

taken if I ever become reconciled to royalty. In order to contribute to its eradication in Europe, I will make use of fire and sword, and, when the society to which I belong asks me to do so, sacrifice even what is most precious to me.' You wrote this and affixed your name to it with your blood."\*

"It is true, I did!" muttered Napoleon. "I was a fool, dreaming, like all the others, of the possibility of a republic."

"You were a believer, and have become a renegade," exclaimed the spectre, in a threatening voice. "The invisible ones will judge and punish you, unless you make haste to conciliate them. You have forgotten that you stand under the yoke of the Philadelphians. The Emperor Napoleón believes that he has power to blot out with the blood of subjugated nations the words of the sacred oath which Lieutenant Bonaparte swore to the Philadelphians in the forest of Fontainebleau."

"And I *have* the power to do so!" exclaimed Napoleon, proudly. "I stretch out my arm over Europe, and she bows before me."

"But the Philadelphians will break your arm, and convert your crowns into dust, unless you make haste to conciliate them," exclaimed the spectre. "Turn back, for it is yet time. Return to France, renounce conquests: France wants no more wars; she is cursing the tyrant who refuses peace to her and to Europe. There has been bloodshed enough. Take an oath at this hour that you will renounce your ambition, and no longer pursue a career of crime and blood! Swear that you will return to France to-morrow!"

"Never!" ejaculated Napoleon, vehemently, and coloring with anger.

"Swear that you will return, or I will kill you!" cried the spectre. "I will kill you as a wolf. Swear that you will return!"

"Never!"

"Ah, you will not swear—you prefer to die, then," and at a bound she was by the Emperor's side, grasped him with iron hands, and threw him down on the easy-chair. "You prefer to die!" she repeated wildly, tearing the black veil from her head and showing her face unveiled. It was livid as that of a corpse, the bloodless lips quivering, and her red eyes flaming with rage.

"You prefer to die!" exclaimed the spectre, for the third

\* "Le Normand," vol. ii., p. 516.

time. "Well, die!" And her arms encircled Napoleon's breast like iron rings, her glance seemed to pierce his face, her lips opened and exhibited terrible teeth, as if ready to tear his breast. The emperor was unable to breathe; he felt his strength giving way, and, with a last effort, he uttered a shrill cry calling for help.

"Sire, sire, awake!" cried an anxious voice by his side. Napoleon started up, and violently pushed back the hand which touched his arm. "Who is there?" he asked, angrily.

"Sire, it is I—Constant!" said the faithful *valet de chambre*. "I heard in the antechamber your majesty's groans and cries; I rushed in and saw you writhing on the easy-chair. A bad dream seemed to torment your majesty, and I therefore ventured to awaken you."

"And I am glad you did, Constant," said the emperor. "Ah, my friend, what a terrible dream it was! The White Lady was here; she threw herself upon me like a tigress; she wanted to tear me and drink my heart's blood."

"Your majesty had once before a similar dream," said Constant, smiling.

"Where—where was it?" asked Napoleon, hastily, wiping the cold sweat from his brow.

"Sire, it was at Erfurt, when the Emperor Alexander was there."\*

"Yes, I remember," said the emperor, in a low voice. "It seems this bad dream returns as soon as I approach Alexander. Does Fate intend to warn me? Is he to be the wolf that will one day lacerate my breast? Ah, it was an awful dream, indeed, and even now it seems to me as really seen and heard." He glanced around the gloomy room. Every thing was in precisely the same condition as when he had entered it. The maps lay undisturbed on the table before him; the colored pins stood in long rows like little armies, and opposite each other, drawn up in line of battle. But the tapers had burned down, and the fire was nearly extinguished. Napoleon rose shudderingly from his easy-chair. "I will go to rest," he said.

Constant, taking a candlestick, preceded the emperor, and opened the door of the adjoining room. Fifteen minutes afterward Napoleon was in bed, and Constant and Roustan had withdrawn into the antechamber.

But this sleep was not to be of long duration. A loud cry,

\* Constant, "Mémoires," vol. iv., p. 79.



uttered by his master, awakened Constant, and caused him to rush into the bedroom. The emperor had raised himself in bed. "Constant," he said, "it was no dream this time. The White Lady was here—I saw her distinctly—I had not fallen asleep, my eyes and all my senses were awake. I saw the tall, white figure, her head covered with the black veil, at the wall there, as though she had grown from the ground. At a bound she was at my bedside, and raised her hands. I quickly seized her and called for you. She then glided from my fingers and disappeared. Like General d'Espagne, I say there must be a trap-door somewhere in this room. Call Roustan, take lights, and examine the walls and the floor."

The *valet de chambre* hastened to fetch Roustan; they took lights and made a thorough examination, but in vain. The oaken planks of the floor were firmly joined, and the dark velvet hangings glued to the walls.

"Well, then, the White Lady has fooled me in another dream," said the emperor. "Go! Let us sleep." The two servants withdrew.

About an hour had elapsed, when another cry, uttered by the emperor, called Constant back into the bedroom. Seized with dismay, he halted at the door. The bed was in the middle of the room; the table which stood beside it was upset, and the night-lamp lay thrown on the floor.

"I hope that no accident has befallen your majesty," said Constant, rushing toward the emperor.

"No," said Napoleon. "But this accursed white spectre was here again. It wanted to treat me like General d'Espagne; to upset my bed and throttle me. I awoke just when this horrible monster of a woman pushed the bed with the strength of a giant into the middle of the room. I called for you, and she disappeared. As the White Lady apparently does not like several persons to be in the room, you and Roustan must remain here to-night."

"And, with your majesty's leave, each of us will hold a pistol in his hand, that we may fire at the apparition if it return."

"Ah, my friend, you know little of the power of spectres," said Napoleon, smiling. "When you have fired at them, they laugh scornfully, throw the bullet back to you and pass on entirely uninjured. That is their fashion. But you may take your pistols, and if she has still a human heart in her breast, she will feel some respect for it."

And the White Lady really seemed to have a human heart. Constant and Roustan, who sat on the floor beside the emperor's bed with cocked pistols, waited in vain for the return of the apparition. Every thing remained quiet; nothing stirred in the room, where the emperor, guarded by his faithful servants, now at last enjoyed repose.

When he rose on the following morning, his face was even paler and gloomier than usual. He who generally on being dressed conversed in an affable manner with his servants, remained silent and grave that day, and muttered only occasionally, "The accursed palace! The miserable spectre-hole!"\*

Constant and Roustan, having finished the emperor's toilet, were about leaving the room, when he called them back by a gesture. "You will not mention any thing about what happened here last night!" he said, imperiously. "If I find out that you disobey my order, I shall be very angry. Go!" And the emperor went into the Gallery of Palms in order to receive the reports of his suite and give the usual audiences. With a nod and a dismal look he greeted Count Munster, who inquired, with the fawning smile of a true courtier, whether his majesty had passed an agreeable night.

"Your castellan, then, has not informed you of the horrible noise last night in the palace?" asked Napoleon, angrily. "You ought to get better nails, count, to hang up paintings, so that they do not fall down. He who wants to hang anybody or any thing, even though it be but a painting, ought to have at least a substantial gallows."

"Sire," faltered Count Munster, "I do not comprehend—this palace—"

"Is not even fit to be a gallows, for it drops those who have been hung in it," exclaimed Napoleon, vehemently. "It is an accursed place, and the air in it as sultry and oppressive as in a rat-hole. Have the carriages brought to the door. Let us depart!" He did not deign the count another glance, and returned into the adjoining room, whither none but the grand marshal and his adjutants were permitted to follow.

Fifteen minutes afterward, the emperor, with his numerous suite, left the palace of Baireuth and set out for Plauen, where he intended to join the Empress Maria Louisa, who had stopped there over night, and continue with her the jour-

\* Historical.—Vide Minutoli, "The White Lady," p. 17.



ney to Dresden. The streets of Baireuth, which had presented so animated a spectacle the day before, were at this early hour quiet and deserted; all the windows were closed; only here and there a wondering, inquisitive face appeared behind the panes and looked at the carriages that rolled through the streets, and at the melancholy countenance of the emperor, who sat in his open calash. When out of the gate, he turned again, and cast an angry glance on the palace, whose high gray walls were brightened by the morning sun. "An accursed old palace!" he muttered to himself. "I shall never spend there another night." \* And leaning back in a corner of the carriage he gazed in silence at the sky.

Count Munster, however, stood inside the palace of Baireuth, at the window of the Gallery of Palms, and looked anxiously after the emperor. The carriages disappeared at a bend in the road behind the green willows, and the count turned to Castellan Schluter, who was standing behind him.

"But tell me, for Heaven's sake, Schluter," exclaimed the count, "what did the emperor refer to? What happened to him last night?"

"There happened to him what will happen to all those who dare disquiet the White Lady of Baireuth or defy her power," said Schluter, solemnly.

"You really believe, then, that she appeared to him?" asked the count, in terror.

"The emperor sent for me late last night, and again this morning. Shall I tell your excellency what it was for? The portrait of the White Lady, which I had put yesterday into the cabinet adjoining the audience-hall in the other wing of the palace, had walked over to this side, and, in the room directly above the emperor, had thrown itself down with so much violence, that the noise resounded through the whole building."

"But that is altogether impossible," exclaimed Count Munster, in dismay. "Why, you told me that the portrait was standing in the other wing of the palace, and that you had carefully locked all the doors."

"But I told your excellency also that locks and bolts are unable to impede her progress, and that, when she intends to wander, the walls open to her, and that all obstructions give way. The air wafted her over to the enemy of her house,

\* Napoleon's own words.—Vide Minutoli, p. 17.

and, by the thunder of her wrath, she awakened him from his slumber."

"And that was the reason why the emperor sent for you last night?"

"Yes, I had the honor of narrating to him the history of the White Lady," said Schluter, laughing scornfully. "I did so, and told him also what happened here to General d'Espagne."

"But did you not say the emperor has sent for you again this morning?"

The castellan nodded.

"Well, what did he want again?"

"I had to describe to him the costume in which the White Lady is in the habit of walking—her dress, her veil, her countenance—in short, I had to tell him all about her appearance. I proposed at last that I would have the portrait brought to him, that he might himself look at it; but, when I did so, he cast a furious glance on me, and said in an angry voice, 'No, no, I do not want to see it! Let me alone with your doomed portrait!' \* In truth, I believe the all-powerful emperor was frightened, and the White Lady had paid him a visit. In fact, he turned quite pale!" And Schluter burst into loud and scornful laughter.

Count Munster shook his head gravely, and hastened to leave the Gallery of Palms and the haunted palace.

The castellan remained there and listened until the count's footsteps died away. He then hurried to the rooms which the emperor had occupied. When he arrived at Napoleon's bedroom, he pushed the bed aside, and stooped down to the floor, at which he looked with searching eyes. "It is all right! Nothing is to be seen!" he muttered to himself. "The White Lady will yet be able often to walk here!" He burst into loud laughter and left the imperial apartments to return to his own rooms, which were situated on the ground-floor. "I will now put away my dear treasures, that no uninitiated eye may behold them," he said, carefully locking the door. "Come, my mysterious treasures! Come!" He drew from his bed a long white dress, a small cloak trimmed with fur, and a long black veil, † and while carefully folding up these articles, which he locked in a trunk standing under the bed, he sang in a loud and merry voice:

\* Historical.—Vide Minutoli, p. 17.

† These articles, belonging to the toilet of the White Lady, were found in Schluter's trunk when he died, in 1820.—Vide Minutoli, p. 17.