hope of a successful issue to the gathering storm, which would reunite the imperial family.

Murat, King of Naples, upon hearing of Napoleon's return, determined, in perfect harmony with the impetuous daring of his nature, to anticipate the emperor, and fall with fifty thousand Neapolitans upon the allies. Talleyrand had with bitter enmity affirmed that Murat was secretly hostile to the allies, while Wellington thought him true to their interest. This impulsive and fatal onset decided his position, and sealed his doom. He met the Austrians at Occtriobello, and saw his army cut in pieces around him. He sought death beneath the leaden hail, but survived to escape in a fishing vessel, and landed near Toulon. He was seized, tried, and shot. Thus died a man of lofty spirit—vain-glorious—impulsive—and fearless; a shining mark of gallant and splendid command in battle, whose presence at Waterloo Napoleon said might have changed the fortune of the world. Louis XVIII. had retired to Ghent, in Holland, an ancient, deserted city, to wait for the close of this new act in the drama of European and Napoleonic revolution and bloodshed.

A note, written meanwhile to Joseph, reveals a part of the plot in assuming the reins of authority, by which the bold enterprise was to be effected:

NAPOLEON TO JOSEPH.

"PARIS, May 2, 1815.

"MY BROTHER—It is necessary to organize the Spaniards who are in France. A junta must be created composed of five members from the most active and enterprising. They will reside here, and correspond with the minister of foreign affairs. The existence of this junta must be kept secret. It must have agents

on the principal points of our frontier on the Pyrenees. The agents must be known to our civil and military officers, and their correspondence with the junta be post free. The business of the junta will be to edit in Paris a Spanish newspaper, to appear every two days, to be circulated by these agents through every channel, and in every part of Spain. The objects of the newspaper will be to enlighten the Spaniards, to make known to them our constitution, and to induce them to rebel and to desert. A further duty of the junta will be to raise guerillas, and to introduce them into Spain. The president of the junta will be accredited to the minister of foreign affairs. All the pecuniary assistance afforded to the Spaniards, at the rate of 120,000 francs a month, will be distributed by the junta."

To conciliate the opposing parties, especially the extremes of republicanism and royalty, and muster his legions for conflict, was a work no mind but Napoleon's would have attempted. He enlarged the liberty of the press, and prepared "An act additional to the constitutions of the empire," the latter of which was submitted to Joseph and other influential leaders of the discordant masses. The additional decrees provided in form for the arrangement of a free representative constitution; hereditary monarchy; an hereditary peerage; a house of representatives, chosen by the people, at least once within every five years; yearly taxes, levied only by the whole legislature; responsible ministers; irremovable judges; and in all criminal cases whatever, the trial by jury.

This amendment, which secured, it cannot be denied, the rights of the people to a degree greatly exceeding the best monarchies of Europe, was accepted by the electoral colleges, and Napoleon designated the 1st of

June for a grand assemblage on the field of Mars, to approve his resumption of sovereignty, and give imposing effect to the new order of things. The vast area of that renowned plain was thronged with the millions of soldiery and citizens. The emperor appeared on the elevated platform in robes of royalty, and stood by the altar at which the Archbishop of Rouen performed religious rites. Amid thunders of applause he received the oath of fidelity from the army, distributed the eagles, and then retired to contemplate in silence, as the roar of artillery died away, the doubtful struggle into which his faithful battalions must enter. The plan of the campaign was to cross the frontier, and fall upon the enemy unexpectedly, and beat back the overwhelming tide. Paris was fortified, and all the outposts strengthened. Upon the 12th day of June, with the dawning light, Napoleon left the Tuilleries to join his army.

"It was a fearful crisis. With a fortitude and heroism, which commands the admiration of the world, did Napoleon meet it. He was, as it were, alone. Josephine was dead. Maria Louisa and his idolized son were prisoners in the saloons of the allies. Eugene was dethroned, and entangled in the court of the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law. Murat was wandering a fugitive, in hourly peril of being shot.* Lannes, Bessieres, Duroc, were dead. Berthier, ashamed to meet his old master, had followed the fortunes of the Bourbons. Marmot was a traitor at Ghent. Oudinot and Macdonald, honorable men, still regarded as sacred their oath of fidelity to the Bourbons. Ney, having through the dictates of his heart, violated his oath, disheartened by the sense of dishonor, had lost his power." The emperor hoped to meet the forces of Wellington

* Afterward executed.

and Blucher before other divisions of the magnificent host surrounding him could unite their strength. Upon the 13th Napoleon was at Avesnes, one hundred and fifty miles from the capital, where were gathered all his available troops, amounting to one hundred and thirty-five thousand men. He reviewed them on the 14th, reminded them that it was the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, and said, "Are they and we no longer the same men? The madmen! a moment of prosperity has blinded them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people is beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb. Soldiers! we have forced marches, battles, and dangers before us. For every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is arrived to conquer or to perish!" Such was his oration; and never was army more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of its chief.

"Blucher's army numbered at this time about one hundred thousand men, and extending along the line of the Sambre and the Meuse, occupied Charleroi, Namur, Givet, and Liege. They communicated on the right with the left of the Anglo-Belgian army, under Wellington, whose headquarters were at Brussels. This army was not composed, like Blucher's or Napoleon's, of troops of the same nation. The duke had under his command seventy-six thousand men. His first division occupied Enghein, Brain-le-Compte, and Nivelles, communicating with the Prussian right at Charleroi. The second division (Lord Hill's) was cantoned at Halle, Oudenard, and Gramont—where was the most of the cavalry. The reserve (Sir Thomas Picton's) were at Brussels and Ghent. The English and Prussian commanders had thus arranged their troops, with the view of being able to support each other, wherever the French might hazard their assault.

It could not be doubted that Napoleon's mark was Brussels; but by which of the three great routes of Namur, of Charleroi, or of Mons, he designed to force his passage, could not be ascertained beforehand. Fouché, indeed, doubly and trebly dyed in treason, had, when accepting office under Napoleon, continued to maintain his correspondence with Louis at Ghent, and promised to furnish the allies with the outline of the emperor's plan of the campaign ere it began. But the minister of police took care that this document should not arrive until the campaign was decided.

"On the morning of the 15th, the French drove in all the outposts on the west bank of the Sambre, and at length assaulted Charleroi, thus revealing the purpose of the emperor—to crush Blucher ere he could concentrate all his own strength, far less be supported by the advance of Wellington. Ziethen, however, held out, though with severe loss, at Charleroi so long, that the alarm spread along the whole Prussian line; and then fell back in good order on a position between Ligny and Amand; where Blucher now waited Napoleon's attack, at the head of the whole of his army, except the division of Bulow, which had not yet come up from Liege. The scheme of beating the Prussian divisions in detail had therefore failed; but the second part of the plan, namely, that of separating them wholly from Wellington, might still succeed. And with this view, while Blucher was concentrating his force about Ligny, the French held on the main road to Brussels from Charleroi, and, beating in some Nassau troops at Frasnes, followed them as far as *Quatre-Bras;* and finally took possession of that farmhouse, so called because it is there that the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Nivelles to Namur, cross each other.

Blucher had prepared to meet Napoleon, through the

treachery of General Bourmont, who deserted on the eve of battle, and carried the intelligence of his advance and intended surprise. But for this desertion, the issue of the struggle might have been greatly changed.

Intelligence of the emperor's movements reached Wellington at six o'clock in the evening. The rumor did not prevent a brilliant ball which had been arranged by the Duchess of Richmond for the principal officers of the army.

The clouds were rolling away from Napoleon's star, while the thunder of his cannon broke upon the festive mirth of the gay assemblage. At dead of night the bugle sounded, and the drum's stirring beat was heard in the streets of Brussels.

Upon the 16th, the emperor marched toward Ligny, which the Prince of Orange had retaken with the Nivelles road, reopening the communication of Blucher with Brussels. Unexpectedly he encountered that general leading eighty thousand men, with a division of sixty thousand. The day wore away amid terrible battle-scenes, and night hung a curtain of darkness over the horrors of the calmer field when the roar of combat had ceased.

Napoleon was victorious, and had Ney, according to orders, come up to intercept the retreat of the Prussian troops, the rout might have been complete. The brave Ney upon reaching Quatre-Bras the evening of the 15th, heard nothing of the foe at this point, and anticipated its occupation in the morning without serious opposition. His weary soldiers lay down beneath the wings of a tempest upon the drenched ground, to snatch a brief repose. Meanwhile Wellington was at Quatre-Bras, and to the dismay of Marshal Ney, prepared with a formidable array of disciplined troops, to dispute his

further progress. A sanguinary encounter failed to open a passage for the heroic marshal. Wellington, hearing of Blucher's defeat, fell back to the more advantageous field of Waterloo, to join the Prussian army.

Napoleon, in his bulletins, announced two splendid victories at Quatre-Bras and Ligny, costing the allies twenty-five thousand men, and the French nearly twenty thousand. These results awoke the enthusiasm of the nation to its former ardor, and again invested Napoleon's name with the terror which lost its power when the *Undaunted* turned her prow toward Elba.

Leaving Grouchy on the track of the Prussian division of the allied army, the emperor hastened to Quatre-Bras to unite with Ney and advance upon Wellington, if possible to secure a battle before the arrival of Blucher who was within a few miles of the duke with seventy thousand troops. Toward night of the 17th, Napoleon came in sight of Waterloo. Expressing an intense desire for a few hours more of day, he went forth in the storm to reconnoiter the position of the enemy. He sent orders to Grouchy to continue his pursuit of the Prussians, and be prepared to aid him in any emergency which might arise.

Napoleon and Wellington had each about seventy thousand men. The English forces extended their lines more than a mile, and were nearly that distance from the town of Waterloo, on a gentle slope, separated from the broad plain by a beautiful declivity. In front were the most reliable troops, then those who had already severely suffered in the previous battle, and behind both were posted the horse. The waiting foe lay in a convex form, bending at each extreme toward the forest of Soignies. It was a wide and open field—a fit arena for the grand and terrible strife at hand, and

affording the most favorable ground for retreat, and renewed defense to the duke in case of defeat.

"Finally the day of Napoleon's last battle broke in clouds and wind, after a night of tempest. It was Sunday—a day which, since the time of the Saviour, Christian nations have devoted to mercy, adoration, and repose. But the Sabbath of the 18th of June, 1815, witnessed the struggle of one hundred and fifty thousand men grappling with each other in the terrible work of destruction, and whoever may have rejoiced in the result, the carnage of that day filled Europe with mourning. At eleven o'clock Napoleon's bugles gave the signal; Jerome advanced with a column of six thousand men, and the battle of Waterloo began. Under the cover of heavy batteries, whose balls flew on their errand of death over the heads of his troops, the King of Westphalia charged the right wing of Wellington, which rested on the Chateau of Hougomont. Slowly the engagement extended, from point to point, and division closed with division, till the tide of battle had swept over the plain—two miles from wing to wing—and one hundred and fifty thousand men had closed in the terrific struggle. The battle had now lasted from eleven till four, and ten thousand men had fallen every hour. Broken, bleeding, and exhausted battalions had charged, and closed, and recoiled, and so equal had been the conflict that victory seemed about to fold its wings over a mutual slaughter."

Wellington's columns began to waver, and Napoleon felt the joy of anticipated triumph, when thirty thousands troops, under Bulow, deployed into the field. This advance guard of the Prussian army poured their tempest of death upon the columns of the French. Napoleon sent ten thousand men to beat back the fiery wave of destruction; charging impetuously, they

succeeded, and hope again brightened over the emperor, whose restless eye was often turned with intense anxiety toward the slopes across which Grouchy would wheel his columns into the plain. The marshal heard the awful cannonade, but still refused to deviate from his original orders, and couriers had failed to reach him from Waterloo. Still the emperor's ranks swept down upon the enemy with desolating effect. Wellington was also impatiently looking for help, and as he saw the falling lines, and the drops of bitter emotion gathered upon his brow, he exclaimed, despairingly, "Would to heaven that Blucher or night would come!" The French cuirassiers charged the right of the British, and were permitted to advance within ten yards when a deadly fire drove them back. Again and again they rallied, rode between the squares, and were cut down by the cross fire, till the splendid body of cavaliers was slain. Then the blaze of artillery gleamed the whole length of the French line, and the enemy were ordered to lie on the ground, to escape the iron hail that filled the air.

At this crisis, Blucher emerged from the woods, and uniting with Bulow, led sixty thousand troops to the standard of Wellington. Napoleon discovered in a moment the peril—the day must be won or lost by a desperate, decisive blow. The Old Guard, the glory of all his armies, had been kept in reserve.

Forming them into two columns, and putting them under the command of the dauntless Ney, he pointed to the terrific forest into which they must move like a falling bolt from the clouds. A throne, and the future of empires, hung on the issue of the hour. As the Imperial Guard marched forward in silence, Napoleon said, "Heroes of all my victories, I confide to you my empire." They answered with a single shout, "Vive

l'Empereur!" and without a note of martial music, they went with resolute step toward the glittering steel, and yawning mouths of war's wasting engines, over which stood the manliest forms of England and her allies. Ney had never been conquered, and the desertion of his sovereign, moved him to the onset with burning ardor. Napoleon from the elevation watched the meeting of the fearless band with the waiting legions.

The plain was crossed, and the Old Guard made a charge to which no battle-plain had trembled before. In flame and smoke they disappeared, and neither they nor Napoleon knew where they were. The shock was felt along the columns of the Iron Duke, and made a momentary pause, only to pour a more consuming fire upon the devoted band. Napoleon saw through his glass the slaughter of that last defense of his throne, and with a paleness on his face, and anguish in his heart, threw himself into a square, resolved to perish with his dying heroes. Cambronne, the commander of the troops around the emperor, entreated him to save his life. He yielded, and, turning away from the exultant enemy, rode toward Paris. The remnant of the brave men, who gazed after Napoleon, was soon surrounded by the victors, and a flag of truce sent to spare the needless carnage. Cambronne replied in the memorable words of heroism, "*The Guard dies; it never surrenders!*" The sound of his voice died away in the fresh volley of balls, and soon the Old Guard was no more. Night came down, and the good angels watched with grief over forty thousand bleeding bodies of the slain, while the silence of their vigil was broken by the groans of many hundreds wounded and writhing in a bed of gore.

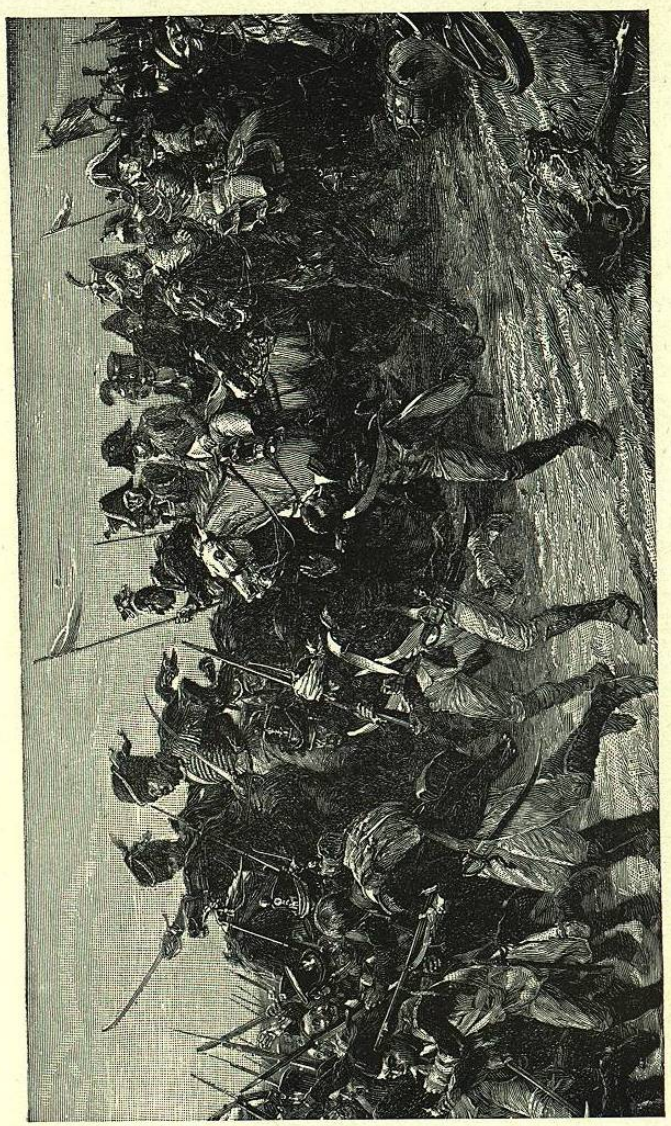
Wellington had lost one hundred officers and fif-

teen thousand men; while of the seventy-five thousand Napoleon led to battle, no more than thirty thousand ever bore arms again. The Prussians pursued the flying fugitives, and butchery crimsoned every village and hamlet in their path. Napoleon hastened to Quatre-Bras, and contemplated still another rally, which was there proposed, then proceeded to Charleroi, riding all night, while the sound of pursuit came to his ear on the quiet air.

"On the 19th the capital had been greeted with the news of three great victories, at Charleroi, at Ligny, and at Quatre-Bras, and one hundred and thirty cannon fired in honor of the emperor's successes; his partisans proclaimed that the glory of France was secured, and dejection filled the hearts of the royalists. On the morning of the 21st it transpired that Napoleon had arrived the night before alone at the Elysée. The secret could no longer be kept. A great, a decisive field had been fought, and the French army was no more.

"On how sandy a foundation the exile of Elba had rebuilt the semblance of his ancient authority, a few hours of adversity were more than sufficient to show."

He conversed freely with Caulaincourt upon the disasters of the day, bitterly condemned Bourmont, complained of Grouchy, and expressed his purpose of uniting the two Chambers in an imperial sitting. But they had anticipated his order, when the tidings of Waterloo reached them. The allies, like a locust-swarm, a million strong, were ready to fall upon Paris, and panic spread through the capital. Napoleon assembled the Council of State, and vividly portraying the crisis of the nation, urged the necessity of a temporary dictatorship to save the fortunes of France. Carnot, it seems, now approved the measure, and gave his voice for it. But it was affirmed that in the Cham-



THE RETREAT FROM WATERLOO.

bers the tide was setting against the emperor, and the sacrifice of their former idol was plainly the ruling sentiment. Lafayette was the advocate of this last resort, to avoid "the seas of blood" which must flow if the effort to regain the throne were continued. But Napoleon clung with desperate energy to the crumbling scepter in his hand. He planned a new campaign to sweep the allies from the soil—already drenched in the life-current, and fattened with the bodies of men. The Chambers continued for several days their stormy debate. Lucien who, with Joseph had repaired to the Elysée, advised the emperor to rally the relics of his Guard and dissolve the hostile assemblies as he had done at St. Cloud on the 19th of Brumaire. The trancendent genius of Napoleon, under the pressure of these opposing forces, and sustaining the agony of a crushed heart, was bewildered; and Lucien, in view of it always said, "The smoke of Mont St. Jean had turned his brain."

During these mental conflicts and excited debates, the Chambers had reached the vote upon the emperor's abdication, when, having seen the unavoidable and overwhelming necessity, he sent by the hand of the willing, treasonable Fouché, who secretly rejoiced in the overthrow of Napoleon, the subjoined proclamation "To the French people:"

"Frenchmen! In commencing war for the maintenance of the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills, and all authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me. Circumstances appear to have changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and to have aimed

only at me! My political life is ended; and I proclaim my son, Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. Unite for the public safety, if you would remain an independent nation.—Done at the palace Elysée, June 22d, 1815.

"NAPOLEON."

A fierce discussion followed the reading of this paper. Marshal Ney gave his voice for peace, even with a Bourbon throne. The Chambers finally appointed a deputation to wait upon Napoleon, accept the abdication, and expressing the gratitude of the nation for his great sacrifices and glorious deeds in its behalf. He thanked the delegation—warned them of their mistake—and pointed them to his dynasty as the only hope of France.

Thus closed the second and brief reign of the most gifted sovereign of any age—thus ended *the hundred days* of Napoleon.

CHAPTER X.

The second abdication.—The indecision and distress of Napoleon.—He resolves to take refuge in the United States.—He leaves Malmaison for Rochefort.—Letter from Bertrand to Joseph.—Negotiations with England for passports.—These are denied.—Napoleon throws himself upon the mercy of England.—The reception, and voyage to the English coast.—The decision respecting the emperor's fate.—He contemplates suicide.—The departure for St. Helena.—Arrival at the island.—Napoleon's residence.—His treatment in exile.—His habits.—Progress of disease.—His religious character.—His last hours.—General Bertrand's account of the emperor's death.—His burial.—The removal of his remains to France.

THE last desire of the emperor when he resigned his crown, was the immediate elevation of Napoleon II. to the prospective sovereignty of France. Labedoyer pleaded for it in the Senate. The soldiery caught the enthusiasm of this rallying shout. Fouché, who had been placed at the head of the provisional government, and preferred the Bourbons, became alarmed, and suggested the importance of the emperor's removal from Paris. June 25th, disguised in ordinary apparel, he retired to the lovely grounds and quiet rooms of Malmaison, "but was no longer greeted by the warm embrace of Josephine—the divorced wife had forgotten all her wrongs and her sorrows, in the hallowed precincts of the village church of Ruel. What may have been the feelings of the fallen emperor, as he walked through the deserted halls of Malmaison at midnight in the midst of the ruins of his empire, and so near the ashes of his divorced Josephine, we do not wish to know. As he had lingered at the Kremlin, Dresden, and Fontainebleau—the three stages of his ruin—so did he linger at Malmaison. The spell was still over