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BY THE AUTHOR ✓



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1915

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FOREWORD

The original sketches of Napoleon from which these reproductions are made came into my possession some years ago and are probably of the period when Mr. Thackeray wrote the "Essay on Napoleon."

On acquiring the manuscript of this essay, it seemed appropriate, at this particular time, that I should have both reproduced for my friends, — a token of my sincere appreciation of their kindnesses shown to me from time to time, and of the associations that have afforded me such pleasure and happiness.

My thanks are due to Mr. Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., for his untiring interest and for obtaining the manuscript and letters from Lady Ritchie; also to Mr. Urdike for his care and guiding hand in preparing this little volume.

W. B. O. F.

9 St. Leonard's Terrace,
Chelsea, S.W.
Nov. 21.

I have been deeply interested re-reading the MSS. and I send you back the notes amplified.

I think you ought to publish this Napoleon MSS. *NOW*; It seems so fitted to this terrible time—so noble, so terrible—may peace be with us!

Yours very truly,

ANNE RITCHIE.

P.S. My son has been ill, but he is able to drill his men and to work at the Depot in Leicester. My nephew is badly wounded—another nephew is at the front—my friends are killed—but thank God they have done noble duty, and are doing it.

9, *St. Leonard's Terrace,*
Chelsea, S.W.

These unpublished notes for an Essay on Napoleon must have been written by my Father either in 1836 when he was a news-paper correspondent in Paris, or as I am now inclined to think later on when in 1842 & the following years he was contemplating a life of Talleyrand and publishing articles in Fraser and other Magazines.

With what a different response one now reads this noble expression of feeling, from that with which in July last—only five months ago—I wrote the short preceding note at the request of Mr. Lauriat. How the truth and generous fire of the whole goes to one's heart. He—my Father—would not have loved Peace as he did if he had not kindled, & as I can remember so well, too generous valour and noble patriotic deeds over which I have heard him exclaim in sympathy and pride.

I have often thought of late what would my Father have said about this cruel war? *THIS* is what he would have said, only changing the terrible indictment of hatred & unrighteous attack from the French to the German Nation.

ANNE RITCHIE.

November 21, 1914.

THE MANUSCRIPT

~~Charles XII.~~ followed by nearly years of peace, have given us the opportunity
The victory gained over the once unconquerable Napoleon, the truly peaceful
year we have followed his downfall, and above all the punishment
we overlook his ambition and laid low his pride, have done much to
obliterate in the minds of all the people of Europe, the hatred with which
they once regarded him, and the troops he led. But those who can remember
the feelings of a score of years back, will recollect with what a
fervent unanimity, all the ~~and~~ European nations marshalled together
to visit their common enemy, and to crush by the force of their united
the prodigious genius who had wrought so much woe upon each.
As the British who ~~had~~ had ousted Spain and Portugal from the
grasp of his best generals, carried their triumphant war into the
territory of France, the northern nations similarly victorious in the
gigantic combats of Leipzig and Dresden, poured their vengeance here
across the Rhine, followed and fought the great barrier until he
could fly no more: ~~then he drove from his head the sword from his~~
~~hand~~ and ^{the} respecting his genius and his misfortunes consequent there
to an honorable lair.

We also know how the nations from ^{his} ~~the~~ ~~trials~~ ~~which~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~undergone~~
and how it once more became necessary for Europe to arm ~~once~~ ~~again~~, and
how the sword from his hand, and such the crown from his head,
and of ever there was a cause, we since the time of the crusades, ~~which~~ ~~which~~
all ~~the~~ ~~Christians~~ together, it was that ~~we~~ ^{reunited} brought the allies together in 1815,
and ^{overthrew} ~~destroyed~~ for ever the hopes & power of Napoleon.

So near our country the feeling against him was strong: that we had

In Martin's Hall, in the humble little church of Kenton, the reader has very lately seen the catalogue of the names of the English officers who died there - The names of the private men, who fell upon that day and did their duty to the full as well, are not mentioned: it was thought either that ~~these~~ ^{such} humble persons did not merit, ~~either~~ living or dead to keep company with gentlemen bearing the Majesty's commissions, or that the lists of names would be too great: - in fact a pyramidal mound scarcely ^{chronicle} ~~has~~ been big enough to receive the names of their poor fellows.

If however some abridgement of the head could be kept of ~~these~~ ^{armies} and regiments: it would form an interesting and instructive though not perhaps agreeable reading, and might (please God every year with less & less cost) be published at no very great charge as a Supplement to the Gazette. Leaving out the cause of the battles or their issue, the compiler should state simply the name and age of the plain soldier, the manner of wounds of woe he died, the name of his near relatives and birth place. "John Thompson. 24. received a musket ball in the thigh at Tegyus. ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~survived~~ ^{survived} ~~since~~ ^{since} any: died of the operation: born at Tamworth in Somersetshire - only son of Saml Thompson now ~~alone~~ ^{alone} resident there. Has left a widow & three children". A very common imagination could supply from this outline the necessary details - the way in which John Thompson fell, as ~~with a sword~~ ^{with a sword} ~~and a sword~~ ^{and a sword} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ground~~ ^{ground} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~field~~ ^{field} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~moment~~ ^{moment} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~action~~ ^{action} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~death~~ ^{death} ~~subsequent~~ ^{subsequent} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~it~~ ^{it} - the agonies of his wretched widower, of his wife the widow too; the wretchedness of the children and possibly the suffering beggary of the whole family, might all be very easily portrayed to the mind, and ~~not~~ ^{hard} at least his common opinion ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~triumphs~~ ^{triumphs} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~deeds~~ ^{deeds} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~countrymen~~ ^{countrymen} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~field~~ ^{field} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~war~~ ^{war} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} 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THE victories gained over the once unconquerable Napoleon, the twenty peaceful years which have followed his downfall, and above all the punishment which overtook his ambition and laid low his pride, have done much to obliterate in the minds of all the people of Europe, the hatred with which they once regarded him, and the troops he led. But those who can remember the feelings of a score of years back, will recollect with what a fiery unanimity, all the European nations marshalled together to resist their common enemy, and to crush by the force of their union the prodigious Genius who had wrought so much ill upon each. As the British who had wrested Spain and Portugal from the grasp of his best generals, carried their triumphant war into the territory of France, the northern nations similarly victorious in the gigantic combats of Leipzig and Dresden, poured their immense horde across the Rhine, followed and fought the great Warrior until he could fight no more, and still respecting his genius and misfortunes consigned him to an honorable exile.

We all know how he returned from his exile, and how it once more became necessary for Europe to arm, and tear the sword from his hand, and dash the crown from his head; and if ever there was a cause, which since the time of the crusades,

united all Christendom together, it was that which assembled the Allies in 1815, and overthrew for ever the hopes and power of Napoleon.

In our own country the feeling against him was strong: but we had no defeats or insults to avenge, such as all other European Powers had received from him, and vehement as was our resistance to our enemy, it was little compared with the hatred felt by the Northern countries against the oppressor.

In Germany especially the crusade against Napoleon was not merely a national cause, adopted by Princes and Governments, but seemed to be the cause of each individual man, for scarcely one but in his own person or that of some one near and dear to him, had suffered wrong and indignity at the hands of the French invader, and peaceful men were known to take the musket, and poor widows to send away their only sons bidding them to stake their lives for the putting down the General Tyrant.

With the great interests then at stake, this story has little to do: we have only to tell of a few humble people whom fate has bound up with the great events that then took place.

And (it need scarcely be said here, but that the subject can't

be too strongly or too often urged)—it is not only the ruin and wretchedness of the day and of the actual participators of the war which people have to fear: but the brutal prejudices it brings with it, the accursed legacy of hatred which it leaves behind it: and which obstruct progress and freedom, and mar and kill wholesome enterprise and honest thought, for long ages after the quarrel is said to be ended, and the swords are in their sheaths. We have conquered Napoleon—it is very well. Some few hundreds of old men still are alive and wear a red ribbon for that service, and a little medal hanging to it: but the fury of hatred is not dead yet, and for five and twenty years past has interposed a thousand times when the benefits of the two nations were in question—blackening with suspicion every honest attempt at conciliation, and thwarting every kindly simple plan of mutual interest. [With the old Imperial party, now almost extinct, and scarcely more numerous than the old Waterloo medal-wearers with us, the feeling of hatred was manly at least and therefore pardonable, but it would be well, if the French could be brought to see who else have been the chief propagators of the Anti-English cry. Every man takes it up as he goes into opposition: Thiers, Barrot, Berryer each addresses himself to the public and appeals to what is

called the national feeling—national is the word—for shame that any nation should be so ungenerous as to make hatred a national question.]

On marble slabs, in the humble little church of Waterloo, the reader has very likely seen the catalogue of the names of the English officers who died there. The names of the private men, who fell upon that day and did their duty to the full as well, are not mentioned; it was thought either that such humble persons did not merit, living or dead to keep company with gentlemen bearing His Majesty's commission, or that the cost of marble would be too great:—in fact a pyramid would scarcely have been big enough to chronicle the names of these poor fellows.

If however some obituary of the kind could be kept of armies and regiments: it would form wholesome and instructive though not perhaps agreeable reading, and might (please God every year with less and less cost) be published at no very great charges as a Supplement to the Gazette. Leaving out the cause of the battles and their issue, the compiler should state simply the name and age of the slain soldier, the manner of wound of which he died, the names of his near relatives, and

birth place. "John Thompson. 24. received a musket ball in the thigh at Tezna. limb amputated same day: died of the operation: born at Taunton in Somersetshire—only son of Jane Thompson now resident there. Has left a widow and three children." A very common imagination could supply from this outline the necessary details—the way in which John Thompson feels as he storms a height on which some Afghans are mustered,—exchanging his hurrah for a curse as he drops and the column marches over him,—the agonies of his wound as he lies on the field—the agonies of the operation and the fever and death subsequent to it—the agonies of his mother the widow, of his wife the widow too; the wonder of the children and possibly the ensuing beggary of the whole family, might all be very easily pourtrayed to the mind, and thereto at least in common fairness be presented to it, as well as that picture of triumphs and *te-deums*, knighthoods, gun-firing, and parliamentary gratitude, which follow upon the successful exertions of some thousands of more or less lucky John Thompsons.

Thoughts of this nature, are especially of late much more common in England than when we were engaged thirty years since in the French war, but with our neighbours the warlike spirit seems to be still almost as strong as ever: at least it is

so strong that every demagogue in his turn has but to cry revenge and he finds half a million of echoes to his cry: and since the defeats of the Empire, it has been the cowardly tactics of every party in opposition to raise this shameful outcry in its own favor.

FIVE ORIGINAL SKETCHES
BY THACKERAY

109 *St. George's Sq.*,

April 6

DEAR SIR

My father drew the pictures of Napoleon somewhere about 1852 in Young Street. He must have been thinking of writing a lecture on the early Caricaturists but he never carried it out.

Yours truly,

ANNE RITCHIE.

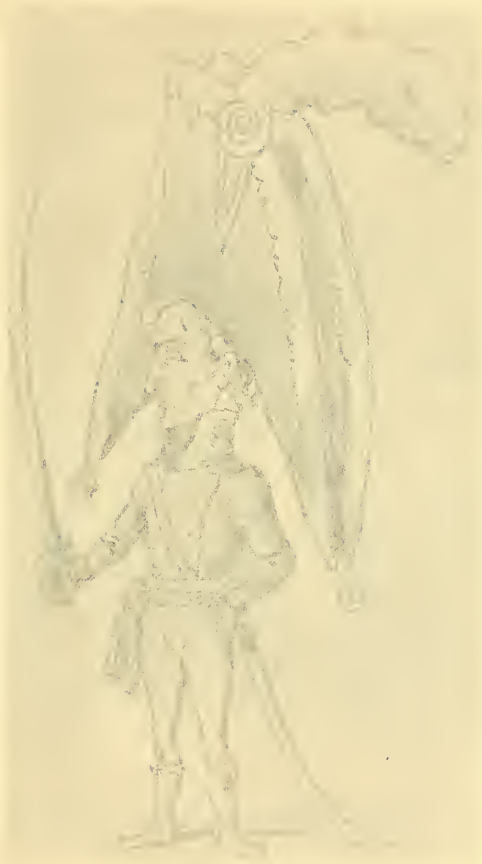


The original Sketch measures 11⁵/₈ by 17¹/₂ inches

The original sketch measures $11\frac{5}{8}$ by $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches



BONEY.



The original Sketch measures $6\frac{3}{8}$ by $11\frac{3}{8}$ inches

The original sketch measures $6\frac{3}{8}$ by $11\frac{3}{8}$ inches





The original Sketch measures $6\frac{1}{4}$ by $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches

The original sketch measures $6\frac{1}{4}$ by $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches





The original Sketch measures $4\frac{7}{8}$ by $6\frac{13}{16}$ inches

The original sketch measures $7\frac{1}{8}$ by $6\frac{13}{16}$ inches





The original Sketch measures 5³/₄ by 7³/₄ inches

The original sketch measures $2\frac{3}{4}$ by $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches



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