

tized ;—however sad a thought may be, it ends by brightening into a smile. It is because we then see life but on one side of the horizon, it is because the past has not yet had time to make us mistrust the future.

Marceau was dreaming also—but he saw into life : he knew the political enmities of the time, he was aware of the exigencies of a revolution—and while Blanche slept, he was devising the means of saving her. One alone offered to his mind, and that was to conduct her to Nantes where his family resided. For three years he had not seen either his mother or sister; and being now within a few leagues of that city it seemed quite natural that he should request of the General-in-Chief permission to visit them. He dwelt on this idea. Day was breaking, he repaired to Westermann's residence, and what he asked was granted without hesitation. Thinking that Blanche could not leave Chollet sufficiently soon, he wished the permission to be handed to him that moment—but it was necessary that it should have another signature,—that of Delmar the representative of the people. He had arrived but one hour previous with the troops of the expedition, he was taking a few minutes of repose in the adjoining room, and the General-in-Chief promised Marceau that as soon as he would awake the permission should be sent to him.

On re-entering the hotel he met General Dumas in quest of him. The two friends had no secrets for one another, so that he soon heard the adventure of the night. Whilst he was having breakfast prepared, Marceau ascended to the room of his captive who had already requested his attendance ; he announced the visit of his colleague, who delayed not to present himself ; his first words encouraged Blanche, and after a moment's conversation she experienced nothing more than the restraint inseparable from the position of a young girl placed with two men almost unknown to her.

They were sitting down to table when the door opened. The representative of the people, Delmar, appeared on the threshold.