

powers, had succeeded in uniting nine-tenths of the nation against the Puritans and the remains of the Parliament. Cromwell landed from Milford in August 1649. When he landed London and Dublin were almost the only places held for the Parliament, and a huge wave of insurrection seemed about to efface the Anglo-Saxon and Scottish settlements. The campaign that followed had been misdescribed by worshippers of brute force, like Carlyle, and by passionate writers of the conquered race, and it had been depicted as a series of blood massacres, the just punishment of atrocious deeds, or as the fanatical orgie of a fruitless tyrant. This was a complete perversion of fact, and Cromwell's conduct in Ireland had yet to be judged impartially by a candid historian and by a competent thinker on war. No doubt he was a stern and severe conqueror; no doubt they turned their eyes away from Wexford and Drogheda; no doubt Cromwell and his avenging host regarded Celtic Papists as accursed idolators dripping with the carnage of 1641 and to be trodden under foot like the doomed tribes of Palestine were crushed at the bidding of the Lord, but when he set foot in Ireland he had to deal with a nation in armed and furious revolt, which had a country difficult in the extreme to penetrate. The experiences of previous Irish wars had shown that under conditions like these it was essential to strike hard at once, and the peculiarities of the Irish climate, fatal in the seventeenth century to British troops, made it necessary to avoid the inland districts, and, if possible, to obtain immediate success. These considerations explained his deeds in Ireland. He was pitiless and inexorable, but he acted upon a far-sighted policy, and his generalship was bold, decided, and brilliant. His severity at Drogheda, he told them himself, was calculated "to prevent the effusion of blood." Just as Villars deliberately starved Fribourg, just as the garrison of Pampluna would have been put to the sword had it not yielded to the summons of Wellington. The massacre at Wexford, too, was plainly an accident, but, be that as it might, it and the sack of Magdeburg were military operations ably designed to terrify and put down a national rising, and to prevent ruinous marches in a country of wastes, where roads and supplies were alike wanting, and where soldiers perished from all kinds of disease. These measures were completely successful. Ireland was thoroughly subdued in a few months, and if ends were to be obtained by means in war Cromwell was justified by that single circumstance. As for his strategy in the contest on a whole, it was well conceived and, indeed, excellent; he continually clung to his fleet and the coast, and did not march inland until he had crushed his enemy, and, like Marlborough and Wellington, and he would add Wolseley, he showed that he understood the value

of the sea as his base, a truth never to be forgotten by British chiefs. Cromwell then returned to England and in the battle of Dunbar overthrew Leslie and Hamilton, and completed his conquest of the three Kingdoms. Cromwell had most of the gifts of famous chiefs—imagination, judgment, administrative power, the faculty of command in the highest degree, resolution, boldness, and, above all, insight and readiness in the field of battle. Had he had the training of Turenne or Condé he probably might have equalled both; but Cromwell never liked war until he had passed his fortieth year. He was a great military genius; he exhibited the gifts of a true strategist in his campaign in Ireland; and he would have crushed Charles in a few months had he held from the first the place of Essex. As a tactician he stood in the foremost rank, deficient as he might be in routine. He had preeminently the skill to which the victories of the seventeenth century were mainly due. He always seized the occasion when his horsemen could be launched forward with powerful effect and he always kept a reserve in hand to follow up and assure success. His greatest achievement as a chief, however, was the organisation of his renowned Army. His capacity in this respect was wonderful, and he unquestionably fashioned an instrument of war of strength and temper so complete and flawless that England had never possessed its equal.

Major-General Moncrieff said that they had a clear and graphic description of the life of that great Englishman, Cromwell, as a soldier, and it was quite clear to them that his success as a soldier was due to his thoroughly well organised soldiers and disciplined commanders, and to the way in which he kept his reserves in hand to complete his victories.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

As the memory of "Napoleon the Little" dies out the culte of Napoleon the Great seems to revive, and new books illustrating or reflecting his career are as much sought after as if his biographies did not in themselves constitute a library.

In this connection a rather curious book has lately been published in Paris, entitled "Napoleon a Sainte-Hélène. Rapports officiels du Baron Sturmer, Commissaire du Gouvernement Autrichien. Par Jacques St. Cere et H. Schlitter." M. St. Cere says, in the *avant-propos*, "The documents given in this volume have been published in Vienna, by H. Schlitter, with the authorization of the Austrian Government. They were found in the secret archives of the Imperial Court at Vienna, a collection which contains so many documents of the highest historical importance, and which has—with a liberality the editor would like to see imitated elsewhere—been placed at the disposition of those engaged in literary investigation." M. St. Cere, therefore, translated H. Schlitter's work into French, be-

lieving that it would interest Frenchmen, and be a real contribution to the history of Napoleon.

The appointment of commissioners of the Allied Powers to certify to the safe-keeping of Napoleon in St. Helena arose in this wise: Prince Metternich, having written from Paris to the Austrian Emperor that Bonaparte was on board the English line-of-battle ship, a prisoner, and that they might henceforth hope for peace, was replied to by Francis, in an autograph letter, on the very same day, declining to be satisfied that peace was yet guaranteed. Francis gives his reasons for uneasiness, stating, among other things, that although the French had lost confidence in Bonaparte they still greatly feared him, and that no confidence was to be placed in the French Bourbon government. In fact, the Austrian Emperor saw all sorts of dangers so long as there was a possibility of a return like that from Elba. However, after various propositions,—one of which was made by Lord Liverpool, to the effect that Louis XVIII. should take Bonaparte and have him shot,—the convention of August 2, 1815, provided that the "Imperial Courts of Russia and Austria, as well as the Royal House of Prussia, should appoint commissioners who should proceed to the place of detention fixed by his Britannic Majesty for the detention of Napoleon Bonaparte," to "assure themselves of the presence in such place of the said Bonaparte, but being in no way responsible for the manner of his detention,—la façon dont le prisonnier sera gardé." In conformity with this article, Baron Sturmer was nominated the Austrian commissioner. He was ordered to have no communication with the ex-Emperor or his suite; but the instructions of the other commissioners, especially of Count Balmain, on the part of Russia, who were more liberal and looked to personal reception. The commissioners arrived in St. Helena in June, 1816, and at once demanded that Sir Hudson Lowe should give them the opportunity of personally assuring themselves of the presence of Bonaparte upon the island. But Napoleon absolutely refused to receive the commissioners in their official character. They had interviews with Bertrand, Montholon, and Gourgaud, and some of them met Bonaparte unofficially, but not Sturmer; but their position was far from agreeable, for they had nothing to do officially, and only to cool their heels in this out-of-the-way spot, pick up gossip, and write it home. Sturmer's letters to Prince Metternich form the staple of this book in question. Some of the matter is not, as the newspapers say, quite "fit for publication," but most of the gossip is harmless. Still, it is curious as showing the feelings as well as the manners of the period, and therefore worthy of being read by those interested in "choses Napoléoniennes." Most histories do not mention the existence of such commissioners at all.

At last, in October, 1817, the fussy diplomat was relieved from his banishment, to his great delight, Prince Metternich having represented to the Austrian Emperor that "the sending of a commissioner to St. Helena, which the political situation had rendered necessary in 1815, was, on ac-