

revelled in the delights of a true swordsman. For want of ammunition, his son had thrown aside his rifle, and seizing one of the enemy by the body, wrung him in his hands like the branch of a tree. But the Corsican at length got the advantage, and harpooned him with his teeth in the part above the eye, and tore his eyebrow and the flesh. He, on feeling the blood cover his lips, put forth his immense tongue, like a bull-dog caressing his sores. The bursting of a bomb, which occurred at that moment terminated the struggle: the Corsican had disappeared, carried I know not whither, and the Genoese tiger was rolling at the distance of some paces, gasping and nearly stifled.

Giacomo's son was recovering from his contusions but not from the bite; when on the 5th of May, we arrived in front of the camp of St Nicholas. It was decided that it should be immediately besieged, and orders were given to that purpose.

Towards the close of the day in the enemy's ranks was seen a man who was remarked without being sought for; a commanding genius was displayed in his countenance, and a germ of grandeur, like an imperial emblem, appeared to play around his head; near him and closely following, was a superb woman, beautiful and young; she was a copy of those statues we meet with in Italy, at the doors of the temples, her complexion resembled that of certain voluptuous fresco paintings. She was mounted on a black charger, and attached herself to the Corsican chief who appeared to be her husband. It was impossible not to feel a profound sentiment of interest for this woman whose intrepidity impelled her (although *enceinte*) to share the perils of a soldier.

The next day the field of St. Nicholas belonged to us.

Nothing was heard, but a few shots in the distance, when all at once an unexpected explosion took place within an hundred paces of me, and struck Giacomo in the jaw. The ball had broken several of his teeth and split his mouth two inches beyond its usual size. Giacomo fell on the ground howling. It was horrid to see him thus, and his rage was frightful.