

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

## MORNING.

The sun draws nigh; to witness his bright birth,  
Bright with all brilliant hues that Eos showers  
On him her darling, as he gives the earth  
His gracious light, whereby the birds and flowers  
And all vast nature's living realm below,  
Shall rouse and wake and in true homage bring,  
A wealth of adoration, ay, and bow  
To Him who taught the timid birds to sing.  
The flowers to blow, and gives the sun each day  
Fresh splendour that he may his course renew;  
To see all this, come, love, why wilt thou stay?  
Time may soon hide it from our mutual view.

## NOON.

The sun is up; it is the broad full day  
Rays of fierce glowing heat he throws adown  
O'er fields and meadows of rich waving hay,  
Where busily the sturdy reapers, brown  
With brave exposure to the summer's heat,  
Handle the ripe grain, yellow as the hair  
Of Venus who thought Love was still Deceit,  
And as they rest from tossing the sweet hay,  
Sing lazily till work they may renew.  
To see all this, come, love, why wilt thou stay?  
Time will soon hide it from our mutual view.

## NIGHT.

The sun is gone; his bier, draped gold and red,  
Was gayer than his cradle, Eos' gift,  
Day's glory is no more, her son is dead,  
Night's splendour has not come; through one small rift  
A hint of silver flashes on the dark,  
Only to leave it darker than before.  
Others would call it beautiful; I but mark  
How like my thought, my heart, my life! No more!  
There is no comfort, none, that can allay  
The anguish of no more! I never knew  
What Love was or what she was till the day  
That Death, my rival, hid her from my view!

MEDUSA.

## UNDER THE DOME.

As in a dream when one awaketh.

The massive door closed behind me, shutting  
away the glare of the outer world and the noise  
of the great city, with its tumult and its cares.  
In another moment I stood beneath the dome of  
the Invalides, silent and alone—alone with my  
own thoughts; and with the memory of the  
mighty dead who lay buried before me.

It was a striking scene. The sun was already  
low in the western horizon, and had only power  
to light up a small portion of the church; the  
rest of the building was in comparative dark-  
ness. But I cared not for the darkness. I knew  
the place well. I was familiar with every spot,  
almost with every stone, of that consecrated  
edifice. For me the Invalides had always had  
a peculiar charm; there was an attraction to  
my mind about the quiet, quaint old church, so  
rich in interest and association, with its annals  
of the past, written and chronicled as it were in  
all those torn and mouldering banners which  
hung floating in the nave, which even the proud  
Madeleine, Grecian without and gorgeous within,  
had as yet failed to attain.

But all these things I had seen and noted  
many a time before. It was not of them I was  
thinking now. The whole interest for me on  
that evening was concentrated in the one spot  
where I stood, looking upwards to the glorious  
dome above, and downwards on the still more  
glorious monument beneath.

Who does not know it, this magnificent tomb?  
the last resting-place of him who once made the  
nations tremble, the tomb at the first sight of  
which Abdel Kader exclaimed, "Attendez que  
je respire!" Who has not stood here and beheld  
with admiration almost amounting to awe, that  
wonderful sarcophagus, so noble in its simplicity,  
grand as the man whose ashes it enshrines? Who  
has not seen but once perhaps in reality, but for  
evermore in his day-dreams, those colossal marble  
figures which stand around like guardian angels  
of the sepulchre?

One might almost fancy, while looking upon  
these and upon the porphyry of the sarcophagus,  
that even after death the lands he had laid low  
had paid their last involuntary homage at his  
grave; that Egypt and Italy had brought hither  
of their choicest gifts in tribute to the memory  
of the dead conqueror who, living, had held  
them in his iron grasp.

Certainly it was a striking scene; and not less  
striking was the contrast between the silence and  
solitude which reigned around this tomb and the  
confusion of sights and sounds from which I had  
but just escaped.

Only an hour before I had been standing inside  
the walls of the great exhibition which, in that  
year of 1867, had been erected in the Champ de  
Mars, within a stone's-throw of the Hôtel des  
Invalides, standing as it were alone in the midst  
of the eager crowd, watching the hundreds and  
thousands of spectators, men and women, who  
had come from the remotest corners of the earth,  
and belonging to every kingdom and people of the  
known world, as they passed to and fro before  
my bewildered eyes; listening to the Babel of  
sounds, verily a "confusion of tongues," which  
were to be heard around me.

What a change, from the crowded courts of  
the modern building to the solitary aisles of the  
grand old church, from the busy haunt of the  
living to the silent presence of the dead, from  
the very parade-ground where Napoleon had so  
often reviewed his troops to the sacred spot  
where he is lying now, resting in his last deep  
sleep "by the banks of the Seine, and in the  
midst of the French people whom he loved so  
well!"

\* Above the entrance to the crypt, which is flanked  
on either side by the tombs erected in memory of his  
faithful friends Duroc and Bertrand, these well-known  
words of Napoleon are inscribed: "Je désire que mes  
cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de  
ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé."

I leaned for some time on the low balustrade  
which surrounds the monument in a quiet and  
thoughtful mood, gazing upon the beautiful  
objects before me, as though I had never seen  
them till then, striving to impress them upon  
my heart and memory, lest I might never see  
them again. At best I knew that many long  
months, perhaps years, must elapse before I  
could do so. I was to leave Paris on the morrow,  
to traverse Italy, Greece, Egypt, the very con-  
quered lands, before I should return. My feet  
would have trodden the far-off India which, like  
Alexander, Napoleon had coveted before I could  
look again upon his tomb. And so I stood there,  
gazing on and on, until the twilight faded into  
night, and only the few flickering lamps in the  
angels' hands shed light upon the scene.

How long I stood thus I knew not then. I  
know not to this hour. My thoughts flew back  
to the years gone by, and I lost all memory of  
time and place. Then after a time it seemed as  
if a veil was suddenly lifted, and the history of  
the past, not dim and indistinct as it had been  
hitherto, but dressed in all the vivid colouring of  
the present, was pictured before me.

Slowly, one by one, the great events in the  
life of the first Napoleon were displayed as if by  
magic to my wondering eyes. First there rose  
before me, as in a mirror, the picture of  
his early home in that sea-girt island, which  
as his birthplace, has since grown famous  
in the world's geography. I saw him seated  
upon the granite rock on his father's estate  
which overlooked the sea, where he spent so  
many an hour in solitary musings—musing big  
with the future fate of empires and of kings.  
Next, in schoolboy days, I saw him first and  
foremost amongst the young enthusiasts of revo-  
lutionary France, who had been brought to-  
gether at Brienne, already known as the leader  
in each daring and athletic sport, already famous  
for his indomitable courage and iron strength of  
will. Then a little later, in the streets of Paris,  
I saw him standing before the gates of the Tuil-  
leries on that sad day when the unhappy and  
misguided populace had met together, bent upon  
the humiliation and dethronement of their king,  
and louder than all the shouts of the infuriated  
rabble I heard the muttered words of the future  
despot: "Oh, for one handful of grape to scatter  
this detestable canaille!"

After that I saw him in the prison of Nice,  
with the map of Italy spread before him, as the  
jailer found him when the hour of his release  
was come.

Then I noted that in a little while "the  
tide, taken, at the flood, led on to fortune," and  
he who at first had been but a skilful officer of  
artillery soon rose to be the leader of an army,  
and at the head of the brilliant troops of the  
Directory went forth conquering and to conquer.  
I saw him in Italy, at Lodi—"that terrible  
passage of Lodi"—standing calm and undaunted  
upon the fatal bridge, as if it had been the parade-  
ground of Versailles; at Mantua, where he stood  
like a lion at bay, beating back his enemies on  
every side at once, and parrying, as at Arcola,  
at Rivoli, at Caldiero, each blow which they  
aimed against him. I saw him in Africa, sweep-  
ing like a whirlwind over the sandy plains of  
Egypt and across the broad valley of the Nile;  
in Arabia, on the borders of the Red Sea, striv-  
ing to imitate a Pariah's presumption, and  
almost with a Pariah's fate.

I watched his bright career of success in Syria,  
unchecked save by the one severe reverse at  
Acre, where he was defeated by the brave seamen  
of Great Britain and the chivalrous daring of Sir  
Sidney Smith. Alas, I saw him at Jaffa also, in  
that dark hour which has cast an eternal shadow  
on his fame; that crisis of danger and perplexity  
when he suffered expediency to become his law,  
and with own lips pronounced the fiat which  
consigned so many of his brave but now helpless  
soldiers to an unhonoured grave. And clearer  
even than the cruel mandate I heard the noble  
answer of a man who in that trying hour proved  
himself a greater hero than the conqueror him-  
self: "My mission is to save life, not to destroy  
it," said the surgeon to whom Napoleon had  
issued his order for the poisoning of the sick.

And now the many striking scenes of Napo-  
leon's life seemed to pass more rapidly before  
my eyes. Months, years rolled on, raising him  
only higher and higher upon the pedestal of  
fame. It seemed as if Fortune could not do  
enough for him her favoured child. He had risen  
from the ranks of his comrades to become the  
general and the idol of what was then the finest  
army in the known world; but, not satisfied  
with this, he wielded the dangerous power which  
had been vested in his hands with the strength  
of a giant and the cunning of a Machiavelli, and  
made himself First Consul, then Emperor of  
France.

And then, upon the memorable 2nd of Decem-  
ber, 1804, a day on which the sun shone as  
though the coming glories of Austerlitz were  
already in view, I saw him in the Cathedral of  
Notre Dame, the gray old Gothic building made  
brilliant for the time by the gorgeous coronation  
pageant. Seated before the high altar (on which  
but a few years back the goddess of Reason had  
been so impiously enthroned and worshipped),  
he wrested from the feeble grasp of the aged  
Pontiff the diadem which he had coveted for  
years, and, like a second Charlemagne, placed  
upon his own head the crown which raised him  
to the imperial dignity under the proud title of  
"Emperor of the Gauls." This title act gave  
the clue to his whole inner life, and was a fit  
comment on the usurped right by which he held  
his sway. I saw all this, and noted how the  
ambitious man had thus, by his own act as it  
were, raised himself to the highest pinnacle of

human greatness. And yet to me, who saw more  
than others, it seemed that in the very moment  
of his triumph the shadowy form of a murdered  
man had risen from his cold dark grave in the  
fosse of Vincennes, where he, the descendant of  
many kings, was sleeping, "unknelled, un-  
coffined, and unknown," and now mingled like  
another Banquo amongst the assembled specta-  
tors; whilst a voice, loud and clear as the  
archangel's trumpet, echoed beneath the vaulted  
roof and rang through the arches of that solemn  
cathedral. "The voice of thy brother d'En-  
ghien's blood crieth to thee from the ground,"  
it said.

Did the new-made emperor hear that awful  
voice? Did his straining eyes behold that shadowy  
forms? It might be so—God only knows.

Once more the scene had shifted; the gaudy  
magnificence of the coronation-day faded out of  
sight, and again we were in the midst of the  
stern realities of war.

Battle after battle, victory after victory, fol-  
lowed each other in quick succession, and yet  
the tide of conquest set always eastward; and  
so, although I saw it not, I knew that Trafalgar  
had been fought. One year saw Napoleon reign-  
ing as a sovereign in the deserted palaces of the  
house of Hapsburg, the next crushing and hu-  
miliating to the very dust the pride of the great  
Frederick's successor. More battles; then a  
brief interval of peace; and the picture of a raft  
in the centre of a river rose before me, and of  
two emperors who had thus met together to settle  
the destinies of European nations, and to join  
for a time in hollow friendship the hands which  
would so soon be lifted again in deadly hatred  
against each other.

Again, a little later, after the bloody battle  
of Aspern had been fought, where thirty thou-  
sand of the best soldiers of France had been  
sacrificed to the Moloch of his ambition, I saw  
him sitting beneath a tree upon the island of  
Lobau, anxiously watching the swollen Danube  
as it rushed impetuously past, carrying away  
bridge after bridge in its resistless course, and  
thus effectually cutting off his last hope of re-  
treat; and yet even in that hour of frightful  
peril, threatened on the one hand by the dead-  
ly hatred of the Austrians, on the other by the  
despondency and insubordination of his own fol-  
lowers, I noted that he, the Samson of his day,  
yet rose superior to all obstacles, and hurled  
back upon his enemies the destruction they had  
intended for himself; and that within a very few  
days after the stupendous defeat of Aspern he  
fought the still greater battle of Wagram, and  
won it too, though not before Macdonald's eight  
battalions of heroes had been reduced to a few  
hundreds of men. Well has it been said of  
Napoleon, that in him was to be seen "the  
perfection of intellect without principle."

But there was another enemy at work against  
him all this time, more to be dreaded than all  
those who met him in fair fight upon the field  
of battle. The traitor in his own heart, that  
demon of ambition which under false promise of  
advantage, led him once again to sacrifice all the  
best feelings of his nature upon the altar of the  
god Expediency—this was the worst foe to his  
real interests. No heir had been born to the  
self-made Emperor of France. Was the dynasty  
of the Bonapartes to perish with the first Napo-  
leon? Was the sovereignty which had been pur-  
chased by long years of intrigue, and at such a  
fearful cost of human life, to begin and end with  
one single man, or to pass by indirect succession  
to a brother or a brother's child? It must not be.  
Who was she, the companion of his early choice,  
that she should be in the way of a man's ambition  
or a nation's welfare? No blood of kings or em-  
perors ran in her veins; no rich dowry would  
be forfeited, no loving subjects would rise as one  
man in defence of her rights, if in this case  
"those whom God had joined together were by  
man to be put asunder." She was simply Jose-  
phine de la Pagerie, the fascinating daughter of  
a Creole mother, the true-hearted widow of De  
Beauharnais. A childless woman withal—at  
least to Napoleon she had borne no child. What  
did it matter that she was his wedded wife, that  
she loved him with a fond and faithful love,  
and that her heart raised against the enforced  
separation "an exceeding bitter cry"?

"The necessities of France, the interests of  
the State, demand that I should have an heir,"  
cried a voice that was louder and more powerful  
still.

"Weep not for Kadijah," said Ayesha to the  
Prophet, in all the insolence of her youth and  
beauty. "Was she not old and withered? Say,  
has not Allah given you a better in her place?"

"No, by Heaven!" replied Mahomet with a  
burst of grateful enthusiasm. "She loved me  
when I was poor and unknown, and believed in  
me when all others despised me. He could not  
give me a better."

But Napoleon was made of other stuff than the  
"hero prophet." When ambition and policy  
were at stake, duty, honour, pity, and even  
woman's love; became to him as dust in the  
balance. And so the cruel deed was done; the  
faithful and devoted wife of early years was set  
aside, and the fair-haired daughter of the Cæsars  
reigned in her stead. But from that very hour  
the tide of his fortunes, hitherto almost un-  
paralleled in the history of the world, began to  
ebb. Even this one unrighteous act brought  
its own punishment. A few years after,  
when Napoleon was an exile in Elba, and  
the dying and worse than widowed Josephine  
from amongst the shades of Malmaison wearied  
heaven with prayers for the happiness of the  
man who, with scarcely a pang of remorse, had  
destroyed her own, the cold impassive mother of  
the King of Rome was content to remain at a dis-

tance from her husband, and live with luxury  
and inglorious ease at her father's capital. Oh,  
she must have been more or less than woman  
who, once wedded to Napoleon, could have de-  
serted him in such an hour of need!

But all this time a little cloud had been rising  
out of the West, at first no bigger than a man's  
hand, but which grew and spread till presently  
the horizon seemed black with clouds; and there  
was a sound as of a coming tempest, a fearful  
storm of vengeance, which was about to break  
on one devoted head.

A handful of men had been thrown on the  
western coast of Portugal—a mere handful com-  
pared to the hundreds of thousands whom Napo-  
leon was accustomed to command—but a little  
band of heroes nevertheless, men of whom it has  
been said that they may be "destroyed, but  
cannot easily be subjugated."

Slowly but surely, inch by inch, they made  
their way; often victorious, more than once  
defeated, sometimes driven back, but never quite  
subdued. "Nothing could stop that astonishing  
infantry." Undaunted by dangers which would  
have deterred ordinary soldiers, they still made  
good their footing upon the peninsula, trusting  
with well-earned confidence in their own strong  
courage and their own good cause, until at last,  
led on by Wellington—the man whose watch-  
word throughout life was *Duty*, never *Glorious*—  
they entered upon a career of success which only  
ended when the victorious banners of England  
waved over the fallen capital of France.

But not in Spain alone was the struggle car-  
ried on. The cry for freedom which had sound-  
ed forth so loudly from the mountain fastnesses  
of Castile and from behind the walls of Saragossa  
and Gerona was echoed in wider and wider cir-  
cles, until at length all Europe rang with the  
note of war's alarm.

Russia, awaking from her trance of inactivity  
like a giant refreshed with sleep, stood in readi-  
ness waiting to meet the invader on her own  
soil, or to pour down her mighty hordes of semi-  
barbarians upon devoted France. Prussia, Aus-  
tria, and Poland rose once again in arms.

Yet all this time the great heart of Napoleon  
throbbed as ever in the centre of his land, send-  
ing forth as it were with each pulsation fresh  
life and energy to the remotest parts of his king-  
dom. Still the great-master-mind directed  
every movement of the French armies, whether  
amongst the tortuous defiles of the Pyrenees or  
upon the frozen plains of unconquered Russia.  
Still I saw him standing, cold and uncomprom-  
ising as ever, amidst the flames of burning  
Moscow, and the horrors of the Beresina pass-  
age, and at the broken bridge of Leipsic, about  
which, alas, a sad tale has been told.

But now the end was nearly come; the drama  
was well-nigh played out. Act after act, scene  
after scene, followed each other in quick suc-  
cession; the many battles of 1814, battles  
which were defeats, though they were fought  
with all the skilful strategy of his earlier cam-  
paigns in Italy; then the sad scene at Fon-  
tainebleau, and the parting at the foot of the  
horseshoe staircase in the old Cour du Cheval  
Blanc,\* which none who witnessed ever did or  
could forget. Elba followed, with its mock  
gaeties, its silken chains, which ill concealed  
the galling fetters of captivity; then the escape  
back to France, the landing at Cannes, and the  
triumphal march upon the capital; the brief  
pageant of the hundred days, chequered alter-  
nately with glory and defeat; the crowning  
disaster of Watrloo, and all the humiliating  
events which followed in its train; until at last  
upon the rock of St. Helena, where he had been  
left, as Carlyle says, "to break his great heart  
and die," I saw the curtain fall which hid one  
of the greatest actors of that or any other age  
from the watchful eyes of an assembled world.

And this was the end of all. He died and was  
buried, and the simple stone beneath the willow-  
tree at Longwood was all that remained to mark  
the spot where the great conqueror was lying in  
his last dreamless sleep.

And I thought, "Is this the man who made  
the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms;  
that made the world as a wilderness, and de-  
stroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the  
house of his prisoners? All the kings of the  
nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one  
in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy  
grave as an abominable branch. And why?  
Because thou hast destroyed thy land and slain  
thy people."

Who would have imagined but a few years  
back, when Napoleon's power seemed all but in-  
vincible, that such as this would have been his  
last resting-place? It mattered little that in  
future years posterity should claim his beloved  
ashes, and raise above the most striking monu-  
ment that France has ever seen. At Longwood  
he died. At Longwood, underneath the willow-  
tree, he was buried. No after event, no post-  
humous honours paid to his memory, could ever  
alter or obliterate those simple facts. This was  
the end of all. This was the climax of so much  
greatness.

And once again, as a fitting comment on Napo-  
leon's life and death, the words of the inspired  
prophet rose to my lips: "I heard a voice say,  
Cry; and I said, What shall I cry? All flesh is  
grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the  
flower of the field. The grass withereth, the  
flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall  
stand for ever."

Was I dreaming or had the scene really chang-  
ed, so like and yet not the same? I was in a

\* Napier.

\* Since called the Cour des Adieux.

\* Isaiah.