



THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

TWO LOST KINGDOMS.

BY E. B. BIGGAR.

IN the war, which carried consternation through all South Africa in 1879, two men lost their hopes of empire—one the ruler of the bravest, as well as one of the strongest, of the savage nations of modern times; the other a young military genius, who might to-day have been ruler of France. Strange that the fate of one who seemed destined to rule over one of the most cultivated nations of the day, should become a mere incident in the theatre of war with a remote and purely savage people, and that, while the first Napoleon's vision of a world-wide empire was eclipsed in Egypt, the dream of glory, which lured the last of the Napoleonic house, should have its annihilation on the hills of Zululand at the other end of the same dark continent of mysteries.

Prince Napoleon Eugene Louis Bonaparte, or, as he was more familiarly styled, the Prince Imperial, was the

only son of Napoleon III. He came into the world while the Peace Congress was sitting after the victory of England and France over Russia, and at a time when the second French Empire was at the height of its greatest glory (1856). His christening was one of the most splendid spectacles ever witnessed in France. He was nursed by an English nurse until he was seven, and spoke English before he could speak French. As a child, he was shy, but bright and shrewd. One of the infantile witticisms recorded of him—which is worth repeating—is this: "I always take off my hat to the Parisians, because they take off one's crown so easily when offended." He inherited, in a marked degree, the military instincts of the great Napoleon. When a child, his playthings were toy guns and cannons, and his talent for sketching on the field and marking out the strategic

points of a situation, struck his military companions as remarkable. When a mere boy, he was present at one of the battles of the Franco-German war, but the misfortunes of that conflict brought him, with his father and mother, to England, when the Empire was overthrown, and there at Chiselhurst his father died and was buried.

The young Prince entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where he made such progress that, when he graduated, he stood seventh in a class of thirty-four.

When the news of the dreadful disaster at Isandhlwana fell like a thunderbolt upon England, and when regi-



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ment after regiment, in which the Prince had personal friends, embarked for South Africa, he burned with a desire to go. Here was a chance to take part in a real war, and to distinguish himself against a foe, which, though a savage one, had struck the world with surprise at their courage and power. Those who knew his dash, felt that he would come back famous, if he came back alive; and it would be interesting to speculate as to what bearing his life would have on the present and future of France, had he come back adorned with the renown he sought. France loves a military hero, and France to-

day might be paying homage to him, as she did to his great ancestor. The Prince of Wales, in speaking on one occasion of his death, said that had it pleased Providence to spare his life he might have been ruler of France, and that he would have made an able ruler, and a firm friend, as his father had been, of Great Britain. That the young Prince had his mind upon France when he entered the campaign is evident. One of his last acts before leaving was to write a letter to M. Rouher, in which he said: "I have too many faithful friends in France for me to remain silent as to the reasons for my departure. . . .

In France, where, thank Heaven, party spirit has not extinguished the military spirit, people will comprehend that I am anxious to share the fatigues and dangers of those troops, among whom I have so many comrades. The time I shall devote in assisting in this struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be lost to me. My thoughts, whether I am near or far, will constantly turn to France. I shall watch the phases she will gradually pass through with interest, and without anxiety, for I am convinced that God protects her. I trust that, during my absence, the partizans of the Imperial cause will remain united and confident."

So with high hopes, though his mother did not wish him to go, he set out from England for the Cape on the 27th Feb. The military authorities could not give him a commission on the general's staff, but he was to attach himself to the staff in an unofficial way, and a letter from the Duke of Cambridge to Lord Chelmsford, commanding in the Zulu campaign, introduced him as follows:—

"MY DEAR CHELMSFORD,—This letter will be presented to you by the Prince Imperial, who is going out on his own account to see as much as he can of the coming campaign in Zululand. He is extremely anxious to go

out, and wanted to be commissioned in our army, but the Government did not consider that this would be sanctioned, but have sanctioned my writing to you and Sir Bartle Frere, to say that if you can shew him any kindness, and render him assistance to see as much as he can with the column in the field, I hope you will do so. He is a fine young fellow, full of spirit and pluck, and, having many old cadet friends in the artillery, he will doubtless find no difficulty in getting on, and if you can help him in any other way pray do so. My only anxiety on his account would be that he is too plucky and go-ahead.

"I remain, my dear Chelmsford,

"Yours most sincerely,

"GEORGE."

The note to Sir Bartle Frere made the same general statement, and added, "He is a charming young man, full of spirit and energy, speaking English admirably, and the more you see of him, the better you will like him." When the Prince arrived at the Cape, Sir Bartle Frere was in Natal, but he was cordially welcomed at the Government House by Lady Frere and her daughters, who had a carriage waiting for him at the docks when the steamer came in. The crowd which gathered at the docks when the passengers landed accepted a daintily attired young man as the Prince, and were surprised when they saw a plainly dressed young man step into the Governor's carriage. All the passengers brought a good report of the young Prince, whose manners were so winning, and who went among them as one of themselves, and when he went into the field, he endeared himself as much to the soldiers as he had before to the citizens. After a day or two at Capetown, he went on to Natal; but here, while anticipating the excitement of the campaign, he took sick with a mild fever, and was laid up for some weeks. When he recovered and reached the front, the General, know-

ing his pluck and dash, and not wishing to risk his life, put him to desk work in making plans and sketches. Though this was irksome work, and he longed to be in the front where the fighting was, he toiled away like an old clock until his eyes became weak. Then it seems, he was allowed to come into the field, and in a skirmish with a scouting party of Zulus was as cool and courageous as a veteran, facing the fire, and being foremost among the pursuers of the savages. One of the officers, writing only two days before his death, of events in the field, hinted that the Prince would be glad to earn a decoration, and added: "The Prince is as charming and cheery a companion as one could wish to meet—full of spirit and without any self-conceit. It may safely be said of him that he is the most popular young officer of all those now attached to the force in the field, for he spares us trouble, and has a pleasant word and a smile for everybody." For a time he had acted as extra aide-de-camp to Lord Chelmsford, and went to Col. Wood's camp at Kambula. On the 8th of May, Lord Chelmsford told Colonel Harrison—who had become very much attached to the Prince—to give the young man something to do, as he was anxious for more active work. The Prince was therefore directed to collect and record information as to the distribution of troops and the location of depôts, and he went to work at it with his customary whole-heartedness.

At the suggestion of Col. Harrison, the Prince accompanied him over the Zulu border to determine on a line of route for the invading forces, and the work he did here in making rapid plans of the country showed that he possessed in a marked degree the talent which distinguished his great ancestor in the field. They scoured the country, sweeping the Zulus before them, and the Prince, we are told by Miss Colenso, was delighted with the life. The simple fare of the officers, cooked

by themselves at their camp fire—the strange country—the sight of the enemy—the exhilarating gallops over the grass, up hill and down dale, after fleet Zulu spies—the bivouac under the star-lit heavens, made him feel, as he told Col. Harrison, that “he was really doing soldiers’ work such as he had never done before.”

On one occasion—in fact, the day after the Prince got his longed-for permission to go to the front—they were exploring a wild, deep valley when they suddenly came upon a large

to his officer asking for more work to do, and was highly pleased when he was told that the army was about to march forward through Zululand, and that he could go and prepare a plan of the road. Lieut. Carey volunteered to go with him to look after him. The escort was to consist of six white troopers and six Basutos—a loyal tribe of brave natives who made capital scouts, being supple and as keen of sight, hearing and scent as a wild Indian—but only one of the Basutos was on hand at the appointed place, and



WHERE THE PRINCE FELL.

party of Zulus, who swept down the hill before them, spreading out their horns, as usual, to surround them. The band of British (of which the Prince was one) was few in number, but they did not lack boldness, and being all mounted they made a dash right for the very centre of the Zulus, broke through the astonished savages, scattering them, and then made their escape among the rocks beyond, suffering the loss of some men in the charge.

On the 31st of May the Prince came

the party rode on without them. Lieut. Carey suggested to the Prince that they should wait for the Basutos, but the Prince replied, “No; we are strong enough,” and they proceeded.

The Prince had been on the ground before, and a few days previously had been fired on by a party of Zulus from a kraal, on which occasion he had shown himself gallant to the point of rashness. Knowing that Lord Chelmsford’s camp was not far away on one side, and Gen. Wood’s on the other, he went forward with that confidence

which betrayed him to his death. After making a sketch from the top of one of the "table mountains," which form a peculiar feature of the landscape, the Prince and his party descended to a valley where he pointed out a kraal from which he had been fired upon the previous day. They then visited another kraal, and finding it empty, proceeded to a third kraal, a mile further on, which was also empty. On arriving at this kraal the Prince, seeing it was only about 200 yards from a small river, the Mbazani, and that the horses could be watered, ordered the men to off-saddle and had coffee prepared. This kraal consisted of five huts with the usual cattle enclosure, and though there was a cleared space in front of it, there were patches of mealies (Indian corn), interspersed with tambookie grass five or six feet high, between the kraal and the river. At first there seemed no sign of life, but traces of recent cooking were noticed on looking about, and two or three dogs sneaked off from the enclosure. The last token alone would have awakened suspicion had the Basutos been there with them, but the troopers, unacquainted with Zulu ways, went on preparing coffee, all unconscious that fifty or sixty stealthy Zulus were lurking in the mealie patch, waiting their best opportunity to spring upon them.

The Basuto guide meantime led the horses down to the river to drink, and as he came up, noticed a Zulu creeping up out of a donga not a great distance from the river or the kraal. When the Basuto brought this news, they thought it time to be on the alert. The horses were saddled, and the Prince gave the order "Prepare to mount." All stood ready, waiting for the word "Mount," but just as the order was given, and the party vaulted into their saddles, a volley from fifty or sixty rifles poured out of the mealie patch, whence half a hundred Zulus burst into the open with the dreaded shout of "*Uutu!*" The Prince's grey charger, a restive

animal, standing sixteen hands high, began to rear and prance, while the others broke away. As the Prince was struggling to mount, one of the troopers, Le Tocq, rushed past, lying across his saddle, and called out, "*Dépêchez-vous s'il vous plait, Monsieur.*" (Make haste, please, Sir.) The Prince made one great effort to mount by catching the holster-flap of the saddle, but that broke—little could the maker of that saddle think that his botch-work would cost a Prince his life—and the frightened horse, treading on his master, bolted off. The Prince got up, and ran on foot after his flying comrades, and when they last saw him, a dozen Zulus were in hot chase not many feet behind him. No one saw him killed, but the fact that, of the seventeen assegai wounds found on his body, all were in front, showed that when he was overtaken, he must have turned and made a brave, though unavailing, stand against his foes. One assegai had pierced through his right eye, and had caused instant death, or, at least, paralysis to all pain. Two more assegais had pierced deeply into his left side, and according to Zulu custom in killing a foe, a gash had been cut across the abdomen. The other wounds were chiefly on the breast. When found next day, the body had been stripped of clothing, and his sword and revolver had been taken, but around his neck was found his gold chain, to which a medal and an *Agnus Dei* were attached—these being looked upon by the Zulus as charms, were chivalrously respected. The grief everywhere manifested at the pitiful ending of this young life was intense, and not unmingled at first with indignation at the escort who fled in this emergency; but it was one of those cases where allowance must be made for panic. When the party recovered from their surprise, they found two of the troopers and the Basuto had been killed, and it was evident that the Prince had already been slain, and it would have



QUEEN VICTORIA'S MONUMENT TO THE PRINCE.

been useless to turn back. A court martial was held, and Lieut. Carey was sent home under arrest, but the Empress Eugenie herself interceded for him, and the Queen, in consequence of this, and the general sympathy felt for the unfortunate officer, ordered his release. When the body was recovered, the soldiers made a bier formed of lances lashed together, and on this the mortal remains of the Prince were conveyed to Maritzburg, where, at the outskirts of the city, the body was wrapped in a Union Jack and placed on a gun carriage, followed by the Prince's grey horse, with boots reversed on the saddle, as at an officer's funeral. The Prince's valet and attendant followed, weeping tears of bitter grief, and the vast crowd of citizens and visitors who came out on a dark and stormy Sunday afternoon to take part in the funeral pageant, showed how general was the feeling of sympathy and sorrow. One of the most touching incidents that followed his death was the arrival of a Zulu messenger from King Cetywayo, bringing back the Prince's sword, and expressing regret that a great young chief had been slain by his men, who, he explained, were not aware of his rank when the attack was made.

Such an act did infinite honor to the heart of a savage king.

Further honors were paid to the mortal remains of the Prince at Durban, where Major Butler, the author of "The Great Lone Land," so well known to Canadian readers, composed a "special order," which is so admirably worded, and yet so brief, that I give it as issued. It read:—

10th June, 1879.

The mortal remains of Prince Louis Napoleon will be carried to-morrow, at half-past nine a.m., from the Roman Catholic Church, in Durban, to the Wharf, at Port Natal, for embarkation in H. M. S. *Boadicea* to England.

In following the coffin which holds the body of the late Prince Imperial of France, and paying to his ashes the final tribute of sorrow and of honor, the troops in garrison will remember:

First,—That he was the last inheritor of a mighty name and of a great military renown.

Second,—That he was the son of England's firm ally in dangerous days.

Third,—That he was the sole child of a widowed Empress, who is now left throneless and childless, in exile, on English shores.

Deepening the profound sorrow, and

the solemn reverence that attaches to these memories, the troops will also remember that the Prince Imperial of France fell fighting as a British soldier.

W. F. BUTLER, *A. A. General*,
Base of Operations.
Durban, Natal, South Africa.

The body was taken on the *Boadicea* to St. Simon's Bay, where it was transferred with all the honors of a naval funeral to the troopship *Orontes*. Lady Frere and the Misses Frere came over from Capetown, and placed each a wreath of immortelles, gathered by themselves from the Cape Flats, upon the catafalque which bore the mutilated body of the poor young man, who,



IN STATE.

in the words of their father, "gave his life in the cause of civilization in South Africa."

The honors paid to the dead Prince when the body arrived in England, and was laid beside that of his father at Chiselhurst, were remarkable, and will long be remembered by Englishmen. English princes and English peasants came with one impulse to pay their tribute of respect, while thousands of Frenchmen of all ranks came over to shew their love and devotion to one of their countrymen, who had by nature as well as inheritance a princely soul, and who died as they would wish every gallant Frenchman die, with his face to the foe. But our noble Queen, — who manifested then, and ever since, her tender sympathy for the poor Empress,

felt his death as a family affliction, not because a young prince had lost the hope of a throne, but because a brave young man had died as "the only son of his mother, and she a widow."

He was ambitious, no doubt, but his aims were exalted, and his life a blameless one. Speaking of his future, he one day said: "If I am restored to the throne of my father, I will have none near me whose truth, honor and morality are not above suspicion." After his death, there was found among his effects a prayer in French, written apparently not long before he left for South Africa, and of this prayer three sentences may be translated as follows: "I pray not that Thou should'st take away the obstacles on my path, but that Thou mayst permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou should disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself. Oh, my God, show me ever where my duty lies, and give me strength to accomplish it always." We may look in vain for such noble sentiments among the other Bonapartes, unless we take the great Napoleon in his humbler moods, when discoursing of Christianity, for instance, at St. Helena. His last act, on leaving for South Africa, was to go to the Chapel at Chiselhurst, and there, beside the tomb of his father, partake of communion. It is possible he may have had some presentiment of his death, as he made his will the day before he embarked for the Cape. In this will he said, among other things, "I desire that my body may be laid near that of my father, till the time comes when both may be transferred to the spot where the founder of our house reposes among the French people, whom we, like him, dearly loved." In another part of his will he said, "My latest thoughts will be for my country." In concluding, he hoped his mother would hold him in affectionate remembrance, and he expressed his gratitude to his friends, servants and partizans, as well as to the Queen

of England, the Royal Family, "and the country in which, during eight years, I have received so much hospitality."

Such was the destined end of the House of Buonaparte, and, as the grave opens to receive the innocent young Prince, we seem to see the spirit of the wronged and divorced Josephine rise, like the ghost of Vander Dicken, and retreat from earth saying, "It is enough," when the ambition, which sought to perpetuate a royal house by breaking a faithful heart, was punished thus to the third and fourth generation.

The career of the Prince was not without coincidences related to that of his great ancestor. The surgeon and physician who established the identity of the corpse—Larry and Carvisart—were sons of the surgeon and physician of Napoleon the First; and the bishop, who accompanied Cardinal Manning to the house at Chiselhurst, was Las Cases, son of the author of "Memoirs of St. Helena," one of Napoleon's most steadfast friends. The army which accompanied Napoleon the First to Egypt, and the army with which the prince was identified, were the largest gathered in Africa since ancient days.

From the time I saw him land from the steamer *Danube* at Capetown, with his countenance full of hope, and a heart eager to plunge into the tide of war, it seemed only a day till I beheld, not the home-returning warrior, whose glorious deeds would put a nation in adoration at his feet, but a purple pall that covered his mutilated body. There was the martial pomp of a naval funeral as the pall was transferred from the man-of-war to the troopship, while answering the solemn boom of the "minute gun at sea," the crags that frowned over Simonstown naval station returned their battery of thundering echoes—but, in all this pomp, Death was the victor. To the people of South Africa, as well as to the British forces, these sorrowful

pageants seemed the commemoration of a national calamity, but more solemn and pathetic above any event associated with this war was the appearance of the poor widowed and bereft mother on these shores, following step by step over the scenes made memorable to her by the deeds of her darling son, and finishing her pilgrimage only when she had crossed the Tugela into Zululand, and knelt on the spot where he had given up his life.

The spot is sacredly guarded by Sabinaga, an old Zulu chief, and his clan, and whenever a visitor is shown to the marble cross erected by the Queen, the old Zulu and his attendants point their fingers heavenward, uttering the word "Inkosi" (a high chief), as they step into the enclosure—a graceful tribute of reverence from a people who have an instinctive admiration for bravery.

THIS
CROSS IS
ERECTED
BY
QUEEN VICTORIA,
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
NAPOLEON EUGENE LOUIS
JEON GOUGH,
PRINCE IMPERIAL,
TO MARK
THE SPOT
WHERE, WHILE
ASSISTING
IN A
RECONNAISSANCE
WITH THE
BRITISH
TROOPS
ON THE
1ST JUNE,
1879,
HE WAS
ATTACKED
BY A PARTY
OF ZULUS,
AND FELL
WITH HIS
FACE TO THE
FOE.

No people could guard this sacred spot more reverently than these faithful and simple people, who seem to regard the place with as much veneration as if it contained the bones of Chaka or Cetywayo.



GROUP OF ZULU CHIEFS.

MOUNT STEPHEN.

Bald, rugged cliffs, precipitous and vast,
 Sheer skyward range. Above the filmy streams
 Of wind-blown clouds, in awful splendor gleams
 The glacier flood, in iron grip lock'd fast,
 Poised on the brink. Yet higher still I cast
 My eye to where in cloudless sunlight beams
 Thy radiant crown. How wondrous fair it seems,
 Deep set in moveless calm, where comes no blast.

O Titan mountain, mystical and strange!
 What potent spell hast thou, what magic art,
 To still the fret, and bid low care depart?
 Elysian fields and fairy slopes I range;
 The heart ache and the fever flee away,
 And round me breaks the light of larger day.

—HENLEIGH