

And the son, in a low and monotonous tone repeated each word after his father, as a scholar would a prayer which we learn him.

— I am content—In the mean time I suffer much, you may commence.—Take my knife, it is the sharpest.—Ah ! first pour me out a few drops of brandy, the least in the world ; it will be long ere I drink any more, unless however there be a tavern up there—or down there—

Accordingly, the Genoese took the osier bottle and poured several drops on the torn flesh. And then came oaths, his eyes seemed starting from their orbits, tears of rage, frightful convulsions and gasping for breath.

He died under the knife of his son, for his son kept his word : and when he was dead all the army would see, before he was buried, the man who had spoken a long time, wanting the half of his head.

Shortly after that, and after our victorious entry into the town, the son of the old bandit perceived the beautiful *enceinte*, but had not time to take aim at her, so rapidly did she disappear.

In the mean time our success continued, and the Corsicans were so discouraged to see Pascal Paoli their chief quit his country and sail for Leghorn that they at length submitted to the valour of the French army.

* * * * *

It was an evening at Ajaccio—Giacomo played yet, but he had just lost his all ; neither bread or shelter remained to him.

—What ? hast thou nothing left ? asked one of his friends.

—No.

—Search better, Giacomo.

He again sought in his pockets and drew from thence a ball all marked by teeth and still dyed with blood.