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AN  
ANSWER

TO

O'MEARA'S

NAPOLEON IN EXILE;

OR, A

*VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.*

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# ANSWER

TO

## O'MEARA'S NAPOLEON IN EXILE.



**I**N our former Numbers we apprized our readers of the plan by which Buonaparte designed to keep himself alive in the public recollection, and to maintain by successive publications the hopes of the disaffected throughout Europe; and we exposed the art with which he contrived to have his agents successively dismissed from St. Helena, that they might, in due order, contribute their respective quotas to the series of libels, by which the world was to be persuaded to tolerate the return of Buonaparte himself. First came the fabricated Letters of that poor bungler Warden, reviewed in our Thirty-first Number;—then we had Signor Santini's Appeal to Europe; and the Letter by Buonaparte himself, (under the name of Montholon,) reviewed in our Thirty-second Number. We then foretold 'that Las Cases would be next sent home, with a crown of martyrdom on his head, and a budget of Buonapartiana at his back:;' this accordingly happened, and the result was, that worthy gentleman's *Letters from the Cape of Good Hope, with Extracts from the Great Work now compiling for publication under the inspection of Napoleon.*—Upon these letters we did ample justice in our Thirty-fourth Number. Then came Mr. O'Meara, with the *Ninth*

*Chapter* of the aforesaid *great work*, viz. Buonaparte's Account of the Battle of Waterloo; the dullness and folly of which were so contemptible, that neither we, nor, as far as we know, any body else, ever took the trouble of noticing its existence. This failure clogged for a while the efforts of the literary confederacy; Las Cases and O'Meara, however, were working in silence at their journals, anxious, no doubt, to bring them out in due succession; when, alas! the death of Buonaparte destroyed at once the order and object of the latter part of the march, and O'Meara, Las Cases, Gourgaud, and Montholon, had nothing left but—occupet extremum scabies!—to rush to the press pele mele, and to endeavour, by rival puffs, to excite, each towards his own work, the public attention, and to draw, each to his own pocket, the public contribution.

We shall, in a future Number, observe upon these volumes; we have only affixed their names to this Article lest it should be thought that we evaded them, and in order to show the relative connexion of the whole series. Our present limits will not permit us to do more than to examine the work of O'Meara, which we are induced to undertake, partly from a desire of doing justice to those whom his work has assailed, but chiefly for the purpose of applying to him and Buonaparte the spirit of the adage, '*noscitur a socio*,' and of showing the world what the cause must be of which O'Meara is the chosen advocate and champion.

Mr. O'Meara had been, it seems, a surgeon in the army, and was dismissed from that service by sentence of a court-martial; he then entered the naval service, into which, we presume, he must have procured his admission by a discreet silence as to his having ever belonged to the sister service. This suppression is remarkable, as showing that Mr.

O'Meara, without being much of a scholar, discovered that, towards the accomplishment of a perfect character, (which, in his way, Mr. O'Meara undoubtedly is,) it was necessary to observe the Horatian precept—

‘————— servetur ad imum  
Qualis ab incœpto processerit et sibi constet.’

As he has not been as communicative as Las Cases in giving us an account of his early life, we only know that some time in 1812 or 1813 he was made, still in ignorance, we are willing to hope, of his original mishap in the army, a full surgeon in the navy; and, at Buonaparte's capture in 1815, he happened to be surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, in which the prisoner was sent to England. We formerly observed, that it was curious Buonaparte could not induce one of his own medical men to follow him, and we attributed the fact to the disinclination of the members of an educated, enlightened, and independent profession, to attach themselves to such a person; but we now doubt the justice of this opinion. There must have been many persons of that profession not so scrupulous; and we suspect that Buonaparte—who never was accused of a want of knowledge of a certain class of mankind, and who had a peculiar and congenial knack at discovering persons who were fit to be made his tools—soon saw that an English surgeon, if he could so manage as to procure one, might better answer all his present purposes, and promote his ulterior views; a thought not improbably suggested to him by the just appreciation, which, on a slight acquaintance, he seems to have made of Mr. O'Meara.\* However this may

\* It is curious, that the only three Britons (if they deserve that name) whom Buonaparte appears to have succeeded in cajoling, were the three naval surgeons, Warden, O'Meara, and Stokoe.

be, the French doctor Maingaud was dismissed at Plymouth; and O'Meara—who does not appear to be even an M. D.—was appointed, (probably without much previous inquiry into his former history,) at Buonaparte's own request, his body physician.

In this situation Mr. O'Meara continued from August, 1815, to April, 1818, when he was dismissed from that duty, for—as we gather from his book—a series of misconduct, of which, indeed, almost every page affords pregnant instances; and, on his return to England, having demanded an inquiry on his conduct, he was altogether dismissed from the naval service; and it was then (for the first time, we hope) known that he had been already dismissed from the army. His recall and last dismissal he attributes to the enmity of Sir Hudson Lowe, who had been appointed governor of St. Helena during the custody of Buonaparte; and accordingly our readers must not be surprised to find that the great *object* of his publication seems to be to cast every kind of ridicule and odium on that officer; whilst we are happy to be able to assert, boldly and conscientiously, its *effect* must be, to show that Sir Hudson Lowe acted throughout the most trying and difficult situations, with temper, justice, integrity, and sagacity. Our readers know what triumphant answers we have already given to the calumnies of Santini, Montholon, and Las Cases, against the governor; we now assure them, that Mr. O'Meara has only dressed up in a grosser, and to such a taste as his, in a more *piquant* manner, the *crambe recoccta* of these refuted libellers.

His work consists of two great branches, which, though twined together, are yet capable of being promptly distinguished: the first is, the charge and calumnies brought against Sir Hudson in O'Meara's proper person; the second, the charges and calum-

nies against the governor, and the lies and libels on all subjects and against all men, which he puts into the mouth of Buonaparte. We shall examine these in their order; for it is evident, that O'Meara's *credit* is the hinge upon which the whole discussion must turn, and if we do not deceive ourselves, we think that, after reading the following observations, no man, nay, no woman \* alive will hesitate to say, that he is wholly discredited as a witness; he himself will be overwhelmed (if he be capable of the sensation) with shame, and those who have countenanced and encouraged him will be covered with ridicule. We doubt, whether the annals of literary criticism, nay, whether those of legal criticism, exhibit so decisive an exposure as that we are now about to inflict on this unfortunate person.

We must begin by apprizing our readers of the course we mean to pursue in unravelling the immense and complicated tissue of calumny and falsehood which occupy two thick octavo volumes. There is not, we believe, a single page in which we could not detect errors of one class or the other; some pages are crowded with them: a detailed examination would, therefore, occupy at least as many volumes as the original, and, however complete the refutation might be, would weary and perplex the most patient reader. We must necessarily, therefore, apply ourselves to the chief and most prominent subjects of which the Journal is composed;—such as ‘Sir Hudson Lowe’s folly and incapacity; his rigorous and insulting treatment of

\* ‘O'Meara’s work,’ say our Northern brethren, (with that delicate *tact* which distinguishes all their compliments,) ‘is dedicated, with peculiar propriety, to Lady Holland, whose kindness to Napoleon in his day of need, so *unlike the frivolity and fickleness of her sex and station*, reflect (reflects) upon her the most lasting honour.’

Buonaparte personally; his spiteful vigilance to prevent the prisoners enjoying the most innocent pleasures of society; his petty vexations and oppression in refusing them the perusal of newspapers, and his neglect or cruelty in depriving them of the common necessaries of life; his endeavour to seduce Mr. O'Meara to become a spy on his patient; and his unrelenting persecution of this worthy man till he succeeded in having him—merely because he had the integrity to resist his seductions—dismissed from the island.'

Such are the charges which it is the first object of this book to substantiate;—such are the charges which we have to examine;—and such are the charges which *we pledge ourselves* to prove, not only to be *false*, but *not even to have a colour or a pretence*. And in order that the refutation may be as satisfactory in point of evidence, as it will be complete in effect, we further pledge ourselves *not to make use of a single fact or argument* that we do not obtain from the MOUTH OF O'MEARA HIMSELF.

The last of the above charges,—namely, what relates to his dismissal from the island,—we shall notice first, because, although of the least importance in itself, it will open to the reader a very useful view of O'Meara's character, and indeed of the whole object of his book.

Our readers are well aware, that the vital importance attached to Buonaparte's safe custody, and the recollection of the escape from Elba, induced the legislature to pass an act to make penal any secret intercourse with Buonaparte. The orders of government, confirmed by this act, required that all communications with him or his followers were to be with the sanction of the governor; and, in pursuance of the authority vested in him, several regulations were established for conducting the inter-

course, written or personal, between the *detenus*, and all other persons. These regulations were originally established by Sir George Cockburn, who preceded Sir Hudson Lowe in the awful responsibility of the custody of one who had nothing to lose and every thing to gain by an attempt to escape,—who had talent and audacity to invent the best plans for such an object,—who had partizans all over the world, able, active, and desperate,—who had himself an unbounded command of money, and whose nearest relations, scattered over the face of Europe and America, had wealth and station to further all their designs,—and who, finally, by what we always thought a false policy, was a kind of prisoner at large, with a retinue of devoted partizans, and with full leisure and opportunity to combine and arrange any plans of escape which might be in agitation. Under such circumstances no regulations would have been too vigilant or too jealous. Those adopted by Sir George Cockburn and Sir Hudson Lowe appear to us to have been perhaps more moderate and indulgent, and less jealous, than a strict consideration of the cause would have justified:—but that is not the question now. These regulations, such as they were, Buonaparte took, from the first hour, in high dudgeon, and violently, and on every occasion, great and little, thwarted and opposed. He had probably three powerful motives for this opposition:—1. that the regulations denied to him the *imperial character*, to which personal vanity for the present, and political hopes for the future, induced him to cling, as the drowning sailor does to a plank;—2. that the regulations, if they did not render escape impossible, made it at least difficult;—3. that by continued complaints against imaginary vexations and oppressions, a degree of commiseration and sympathy might be created in the public mind, which

might eventually lead to his removal to a situation more convenient for his ulterior objects. A man of true dignity of mind in Buonaparte's situation would have submitted to these regulations—even if they had been unjust and oppressive,—nay, the rather, *because* they were unjust and oppressive,—with a calm contempt, and that resignation under such reverses, which is the true mark of a noble soul. Instead of which, we find him kicking like a froward child; scolding with all the violence and grossness of Billingsgate; and playing off every kind of evasive trick and subterfuge, like the clown of a pantomime. In this petty warfare against the regulations, his immediate followers naturally formed his chief dependance: but he soon found, as we shall see, a zealous auxiliary in O'Meara.—When the surgeon began, and *how far* he went in the violation of the laws and regulations, it is impossible for any one but himself to say; but we shall rest the whole of this part of the case on one instance, which was discovered by an extraordinary accident.

O'Meara's dismissal from St. Helena was sudden, and earlier than his or Buonaparte's secret correspondents in Europe expected. A short time after his departure, a ship arrived from England, having on board a box of French books verbally stated to be for O'Meara, and a letter addressed to a Mr. Fowler, the partner of Balcombe, Buonaparte's purveyor. Mr. Fowler, on opening the cover, found that it contained nothing but an enclosure addressed to *James Forbes, esq.* As he knew no James Forbes, he thought it his duty to carry the letter to the Governor; further inquiries ascertained that there was no person of the name of James Forbes on the island; and accordingly it was thought proper to open this mysterious letter before the Governor and Council, when it was found to begin with the words '*Dear*



O'Meara ;' it is dated Lyon's Inn, London, and is signed 'William Holmes.' We find, in vol. i. p. 12, a confession of O'Meara's, which implicates him in the whole affair, and proves that the letter was on the business of Buonaparte; namely, that 'Mr. Holmes, of Lyon's Inn, was Napoleon's AGENT in London, and that O'Meara kept up,—by means of a friend on board one of the King's ships in the roads,—a communication with this *Agent of Buonaparte.*' If all had been of the most innocent and indifferent kind, it must be admitted that the very fact of such communications—secret communications between the confidential attendant of Buonaparte at St. Helena and his agent in London—was highly improper, and of itself required the removal of O'Meara; but what will our readers say, when they see the nature of them?

' Dear O'Meara,

June 26, 1818.

' I have at length seen Mr. —— (a person lately come from St. Helena,) who I am sure will exert himself much for his friends at St. Helena. His stay in London will be about a fortnight, most of which time he will remain at my house. The letter you gave him for me, he left at Ascension Island, to be forwarded; so that, I know not your *instructions*. He did think of going to the continent for the benefit of his wife's health, but is fearful of improper motives being ascribed to the taking the journey, and particularly as the tongue of slander has already been busy with his name. I told him, that, if BUSINESS\* had any thing to do with the object of his journey, I would be happy to go in his place; but, he says, he has only one commission to execute at Paris, which is so unimportant, that he would not trouble me; and that, indeed, his name being mentioned, he thought I could not effect it. If, therefore, you are aware of the nature of the commission, and

\* This word is double-underlined in the original.

that it is necessary still to execute it, you *had better get ME AUTHORIZED* to transact the business.

‘I expect to hear from my friends at *Rome* and *Munich*, of which you shall have due information.’

Our readers know, that at *Munich* resided his Imperial Highness Prince Eugene Napoleon, and at *Rome* Cardinal Fesch and the *princesses of the imperial family*. Before this letter was despatched, O’Meara’s own letter, which had been left at Ascension, reached the hands of Buonaparte’s agent, who thereupon adds a postscript, from which we may judge of the nature of O’Meara’s *instructions*.

‘I continue the duplicate, to say, that the letter from Ascension Island, left by —, is just come to hand. All the parcels sent in July last, by Mr. J. are safe; since which, two have been left by some unknown hand; one brought by B. and two by B. This is the sum total of my receipts, except your letters of the 17th and 31st March, and 2d April.

‘I intend starting for Paris next week, to see LAFITTE; and, perhaps, will see *Las Cases*; but I fear my journey will be useless, from the *insufficiency of the documents I hold*.

‘Seek every opportunity of writing me, and *sending what you can*. S. and P. refused to pay Gourgaud’s bill for £500, but they have since heard from *Las Cases*, and *it is settled*. I understand the old general does not mean to publish; but should he, *Perry, of the Chronicle*, has *promised his assistance*.

‘I understand *you are to draw for £1,800*. *You shall hear the issue of my visit to LAFITTE; and, if your remittances are paid, TRADE of that kind can be carried on to ANY EXTENT.*

(Signed)

‘W. HOLMES.’

The friend on board the King’s ship in the roads was, we suppose, the surgeon Stokoe, whom O’Meara had probably initiated into these prac-

tices, to supply his place when he should be sent away. Stokoc was also dismissed from the service, we suppose, on the discovery that Holmes had endeavoured to transmit secretly through him, 'in case O'Meara should have left St. Helena,' a communication to General Bertrand.

'3, Lyon's-Inn, Strand, London,

'Dear Sir, August 26, 1818.

'If my friend and client O'Meara has left, oblige me by giving the enclosed to Count Bertrand *in private*, for although it is not of much importance, I nevertheless do not wish the Governor to peruse it; have the goodness also to give my address, and desire *any* letters to be sent to my office.

'I am, &c.

(Signed)

'W. HOLMES.'

(*Letter enclosed in the above without address.*)

'London, August 25, 1818.

'Reply to Letter addressed to Paris:

'The 100,000 francs lent in 1816 are paid; likewise the 72,000 francs, which complete the 395,000 francs mentioned in the note of the 15th of March. The 36,000\* francs for 1817, and the like sum for 1819, have also been paid by the person ordered.

'Remain quiet as to the funds placed; the farmers are good, and they will pay bills for the amount of the income, which must be calculated at the rate of four per cent. commencing from 1816, that is to say, there will be three years of the interest due the expiration of the present year.

'All other letters have been delivered.'

We shall not insult the understanding of our readers by any comments on these letters; we will only remind them, that it has since appeared, by

\* If this sum of 36,000 francs was, as it appears to have been, *interest money*, it would, at four per cent. which we see was the rate the 'farmer' paid, prove a *capital* in the hands of *one person alone* of 900,000 francs.

legal proceedings in France, that the house of Lafitte had in its possession, at this period, an *immense sum of money* belonging to Buonaparte. It will also be observed, that O'Meara, whose salary appears to have been *under* £500 per annum, was to draw, in one sum, for £1800! We believe we shall hear no more of the injustice of removing Mr. O'Meara from about Buonaparte; and we hope that the world will appreciate the credit to be given to so candid and *disinterested* a witness.

We shall next proceed to observe upon a *most extraordinary and important transaction*, which, although it has made a considerable noise in every part of Europe, and been connected with the most serious personal consequences to Mr. O'Meara himself—he has not chosen to mention in these volumes; we mean his charge against Sir Hudson Lowe, of having endeavoured to induce him, while medically attending Buonaparte, to POISON HIS PATIENT. Our blood runs cold while we write such a charge—but horror changes to indignation when we recollect that it is made against an English soldier, an English gentleman, and that there are wretches who pretend to the name of Britons, who seem to countenance the accuser. Mr. O'Meara has been so discreetly silent on this point, that all that we know of this charge, and its consequences, is contained in the fact of his dismissal (to which we alluded above) from his Majesty's service, and the following letter from the Secretary of the Admiralty to Mr. O'Meara, announcing that dismissal. We have not been able to ascertain, nor do we know, how this letter got into the public papers; but it bears all the marks of official authority, and has never, that we know of, been denied or questioned; we therefore conclude it to be authentic.

*COPY of the Official Letter which notified to Mr. O'Meara his Removal from the Situation of a Surgeon in the Navy.*

‘ Admiralty Office, Nov. 2, 1818.

‘ SIR—I HAVE received, and laid before my Lord’s Commissioners of the Admiralty, your letter (and its enclosure) of the 28th ult. in which you state several particulars of your conduct in the situation you lately held at St. Helena, and request, “ that their Lordships would, as soon as their important duties should allow, communicate to you their judgment thereupon.”

‘ Their Lordships have lost no time in considering your statement, and they command me to inform you, that (even without reference to the complaints made against you by Lieut. General Sir H. Lowe) they find *in your own admissions* ample grounds for marking your proceedings with their severest displeasure.

‘ But there is one passage in your said letter of such a nature as to supersede the necessity of animadverting upon any other part of it.

‘ This passage is as follows:—“ In the third interview which Sir Hudson Lowe had with Napoleon Buonaparte in the month of May, 1816, he proposed to the latter to send me away, and to replace me by Mr. Baxter, who had been several years surgeon in the Corsican Rangers. This proposition was rejected with indignation by Napoleon Buonaparte, upon the grounds of the indelicacy of a proposal to substitute an army surgeon for the private surgeon of his own choice. Failing in this attempt, Sir Hudson Lowe adopted the resolution of manifesting great confidence in me, by loading me with civilities, inviting me constantly to dinner with him, conversing, for hours together, with me alone, both in his own house and grounds, and at Longwood, either in my own room, or under the trees and elsewhere. On some of these occasions he made to me observations upon the benefit which would result to Europe from the death of Napoleon Buonaparte, of which event he spoke in a manner which, considering his situation and mine, was peculiarly distressing to me.”

‘ It is impossible to doubt the meaning which this passage was intended to convey, and my Lords can as little doubt that the insinuation is a *calumnious falsehood*; but if it were true, and if so horrible a suggestion were made to you, directly or indirectly, it was your bounden duty not to have lost a moment in communicating it to the Admiral on the spot, or to the Secretary of State, or to their Lordships.

‘ An overture so monstrous in itself, and so deeply involving, not merely the personal character of the Governor, but the honour of the nation, and the important interest committed to his charge, should not have been reserved in your own breast for two years, to be produced at last, not (as it would appear) from a sense of public duty, but in furtherance of your personal hostility against the Governor.

‘ *Either the charge is in the last degree false and calumnious, or you can have no possible excuse for having hitherto suppressed it.*

‘ In either case, and without adverting to the general tenor of your conduct, as stated in your letter, my Lords consider you to be an improper person to continue in his Majesty’s service, and they have directed your name to be erased from the list of Naval Surgeons accordingly.

(Signed) J. W. CROKER.’

‘ Mr. O’Meara,  
‘ 28, Chester Place, Kennington.’

To this letter, or to the cause of his dismissal from the naval service, Mr. O’Meara has never made (that we can learn) any allusion. We are not much surprised at this; Mr. Croker’s letter is unanswerable; that quality of a *dilemma* which is popularly explained by the metaphor of *horns*, was never better exemplified, and Mr. O’Meara has no alternative, but to choose on *which* horn he will impale himself and his character. He either received, and for two years concealed, and at last discloses, only out of personal pique, a nefarious

proposition for a *medical murder*, or else his charge is 'a *calumnious falsehood*.'

We now proceed to another topic. There is no proof of Sir Hudson's 'paltry and vexatious temper,' to which O'Meara more frequently reverts, than his anxiety to prevent Buonaparte's receiving newspapers. He does not choose to tell, a well known fact, that newspapers (quite innocently, on the part of their editors) were made a channel of secret communication with Buonaparte—a cypher was established, by which, what appeared only an ordinary advertisement, conveyed information to Longwood from his partizans in Europe. He does not choose to tell that the French at St. Helena directed their secret correspondents in London, to employ *this mode of communication*. How far it may have been pushed, never can be discovered; but the facts are certain, and would have justified a much greater degree of anxiety than Sir Hudson showed; for in truth it seems that he showed so little, that Buonaparte received a great variety of papers, and that Sir Hudson had the attention to forward him *regular files*, we believe, of both the Times and Courier. But we have pledged ourselves not to rest any thing on our own credit, we shall therefore astonish our readers by another proof of O'Meara's folly and duplicity. In every part of his book, he dwells on the difficulty which Buonaparte had to get newspapers, and complains that he could only obtain now and then a few *broken* numbers which he (O'Meara) procured for him, and for which little attention he was *severely chid* by the Governor; at last he sums up the whole into one grand charge:—

'NO newspapers or periodical publications ever reached Longwood, during my residence there, except some *unconnected numbers* of the Times, Courier, Observer, &c.





to borrow, turns out to have been a *regular series* for nearly three months, *sent* to Buonaparte by Sir Hudson himself.

The next proof of O'Meara's malice against Sir Hudson, and of the restless asperity with which he attacks his character on all points and on every subject, is an *episode*, occupying thirty-four tiresome pages, (vol. ii. 300—334), and only introduced to show that, when he commanded in the Island of Capri, in the year 1808, he became the egregious dupe of an Italian spy named Suzzarelli. The story is altogether dull and uninteresting, and would be wholly unworthy of notice but for one or two little circumstances which connect themselves with it. Its object is to corroborate the interminable charges of gross and contemptible *incapacity* brought against Sir Hudson. O'Meara's praise and O'Meara's censure are of about equal value; but it is amusing to find him, in a letter now before us, (dated 6th Aug. 1816,) addressing this 'poor,' 'stupid,' 'incapable,' Governor, in the following terms:—'It is unnecessary for me, Sir, to point out to an officer of your discrimination, talents and observation,' &c. &c.

The affair is of such little importance, that we need not detail the internal evidence which throws discredit over the whole statement; we shall only notice the source whence Mr. O'Meara obtained it.

Cipriani, *maître d'hôtel* to Buonaparte, who, <sup>\*</sup>by his master's orders, told O'Meara the story, had formerly been in the service of the noted Saliceti, and was the very person who seduced Suzzarelli from his fidelity; and his conduct in the affair was such, that, as Mr. O'Meara with great simplicity *confesses*, he had, in consequence, dropped his *real* name of *Franceschi*, and called himself Cipriani. To discuss the evidence of a fellow—so infamous, even

in his own opinion, as to be obliged to *change his name*—would be idle; but even if we were inclined to give credit to Cipriani, it does not follow that O'Meara's story is true, because it is very observable that, although the facts did not relate to Buonaparte—although no professional delicacy could have required their suppression—although the duty of an English officer required that such a system of deception should not have been concealed—O'Meara never gives any hint to the Governor or the government, nay, never opens his mouth on the subject *till after the DEATH of Cipriani!*

But suppose the whole story had been true, what would it amount to? That Suzzarelli was a *double spy*, and took money and gave information on both sides. To fall in with a spy of this character is not, we believe, very extraordinary; the generality of spies in all ages have, we apprehend, been subject to the same imputations, and even the two best judges in the world,—General Buonaparte and Mr. O'Meara, are themselves exactly of our opinion, and consider it no disgrace in any man—excepting always Sir Hudson Lowe—to have employed a *double spy*.

“My police,” says Buonaparte, “had in pay many *English spies*; some of *high quality*, among whom were many Ladies! There was *one Lady* in particular, of *very high rank*, who furnished considerable information, and was sometimes paid so high as £3,000 in one month.”—“They came over,” continued Buonaparte, “in boats not broader than this bath; it was really astonishing to see them passing your 74 gun ships in defiance.”—I (O'Meara) observed that they were *DOUBLE SPIES*, and that they brought intelligence from France to the British government—“*that is very likely*,” replied Napoleon!—vol. i. p. 252.

We are greatly mistaken if our readers do not

consider this extract as highly *comic*, in exhibiting—first, O'Meara describing Buonaparte as admitting the *same kind of credulity and imbecility* (but in an extravagant degree) for which they affect to despise Sir Hudson Lowe;—secondly, poor Buonaparte so egregiously duped as to pay £3000 a month, on the supposition that he was bribing an *English Lady of very high rank*;—thirdly, his believing that in our government women are intrusted with the secrets of state, and that Lady Grey or Mrs. Perceval sat in the cabinet on the Buenos Ayres or Walcheren expeditions;—fourthly, that these English spies, *Ladies of very high rank included*, crossed the channel in boats no bigger than a bath;—and, lastly, that these boats passed between Dover and Dunkirk, in defiance of the 74 gun ships, which the English Admiralty had so judiciously stationed to intercept this species of intercourse!

Can absurdity go beyond this? We might be forgiven if we stopped *here*, and rested our judgment of the whole book on *this* single specimen; which, our readers see, was not selected for its own especial qualities, but incidentally met with while we were following another topic.

Our next observation relates to the statement of O'Meara, so often repeated, that Sir Hudson Lowe endeavoured to induce him to act as *a spy* on Buonaparte. This slander, we might perhaps content ourselves by indignantly denying, as we have done the proposition of the *poison*, but some little circumstances require (for O'Meara's sake) further elucidation. Who *first* suggested the suspicion of Sir Hudson being likely to employ a spy?—Buonaparte. And when?—Before Sir Hudson Lowe had been a fortnight on the island! Sir Hudson Lowe landed on the 15th April; on the 17th he was in-

roduced to Buonaparte. It does not appear that Sir Hudson had seen him more than twice or thrice, nor is it stated that O'Meara had ever had any conversation with the Governor, when, on the 5th May—

‘Napoleon sent Marchand (his valet de chambre) for me at nine o'clock. I was introduced by the *back door* into his-bed room; after a few questions of no importance, he asked, both in French and Italian, in the *presence of Count Las Cases*, the following questions: “you know that it was in consequence of my application, that you were appointed to attend on me; now, I want to know from you precisely, and as a man of honour, in what situation you conceive yourself to be; whether as my surgeon, as M. Maingaud was, or the surgeon of a prison-ship or prisoners? whether you have *orders to report every trifling occurrence* or illness, or what I say to you, to the Governor? answer me, what situation do you conceive yourself to be in? tell me candidly.”—vol. i. p. 42.

To this interrogatory O'Meara, who had not yet been quite initiated into the system of intended fraud and calumny, answered fairly and truly—

‘As your surgeon, to attend upon you and your suite. *I have received NO OTHER ORDERS than to make an immediate report, in case of your being seriously taken ill*, in order to have promptly the advice and assistance of other physicians.’—vol. i. p. 43.

In spite of this decisive answer, Buonaparte goes on, with the most determined resolution, to fix on Sir Hudson the character of a *spy*.

‘If,’ said he, ‘you were appointed as surgeon to a prison, and to report my conversations to the Governor, *whom I take to be “UN CAPO DI SPIONI,”* (a director of spies) I would never see you more.’—vol. i. p. 43.

Thus then, though O'Meara has given the most decisive negative to such a suspicion, Buonaparte avows, without a shadow of reason, that he takes

the Governor to be, what he calls a *director of spies*. And the Italian phrase is still more contemptuous.

But this is not all. It appears by the further course of the conversation, that Buonaparte had *previously* insulted Sir Hudson to his face, by similar, and even worse imputations.

‘ This Governor, during the few days that I was melancholy, and had a mental affliction from the treatment I received—(this could not have alluded to any measures of Sir Hudson Lowe’s, who had been but a very few days on the island)—wanted to send *his* physician to me, *under the pretext* of inquiring after my health. I desired Bertrand to tell him, that I had not *sufficient confidence* in his physician to TAKE ANY THING FROM HIS HANDS.’—vol. i. p. 44.

But lest this *insinuation* should not be sufficiently strong against two officers, one of whom he never saw at all, the other but twice, and neither of whom at this period had been ten days on the island, he proceeds to make an almost direct charge of an intention to *murder him*.

‘ I am convinced that this governor has been sent out by Lord ———. I told him a few days ago, that if he wanted to put an *end to me*, he would have a very good opportunity, by sending somebody to force his way into my chamber; that I would immediately make a corpse of the first that entered, and then I should be *of course* DESPATCHED, and he might write home to his government, that “Buonaparte was killed in a brawl.”’—vol. i. p. 45.

We entreat our readers to recollect that these outrages took place in the very first days of Sir Hudson’s government, and before Buonaparte could have received the slightest personal provocation, and at a time when even O’Meara admits that Buonaparte’s charges of *espionage* were wholly false;

and we, therefore, leave the world to judge of the truth of the same brutal charges, made in the same brutal way, every day and every hour, till Buonaparte's death; surely the admitted calumny and falsehood of the outset are enough to throw disgrace and discredit upon all the subsequent repetitions.

But we shall not rest Sir Hudson's defence on any *inference*, however just—we shall not be contented with contradicting O'Meara out of any mouth but *his own*. Buonaparte's pretence for all this insulting language was, it seems, a proposition, that some English officer should, once a-day, ascertain that he was at Longwood,—a simple, necessary, and by no means offensive precaution; and on *this*, and *this alone*, is founded the charge of the Governor's being a *spy* and an *assassin*.

Had the regulation been the most offensive proceeding possible, it was *not* Sir Hudson Lowe's,—he found it already established by Sir George Cockburn; and it is very remarkable that O'Meara states the establishment of these regulations by Sir George, in language of approbation, (1—13—22) whilst the maintenance of them by Sir Hudson Lowe, who had not been ten days on the island, is made the excuse of these outrageous insults which O'Meara records, and subsequently enforces with so much anxiety and zeal. We attach the more importance to the detection of both Buonaparte and O'Meara upon *this* point, because the regulations in question are the subject upon which the complaints are most violent; and the vehemence with which Buonaparte and his partizans objected to these precautions proves the policy of establishing them. If Buonaparte had no intention to attempt his escape, what object could he have had in concealing himself for weeks together from those who were responsible

for his safe custody? and by what other mode (except actual imprisonment) could the persons charged with this heavy responsibility assure themselves of his presence?

The foregoing conversation about spies between Buonaparte and O'Meara took place on the 5th May, 1816. But on the 23d December, 1817, O'Meara, who had by this time quite thrown off the mask, writes a most insolent letter to Sir Hudson Lowe, accusing the Governor of having attempted to seduce him, to become a spy on his patient. This letter was sent by O'Meara to England, and soon appeared in the Morning Chronicle. To malign Sir Hudson Lowe was, no doubt, the object—but we shall now show, by a series of extraordinary facts connected with this letter, that

————— even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of his poisoned chalice  
To his own lips?

if we had no other evidence it would be sufficient to overwhelm the writer.

The letter is dated Longwood, *the 23d December, 1817*, and its first sentence is as follows:

'Sir—In consequence of some circumstances which have *latterly* occurred relative to the obligations expected from a person filling the situation I have the honour to hold, I conceive it to be essentially necessary to lay the following statement before your Excellency.'

The statement which follows, is all on the subject of the alleged attempt of Sir H. Lowe to seduce O'Meara to be a spy. Now O'Meara begins by admitting that these attempts were made *latterly*; and no doubt can be entertained, considering the virtuous indignation expressed against *espionage*, that, had they been made *earlier*, they would have been earlier exposed; nor would this modern Fabricius

have gone on for nearly two years holding, not merely friendly, but, as we shall see presently, confidential intercourse, with so base a person as Sir Hudson would have been, had he made the alleged propositions. We have a right, therefore, to conclude, that these 'attempts' 'occurred' not long before the 23d December, 1817. His work, which is in form of a journal (both volumes), contains 929 pages; the 23d December falls on the 858th page; so that it is about *this* place, namely, towards the *end* of the *last* volume, that we ought to find O'Meara *beginning* his complaints against Sir Hudson's *espionage*; but, on the contrary, from the very first page in which the Governor's name is mentioned through the 858 following pages, there is hardly one which is not filled with allusions, insinuations, or downright charges on this point; if, therefore, the letter speak truths, the book is false, and, vice versa. But this is not all.—About December, 1817, Sir Hudson persecutes O'Meara to become a spy; yet O'Meara tells us in his book, that so long before as August, the Governor gave him a most unjust and despotic order not to hold any conversation with Buonaparte, except *on medical* subjects. What more decisive proof could Sir Hudson adduce of his innocence, than his repeated commands to O'Meara, *not* to communicate with Buonaparte upon any of those subjects which alone could interest a spy?

The letter, after the introductory sentence which we have quoted, proceeds to give Sir Hudson an account of the before-mentioned conversation of Buonaparte and O'Meara, on the 5th May, 1816; and, unhappily for Mr. O'Meara's credit, the account given in the letter, and that given in the book, are *essentially different*—and the cause of the difference is infamous.

'When asked by Napoleon Buonaparte to tell him can-



didly whether he ought to consider me as a surgeon *d'un Galere*, or as a medical man in whom he could repose confidence, I replied, that I was not a surgeon *d'un Galere*; that I was a surgeon and not a spy, and one in whom I hoped he might place confidence—THAT MY PRINCIPLES WERE TO FORGET THE CONVERSATIONS I HAD WITH MY PATIENTS ON LEAVING THE ROOM, unless as far as regarded my allegiance as a British officer to my Sovereign and country—and that my orders only obliged me to one thing, viz. to give immediate notice to the Governor in case of any serious illness befalling him, in order that the best medical advice might be promptly afforded.'—*Letter of 23d Dec. 1817.*

Our readers will see, that in the journal, which, written at the moment, ought to have been more full and detailed than the letter written eighteen months after, there is no trace of these remarkable words—*That my principles were to FORGET the conversations I had with my patients on leaving the room!*

Why was this important omission made in the journal?—because every line of the journal gives the letter the lie—because the preface to the journal, in recommending its authenticity to the reader, states that—

'Immediately on retiring from Napoleon's presence I hurried to my chamber, and carefully committed to paper the topics of the conversation, with, so far as I could, the exact words used!'—*Pref. vol. i. p. xi.*

The baseness of such an act is scarcely surpassed by the folly of such a confession! but even this is not all. In several places of the book O'Meara boasts that he communicated these conversations to *official persons in England*: not content with this, the moment the unhappy patient has expired, the moment he can no longer deny or explain the *abominations imputed to him*, the faithful physician

—‘ whose principle it is to forget the conversations he had with his patients, on leaving the room’—hurries to sell the hoarded scandal, and exposes to all mankind the conversations which had been confided to the private ear of friendship. We should be at a loss for language to express our sense of such conduct, but we fortunately find it already done by Mr. O’Meara himself, in another passage of this extraordinary letter :—

‘ He who, clothed with the specious garb of a physician, insinuates himself into the confidence of his patient, and avails himself of the frequent opportunities and facilities which his situation necessarily presents of being near his person, to wring (under pretence of curing or alleviating his infirmities, and in that confidence which has been from time immemorial reposed by the sick in persons professing the healing art) *disclosures of his patient’s sentiments and opinions for the purpose of afterwards betraying them*, deserves most justly to be branded with the appellation of “*mouton*”—(a wretch more infamous even than a spy.)  
—*Letter of 23d Dec. 1817.*

To what we had said we have one damning fact to add. This letter was published in the Morning Chronicle, as part of a ‘ complete series’ of correspondence between the Governor and Mr. O’Meara, which the friends of the latter thought it necessary to his reputation to lay before the public. Will our readers believe—that the principal and most important letter of the whole series, namely, a long and able *answer* from Sir Thomas Read, by command of Sir Hudson Lowe, to the letter of the 23d December, was wholly *suppressed*;—and suppressed, not by accident or neglect, but purposely, fraudulently; for *in its place* was printed another letter of Sir Thomas Read’s, written some months after, on a different point, and having no kind of reference to the letter of the 23d December; though the sub-

stitution is so managed, that what is thus introduced *looks* as if it had been written in consequence of the letter to which it is thus insidiously appended.

The suppressed letter is a most clear, temperate, and conclusive refutation of all O'Meara's falsehoods and pretences, and might very properly find a place here;—but we have engaged to make *O'Meara refute himself*, and to convict him by his own confessions; and we are now about to produce another batch of his letters, which, we are confident, will surpass any expectation that can have been formed of the man's baseness and folly.

Mr. O'Meara may, perhaps, affect to see some difference between being a spy for the Governor, and a spy for his official friends in England, or for the booksellers; but even this paltry subterfuge we shall not allow him; we shall show that, after all his rant about principles and honour, he *volunteered* to be *A SPY to the Governor himself*, and consummated his duplicity by *forcing on Sir Hudson Lowe* his reports, not only of what passed amongst the men at Longwood, but even interlarded the details relative to his *female* patients, with sneers and sarcasms of the lowest kind: we could not have believed this on any verbal statement whatsoever—nothing, in short, but the having before our eyes—*as we have*—the proofs, would have induced us to state so incredible a fact: and we now proceed to lay them before the eyes of our readers.

Sir Hudson Lowe was accompanied to St. Helena by Captain Sir Thomas Read, as aid-de-camp, and Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Gorrequer, as military secretary. These two gentlemen partake, of course, next to Sir Hudson, the honour of O'Meara's abuse; almost every time that he mentions their names, it is to cast some ridicule or odium upon them. Yet it is to these gentlemen that he was *in*

*the habit, voluntarily,* of addressing frequent notes, containing the intelligence which we are about to produce, and which, after all the surgeon's boasting of Sir Hudson's designs, and of his own high principles of honour, will astonish the world.

In these notes, we see no allusion to their being *answers* to any inquiries; and several passages distinctly show that they were O'Meara's own *unprompted* effusions. In a note to Sir Thomas Read, dated 6th July, 1816, after recounting an anecdote of Madame Bertrand, (which we shall hereafter quote for another purpose,) he concludes—

'If you think Sir Hudson would like to know the above circumstances, you had better communicate them to him.'

Here we find that so little desirous was Sir Hudson of hearing tittle-tattle, that in a matter of considerable curiosity and importance, (as we shall see when we come to the anecdote itself,) O'Meara speaks doubtfully about Sir Hudson's even wishing to hear any reports. Again he says, in another note to Sir Thomas Read, dated 12th July, 1816—

'Madame Bertrand told me yesterday, that Las Cases had said the emperor was his god—the object of his veneration and adoration! *This she desired me not to mention.* I forgot to tell it to Sir Hudson yesterday; I dare say it will make him smile.'

Here again is a piece of idle chit-chat of no kind of importance, except that Madame Bertrand desired it not to be repeated; and yet O'Meara, merely with a view *to make Sir Hudson smile*, hastens to impart it to Sir Thomas Read, with a kind of apology for having forgotten to betray his female patient *the very day* she had made him her confidant.

In a third note O'Meara states a certain fact to

Sir Thomas Read, and authorizes him, 'if he thinks it would be acceptable, to communicate it to Sir Hudson Lowe, but not as coming from him.'

We suppose our readers will not ask any further proof that O'Meara's communications of this nature were not only not *forced*—but not even *asked*—from him, and that they were, in the strictest sense of the word, *voluntary*. Nor were they what can be called *private*; for the two officers seem to have had no *private* acquaintance with O'Meara, and the notes were generally addressed to them in their official characters. They usually began with some matter of business, and then the little anecdotes—specimens of which we are about to produce—were, as if casually, slid in. The honourable minds of Sir Thomas Read and Colonel Gorrequer never conceived the double treachery which O'Meara was practising, and they looked upon these anecdotes as the ordinary gossip of a village doctor, and paid little attention to them, till the subsequent conduct and calumnies of O'Meara recalled them to recollection; and it was found that, by good luck, enough of this correspondence had been preserved to confound the writer.

We have Sir Thomas Read's and Colonel Gorrequer's authority for this statement, and the notes themselves are deposited in Mr. Murray's hands,\* to satisfy any one who might doubt the accuracy of our quotations, which, we confess, will be scarcely credible.

Let us look at some of the topics of these communications, and *compare* them with the corresponding passages of his work. The reader will see, that to the baseness of '*espionage*,' he adds that of

\* The publisher of the Quarterly Review. *Am. Pub.*

falsifying in his book the statements which he had originally made.

One of the most grievous, and apparently the least excusable, offences charged upon Sir Hudson Lowe, is, that on the arrival of the Marquis de Monchenu, the French commissioner, at St. Helena, Sir Hudson refused Madame Bertrand permission to see, and inquire of the Marquis the state of her *mother's* health, whom he had lately seen; and that he rejected, with equal cruelty, a similar desire from Las Cases to inquire after his *wife*.

' July 6th, 1816.—Madame Bertrand informed Captain Poppleton and myself, that she had written a letter to M. Monchenu, in which she had requested him to call at her residence, as she had heard that he *had seen her mother, who was in an indifferent state of health*, and she was *very desirous* to inquire about her; that Las Cases would also come and meet him on his arrival, as he was informed that Monchenu *had seen his wife* a short time before his departure from Paris.'—vol. i. p. 70.

The fact of this letter having been sent *direct* to the French commissioner, and *without the Governor's knowledge*, was enough of itself to prevent M. de Monchenu's accepting the invitation; but this was wrested into a design of Sir Hudson to torment Madame Bertrand, when, in fact, he only disapproved of the invitation having been sent by an improper and secret channel. It is obvious, that if Madame Bertrand could have a letter of invitation irregularly conveyed, she might equally well have had letters of *another import*; and the practice once established, there would have been no limits to the correspondence, and no check whatsoever on Buonaparte's intrigues. But was it, indeed, likely that Madame Bertrand's filial piety, and poor Las Cases's uxorious anxiety, were to be made the cover of a *communication of Buonaparte's*?—perhaps not like-

ly, *but it was so!*—the story of the *mother* and *wife* was all a *fable*, and the whole was a device of *Buonaparte's own*, to open a communication with the newly-arrived Frenchman; and the best part of the affair is, that it was O'Meara himself—the faithful, confidential, high-minded O'Meara—who betrayed the plot, and put Sir Hudson Lowe on his guard against the fraudulent pretences of Madame Bertrand's letter. On the very day that Madame Bertrand made him the confidence above stated, viz. on the 6th July, he writes to Sir Thomas Read the following *very different* account of it,

‘ Madame Bertrand told me this morning, that the letter she wrote to Monchenu was at the express desire of *Buonaparte himself*,\* repeated twice to her; and that in case he had come up, old Las Cases was to have *immediately* proceeded to her house in order to have an INTERVIEW\* with him.

‘ If you think Sir Hudson would like to know the above circumstances, you had better communicate them to him.’

Not a word of the *mother*—not a word of the *wife*—not the slightest allusion to *ill-health* and *anxieties*; but a direct and clear warning to Sir Hudson Lowe to beware of the plot which Buonaparte had planned, and to prevent the INTERVIEW—which word, in order to mark his own suspicions that an *illegal interview* was intended, O'Meara had written in great letters, and double-underlined.

As Madame Bertrand's letter had been sent privately, this advice of O'Meara's was all that Sir Hudson Lowe could have known of the matter, and it is not therefore surprising that he should have re-

\* The *italics* and *large letters* are so marked in O'Meara's original note, with the obvious view of guiding the Governor's suspicions to the real facts of the case.

fused his sanction to the INTERVIEW, if ever, indeed, his sanction was asked, which does not appear.

What will O'Meara and his friends and admirers say to this? Here is another dilemma, quite as fatal as that proposed in Mr. Croker's letter; the mention of the *wife*, and *mother*, and *ill-health*, as stated in his publication, is either a gross falsehood, or the omitting to mention them in his note of the same day, and the giving another character to the transaction, are a gross suppression and perversion of the truth.

All this happened on the 6th July; yet, under the date of the 11th July, O'Meara relates, in his Journal, the following conversation with Sir Hudson:—

'His excellency asked me, whether I knew what they (the French) wanted with the Marquis de Monchenu?—I replied, that Madame Bertrand wished to inquire after her *mother's health*; and that Las Cases was to have met him at her house, and that I was informed he was very *anxious* to inquire about *his wife*, as he had been told that Monchenu had seen her shortly before his departure from Paris.'—vol. i. p. 72.

This is evidently a falsehood; for as he had, on the 6th, acquainted Sir Thomas Read, for Sir Hudson Lowe's information, that the letter was a device of *Buonaparte's own*, it was impossible that he should have told Sir Hudson himself, on the 11th, that it was prompted by Madame Bertrand's anxiety about her mother. But then comes, what perhaps was a chief object of the whole intrigue, the abuse of Sir Hudson Lowe, for having been so wantonly cruel to '*poor Madame Bertrand*.' On the 12th, O'Meara describes Buonaparte as saying—

'This Governor is a wretched creature, and worse than the island. Remark his conduct to *that poor lady*, Ma-



dame Bertrand; he has deprived her of the little liberty she had, and has prevented people from coming to visit her.'—vol. i. p. 74.

Again, on the 16th, Buonaparte returns to the subject with a taste and delicacy quite characteristic of him:—

' This Governor has really the *heart of a hangman*, for nobody but a hangman would unnecessarily increase the miseries of people situated like us, already too unhappy. His hands soil every thing that passes through them. See how he *torments* that poor lady, Madame Bertrand.'—vol. i. p. 78.

What can be said of a man who publishes to the world such calumnies in such language, and conceals—first, that they are wholly unmerited; and—secondly, that if there had been any thing to blame, it was prompted by *his own* suggestions!

But while all this brutal insolence against Sir Hudson, on pretence of his treatment of Madame Bertrand, is thus recorded, it appears, from another note of O'Meara's to Sir Thomas Read, that the *poor lady* herself felt no resentment, had *no complaint to make*, and that she herself laid the blame of Buonaparte's violence against Sir Hudson, on the malicious representations of Las Cases.

' Madame Bertrand also says, that Las Cases is the principal person who sets Buonaparte so much against Sir Hudson; and that Buonaparte says, the English government have sent out two sharks to devour them, the one Sir George Cockburn, and the other Sir Hudson.'—*Note of 8th July, 1816.*

We shall conclude this important topic by observing, that Buonaparte's design in having this letter written was, probably not in any hope he entertained of seducing M. de Monchenu: but the Act

of Parliament for regulating the intercourse at St. Helena had just arrived, and the Governor, in obedience thereto, had published a proclamation forbidding (except under certain specified regulations) any written communication between the *detenus* and the other inhabitants. It was to *brave* this proclamation that Buonaparte, *immediately on its publication*, desired, and by repeated orders *obliged*, Madame Bertrand to break the law and defy the Governor's authority; and, with his usual artifice, he thought it would sound more cruel to have it said that it was the letter of a *poor lady* which was intercepted: and—that the letter itself might not want the sympathy of tender hearts—the fable of the *wife*, and the *mother*, and the *ill-health*, and the *anxiety*, was introduced. In short, it is impossible to give a more striking specimen of the candour and simplicity of Buonaparte, and of the honour and accuracy of O'Meara, than may be collected from a due consideration of the whole of this extraordinary transaction, which, by the fortunate preservation of O'Meara's note to Sir Thomas Read, we have been enabled thus to develop.

We need not (indeed our limits would not permit it) extract the thousand passages in which O'Meara's publication repeats the complaints of the French upon their hard usage and ill treatment; nearly half his book is composed of them; and all that Warden, Santini, Las Cases, and Montholon, have written on this point, is repeated with additional vehemence and exaggeration by O'Meara; but as to the *truth* of these complaints, and of the *objects* for which, and the *spirit* in which, they were made by Buonaparte and his followers, we have O'Meara's own evidence, in another of his precious notes to Sir Thomas Read, dated July 24, 1816.

‘I understand from Madame Bertrand, that they (the French) have it in contemplation to forward a letter of complaint against Sir Hudson Lowe, to England, by what (*channel* I did not understand) containing *no doubt* various UNTRUTHS, and praying that he may be recalled; *you had better give Sir Hudson a hint about it*; but let it be between *you and me* only; as, though I have reason to think SOME PLOT IS HATCHING, I am not quite sure of it, and any premature disclosure would not be *the thing*.’

*Not the thing!* elegant O’Meara!—And we beg our readers to observe his anxiety lest any premature disclosure should disable him from detecting the progress of the *plot*. One is curious to know what this *plot* was, the *hatching* of which the close and trusty surgeon thus communicates;—what the *untruths* were of which his delicacy and honour apprise Sir Thomas Read. Our readers must remember the famous letter written by Buonaparte himself, and signed by Montholon (reviewed in our Number of April, 1817.) This letter is the authentic text-book from which all the partizans of Buonaparte have drawn their facts of his ill treatment; this letter was, we believe, the chief cause of Lord Holland’s motion in the Lords, and furnished the main topics of his speech; this letter, in short, is the authentic and official document in which are embodied all the hardships and grievances which O’Meara’s publication repeats in a more colloquial and diffuse manner, but with greater vehemence of statement, and grosser violence of language—Well! *this very letter* is the very PLOT which O’Meara denounces; and these very hardships and grievances are the very UNTRUTHS which he suspects to be in preparation.—He subsequently tells Sir Thomas Read—

‘I believe I was pretty accurate in the information I gave you about *Montholon’s letter* (these words are under-

lined by O'Meara's own hand.) Montholon has been very busy finding out the price of every article used in the house, which he carefully committed to paper; he keeps a register of every article in the eating and drinking way which arrives.'

We must here interrupt our spy to observe, that his own publication registers the grievances in 'the eating and drinking way' with as much detail as Montholon could have done, and, we believe, with equal truth; and throughout his work, as we already observed, he confirms, with all his force, Montholon's statements, which on his private notes he had characterized as UNTRUTHS. Witness the following extract from his Journal of the 10th of July, 1816.

'A great deficiency has existed for several days in the quantity of wine, fowls, and other necessary articles—*wrote to Sir Thomas Read about it.*'—vol. i. p. 71.

Here, at last, is *one* word of truth. He *did* write to Sir Thomas Read *about it*,—but mark what follows. The letter to Sir Thomas Read has been most fortunately preserved, and in it is found, after the statement of the deficiency, the following paragraph.

'They (the French) are sufficiently **MALIGNANT** to *impute all those things to the Governor*; instead of setting them down as being owing to the neglect of some of Balcombe (the purveyor's) people. Every little circumstance is carried directly to Buonaparte, with *every aggravation* that **MALIGNITY** and **FALSEHOOD** can suggest to *evil-disposed and cankered minds.*'

Need we write another syllable? *Out of thy own mouth shalt thou be judged*; and here, if the wretched man himself were alone concerned, we should leave him; but truth and justice to others

oblige us to proceed with the nauseous detail of the 'malignity and falsehood' of this '*evil-disposed and srankered mind.*'—'I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.'

Count Montholon's name has been so interwoven with all this tissue of complaint against Sir Hudson Lowe, and his authority is so often referred to, that it is necessary to state O'Meara's confidential opinion of this person.

The first instance we shall give is very remarkable when coupled with O'Meara's own imputations against Sir Hudson Lowe relative to the *poison*. A complaint had been made that the copper saucepans wanted tinning; on this O'Meara states (vol. i. p. 120,) that he wrote to Col. Gorrequer, 'to request that a tradesman might be sent to repair them.' His letter to Col. Gorrequer has been preserved, and contains the following passage:—

'You had better take some steps to have them repaired, as *Montholon* is *malicious enough* to assert, that it was neglected *on purpose to poison them*, and very likely he *has already done so.*'—Note of 13th Sept. 1816.

In the publication, (vol. i. p. 363,) O'Meara imputes to Sir Hudson Lowe, the having, on the 31st of January, 1817, called Count Montholon a *liar*. Now it happens that this was O'Meara's *own* designation of the Count, and was used by him to Sir Hudson Lowe, and not *by* Sir Hudson Lowe to him. In a note to Major Gorrequer, dated the 10th of October, 1816—several months prior to the imputed use of the word by the Governor—having occasion to mention Montholon's name, he adds,—'better known *here* (viz. in Buonaparte's family) by the appellation of "*il buggiardo,*"—THE LIAR?'

And again, in another letter to the same officer,

‘ I (O’Meara) explained to Montholon—who, if he were not a COWARD and a LIAR,\* would be a fine fellow, and, abating these *two little defects*, is a perfect gentleman;—that you were combining heaven and earth to lodge him, and his amiable consort in state, which he *assented to*, with several *hypocritical grimaces* and professions of thanks.’—*Note of 21st June, 1816.*

We shall leave Count Montholon to settle with Mr. O’Meara the complimentary part of this information; but we must notice, that, notwithstanding O’Meara *explained*, and Montholon *thankfully acknowledged* that Major Gorrequer ‘was combining heaven and earth to lodge him and his lady,’ we find in the Journal, under the date of September, 1816, the following grievous statement of their habitation:—

‘ Count Montholon called Captain Blakeney and myself this day to look at the state of his apartments; the rooms, especially the countess’s bed-room, the children’s room, and the bath-room, were in a *shocking state*, from the extreme humidity of the place; the walls were covered with green fur and mould, damp and cold to the touch, notwithstanding the fires which were continually kept in them. I never saw a human habitation in a more mouldy or humid state; in which opinion the orderly officer agreed.’—vol. ii. p. 210.

It is to be observed, that this ‘damp, cold, mouldy’ hovel had been the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the island, who, with his lady, left it at two days’ notice, for the reception of Buonaparte and his suite; and since that period no trouble, no expense had been spared to extend and improve the accommodation: but although in his book it suits Mr. O’Meara to give such a melancholy description, we find in another of his private

\* This part of the note is, in the original, in Italian.

notes, that Montholon's apartments were so *splendid*, as to be an object of jealousy to the French.

'Cipriani' (the fellow who dropped his real name of Franceschi) 'told Buonaparte, that Montholon's house was more like a COURT—(underlined by O'Meara himself)—than a private house; that it contained a *magazine of furniture*; and that when he could not find any thing else, so desirous was he of *grabbing\** something, that he went out and laid hold of the wood for fuel, and carried it with him into his *store*. Buonaparte sent for Montholon immediately after, and they have been since closeted together above three hours.'—*Note of 7th Sept. 1816.*

We are very far from being inclined to judge of Count Montholon from the reports of such persons as O'Meara and Cipriani; but in weighing the accuracy and authenticity of O'Meara's publication, it is impossible not to observe upon such assertions as the foregoing, that the *liar, and coward, and plunderer*, of the private notes, is a *disinterested hero* in the public work; and, what is the most ridiculous *rapprochement* of all, it is to this *proverbial LIAR*, as he designates Count de Montholon, that the writer refers, in his preface, for his own veracity. It is painful to be obliged to repeat these personalities, but the exposure of O'Meara requires it, and truth and justice require the exposure of O'Meara.

We trust that a similar apology will be accepted for the statements we are about to make. It is odious to us to bring the names of ladies before the public in any way that may be unpleasant to their feelings; but justice to the authorities at St. Helena, and to the British nation itself, obliges us to state that this man, who accuses Sir Hudson Lowe of making 'common-place observations on the delicacy of

\* We do not know exactly what this word means—we suppose *stealing*.

French ladies,' (vol. ii. p. 338,) and who makes a still grosser charge of indelicacy on the part of Sir Thomas Read, (i. 219,) is, as in the former case, the person really guilty of what he imputes to others; and that he not only makes in detail the *identical observations* which he charges in general terms upon Sir Thomas Read; but betrays, in the most delicate points, the secrets, even the *medical secrets*, of his female patients, and defames, with the grossest imputations, the personal honour of at least one of them. Our respect for female feelings and public decency forbid us to enter into these revolting details; but the letters which our pen refuses to copy are lying before us, and shall be communicated to Counts Bertrand and Montholon, if they ever condescend to take any notice of such unmanly calumnies.

Here we pause to ask our readers, whether we have not redeemed the pledge we gave at the beginning of this article?—whether any man alive can now give the slightest credit to this work? whether its author ought not to be overwhelmed with shame; whether his partizans are not covered with ridicule; whether there ever has been so complete, so ignominious an exposure as that which we have inflicted on the luckless O'Meara?

And there we leave him—

With regard to that part of the volume which affects Buonaparte personally, and pretends to relate his conversations and opinions, it is so disgraceful to the character of the ex-emperor, that the friends of Buonaparte—or to speak more properly, the persons whose own reputation and characters are at all implicated with his—will, no doubt, complain of the injustice of giving credit to the misrepresentations of O'Meara; they will ask whether evidence, which is so entirely disproved in the case



of Sir Hudson Lowe, should be credited against Napoleon? whether it is possible that he could be guilty of such deplorable meanness of spirit, and such scurrilous vulgarity of expression, as defiles every sentiment and sentence attributed to him? and, finally, whether they are not much more likely to be the thoughts and words of such a person as O'Meara, than of one who was of a decent family, had some education, and was (for the latter and most important half of his life) conversant with the highest classes of polished society?

This is plausible; but we cannot admit all the facts, and we must deny most of the inferences. It is true that O'Meara is wholly unworthy of credit; but who made him so?—It is true that he is a gross calumniator; but in whose cause did he become so?—It is true that his book is the very vocabulary of Billingsgate; but in whose society did he complete it? It must also be observed, that the matter does not altogether rest on the credit of O'Meara alone. Most of the facts, and many of the expressions reported by the surgeon, were already before the public. Warden, Santini and Las Cases, have anticipated a great deal of O'Meara's narrative; and although we are ready to admit, that Buonaparte's scurrility and falsehood may have been somewhat exaggerated in passing through so impure a channel, we incline to believe that, on the whole, the reports of his conversations may be substantially correct.

His manners and conversation were always vulgar, and often brutal; his origin, if not mean, was low; and as it was said of Lord Anson, that he had been *round* the world, but never in it; so we might say that Buonaparte passed *over* society, but not *through* it; he did not rise through the graduated scale of life, a process which, even more than the arts themselves, *emollit mores nec sinit esse ferus*;

he jumped at once from the base to the pinnacle; from the meanness of a needy adventurer, living in the cheap cabarets of Paris, to the power and glory of the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy; from eating off pewter one day, to being served in gold the next. He arrived at the sovereign authority, without having had any opportunity of polishing the coarse habits of his earlier life; and when, like the drunken tinker of the prophetic painter of mankind, he awoke amidst the elegancies of the palace of his master, he endeavoured to persuade himself and the world,

‘ That, on his life, he was a lord indeed,  
And not a tinker, not Cristophero Sly.’

In St. Helena, the majesty, the sovereignty, the power which had dazzled the multitude were gone, and nothing remained but the second part of his character, the vulgarity, the meanness, and the fraud;—

‘ Le masque tombe, l’homme reste,  
Et le heros s’evanouit !’

With prodigious talents he undoubtedly was gifted; he was artful, shrewd, and daring, and he had a perfect knowledge of all the bad qualities of mankind; but of what we understand by ‘the feelings of a gentleman,’ he had no idea;—he mistook glory for honour; we find, accordingly, that amidst all the splendour, and, we will add, sublimity of his character, there was no language so gross—no falsehoods so flagrant—no subterfuge so mean—no trick so puerile and contemptible—which he would not condescend to employ for any and for every purpose; every page of his personal history affords proof of this, but none with such striking effect as this. ‘Voice from St. Helena.’

Our readers have seen that, in the very first days of Sir Hudson Lowe's acquaintance with him, he abandoned all decency of language, and gave way to the natural license of his tongue. It is truly astonishing, that the temper and self-command of Sir Hudson Lowe should have maintained themselves under such trials as O'Meara describes. No allegation is even whispered; that Sir Hudson ever lost, in their conferences, the respect which he owed to his prisoner and *to himself*; and when, in one or two instances, he appears to have expressed himself strongly to O'Meara, on the subject of some of Buonaparte's provocations, it was in the tone of honest indignation, against the most wanton and wilful calumnies—repeated and repeated, after they had been refuted and re-refuted.

In a visit of ceremony, one of the first Sir Hudson paid Buonaparte, and before any cause of offence had, or could have been given by the Governor, and in a conversation about indifferent topics, Buonaparte, as he himself *boasts* to O'Meara, insulted Sir Hudson in the most wanton, and—we want a word—*Buonapartian* manner.

‘It appears,’ said he, ‘that this Governor was with Blucher,’ (the fact is not so,) ‘and is the writer of some official letters to your government descriptive of part of the operations of 1814. I pointed them out to him the last time I saw him, and asked him, “*Est-ce vous, Monsieur?*” He replied, “Yes.” I told him that they were “*pleines de faussetés et de sottises*, (full of falsehood and folly.) He shrugged up his shoulders, appeared confused, and replied—*J’ai cru voir cela*, (I wrote what I thought I saw.)”’—vol. i. p. 49.

In another interview between Buonaparte and Sir H. Lowe, on the 18th of August, 1816, Buonaparte himself says, that after a great deal of violent personal abuse against Sir Hudson, the Governor

contented himself with calmly observing—‘that Buonaparte did not know him; that if he knew him he would change his opinion.’—vol. i. p. 93.

To this mild and conciliatory remark, Buonaparte replied with a torrent of scurrility, to which his own language only can do justice.

‘Know you, Sir!’ I answered—‘how should I know you?—people make themselves known by their actions, by commanding in battles;—*you* never commanded in battle! you have never commanded any but *vagabond Corsican deserters*, Piedmontese and Neapolitan *robbers*. I know the name of every English general who has distinguished himself; but I never heard of you, except as a *clerk* to Blucher, or as a commandant of *robbers*; you have never commanded or been *accustomed to men of honour*.’ He said that he had not sought the employment. I answered:—Such employments are not asked for, but were given by government to people who had *dishonoured* themselves. He said, that he only did his duty, and that I ought not to blame him, as he acted only according to his orders. I replied, ‘so does the *hangman*!’—vol. i. p. 94.

In this strain Buonaparte boasts that he went on for a considerable time, concluding, at last, by calling the Governor ‘*shirro Siciliano*, a *Sicilian thief-taker*, and not an Englishman.’ We do not believe that even Buonaparte could have been guilty of such infamous insults; but whatever was his violence, it is satisfactory to know that, with moderation, which nothing but a recollection of Buonaparte’s situation could either have suggested or justified, Sir Hudson only replied, ‘*Vous êtes malhonnête, Monsieur—Sir, you are rude*,’ and left him abruptly.

The reader will ask, how it happens that O’Meara, whose object is to exalt Buonaparte, should have related all these conversations, which lower

the character of the ex-emperor, while they exalt that of Sir Hudson, and contradict so many others of O'Meara's own narrations:—the reason is obvious, and most remarkable. Some of them he had already reported in writing, at others Rear Admiral *Sir Pulteney Malcolm* was present! and therefore the disgraceful fact could not be concealed. We could fill our Number with similar instances of outrage against the Governor, but we presume our readers are already sufficiently convinced of the difficulties of Sir Hudson Lowe's position, and the trials to which the feelings and the temper of a British officer were thus exposed.

But it was not against Sir Hudson Lowe alone that Buonaparte directed his Billingsgate eloquence; to all mankind, with a half dozen exceptions, he is equally complimentary, and as long as Sir George Cockburn, Sir Hudson's predecessor, had the command, he was equally odious, and equally abused. O'Meara *conveniently* begins his Journal with Sir Hudson Lowe's accession to the government, so that he is not obliged to detail all Buonaparte's slander of Sir George Cockburn; nay, it became their object to raise *him*, for the purpose of degrading his successor; but enough escapes to show, that if all had been reported, Sir George would not have fared better than Sir Hudson.

'Napoleon said, "I believe the Admiral (Sir George Cockburn) was rather ill treated the other day, when he came up with the new Governor;" I (O'Meara) replied, that the Admiral conceived it an insult offered to him, and certainly felt greatly offended. Napoleon said, I shall never see him with pleasure; but he did not announce himself as being desirous of seeing me.'—vol. i. p. 29.

That is, Sir George had not gone through the ceremony which Buonaparte exacted, of asking,

through the Grand Marshal of the palace, an audience of leave from his Imperial Majesty. O'Meara, however, parried this grievance by observing, that—

‘ Sir George wished to introduce officially to you the new Governor, and thought that, in that capacity, it was not necessary to be previously announced.’—vol. i. p. 29.

Nor was it, even if Buonaparte had been at the Tuilleries; for the interview had been previously arranged; but he replied, with his usual falsehood and violence:—

‘ He should have sent me word, through Bertrand, (the grand marshal,) that he wanted to see me; but, continued he, he wanted to *embroil me with the new Governor*; it is a pity that a man who has talents (for I believe him to be a very good officer in his own service) should have behaved in the manner he has done to me; it shows the greatest want of generosity to *insult* the unfortunate, and is a certain sign of an *ignoble mind*.’—vol. i. p. 30.

O'Meara represents that he attempted a defence of the Admiral, but that Buonaparte resumed—‘ In my misfortunes I sought an asylum, and I have found contempt, *ill treatment*, and *insult*,’ (i. 30.) And then he proceeded to enumerate his grievances against Sir George Cockburn, which are too contemptible for detailed notice.

In another conversation, O'Meara tells him that, when Emperor, he had caused Sir George Cockburn's brother to be arrested, while envoy at Hambro', and conveyed to France, where he was detained for some years.—vol. i. p. 127.

‘ Now,’ replied Buonaparte, ‘ I can comprehend the reason why your ministers selected HIM. A man of delicacy would not have accepted the task of conducting me here under similar circumstances.’—vol. i. p. 128.

Our readers will observe the unworthy insinua-

tion that our ministers selected Sir George Cockburn, because they thought he had some private enmities to revenge upon his prisoner; and that Sir George had the indelicacy to accept the office, under such circumstances.—Now mark the fact—the envoy arrested at Hamburgh was, as we recollect, Sir George Rumbold; and Mr. Cockburn, as any one may find in the Red Book, was not envoy there till after the retreat from Moscow: and thus fall to the ground at once the charge against the government and the base insinuation against Sir George Cockburn!

Next to Sir Hudson Lowe and Sir George Cockburn, the objects of Buonaparte's abhorrence are—as they ought to be—the Duke of Wellington and the late Marquis of Londonderry. With that truth and consistency which belong to his character, Buonaparte assures the assenting O'Meara, that Wellington is no general:—that he is a man of no understanding, no generosity, no magnanimity (ii. 231)—that he won the battle of Waterloo by accident, by destiny, or by folly (i. 174):—that he ought to have been destroyed—that the plan of the battle will not reflect any credit on him in the eyes of the historian—that he committed nothing but faults—chose a miserable position—permitted himself to be surprised;—in short, that he had no talent, but only courage and obstinacy: and 'even something must be taken away from that; for it is to the courage of his troops, and not to his own conduct as a general,' that he is indebted for the victory (i. 463, 416.) All this silly stuff is tediously and elaborately spun out by O'Meara; but we shall content ourselves with only two observations on it:—*If* the Duke of Wellington was surprised at Waterloo, and *if* his plan was so foolish, and his position so ill chosen, what shall be said of those who suffered

themselves to be beaten by such an incapable general; and beaten, too, in a way, and to an extent of rout, that never was before seen in a civilized army? We also beg to ask of these candid commentators, why are the Duke's previous campaigns in Spain *never once* alluded to? if *accident*, or *destiny*, or *folly*, won Waterloo, what was it that conquered at Vimiera, Talavera, Oporto, Busaco, Torres Vedras, Salamanca, Fuentes d'Onor, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse? By what *accident*, *destiny*, or *folly*, was it that Wellington *never* was defeated? that, with a small corps on a remote coast, he began the liberation of the world, and pursued the glorious object, with *cautious rapidity*, through six years and an hundred battles, from the rocks of Roleia to the plain of St. Denis?—We could descant with pleasure on this glorious theme; but contempt for the occasion restrains us.

Lord Londonderry was, we readily agree with Buonaparte, as great a fool in the cabinet, as the Duke at the head of his army. It is really amusing to observe how differently Buonaparte treats those *whom* he defeated or over-reached, and those who defeated *him*, either in the field or in council?—‘The best general of the Austrians,’ says he, (i. 203) ‘is the Archduke Charles,’—whom he had beaten;—‘but Prince Schwartzenberg’—who had beaten him, in the gigantic battle of Leipzig—‘was not fit to command 5000 men.’ (i. 203.) The Duke of Wellington, as we have just seen, has no one quality of a general; but Sir John Moore, the misfortunes of whose retreat Buonaparte loved to exaggerate, ‘was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent,’ (i. 55.) In the same spirit, he characterizes Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox:—

‘Fox,’ he said, ‘knew the *true interests* of ENGLAND. He was received with a sort of triumph in every city in



FRANCE through which he passed. It must have been a most *gratifying* sensation to him to be received in such a manner by a country which had been so long *hostile to his own*. Pitt would probably have been *murdered*.—vol. ii. p. 121.

All this is very hard on the memory of poor Mr. Fox, and is, we dare say, as false as it is ridiculous; but if the fact of Mr. Fox's extreme popularity in France were true, we cannot subscribe to the ex-  
 emperor's inferences: we doubt whether Scipio was very popular at Carthage; Regulus, we know, *was murdered* there; and we suspect that the opinions of the French populace on *the true interests of England* will not much disparage the fame of William Pitt.

With equal justice and magnanimity Buonaparte never calls Lord Londonderry, to whose 'pertinacity' he attributes his downfall, (ii. 83) by any other names than 'blockhead,' (i. 160, ii. 164) 'dupe,' (i. 395) 'libeller,' (i. 421) 'LIAR,' (i. 401, 420, ii. 88.) In the excess of his vulgar fury, he forgets that these endeavours to degrade his antagonists, tend, in fact, to degrade his own reputation. But when did he ever care for consistency or truth?

The proofs that he adduces of Lord Londonderry's imbecility and wickedness are almost comic. We select the following, which, from its being frequently repeated, seems to have been his *cheval de bataille* against the diplomatic reputation of the late secretary of state:—

“At the conclusion of the war your ministers,” he said, “should have told the Spanish and Portuguese governments, ‘We have saved your country—we alone have supported you, and prevented your falling into the power of France—(what! can the Devil speak true?)—we have shed our blood in your cause—we have expended many millions of money, and consequently the country is

overburdened with *debt* which we must pay; you have no means of repaying us; our situation requires that we should *liquidate our debt*; we demand therefore that *we shall be the only nation allowed to trade with South-America for TWENTY YEARS*—in this way we shall recompense ourselves *without distressing you.*” ’—vol. i. p. 261.

Admirable! No doubt Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Italy, and the United States, would have gladly concurred in giving England the exclusive monopoly of the great South-American continent for twenty years!—The object would have been so just, the policy so clear, and the whole plan so consistent with the laws and the interests of nations! Moreover, the matter had the advantage of being arrangeable with as little difficulty as Harlequin’s marriage, *after he had procured his own consent.* This wonderful treaty, though made with Spain and Portugal, was to *bind*—not them, but—their transatlantic colonies; where, as now, they had not the power of making a custom-house officer! so that there can be no doubt that Chili, Peru, and Columbia, would have vied with each other in cheerfully executing it.

Nor is the proposition less admirable on the score of commercial advantage. In the first place, Buonaparte has discovered that nations (more fortunate than individuals) may eat their cake, and have their cake;—that Spain and Portugal may enrich England, by abandoning to her the greatest branch of their commerce, and yet not *distress themselves.* This is a very comfortable consideration for Spain and Portugal, who—the events in South-America having given England a paramount superiority in that trade—may now console themselves by Buonaparte’s posthumous assurance, that they have *lost nothing.*

But the financial part of this ‘*grande pensée*’

outdoes all the rest. We should like to see the treaty. In the first article his Catholic Majesty would engage to his Britannic Majesty, that Simon Bolivar, Liberador of Columbia, and Juan San Martin, Protector of Peru, should, in obedience to the wishes of his said Catholic Majesty, pay off the national debt of England! The second article would run—That in consideration of the payments, to be thus made to King George, King Ferdinand would grant to South-America a free trade with England, in as full and ample a manner as she *already* enjoyed the same. The third article would provide, that *all* the profits arising out of such free trade should be divided among the merchant adventurers who carried on the same, but that the *surplus* should be paid over to the commissioners for reducing the national debt of the United Kingdom!

We have given a little more attention to this puerile rhapsody than it may seem at first sight to have deserved; but we thought that we ought not to slur over what Buonaparte so solemnly and so frequently repeats as a proof of *his* knowledge of *the true interests of England*. It is indeed an admirable specimen of what he taught the French to call a '*grande pensée*;' but to which we plain Englishmen have given the homelier name of 'a mare's nest.'

All his '*grandes pensées*' about England are marked with similar presumption, and betray similar ignorance. 'If I were King of England,' he assures O'Meara, who no doubt pricked up his long ears at the sound,—'If I were King of England, I would beautify London by building two great quays along the whole length of the Thames, by making two great streets, the one from Charing-Cross to St. Paul's, and the other from St. Paul's to the river.' The great man never thought that such a scheme would not only cost him more millions of livres than

his Moscow expedition cost France, but that an hundred thousand soldiers, assembled to drive the trunk-makers and pastrycooks of the Strand out of their houses, would have been devoured, as fire devours stubble, by the flame of national indignation.

And this was the man whose knowledge of the English character, and of *English interests*, authorizes him to call Pitt, and Wellington, and Londonderry, blockheads and *imbecilles*; and to talk for hours to the entranced O'Meara, of the summary processes by which he would have conquered England in four days—taken London—paid the national debt out of the church property—abolished the Lords—reformed the Commons, and finally placed Sir Francis Burdett at the head of a commission for a general reformation of the laws of England! He little guessed, poor man, that Sir Francis would have probably taken arms against him with as much zeal as Mr. Pitt; but that, at all events, he would not have given up an open fortnight's hunting in Leicestershire for all the *commissions* with which the conqueror would have loaded him.

In our former Numbers, we exposed the petty frauds by which Buonaparte endeavoured to obliterate his Corsican origin, and to pass for a Frenchman. As he, through Mr. O'Meara, repeats these frauds, we will repeat the exposure. He says he was born on the 15th of August, 1769. This is false. We gave in Art. XI. of our XXIII. Number, a copy of his baptismal register, which proved him to have been born on the 5th of February, 1768; and we also showed, from unquestionable evidence, that he had falsified not only the date of his birth, but his *own Christian and surnames*, and the names of his first wife and those of all his family. His falsifications, with regard to his wife and family, were for the mere purposes of vanity, in order that the

new names might consort better with their imperial titles than those they had received at the baptismal font ; but he falsified the date of his own birth, because Corsica was not united to France so early as February, 1768, so that he was not born even under French dominion. That union took place in the beginning of 1769, and therefore Buonaparte *shifted his birth* into that year, and he chose the 15th of August for his *fête*, because it was a day vacant of a saint's name, and which therefore admitted the interpolation of St. Napoléon, and also because it was the day on which Louis XIII. had dedicated France to the Virgin, and was therefore already a national festival. As to his name, which he wished to have spelled and pronounced Bonaparte, its true orthography was decidedly Italian, Buona-Parté : he tells O'Meara, that

‘ When he first commanded the army of Italy, he had used the *U*, to *please the Italians* ; that after his return from Egypt, he dropped it ; that in fact the chiefs of the family, and those who had been highest, had spelled their names with the *U* : adding what a mighty affair had been made of so trivial a matter.’—vol. ii. p. 93.

This latter stroke must have been aimed at ourselves, who first, we believe, detected this trick : the observation, however, is not so trivial a matter as Buonaparte would have us think ; in itself, indeed, the matter is utterly indifferent ; but as a test of Buonaparte's veracity, it is of importance—it is the straw which we throw up, to see how the wind sets.

Now so far is it from being true, that he used the *U* to *please the Italians*, on obtaining the command of the army of Italy, that the very pages of the *Moniteur* contradict him. At the siege of Toulon he was Buona-Parté. On the 13th Vendémiaire, Bar-

ras first brings him to public notice as General Buona-Parte ; soon after he is appointed second in command of the *army of the interior*, by the name of Buonaparte ; and we will venture to assert, that no document, written or printed, can be produced, of the word Bonaparte, until he began to form his plans for mounting to the sovereign power, and wished to persuade his intended subjects, who would have despised a *Genoese-Corsican*, that he was a Frenchman.

In the wide circle of his enmities there is hardly any one whom he marks with grosser abuse than Talleyrand ; he admits him to have been a clever man, but there is scarcely any vice of which a man in private or in public can be guilty, of which he does not accuse his former minister ; but he dwells particularly on his being an *intriguer* and a *liar*. We do not mean to undertake M. Talleyrand's defence ; but as we happen to be in possession of a most curious document, which not only proves that poor Talleyrand was not the author of *all* the intrigues he may have practised, or of *all* the lies he may have told, we think it but justice to him to lay it before the world. We also are the more pleased in being able to do so, because Buonaparte, with his usual justice and urbanity, has characterized our amiable and excellent countryman Lord Whitworth as being also an *intriguer*. The paper which we are about to produce will satisfy our readers of the value of such a charge out of the mouth of Buona-parte. But it is still more valuable as an historical record, and as a proof at once of the shrewdness of Napoleon, and of the mean and tricky spirit which actuated even his most important proceedings. The paper has been known in the higher circles ever since 1815, when it fell into the hands of a distinguished Englishman at Paris, who has preserved

it as a most curious autograph; but no copy that we know of has ever been laid before the public. It is a confidential answer, in *Buonaparte's own handwriting*, to a communication made by Talleyrand in the last days of Lord Whitworth's negotiation at the Consular Court, in 1803, and contains not only instructions for the tricks which Talleyrand is to endeavour to practise on the English ambassador, but prescribes to Talleyrand himself the very air, the very look he is to assume, and the very spot of his apartment in which he is to make this or that observation.

Of so curious a paper we shall give both the original and a translation.

‘ St. Cloud a 4½.

‘ Je reçus votre lettre que m’a été remise à la Malmaison. Je desire que la conference ne se tourne pas en parlage. Mettez vous y, froid, altier et même un peu fier!

‘ Si la note contient le mot *ultimatum* fait lui sentir que ce mot renferme celui de guerre, que cette maniere de negocier est d’un superieur à un inferieur, si la note *ne contient pas* ce mot, *fait qu’il le mette*, en lui observant qu’il faut enfin savoir à quoi nous en tenir, que nous sommes las de cet état d’anxieté, que jamais on n’obtiendra de nous ce que l’on a obtenu des dernieres années des Bourbons, que nous ne sommes plus ce peuple qui recevoit un commissaire à Dunkerque, que l’ultimatum remis tout deviendra rompu.

‘ Effrayez le sur les suites de cette remise s’il est inbranlable, accompagnez le dans votre salon; au point de vous quitter dites lui “ *mais le Cap et l’isle de Goree sont ils evacues,*” radoucissez un peu la fin de la conference, et invitez le à revenir avant d’écrire a sa Cour enfin que vous puisiez lui dire l’impression qu’elle a fait sur moi—qu’elle pouvoit etre diminuée par l’assurance de l’évacuation du Cap et de l’isle de Goree.

‘ B.’

*Translation.*

‘ St. Cloud 4½.

‘ I received your letter at Malmaison. I desire that conference\* (with Lord Whitworth) may not turn into talk—put on an air, cold, high, and even a little haughty.

‘ If the (British) note contains the word *ultimatum*, observe to him that this word includes the word war—that such a style of negociation is that of a superior towards an inferior. If the note does *not* contain that word, *make him put it* in by observing to him that we must know clearly and finally what we are about—that we are tired of this state of anxiety—that never shall they obtain from us what they obtained during the last years of the Bourbons—that we are no longer the same people who submitted to have an (English) commissary at Dunkirk—that if the ultimatum be postponed all will be broken off.

‘ Frighten him on the consequences of the postponement.

‘ If you cannot shake him, accompany him through the outward room, and just when you are about to quit him say—“ but the Cape and the island of Goree, have they been evacuated?” (which he knew they had.)

‘ Soften a little towards the end of the conference, and invite him to see you again before he writes to his Court, “ in order that you may tell him the impression it has made upon me, which may be diminished by the assurance of the evacuation of the Cape and Goree.” ’

This would not be the place to make any historical observations on this very important document, as connected with the rupture with France in 1803, nor shall we attempt to decide how far diplomacy may justify such tricks as the above paper prescribes. The Chancellor Seguier said, two hundred years ago, ‘ Qu’il y avoit deux sortes de con-

\* This relates to the conference of the 26th April, 1803. It will be seen, in the papers laid before Parliament, that Lord Whitworth baffled Buonaparte’s trick, by not delivering any note, and by confining himself to a VERBAL explanation of his former communications.



science—l'une d'état, qu'il falloit accommoder a la nécessité des affaires : l'autre a nos actions particulieres.' But under any circumstances a person who thinks himself justified in practising such falsehood and duplicity has no right to charge such errors in the grossest language on two persons, one of whom was the instrument, and the other only the object of his own intended fraud.

It would require a volume as large as O'Meara's to develop all the falsehoods and calumnies which Buonaparte registers against so many individuals ; but there is one so very black and malignant, that we must give its refutation a place.

“ Madame Campan,” continued Napoleon, “ had a very indifferent opinion of Marie Antoinette. She told me that a person, well known for his *attachment* to the queen, came to see her at Versailles, on the 5th or 6th of October, where he remained all night. The palace was stormed by the populace. Marie Antoinette fled undressed from her own chamber to that of the king for shelter, and the *lover* descended from the window. On going to seek the queen in her bed-room, Madame Campan found she was absent, but discovered a pair of breeches, which the favourite had left behind in his haste, and which were immediately recognized.” —vol. i. p. 122.

This diabolical story fixes a more indelible disgrace on Buonaparte's character than any thing we have ever heard concerning him. This abominable slander of that heroic woman may be placed by the side of the *before-unparalleled* calumny with which, at her trial, Hebert insulted human nature. If Madame Campan had told Buonaparte this horrible tale, *he* must have known it to be false. The scene and circumstances of the dreadful night between the 5th and 6th October are too notorious to leave any doubt, how, and where, and with whom the unhappy queen passed every moment of that horrible

interval: every body knows that the palace had been blockaded from an early hour in the evening, by fiends, who particularly besieged the apartments of the queen; the female part of the crowd showing the aprons in which they intended, they said, to carry off—why should we pollute *our* language with such horrors?—‘*les entrailles de l’Autrichienne, dont elles feraient des cocardes.*’ The windows of this apartment are about thirty feet from the ground; and it was *this* very night of horrors that Buonaparte affected to believe the queen had dedicated to an adulterous intrigue! and it was from *this* window, and into *this* crowd, that he supposed the naked lover to have escaped! No, not in all the obscene and absurd libels of the Revolution was there any thing so false and so absurd as this; it was reserved for Buonaparte and O’Meara, and it is worthy of them.

But, oh! wonderful coincidence! while we are writing these lines, we receive the Memoirs of Madame Campan herself—memoirs, the existence of which neither Buonaparte nor O’Meara knew of, and which—in a manner that, on such a subject, we may almost venture to call *providential*—disprove the black calumny, and fix, in burning characters, on the forehead of Buonaparte himself, that name which he was so ready to give to others—‘LIAR.’

Madame Campan was first woman of the bed-chamber to the queen; after escaping, almost by a miracle, through the reign of terror, she, for her maintenance, applied her talents to the education of young ladies; her rank, her character, (and particularly on account of her fidelity to her late mistress,) soon placed her at the head of the most extensive, and one of the most respectable seminaries in France: under her care were placed the young Beauharnais, Buonaparte’s step-children: hence

an acquaintance with Buonaparte, which he has abused, to give currency and colour to the scandalous falsehood which O'Meara has published.

Madame Campan died last year; and in her bureau were found most curious and authentic memoirs of her life during her service about the queen, which was so intimate and assiduous, that the memoirs may well be called memoirs of the queen herself. We have suspended this review to read them; we have read them with delight, and with most delight to find, not an argumentative, but a plain, direct, physical proof—not merely of the *queen's innocence*; that required none; but—of the entire and absolute falsehood of Buonaparte. Not only was it impossible that such a fact could have happened, but it is equally impossible that Madame Campan could have told any thing like it to Buonaparte: she adored the queen; she, on all occasions, indignantly refutes the various slanders (none so bad as this) with which the O'Mearas of that day, and perhaps Buonaparte himself, who was a violent though obscure jacobin, reviled that innocent and admirable woman.

The queen, Madame Campan relates, sat up that night, accompanied by her family and usual attendants, harassed by the infuriate yells of the furies who had surrounded her apartment from an early hour the preceding evening. About two o'clock in the morning fatigue subdued a little the noise and violence of the mob; and the queen herself, wearied out by the toils and the troubles of the eventful day, was undressed, as usual, by her two ladies, (one was Madame Campan's sister,) and soon fell asleep. She, with her usual kindness, ordered these ladies also to retire to repose: they fortunately disobeyed her; perhaps, indeed, they might have found some difficulty in getting away, for the mob

was on the staircases, and besieged the doors. They therefore, with their own two femmes-de-chambre, sat down clustered together, with their backs against the door of the queen's bed-chamber: in this feverish state they remained for about two hours; but at half past four o'clock, shots and dreadful cries announced the renewal of the attack; the apartment was assailed by the reinforced mob; the doors were forced; the garde du corps who attempted to defend them massacred; and the ladies had barely time to hurry the queen away, by a back passage which communicated with the king's apartment. While the queen thus sought the king, he, equally alarmed for her, had proceeded to her chamber; he pursued a private passage which communicated from his bed-room to her's, and of which he had the keys;—(what a scene for a dishonourable intrigue!)—but, on his arrival, found only the guards, who, beaten from the exterior room, had barricaded themselves in this; he then hurried back to his own apartment, and there had the momentary consolation of finding his wife and children safe and assembled. So far we have traced the queen. Now for Madame Campan, who, it appears, *never visited the queen's room at all that morning*; she happened not to be in waiting; but before the royal family were dragged to Paris, the queen sent for her to confide to her care, and that of her father-in-law, some valuable effects; directing her, with tears and caresses, to follow her to Paris, where she would endeavour to have the consolation of her service.

If we wished merely to create a sensation of horror against a monster worse than the wretches who *only murdered* the unhappy queen, we should stop here;—but there are one or two other circumstances which, though of a different nature from the foregoing story, are too characteristic of Buona-

parte, and make too much figure in O'Meara's book, to be wholly overlooked.

As soon as the determination of government to bring down the expenses of Buonaparte's table to £8,000 a-year,—a sum which, by the way, that cruel tyrant, Sir Hudson Lowe, appears to have increased, *on his own authority*, to £12,000,—no sooner, in short, was *any restriction* placed on the expenditure of *the Emperor*, than he had recourse to every kind of device to excite pity, and make people think he was dying of hunger. He ordered some handsome plate to be broken up and sold publicly; and the produce was applied, as O'Meara repeatedly informs us, to buy eggs, and butter, and vegetables, and *other necessaries of life*, which £12,000 a-year could not procure.

It is now well known—and proved by the admissions of his and O'Meara's agent, already quoted in this article—that while Buonaparte was playing this wretched game, and hawking his broken plate through the street of James Town, he had the *command of millions*—the economized plunder of his day of power: and such an oaf is O'Meara, that while he registers, with a great appearance of sympathy, each successive sale of the plate, he lets out several instances in which Buonaparte shows that he had money at will. Indeed he owned as much to O'Meara, adding, however, 'that he did not know where his funds were placed,' (vol. i. p. 182.) But this credible statement was made only a few days after Buonaparte had, as we now find, *settled pensions for life* on three servants, Santini, Rousseau, and Archambaud, who, in consequence of the reduction of the establishment, had been sent to Europe. But this is not all;—it is stated by O'Meara, that on the very day when a large portion of the plate was broken up, Las Cases had transferred a

credit of £4,000 in London, to be applied, as Buonaparte whiningly says, to the relief of his necessities; and Las Cases further tells us, that he had diamonds of Buonaparte's to the amount of £10,000 about him. Again; when Buonaparte wanted to make a grievance against the Governor, about a certain bust of young Napoleon, which an Italian sailor, in an India ship, had brought to St. Helena as *a venture*, he easily found, *without breaking up any plate*, three hundred pounds to give for it; and, as if to contradict in an especial manner his own assertion, this sum was paid by a *draft*, (*App. x.*) which proves that he did know where his funds were placed. Again; when Cipriani dies, Bertrand writes to Cardinal Fesch, and encloses *a bill of exchange* for £345. 5s. 10d. being arrears of wages to be paid to his heirs, and adds, that 'the Emperor defers *securing an independence* to his children,' till he knows the detail of the circumstances in which they are left; and yet Buonaparte is not ashamed to say,

'Sir Hudson Lowe obliges me to sell my plate in order to purchase the NECESSARIES of life, which he either denies *altogether*, or supplies in quantities so small as to be insufficient.'—vol. i. p. 153.

So blind is the malice of the hero and the historian, that Buonaparte's own mouth furnishes an additional and direct contradiction to this very statement! Our readers will recollect, that Santini's *Appeal* was chiefly founded on this point, and that he echoed very loudly the foregoing statement of his master, namely, that he was in want of the *necessaries of life*, such as eggs, butter, and milk, and was *forced to sell his plate to buy them*. It happened, (not unfortunately for the honour of the country) that Lord Holland was credulous enough to believe

Santini, and to make that speech in the House of Lords which drew forth Lord Bathurst's triumphant reply. This answer of Lord Bathurst, and the 'scurrilous strictures of the Quarterly Review,' operated a miracle, that neither his lordship nor we foresaw:—provisions grew suddenly cheap in St. Helena—the hens began to lay—the cows gave additional quantities of milk and butter—the necessaries of life became abundant, and no more of the imperial plate was broken up to procure them: nay, Buonaparte became so ashamed of his own sentiments in Santini's mouth, that he said to O'Meara,

'Santini has published a brochure *full of trash*; there are some truths in it, BUT EVERY THING IS EXAGGERATED; there was always *enough* to exist upon, but not enough for a good table.'—vol. ii. p. 76.

And again—

'Napoleon read a copy of Santini's pamphlet in French, observing as he went through it, according as the passages seemed to deserve it, true, partly true, FALSE, STUFF,' &c. —vol. ii. p. 93.

Fie, General! is this the way you treat your friends and advocates? As to your contradicting *yourself* we say nothing, as you could not be aware that your surgeon—who had sworn to forget, the moment he left you, whatever you might say—would have hastened to his closet to write it down; and still less could you have suspected, that he would have exposed all your little foibles and inconsistencies to the same 'scurrilous Quarterly Reviewers,' under whose lash your imperial temper had already winced.

In the same style, we find, towards the conclusion of O'Meara's book, that the fable of *starvation* having failed, a new grievance was in progress; and a *chronic hepatitis*, or liver complaint, was in prepara-

tion, and the magnanimous sufferer had already expressed his gracious intentions of being severely afflicted with that complaint. On the 3d of October, 1817, O'Meara discovers the '*first symptoms of the hepatitis,*' as his *index* calls it.—Now let us pause a moment, to see how he deals with this complaint. Nothing is so remarkable all through the preceding parts of the work, as the *minute* medical details which O'Meara introduces, and the importance he attaches to the most trifling indispositions; a slight choleric is gravely registered from its appearance to its departure, with all the salts and broths and chicken water employed against so formidable an invader, (vol. i. pp. 114, 118, 120.) If the patient has a swelled gum, the progress of the alarming disease, and the treatment by '*acescent food and an acid gargle,*' is carefully noted, (i. 153, 164.) Has he toothache? it is announced with suitable pomp:—

'October 23, 1816.—Napoleon indisposed: one of his cheeks considerably tumefied, (Anglicè, a swelled face.) Recommended fomentation, and steaming the part affected; recommended also the *extraction of a carious tooth*, and renewed the advice I had given on many previous occasions, particularly relative to exercise, as soon as the reduction of the swelling permitted it, also a continuance of diet, chiefly vegetable, with fruits.'—vol. i. p. 169.

Some time after he gets a *cold*; the progress of this terrifying disease is recorded with equal anxiety:—

'Five o'clock p. m.—Napoleon sent for me; *found him sitting in a chair opposite the fire*, (wonderful!) He had gone out to walk, and had been seized with rigors, (Anglicè, shivering,) head-ache, severe cough; examined his tonsils, which were swelled. Cheek inflamed. Had several rigors whilst I was present; pulse much quickened. Recommended warm fomentations to his cheek, a liniment to his throat, warm diluents, a gargarism, pediluvium,



(Anglicè, bathing his feet,) and total abstinence. Saw him again at nine, in bed,' &c.—(vol. i. pp. 178—181, 190,)

and so on in a hundred other places.

Our readers wonder what we mean by quoting all this stuff, which would not even interest an apothecary's boy; but they will agree, we think, with us, that all this bustle about colds, toothaches, and sore gums, leads to a most important conclusion; for as soon as the *chronic hepatitis*—a fatal disease, as we shall see by and by—appears, O'Meara throws away, at once, his medical dictionary, and having arrived at the only serious illness which his patient has had, he suddenly acquaints us that,—

'As it is not the intention of the author to tire the reader with the detail of a medical journal, the *enumeration of the symptoms* will be for the future *discontinued*, unless where absolutely necessary.'—vol. ii. p. 257.

No doubt the medical journal of hepatitis would tire the reader, as the medical journal of cholic and cough had already done; but the details of a hepatitis which never existed might be a little difficult to manage. Some light will be thrown on this part of the subject by quoting a passage from a letter of Sir Hudson Lowe to Count Bertrand, dated April 21, 1818, and which O'Meara or his friend published in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 24th of August of the same year.

'Your letter states, that "Napoleon Buonaparte has been sick these seven months of a chronic disease of the liver." To a question put to Mr. O'Meara on the 25th of March, one month ago, he replied, *after a great deal of hesitation* and unwillingness to name any *specific disorder*, saying, at first, a derangement of the biliary system,—that, "if called on to give it a name, he should call it an *incipient hepatitis*; and that even this might have

been wholly avoided by taking exercise as he had recommended.”’

This doubtful testimony as to *incipient* hepatitis was given, as our readers will observe, just six months after the recorded existence of the disease in its *confirmed* state! O’Meara, however, was soon relieved from any treatment of this chronic hepatitis; but immediately on his arrival in England, the following paragraph appeared in a paper printed at Portsmouth, where he landed.

‘Mr. O’Meara left Buonaparte in a very dangerous state of health—his complaint is a *confirmed* disease of the liver, which his *dull* inactive life contributes most powerfully to increase—the liver is greatly enlarged, and discovers a tendency to give pain, which we understand is the next stage of the disorder towards suppuration and the destruction of life.’

It was in July, 1818, that O’Meara left his patient ‘in the *stage of the disorder next to the destruction of life,*’ yet it is not till *two years and a quarter after*, in September, 1820, that we find Count Bertrand beginning to make the expected use of the chronic hepatitis; he writes a pathetic letter to Lord Liverpool, to acquaint his lordship, ‘that the patient can no longer struggle against the malignity of the climate; that all the time he remains in this abode will only be a state of painful agony; that a RETURN TO EUROPE is the *only* means by which he can experience any relief.’—vol. ii. p. 503.

But while all these worthy persons were thus endeavouring to excite sympathy for a fictitious malady of the climate, a real hereditary disease made its appearance, and, after about six months progress, terminated fatally on the 5th of May, 1821. The symptoms of this disease had, as we learn from the testimony of his medical attendant, no resemblance whatever to hepatitis.

‘ 10th April, 1821.—Buonaparte placed his hand over the liver, and said to me, *le foie*; upon which, although I had done it before, and given my opinion that *there was no disease of the liver*; I again examined the right hypochondriac region, and *not finding any indication or fulness whatever*—(though O’Meara had found symptoms of *suppuration three years before*)—and judging from the *symptoms in general*, I told him that I did not apprehend that there was any disease of the liver; that perhaps there might be a little want of action in it.’—*Arnot’s Account of the last Illness of Napoleon Buonaparte*, p. 9.

On opening the body, it was found that the patient had died of a disease which is affected by no climate—a cancer, or schirrous state of the stomach; and the report of five surgeons, who examined the viscera, testifies that

‘ with the exception of the adhesion occasioned by the disease of the stomach, (of which he died,) *no unhealthy appearance presented itself in the LIVER.*’—*Arnot’s Account*, p. 26.

And Dr. Arnot further states, on Buonaparte’s own authority, that his father died of a similar complaint; and it has been reported, and never, that we know of, contradicted, that he had himself always been suspicious of some disease of this nature.

If these facts be so, our readers will know what to think of Mr. O’Meara’s chronic hepatitis of 1817, and of the prudent fear that *just then* seized him of ‘tiring his readers with medical details.’ We do not mean to say that Buonaparte may not have been affected in 1817 by the first approaches of the complaint of which he died in 1821—that is a question which never can be decided; but it is certain that he had *no disease of the liver*, no illness induced by the *climate*, and that O’Meara’s statements upon this point are just as true as the rest of

his book. We should not have approached this subject at all, if duty had not obliged us. The thoughts of Buonaparte, reduced to that state to which we must all come, subdues all feeling of personal hostility. 'We rejoice not,' to use the beautiful sentiment of Ecclesiasticus, 'over our greatest enemy being dead, but remember that we die all.' Against his triumphal car, we raised our feeble efforts; but we follow with different feelings his hearse; and we should not, in an article written, as this is, with a strong spirit of hostility towards the actions of a living man, have alluded to the last scene of his career, if Mr. O'Meara had not, in his Appendix, *inserted* the letters which we have quoted, and *suppressed* the report of the persons who opened the body, clearly with no other view than to give countenance to his own imposture of *chronic hepatitis*, and to confirm the false idea which his whole book inculcates—that the climate of his inhospitable prison, and the conduct of his barbarous keepers, had prematurely terminated the life of Buonaparte. We, on the contrary, feel,—and in this and in several preceding articles have, we hope, proved,—that he was treated with as much respect as was due his station, and with as much indulgence as was consistent with his security;—that the British nation, whose children he had for twenty years imprisoned and slaughtered, and whose general ruin he had, by force and fraud, invariably pursued, forgot the despot in the prisoner; and remembered, in their treatment of him, no more of his former power, than was necessary to guard against his resumption of it.

To this we add our mature and solemn opinion, that, in accordance with this national generosity, those who had the painful responsibility of his custody bore with exemplary patience and forbearance.

the accumulated provocations with which he assiduously insulted them; and never gave him or his partizans any cause for their complaints, except their judicious vigilance to prevent his escape, and their steady refusal to acknowledge his imperial dignity.

THE END.

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