

attempted to force admittance into the sick-room; an intrusion which Dr. Antomarchi indignantly resented. "That soul," said he, "must be formed of the mud of the Thames who can come and watch for the last breath of a dying man."

On the morning of May 4th, 1821, the Emperor awoke early, and, calling his valet Marchand, bid him throw open the casement. "Open it wide that I may breathe the air—the good air which the good God hath made." Surrounded by his friends, among whom were the children of the household, to whom Napoleon had ever been a warm friend, the day passed in much pain. Toward evening he lapsed into unconsciousness, from which he never again rallied. The night was stormy, rain fell in torrents, and the wind wailed out in long and melancholy cadences, as if in sympathy with those who wailed and watched within; and in that long, low room, lighted only by the feeble glimmer of the altar candles, are gathered the little band who have loved so loyally and served so faithfully, waiting the end. The stillness is broken only by the muttered prayers of the priests, and an occasional sob from some overburdened soul. About six in the morning the storm abated. All through the day he lay silent, with eyes fixed, and apparently feeling no pain. Let us join the watchers at the bedside. The shades of evening are gathering fast; the western sea is blood-red beneath the rays of the setting sun. See the pale lips move. Hush! weep not now, bend lower that we may catch the farewell message ere the angel comes. "France!" "The Army!" "Josephine!" And with one long tremulous sigh, the spirit of the great Napoleon leaves the clay inanimate and stands upon the eternal shore.

Dead! Oh, little band of loyal mourners, faithful until death, and naught is left you, save the memory of his greatness.

Dead! Oh, people of his sunny France, who knew not how they loved until they lost.

Dead! Oh, British rulers—dead before his time. He who troubled your peace has gone to one who tempers justice with mercy.

Dead! Sir Hudson Lowe; your petty insults cannot reach him now.

Dead! Oh, Heavenly Father, Searcher of all hearts, and into Thy good hands for good or evil, we commend his wayward spirit.

The usual formalities followed decease. After a careful, but hasty *post mortem*, the body was embalmed, dressed as in life, and laid in state in the small chamber where he died.

The funeral was singularly impressive, the most rigorous instructions had been received from the English Government con-