

execrable ! atrocious !—Is there then no more pity in this world ? Oh ! forgive, forgive, said she to Marceau, who better than I should know the contrary ? Oh God—oh God !

At that moment the domestic entered and announced that the horses were ready. Let us go, in the name of heaven, let us go. There is blood in the air we breathe. Let us go, answered Marceau, and all then immediately descended.

Marceau found at the door a detachment of thirty men whom the General-in-Chief had ordered to mount on horseback, in order to escort him to Nantes. Dumas accompanied them, during a short time, but at a league from Chollet his friend insisted strenuously that he should return ; farther, it would have been dangerous to return alone. He therefore took leave of them, put spurs to his horse, and disappeared at the angle of a road.

And Marceau wished to be alone with the Vendean. She had the history of her life to relate to him, and he thought hers must be a life replete with interest. Drawing up his horse to the side of the one Blanche rode :—Now said he, now that we are tranquil and have a long way to go, let us converse and talk of you. I know who you are,—but that is all. How did you happen to be in that meeting ? Whence came this habit of wearing these habiliments of men ? Speak, we soldiers are accustomed to hear concise and harsh words, but do you speak at length of yourself, of your childhood, I pray you.

Marceau without knowing why, could not, in speaking to Blanche, habituate himself to employ the republican language of the day.

Blanche then related to him the history of her life ;—how when she was young her mother died, and left her an infant in the hands of the Marquis of Beaulieu ; how her education given by a man, had familiarized her with those exercises which, when the insurrection of Vendée broke out, had become so useful, and allowed her to follow her father. She unfolded all the events of the war, from the *emue* of Saint Florent to the com-