

CHAP.

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wards their once-loved commander, indicated not only that he had lost their confidence, but also that he was the object of meditated mischief. Mauduit soon perceived the full extent of his danger, and fearing to involve the governor (M. Blanchelande) and his family, in the ruin which awaited himself, with great generosity advised them to make the best of their way to Cape François, while they could do it with safety; and Blanchelande, for which he was afterwards much censured, followed this advice. Mauduit then harangued his grenadiers, to whom he had always shewn great kindness, and told them that he was willing, for the sake of peace, to restore to the national troops the colours which he had formerly taken from them; and even to carry them, with his own hands, at the head of his regiment, and deposit them in the church in which they had been usually lodged; but he added, that he depended on their affection and duty to protect him from personal insult, while making this ample apology. The faithless grenadiers declared that they would protect him with their lives.

THE next day the ceremony took place, and Mauduit restored the colours as he had promised, before a vast croud of spectators. At that moment, one of his own soldiers cried aloud, *that he must ask pardon of the national troops on his knees*; and the whole regiment applauded the proposal. Mauduit started back with indignation, and offered his bosom to their swords:—it was pierced with a hundred wounds, all of them inflicted by his own men, while not a single hand was lifted up in his defence. The spectators stood motionless, either through hatred to the man, or surprize at the treachery and cowardice of the soldiers. Such indeed