

out to join him. There had been earnest entreaties on the part of Selma, plighted vows on the part of de Banyan, fond embraces and fervent kisses on the part of both, and when Selma recovered herself sufficiently to look at the matter from the standpoint of a brave and loyal woman, she realized that her lover had mounted his charger and had ridden away in the direction of Grenoble. What the result of the enterprise would be she knew not, but in her heart she trembled.

On the night of the 19th, Napoleon reached Fontainebleau, and on the following evening, in fog and rain, entered Paris in an open carriage, preceded by a courier on horseback, who announced his master's arrival.

A few hours previous, Louis XVIII had fled to Holland for protection, and the vacant throne was left to the usurper, who, without bloodshed, had conquered France, amid the acclamations of immense crowds.

*Vive l'Empereur* resounded through the streets until long after midnight. People shouted themselves hoarse; shouted until they lost their voices; and when they could shout no longer, they listened with considerable satisfaction to the booming of the cannon that had thundered at Marengo, Austerlitz and Dresden, and which shook the brilliantly illumined city until dawn.

It is strange how men forget. It is strange how public favor deviates. Less than a year ago the cry had been, "Down with the Emperor" and "Long live the King"; now it was, "Down with the King" and "Long live the Emperor." What an innovation!

There were men who seemed to live anew. There were men who wept when he passed, and smiled happily through their tears after he had gone. There were men who strove to forget their sworn allegiance to the Bourbons, and

who sought to establish their never-failing loyalty to the Emperor. There were others who trembled at the sight of him, and still others who sagely shook their venerable heads and wondered what would come of it all. Yet, in one tremendous chorus they thundered their huzzas, and crowded about the Emperor until he was obliged to cry out, "My friends, you stifle me!"

None saw, however, the looks from evil eyes. None guessed the resentment smouldering in the hearts of hundreds among that clamoring multitude. In that hour of excitement everyone was busy with his own feelings.

For the Bonapartists, it was a day of triumph; for the royalists, a day of fate. From the time Napoleon set foot upon French soil it had been one grand ovation, a sort of royal and triumphal progress; so that in conversation at the Tuileries, with his old friend Caulaincourt, he had good reason for saying, that the success of his rash venture was a return once more of that dazzling good fortune, which had spoiled him during so many years.

In the Tuileries the Emperor found all his old ministers, his generals and his courtiers assembled. All were desirous of seeing and greeting him. An immense concourse of people surged around the entrance on the stairway, and his *aides-de-camp* were compelled to carry him in their arms up the grand staircase, and thence into the royal apartments, amid exultant cries of *Vive l'Empereur*.

To re-establish his authority, re-organize his government and create a new army, that would enable him to meet his enemies in the field, required time. But that he was not idle is certain, from the fact that during the eighty-four days of his stay in Paris he re-established his authority all over France, tranquilized the country generally, put down royalist