

declares a military plan was adopted at Borodino which insured success, and that the victory was lost by the actual mental paralysis of Napoleon. At Dresden, as after the battle of Moscow, he lost the fruit of the battle by a sudden mental absence which prevented him from making a decision: at Moscow he did not decide to comply with the request of his generals and order out the reserve to pursue the Russians. His mind certainly was not clear when, at Vassarvi, simply because he was affronted at not receiving a reply from Alexander, he decided, almost without preparation, upon a plan of invasion against a solid war like people, protected by the steppes, the cold, and above all by intense patriotism.

He was entirely lacking in moral sense, as is common with epileptics, which Taine justly says, made him a great leader. Thus at Cherasco he said to the Savoyard general with whom he was treating for an armistice: "I wanted to demand in the treaty that was being closed, a fine picture of Gerard Dow, which belongs to the king, and is one of the masterpieces, but I could not see how to put a picture in an armistice, and I feared it would seem a strange freak, especially having the fortress of Coni attached to it." It is the language of a brigand making a redemption. In his talk with Metternich at Dresden, when the latter remarked that the late war had cost 200,000 lives, Napoleon answered: "What are 200,000 men to me?" Napoleon's complete lack of moral feeling was reflected in the phrase, although purely official, of the bulletin issued from the horrible Russian carnage: "The health of the emperor was never better." No Asiatic despot, even in ancient times, could have dictated a sentence more jarring on the mournful scene of death from which it was issued. Madame Remusat relates of Napoleon's having said in a conversation with Josephine: "I am not like other men: moral and social laws were not made for me." Upon another occasion, in reprimanding the Bishop of Grand, who did not wish to give his oath, as it conflicted with one he had already sworn, Napoleon said: "*Eh, bien monsieur*, your conscience is nothing but stupidity." The evening of the 13th ven-

domaire, being present at the arrangements of the insurrection of the sections, he said to Junot: "Ah! if the sections would only place me at their head, in two hours I would install them at the Tuilleries, and would clear out all the miserable conventioners." Five hours later he headed the conventioners and had opened fire upon the Parisians. These qualities did not develop late, but were manifested at an early age: even in college he was reticent and deceitful. His worthy uncle, Corso, prophesied a splendid future for Napoleon, because he was master of falsehood: the eulogium which Napoleon reversed upon Metternich.

His baseness reached the point that at a public banquet he spilled some oil on the gown of a great lady, of whose honor he wished to rob her, that he might have a pretext to retire with her into the next room. One should read his recently published correspondence to see how, aside from the monumental Cæsarean style of his proclamations, he used a coarse, slangy language. It is known that many of the worst letters have been suppressed and will never be seen. How unfortunate that he should have shown these qualities even in treating with sovereign and foreign ministers of state: insulting them in his proclamations, his letters and his audiences: revealing their love intrigues, whether actual or supposed. The bulletins 17, 18 and 19 after the battle of Jena, openly accuse the Queen of Prussia with an intrigue with Alexander of Russia.

His unlimited selfishness was shown in Egypt and Russia when, at a time when everything depended upon him, he abandoned the army for the sake of saving himself. He would never have raised his brothers and brothers-in-law and many of his generals, except to have them as instruments in his hand, as reflectors and magnifiers of his own light. He thrust them cruelly against their people for his own interests. When he crossed into Italy the first time, he began with the phrase "my soldiers" and "my army," and finished by talking of "my people," "my senate," and even of "my bishops," and "my cardinals," as though they were his puppets. For arranging, directing and mastering the practical affairs of life, such incomparable