

—A ball!

—It is of silver!

—Perhaps it would not be staked, but it is of lead and I will keep it.

Much laughter was excited by this attachment to a piece of lead.

—Well, friends, we must give ourselves some pleasure to-morrow!

—It is the 15th of August, the Assumption of the Virgin, a great holyday at Ajaccio, cried one of them.

As the conversation continued among the members of this joyous society, Giacomo alone remained silent.

—This devil of a slayer has been buried in reflection ever since Corsica has belonged to France.

—Yes on my faith; ever since the war has ceased, Giacomo has been sick.

—I see what it is, throw him a well filled purse, another town to storm, with fixed bayonet, and you will see him laugh.

—Why was not I carried off by a cannon ball at the battle of Ponte-Novo! and then I should neither be the butt of your silly jokes, nor reduced perhaps to perjure myself by not fulfilling a vow.

—Art thou taking offence? asked one of his comrades shaking his arm.—

—A vow? cried another catching the words of the questioner;—and what is it?

—It shall be for me, if I cannot send it to its address! murmured Giacomo rolling between his fingers, and then putting into his empty leathern purse, the ball of chewed lead.

—Adieu, adieu, Giacomo! then, said his friends who understood not the mania of his sorrow.

—Adieu comrades!—And Giacomo remained alone.

—It is more than three months, said Giacomo talking to himself, that I swore to my father to avenge him with the same weapon that struck him!. When then shall I again find this