

I have not enough to kill me at once, said he to his son ; I am then condemned to die in an hospital, *tonnerre* !

And he rolled in the dust gathering it up with the blood that flowed from his wounds. His son was dumb on his knees before him and looking on with a stupid stare.

The old Giacomo was placed on a litter, and transported to the hospital.—*Tonnerre, tonnerre* ! cried the patient according to his usual custom.

—One shot from a carabine and my end is certain. By San-Giacomo, my patron, let me ! let me die in peace, I only want you to go for my son.....

Giacomo, the son arrived....—Child, said his father to him, this ball is driving through my head, you must take it from hence with a knife or a sabre, no matter how ; but you must take it from there.

It is all I bequeath you.....with my vengeance, continued he with difficulty turning on his side.

And this is not a trifle, for all the harm the Corsican has done me....

This is what I intend that you should do with what I leave you.... Giacomo, the son, was all ears, and, but for a shudder that shook him by intervals, he might have been taken for a stone.

—First vengeance !

The enormous mouth of the wounded man opened with joy at this word ; but it was with difficulty he closed it again.

—Vengeance !—Slaughter in honour of me as many of these brigands as you can.—And the son coldly repeated the sentence.

—As to the ball, to lodge it in the heart of a chief would be too little.—But listen.—When you meet with that woman so beautiful.—That woman whom you saw at the camp of St. Nicholas, take aim ! and fire on her and her child, dost thou hear ?