

to them. The soldiers were therefore ordered once more to pursue more vigorously the *fanatics*, and they imagined the plan of appointing at Plonévez a responsible mayor. As usual, the difficulty was to tie the bell to somebody's neck. Nobody would accept. The mayor-seekers in vain showed themselves amiable, everyone knew it would be impossible to prevent the affluence of the population to St. Anne's. One day arrived at Plonévez a detachment charged with finding a mayor. They took their quarters at the house of Laurent Guizonarn, where they found a man named Moreau, who after several bumpers amused himself singing, holding a paper in his hand. In order to fulfil his mission, the commanding officer said to himself that Moreau should be created mayor at any cost. He therefore showed himself generous towards him, and treated him to several more glasses of strong liquor. Then, when he judged him sufficiently drunk, he placed about his shoulders the municipal scarf. The sight of the scarf they were winding around him made the drunkard recover his senses. He pretexted to want to leave the room. Two soldiers were ordered to accompany him. They marched beside him for a while; when Moreau, profiting of a turn in the road, nimbly jumped into a field, and ran as fast as he could; but hearing the soldiers call after him, he threw himself among the ripe wheat. The soldiers fired, but without any result, not knowing where they were.

Although it was impossible to find at Plonévez a mayor who would undertake to prevent the pilgrimage, it was nevertheless difficult to go to la Palue. It was a sad time, have we often heard old folks repeating; it was a sad time when one could not even pray to God at home. In the evening, spies went about listening at the windows if prayers were said in common, and soon after those who had prayed were denounced, and obliged to pay a heavy fine when they were not sent to prison.