

risings, obtained money for his military wants, adjusted the national finances, restored the civil administrations everywhere, and organized an army of three hundred thousand soldiers, most of them veterans, besides an Imperial Guard of forty thousand men, who were ready to follow him to the ends of the earth.

But in all his hurry he forgot to disarm those two arch-traitors, Talleyrand and Fouché, and it is probably due to his clemency that they were permitted finally, under the guise of friendship, to plot his second downfall.

During this excitement and preparation de Banyan was not idle. Having been assigned to his old regiment, he entered upon his duties with an energy which was equal to the emergency, and in due time had his men ready for the field. Then orders came to march in three days to meet the enemy. This gave de Banyan sufficient time to hasten home to Selma. Their parting was an affecting one, but like the brave woman she was, she bade him God speed, and promised to pray for him until his return.

Then followed in quick succession the

battles of Ligny, Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, with their disastrous effects to the French, and their strange enigmas to the world. It has been stated that this last campaign was a series of blunders on the part of the French generals, and a succession of amazing triumphs on the part of the allies. But the establishing of the truth of this must be left to history. Suffice it to say, however, that every loyal man in that terrible struggle fought nobly, and among them was no braver soldier than Colonel Baron de Banyan. He was often in the thickest of the fight, and his men received a new stimulus whenever they beheld him. At Waterloo three horses fell under him, and the last seen of him he was leading his regiment of chasseurs against the British squares.

When night came the pale moon looked down upon a field of carnage, and a fleeing, almost annihilated army; and instead of the croaking of frogs, the songs of insects and the fluting of nightingales, there were heard disconsolate cries of anguish and of woe, and the shouts of victorious pursuers.