss me, for it was with me, as with no one else, that he was able to discuss science, and the details of his campaigns, etc.

"Let us hope . . ." begins the Emperor; and then continues: "See Princess Charlotte.¹ We count on her." His Majesty is mollified. He gives me a little pat. "We shall meet again in another world. Come now, Good-bye.—Embrace me. See the Grand Marshal, and write the letter with him."

I weep, embrace him, and depart. The Emperor goes into the garden. I pay a visit to Bertrand, and tell him of my tears, and of the Emperor's feelings. Madame Bertrand is distressed because I leave to-morrow—but she has seen Madame Montholon who is highly delighted! When Bertrand returns, he is very sad. We stroll together, and he begs me to take His Majesty's saddle. He offers me Frs. 12,000 on behalf of the Emperor. No! I will give lessons in mathematics! Eventually, I retire, heart-broken.

February 12th.

According to Bertrand, His Majesty had made over to me a yearly income of Frs. 12,000, and my future is assured. It is not until the evening that I receive the letter.

February 13th.

My luggage leaves Longwood. In the morning, Ali had

¹ Apparently the Emperor had not heard the news of her death.

been for my books, duplicate copies of which were in the library. I give him a receipt for them. I say good-bye to O'Méara and Blakeney. I dine at the Bertrands'. Later on, Bertrand visits the Emperor, with the idea of improving the letter. Ali calls for the books which His Majesty had given me. He seemed quite ashamed to have to execute such a commission. He says that the Emperor wants the books bearing his arms, as he wishes to bequeath them to his son.

“No,” I reply, “I will not send them.”

Bertrand is terribly sad. At last I am ready to go, and we exchange painful farewells. Madame Bertrand disappears, bathed in tears. The Grand Marshal's servants weep. I say good-bye. We pass along the camp road, and there is a silence for part of the way. Bertrand is distressed to see me leave St. Helena without any resources. He says I ought to accept the Frs. 12,000. When we reach Alarm House, I say good-bye to Bertrand. I embrace him. I shake hands with O'Méara. Eventually, arriving at Plantation House, Hudson Lowe invites me to dinner, offers me coffee, and accompanies me for some distance on the road to my new abode.

February 14th.

Hudson Lowe invites Jackson and myself to dinner. He gives me permission to open my trunk to get some linen. It is raining, and I am unwell.

February 15th.

I meet Stürmer, and dine at Plantation House, where the conversation turns on ghosts.

February 16th.

Again I meet Stürmer, and Baxter arrives. Gorrequer examines my papers. The Governor mentions the Emperor's new house.

February 17th.

Hudson Lowe and Gorrequer call on me. I let them read my notes. At dinner at Plantation House, I meet the Stürmers, Montchenu, Balmain, and a Councillor from Calcutta. Montchenu congratulates me on having broken my fetters. Alas !

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I have only broken my moral fetters—they weighed most heavily on me. Every one treats me with respect, and Stürmer invites me to dine with him to-morrow. Wygniard and Vernon pay me a visit.

February 18th.

I ride with Jackson to Wygniard's, and on to Bingham's. There, we find the Governor and Reade. On returning, I meet Emmett, and we take a long walk together. My servant Fritz, is summoned to Plantation House to give an explanation of his visits from Longwood to Jamestown. We spend the evening at the Stürmers', where we drink punch.

February 20th.

Balmain cannot go to town to-day because, he says, he hasn't shaved. This is an excuse. He wants to go to Longwood. In the evening, more punch at the Stürmers'. Stürmer says that, if he was guaranteed £100,000 sterling, he would remain with Napoleon. We stroll by moonlight. Rosemary Hall is a charming spot.

February 21st.

While walking with Balmain and the Stürmers, we meet Hudson Lowe. He is very cordial to me, but seems annoyed with Balmain, and reprimands him for being on the Longwood road. We then visit Montchenu, where I meet O'Méara again. He asks me why I will not accept the Frs. 12,000. I ask him to let me have £20 sterling, as I am without a sou. Only he and Madame Bertrand have shown the slightest interest in me. No one seems to care what becomes of me. They leave me penniless, and at the mercy of the enemy.

February 22nd.

Stürmer asks me whether I know Prince Metternich. He invites me to dine with him on the anniversary of his wife's birthday. We dine at Plantation House, but Lady Lowe does not put in an appearance. The Governor is in good spirits, and the conversation turns on war. However, he avoids talking to me about my position. He has written a good

“ WE SHALL MEET AGAIN ”

deal, in time for the boat, the “ William Pitt ”, which leaves here to-morrow.

February 23rd.

Apparently Balmain doesn't dare to approach me. After dinner, we visit the Stürmers, where hostile speeches by the Baron and the Count are made against the Governor. It appears that Lowe doesn't want them to go to Longwood. At last he confesses it! Stürmer speaks to me about the Emperor, whereupon I fly into a rage.

“ He leaves me at the mercy of the English,” I cry. “ The first time you meet Bertrand, please ask him to send me the £20 he owes me, for I am penniless. Every one at Longwood forgets me. They leave me to die like a dog.”

Stürmer and Balmain are strange in their manner. Has the Governor been reprimanding them? Stürmer reminds me that, on the day after to-morrow, I am to dine with him, in celebration of his wife's birthday.

February 24th.

Stürmer informs me that, as his wife is ill, he won't be able to invite me to dinner to-morrow after all. I am sorry about this, because I had refused an invitation to dine with the Emmetts. Stürmer has asked the Governor whether he might buy my sofa.

February 25th.

I send flowers and some ear-rings to Madame Stürmer.

February 26th.

We hear that Cipriani is very ill. I visit Mrs. Baxter, and in the evening, Madame Sturmer gives me an invitation. Conversation turns on Dresden, the Emperor Francis, Alexander and Napoleon. Madame Stürmer professes to be a Royalist. Her husband says that the Emperor is ill, that he has a liver complaint and palpitations.

February 27th.

Stürmer invites me to lunch. During dinner, the Governor remarks to me: “ I have never spoken to you about your

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departure, but I hope that a boat will be available soon to take you to Europe. Whatever you do will be all right. No one will hear from me any complaint or objection concerning you."

Lowe invites me to dinner to-morrow. I hear that Cipriani is much worse. The Governor praises him, much to my astonishment. He also offers to lend me books from his library, and shows me some of his correspondence prior to the battle of Waterloo. Madame Stürmer very kindly invites us all to dine with her to-morrow.

February 28th.

Cipriani died during the night. Montchenu calls on us. He is wet-through, and I have to lend him a complete change of clothing. He is very garrulous, and questions me about Napoleon's love affairs ; but I answer vaguely. I rather think that His Majesty will miss Cipriani more than any of us. Montchenu is very affable to me, and proves himself a good fellow. At 7, we ride over to the Governor's, where a big dinner is to be given. Hudson Lowe again expresses his regrets at Cipriani's death. Will he ever be replaced ? Reade also expresses his sorrow. There must have been a good deal in Cipriani for him to have earned such respect from Lowe and Reade. Lady Lowe is very gracious. Again conversation turns on ghosts. Cipriani was buried this morning in the cemetery at Plantation House. Bertrand, Montholon, and all the domestics, were present at the burial.

March 3rd and 4th.

The Governor permits Jackson to accompany me to Dead Wood, as I wish to make a sketch of Longwood.

March 5th.

Bad weather. We don't go out.

March 6th.

The Governor talks to me about Piontkowski : " Who was this man ? " he inquires. He also discusses Las Cases. It appears that he realizes that communication between Long-

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wood and the outside world cannot be prevented. His Majesty has gone about things in the wrong manner. He ought to have kept quiet for a year or so, and then the world would have been interested in his fate. Instead of which, he has flooded Europe with pamphlets. Lowe has nothing with which to reproach me, but he says that he will not let me depart until he receives news from England, and until he knows what his Government thinks of the letter to Lord Liverpool, and whether Las Cases was well received in France. I repeat to Lowe, that I place myself at his disposal, and that I shall never complain.

March 7th.

I write to O'Méara and ask him to come and see me. I give the letter to Jackson, who sends it to Plantation House. In the evening, I am requested not to entrust Dr. O'Méara with commissions for Longwood. Nevertheless, I beg the doctor to claim the £20 sterling which Bertrand owes me. It is very cruel, if I need money, to have to borrow from Sir Hudson Lowe. I receive £18 in compensation for the expenses I had to meet in furnishing my room at Longwood.

March 8th.

O'Méara tells me that the Grand Marshal has spoken kindly of me. The reason why Bertrand hasn't been to see me is because he is afraid of compromising me.

"Yes," I answer, "but they leave me here like a dog, without bothering to inquire whether I need anything." They have destroyed everything I had written, and which I had left in my room. I hear that Madame Bertrand is going to have a baby.

March 9th.

I dine at Hudson Lowe's and am pleased to meet his wife. She tells me that Montchenu has sent her an eight-page declaration of love, which she offers to show me. The Governor discusses India and fishing. If I agree, he is willing to send me away before the arrival of the boat "Redpole". What a day!

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March 11th.

I write a note to Bertrand, asking him for some money, for I am without a sou. What can I do when I arrive in England? I beg him to visit me, to say good-bye. I show the letter to Lowe, who despatches it to Longwood. It seems that I shall be on the boat "Campden", with Mr. Doveton, who tells me he is going to write flattering things to the Ministry on my behalf. Bertrand doesn't send me any money, but the Governor says he will take it upon himself to provide me with the wherewithal for the voyage home, and he gives me five or six letters of introduction to his friends in London. He hopes that I shall be able to return to France, and requests me also to take letters on behalf of Montchenu and Balmain. I give Lowe my word of honour that I have no instructions (from Longwood) to have libels printed against the English Government when I return home. Lowe asks me to sign a declaration to this effect, which, he says, he will send to London. He assures me that this will be to my advantage when I wish to return to France. I sign this declaration, and then Lowe apologizes for not having restored my pistols to me.

I lunch with Emmett, who tells me that Montchenu thinks I ought to seek service in Russia. I ask Montchenu for a letter of introduction to the Marquis d'Osmond, the French Ambassador in London. I receive two letters from my mother. My servant Fritz, gets drunk, and his baggage is searched by the authorities. They find £200. They are anxious to know in what way he has earned this £200!

March 12th.

I dine at the Governor's with Doveton and the Commissioners, and Montchenu promises to give me an introduction to the Marquis d'Osmond. There were sixty of us at dinner. Montchenu twits the English ladies. It seems that they are not sensitive, but nevertheless, they are not impervious to Cupid.

"That amounts to saying", remarks Lady Lowe, "that English ladies have neither feeling nor virtue."

"Almost!" replies Montchenu; "but one is often wrong in speaking from hearsay!"

"You haven't loved many English women?" inquires Lady Lowe.

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PART OF A DRAFT OF THE FAMOUS MESSAGE TO THE PRINCE REGENT, WRITTEN BY NAPOLEON.
 ITS AUTHENTICITY IS GUARANTEED BY A NOTE SIGNED BY GOURGAUD.

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"More than four thousand," boasts Montchenu.

A very amusing discussion follows—but my position doesn't allow me to take part in the conversation.

March 13th.

I go and say good-bye to the Stürmers. Stürmer promises to see me again to-morrow. Later on, Jackson and I go as far as Longwood. He visits the Bertrands', while I remain at the door of the guard-room. Jackson has read the letter I wrote to Bertrand about some money, and he is going to ask for a reply. He is also going to ask Bertrand to come and say good-bye to me, and to find out why he hasn't visited me at my cottage, as he promised he would. I wait for about three-quarters of an hour, and then Jackson returns alone. He is angry. It appears that Bertrand refuses to see me in the presence of an English officer, and that his pride and dignity will not allow him to come and visit me at my cottage.

"But", Jackson said to Bertrand, "you went to town to see Las Cases."

It appears that Bertrand offers to lend me all the money I need, but he thinks I ought to accept the Frs. 12,000 from the Emperor. In refusing this money, I show a lack of respect to His Majesty. The Grand Marshal thinks it is nothing but an insult to refuse the sum; but he is willing to pay me back the £20 sterling he owes me. The Grand Marshal spoke vehemently to Jackson, even pushing him against the windows. He told Jackson that the Emperor had granted a pension of Frs. 12,000 to my mother. The Grand Marshal's conduct surprises me. We return to town. Montchenu, knowing my difficulties, assures me that he knows how difficult it is to maintain one's independence without being under an obligation to anyone. I dine with Admiral Plampin.

March 14th (in the morning).

I go to the Balcombes' with Jackson for the £20 Bertrand owes me. I am kept waiting two hours—but Betsy is charming! Knowing that she is going to Longwood to-morrow to say good-bye, I ask her to tell Madame Bertrand that I would never have believed that her husband could have behaved as he has done towards me. Reade gives me back

“WE SHALL MEET AGAIN”

my pistols, but not without trouble. The Stürmers and Balmain come to town to wish me good-bye. We all lunch with Montchenu, who writes me a letter of introduction to the French Ambassador in London. Montchenu advises me to talk to Osmond only about the Emperor. Monsieur Segulier likes Madame Montholon very much, so I mustn't say what I think about her. Finally, Jackson brings me the full amount of Bertrand's debt. The Commissioners treat me with extreme kindness.

At 8 o'clock, Jackson and I leave in the ship's cutter. De Gors embraces me. I go aboard the "Campden". I leave St. Helena.

APPENDIX I

THE GOURGAUD PROBLEM

GASPAR GOURGAUD was born in 1783. He was the son of a violinist of the Chapel Royal, and grandson of an actor. His uncle, Dugazon, was at one time a popular comedian. His mother had served as one of the nurses to the Duc de Berry.

Gourgaud entered the army in 1801. He seems to have shown considerable aptitude for military life and, like Napoleon, was clever at mathematics. He fought at Austerlitz, Jena and Friedland, saw active service in Spain, and was in the campaigns of 1812, '14 and '15. The ambitious Gourgaud got his chance in Russia in 1812, when he discovered a bomb¹ in the Kremlin. For his promptness and courage he was made a Baron of the Empire by Napoleon.

In 1813 he was promoted to Major, and Chief Orderly to the Emperor and, according to Gourgaud, in 1814 he had the good luck to save Napoleon's life. It appears that a Cossack was on the point of driving a lance through Napoleon's body when Gourgaud intervened. To commemorate his deed he had an inscription engraved on the blade of his sword.

Napoleon promoted Gourgaud to a Colonelcy of the Horse Artillery in 1814; and on the Emperor's return from Elba, Gourgaud loyally reported for duty. He served the Emperor during the Hundred Days, and was present at the Battle of Waterloo. On March 26th, 1815, Napoleon made him Brigadier-General—although, as a matter of fact, the Emperor had no longer the authority to confer appointments, or to exercise the privilege of giving promotions of military rank.

Gourgaud accompanied Napoleon and his suite to Rochefort and, after making a violent scene, persuaded his master to let him accompany him to St. Helena.

Having read the journal which he kept there, the reader will be in a position to appreciate the interesting problem which arises out of his behaviour after leaving Longwood House and upon

¹ Confirmed by Constant in his "Memoirs", Vol. 4.

APPENDIX I

reaching Europe. His diary explains his own reasons for leaving the island ; but the question arises : did Gourgaud alter the concluding portions of his diary, and make exaggerated and even false entries concerning his quarrel with Montholon ? Did he do this in order to create in Lowe's mind a belief that his explanation for leaving Longwood was genuine, and that his vendetta with Montholon had finally alienated the affections of Napoleon ? Or did Gourgaud make only a few trivial alterations ; and was his quarrel with Napoleon and Montholon genuine, so that he left the island full of bitterness against the Emperor and his erstwhile companion ?

We have to decide whether Gourgaud was quite honest in his dislike of Montholon, and whether he really suspected Napoleon of being anxious that Lowe should catch him breaking some regulation concerning the despatch of letters to Europe. One writer¹ on the subject thinks that Napoleon deliberately tried to get Gourgaud into Lowe's bad books, hoping, no doubt, that if Gourgaud were compromised he would be frightened of suffering the fate of Las Cases, would calm down, stop threatening to leave the island, and would prove himself more amenable to the Emperor's wishes. But if Gourgaud's quarrel with Montholon was not genuine, and was designed to deceive Lowe, then there are grounds for believing that Gourgaud played a leading rôle in an elaborate plot, and that his departure from St. Helena was arranged with the full connivance of Napoleon.

Napoleon undoubtedly realized that Gourgaud was like a fish out of water at Longwood, and that quite likely his troublesome companion would eventually do something desperate, or leave the island of his own accord. Whether he deliberately helped Gourgaud to leave in a way which would not arouse suspicion, and which would thus enable the Emperor safely to confide secret messages to Gourgaud for delivery in Europe, and whether Gourgaud fell in with this plan, is the essence of the Gourgaud problem.

When Gourgaud asked Lowe to let him return to Europe, he said : " I have been treated like a dog. . . . He (Napoleon) has wished me to do things contrary to my honour, or force me by bad treatment to leave him. I have told the Marshal (Bertrand) that I would say nothing against the Emperor, because that would do harm to myself ; but let them not attack me." ²

Although Lowe seems to have received Gourgaud sympathetically, he made it clear that his departure from Longwood might be misunderstood—that, in fact, Gourgaud might be suspected of

¹ Norwood Young.

² Forsyth, Vol. 2, p. 247.

THE GOURGAUD PROBLEM

being an agent of Napoleon's, or a man who abandoned his master on a very flimsy pretext. Gourgaud evidently understood that he might be suspected, because he asked Lowe to treat him rigorously. And as for the abandoning of his master, Gourgaud said: "I am quite indifferent. Let them attack me. I would sooner be in prison than live in the manner we do here."

While Gourgaud's papers were being examined by Lowe's military secretary, Major Gorrequer, he lifted up a bundle and said: "I might, if I wished, have sent every week a packet to England as large as this." And, according to Forsyth, he made the damaging admission that there was no difficulty at Longwood in despatching letters to Europe.

Forsyth also states that, during a conversation with Baron Stürmer, the Austrian Commissioner, Gourgaud remarked that Napoleon had once advised him to put an end to himself. Gourgaud had capped this by proposing that they should both commit suicide by shutting themselves up in a room with a pan of burning charcoal. It is a pity there is no record of Napoleon's answer to this suggestion. . . .

During his stay with Basil Jackson, Gourgaud chatted with a good deal of freedom, and in some of his letters Jackson wrote of what he had heard to his friend, Dr. William Henry. Luckily, Henry kept one of these letters, and quotes it in full in his book.¹

Jackson relates how O'Méara once told him that Gourgaud, when he found he could not get any money from Longwood, used the extraordinary threat: "J'ecrirai ce que je sais et ce que je ne sais pas." Jackson gives it as his opinion that Las Cases was very glad to "get out of the mess", and that "General Gourgaud at last found his isolated situation so irksome as to be no longer bearable. . . . He would often lament his hard fate and sigh for *la belle France*, for Paris and *les boulevards*. At last *maladie du pays* got the better of him, and he agreed to leave Longwood".

At Lowe's suggestion, Basil Jackson shared his lodging with Gourgaud until a ship was ready to take the General back to Europe, and in his letter to Henry, Jackson continues:

"In justice to that excellent and grossly maligned individual, Sir Hudson Lowe, I shall now relate a circumstance which I am sure General Gourgaud will be ready to confirm. When the latter removed from Longwood, I accompanied him to the Governor's residence where I took an opportunity to leave him and Sir Hudson *tête-à-tête*. Immediately on our riding from Plantation House together, the General broke out into strong exclamations of surprise

¹ "Events of a Military Life", by W. Henry,

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that Sir Hudson should simply have received his visit as the call of one gentleman upon another, without even alluding to Longwood during the conversation. 'I expected', added Gourgaud, 'that the Governor would have seized with avidity so favourable an occasion as my excited state offered to gather from me some information about the goings on at Longwood. . . .' Gourgaud was a good deal distressed by the refusal of Bertrand to lend him money, but still declined placing himself under a pecuniary obligation to Napoleon; and would have sailed to England without a shilling but for Sir Hudson Lowe who, as soon as he learned the circumstances, sent him by me an order for £100 on his bankers in London."

Jackson's letter to Henry indicates that Gourgaud's mood on leaving Longwood was embittered. He would accept no pecuniary aid from the Emperor. In fact, rather than do so, he accepted a loan from—of all people—Sir Hudson Lowe. He was prepared and anxious to abuse the Longwood people, and tell tales against them, and Lowe stopped him.¹

Count Balmain reported, in reference to Gourgaud's departure, that Gourgaud remarked to him one day: "Those five hundred pounds are too little for my needs, and not enough for my honour. The Emperor gave as much to his groom and to the valets who returned to France. Las Cases got two hundred thousand francs. You might remind Bertrand that I am in a position to play the Emperor a scurvy trick, if I were so inclined; that I could reveal a good many secrets. My Longwood diary would be worth fifteen thousand pounds in London, and he had better not go too far."²

One of Balmain's reports also stated that Napoleon, speaking of Gourgaud, once remarked: "Speak to me no more of that man; he is mad. He was jealous, in love with me. *Que diable!* I am not his wife, and can't sleep with him. I know he will write things against me, but I don't care. If he is received in France, he will be shut up, or hanged, or shot."

Balmain had heard the rumour that Gourgaud was play-acting, and in another report stated that: "General Gourgaud left this morning for England, and was not first sent to the Cape of Good Hope, which is a mark of great favour. It is said that he has a secret mission from Bonaparte; that his trouble making at Longwood was pure comedy, a clever way of taking in the English. I am not of that opinion. Gourgaud knows little of men, and less of their ways."³

¹ Norwood Young's "Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena", Vol. 2, p. 86.

² "Napoleon in Captivity", p. 164.

³ Balmain's Report, No. 1, January 1st, 1818.

THE GOURGAUD PROBLEM

There is little doubt that Lowe believed Gourgaud's explanation for leaving the island. "The Governor",¹ wrote Count Balmain, "talks in pompous praise of Gourgaud. He praises him up to the sky as a man of great judgment who has never violated the rules. Why does he not add: 'A man who, having quarrelled with Bonaparte and been at loggerheads with his compatriots, appears to approve my ungenerous conduct towards them, thinks I am right about everything, and is my creature' ? That, at the bottom, is really what makes him like, esteem and extol this General."

Lowe not only helped Gourgaud, but persuaded the French Commissioner—the Marquis de Montchenu—to give him a letter of introduction to the French Ambassador in London, the Duc d'Osmond. Gourgaud eventually arrived in England on May 1st, 1818, and the next day he had an interview with the Rt. Hon. Henry Goulburn, the Under-Secretary of State. He again made it clear that he had been badly treated, and stated that at Longwood there was no difficulty in sending secret letters to Europe. The traffic was made possible by bribery, and by the help of O'Méara, Balcombe and various English visitors and captains of ships. He also said that Napoleon could easily escape if he wanted to.

In a report of his conversation with Gourgaud (quoted by Forsyth), Goulburn wrote: "Upon the subject of General Bonaparte's health, General Gourgaud stated that we were much imposed upon; that General Bonaparte was not, as far as bodily health was concerned, in any degree materially altered, and that the reports on this subject had little, if any, truth in them. Dr. O'Méara was certainly the dupe of that influence which General Bonaparte always exercised over those with whom he had frequent intercourse."

Thus, Gourgaud flatly contradicted one of the major claims made by Napoleon and the other exiles—that St. Helena was unhealthy, and that Napoleon was becoming seriously ill. If Gourgaud was playing a rôle, he was certainly overdoing it.

Later, he had an interview with the French Ambassador and, according to a letter preserved in the Record Office, written by d'Osmond to Lord Bathurst (dated October 31st, 1818), d'Osmond stated that Gourgaud said he had once remarked to Napoleon: "If Fate should ever destine my country to the horrible misfortune of seeing you again, you would find me in the ranks of your enemies, and I should not approach you except with weapons in my hands."

¹ Balmain's Report for February 27th, 1818.

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In another report, d'Osmond wrote : " I saw that officer (Gourgau) several times. He always appeared to me intent on returning to France to acquire the right of oblivion for his mistakes. . . . It now remains to discover whether Gourgau has played a rôle, or whether we must attribute to the unreliability of his character this conduct, which we cannot judge without knowing what is due to art and what to nature."

In an interview with Count de Lieven, the Russian Ambassador, Gourgau more or less repeated what he had said to Goulburn and d'Osmond ; and he added that he had left Napoleon because " the humours of Bonaparte had become so attrabilious, and existence with him so hard and painful, that I felt I had no longer the patience to endure it ", etc.

For some weeks after his arrival in England Gourgau continued to express himself in this anti-Napoleonic vein, and to give people the impression that he had seen the error of his ways, that life at Longwood had disillusioned him, and had made him realize that the Emperor had feet of clay and had brought untold misery to beloved France.

But, suddenly, Gourgau made a *volte-face*. After decrying the Emperor, and leading people to believe that he would never again have anything to do with the Bonapartist faction, he wrote to Marie Louise describing the martyrdom of her husband at St. Helena. This letter, and others addressed to various crowned heads, will be found in this Appendix.

Gourgau's behaviour was unexpected, and the English authorities came to the conclusion that, after all, they had been bluffed, and that Gourgau was really an agent of Napoleon's who had luckily managed to get himself removed from St. Helena to England. The result was that Gourgau was banished from the country on November 14th, 1818. Although he had no luck with his letters to the Czar, Marie Louise, etc., he undoubtedly continued to do his best, and to prove himself an indefatigable propagandist on behalf of the man whom, since he had bid him farewell at Longwood, he had been injuring, either deliberately, or because of a considered policy, by his revelations.

The theory that Gourgau was playing a rôle, and that the many indiscreet remarks he made concerning Napoleon and the general state of affairs at Longwood were part of a " comedy ", must now be considered. Philippe Gonnard¹ supports the view that Gourgau knew that he was going to leave St. Helena on a mission for Napoleon and that, in preparation for his departure,

¹ " The Exile of St. Helena ", by Philippe Gonnard.

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he made certain alterations to the concluding portions of his diary for the express purpose of hoodwinking Lowe. The Editors of the French edition of the "Journal" think that no alterations were made to the latter part of the diary "except with reference to Gourgaud's limitations, quarrels, and all that might convince Sir Hudson Lowe that Gourgaud was not another Las Cases, and that he would not allow his diary to be taken from him".¹

In short, Gonnard and others, including the Editors of the French edition of the "Journal", are of the opinion that Gourgaud's quarrel with Napoleon and Montholon was pure comedy. This opinion is based on a document which is alleged to have been found among Gourgaud's papers. It is a letter from Montholon to Gourgaud, written a fortnight after Gourgaud had challenged Montholon to a duel. It shows that the two men were not unfriendly, and that the departure of Gourgaud was either planned or utilized by Napoleon for purposes of his own. The letter is as follows :

"The Emperor thinks, my dear Gourgaud, that you are exaggerating your rôle. He is afraid that Sir Hudson Lowe will guess, for you know how shrewd he is. Be on your guard and hurry away as soon as possible without appearing to wish to go. Your position is a very difficult one. Do not forget that Stürmer is absolutely devoted to Metternich. Avoid speaking of the King of Rome, and turn the conversation, at every opportunity, to the theme of the Emperor's affection for the Empress. Beware of O'Méara. His Majesty has reason to fear that he keeps up some intercourse with Sir Hudson Lowe. Try to find out whether Cipriani is not playing a double game. Sound Madame as you think you can do so. As to Balmain, he is on our side as much as is necessary. Complain about the affair of the £500 and write to Bertrand about it. Do not fear anything there, as he has no idea about your mission. Your report, yesterday, reached me safely, and interested His Majesty very much. Montchenu was one of the political emigrants. He is a man of honour, and we must make him talk, but that is all. Every time you go into town, leave a report at 53. That is the safest way of any.—Longwood, February 19th, 1818. MONTHOLON."

If the letter is authentic, it is clear proof that Gourgaud was a party to a scheme for deceiving Lowe. According to a famous handwriting expert, quoted by Gonnard,² "Montholon's writing

¹ "Journal Inédit à Ste Hélène", Editor's Introduction, p. 1 (French edition, 1899).

² "The Exile of St. Helena", p. 226.

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is one that is not easily imitated, considering its very curious modern character, absolutely abnormal at that epoch."

Gonnard expresses the view that the tenor of the letter is of a nature to inspire confidence, and that the hypothesis that it was forged is too complicated to be probable because it would have to be assumed that Gourgaud, when he was in a bad humour, wanted to be spared the shame of having left St. Helena on bad terms with Napoleon, and had invented the letter to support the story of his "diplomatic" departure. It is quite likely that Gourgaud wished to be spared the shame of deserting the Emperor, but it is certainly curious that he did not make use of the letter to clear his character of such charges during his lifetime. In fact, the letter was not published until some fifty years after his death.

Montholon's explanation of Gourgaud's departure is that Balmain held out hopes of being able to influence the Czar in Napoleon's favour, and he refers to these half-promises of Balmain's in his history dealing with the period July, 1817-January, 1818.¹ For instance, his entry for January 11th, 1818, reads: "Important communication from Balmain transmitted by Gourgaud. Hope held out of return to Europe and of royal hospitality."²

But there is no mention of these communications in Gourgaud's diary; and it is also strange that Balmain does not refer to them. Probably Balmain talked vaguely to the exiles about a possible change in their fortunes, just to cheer them up, and Montholon took him seriously.

Throughout Montholon's four volumes there is no hint of a quarrel with Gourgaud, whereas in some of Gourgaud's earliest entries in his "Journal" there is ample evidence to show that he was inclined to pick a quarrel with Montholon on the flimsiest of pretexts. Montholon explains Gourgaud's departure on more dignified if less trustworthy grounds—a mission to Russia on behalf of Napoleon. And Lord Rosebery,³ in dealing with the Gourgaud problem, came to the conclusion that "we believe the truth to be this: Gourgaud was weary of the life at St. Helena; Napoleon was weary of Gourgaud; so that Gourgaud's real and active jealousy of Montholon was utilized by the Emperor as a means of getting rid of Gourgaud, and of communicating with Europe".

Lord Rosebery also believed that the letter Montholon wrote to Gourgaud was authentic, but Masson has clearly demonstrated that Montholon was guilty of trickery in this respect.⁴

¹ "History of the Captivity of Napoleon", Vol. 2, pp. 160, 182, 222 and 230.

² Montholon, Vol. 2, p. 246.

³ "The Last Phase."

⁴ "Autour de Ste Hélène", Vol. 1 (Le cas du Général Gourgaud).

If Montholon did write the letter—and there is no real reason to assume he did not—then it was some time *after* Gourgaud had left St. Helena, and very probably after Napoleon's death. The evidence points to the fact that Montholon, wishing to hide up any scandal, diplomatically concocted a letter to send to Gourgaud which would provide a legitimate excuse for Gourgaud's behaviour in leaving St. Helena.

Norwood Young bluntly asserts the letter to be a forgery—inasmuch as it was deliberately concocted by Montholon,¹ and Watson² quotes a letter, written by Gourgaud to Madame Montholon, which also supports the belief that the authenticity of the letter, in connection with an explanation for Gourgaud's departure, may be doubted.

On the whole, Lord Rosebery's view is the most compatible with reliable evidence, for there can be no doubt that Gourgaud hated the life at St. Helena and was anxious to leave. What could be more natural than Napoleon seeking to utilize the opportunity afforded by Gourgaud's departure to send messages to his friends, and to persuade Gourgaud to act on his behalf on reaching Europe? We have no doubt that Gourgaud agreed to help his master, but for a period after leaving Longwood House his resentment and spleen got the better of him, and he spoke and acted as though he had a grudge against the Emperor, and did not particularly mind if he injured him.

Later on, his better nature seems to have asserted itself, and he did all he could to arouse sympathy for Napoleon by writing letters of appeal to various European royalties, etc. One can judge by the examples of these letters printed in this Appendix how Gourgaud threw himself heart and soul into the difficult task of attempting to persuade the Czar, and the Emperor of Austria, that Napoleon was dying in terrible circumstances on the island of St. Helena.

Napoleon was not unhappy to see Gourgaud leave St. Helena, for the General had a smug self-righteousness which must have proved extremely irritating; and it is easy to gather from the "Journal" how a cat and dog life continued at Longwood so long as Gourgaud was one of the exiles.

"He is very conceited, and never speaks of anyone but himself and the Emperor," reported the Marquis de Montchenu of Gourgaud; while Balmain, in one of his reports, wrote: "Gourgaud is conceited and self-sufficient."³

¹ "Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena", Vol. 2.

² "A Polish Exile with Napoleon", p. 198.

³ Balmain's Report for September 8th, 1816.

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And when Gourgaud writes in his diary, "I have one great fault, that is I always speak the truth", it is easy to understand his unpopularity with the Emperor. Gourgaud was merciless in his frankness, dogmatic in his ideas, and passionately fond of arguing. He was also inclined to "show off". Betsy Balcombe amusingly describes how a cow once advanced towards Napoleon, but Gourgaud "valiantly stood his ground and, drawing his sword, threw himself between his Sovereign and the cow, exclaiming: 'This is the second time I have saved the Emperor's life.'"¹

Betsy Balcombe also relates that she had "some childish feud" with Gourgaud. That rings true. Gourgaud had to have a feud with somebody.

"Gourgaud", recorded Captain Meynell, "seems clèver, and has more conversation than any of them. But I believe is occasionally a great boaster."²

When Gourgaud was banished from England, he took refuge in Hamburg and lived there for some time on an annual pension of Frs.12,000, which Prince Eugène paid to him at Napoleon's request. He was permitted to return to France in 1821, the year of Napoleon's death, and in 1822 he married Senator Roederer's daughter. He was an active member of the Bonapartist Party until 1830 and, in collaboration with Montholon—the Longwood bickerings were soon forgotten—he published part of Napoleon's dictated history. He also published biting criticisms of Ségur's "Histoire de la Grande Armée", and of Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon". The first of these criticisms, published in 1824, let him in for a duel—which apparently did him no harm; and in 1827 Sir Walter Scott published a personal attack on him, possibly as a *quid pro quo* for Gourgaud's criticisms of Scott's book. Gourgaud, however—always to the fore when trouble was brewing—retorted with considerable violence, and even went so far as to express a wish to fight Scott.³

In 1830 Gourgaud was made Commander of the Artillery in Paris and Vincennes, and aide-de-camp to Louis Philippe in 1832. He was made Lieut.-General in 1835, and a Peer in 1841. He returned to St. Helena in 1840 as a member of the mission sent out to reclaim the Emperor's remains. At the time, Montholon—always loyal to the Bonapartist cause—was sharing the captivity

¹ "Recollections of Napoleon at St. Helena" (1844 edition), by Mrs. Abell (Betsy Balcombe), p. 33.

² "Conversations with Napoleon at St. Helena; diary of Captain H. Meynell", p. 19.

³ Gourgaud also wrote to Scott, and tried to explain his conduct in connection with his departure from St. Helena. He was not very convincing.

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of Louis Napoleon in the fortress of Ham, and although Gourgaud pleaded hard for his former rival, Montholon was not allowed to join the mission.

The old Gourgaud cropped up again during this second visit to St. Helena, when he raised the question of precedence between himself and Las Cases' son—just as he had done with the father in 1816. He was present at Napoleon's second funeral at the Invalides, and shared in the adulation and honour showered on the loyal Bertrand.

In 1849 Gourgaud was made a Deputy of the Legislative Assembly. He died in 1852 ; but his famous "Journal" was kept secret by his family, and was only released for publication forty-seven years after his death.

N. E.

APPENDIX II

GOURGAUD'S LETTER TO MARIE LOUISE

MADAME,—

If Your Majesty is graciously pleased to recall the conversation which I had with her in 1814 at Gros-Bois when seeing her, unfortunately, for the last time, I recounted to her all that had befallen the Emperor at Fontainebleau, I venture to hope that she will excuse the sad duty which I fulfil at this moment when I tell her that the Emperor Napoleon is dying in torments of the most frightful and the most prolonged agony. Yes, Madame, he whom divine and human law unite to you in the most sacred ties, he whom you have seen receive homage from almost every crowned head of Europe, he for whose fate I have seen so many tears shed when he separated from you, is dying the cruellest death, a prisoner on a rock in the middle of the ocean, separated by two thousand leagues from his loved ones, alone, without friend or relative, without news of his wife or his son, and bereft of every consolation.

Since my departure from this fatal rock, I hoped to be able to come and tell you of his sufferings, convinced as I was of all that your generous soul was capable of doing. My hopes have been deceived. I have discovered that no individual able to bring you news of the Emperor, to describe the situation and to tell you the truth, was allowed to see you ; in a word, that you, surrounded by your court, were, in fact, in the equivalent of a prison. The Emperor, too, guessed as much himself when, in his moments of anguish, we used to speak to him of you, by way of consolation.

Often has he said to us : "You may be quite certain that, if the Empress has made no effort to alleviate my sufferings, it is because she is kept in the midst of spies, who prevent her from knowing anything of what I suffer, for Marie Louise is virtue itself."

So, deprived of the pleasure of being able to come to you, I have sought ever since my arrival here, to get this news to you ; it is only now that an opportunity has offered itself, and I hasten to take advantage of it to dispatch this letter to you, full of hope, and with every confidence in the generosity of your character, the goodness of your heart.

The torment the Emperor suffers may continue for some long time. There is time to save him. The present moment seems to be very favourable ; the crowned heads are about to assemble at

Aix-la-Chapelle, passions appear to have calmed down. Napoleon is far from being one who is to be feared ; he is so wretched that noble souls cannot but interest themselves in his lot. In these circumstances, would you deign to reflect on the effect which a decided step on your part would produce—such, for instance, as that of going to this conference of kings, and there to demand an end to the Emperor's sufferings ; and also of entreating your august father to join with you in a request that Napoleon be committed to *his* charge, if the political situation does not allow him his liberty.

Even if such a step should not entirely succeed, the Emperor's lot would be greatly ameliorated. What a consolation to him to see you acting thus ! And you, Madame, what happiness to you, what praises and blessings such a step would bring you !—a step which your religion, your honour and your duty surely prescribe, and one which only your greatest enemies would urge you not to take. The world would say : “ The kings of Europe, after vanquishing the great Napoleon, have delivered him up into the hands of his cruellest enemies, and because these enemies were inflicting on him the slowest and the most barbarous death, his agony impelled him to beg for a speedier end. He seemed forgotten and helpless, but Marie Louise did not fail him, and his life was saved.”

And this august daughter of the Caesars, the worthy offspring of Marie-Thérèse, saved her husband !

What would history say of you, Madame, if after being united with him in his glory, you forsook him in his hour of need ; that you refused to help him, to ease his sufferings, when you could so easily have done so ?

Grand Dieu ! If Napoleon dies on his rock, without the consoling thought of knowing that he was not mistaken in you ; if he should die without the greatest effort on your part to save him, with what regrets and remorse will you be tormented ? How would you answer the great Judge of all, to whom rank and grandeur are nothing ? Ah, Madame, in the name of all you hold dear in the world—your reputation, your duty, your future, do all you can to save the Emperor. The shades of Marie-Thérèse ordain it.

Pardon me, Madame, pardon me for venturing to speak to you thus. I give myself up to the feelings which move me on your behalf. I would see you first of all the ladies.

Would you be graciously pleased to remember that, at the time of the voyage from Amsterdam, where I had been an invalid, I was on the point of dying for want of attention among strangers, when you, hearing of my plight, sent me your doctor, with orders to lavish on me all the benefits of his art. You saved my life, Madame ; this memory will never leave me ; and I believe I can show no better testimony of my gratitude than by having the courage to write this letter.

APPENDIX II

Graciously allow me to lay at the feet of Your Majesty my most respectful homage,

I am, etc.

GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD.

London.

25th August, 1818.

GOURGAUD TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

SIRE,—

Several newspapers have stated that Your Imperial Majesty, touched by the pitiful circumstances of the wretched Napoleon, has made him an object of consideration at the august assembly of monarchs conferring at Aix-la-Chapelle. The ease with which this rumour is credited is, perhaps, the surest testimony the people can give Your Majesty and your noble soul. The same motive affords me an excuse for the liberty I am taking in writing this letter to Your Imperial Majesty.

Having arrived but a few months since from St. Helena, and having shared three years of the captivity, I feel bound in such circumstances to impart to Your Imperial Majesty what few people have been in a position to observe as well as I.

Sire, it is very true that he, whom fate has delivered to the mercy of his enemies after such great successes, is not treated by them as a great man betrayed by fate should be. He does not have even what an obscure prisoner of war has the right to expect from a civilized people. He is overwhelmed with severities, useless as safeguards of his detention, but whose object seems only to deprive him of everything which, by giving activity to his mind and exercise to his physical faculties, might prevent him from succumbing to his misfortunes.

He is placed in the charge of a man whose sole occupation is to invent every day some new restriction or humiliation. In a word, Sire, he, whom in order to conquer, the whole of Europe in coalition hadn't sufficient armies, is condemned to a slow death, being held meanwhile in chains. A state of affairs so painful for him who suffers it, so barbarous for the one who causes it, so revolting to those who, one day, will read of it in history, cannot go on much longer. Napoleon's health is being undermined and is failing; he is rapidly approaching his tomb; far from complaining, he rejoices at it and, even if he could bring himself to beg a favour of his enemies, he would ask but one thing—a speedier death.

Such, Sire, is the truth. I will not allow myself to add a single reflection. By exposing this to Your Imperial Majesty, I have fulfilled a sacred duty. In the midst of all my misfortunes, the only consoling thought to sustain me is that of having always been

GOURGAUD TO EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

faithful to honour ; but I should be happy if Your Imperial Majesty, who is so well known for his generosity, would deign to think me not unworthy of his esteem.

I am, respectfully,

GEN. BARON GOURGAUD.

London,

2nd October, 1818.

GOURGAUD TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

25th October, 1818.

To H.M. The Emperor of Austria.

SIRE,—

Your Majesty knew that I was among the small number of those who, having been attached to the person of the Emperor Napoleon, would not leave him in his misfortunes, and who accompanied him to St. Helena. It is possible that Your Majesty has been informed of my return to Europe some few months ago. My motives for returning have been the subject of many public interpretations, but the truth is that, although failing health following my arrival at St. Helena made me foresee an early death if I prolonged my stay there, this reason would never have been in itself sufficient justification for my departure, had not certain people, by means of scheming and intrigues, contrived to prejudice the Emperor against me. The seclusion, the complete isolation in which we lived, kept in a constant state of ferment ill humours which could never have been possible elsewhere. I had abandoned everything for the Emperor (parents, fortune, fatherland). I would have sacrificed my life for him without a murmur, but he would not . . .¹ We had to part, and I was grieved to think that he to whom I had devoted my whole life, he whom I was leaving, only to find myself without fortune, without estate, and without a country, saw in me nothing but a man soured by discontentment, and weary of sharing his misfortunes.

In spite of the desire to reveal to Your Majesty the reasons for my conduct, and venturing to flatter myself that these will not render me unworthy of your esteem, I would never have dared to take the liberty of writing to you, had not considerations much more important than those which concerned me personally, compelled me to do so.

The virtues of Your Imperial Majesty, your religious principles do not permit one to suppose, whatever may be the reasons which dictate your policy, that he whom you have honoured with your daughter's hand, has become such a stranger to Your Imperial Majesty that his life or death have become a matter of indifference

¹ A blank occurs here in the original letter.—Ed.

APPENDIX II

to you ; nor that you can consent to bring nearer the end of his days.

Being free to speak, I should betray the most sacred of duties and Your Imperial Majesty's purposes, if I kept the truth from you, or even the smallest part of it. Sire, the Emperor Napoleon is dying with all the horrors of the most fearful agony. The persecution directed against him attack both his mind and body. That he will die sooner or later is certain. The Emperor desires this ; he sees with joy the symptoms of decay becoming daily more numerous. He cannot sleep. The total lack of exercise to which he has condemned himself rather than submit to the humiliations they would impose on him, is inflicting on his constitution an incurable disease. His doctor recently announced that his life was in danger. In a very short time, there will remain of Napoleon nothing but the memory of his deeds and of his misfortunes.

Sire, there is still time to save him ; the air of Europe could restore him to life ; but if there is even a year's delay, this expedient will be superfluous.

Napoleon will see a gleam of hope when he learns that Your Majesty is going to the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, for he does justice to your virtues. How often have I heard him deplore the fatality which prevented him from placing himself in your hands, and from making you sole arbiter of his destiny ! He will be flattered when he knows that Your Majesty is going to seek in this assembly some alleviation of his sufferings, and some diminution in the length of his punishment. He will believe it all the more because the noble and generous feelings of the Emperor Alexander will remove from him the fear that he might place obstacles in his way. It is not a political life that he craves ; he has given that up forever ; it is the quantity of vital air indispensable to his physical existence.

Sire, many details, many developments cannot be mentioned in this letter. If Your Imperial Majesty is gracious enough to permit it, I will come to you, and for that purpose I await now your instructions. The sole object of this visit is to inform you particularly in whatever you may desire to know, and I ask for no other reward than that of being allowed personally to place at the feet of Your Majesty the token of my profoundest respect.

I am, etc.

GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD.

London,
25th October, 1818.

GOURGAUD TO PRINCE EUGÈNE

" October, or the beginning of November, 1818.

" I would have had, immediately on my arrival in England, the honour of writing to Your Imperial Highness, had I not been

GOURGAUD TO PRINCE EUGÈNE

afraid of compromising you by entrusting my letter to the post. I have waited until now for an opportunity to present itself. I am happy that such an opportunity now enables me to send, in addition to my humble respects for Your Imperial Highness, a work which, written almost entirely at His Majesty's dictation, I have just published.

"In it our enemies find the refutation of all their assertions, because they have desired to sully the glory of the French armies and of their heroic leader. I also have the honour to enclose in this letter copies of letters I have written to Marie Louise, Francis, and Alexander, informing them of the circumstances in which the unfortunate Napoleon is, and seeking to obtain from them at least some alleviation of his woes. Since I have been here, I have neglected nothing which might secure this, and if success does not crown my efforts, it will not be through lack of zeal nor will it be without some consolation for having hoped to win over public opinion to his favour. It can be said to-day that the great majority of Englishmen declare themselves against the conduct of their Government in respect of their illustrious prisoner.

"As for me, after having lost my fortune, estates, and the possibility of ever seeing my country again, I have just made, in my devotion to the Emperor, the last sacrifice which remains to me to make, that of my only refuge against persecution. I fear that my letter to . . .¹ but which has just been inserted in all the papers, will so embitter the Government against me that it will take advantage of the alien bill to expel me from English territory. The few friends I have here have warned me to be severely on my guard. In the midst of so many present troubles and so much uncertainty as to the future, I make but one vow, viz. to come to Your Imperial Highness. I have no need to assure you that you will find in me a grateful heart; the conduct of my whole life is the surest guarantee of that. I venture to beg Your Imperial Highness to inform me whether my wish is indiscreet, or whether its accomplishment is at all possible. If you are agreeable, I, without adversely affecting my usefulness to His Majesty here, will hasten to join you, and to carry out any orders which Your Imperial Highness may be pleased to send me.

"Meanwhile, I beg you to allow me to lay at your feet the token of my respect.

"GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD."

¹ A blank occurs here in the original letter.—Ed.

APPENDIX III

GOURGAUD'S FAREWELL LETTER TO NAPOLEON

SIRE,—

At the moment of leaving this place, I am afflicted with the most painful feelings. I forget all ; I confine myself to the thought that I am about to separate myself forever from the man to whom I had consecrated my whole existence. That thought is overpowering ; I can find no consolation save in the conviction which I hold that I have always done my duty. I yield to Fate. In my misfortune, I venture to hope, Sire, that you will retain some recollection of my services and of my attachment, that you will even do justice to my feelings and to the motives of my departure, and that, in time, if I have lost your goodwill, I have not forfeited your esteem. Deign, Sire, to accept my farewell, and the wishes I entertain for your happiness. Regret my fate and, when thinking sometimes of me, may Your Majesty say : “ He, at least, had a good heart.”

I am, etc.

GASPAR GOURGAUD.

NAPOLEON'S REPLY TO GOURGAUD

Dated *Feb. 12th*, 1818.

GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD,—

I thank you for the sentiments you express in your letter of yesterday. I regret the disease of the liver, which is harmful in this climate, has made your departure necessary. You are young, you have ability, you should have a long career ; I hope it may be a fortunate one. Never doubt the interest I take in you.

NAPOLEON.

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