

NAPOLEON, As Seen by His Associates

HE STOOPED FOR SUCCESS

IV. MME. DE STAEL summed up the guiding principle of Napoleon's life in these words: "For him nothing existed but himself." Mme. de Remusat declares that when Josephine, with whom she lived as companion and friend, would protest against certain breaches of conduct in her husband he would answer, "I am not an ordinary man, and the



PEN PORTRAIT OF BONAPARTE BY GROS.

[The painter used this study in his well known battle picture, "Bonaparte at Arcola."]

laws of morals and of custom were never made for me." Still further in this vein he said, "So soon as man is a king he is apart from all, and I have always held that the instinct of true policy was in Alexander's idea of making himself out to be the descendant of a god."

Elsewhere in the course of her extensive memoirs Mme. de Remusat lays emphasis upon Napoleon's unscrupulous methods, particularly in the matter of lying. She says:

"He did not value sincerity, and he did not hesitate to say that he recognized the superiority of a man by the greater or less degree of cleverness with which he used the art of lying. On the occasion of his saying this he added, with great complacency, that when he was a child one of his uncles had predicted that he should govern the world because he was a habitual liar. 'Metternich,' he said, 'approaches to being a statesman—he lies very well.'"

"He taught her [Josephine] the art of lying, which each of them practised with skill and effect."

Writing of 1804, before he ascended the throne, Mme. de Remusat says, "I know that at that particular period he still retained certain accents of truthfulness which afterward were no longer to be detected in his voice."

In sketching the career of Savary, who served Napoleon in the army and in the cabinet, she says, "He perceived a way open to him in the system of talebearing and cunning which Bonaparte favored, and, having once entered

upon it, it was not possible for him to retrace his steps."

Also, in this connection, "He [Napoleon] sedulously cultivated evil passions in men who served him, and they flourished abundantly under his reign."

Bourrienne gives in detail an instance of Napoleon's duplicity which came under his own eye while acting as secretary of the First Consul. The date was 1800, after Napoleon's famous victory at Marengo. Says Bourrienne:

"I have often had occasion to notice the multifarious means employed by Bonaparte to arrive at the possession of supreme power and to prepare men's minds for so great a change. Those who have observed his life must have been convinced of the truth that public opinion wastes itself on the rumor of a project and possesses no energy at the moment of its execution. In order, therefore, to direct public attention to the question of hereditary power a pamphlet was circulated about Paris entitled, 'Parallele Between Caesar, Cromwell and Bonaparte.' It was sent to the First Consul. He was absent when it came. I read it and perceived that it openly advocated hereditary power, then known nothing about the origin of this pamphlet, but I soon learned that it issued from the office of the minister of the interior (Lucien Bonaparte) and that it had been largely circulated. After reading it I laid it on the table. In a few minutes Bonaparte entered and, taking up the pamphlet, pretended to look through it. 'Have you read this?' said he. 'Yes, general.' 'Well, what is your opinion of it?' 'I think it is calculated to produce an unfavorable effect on the public mind. It is ill timed, for it prematurely revivies your views.' The First Consul took the pamphlet and threw it on the ground, as he did all the stupid publications of the day after having slightly glanced over them. Next day the prefect in the immediate neighborhood of Paris sent a copy of it to the First Consul, complaining of its mischievous effect, and I recollect that in one of his letters it was stated that such a work was calculated to direct against him the passions of new assassins. After reading this correspondence he said to me: 'Bourrienne, send for Fouché [minister of police]. He must come directly and give an account of this matter.' In half an hour Fouché was in the First Consul's cabinet."

"What pamphlet is this? What is said about it in Paris?" General, there is but one opinion of its dangerous tendency. 'Well, then, why did you allow it to appear?' 'General, I was obliged to show some consideration for the author.' 'Consideration for the author? What do you mean? You should have sent him to the Temple.' 'But, general, your brother Lucien patronizes this pamphlet. It has been printed and published by his order. In short, it comes from the office of the minister of the interior.' 'No matter for that! Your duty as minister of police was to have arrested Lucien and sent him to the Temple. The fault was not mine but his. He should have been punished for his crime.' 'Alarmed at the effect which this parallel between Caesar, Cromwell and Bonaparte was likely to produce, I went to Lucien to point out to him his imprudence. He made me no answer, but went and got a manuscript, which he showed me and which contained corrections and annotations in the First Consul's handwriting."

Napoleon's reflections upon this episode led to a repetition of his favorite remark: "I have been too precipitate. The pear is not yet ripe." After he had reached the throne, he was and was to be, a man of great power and ambition. Mme. de Remusat, "for conferring suitable dignities upon the persons who were to surround the republican emperor was submitted to him and curiously projects which no one had defined." Said Napoleon: "There is not sufficient display in it. All that would not throw dust in the people's eyes."

In his talks at St. Helena, reported by his aid-de-camp, General Gourgaud, Napoleon laid bare the secrets of his public policy. Speaking of his dreams of grandeur in Egypt, he said:

"Had I stayed in the east I should in all probability have founded an empire, like Alexander. I would have resorted to a pilgrimage to Mecca and offered prayers and made genuflections before the tomb of the prophet. But I would not have acted in a manner so repugnant unless it was worth while. In an animated discussion about the project to be followed in dealing with the Spanish king, Talleyrand, according to Mme. de Remusat, used the term 'covardly act.'"

"A cowardly act?" replied Bonaparte. "What does that matter to me? Understand that I should not fail to commit one if it were useful to me. In reality, there is nothing really noble or base in this world. I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power and to deceive those who think they know me. Frankly, I am base; essentially base. I give you my word that I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonorable action. My secret tendencies—which are, after all, those of nature, oppress me, and with these of nature, oppress me, and with these I have to nature myself—give me infinite resources with which to baffle everyone."

Elsewhere Mme. de Remusat observes that Napoleon "always put himself forward as the ultimate aim" of everything.

"It is said that on starting for the first campaign in Italy he told a friend who was editor of a newspaper, 'I will speak in your accounts of our victories to speak of me, always of me. Do you understand?' This 'me' was the ceaseless cry of purely egotistical ambition. 'Quote me,' 'Sing, praise and paint me,' he said to his artists, to musicians, to poets and to painters. 'I will buy you at your own price, but you must all be purchased.'"

Recalling the political crisis in which he seized the reins of power and the heads of all rivals, Napoleon declared: "I listened to advice from everybody, but I only gave it in the interest of my own plans. I hid myself from the people because I knew that when the time came curiously to see me would make them run after me. Every one was taken in my toils."

The studied boastfulness and distastefulness of Napoleon's bulletins from the seat of war have often been pointed out by reviewers. Upon this point Mme. de Remusat's editor quotes a note penned by her husband, who served Napoleon in camp and court. Says M. de Remusat:

"The emperor took the utmost license in composing his bulletins, seeking especially to eclipse all the others and to establish his own infallibility; then considering the kind of effect he wished to produce on foreigners and on the public in France; and, lastly, having regard to his intentions and his good or ill will toward his lieutenants. Truth came a long way behind all these things. Nothing could equal the surprise of his officers on reading the bulletins which came back to them from Paris, but they made few complaints."

Bourrienne declares that Napoleon wrote five different bulletins on the part taken by General Kautzman in the battle of Marengo simply to suppress truth favorable to Kautzman, but not flattering to the First Consul himself.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Next week we will be on "Napoleon and the Women."

tinguished for his aristocratic, independent and noble character. He had a sister who was strikingly beautiful, and was staying at the imperial harem as a guest. Abdul Hamid found her to his taste and made advances to her. The proud Turkish maiden, however, thrust him back very energetically and made complaints to her brother.

Chemseddin asked his anger for the moment and asked some courtiers in high positions to plead with Abdul Hamid. They however, did not venture to mix in the affair. At last he besought the vizier, Chakir Pasha, the hero of Plevna, to advise him what to do. The latter told him simply to write to his majesty and promised, in his character of court marshal, to hand in his mission to the sultan.

Chemseddin immediately sat down and wrote a letter to the sultan which, in regard to distinctiveness, left nothing to be wished for. The purport of the letter was as follows:

"I take the liberty of reminding your majesty that my sister is a free-born woman, and that in this character she will not be treated as a slave. If your majesty thinks her worthy of looking upon as a slave, I am ready to accept the laws of the Almighty, but one way open, and that is that if my sister consents, your majesty should marry her."

"These lines I address to your majesty as the Calif, whose sacred duty it is to protect the weak and guard the virtue of his wives, daughters and sisters from low designs."

That struck home. Abdul Hamid, with much fury, had Chemseddin Bey arrested and had to send the young girl home. Immediately afterward she was married to protect her from further persecution on the part of the sultan. Her brother was kept a prisoner two years and badly treated, but finally Abdul Hamid, to get him out of the country, gave him a foreign post.

MADE THEM GROW BEARDS.

One day the sultan was most attentive to a young Turkish girl. His passionate courting seemed to make no impression upon her, and he wanted to know the reason for her coolness.

"I am not like bearded men," was the curt reply.

The sultan bit his lip, but said nothing.

A short while after this the Turkish maiden married a beardless secretary of the privy office. On the morning after their wedding he was beheaded.

The effect that all secretaries of that office must let their beards grow. The young wife was highly amused at this peculiar wedding present from her husband, and on the next opportunity she said to the monarch, with her sweetest smile:

"Thanks, your majesty, for your kind intention. Your majesty has reconciled me completely to the beards of my men. I think his beard is exceedingly becoming to my husband."

This anecdote is personally known to me to be true.

To speak of rights in a place where the man's will holds a woman's fate in his grasp seems nonsensical indeed, and yet Turkish women venture to hope for a change.

When I succeeded in eluding the watchfulness of the spies, surrounding me by the sultan's order, and escaped with my children to Europe, where my husband was staying, I resolved to give the civilized western countries an insight into the domestic conditions of Turkish people and awaken their sympathies for our just endeavors—perhaps even to gain their moral help.

The Turkish woman at last is plining for a wider horizon. We should like to introduce as much of it as harmonizes with our views, all that can add to real progress and improvement. Our desire goes no further. For we, too, in the land of the east possess much that is good, and with that we do not wish to part.

PRINCESS HAIRIE BENAID.

Stories That Olden Utah Records Tell.

Wild Tale Printed in Eastern Press of How Great Salt Lake Was Sunk by an Earthquake—Personal Pride in Handsome Home Grounds—Oregon Indian War News—Members of Congress "Broke"—Russian Peace Protocol.

(Called from the Files of the Deseret News of May, 1850.)

J. H. Martineau, writing to the Deseret News from Parowan, humorously observes: "As according to some eastern newspapers, 'Great Salt Lake City is sunk by an earthquake,' and the survivors are floating around on boxes, boards, etc. (not having hardihood sufficient to doubt the statement, coming as it does, from so authentic a source) we who live in Parowan naturally feel an intense anxiety to know the full truth at once; and if the survivors of the great famine and affords said earthquake feel a reciprocal desire to hear from Iron county a few items may be of interest. Parowan has not yet sunk. Other settlements in Iron county are still secure."

The season has been quite backward, and the Indians are peaceable and want to farm. At Beaver the men are at work, Mormon fashion, and all is well. The city was laid out on April 17 and is beautifully located. The constitution of the proposed state of Deseret was read here at a meeting of public citizens and adopted by a unanimous vote. Mr. F. T. Whitney has suspended operations here on his farm until seed-time is over. Hoping that you are safely beyond the earthquake, etc."

A stroll through Gov. Young's grounds, adjacent to his mansion, is a rich treat to every lover of fine fruit, garden adornment and highly useful improvement. Many of the peach, plum and apple trees are fruiting beautifully, the California grape vines give indication of luxuriant product, and the young black walnut trees, strawberry vines and each variety of tree, shrub and plant are apparently striving to outdo each other in growth and promise. Presidents Kimball and Grant are also bestowing much careful attention and judicious labor upon their grounds,

and already have a valuable assortment of plants and trees."

"Strawberries are ripening, peaches are filling their pods and currants are being made into sauce and pies. Wanted, by many, Hovey's Seedling and the Early Scarlet. Cannot Dr. Walter E. Hodge of San Bernardino, or some one else in California or in any other state or territory, manage to forward tools to Utah at the rate of \$1 Hovey's to 1 Scarlet? They will be well paid for so doing."

"Sir, Arrived from Oregon on the 24th inst.; he left the scene of Indian hostilities in that region on the 21st of March, and states that the war was still continuing, with much determination by both parties."

Pres. Charles C. Rich writes from San Bernardino under date of May 3, that it is a time of general good health among the people of that region; that the prospects are flattering for an abundant harvest, plenty of rain having fallen lately; and that the Hon. Jefferson Hunt has returned from the legislature, that body having adjourned."

"A Washington letter writer gives the following melancholy description of the financial condition of the members of Congress under an article headed 'Hard Up!': They have not drawn their pay nor their mileage; and although they can get along 'on time' for board, they have no spending money. Some are even deprived of their 'bacca,' while I do believe that there are not 50 members in the House who can change an X if you were to tender it. Over \$200,000 would be here in circulation, if the speaker were elected and the usual appropriations voted. As it is, Washington is hard up. Boarding houses and hotel keepers are in a dreadful plight to supply their tables. Many do not distress themselves much, however, on that head; that is members. A large number of fare banks are in active operation, and are the only resort of poor 'beggars.'"

"The Russian War—Signing of the Peace Protocol—The preliminary protocol, agreeing to meet at Paris within three weeks from date, was signed at Vienna on Feb. 1, by the representatives of France, England, Turkey, Russia and Austria. The following is the translation:

"In the consequence of the acceptance by their respective courts of the five propositions contained in the document hereto annexed, under the title 'Draft of Preliminaries,' the undersigned, after having paraphrased it, conformably to authorization received to that effect, have agreed that their governments shall each nominate plenipotentiaries, who, furnished with the full powers necessary to proceeding to the signature of the formal preliminaries of peace, shall conclude an armistice and a definitive treaty of peace. The said plenipotentiaries will have to assemble at Paris within three weeks, dating from this day, or sooner if it can be. Done at Vienna, the first day of February, 1856. (Then follow the signatures of the above named countries.)"

"(The mission of Prussia from this list indicates that that power will have no part in the conference. Should, however, Prussia admitance her representatives would be M. d'Alvensleben, who sat in the Dresden conference of 1851, and M. de Savigny, minister at Karlsruhe, accompanied by M. Helm, under secretary of state for foreign affairs."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

Has world-wide fame for marvelous cures. It surpasses any other salve, ointment or balm for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bolls, Itch, Pains, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions, Infalible for Piles, Cure guaranteed. Only \$5c at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

How to See the Great World's Fair

THE Exposition at St. Louis is a wonderland, miles in extent. If you spend the whole seven months in the grounds, you will not be able to see a tenth part of all that is interesting. You must go early and stay late and spend as many hours as possible within the gates.

It is a thousand exhibitions in one and its daily spectacles are a succession of pictures that never grow commonplace. You will never see it twice alike. What happened yesterday will never happen again. There was but one Dedication Day, one Opening Day; the Indians—Pawnees, Wichitas, Moros, Iroquois—build their huts but once.

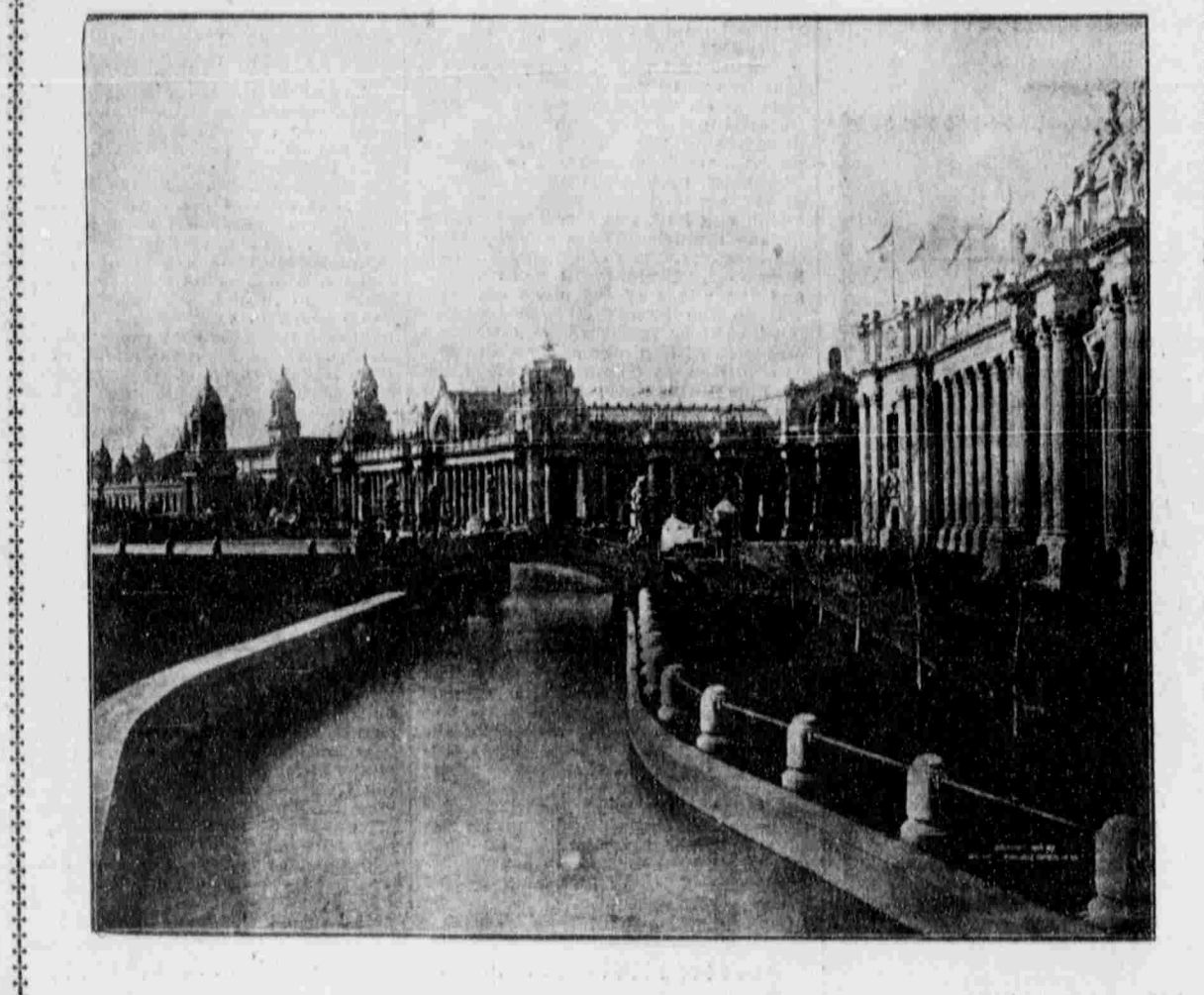
In fact the opportunities of the Fair will come but once in a generation. An international exposition larger than that now open at St. Louis will be a \$100,000,000 proposition. It will have to enlist the action of all the states and all the foreign countries, as this has done. Probably there will be no assemblage of the same magnitude during the lifetime of anyone now living.

Therefore, let the situation be fully appreciated. Decide beforehand, as nearly as possible, what features will be most interesting and valuable to you. Do these thoroughly.

Then, for general reference, and as a souvenir of the whole spectacle as it appeared from day to day, secure the best pictorial and descriptive record and history of the event, which means the superb and exhaustive "Forest City" World's Fair Art Portfolios, which place you in possession of 480 splendid reproductions of selected photographs, taken expressly for the work by the official photographer of the Exposition and described by Secretary Walter B. Stevens. The series is beautiful, it is artistic, authentic, and official in every sense.

It transports to your very home the greatest Universal Exposition the world has ever seen, and keeps it there for all the years to come. It is our duty as intelligent and progressive Americans to learn and know about this great World's Fair at St. Louis. No one of us will look upon its like again.

THE TERMS: 10c to Subscribers of the Daily, Saturday or Semi-Weekly News. 25c to all others. FREE to Daily Subscribers who are paid in advance.



NAPOLEON BRIDGE, SOUTH LAAGOON, AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The widening course of the lagoons is well illustrated by the picture taken just south of the palace of education where the Napoleon bridge crosses. The length of the lagoon somewhat exceeds a mile. Two of the main exhibit palaces, Education and Electricity, are entirely enclosed by the waterways. Four others, Mines and Metallurgy, Manufactures, Varied Industries and Machinery, present full facades en route. The two remaining, Liberal Arts and Transportation, corner on the course. The reversion of the lagoons entailed the construction of over two miles of plankings, forming the sides. The grading called for the removal of 175,000 cubic yards of earth. By frequent piling, the banks are protected against any possible caving, no matter what the weight of visitors, gathering on the lawns or along the line of the lagoons may be. An ornamental balustrade makes a complete barrier between the lawn terraces and the banks. The water is about four feet, and the bottom is covered with broken limestone. A filtration plant on a large scale ensures clear water. The cost of excavating and raveling the lagoons was \$80,000. Steam shovels were used to remove the earth, and steam drivers for the piles supporting the double lines of oak plankings. The circuit of the waterways with the many angles, affords a succession of fascinating views of the exposition architecture.

THE LIMELIGHT ON TURKISH LIFE.

(Continued from page thirteen.)

Naz, saying he would make her his wife.

A SLAVE WHO REBELLED.

With a frankness, I might say a bravery, which caused the other ladies of the imperial harem to stare at her. Safi Naz rejected the honor offered to her by his majesty. I am not sure of the feelings which the sovereign harbored, but he does not seem to have

looked upon the situation in a very tragic way, as he shortly afterwards made Yildiz his wife, and later elected her for the position of a harem lady—that is, treasurer of the imperial harem—on whom the duty of supervision of the entire staff of courtiers and domestics devolves.

Had Abdul Aziz examined the case a little closer he might have discovered romance which was being enacted behind his back. His nephew, the present sultan, Abdul Hamid, listening and watching everything as was his custom, had discovered Safi Naz and fallen in love with her. He poured out his heart to the Valide Sultana, describing his sufferings and swore he could not endure life without the "divine" Safi Naz. The Valide Sultana, who was fond of her nephew, promised to help him, and one day she told the sultan, Abdul Aziz, that Safi Naz was dangerous. Safi Naz, from time to time she reported to him about the condition of the slave, whom he had almost forgotten, and finally she announced her death. It is possible the Padisha believed this. At any rate he took no steps to examine the case, and Abdul Hamid married the charming slave.

This was not to be arranged otherwise. To possess her without marriage, Abdul Hamid would have had to buy her from his uncle, and to make such a proposal to his majesty would have been an unheard of proceeding. It goes without saying that this marriage rendered the Sultan's position as sultan of the empire a dangerous one.

A DANGEROUS LETTER.

Chemseddin Bey, at present ambassador of the Sublime Porte in Téhéran, a descendant of one of the most aristocratic families of the Caucasus, was at one time the sultan's secretary. He enjoyed general esteem and was dis-

ported to him about the condition of the slave, whom he had almost forgotten, and finally she announced her death. It is possible the Padisha believed this. At any rate he took no steps to examine the case, and Abdul Hamid married the charming slave.

This was not to be arranged otherwise. To possess her without marriage, Abdul Hamid would have had to buy her from his uncle, and to make such a proposal to his majesty would have been an unheard of proceeding. It goes without saying that this marriage rendered the Sultan's position as sultan of the empire a dangerous one.

A DANGEROUS LETTER.

Chemseddin Bey, at present ambassador of the Sublime Porte in Téhéran, a descendant of one of the most aristocratic families of the Caucasus, was at one time the sultan's secretary. He enjoyed general esteem and was dis-