ed the host, every head was bent to the earth, and all sank anew into silence.

The republicans made their second discharge at the distance of ten feet with as much coolness as at a review, with as much precision as if firing at a target! The Vendeans returned their fire, and to neither was allowed time to load their guns again; it was now the bayonet's turn and here the regularly armed republicans had all the advantage. The priest still said mass. The Vendeans recoiled, whole ranks fell without other noise than that of curses. The priest perceiving it gave a signal; the torches were extinguished and darkness closed around the combattants. The night was but a scene of confusion and slaughter, in which each dealt his blow in rage and died without asking mercy, that mercy which is seldom granted when asked for.

And yet the words pardon, pardon were uttered in a heart-rending voice at the knees of Marceau, whose uplifted arm was about to strike.

It was the voice of a young Vendean, an unarmed boy who strove to escape from the dreadful *mêlée*.

Pardon, pardon, said he, in the name of heaven, in the name of thy mother, save me.

The general hurried him a few steps from the field of battle to escape the eyes of the soldiers, but was forced to stop, for the youth had fainted. He was astonished by such an excess of terror in a soldier, but not rendered the less eager to recover him, bared his breast to the breeze :.....his captive was a woman.

There was not an instant to lose, the orders of the convention were precise ;—every Vendean taken with arms in hand or constituting part of an assemblage, was without regard to sex or age, to perish on the scaffold. He seated the young girl at the foot of a tree and ran to the field. Perceiving amongst the slain a young republican officer whose station seemed to be nearly that of the unknown he stripped him of his uniform and hat and returned to her. The coolness of the night soon roused her from