

youthful artillery officer rides alongside each piece, with the chin-piece of his shako in his teeth, and his sword glinting in the sun. "En avant!"

Ah! if show and music and hurly would only win battles.

Napoleon had said in his heavy, oracular way: "It will be a long and a conclusive war. Whichever nation is defeated will be forever incapable of future attempts at conquest."

Poor fellow! A dynasty was to die, not a nation.

"Is Monsieur pleased with the grand preparation for war?"

I turn from the window to meet the sneering face of Marquis Lyne. He is of the Quartier St. Germain. His gray moustache, his padded shoulders, and his eternal sneer are hateful to me. I know him for an old Orleanist who hates the Reds, who hates the Bonapartes, and who lives only on the hope that the *canaille*, Imperial as well as of the Faubourg St. Antoine, will go down in any struggle which may occur.

"Yes, Marquis—I love the bustle and the glory of an approaching contest."

"Oui, Monsieur, and when many die a few rascals will perish. The devil speed them, for France needs bleeding sadly."

I dislike this old wretch, and yet he is honored, and I often meet him in the best society. Bonaparte has held the old aristocracy in expectancy, and has doled out enough of the confiscated estates to keep them silent if not loyal. What have I heard of this old man which makes me hate him so? No matter—it is nothing to me.

"We have a proverb, Marquis, 'When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues,' but it is just as true that when honest men fall out rogues often get more than their due," and I turn to my desk.

"Monsieur is a Yankee. He leans to the Reds, and would rejoice to see again the guillotine at work on the aristocrats," and the grizzled moustache trembles in another sneer.

"Possibly you are right," and I bow him out and greet in the doorway Napoleon Smith.

"Say Cap, I am going in for this thing."

"What thing?"

"This war. I am stuck here in Paris, and these French fellows tell me that I can get a non-commissioned officer's position on my record in the U. S. army. This G. A. R. badge takes like hot cakes."

"I can send you out of the city, if you wish to go, even after hostilities commence," and I pushed a chair towards him.

"I don't wish to go. I came here on an errand of importance, and I can go on with it as well as I am in the National Guard, and perhaps better, for these French police are devils to follow a fellow up and know his business. Besides, this ain't goin' to be much of a skirmish," and he drummed on the desk and hummed his favorite tune.

"My friend," said I, "this is going to be a terrible war. Think twice before you embroil yourself in it."

"Cap, excuse me, but you make me laugh," said he. "There ain't room in Europe for a Gettysburg. It would lap over into Asia or get crowded into the water. Great Scott! I wish McMahon could have seen Pickett's charge. When ten thousand men walk at common time across a field a mile wide with sixty pieces of artillery playin' on 'em, and walk up to sixty thousand men shootin' pint-black with Springfield rifles, and then leave five thousand of those men in front of the works and walk to reform under fire, that is fightin'."

"Yes," said I, with just American pride.

"And when you see, Cap, as I did, at Mission Ridge, forty thousand men in one line move up a steep hill on a fortified enemy, and in just sixty-five minutes capture forty-seven pieces of artillery and thirteen thousand stand of small arms, that is gettin' there with both feet, ain't it?" and he leaned forward and smiled fiercely.

"Hurrah for Grant!" I shouted, forgetting where I was.

"And a tiger!" said Napoleon Smith.

"Why, Lord! Cap, there ain't no chance of such fighting here. They will just tear around for a while and burn powder and make children deaf and scare cattle; but now there was Brandy Station, and U. S. Dragoons and some bully cavalry regiments went in with sabres. Ground shook, heads split open, bugles blowin', when—I just wish these mounseers could see a fight once, yum, yum!"

"Ha, ha, Smith, but what did you want of me?" and I resumed a magisterial air.

"Have you ever read much about how the Bonaparte died?" he asked.

"Yes, considerable. He made a will remembering and rewarding his friends and suite. He received the consolations of the church from two Italian priests. He wished a *post mortem* to be held on his remains to determine the cause of his death. Much surmise was indulged in as to the disposition of his vast fortune accumulated by conquest. He never revealed that," I said.

"Yes, he did," and Smith leaned forward.

"What?" said I.

"Let me give you right here some unwritten history. He called to his bedside a boy—a boy he was fond of and who was always with him. And handed to that boy a red morocco case and told him to go to England with Captain Maitland, and from there to the United States, and sometime to carefully study the papers in the red morocco case, and he could become the richest man in the world. That boy was my father, and he was a weak, cowardly man, and died in Sinclairville, Maine, a poor man, but a good father to me. God rest his soul! I have been for five years a soldier in the Union army. I have been a traveller in many lands.

(To be continued.)

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