

with victory and devising plans for the morrow, that Murat approached and informed him that a female in the thickest of the fight, had seized his arm and placed within his hand a packet, with these words—"This is the bright-day in the cycle of Napoleon."

He took it, it was addressed to him; he broke the seal, and within it lay the fragments of a page, but no writing. A gloom overshadowed his countenance, and hastily folding it up, he thrust it into his bosom, and gave orders for the disposal of his troops for the night.

Having retired to his tent, and seated himself by his watch-fire, which burned brightly in the clear keen air of a December night, his lonely soul was soon filled with a thousand thoughts of the future. In the ever-changing pictures he could almost depict, in "his mind's eye," crowns and sceptres tumbling into his lap, and monarchs bending captives at his feet. Then would the spectres of misfortune throng before him, 'till he beheld himself a vanquished and humbled being, at the mercy of those, whom like a second Attila, he had over-ruled without feeling and destroyed without cause.

Lost in these reveries, the remembrance of the packet flashed upon him. He took it from his bosom and unfolding it, again beheld the broken fragments of the ring.

"What am I to divine from this?" said he, "What symbol does this betoken?"

"That the circle of thy glory is shattered!" exclaimed a voice beside him.

He started—his hand was on his sword, and he was on the eve of calling the sentinel, when the speaker arrested his arm and commanded him to be silent.

"Know you me not?" said the speaker.—"It is five years since we met, on the plains of Arago—I then placed in your grasp the talisman of fortune, but to-day it hath departed from thee!"

"Not so," exclaimed Napoleon, thrusting his hand into his bosom, "'tis here!" But his countenance grew crimsoned, and a strong shivering seized upon his frame—he stood fast, gazing with vacant horror upon the face of the speaker, whom he now recognized as the sybil.

"Speak I not truth?" cried she; "'tis gone, it is never to return. Thy star may wax brilliant, and the sun of fortune may seem to smile upon thee as brightly as ever, but a storm is gathering in the distance that shall burst upon and destroy thee for ever!"

"Whither has it gone?" asked Napoleon.

"To the same hand that formed it—to the mansions of destiny," she replied. "Farewell! we shall meet again, but then thy sun shall be set and the tempest shall be o'er thee!"

She rushed from his presence, and escaping from the tent, was challenged by the sentinel, but on perceiving that it was a woman, and she readily gave the countersign, he permitted her to pass safe and unmolested. Napoleon could not speak, he stood statue-like and speechless, and at length sunk beside the embers of his watch-fire in a state of oblivion, from which he was only aroused by the entrance of the officer of the morning.

Nine years had passed away, and Josephine, his wife, the promoter of his fortunes, had been discarded, and another, a regal, but not a better being, taken to his arms. Battle after battle had been fought, kingdom after kingdom had been conquered, and in the intoxication of success, the sybil's prophecy had totally escaped his memory. But reverses of fortune now fell upon his arms, and alone in the old and princely palace of Fontainebleau, in a solitary chamber, on the evening of the 11th of April, 1814, we now behold him, driven to the very verge of despair—at the mercy of those, a captured conqueror, to whom he had shown none, and with whom he had violated every principal of honour.

He is seated at a small table, where before him lie various documents, one of which he scans with a keen and anxious eye—ever and anon he rises and walks about the apartment, muttering to himself—and striking his hand upon his brow—he suddenly pauses, seizes the pen and is about to apply it to the document—now he casts it from him, and assumes an air of terrible determination—his hand now falls unwittingly upon a pistol—he starts—he grasps it—a wild light flashes from his eye—he raises it—what, shall the hero of "a hundred fields," bow beneath the reverses of fortune? No! he dashes it from his grasp—he draws his hand across his eyes—a tear drops beneath it, and flinging himself into his chair, his head falls upon his breast, and a deep smothered sigh bursts from him.

Slowly on its hinges moves the door, and with a step noiseless as death, enters a figure in full white flowing garments. A thick veil conceals her features. She advances to the table, and stands motionless before him. He perceives her not 'till she deeply and solemnly pronounces the name of—"Napoleon!"

He starts from his reverie. Who dares thus break in upon his last night of royalty? The