

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

No. 28.

LIFE
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE;

CONTAINING

A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY EDUCATION,

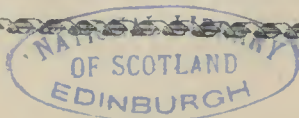
HIS MILITARY CAREER,

HIS OVERTHROW AT WATERLOO,

HIS EXILE, AND DEATH.

GLASGOW :
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.
1850.

Price One Penny.



LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio on the 15th of August, 1768. In early youth, he was adroit, lively, and agile in the extreme, and had acquired, it is said, a complete ascendancy over his elder brother, Joseph, who was often beaten and ill-treated; if complaints were carried to the mother, she usually advocated the part of Napoleon, and seldom allowed Joseph to speak in his own defence.

The French government, regarding education as one of the most efficacious means of modifying the national character, and attaching the rising generation to the interests of France, decided that a certain number of young Corsicans, belonging to families possessing the greatest influence, should be educated in French seminaries; and Napoleon was, in consequence, entered as king's scholar in the military school of Brienne.

On entering the school of Brienne, Napoleon had attained his tenth year, at which tender period of life, he displayed a very marked character. Unlike other boys, the sports of infancy were uncongenial to his opening mind; he courted the shades of solitude, and gloom was familiar to his soul. Impressed with such sentiments, his company was little sought by his fellow students, and when he did appear among them, his presence threw a damp upon their occupations, as he invariably addressed them in the language of

admonition, rather than joining in the pastimes of youth.

Such a singularity of temper was accompanied by many traits of genius, when that particular science presented itself which rivetted his whole attention; no sooner were the first principles of mathematics taught Napoleon by his preceptor, Father Patraut, than he applied himself with such unremitting assiduity, that his progress kept pace with the eager thirst he had evinced after knowledge. That branch was immediately followed by fortification, and the other military sciences, to all of which the student attached himself with undiminished ardour; while his hours of amusement were spent in perusing the histories of ancient Rome and Greece, whose instructive pages constituted an inexhaustible source of recreation and delight.

So great was Bonaparte's ardour for improvement, that, even while at school, he never suffered a day to pass with satisfaction to himself, in which he did not find his ideas extended and his knowledge increased. Thanking his mother, in one of his letters, for the great care she had manifested in forwarding his education and future advancement, he made use of the following emphatic words:—"*With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world.*"

When about seventeen years of age, Napoleon had a narrow escape for his life. While swimming in the Seine, the cramp seized him, and after several ineffectual struggles, he sank. At the moment in question, he subsequently declared, that he had experienced the sensations of dying, and lost all recollection. However, after sinking, the current forced him upon a sandbank, where he lay senseless for some time, till restored to animation by the aid of his young companions, who had witnessed the accident. In the first instance, they had given him up for lost, not

conceiving that the current would have conveyed him to such a distance.

In 1783, Napoleon was one of the scholars who, at the annual competition at Brienne, was appointed to be sent to the military school at Paris, in order to finish his education; M. Keralio, the inspector at Brienne, being particularly attached to young Napoleon.

In the year 1785, Bonaparte was admitted into the artillery; and proceeded from the military school at Paris to the regiment de la Ferre in quality of second lieutenant. Born amidst a republican contest in his native island, it became his destiny to burst into manhood at the moment when the country of his choice had engaged in that struggle which opened a boundless field for the military adventurer; there being much in his habits and manners applicable to the situation allotted him.

From the period when Bonaparte had the command of a battalion in Corsica, 1791, until the beginning of 1793, with some short intermissions, he was occupied in pursuing his studies, in mathematics, and going through the ordinary routine of his profession.

Upon joining his regiment at Valence, Napoleon was introduced to Madame Colombier, a lady about fifty years of age, endowed with many estimable qualities, and one of the most distinguished personages in the place, who entertained a great regard for the young artillery officer. By that lady, Bonaparte was introduced to the Abbe de St. Ruffe, a man of considerable property, who associated with the most distinguished persons in the environs; and the same female frequently prognosticated that Napoleon would rise to eminence. Her death took place on the breaking out of the revolution, an event in which she had taken very great interest, nor did the emperor ever speak of Madame Colombier, but with expressions of the tenderest gratitude.

On his return to Corsica, after the memorable 10th of August, of the same year, Bonaparte at length found an opportunity for the exercise of his military talents. France being proclaimed a Republic, was threatened and attacked by all the powers of Europe. More than a million of Republicans flew to arms, and, in a short time, the French forces appeared on the territories of those powers who had been expelled from the soil of France. Belgium was conquered; Savoy invaded; while a fleet had sailed from Toulon, under the orders of Admiral Truguet. Bonaparte was entrusted with that expedition, which seized upon the island and fort St. Etienne, as well as the Isle de la Madeleine, belonging to the King of Sardinia. He was, however, soon compelled to evacuate those places, as the disasters sustained by the fleet had affected the success of the whole expedition.

Nothing could be more deplorable than Bonaparte's prospects at the period in question; and nothing more uncertain than his future destiny. He, notwithstanding, felt a persuasion that Fortune might not always abandon him; and was well aware a vast scene still lay open to his views. It was then he was heard to ejaculate—“*In a revolution, a soldier should never despair, if he possesses courage and genius.*”

Having re-entered the corps of artillery, Napoleon passed as first lieutenant in the fourth regiment of that corps, and, a few months after, rose by right of seniority, to the rank of captain, in the second company of the same corps, then in garrison at Nice. This occurred in 1793, and subsequent to this period his name attracted general notice throughout France.

The mercantile town of Toulon having been threatened by the so-termed Jacobinical party, the citizens implored the aid of the English and Spanish admirals—Lord Hood and Gravina, who were cruising off their port; and several battalions of marines were in consequence sent for their protection. Toulon thus

declared itself for the ancient colours of France, and being thus in possession of the above-named powers, the French assembled an army of thirty thousand men, prepared for a siege.

Bonaparte not only performed all that could be expected of him, but frequently rectified the errors of others, and displayed the superiority of his genius to more than one officer officiating as his superior in rank. Preserving his dignity with the representatives sent by the Convention to Toulon, as in regard to every one else, he trusted such self-confidence would be justified by ultimate success. One of the representatives having made some observation upon the position of a battery, "Look to your own business," said Bonaparte, "and leave me to follow mine. The battery must remain where it is; I will answer for its effect with my head."

In the heat of the action, Bonaparte was at all times officer and soldier; on the capture of a redoubt, fighting near Marshal Suchet, then only a captain, he undertook to load a gun, at which an artillery man had just been killed, and making use of the ramrod whilst it was warm, contracted a disease that returned for a length of time, under a variety of forms; this feat he often recollected, as having been one of the first of his military career. The general attack of the besiegers was made upon Toulon, from the land side, on the 16th of December; when neither the severity of the season, nor the unceasing wetness of the weather, could damp the impetuosity of the French troops; those exhausted by fatigue being continually supplied by fresh reinforcements, during this protracted assault, which continued the major part of the siege. The principal redoubt, defended by two thousand men, was carried on the 17th, though protected by a double row of palisades, an intrenched camp, and a cross fire from three batteries. Bonaparte afterwards established a battery upon the promontory of Aigui-

lette, which commanded the English fleet; and other positions, occupied by the English, upon the mountains, were carried at the point of the bayonet. Ultimately compelled to abandon the place, the British retired in the night, and on the 20th of December, the French re-entered Toulon, when they inflicted dreadful vengeance on the royalists left in the city.

The rank of general of brigade was the reward conferred upon Bonaparte, for his services at the siege of Toulon. In 1795, he was appointed General-in-chief of the army, and about the same time, his marriage with Josephine took place.

In February, 1796, the army in Italy might be considered as having no leader, and Napoleon was chosen, as the only man capable of extricating the army from the embarrassing situation in which it was placed.

Free from the restraint he had so long felt in the capital, Napoleon soon gave full scope to that genius which required an ample theatre for action. His departure from Paris, to commence the celebrated Italian campaign of 1796, took place on the 21st of March, when he was the only individual that did not feel astonished at his good fortune. An intimate friend, congratulating him upon that appointment, having testified some surprise at his youth, Bonaparte drily made answer, "I shall return old."

At the period in question, the King of Sardinia, who, from the military and geographical situation of his dominions, was called the "Porter of the Alps," possessed strong fortresses at the opening of all the passages leading into Piedmont. The French army of Italy was then about thirty-one thousand strong, while nearly three times that number were opposed to them, having two hundred pieces of cannon. The character of the French troops was excellent, but the cavalry wretchedly mounted, and very deficient in artillery. They possessed no means of transporting military stores from the arsenals; all the draught

horses having perished through want. The poverty of the French finances was so great, that every effort resorted to by government was only capable of furnishing two thousand louis in specie to the military chest; while an order was issued for all the general officers to receive the wretched pittance of four louis each, by way of outfit. The supply of bread was uncertain, that of meat had long ceased; as for the purposes of conveyance, there remained only two hundred mules, and it was consequently impossible to think of transporting more than twelve pieces of cannon. Bonaparte, thus critically circumstanced, having put the army in motion, issued the following laconic address:—"Soldiers! you are naked and ill fed; much is due, and there is nothing wherewith to pay. The patience and courage you have displayed amidst these rocks are admirable; but they acquire you no glory. I come to conduct you to the most fertile plains in the world: rich provinces, great cities, shall be in your power. There you will acquire wealth, honour, and glory. Soldiers of Italy! can your courage fail?"—Such was the address disseminated among the troops on the 29th of March; and, on the 8th of April, he was within a day's march of Turin, when, having subdued the Sardinian government, he issued the following document:—

"In fifteen days you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one stand of colours, fifty-five pieces of cannon, and conquered the richest territory of Piedmont. Your services are equal to those of the army of Holland and the Rhine. You were in want of every thing, and have provided every thing. You have gained battles without cannon; traversed rivers without bridges; made forced marches without shoes; bivouacked without brandy, and often without bread. None but republican phalanxes could have thus acquitted themselves. For this you have the merited thanks of your country."

After a brilliant series of triumphs, Bonaparte returned to Paris on the 20th of November, 1797, where he was hailed with the most rapturous applause by the people. The most magnificent preparations were made for his reception; entertainments were everywhere given him; the sky resounded with the reiterated shout—"Long live the general of the army of Italy;" he obtained a seat in the Institute, and the troops returning to France made him the subject of their songs. Still, however, he was dissatisfied with the position he held. "I see (said he) if I loiter here, I am done for quickly. Here, every thing grows flat; my glory is already on 'tbe wane. We must to the East."

It has been asserted that in the early part of 1798, Bonaparte was commissioned "to prepare operations for invading England." With this object in view, he made a most minute examination of the coast, and continued to question sailors, pilots, smugglers, and fishermen, till he found the hazard of such an enterprise was too great. An army, however, was raised, and, to cover any future design of Napoleon, it was called "The army of England."

We now touch upon one of the most momentous periods of Bonaparte's astonishing career; we mean his invasion of Egypt, which under every point of view, may rank as a prodigy of human daring.

On the 20th of May, 1798, General Bonaparte put to sea, from the harbour of Toulon, on board *L'Orient*, of 120 guns, bearing the flag of Admiral Bruyès, for the purpose of taking the command of a fleet, which was collecting from the different ports under the dominion of the Republic of France. The voyage commenced with a propitious wind, and the first operation was the taking of Malta. During the continuance of the French fleet at Malta, it is said that the intelligence first reached Bonaparte that Nelson, having penetrated his design, was in

pursuit of him. During the night of the 22nd of June, (the French having departed from Malta on the 19th), the English fleet passed within six leagues of the French fleet! What myriads of human beings would have been preserved had Nelson that night espied his enemy. The squadron, however, escaped, and on the 30th arrived safe before Alexandria. The French immediately commenced an attack upon the town, which capitulated, after a dreadful carnage.

From Alexandria the army took the road to Cairo, and, on the morning of the 10th of July, came in sight of the Pyramids. Napoleon having issued his orders, placed himself in front of his army, and with extended arm, pointing to the Pyramids, exclaimed in the most vehement manner: "Soldiers, think, that from the summits of those monuments, forty ages are at this moment surveying our conduct!" The army, full of enthusiasm, cried out to be led to action; when, being speedily ranged in order of battle, a decisive victory over the quadruple numbers of the enemy was the consequence. This brilliant victory was followed by the surrender of Cairo, on the 22nd of July.

On the 1st of August, 1798, the battle of Aboukir, so fatal to the French navy, took place. On that momentous day for England, nine of the enemy's ships were captured, one frigate sunk; while another vessel and frigate were burnt by their respective crews. Two ships and two frigates were all that escaped falling into the hands of the gallant Nelson. The effect produced by this maritime disaster, it is not for us to conceive.

On the 11th February, 1799, the army marched for Syria, and after traversing the desert, which divides Africa from Asia, took possession of the fortress of El Arish. Gaza next became conquered, and on the 28th the army encamped before Jaffa (the Joppa of the scriptures) where the enemy had con-

siderable forces. The walls were carried by storm, 3,000 Turks died with arms in their hands, and the town was given up during three hours to the fury of the French soldiery. It was here Napoleon ordered 1,200 prisoners to be shot.

The Pacha of Syria, Achmet-Dgezzar, having fortified St. Jean d'Acre with a determination to defend it to the last, Bonaparte pushed his troops forward, and on the 19th led his forces to an eminence which commanded Acre. This celebrated siege, which began on the 20th of March, 1799, was Napoleon's first encounter with an Englishman, and his first disgrace. The name of Sir Sydney Smith will be as immortal as that of the foe he vanquished, while the bravery of the English will be for ever exalted. The siege lasted sixty days, and, long before it was raised, the plague entered Bonaparte's camp, and every day his legions were thinned by the pestilence.

The French army returned to Jaffa, May 24th, and Bonaparte, finding that his hospitals were crowded with sick, sent for a physician, and entered into a long conversation with him respecting the danger of contagion, concluding at last with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and, that *the destruction of the sick already in the hospital, was the only means which could be adopted!* The physician, alarmed at the proposal, remonstrated vehemently against the atrocity of such a murder; but finding that Bonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent.

Bonaparte, however, was not to be diverted from his object by moral considerations; he persevered, and found an apothecary, who consented to become his agent, and to administer poison to the sick. Opium at night was distributed in gratifying food! The wretched unsuspecting victims banqueted, and in a few hours, *five hundred and eighty soldiers, who had*

suffered so much for their country, perished thus miserably by the order of its idol!!

On the 23d of August, 1799, Napoleon conferred the command of the army on General Kleber, and returned to Paris. During his absence in Egypt, it is well known how much France missed his military genius, and with what rapturous acclamations he was hailed on his return.

Many weighty motives existed for effecting a change at this critical period, which might have operated upon the mind of Bonaparte, or any other chief who had the good of his country at heart. He found its government enfeebled to the utmost impotence of childhood, the prey of perpetual caprice and revolutions. He found it without an army, and without the resources for procuring one. He found all public spirit evaporated, and the people in a state of civil war with each other. But, what was most wounding to the becoming pride of a warrior, he found all the conquests he had gained in Europe nearly wrested from his country, and subject to the severe requisitions of those armies he had discomfited.

Let us now mark the reverse: by a blow equally illegal, but equally necessary, he boldly put himself in possession of the supreme power, and in six months he new-modelled the constitution, revived the national credit, re-animated the public spirit, and from every quarter concentrated the abilities of every man of talent and courage; subdued every civil insurrection, and in six weeks, by gaining the battle of Marengo, re-conquered all that had been lost. Never was a campaign so well planned and so completely executed.

The year 1800 terminated triumphantly for the French arms in Italy. And having made peace with Austria, Napoleon was now at liberty to bend his undivided attention towards England; for whatever might be his hopes of effecting an important blow against this country, he knew the appearance might

assist him two ways: it would serve to keep the army employed, and furnish matter for the attention of the Parisians, who would thus be withdrawn from too close a consideration of his own newly-acquired power; and it would also compel us to be continually on the alert, gradually exhaust our resources, and pave the way for a general pacification.

The leading features of the policy of Bonaparte towards England, at this crisis, appear to have been, to excite a confederacy against us among the maritime powers, and to exclude us from all the ports of Europe; then to attack Portugal, our only remaining ally, and if possible subdue her; and finally, by the continued threat of invasion, exhaust our patience and impoverish our finances.

The progress of the Northern Confederacy became every day more marked; Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia, entered into it with avidity. Denmark had long been a pacific nation, never having been engaged in war for upwards of eighty years; it might, therefore, have been presumed that she would reluctantly enter the lists; yet it is remarkable that that power was the first, the last, and the only government, that was engaged in actual hostilities.

Thus situated, early in March a powerful fleet was sent to the Baltic, under the command of Sir Hyde Parker and Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson, with a view of attacking the northern powers ere they could effect their meditated junction with the fleets of France and Holland. The English passed the Sound on the 13th of March, and reconnoitred the Road of Copenhagen, where the Crown-Prince, Regent of Denmark, had made formidable preparations to receive them. It was on the 2nd of April, that Nelson, who had volunteered to lead the assault, having at length obtained a favourable wind, advanced with twelve ships of the line, besides frigates and fire-ships, upon the Danish armament, which consisted of six

sail of the line, eleven floating batteries, and an enormous array of small craft, all chained to each other and to the ground, and protected by the Crown batteries, mounting eighty-eight guns, and the fortifications of the isle of Almack. The battle lasted for four hours, and ended in a signal victory. Some few schooners and bomb vessels fled early, and escaped: the whole Danish fleet, besides, were sunk, burnt, or taken. The Prince Regent, to save the capital from destruction, was compelled to enter into a negotiation, which ended in the abandonment of the French alliance by Denmark. Lord Nelson then reconnoitred Stockholm; but, being unwilling to inflict unnecessary suffering, did not injure the city, on discovering that the Swedish fleet had already put to sea.

During the same month the British arms triumphed in Egypt, upon learning which, Bonaparte is said to have exclaimed—"Well, there remains only the descent on Britain;" and an immense flotilla of flat-bottomed boats were prepared in the harbour of Bologne, while an army of 100,000 troops were assembled on the coasts of France. The attack which Nelson made is no doubt already known to the reader, though that brave commander was unable to remove the flotilla, from the fact that the boats were chained to the shore, defended by long poles headed by spikes of iron projecting from their sides, and placed under land batteries, and protection of musketry from the shore.

The daring attempt, however, was sufficient to prove to the French that they could not leave their harbours with impunity. But Bonaparte was alarmed at the successes of the English, while everything concurred to render peace desirable. A pacific disposition was accordingly manifested, and flags of truce, and flags of defiance, were actually displayed at the same time, and in the same strait; so that

while Boulogne and Dunkirk were bombarded and blockaded by hostile squadrons, the ports of Dover and Calais were frequently visited by the packet boats, and the messengers of the courts of St. James and the Tuileries. At length Lord Hawkesbury, the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, after a long, but secret correspondence with M. Otto, announced on the first of October, the signature of the preliminaries of peace between England on the one part, and Spain, France, and Holland, on the other. This intelligence diffused universal satisfaction all over the kingdom. Amiens, the town assigned for the discussion of the definitive treaty, had been the residence for some months of the ministers of the respective powers. The treaty was signed on the 17th of March.

Great Britain was now at peace with all the powers of Europe, and the least sanguine minds confidently predicted a continuance of amity with France, and the repose of the continent. Happy presages! would they had been fulfilled!!

On the 6th of May, 1802, the definitive treaty of Amiens was presented to the French Tribunate, on which occasion Bonaparte was elected First Consul for life.

Unfortunately for the continuation of the promised happiness of this period, the war of *words*, which finally led to the rupture of the peace of Amiens, commenced soon after the treaty had been signed. In the month of July, M. Otto, the French minister at London, transmitted a note to Lord Hawkesbury, demanding, in the name of his government, the punishment of M. Peltier, for a gross libel which he had published on the First Consul and the whole French nation. To remove all grounds of complaint, an action was brought against Peltier who was found guilty; but the breaking out of war prevented his being brought up for judgment. More important grounds of quarrel

were soon found to widen the breach. The French insisted on the evacuation of Malta, Egypt, and the Cape, to which Great Britain refused to accede. An angry diplomatic correspondence ensued, and in an interview with the British ambassador, Lord Whitworth, the wrath of Bonaparte broke out with great violence. In speaking of Egypt, he said, that if he had felt the smallest inclination to take possession of it by force, he might have done it a month ago, by sending 25,000 men to Abonkir. "This he should not do, whatever might be his desire to have it for a colony, because he did not think it worth the risk of a war; sooner or later Egypt would belong to France." "As a proof of his desire to maintain peace, he wished to know what he had to gain by going to war with England. A descent was the only means of defence he had, and that he was determined to attempt, by putting himself at the head of the expedition."—He acknowledged there were a hundred chances to one against him, but still he was determined to attempt it, if war should be the consequence of the present discussion.—He then expatiated on the natural force of the two countries, France with an army of 480,000 men—and England with a fleet that made her mistress of the seas, might, by a proper understanding, govern the world, but by their strife will overturn it.

Thus it appears that Malta was made the apple of discord, and the fatal brand by which the flames of war, scarcely extinguished, were again lighted up.

On the 19th of May, 1803, Lord Whitworth arrived in London from Paris, and on the day preceding, his Britannic Majesty's declaration of war had been issued. In the course of a few days after this declaration had appeared, the First Consul gave orders for the seizure of all British subjects in France, and in those countries occupied by the French armies. Upwards of 11,000 persons were said to have been ar-

rested in France, in consequence of this unexpected measure. These consisted of many of the nobility, commercial men, and travellers. The seizure of two French merchant vessels in the bay of Audierne, by two English frigates, was stated as the immediate cause of this retaliating measure.

But neither internal conspiracies nor external wars, appear to have diverted the mind of the First Consul in the least from prosecuting the schemes of his ambition, to secure himself the permanent exercise of sovereign power. After the chief magistracy had been conferred on him for ten years, he seemed to think the title of First Consul was too simple to convey an adequate idea of the dignified elevation to which he had been raised. Equally ambitious of undivided power and titular splendour, he aspired to the Imperial purple. The measure of conferring on Bonaparte this rank and title, and making them hereditary in his family, according to the laws of primogeniture, was for the first time agitated in the Tribunate in the beginning of May, when the Tribunate proceeded to vote, "That Napoleon Bonaparte, the First Consul, be proclaimed Emperor of the French, and invested with the government of the French Republic. That the title of Emperor, and the Imperial power, be made hereditary in his family, in the male line, according to the order of primogeniture: that in introducing into the organization of the constituted authorities, the modifications rendered necessary by the establishment of hereditary power, the equality, the liberty, and the rights of the people, shall be preserved in all their integrity." This decree was carried by acclamation, with the single exception of the vote of one member, who spoke against its adoption. On the 2nd of December, the ceremony of the coronation was celebrated with extraordinary pomp, in the cathedral of Notre Dame.

In May, 1805, the storm that had again been raised

against France, began to overspread the political horizon. England persisted in her demands, and the Emperor was forced to accede to a precipitate opening of the campaign. Having made the necessary arrangements, he left Paris on the 24th of September, and arrived at Strasbourg on the 27th, where he awaited the arrival and concentration of the troops that were to form the grand army that he intended to conduct into Germany.

Ourspace will not allow us to enumerate or describe the battles of Napoleon. He had long proposed to himself the conquest of Europe—of the world; and his victories hitherto added intensesness to his purpose; but by the irretrievable disasters of the Russian campaign, this was effectually placed beyond his grasp. The tide of conquest had ebbed, never to return. The spell which had bound the nations was dissolved. He was no longer the Invincible. The weight of military power, which had kept down the spirit of nations, was removed, and their long-smothered sense of wrong and insult broke forth like the fires of a volcano. Bonaparte might still, perhaps, have secured the throne of France; but that of Europe was gone.

After the battle of Paris, he was obliged to sign the unqualified resignation of the throne, but he retained the title of Emperor, with Elba for his residence. He shortly after embarked for that island, and on his arrival there his mind was immediately applied to completing the fortification of his capital, improving the public roads, and adding to the agricultural resources of the island.

When the Emperor received the visits of strangers, which often happened, he entered freely into conversation. He frequently spoke of his last campaign, of his views and hopes, the defection of his marshals, the capture of Paris, and his abdication, with great earnestness; exhibiting, in rapid succession, traits of

eloquence, of military genius, indignation, and no small share of self-estimation.

The position of Napoleon at Elba, within a few days' sail of France, was most favourable for intrigues, and a constant correspondence was maintained with his relations and adherents, from many of whom he received visits; and a conspiracy was soon formed, having for its object his return. The British Commissioner had no means of preventing an escape, even though he suspected it, and on the night of the 26th of February, 1815, Napoleon sailed for the French coast, and, on the 1st of March, disembarked in the Gulf of St. Juan. The news of the Emperor's landing did not reach Paris till the 5th of March, at night. It transpired on the 6th, and on the 7th a royal proclamation appeared in the *Moniteur*, convoking the chambers immediately. A decree was also issued, placing Napoleon, and all who should join him, out of the protection of the law.

At two o'clock on the 20th of March, Napoleon set out for Paris; but retarded by the crowd, and the felicitations of the troops and the generals who came to meet him, he could not reach it till nine in the evening. As soon as he alighted, the people rushed on him: a thousand arms bore him up, and carried him along in triumph to the Tuileries.

The Emperor, though greatly fatigued by nocturnal marches, reviews, perpetual harangues, and labours in the closet, which had, for thirty-six hours, occupied all his attention, determined, nevertheless, on reviewing the troops; after which he returned to his closet, and immediately applied himself to business. His situation rendered it essentially necessary for him to ascertain without delay the precise state of the country, the government of which he had thus unexpectedly resumed; and so vast was the undertaking, that the faculties of any other man must have been overwhelmed.

Everything was in motion throughout France, so that it was augured, should the allies persist in the designs announced of making war on Napoleon, and violate the frontiers of France, the fruits of such an attempt on the rights of the nation would stimulate the population to make any sacrifice for the maintenance of national independence and the honour of the throne.

Every day fresh offerings were deposited on the altar of the country, and new corps of volunteers, equally numerous and formidable, were established under the names of lancers, partizans, federates, mountain chasseurs, tirailleurs, &c. During the month of May, Napoleon having lost all hope of preserving peace, had been meditating upon a plan for the ensuing campaign. Two projects principally engaged his attention,—the first was to remain on the defensive, and by that means throw the odium of aggression upon the allies,—the second was to attack the allies before they could be in readiness to resist him. He finally determined to interpose his forces in one mass between the armies of Wellington and Blucher, from which he anticipated great results, when opposed with 120,000 excellent troops to two hosts numbering together only 190,000. Under Blucher were 110,000, nearly all Prussians. Wellington had 80,000. One-fourth of his army were raw Belgian and Hanoverian levies, on which little reliance could be placed; but the horse and foot guards, the German legion, and several of the most distinguished Peninsular regiments were present. The allied generals remained inactive, and on the 15th of June, the French crossed the frontier, and moved on Charleroi, which the Prussians evacuated at their approach. Marshal Ney, with 46,000, moved on to Quatre Bras, while Napoleon himself, with 72,000, marched against the main Prussian army at Ligny. Napoleon awaited some time the approach of Ney, whom he had directed, after

occupying Quatre Bras, to fall on the Prussians' rear; but as he did not appear, the signal for attack was given at 4 p.m. For five hours two hundred pieces of ordnance deluged the field with blood; during which period, the French and Prussians, alternately vanquished and victors, disputed the ground hand to hand, and foot to foot, so that no less than seven times in succession, Ligny was taken and lost. The Prussians were driven from Ligny with the loss of 15,000 men and 21 guns, besides 10,000 stragglers, while the loss of the French was scarcely 7,000.

At Quatre Bras, an equally desperate conflict was raging between Wellington and Ney. On learning the defeat of the Prussians, however, the Duke fell back, on the morning of the 17th, through Gemappe to Waterloo. Napoleon meanwhile drew up his army on both sides of the road, from Charleroi to Brussels.

The field on which the immortal strife was to be decided, extends about two miles from Hougoumont, on the right, to La Haye, on the left,—the great road from Brussels to Charleroi, running through the centre of the position, which is about three quarters of a mile south of the village of Waterloo, and three hundred yards in front of the farm house of Mont St. Jean. The British army occupied the crest of a range of eminences crossing the high road at right angles; while the French occupied a line of ridges on the opposite side of the valley.

The night of the 17th was dreadful, and seemed to presage the calamities of the day, as the violent and incessant rains did not allow a moment's rest to the army. In the morning, the British army was still seen on its ground; and Napoleon who had feared they would retreat during the night, exclaimed with exultation—"At last I have them, those English!" Between 10 and 11 o'clock, Napoleon commenced a furious attack upon the British post at Hougoumont; but this important position was maintained through

the day with the utmost gallantry, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it. The attack upon the right of the British centre was accomplished by a tremendous cannonade upon the whole line, from upwards of 200 pieces of artillery; and under cover of this fire, repeated attacks were made, first by infantry and cavalry together. The French continued to repeat their furious attacks, until about 7 in the evening, when their cavalry and infantry, supported by a tremendous fire of artillery, made a final and desperate attempt to force the left centre of the British army at La Haye Sainte. After a severe contest, their efforts were frustrated, and the Duke of Wellington now became the assailant. Having observed that their troops retired from their last attack in great confusion, and that the Prussians were advancing, his Grace determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him 150 pieces of cannon with all their ammunition. Bonaparte, seeing the British horse mingled with the fugitives, became as pale as death, and exclaiming, "All is lost at present—let us save ourselves!" galloped from the field.

The Duke of Wellington continued the pursuit till long after dark, and ceased only on account of the fatigue of his troops who had been 12 hours engaged. Sixty pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial guard, were the fruits of their vigorous pursuit, together with Napoleon's carriage, hat, sword, and papers. Thus terminated the battle of Waterloo, compared with which all former victories were unimportant. The Duke of Wellington and Prince Blucher marched forward in regular communication with each other, and on the 7th of July, entered Paris in triumph.

Napoleon meanwhile, after his abdication, spent six melancholy days at Malmaison, and, on the 29th of June, set out for Rochefort, which he reached on 3d July, with several carriages laden with valuables. He intended to have embarked for America, but the port was so closely blockaded by an English squadron, that it was impossible for him to escape. After some hesitation, he resolved to throw himself on British generosity, and sent a letter to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*, addressed to the Prince Regent, concluding with these words, "I put myself under the protection of the British laws, and claim it from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

Next day he went on board the *Bellerophon*, which immediately sailed for England. It had already been determined that he should be removed to St. Helena, and, in spite of his vehement remonstrances, he was transferred to the *Northumberland*, which sailed for that island, and arrived there on the 16th November.

His captivity was not destined to be of long duration. The recollection of his lost greatness, aggravated a hereditary tendency to cancer in the stomach, of which he died on 5th May, 1821. His body, after lying in state, was interred 8th May, in the military dress he usually wore when alive, in a spot pointed out by himself, shaded by weeping willows, where a simple stone was placed over his remains.