character for truthfulness, he certainly was no model of resignation—no martyr, calm in conscious rectitude and purity of purpose. The visions of individual and widespread suffering of Egypt, Spain, and Russia, and, more than all else, of *Josephine*, which swept over the horizon of thought, must have increased his disquietude, and irritable moods. It is true, he bore eloquent testimony to the transcendent excellence of the Scriptures, and the deity of Christ, but not a day in his life displayed the practical power of either upon his heart.

His manner of living was regular and abstemious; "he never took more than two meals a day, and concluded each with a cup of coffee. He generally breakfasted about ten o'clock, and dined at eight. He preferred plain food, and ate plentifully, with an apparent appetite. A very few glasses of claret, scarce amounting to an English pint, which he chiefly drank at dinner, completed his meal. He sometimes drank champagne, but his constitutional sobriety was such that a large glass of that wine would bring the color to his cheek; and it may be truly said that few men were ever less influenced by the appetites peculiar to man than Bonaparte. He was exceedingly particular as to the neatness and cleanliness of his person, and this habit he preserved till his death."

In converse with friends, when his kingly mind displayed on social, civil, scientific and moral themes, the amazing scope of its knowledge and its penetration—in walks, which gradually ceased as his antipathy toward the espionage under which he moved became more intense—in dictating protests against the cruelty of his foes, and memoirs with which to embalm and vindicate his fame—Napoleon passed more than five years of captivity; which drew to it the

interest of the world—an interest born of idolatrous admiration, intellectual homage, military enthusiasm, kindest sympathy, and deepest hate.

The neglect of exercise, and the mental struggles of the emperor began to develop constitutional disease, and weaken those physical energies which were no less marvelous than his versatile genius. In 1817 the decay of strength became visible, and with intervals of relief and comfortable convalescence, he steadily declined. O'Meara was his medical attendant till the summer of 1818, when Sir Hudson Lowe removed him on account of his sympathy with Napoleon. The lieutenant-general offered him the services of an English physician, which were promptly refused. The following year the British government consented to the appointment of another medical adviser by his friends in Europe; and Dr. Antomarchi, an atheist, accompanied by two Romish priests, at the suggestion of Napoleon, arrived at St. Helena. The interviews with these ecclesiastics were evidently without much spiritual benefit. Notwithstanding the effort of a late writer to invest the captive's whole character, especially when its finishing touches were received under the deepening shadows of his last hours, with Christian graces, we hear him discoursing of the Elysian fields, where he anticipated meeting with his marshals, with Hannibal, and Cæsar, and having a pleasant talk over their battles; unless, he continued, "it should create an alarm in the spirit-world to see so many warriors assembled together." This certainly was nothing better than trifling, and the whole tenor of his conversation on this momentous theme was wanting in any satisfactory recognition of his relations to God, and his mission among men. At the close of 1820 his symptoms grew worse; his stomach rejected food; his repose was dis-

turbed, and his frame became emaciated. While the succeeding spring was clothing the wild forests with verdure, and hanging flowers upon the cliffs of St. Helena, Napoleon was rapidly sinking in the embrace of his fatal malady. He made the disposition of his gifts to friends, and dictated his will, which contained "for a codicil, ten thousand francs to the wretch who attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington."

The reason assigned for this astonishing act of a dying man, is, that "Cantallon had as much right to murder that oligarchist, as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena."

But the close of the scenes of earth drew near. May 3d the last sacraments of the Catholic church were administered by Abbé Vignali. The night of the 4th was one of delirium. The tempest began to rise, while the most fearful conflict of the greatest conqueror of men was subsiding in the victory of his last enemy.

Amid the roar of elements, his mighty—ambitious—broken heart—shouted wildly, "Tête d'armée!" *Head of the army!* The morning broke upon the spent warrior; helpless in the stupor of death's approach, he lay till the tempestuous day was fading into evening, when the proud spirit passed away to the righteous tribunal of the King of kings.

A post-mortem examination revealed, what Napoleon had for some time previous to his death suspected, that like his father before him, he was the victim of a cancer in the stomach—aggravated by those influences which of themselves would have made inroads upon his fine constitution.

A letter from Bertrand addressed to Joseph, who had taken refuge in America, and was living in New Jersey, gives an interesting narrative of these events:

BERTRAND TO JOSEPH.

"London, September 10, 1821.

"Prince—I write to you for the first time since the awful misfortune which has been added to the sorrows of your family. Uncertain whether a letter would reach you, as I was not quite sure of your address, I hoped that a letter from you or from Rome would acquaint me with it. I have decided on depositing this letter with Messrs. Baring, and I hope that you will receive it.

"Your highness is acquainted with the events of the first years of this cruel exile; many persons who have visited St. Helena have informed you of what was still more interesting to you—the manner of living and the unkind treatment which aggravated the influences of a deadly climate.

"In the last year of his life, the emperor, who for four years had taken no exercise, altered extremely in appearance: he became pale and feeble. From that time his health deteriorated rapidly and visibly. He had always been in the habit of taking baths; he now took them more frequently and stayed longer in them: they appeared to relieve him for the time.

"Latterly, Dr. Antomarchi forbade him their use, as he thought that they only increased his weakness.

"In the month of August he took walking exercise, but with difficulty; he was forced to stop every minute. In the first years he used to walk while dictating; he walked about his room, and thus did without the exercise which he feared to take out of doors lest he should expose himself to insult. But latterly his strength would not admit even of this. He remained sitting nearly all day, and discontinued almost all occupation. His health declined sensibly every month,

"Once in September, and again in the beginning of October, he rode out, as his physicians desired him to take exercise; but he was so weak that he was obliged to return in his carriage. He ceased to digest; his debility increased. Shivering fits came on, which extended even to the extremities; hot towels applied to the feet gave him some relief. He suffered from these colds fits to the last hour of his life. As he could no longer either walk or ride, he took several drives in an open carriage at a foot pace, but without gaining strength. He never took off his dressing-gown. His stomach rejected food, and at the end of the year he was forced to give up meat; he lived upon jellies and soups. For some time he ate scarcely anything, and drank only a little pure wine, hoping thus to support nature without fatiguing the digestion; but the vomiting continued, and he returned to soups and jellies. The remedies and tonics which were tried produced little effect. His body grew weaker every day, but his mind retained its strength.

"He liked reading and conversation; he did not dictate much, although he did so from time to time up to the last days of his life. He felt that his end was approaching, and he frequently recited the passage from 'Zaïre' which finishes with this line:—

"'A revoir Paris je ne dois plus pretendre.'

Nevertheless the hope of leaving this dreadful country often presented itself to his imagination; some newspaper articles and false reports excited our expectations. We sometimes fancied that we were on the eve of starting for America; we read travels, we made plans, we arrived at your house, we wandered over that immense country, where alone we might hope to enjoy

liberty. Vain hopes! vain projects; which only made us doubly feel our misfortunes.

"They could not have been borne with more serenity and courage, I might almost add gaiety. He often said to us in the evening, 'Where shall we go? to the Theater Français, or to the Opera?' And then he would read a tragedy by Corneille, Voltaire, or Racine; an opera of Quinault's or one of Molière's comedies. His strong mind and powerful character were perhaps even more remarkable than on that larger theater where he eclipsed all that is brightest in ancient and in modern history. He often seemed to forget what he had been. I was never tired of admiring his philosophy and courage, the good sense and the fortitude which raised him above misfortune.

"At times, however, sad regrets and recollections of what he had done, contrasted with what he might have done, presented themselves. He talked of the past with perfect frankness; persuaded that on the whole he had done what he was required to do, and not sharing the strange and contradictory opinions which we hear expressed every day on events which are not understood by the speakers. If the conversation took a melancholy turn, he soon changed it; he liked to talk of Corsica, of his old uncle Lucien, of his youth, of you, and of all the rest of the family.

"Toward the middle of March fever came on. From that time he scarcely left his bed, except for about half an hour in the day; he seldom had the strength to shave. He now for the first time became extremely thin. The fits of vomiting became more frequent. He then questioned the physicians on the conformation of the stomach, and about a fortnight before his death he had pretty nearly guessed that he was dying of cancer. He was read to almost every day, and dic-

tated a few days before his decease. He often talked naturally as to the probable mode of his death; but when he became aware that it was approaching he left off speaking on the subject. He thought much about you and your children. To his last moment he was kind and affectionate to us all; he did not appear to suffer so much as might have been expected from the cause of his death. When we questioned him, he said that he suffered a little, but that he could bear it. His memory declined during the last five or six days; his deep sighs, and his exclamations from time to time, made us think that he was in great pain. He looked at us with the penetrating glance which you know so well; we tried to dissimulate, but he was so used to read our faces that no doubt he frequently discovered our anxiety. He felt too clearly the gradual decline of his faculties not to be aware of his state.

"For the last two hours he neither spoke nor moved; the only sound was his difficult breathing, which gradually but regularly decreased; his pulse ceased; and so died, surrounded only by a few servants, the man who had dictated laws to the world, and whose life should have been preserved for the sake of the happiness and glory of our sorrowing country.

"Forgive, Prince, a hurried letter, which tells you so little, when you wish to know so much; but I should never end if I attempted to tell all.

"You are so far off, that I know not when I shall have the honor of seeing you again. I must not omit to say that the emperor was most anxious that his correspondence with the different sovereigns of Europe should be printed; he repeated this to us several times. In his will the emperor expressed a wish that his remains should be buried in France; however, in the last days of his life he ordered me, if there was any difficulty about it, to lay him by the side of the fountain whose waters he had so long drank."

Napoleon's body was dressed as in life, "with white waistcoat, and breeches, black cravat, long boots, and cocked hat." Thus laid out in a room hung with mourning, the military cloak worn at Marengo thrown over his feet, and a crucifix on his breast, the Abbé Vignali said prayers for the repose of his soul, while the spreading intelligence of his death brought many to the place of mourning. On the morning of the 8th, the corpse was removed to a coffin of tin, enclosed in lead, which was covered by another of mahogany, and drawn by four horses, was borne to the secluded spot the departed emperor had chosen.

Sir Hudson Lowe remarked amid these last offices, "He was England's greatest enemy and mine too; but I forgive him." The 27th witnessed the embarkation of the household friends of Napoleon for France.

July, 1830, brought a new revolution there—the Bourbons were driven from the throne, and Louis Phillipe crowned. The Chamber of Deputies presented a petition, asking for a demand upon the English government for the remains of Napoleon to repose, according to his desire, upon the banks of the Seine. But decisive action was delayed. In July, 1832, the only son of the emperor, named King of Rome, but called by the Austrian monarch the Duke of Reichstadt, died at the age of twenty-one years—terminating, in a direct line, the dynasty for which a wife had been immolated upon the altar of ambition.

In the spring of 1840, M. Guizot presented the claim for Napoleon's ashes to the British ministry. A few days later, the following note was sent by Lord Palmerston, in reply:

"The government of her Britannic Majesty hopes that the promptness of its answer may be considered in France as a proof of its desire to blot out the last trace of those national animosities which, during the life of the emperor, armed England and France against each other. Her majesty's government hopes that if such sentiments survive anywhere, they may be buried in the tomb about to receive the remains of Napoleon."

Accordingly the Prince de Joinville, with two warships, sailed for St. Helena. He arrived on the 8th of October, and upon the 15th, the anniversary day of Napoleon's landing there, the work of exhuming the remains commenced. After nine hours of labor, the coffin was lifted to the light of heaven. The coverings of the silent form were removed, and there, undecayed, lay the marble face, whose expression had awed the kings of Europe. A tempest rose and sounded the requiem of the funeral march of the second burial, as it had done the transit of his soul to the realm of spirits.

Amid the firing of salutes, and beneath flying banners, the coffin was conveyed to the ship. It sailed on the 18th of October for France—a quarter of a century after his exile began.

December 2d, the flotilla reached the harbor of Cherbourg, where the remains were received by the steamship *Normandy,* and conveyed to the mouth of the Seine. The progress of the imposing ceremonial was attended by all the display of popular enthusiasm peculiar to the nation, and which was so grateful to the living emperor, but now fell upon the rayless eye, and "dull, cold ear of death."

At Havre, the rich sarcophagus of ebony was placed on an imperial barge in the miniature chapel, covered

with emblems of mourning, and the funeral cortege of twelve steamers moved up the river Seine, toward Paris.

Along the banks, for a hundred miles, the populace stood in endless lines, and over them waved gorgeous flags—and above them rose the triumphal arches and pyramids covered with purple and spangled with golden stars. We cannot feel for a moment in the sober light of revelation, that the answer to a question proposed by a biographer of the departed warrior, is at all doubtful of solution: "Did Napoleon, from the spirit land, witness this scene, and rejoice in the triumph of his fame?" He had to do with more serious employments, and a calmer, clearer review of his crimson path of renown, than the illusions of earth allowed.

In the afternoon of the 14th, the cortege arrived at Courbevoie four miles from the capital.

A statue of Josephine welcomed the ashes of him who had broken her heart, while Maria Louisa was quietly living at Parma, apparently careless of the stirring pageantry as the throngs were forgetful of her.

The remains were taken on shore to a Grecian temple constructed for the occasion, and thence placed upon a magnificent funeral car. Thronged with excited millions, the royal chariot passed on to the church of the Invalids, which was decorated with splendor exceeding that of any oriental palace. Upon the shoulders of thirty-two of the Old Guard, it was borne toward its resting place in the temple, when Louis Philippe and the dignitaries of state advanced to receive the sacred relics.

The coffin was deposited in the catafalque, the sword of Napoleon laid upon it by General Bertrand, mass was celebrated, and the crowd slowly left the illustrious

dead to the silence of that repose which mocks the strife, the ambition, and the glory of men.

Napoleon was *great*—intellectually towering above the princes and monarchs of many generations, as Mont Blanc overtops the Alps and the Apennines. He had no rival in the tactics of war—in the sanguinary tragedies, whose actors were kings, and whose arena was a hemisphere. His ardent imagination was under the guidance of reason, whose intuitions were clear as morning light, and as rapid in their comprehensive action. His sovereignty was more elevating to the masses, and far-reaching in its aims, than that of any of his lauded foes. But he was "*a moral dwarf,*" and even in his magnanimous deeds, always advanced *his fame.* He aspired after unquestioned preeminence among the thrones of Europe, but he had not the higher qualities of heart and the pure philanthropy which would have made it safe to hold the power that seemed at times within his grasp.

Rulers and people of future generations will muse with wondering over his brilliant career—the wide-spread suffering which attended it—the noble deeds, the gigantic crimes, and the retributive fall of

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE END.