

nearly falling to the earth, when a voice whispered in his ear—

"Arouse thee—thy wound is healed. 'This is thy first passage to the imperial crown!'"

He looked, and the sybil who two years before had confronted him in the cave, in the *rue de Montholon*, stood there in the midst of death and carnage.

"Ha!" cried Bonaparte, "you here!"

"Why not?" she coolly replied. "I am thy genius. Harken—'tis accomplished! the day is won—the wreath of victory is thine!"

At the same time the bugle of the Austrians was heard sounding a retreat, and the wild shouts of triumph from the French, mingling with the roar of cannon and martial music, proclaimed Napoleon the victor of that ever memorable and bloody field. He had but for a moment averted his eyes from her, towards the scene, her words were yet in his ears, when he turned to her again, but she was not to be seen. He placed his hand upon his breast, his dress was yet moist with blood, but no pain was by him felt; and when in possession of the field, he uncovered his bosom, there only appeared the semblance of a wound but not the slightest sign of its recent infliction.

In 1800, five years after this occurrence, during which time success had ever attended him, when he had added to his name the Conqueror of Egypt—had returned to France—had boldly dissolved the Directorial government, had been declared First Consul, had crossed the Alps, and was now encamped on the field of Marengo. It was on the night preceding that battle, worn and weary with a long and arduous march, he had wrapped his cloak around him and thrown himself upon his camp couch, before the opening of his tent, so that the refreshing breezes of an Italian summer night might play upon his distracted and fevered frame. The moon shone with unclouded brilliance upon the marshalled plains, and the opposing armies were bound in the slumber of silence and fœgue. Scarcely a sound was to be heard, save

"The clink of hammers closing rivets up,
Giving dreadful note of preparation."

At the opening of the tent paced two sentinels, whose orders, at the peril of their lives, were to admit no one 'till the morning bugle had sounded. But look, what form is that which moves in the dimness of the tent, so softly that even the breath of the mid-night æephyr ruffles more the stillness of the hour.—'Tis a female—she approaches the couch of Napoleon—she looks keenly upon him—she casts

her eyes upwards and for some moments sees as imploring aid from a spiritual power—again she gazes on him—a smile irradiates her features—it now gives place to sorrow—tears from her eyes on the face of the hero, as she bends over him—Napoleon starts from slumber—he is about to speak, but she places her finger upon her lip to command silence. Is it a spectre or reality that stands before him? Her mantle falls from her shoulders, and the sybil again stands before him.

"Speak not but listen," she said in a voice of melancholy tenderness. "The star of thy fortune is once more on the ascendant. To-day shall victory award thee the laurel!"

"Mysterious being, who are you and whence come you?" asked Napoleon.

She spoke not, but taking from her bosom a small talisman of the form of an eagle, cut from an emerald and richly set in gold, placed it in his hand, saying—

"When from thee this departeth, then depart the star of thy glory. Up, up and doing—already is thy foe preparing. Go, fearless, and victory is thine."

In an instant she was lost in the gloom of the tent, and Napoleon starting up sought to pursue her. At that moment the morning bugle sounded to arms, and the sentinel entering the tent was surprized to find him standing lost in abstraction. The noise of his footsteps, however, recalled him to remembrance—he rushed from the tent—the field was a moving mass of warlike life, illumined with the first streaks of morning—he leaped into his saddle—the word for battle was given—deep and deadly roared the voice of destruction throughout the day, and when the sun was sinking behind the distant mountains, another garland was hung upon the banner of Napoleon.

Austerlitz! glorious, brilliant, yet bloody Austerlitz—how swelled Napoleon's heart that day, when the sun rose in dazzling splendour o'er his host, and the Austrian and Russian powers lay scattered o'er the field, like as the autumnal leaves of the forest. When the first blast of the bugle thrilled to each heart, telling that the work of battle had begun, the man and horse in thundering conflict met. While on the cast of that day depended the summit of his ambition, the stability of his regal sway—and when at last the evening fell upon the vanquished, and he stood there, the terrible and triumphant conqueror, so were his feeling to be envied or his fame to be desired! It was as he thus stood, surrounded by his brilliant staff on that bloody field, flushed