

and three quarters of an hour later they were entering Cholet. The general in chief was at the *Mairie*—Marceau entered—leaving at the door his domestic and prisoner. He rendered in a few words an account of his mission and returned to find a lodging at the *Hotel des Sans-Culottes*.—an inscription which had supplanted on the sign the words : *Au grand St. Nicolas*.

Having retained two chambers, to one he conducted the young lady,—advised her to throw herself upon the bed without undressing in order that she might take a few moments of that repose she so much required after the frightful night she had just passed,—and in the other shut himself up, for now he was responsible for an existence and it was necessary that he should think of the means of preserving it.

Blanche likewise had to think—to dream, first of her father, then of the republican general with the mild face and sweet-toned voice. She would walk to and fro to be certain that she was well awake ;—she would stop before a mirror to be convinced of her identity,—then reflecting on her forlorn situation she would weep ; but the idea of death—of death on the scaffold darkened not her mind, for Marceau had said in a kind voice : I shall save you.

And she,—the child of yesterday,—why should she lovely and inoffensive—why should men demand her head, her blood ? Scarcely could she think she was in the slightest danger. On the contrary her father—the Vendean chief—her father killed and might be killed ; but she—she a poor young girl—yet hand in hand with childhood. Oh ! far from listening to sorrowful presages : life was lovely and replete with joy—boundless was the future,—the war would end,—the empty castle behold its lord once more.—Some happy day a wearied youth would come demanding hospitality, he would be twenty four or twenty five years of age, a sweet voice—fair hair—the uniform of a general—long would he remain ;—dream on, poor Blanche, dream on !

There is a season in youth during which woe is so foreign to existence that it seems as though it never can become acclima-