

ered his under lip. A thousand times he was heard to swear by his soul and the evil one, when, in action, he happened to bite this hair in endeavouring to tear his cartridges. Large fiery red eyes scintillated under his grey eyebrows, which were drawn in a horizontal line.

What a singular being was this Giacomo ! True ! And he was perhaps less hideous in his physical appearance than when closely examined in his moral state of brutality. When a man, pierced through the body was breathing his last convulsive sigh, when the last sound of the death rattle was in his throat, and other men turned their heads aside, Giacomo looked on with a ferocious smile, or burst into the laugh of a hyena or of a chakal.

Again, what a singular being was this Giacomo the Genoese, who was enrolled in the legion of the count De Vaux. But still more extraordinary, perhaps, was his son the ex-contrabandist. One habit distinguished him from his father ; in the different encounters which they had with custom house officers, during their nocturnal expeditions and the transport of articles of fraud, if any of the revenue officers were killed (and it was generally the case), Giacomo the elder first directed his attention to the bottle.

But his son went to the purse. Money was his only passion ; hatred and gaming were his two loves, his true, intimate, and profound affection's. He was particularly a gambler to excess, it was a rage, so much so that one day, having nothing left to risk on a card or the dice, he offered to stake the soul of his mother.

One night a French soldier, a gambler also, did not appear at the calling of the roll, nor was he ever seen again. I cannot help thinking, (since I have known the anterior life of these two Genoese,) that it is most likely the young Giacomo had pushed him into some deep ravine, after a gaming quarrel.

The next day we had a grand affair. Several times, our body was the first to charge. Giacomo seemed on roses, and