

As she said this she looked like a sybil in the moment of inspiration. She might have been about twenty-five years of age, tall and commanding in person—browned with the suns of foreign climes. Her eye was dark as the raven's, and of unspeakable brightness—her hair, which descended in thick black ringlets over her shoulders, was braided in front, and her brow encircled by a brilliant scarlet kerchief. Her garment was a loose flowing robe of green, fastened at the waist by a blue silken scarf, which descended nearly to the ankle; and her feet were encased in richly ornamented slippers of red morocco.

The party were surprized at her appearance, and it was some moments ere the silence was broken. At last Bonaparte said—

"Who are you and what want you here?"

"I am the genius of your fate, Napoleon.—In my hand I hold the rudder of your soul—to good or to evil I can direct it. Forbear—seek not to imbue your hands in the blood of your friend," and saying this she dropped upon her knee, and placing the sword of Berryer at his feet, cried—"Hail, Emperor of France!"

A loud laugh burst from all around save Napoleon, who, impressed by her sudden and singular appearance as well as by her words, stood transfixed to the spot, gazing upon her.

"Mock me not," she replied to their derision.

"I speak the truth—there is not one of you but shall yet behold *him* the conqueror of the world—the Emperor of France! Look! look, behold that star, how brightly it gleams," she continued, pointing to the window through which, in a dark December sky, one bright and only star was glowing in unspeakable brilliancy; "it is the star of his glory. Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz—bloody will be your fields—but they are his passage to the imperial diadem.—Behold how it waxes, it glows in accordance to my words, and yet dark clouds seem to threaten to bedim its glory. Ha! they prevail. Rout, carnage and confusion, are on his track. The sceptre falls from his hand—he bends in submission. What now passes o'er its disk? Interminable seas—a barren rock his home and a grate in the regions of his enemy," and uttering a loud scream, she rushed from the apartment.

Her mysterious speech, had created a strange feeling in the bosom of every one present, but more especially in that of Bonaparte, who stood like a statue, gazing upon the star. At that moment a loud roll of drums was heard, and Barras, one of the directors of the Conven-

tion, entered, and addressing Bonaparte, told him he was appointed to the command of the Conventional troops, with full power to act as he deemed proper for the restoration of peace to Paris.

"Ha! ha! ha! said I not rightly?" shouted a female voice at the window. All eyes were in an instant turned towards it, where, for a moment, the face of the sybil was seen, flushed with joy and waving her hand above her head.

"'Tis strange!" half aloud muttered Napoleon.

"What is strange?" inquired Barras, amazed at the apathy evinced by Napoleon on receipt of his good intelligence.

"Nothing, nothing Monsieur," he replied; "a strange female has been among us, who pretending to the art of divination, has covered me with glory and shame in the same breath. Behold!"

At this moment a brilliant light arose from without illuminating the whole apartment; but, in place of the sybil was seen a beautiful female with an imperial diadem encircling her brow. In her left hand she held another, while with her right she pointed to Bonaparte.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" exclaimed Barras. "Is this the effect of a fevered imagination—or do others see as I do?"

"It is no deception!" shouted some dozen voices.

"It is indeed there—approach her, Napoleon, 'tis on you that she smiles so graciously."

He did so, but the next moment she had disappeared, and nought but darkness supplied the place of brightness. Loud shouts now arose without, and the rolling of the drum, the report of fire-arms, told that tumult and bloodshed were again at work in the streets of Paris.

"Lose not a moment, Bonaparte," said Barras, "we shall talk of this again—may the vision prove true. Take this sword—let it carve out your path to its fulfilment."

Bonaparte received the weapon, and bowing assent, departed to assume his appointment, while the others followed, wondering at and speculating upon, what they had witnessed.

We shall now change the scene to the battle of Lodi, that memorable event which won for the Corsican high fame and honour. During a greater part of the day he had assisted in the duties of the common soldier, with his own hands charging and discharging a piece of ordnance, when on the very eve of victory he was struck with a musket-ball—the blood flowed freely, sight almost forsook him, and he was