

set out on his journey Marceau made a pretext to shorten the duration of the repast ;—it was almost at an end ; they were beginning to breathe with more freedom when a discharge of musquetry was heard in the town square in front of the inn ; the generals sprung to their arms which they had laid within reach. Delmar stopped them.

—Well, my brave friends, said he laughing and rocking in his chair ; well, I like to see you on your guard ; but set down again, there is naught there for you to do.

—What is that noise there ? said Marceau.

—Nothing, said Delmar, they are shooting the prisoners of last night.

Blanche uttered a scream of terror : Oh ! the unfortunates ! exclaimed she.

Delmar dropped the glass he was about to raise to his lips and slowly turned towards her.

—Ah ! this is well forsooth, said he, if soldiers now tremble like women, women must be dressed up like soldiers ;—true, you are quite young added he, seeing her two hands and staring in her face ; but you will become habituated.

—Oh ! never, never, exclaimed Blanche, without thinking how dangerous it was for her to manifest her feelings before such a witness, never shall I become habituated to such honors.

Boy, said Delmar, letting her hands drop, thinkest thou a nation can be regenerated without blood being drawn,—that factions can be repressed without erecting scaffolds ? Hast thou ever beheld the level of equality sweep over a people without cutting off heads ? Woe then, woe to the great, for the wand of Tarquin has marked them out !

He was silent a moment, then continued : Besides what is death ?—A sleep that has no dreams, no waking ;—what is blood ? a red liquor something like that contained in this bottle which produces no effect on our mind, except by the idea we attach to it :—Sombreuil drank of it. Well ! you speak not :