

a monarch dethroned by a universal conviction ; warred against by mankind, as the sole object of the war ; delivered over into captivity by the unanimous judgment of nations : and held in the same unrelaxing and judicial fetters until he died.

It is another striking feature of this catastrophe, that the whole family of Napoleon sank along with him. They neither possessed his faculties, nor were guilty of his offences. But as they had risen solely by him, they perished entirely with him. Future history will continually hover over this period of our annals, as the one which most resembles some of those fabrications of the Oriental genius, in which human events are continually under the guidance of spirits of the air ; in which fantastic palaces are erected by a spell, and the treasures of the earth developed by the wave of a wand—in which the mendicant of this hour is exalted into the prince of the next ; and while the wonder still glitters before the eye, another sign of the necromancer dissolves the whole pageant into air again. Human recollection has no record of so much power, so widely distributed, and apparently so fixed above all the ordinary casualties of the world, so instantly and so irretrievably overthrown. The kings of earth are not undone at a blow ; kingdoms do not change their rulers without a struggle. Great passions and great havoc have always preceded and followed the fall of monarchies. But the four diadems of the Napoleon race fell from their wearers' brows with scarcely a touch from the hand of man. The surrender of the crown by Napoleon extinguished the crowns actually ruling over millions, and virtually influencing the whole Continent. They were extinguished, too, at the moment when the Imperial crown disappeared. It had no sooner been crushed at Waterloo, than they all fell into fragments, of themselves ;—the whole dynasty went down with Napoleon into the dungeon, and not one of them has since returned to the world.

The name of General Count Montholon is well known to this country, as that of a brave officer, who, after acquiring distinguished rank in the French army by his sword, followed Napoleon to St. Helena : remained with him during his captivity ; and upon his death was made the depository of his papers, and his executor. But his own language, in a letter dated from the Castle of Ham in June, 1844, gives the best account of his authority and his proceedings.

"A soldier of the Republic, a brigadier-general at twenty years of age, and minister-plenipotentiary in Germany in 1812 and 1813, I could, like others, have left memoirs concerning the things which I saw ; but the whole is effaced from my mind in presence of a single thing, a single event, and a single man. The thing is Waterloo ; the event, the fall of the Empire ; and the man, Napoleon."

He then proceeds to tell us, that he shared the St. Helena captivity for six years ; that for forty-two nights he watched the dying bed of the ex-monarch ; and that, by Napoleon's express desire, he closed his eyes.

The narrative commences with the return of Napoleon to Paris after his renown, his throne, and his dynasty were alike crushed by the British charge at Waterloo. He reached Paris at six in the morning of the 21st. It is now clear that the greatest blunder of this extraordinary man was his flight from the array. If he had remained at its head, let its shattered condition be what it might, he would have been powerful, have awed the growing hostility of the capital, and have probably been able to make peace alike for himself and his nation. But by hurrying to Paris all was lost : he stripped himself of his strength ; he threw himself on the mercy of his enemies ; and palably capitulated to the men who, but the day before, were trembling under the fear of his vengeance.

Count Montholon makes a remark on the facility with which courtiers make their escape from a fallen throne, which has been so often exemplified in history. But it was never more strikingly exemplified than in the double overthrow of Napoleon. "At Fontainebleau, in 1814," says the Count, "when I hastened to offer to carry him off with the troops under my command, I found no one in those vast corridors, formerly too small for the crowd of courtiers, except the Duke of Bassano and two aides-de-camp." His whole court, down to his Mameluke and valet, had run off to Paris, to look for pay and place under the Bourbons. In a similar case in the next year, at the Elysee Bourbon, he found but two counts and an equerry. It

was perfectly plain to all the world but Napoleon himself that his fate was decided.

Count Montholon gives a brief but striking description of the confusion, dismay, and despair, into which Waterloo had thrown the Bonapartists. He had hurried to the Elysee a few hours after the arrival of Bonaparte from the field. He met the Duke of Vicenza coming out, with a countenance of dejection, and asked him what was going on. "All is lost," was the answer. "You arrived to-day, as you did at Fontainebleau, only to see the emperor resign his crown. The leaders of the Chambers desire his abdication. They will have it : and in a week Louis XVIII. will be in Paris. At night on the 19th, a short note in pencil was left with my Swiss, announcing the destruction of the army. The same notice was given to Carnot. The last telegraphic despatch had brought news of victory ; we both hastened to the Duke of Otranto ; he assured me with all his cadaverous coldness that he knew nothing. He knew all, however, I am well assured. Events succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning ; there is no longer any possible illusion. All is lost, and the Bourbons will be here in a week."

There was now no alternative. Napoleon must either remain and fall into the hands of Louis XVIII., who had already proclaimed him a traitor and an outlaw, or he must try to make his escape by sea. On the 29th of June, at five o'clock in the evening, he entered the carriage which was to convey him to the coast, leaving Paris behind, to which he was never to return alive, but to which his remains have returned in a posthumous triumph twenty-six years after, on the 15th of September, 1840.

On his arrival at Rochfort, all the talent of the French for projects was immediately in full exercise. Never was there so many castles in the air built in so short a time. Proposals were made to smuggle the prisoner to the United States in a Danish merchant vessel, in which, in case of search he was to be barrelled in a hog'shead perforated with breathing holes.

Another project was, to put him on board a kind of fishing-boat manned by midshipmen, and thus escape the English. A third project proposed, that the two French frigates anchored under the guns of the Ise of Aix should put to sea together ; that one of them should run along side Captain Maitland's ship, and attack her fiercely, with the hope of distracting her attention even with the certainty of being destroyed, while the other frigate made her escape with Napoleon on board. This is what the French would call *grande pensée*, and quite as heroic as any thing in a melodrama of the Porte St. Martin. But the captain of the leading frigate declined the distinction, and evidently thought it not necessary that he and his crew should be blown out of the water, as they certainly would have been if they came in contact with the Bellerophon ; so this third project perished.

After a few days of this busy foolery, the prisoner, startled by new reports of the success of the Allies every where, and too sagacious not to feel that the hands of the French king might be the most dangerous into which the murderer of the Duc D'Enghien could fall ; looking with evident contempt upon the foolish projects for his escape, and conscious that his day was come, resolved to throw himself into the hands of Captain Maitland, the commander of the Bellerophon, then anchored in Basque roads. On the night of the 10th, Savary and Las Cases were sent on board the English ship to inquire whether the captain would allow a French or neutral ship, or the frigates with Napoleon on board, to pass free ?—Captain Maitland simply answered, that he had received no orders except those ordinarily given in case of war ; but that he should attack the frigates if they attempted to pass ; that if a neutral flag came in his way, he would order it to be searched as usual. But that, in consequence of the peculiar nature of the case, he would communicate with the admiral in command.

But events now thickened. On the 12th, the Paris journals arrived, announcing the entrance of the Allies into Paris, and the establishment of Louis XVIII. in the Tuilleries ! All was renewed confusion, consternation, and projects. On the next day Joseph Bonaparte came to the Isle of Aix, to propose the escape of his fallen brother in a merchant vessel from Bordeaux, for America, and remain in his place. This offer was generous, but it could scarcely be accepted by any human being, and it was refused. But delay was becoming doubly hazardous. It was perfectly possible that the first measure of the new government would be an order for his seizure, and the next, for his