

put this question—well he knew its effect. De Lorinval's national pride took fire as he thought of that fatal field, when the troops of France had given way and fled—aye, fled—before the confederated armies.

"Yes! before high heaven I swear that I would give this right arm—nay, suffer death itself an hundred times, to see your Majesty again seated on the throne of France, were it only to humble the pride of those who are leagued and banded against her."

This was all Napoleon desired. The other officers of his guard were now summoned to a general council, (the Emperor had taken each of the principals apart, as in the case of De Lorinval,) where all was finally arranged. With Napoleon to resolve was to act, as all the history of his life attests, and but few days after this step was decided upon, all Europe was astounded by the intelligence that the exile of Elba had landed on the coast of France—that many of the provinces had already declared in his favor and that the various divisions of the army were again ranging themselves under that banner, which was to them as the *Ægis* of Minerva to the warriors of Pagan times.

For some time all went on triumphantly. The joy of the French Nation knew no bounds—the disgrace and humiliation of the past were now blotted from the minds of men—Napoleon—their idolized Emperor—the star of their hope—was again in the ascendant, and all was gilded with the light of anticipated success. Leipsic—the fatal rivers of Russia, crimsoned with the best blood of France—these were scenes over which the public mind had brooded in gloomy silence—now they were to be avenged—one glorious triumph such as Napoleon had of old so often obtained, and all these foul stains would be wiped away from the French name, and their banner should again float over victors only. Yes, the violet was again bursting forth—it alone was the chosen emblem of France—for it alone was connected with her days and years of conquest, and the *lilies* of the Bourbon, soiled as they were, and contaminated by mingling with the banners of the stranger, and waving above the heads of their ancient adversaries, should once again sink into the shade. One rally—one general and simultaneous rally around the well-known standard of Bonaparte, and France would be again the queen of Europe.

And where all this time was De Lorinval? Was he, in the flush of rejoicing, overlooked by his master? Not so—with all the faults of Napoleon, ingratitude was never laid to his charge, and accordingly we find our friend Edouard on

the field of Waterloo at the head of a division, and addressed as Major-General De Lorinval. It may well be supposed that none shared more fully in the public joy than did the new general. As a subject and follower, he rejoiced in the prosperity of his master; as a patriot, he entered into the triumphant rejoicing of his country; and as a lover, enraptured by the prospect of being now in a condition to propose for his beloved Deborah.

Such was the state of things on the morning of the eighteenth of June, 1815. Every thing tended to promise success. The superiority of numbers was on the side of the French. Napoleon himself commanded. The troops in high condition, burned with the enthusiastic desire of regaining their lost glory. Alas! for their hopes! If Napoleon commanded on their side, they forgot, or at least under-rated the fact that Wellington was on the other. If *their* arms were nerved by the recollection of Lodi, of Aus-terlitz, of Marengo, of Jena, and of Wagram, they dreamed not that the British ranks were pervaded by as ardent a courage, and that they, too, had such things to remember as Vittoria and Talavera, with many other reminiscences equally glorious and equally exhilarating.

Yes! with all the fatal vanity of their nation, they over-estimated their own advantages, and despised in proportion those of the enemy. If the thought of the adverse commander's fame did sometimes smite their hearts, it was quickly succeeded by the empty boast of Napoleon, (speaking of Wellington) which had passed into a proverb in the army of France—"He has never met the Emperor!" said they; "we shall see now if the glory of his Portuguese and Spanish campaigns will continue untarnished!"—and they did see the result to their eternal sorrow and discomfiture. Without attributing all the merit of that most brilliant victory to the Duke of Wellington, for Grouchy's defection (by whatever name it may be called,) certainly had a very considerable share in the triumph of the allied army, we shall pass it over. Those three fateful days came and went. They beheld the French troops outdo themselves in bravery and devotion—all, all in vain—and their close saw the soldiers of France completely humbled, flying in all directions, and strewing the ground with their bodies; and their idol—he for whom their blood had been poured out like rain—he was a houseless and homeless wanderer—totally undone! He had indeed encountered "the hero of a hundred fights!"

Follow we now for a brief space the fortunes of De Lorinval—the general of three days—