

covering under the influence of food and wine. A fire glowed upon the hearth, casting its glow over the brown beams of the ceiling, the lozenge window, and the pleasant group at table. They chatted gaily of past changes, of hopeful prospects for the future, with many a tender remembrance of the dear ones beyond the water.

"All is well so far," said Jambe d'Argent. "We shall have fighting yet to do, and, if we are spared, we shall see stranger events, for our country has to shake off a fearful nightmare. But it is gradually becoming purified, and the people are awaking from their mad dream of blood. They have seen the heroism of the priests, the true priests of God, and here in La Vendée they have thrown in their lives with the people, and have led the hosts of God. Here in our Breton provinces, and, thank God, throughout France noble and heroic deeds have almost outnumbered those of horror. Meanwhile, let us pledge the Catholic and Royal Army!"

The toast was drunk, standing and in silence.

"Jambe d'Argent!"* cried Gaston, raising his glass once more, "our inspired leader, who has so often saved us."

"The family of Roche André!" cried Richard next.

"Our brave Duplessis!" added Gaston, while at suggestion of Count Robert, a final toast was drunk:

"To Dumartin and the RED INN OF SAINT LYPIER."

* A brave soldier and leader in the Vendean army was known by this quaint title of Silver Leg, because of a band of silver which he wore to conceal a wound. But I have not followed the historical narrative in his regard, either as to station or particular achievements. I have borrowed merely his name. The same is the case with Duplessis. All the other characters are fictitious.