

tyrant shall rot it shall shine on, a star of unfading brilliance in the galaxy of literature. She lived to return to Paris on the downfall of Napoleon. While her persecutor died an exile on the rock of St. Helena, his victim, the greatest writer of her age, the intellectual empress of Europe, became the idol of his lost capital.

Though Napoleon proclaimed himself the champion of liberty, he yet relentlessly crushed the aspirations after freedom of all subject peoples. When the negroes of St. Domingo, under Toussaint l'Ouverture attempted to establish their independence, their heroic leader was dragged to Paris, thrown into prison and well-nigh starved to death. When the Tyrolese, under the leadership of Andreas Hofer, attempted to reassert the immemorial liberty of their mountain fastnesses, the arch despot crushed their aspirations with a ruthless hand. The Tell of Tyrol, less happy than his illustrious predecessor, was betrayed, captured and arraigned for treason. Though a majority of his judges would have saved his life, his condemnation was secured under orders from Napoleon. On being led to his execution Hofer refused to have a bandage placed over his eyes, and himself gave the order to fire. He died as he had lived, a stranger to fear, and without a stain of reproach.

In 1810 Napoleon was approaching the crisis of his fate. The great duel between France and Russia was imminent. The earth trembled beneath the tremendous armies which marched to their doom. The tyrant of Europe determined to thunder his decrees from Moscow as he had from Berlin, Vienna and Milan. Before leaving Dresden he gave a series of magnificent *fêtes*—a gay prelude to a grim tragedy. With half a million men he crossed the frontier. But he had a new enemy to encounter—the blind, resistless forces of Nature. Storms and tempests, mud and mire, and chilling blasts impeded the progress of his gigantic army. The Russian veteran, Kutusoff, fell backward wasting the country. The hungry hordes of France soon felt the pinchings of famine. At length in the village of Borodino Kutusoff made his stand. Here was fought, on September 7th, 1812, one of the bloodiest battles of modern times. All day long a thousand cannon hurled their fiery death. At night nearly 80,000 men lay dead or dying on the gory field. Kutusoff with his shattered army fell back on Moscow and caused its evacuation—the people carrying what valuables they could and leaving all else behind.