

count of changed political conditions, no longer of importance; the mission was an expensive one, and financial considerations suggested the suppression of the post. "I therefore humbly propose to your Majesty to recall Baron Sturmer, and to nominate for the position of consul-general to the United States of North America." If the baron was as active with his ears and his pen during his stay on this continent as was during his fifteen months in St. Helena, the Austrian archives must contain much gossip which would be "mighty interesting reading."

Admiral Malcolm, who succeeded to the naval command at St. Helena after the ex-emperor had been some months there, seems to have been a prime favorite with Napoleon, who saw him frequently. The admiral reported to Baron Sturmer some of the conversations, and Sturmer reported whatever he heard, sometimes at third hand. Here is a conversation between Napoleon and the admiral:

B.—"Are your people going to keep me here always?"

Adl.—"I think so."

B.—"But you have other colonies?"

Adl.—"You would not be comfortable (vous n'y seriez bien) in any respect."

B.—"What they are doing here in St. Helena is absurd, ridiculous. Now, look at that soldier, perched up on that point of rock, what good is he there? Do you fear that I will make my escape? Why, a bird couldn't escape. I believe that I am forbidden to go down into the town, and that is natural enough; but outside my movements should be perfectly free."

Adl.—"Your movements are free; no one hinders you from going down into the town."

B.—"Yes; with an officer (Captain Popeton) at my heels. No; that would humiliate me. They would take me for a prisoner, and I am not that."

Adl.—"Yet we cannot treat you as a sovereign."

B.—"And why not? They ought to see that I have certain honors as a solace (amusement) to a person in my position. What harm could it do, on a bare rock like this."

Adl.—"You consider yourself as still an emperor, then?"

B. (After a moment's reflection).—"No; I have abdicated."

Adl.—"You do not wish to be called general?"

B.—"I have not been a general since my return from Egypt. Any other title would suit me. Suppose they call me Napoleon."

Then they passed to the intended invasion of England. The admiral said, "What was the real intention of your great preparations at Boulogne?"

"To cross my forces over the Channel."

"Then the conquest of England appeared an easy matter?"

"No; not at all. But it seemed worth trying for."

The admiral remarked that they had never been able to make out what his plans were exactly

"Oh," said Bonaparte, "they were simple enough. My fleet was to embark a force of troops and make a feint of sailing for America. I was sure that the bulk of your fleet would follow them. Then Vil-

leneuve was to profit by the first opportunity,—of which the sea affords so many,—give your fleet the slip, and get back to the Channel probably two weeks before the English admiral would do so: there he was to cruise while my boats passed over."

At this interview the ex-emperor talked of the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, of the Prussians, and about Russia, and then came to the subject of Waterloo, saying to Malcolm,—

"Do you know that Wellington took great chances there? He ought to have retired and waited for the allies. Without the assistance of the Prussians he was lost."

"Yes; but he was sure the Prussians would come."

"How could he be certain of that? If Grouchy had done his duty, we would not have been left in the condition we were. It was due to Grouchy that all was lost."

"What caused you to open the campaign by an attack upon the Prussians? The position of the English army was entirely much—a much more embarrassing one for you. They were defending the sea-coast and the ports (la cote de la mer), and it behooved you to make yourself master of them."

Bonaparte replied,—

"The character of the generals opposed to me, as I understood them, influenced my conduct. That drunken hussar, always ready to rush into a fight, would have abandoned everything (tout tout quitte) to come to the succor of the English, and I should have had too many on me at once. I had commenced by weakening his force, and had beaten him. His army was in disorder. Grouchy ought to have prevented him from further interference. But my orders were not carried out, and the results I anticipated from them did not follow. But still, though the Prussians accomplished a good deal, the honors of the day were with Wellington."

In his dispatch of 2nd September, 1816, Baron Sturmer gives a detail of the ex-emperor's daily life. It is from hearsay, but we may be sure that gossip went into particulars at such a time and such a place. The Baron says (we translate freely)—

"His mental balance is very unequal, but he does not show in his appearance any trace of mental trouble. He seems always to be well, and promises to live a long time. No one can tell whether he is resigned to his fate or whether he has aspirations for the future. They say that he has great hopes that the Opposition party in England will enable him to leave St. Helena. Certainly, at least, he still protests against his arrest, and at Longwood insists upon being treated as an emperor. Bertrand, Montholon, Las Cases, Gourgaud, and all his suite continue to render him the same respect and honors as they would have done in other days. He received those strangers who may wish to pay their respects, but he never invites any one to a dinner or soiree, and never leaves the boundary of his enclosure, because he does not choose to be annoyed by the presence of an English officer, whose duty it would be in that case to accompany him. For the same reason, when taking exercise he avoids passing all posts

or sentinels. He rises at noon, has breakfast, and then occupies himself in various ways until three o'clock, at which hour he admits, four at a time, people who may call. He often walks after that, or drives in a caleche, with six horses, rarely going on horseback. He dines at eight, remaining at the table only three-quarters of an hour, plays a game of reversis, and then goes to bed, but often rises during the night to write. He is writing his own history, by the aid of the Moniteur, and is also learning English. His conversation would be interesting if one could follow him, but that is hardly possible, because he flies about from one subject to another. Habitually he sees only his own French followers, and rarely any English. General Lowe shows him every possible consideration, and, to a certain extent, yields to his mania for being treated a l'empereur. But in spite of this he does not like him, and has only seen him two or three times. He seems to like Admiral Malcolm, who plays to perfection the part of a good fellow, but who will no more depart from the orders given him than the other."

Perhaps it may be thought we have given a little too much of Sturmer, whose reports have been buried in the Austrian archives for eighty-seven years, but those interested in the matter may check the other accounts of Napoleon at St. Helena by means of the gossip of the Austrian commissioner.

CORRESPONDENCES.

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FORT STANLEY.

To the Editor Canadian Military Gazette.

Dear Sir,—Through a misapprehension, shared by many both in and out of Toronto, I am afraid that you will have created an undesirable impression upon the minds of your readers by the leading article in your last issue referring to the naming of a certain military place here after the late Governor General, and in order to remove this impression I hope you will find space for this letter.

At the foot of Bathurst street in Toronto, on what was once the lake shore, stands the Old Fort. It was built in the early part of the present century and was, I believe, a factor in the war of 1812. About a mile to the west of the Old Fort the Imperial Government built, on the lake shore, in 1841, barracks "for the headquarters and wing of a battalion," as the brass plate at the barrack gate reads. These barracks were never officially named. The above mentioned brass plate refers to them as "this Barrack Establishment;" old plans and documents call them "New Barracks," and "New Garrison;" the public dubbed them the "New Fort" for want of a name and, I suppose, to distinguish them from the Old Fort. They might as well have been called the "New Rifle Pits" for all that they are like either. Later they were commonly referred to as "the New Fort Barracks which was obviously absurd. It is these barracks, and not the Old Fort, that have been officially named "Stanley Barracks," after the kindly soldier who, whenever