

each other, at short pistol-shot, in absolute silence. Napoleon advanced alone towards the royal troops.

"Present arms!" he commanded.

They obeyed, levelling their guns at their old commander. He advanced slowly, with impassive face. Reaching their front, he touched his cap and saluted.

"Soldiers of the Fifth," he cried, loudly, "do you recognize me?"

"Yes, yes," came from some voices, filled with barely-repressed enthusiasm.

"Soldiers, behold your general; behold your emperor," he continued. "Let any of you who wishes to kill him, fire."

Fire?—Their guns went to the earth; they flung themselves on their knees before him, called him father, shed tears, shouted as if in frenzy, waved their shakos on their bayonets and sabres.

"All is over," said Napoleon to Bertrand and Drouet. "In ten days we shall be in the Tuileries."

In a brief time the Emperor moved on, the king's regiment, now wearing the tricolor cockade, following with his former troop. As they drew near Grenoble throngs of peasantry gathered, with enthusiastic cheers. Another regiment approached, the seventh of the line, commanded by Colonel de Labédoyère. He had taken the eagle of the regiment from a chest, brandished his sword, and crying, "Long live the Emperor! Those who love me follow me!" led the way from Grenoble. The whole regiment followed. Meeting Napoleon, the colonel and the Emperor sprang from their horses and warmly embraced.