Germany that she would read to him gayly, restraining her tears in his presence. The Colonel listened very attentively, smiled with a knowing air, approved and criticised, or explained to us the passages which were a little confused. But he was at his best in the responses that he sent his son. 'Do not forget that you are a Frenchman; be generous to the poor people; do not make the invasion too severe;' and recommendations without end, admirable lectures on respect for the proprieties, the politeness due to ladies, a true code of honor for the practice of conquerors. He mixed in them, also, general political considerations, with the conditions of peace to impose on the vanquished. On this subject he was not exacting.

"The indemnity of war, and nothing more. What is the use of taking provinces? Do they expect to make France out of Germany?"

"He dictated in a loud voice, and one felt so much candor in his words, and such a patriotic spirit, that it was impossible to hear them without being moved.

"All this while the siege was advancing, but not that of Berlin. It was a time of great cold, of epidemics, and of famine. But, thanks to our care, our efforts, and the unwearying tenderness that increased around him, the serenity of the old man was not for a moment disturbed. To the last moment he was able to have white bread and fresh meat. He was the only one to have them, however, and you cannot imagine anything more innocently selfish than his lunches. The grandfather in bed, bright and smiling, a napkin under his chin; near him his granddaughter, somewhat worn by privation, steadying his hands, giving him a drink, helping him to all the good things which she denied herself. When he was animated by the repast, in the comfort of his warm room, the wintry wind outside and the snow beating against the windows recalled to the old cuirassier his campaigns in the north, and he told us for the hundredth time of the fatal retreat from Russia, where they had nothing to eat but frozen bread and horse-flesh.

"'Think of it, my child; we ate horse-flesh!'"

"I think she must have understood it. For two months she had eaten nothing else.

"From day to day, in measure as convalescence approached, our task with the invalid became more difficult. The dullness of his senses, which had aided us so well, began to disappear. Several times the terrific firing at the Porte Maillot had startled him, and we were obliged to invent another victory of Bazaine under the walls of Berlin, and salutes in honor of it at Les Invalides. One day when his bed had been moved to the window, he saw the National Guards forming upon the street.

"'What are those troops doing there?' he demanded; and we heard him grumble between his teeth, 'Bad form; bad form!'

"'It was so indeed, but we understood better than before that we must be cautious; but we could not be cautious enough.

"One evening when I called, the granddaughter came to me much disturbed.

"'To-morrow they will enter,' she said.

"'Could her grandfather's room have been open? Since then, in thinking it over, I remember that he had that evening an extraordinary look. It is possible that he overheard us. But we spoke of the Prussians, he of the French, whose triumphal entry he had so long awaited,—MacMahon riding down the avenue amid flowers and trumpets, his son at the marshal's side, and he himself upon the balcony in full uniform as at Lutzen, saluting the torn flags and the eagles black with powder.

"Poor Colonel Jouve! Without doubt he imagined that we wished to prevent his sharing in the triumph of our soldiers, to spare him too much excitement; therefore he spoke to no one. But the next morning, at the same time that the Prussian battalions entered slowly on the long road from the Porte Maillot to the Tuileries, the window opened gently and the