**project-plan-d**

brigands. His wife embraced him; his son, a child of seven years, in his nightshirt, and in tears, said to the Commissary of Police, "Mercy, Monsieur Bonaparte." The General, while clasping his wife in his arms, whispered in her ear, "There is artillery in the courtyard, try and fire a cannon." The Commissary and his men led him away. He regarded these policemen with contempt, and did not speak to them, but when he recognized Colonel Espinasse, his military and Breton heart swelled with indignation. "Colonel Espinasse," said he, "you are a villain, and | hope to live long enough to tear the buttons from your uniform." Colonel Espinasse hung his head, and stammered, "| do not know you." A major waved his sword, and cried, "We have had enough of lawyer generals." Some soldiers crossed their bayonets before the unarmed prisoner, three sergents de ville pushed him into a fiacre, and a sub-lieutenant approaching the carriage, and looking in the face of the man who, if he were a citizen, was his Representative, and if he were a soldier was his general, flung this abominable word at him, "Canaille!" Meanwhile Commissary Primorin had gone by a