THE FORSAKEN.

A Tale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAIUS MARIUS," "THE REFORMED," &c. &c.

———'Tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood.—*Comus.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE tale of the FORSAKEN was written in the early part of the year 1825, at which time the author contemplated publishing it under the title of *Paul Gordon*. The work was announced, and a chapter inserted in a periodical of the day, accompanied by a notice of the leading incidents of the plot, from the pen of the editor, who had seen the manuscript. Circumstances, however, prevented its publication, and lest any resemblance between the Forsaken and some one of the numerous family of fiction that has appeared since that time, might give rise to a charge of plagiarism against the writer, he deems it due to himself to make this statement. This is not an age in which the advice of Horace could be pursued with safety. Authors are too numerous, and the facilities of publication too great, to say nothing of the variability of public taste, which frequently pronounces a work out of date which was all the rage a twelvemonth before.

An American writer who lays his scene in his native country, has many difficulties to encounter. Neither time nor place will allow him to indulge in fiction, and,

to use a hacknied figure, genius, so far from resembling the eagle, and 'scaling the skies, is converted into a plucked fowl, confined to the narrow limits of a stable-yard, where the milkmaid and ploughman are fully competent to judge, whether he picks up the few scattered grains with decorum. These difficulties it is perhaps necessary to encounter, fully to appreciate, and I confess they were of a nature to delay the publication of the present attempt; but the highly flattering reception bestowed upon several minor productions of the writer, has encouraged him again to trespass upon the indulgence of the public.

April, 1831.

THE FORSAKEN.

CHAPTER I.

——"The country is in arms;
There's not a house but shelters stout adherents."
The Regent, a tragedy.

More than half a century ago, there stood in Darby, a small village near Philadelphia, an humble inn, denominated "*The Hive*;" which name the house acquired in consequence of a rude sign, that yielding to every blast of wind, creaked in front of the building; although one who was not a connoisseur in painting, might have mistaken the hive for a hay-cock, and the bees for partridges, had not the ingenious artist, to prevent all mistakes of this nature, judiciously painted, in capital letters, the name of his design, which at once put an end to the illiberal cavilling of such critics as could decipher the alphabet.

Alice Grey, the hostess of the Hive, had evidently been a sufferer by the vicissitudes of fortune; and every line of her countenance denoted that she had felt, in all its bitterness, the visitations of sorrow and disappointment. She had arrived at the village a few years before, totally destitute, accompanied by her

daughter, a child at that period apparently twelve years of age. No one knew whence she came, and on that subject her lips were most religiously sealed. She lingered about the town a short time without any definite object, until several of the more wealthy neighbours, from motives of compassion, placed her in the situation in which she then resided, and where she was enabled to gather sufficient from the weary traveller and the gossipping politician, to support her little daughter Miriam and herself, without having the scanty meal embittered with the conviction that she was indebted for it to the labour and charity of another. An unknown hand contributed liberally towards the accomplishment of this object. Alice was about the age of forty, tall of stature, and of a spare habit, as the workings of her mind were too unceasing to permit health to make its appearance. There were still the traces of former beauty in that wo-worn countenance, which in spite of her present condition, plainly indicated the class to which she once belonged. Her features were regular, of the Italian cast; her eyes large, black, and piercing, and her forehead high and smooth. Her hair was still abundant, and glossy as the plumage of the raven. Her countenance was inflexibly stern. The only one who possessed the power to relax its severity, in the slightest degree, was the gentle Miriam. There was an occasional wildness in her actions, and incoherency in her conversation, that led the more superstitious part of the villagers to believe that Alice held communion with the evil one, while others who examined her condition more narrowly, were of opinion that these hallucinations were the result of long mental suffering.

Miriam was at this time about sixteen; a pretty black-eyed girl, bearing a strong resemblance to what her mother must have been at the same age. Her person was tall and graceful. Her countenance was naturally sedate, still it possessed sufficient sprightliness

to dispel, in some degree, the gloom occasioned by her mother's austerity. She was the core of her mother's heart, and it is scarcely necessary to surmise that she was quite as dear to several swains of the village as to her unhappy mother. Among these, Jurian Hartfield was secretly the most favoured; we say secretly, for his passion was unknown to all save the being who had inspired it, but the happy Jurian was not without a rival ever ready to assert his own claim to the beauteous prize.

It was on the evening of the 11th of September, 1777, that the gossips of Darby were assembled in the taproom of the Hive, expressing their sentiments of the dangers of the times, and searching for philosophy at the bottom of their cups. They were seated around the pine table, and Miriam was performing the duty of an active bar-maid, while her stricken mother, with her face bent to her lap, unconscious of the surrounding scene, was either dreaming of the past, or endeavouring to penetrate the darkness of the future.

"Miriam, brave lass, my can wants replenishing," cried a short thick-set man, in a pompous tone, with a weather-beaten countenance, and clad as if he had stolen his wardrobe from a gibbet. He had a coarse rifle shirt about him, and his legs were kept in durance by a huge pair of spatterdashes, which extended above the knee, and gratified the vanity of the wearer, who contemplated their remarkable dimensions with evident satisfaction. One side of his hat was completely covered with a cockade, composed of white linen, which added considerably to the military appearance of the soldier, while upon the spatterdash of his left leg, reposed his well-tempered Andrew Ferrara, as if satiated with blood and weary of the toils of battle. This slumbering weapon was of astonishing longitude, and of such a polish that the owner did not apprehend its being tarnished either by the dews of the night, or the blood of its numberless victims. A broken pipe was

stuck in the mouth of this self-important personage, from which ascended volumes of execrable smoke, and enveloped the rafters above him.

"Miriam, fill my mug again," he cried a second time, as no attention had been paid to the first summons.

"Out upon you, corporal Drone," exclaimed one of the company. "We might have expected better things from a soldier of your appearance than to call a pretty girl to wait upon him,"—saying which, he pointed in ridicule at the tattered apparel of the son of Mars, who, whatever might have been his merit in the essential part, it must be acknowledged did not possess a large share of the commanding appearance of his god-like prototype.

"My rifle shirt is ragged, and the night is a cold and dreary one; so child, fill up my can again." The corporal was one of that numerous class who never lose any thing for the want of perseverance. As Miriam approached to obey the summons, a countryman, with a ruddy, open countenance, and of colossal stature, interfered, and vociferated with an oath, that she should not; if the corporal were so devoid of gallantry, he himself would fulfil the office of tapster. "As you please," retorted the other gravely, at the same time regaling his nostrils with an aromatic stream of tobacco smoke—"As you please; so that I mend my draught, I care not who performs the office of Ganymede. But drink I must, for this is the night of all others on which I would indulge in potations."

"And why on this night in particular? I imagined all nights were the same to you, corporal."

"Why, as to that, it must be a bad occasion, indeed, that affords no excuse for drinking. But on this day, a battle has been fought, and patriot blood has been shed. I would drink to the brave. Hard, hard fate! why was I absent at such a time!"

"Because you considered it safer than being pre-

sent," cooly replied the man who had taken the mug from Miriam, and which he still held in his hand.

"Another such insinuation, master Jones, and I cleave thee from the chine, and make mincemeat of thee for a dog's festival." Jones smiled at the threat of the corporal, and the gentle voice of Miriam was heard inquiring of the latter, whether he had seen Julian during the day.

"It is not an hour since I met him beyond the creek," was the reply. "Was he not here this afternoon?"

"It is nearly a week since he was here," replied Miriam, slightly blushing. "Do you know whether he has heard how captain Swain fared in this day's conflict?"

"The old soldier escaped unharmed, and did his duty like a man."

"That he will always do. Praised be Heaven, my mother's benefactor is still alive?"

"The old hot-headed fool had better attend to his business of fattening cattle instead of marching about the country in a bad cause," exclaimed Jones.

"Don't speak against the cause," said the corporal, cocking his arms akimbo, and throwing as much fierceness into his countenance as nature would admit—"Don't speak against the cause, for it is as honest a cause as ever sword was drawn in."

"If you think so," replied Jones, "why does that terrible weapon of yours remain slumbering in its scabbard? and why do you figure in a tap-room, instead of upon the banks of the Brandywine, where you would not be at a loss for employment at present?"

The corporal touched the basket-hilt of his sword, bit his under lip and frowned; and after making an ugly face at the other, which was intended to convey a proper sense of the contempt his corporalship felt at the moment, he sneeringly said—

"Jones! you are as arrant a tory as old 'squire

Morton, your employer; and I would cheerfully fight without rations for a week to see you strung up together:—or if"—he paused and half drew his sword, which action was accompanied by an alarming frown.—"But no! you are unworthy of a brave man's anger."—He sheathed his sword, threw one leg across the other, leaned back, and smoked his pipe most vigorously.

"No more, thou mighty man of war," exclaimed Jones, "you know my pacific disposition, and should not trample on it."

"Enough," said the corporal gravely, at the same time relaxing, in some degree, the severity of his brow: "Enough—I am pacified."

One of the company, a diminutive old man, dressed in quaker apparel, with a fox-like countenance, a complexion resembling scorched parchment, and a pair of spindle shanks not unlike drumsticks, who had for some time been contemplating, in silence, the striking and manly countenance of Jones, now approached him, and said in a hesitating voice as shrill as the whistle of a November wind through a keyhole—

"Friend, unless I greatly mistake, this is not the first time we have met."

"Likely, likely," replied the other carelessly, at the same time glancing his large gray eyes at the person who accosted him. The man involuntarily shrunk from his gaze.

"Was thee not last Second day, about sundown, on the Lancaster road?" continued the man, retreating a step.

"Quite likely," said Jones, "as I go to the city every day or two to buy marketing and groceries for the 'squire's family. But why do you ask all these questions of me, neighbour?"

"Supposing thee had been there," replied the man, taking another step backwards, and fixing his small twinkling eyes intently upon the countenance of the other, "thee might know something of an outrageous

robbery committed on the person of Ephraim Horn, a farmer, who had sold his crop, and was returning home from the city."

"Why, darn it," said Jones, "it runs in my head I heard a report of the kind. Let me think:—Corporal, didn't you say something to me about the matter?"

"You are right," said the corporal. "I told you that the person robbed had offered a reward of five pounds, hard money, for the apprehension of Paul Gordon, which you may see posted there against the wainscot; and those five pounds will be in my shot-pouch before ten days pass away, or I will eat the hilt of this weapon"—saying which, he raised his eyes to the smoky rafters, which were ornamented with pig faces and other meat drying, and assumed a countenance that would have done credit to the sternest warrior that frowned on the siege of Troy.

"And I will pay it on the nail," said Ephraim, "should it take the last shilling I have in the world."

"Then, likely, you are the man that was robbed," said Jones, with a vacant stare.

"I am," replied the other, "and I reckon thee knew as much from the first."

"Anan!" ejaculated Jones, dropping his lower jaw, and looking the man full in the face—"Wasn't it Paul Gordon, the highwayman, robbed you?"

"Paul Gordon, or Paul Devil," squeaked the disciple of Penn, waxing warm, "you look as much alike as two peas."

"For certain you don't take Jones, the ploughman, for Gordon, the highwayman," replied the other.

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the corporal, "you might as well be taken for the Dey of Algiers." Several others, who were acquainted with the accused, joined with the corporal in laughing at the absurd accusation.

"What is it you laugh at?" inquired Ephraim. "Never trust my eyes, if he is not the very picture of the robber."

"As much like him as chalk is like cheese," added the corporal, in a decided tone.

"Mayhap thee is acquainted with Paul Gordon," said Ephraim, addressing the corporal.

"You may say that," replied the other, "and he is acquainted with corporal Drone too. He is a man much about my make, remarkably captivating in his appearance."

"Now, darn it," exclaimed the Quaker, "he is the illest-looking dog I ever clapped my eyes upon."

"Polite in his address," continued the corporal—"daring as a lion—possessing the true mettle of a soldier—but, withal, far inferior to me at the game of broad-sword."

As he concluded, he drew his sword, flourished it over his head, and made a tierce at Jones, who ran alarmed into a corner of the room, where he crouched and extended his hands for protection. Drone made several passes at the trembling countryman, who exclaimed—

"Lord, corporal, mind what you are doing; you are so furious that you will be after hurting one."

Drone after amusing himself and the company for some time in this manner, sheathed his rusty weapon with an air of importance, saying—

"Fear not, poor fellow. This well-tried blade drinks richer and nobler beverage than courses through your veins;" and then turning to Jones's accuser, said, "Is that the man who robbed you?"

"No!" exclaimed Ephraim, somewhat abashed, and scratching his head; "I am a non-combatant, it is true; but I was never robbed by the like of him."

Jones came sullenly from the corner, whither he had fled before the sword of the blustering corporal, and, approaching his accuser, muttered—

"Though the times are troubled, there is such a thing still as law in the land, and some folks shall learn

that, though a man be poor, he is not to lose his character for nothing."

Ephraim made an awkward apology, while Jones continued muttering—"I am the best ploughman in these parts, as 'squire Morton will testify, and all my neighbours will give me as good a character for honesty and civility, as any man of my calling need ask for; but to be torn up root and branch in this manner, and all for nothing, is a notch beyond my learning; but I reckon there are those who will be able to understand it."

Ephraim perceiving the charge to assume an unfavourable aspect, made every concession to appease the dogged resentment of Jones, who finally, though reluctantly, suffered himself to be reconciled to the insult; and the Quaker, in order to drown all latent animosity, proposed to drink with the countryman, considering the custom to have the same influence among the christians, as that of eating salt among the Arabs. The proposition was no sooner made than complied with, and good-humour was again restored to the company.

"This is all very well," cried the corporal; "but my mug wants replenishing." Miriam again advanced to fulfil her duty, but Jones stepped before her, hastily picked up the mug, and entered the tap-room. He returned in a few moments, and replacing it before Drone, exclaimed—

"Here, old thirsty-soul, moisten that weather-beaten carcass of yours, and I will pledge you in a draught much better suited to my palate."—Saying which, he threw his arms around the waist of the bar-maid, and as she resisted his rudeness, a struggle ensued.

Alice was awakened from her dreaming by the noise occasioned by the struggle between her daughter and her rustic admirer. She arose from the low seat, where she had remained in silence, during the foregoing scene. A flash of animation passed over her countenance, as she threw back from her high pale forehead the black

hair that hung in confusion over it. Every eye was fixed upon her tall attenuated figure; she paused for a moment, and then hastily gliding towards Jones, fixed her long fingers in the collar of his shirt, and holding him at arms-length, exclaimed—

"Insolent craven, hast thou the heart to insult the widow's defenceless child?" with which, she dashed him from her, and Jones retired to the extremity of the room, considerably abashed at the unfavourable result of the amatory adventure. "The lip of woman," continued Alice, "should be kept as sacred as the holy altar, for she who idly prostitutes its purity, trifles with her soul's eternal worth." As she concluded, an involuntary shudder agitated her slender frame, and she immediately afterwards resumed her seat by the fire-side. It was now growing late; Ephraim paid his score and left the inn. He mounted his horse, and trotted off at a round gait toward his residence, which stood north of the Lancaster road about ten miles from Philadelphia.

As Ephraim left the inn, the trampling of a horse was heard approaching, which was immediately succeeded by a knocking at the door, which on being opened, a man indistinctly seen through the darkness of the night, mounted on a spirited black horse, and whose dress was concealed by a long blue surtout, inquired the way to 'squire Morton's residence.

"Hellward you'll find the tory," shouted the corporal. Jones approached and demanded of the stranger whether he was alone, who returned answer that he was.

"Friend or foe, spy or open enemy, let him answer that," growled forth Drone.

"I am a benighted traveller," returned the stranger, "and ask to be directed to 'squire Morton's; will any one oblige me by complying with my request?"

"Not I," cried Drone, "if you are a friend I could not find it in my heart to do you such an injury; if an enemy, you are doubtless going to the devil fast enough

without that old tory's assistance; but here is a red-haired fellow of a different creed, who would guide you to the gallows for a guinea."—Jones now offered his services, remarking that he was in Mr. Morton's employ, and intended returning home in a few moments; he then left the inn, walking beside the stranger's horse, but before they had proceeded a great distance, their conversation proved they were not entire strangers to each other. They entered the lane leading to Mr. Morton's mansion, which stood at a short distance from the main road, and as they approached the house, a figure was indistinctly seen, leisurely crossing the field towards the village.

"Who is that?" inquired the stranger.

"Look again, sir, and you will be able to answer the question."

The stranger checked his horse and fixed his eyes upon the figure gradually receding, and then exclaimed—

"That reptile Jurian! Is it not?"

"Right: I knew you would hit the mark," said Jones coolly.

"Presumptuous rebel! By heavens, this very instant—" He turned his horse towards the figure. Jones checked him, and said—

"Is a very unfit one for you to expose yourself. It would not be altogether agreeable that he should know that you are in the neighbourhood at present, for in that case you might possibly make a longer visit than you originally designed."

With this remark, he again turned the head of the horse towards the house; the stranger did not oppose it, but moved on, and in a few moments alighted at the door and entered.

CHAPTER II.

Your patience, sir, while briefly I recount
Some passages of former times, that throw
A glaring light upon the events that follow.
The Sultan.

Captain Swain, as his name had been modernised, was a descendant of the celebrated *Sven Schute*, lord of Passaiung, who in the Dutch war, was obliged to yield to the conqueror Stuyvesant, familiarly called wooden-legged Peter. Captain Swain prided himself not a little upon his ancestry; he was familiar with the history of the Swedish settlements on the Delaware, for he considered it the only history worth the trouble of becoming acquainted with, and the ten years siege of Troy, the wars of Rome and Carthage, and the contention between the red and white roses of England, were not to be mentioned on the same day with the appalling difficulties encountered by his valiant ancestors in making good their settlement on the banks of the Delaware.

Captain Swain, at the commencement of the troubles in the colonies, was about fifty years of age, of short athletic person, and inclined to become fat. His countenance was strongly characteristic of good-humour and benevolence, while his conduct bore ample testimony as to the sincerity of his visage. Inheriting a considerable share of military spirit from honest Sven

Schute, who commanded under governor *Risingh* the *Fort of the Holy Trinity*, our worthy raised a company of yeomen, from the vicinity of Darby, to assist in the defence of their native rights.

Jurian Hartfield, mentioned in the preceding chapter, had, while yet an infant, been placed under the protecting care of captain Swain, and as his wife had at that time been deprived by death of a child of the same age, she readily received the helpless babe, and resolved to cherish it. The mystery concerning the birth of the child had not yet been divulged, and as he advanced in years, he became sensible of the odium attached to him on this account. Every scoff of the unthinking proved a barbed shaft that no skill could extract, and it remained until it poisoned the very fountain of thought. The restlessness of his mind was depicted in his strongly marked countenance, upon which there hung a settled gloom. There was decision of character in every line of his finished face. It indicated a mind that disdaining the happy mean, would seek the extremes of virtue or of vice. There was unwavering determination in his piercing black eyes, which were overshadowed by bushy brows. His hair was black and glossy as the plume of the raven, and hung down in Absalom ringlets over his shoulders. His mouth was voluptuous, and his chin broad, and indicative of firmness. His person was rather beneath the common size, but light and graceful, combining strength and activity.

Captain Swain having amassed considerable property by his business as a grazier, determined to bestow such an education upon Jurian as would lay the foundation of future eminence, and accordingly he was placed in the academy at Philadelphia. Here he contracted an intimacy with Edward Morton, a classmate, of the same age, which gradually ripened into friendship, though the dispositions of the young men were the antipodes of each other. Jurian's mind was as the

deep river that moves silently and darkly through the wilderness, but that of Morton as the shallow brook that ripples through the flowery mead, and dances in the sunshine. These young men were seldom separated; throughout the week they pursued their studies together, and as their parents resided within a short distance of each other, even during vacation there was no interruption to their social intercourse. While at the academy, every jest, or look, that Jurian could not trace to an obvious cause, he imagined was occasioned by his presence. He became a solitary being, and seldom opened his lips but to Morton, whom he considered the only one who felt an interest in his happiness. At the age of eighteen he returned to the house of his benefactor, with the reputation of a ripe scholar, and as he resided but a short distance from Mr. Morton's residence, he visited his friend frequently, and soon obtained a footing of intimacy in that family that did not exist between the elder branches.

Mr. Morton was of English descent; his connexions were wealthy, and some of them were titled in the mother country. His family pride was great; he was ostentatious of his pedigree, and he experienced tenfold more delight in contemplating the rough escutcheon on the side of his old lumbering chariot, than the most enthusiastic connoisseur of painting could possibly feel in beholding the united splendour of the Italian artists. Though an American by birth, he had been educated in England; and as he became acquainted with that nation at a time when his elastic spirits were ripe for enjoyment, and having the means of gratifying every idle pleasure, he embarked for his native shores with feelings that might be compared to those of a convict on his voyage to Botany Bay.

From his predilection for the mother country, he viewed as open and unjustifiable rebellion the resistance of the colonies against tyranny and oppression, and those who were the most active in promoting the cause,

as traitors to their king, and deserving of punishment upon the scaffold. Having in the early part of his life served in the army, he became partial to the scarlet colour, which prejudice was not only evinced in his apparel, but also in his austere countenance, which was illuminated by the libation of many pipes of good old Madeira. The effects of this mode of living were not confined to his countenance, for he was subject to repeated attacks of the gout, and while labouring under this irritating malady, it was impossible for him to restrain the violence of his fretful disposition. His family consisted of his two children—Edward already mentioned, and Agatha his sister; and Miss Rebecca Buckley, a maiden sister of Mrs. Morton, whose dislike to matrimony had gradually changed into inveterate aversion as she approached the age of fifty. Mr. Morton's system of domestic government was despotic. True, Miss Rebecca would occasionally venture to rebel against the arbitrary rule, while he was in perfect health, and stirring about his farm; but as soon as he was seated in his gouty chair, with his swathed foot reposing on his scarlet velvet cushion, they were all as obedient, and beheld him with as much terror, as the submissive Turks do an absolute Bashaw with three tails.

In consequence of the unconquerable pride of the 'squire, as he was commonly called, and as he viewed his republican neighbours as beings of an inferior order, his house was seldom visited, except upon business, by those residing in the vicinity. Mrs. Swain had at one time endeavoured to cultivate an intimacy, but found the reception too cold and stately for the warm and simple feelings of her heart, and accordingly desisted from the undertaking, considering it utterly hopeless. Jurian, as he was devoted to study, had acquired a share of intelligenee uncommon for a youth of his age, which soon recommended him to the notice of Mr. Morton, who was astonished at finding such extensive

cultivation of talent in a plebeian and a base-born child. The old man would occasionally condescend to converse with him on the subject of literature, and finding his judgment sound and discriminative, and his memory remarkably tenacious of the best passages of his favourite poets, in despite of prejudice, our patrician condescended to feel some interest in his conversation.

Agatha, from the daily habit of intercourse for many years with Jurian, experienced a degree of regard for him which increased as they advanced towards puberty, and by his solicitude she was induced to believe that her presence was essential to his happiness. There was invariably a fervour in his manner towards her, that could not escape her notice, and produced its effect. She saw in his character traits which imperatively demanded respect, and yet at times she fancied she discovered others that it was impossible for her to reconcile with the opinion she had entertained. Still towards her he was invariably the same devoted being. Their intercourse was without restraint, for in the purity of heart there was nothing to alarm her at the danger of her situation. She admired his talents, and frequently had recourse to them for assistance in her studies. Their days were frequently spent in the library together, and at evening, she and her brother would accompany their mutual friend on his way home. Nor can it be supposed that Jurian, under these circumstances, could remain insensible to her beauty and accomplishments. She had been the object of his love from boyhood, and hope had incessantly whispered that she must become the partner of his future destiny. He was aware of the many difficulties he would have to surmount to accomplish his ambitious views, but then what obstacle was he not willing to encounter to realize the glowing picture of coming joy, that young love and hope had so temptingly portrayed. Few artists have the faculty to paint the scenes of this nether world in such glowing colours.

Captain Swain beheld with regret the bias of his affec-

tions, and strove to wean him from an attachment which, he feared, must terminate in sorrow. He knew that the stubborn pride of the 'squire would never condescend to a connexion with a family in their humble station, while on the other hand, entertaining a proper sense of what was due to a lineal descendant of the lord of Passaiung, he felt indignant at the slight, and shrunk at the bare idea of entering into a family that looked upon him as its inferior. He made his feelings known to Jurian, and represented to him the consequences that must inevitably attend his misplaced passion, and concluded with exhorting him to estrange his heart as soon as practicable, which advice was of course obeyed in the same manner that it has been since the days that the blind archer shot at Pyramus and Thisbe through a chink in a two-foot wall.

The character of Jurian suddenly assumed a new aspect. Emerging from the gloom in which it had been enveloped, it appeared in its native vigour. The shade of melancholy, which in his boyhood had weighed heavily on him, was not thrown off, but gracefully worn as a mantle, and imparted such an air of determination, that ordinary minds shrunk when in his presence. Agatha perceived the change with wonder and admiration. Her heart confessed that it had not known him before, and trembled at the confession, but knew not wherefore, since his love for her was still the same, but there was so startling a difference between the man of real life, and the child of her imagination, that she could not behold it without deprecating the consequences. The link that bound her to him was now firmly rivited. Her feelings with regard to him underwent an entire revolution, and she trembled as she discovered the change. She had loved him, but heretofore her love had been timid, doubtful, and undefined. She had viewed him as a flower bending beneath the weight of the storm, and she felt desirous to protect the

flower; but now he appeared as the mountain oak, spreading wide its arms, in defiance of the tempest.

Nearly a year had elapsed since Jurian had returned from the city to his benefactor's house, which period was passed in comparative seclusion from the world. Still his time was not idly spent, but in incessant and abstruse meditation, which perhaps was worse than idleness. Possessed of a vigorous and analysing mind, yet knowing little of the world, he framed theories that could never be realized, and imbibed opinions that run counter with the established order of things. He viewed himself as an isolated being, and reasoned without taking into view his relative situation with mankind. He had been ushered into the world with a stigma as indelible as the mark upon the forehead of Cain. The means used by his allwise Creator, had been scoffed at and stigmatized by the immaculate institutions of man. By those institutions he was pronounced degraded when he first breathed, and a life the most exemplary, so far from obliterating the remembrance of his inherent shame, would only tend to emblazon it. Man had sat in judgment on the act of his God, and had arrogantly pronounced that it was not good. He felt this truth in all its force, and as he could not enter upon the social compact upon equal terms with the rest, he saw no reason why that compact should exact from him equal sacrifices. So far from having been a blessing, it would prove a lasting curse, then why should he contribute to the support of institutions, which had embittered the very fountain of his existence, on account of the aberration of others and the will of the Most High?

He now perceived the necessity of embracing some pursuit that would enable him to cope with the world. The law at that period was the highway to preferment, and from his long habit of reflection and patient study, he was led to make choice of this as his future profession. He accordingly made known his wishes to cap-

tain Swain, who rejoiced at the prospect of his entering upon the world, where he believed him every way qualified to shine, and forthwith made the necessary preparations for him to pursue his studies in Philadelphia. Jurian removed to the city, and for six months was liberally supplied with funds by his generous benefactor, when on presenting him with a sum, he declined receiving it.

"How is this," exclaimed the old grazier, "why do you not take the money, my son?"

"I have lived long enough on your bounty, sir, and it is now time that I should try the strength of my wings," was the reply.

"It will be time enough for that when you have completed your studies, boy; so take the money."

"Excuse me, sir, you have too long undergone privations for my advancement, and I cannot patiently sit down with the knowledge of this fact. It must now terminate. Care has been bestowed upon my education. The world is before me. I feel myself equal to most with whom I come in collision, and it is my humour to fight my way through it."

"Have a care, or in this same fight, boy, you will meet with some hard knocks, which may spoil your humour."

"I expect them, and am prepared to meet them."

"But you will take the money?"

"No."

"Now, by the glorious memory of honest Sven Schute, but this is wonderful."

"Strange as it may appear, sir, it is my determination."

"Zounds, Jurian listen to reason. I have lived nearly three times as long in the world as you have, and though I know less of Virgil and Homer, than I do of fat cattle and pasture grounds, I tell you there is nothing to be done in this world without money."

"I know it, sir," replied the other calmly, "and, therefore, wish you to keep all you have."

"Zounds, but how do you mean to fill your purse, if you refuse my offer?"

"Perhaps, sir, I shall carry none," he replied, smiling.

"Ha! carry no purse! Even our Swedish ancestors could not live without money. What do you mean, boy?"

The young man answered, half jestingly—

"Honest Iago remarks, 'thus do I ever make my fool my purse,' and if every fool be a purse, from my slight knowledge of the world, I have arrived at the conclusion that wise men need not encumber their pockets." Then taking the other by the hand, he added, in a serious tone, and his countenance became clouded as he spoke—"Let us dismiss the subject for the present. You, no doubt, will hear of my proceedings hereafter, but whether the world will report favourably or otherwise, I know not, and it gives me little concern; but rest assured of this, though you have scattered the seeds of benevolence on what may be termed an unproductive soil, yet while I live, you shall never reap the harvest of ingratitude."

"Well am I assured, my son, that no weed of that rank growth will ever take root in your bosom."

The old man pressed him affectionately by the hand, and they parted. Jurian returned to the city; his passion for study had in a measure subsided, and his dislike of the world had lost somewhat of its austerity. He mingled more freely in society, and by means of his polished manners, intelligence, and impressive demeanor, he became conspicuous and generally known. His society was courted, and he was looked upon as a young man of uncommon promise, but by no means exempt from the follies to which youth is addicted. In him, however, they went farther, and assumed the complexion of vices. He was extravagant, and it was a

mystery how he acquired the means of supporting the scenes of dissipation in which he indulged. He betrayed great quickness in attaining a knowledge of most games; he was fond of play, but then, it was said, he played merely for pleasure, and not for the purpose of gambling. Rumour spoke mysteriously and darkly concerning him. There was nothing definite; all was in obscurity, and he was pronounced by the grey-headed to be a dangerous man; but why or wherefore they knew not. Jurian felt that the eye of suspicion was on him, but his was not a mind to quail at its glance. He moved on in his course, and paid no regard to the hum of those who surrounded him. He had already marked out for himself a line of conduct, and no slight obstacle could cause him to deviate; his mind had been dispassionately made up, and it was not to be biassed by the opinions of others.

Such was the state of affairs at the commencement of the dissensions between the colonies and the mother country, and captain Swain had no sooner joined the continental forces, than 'squire Morton, in the pride of royalty, viewed him and his whole race as traitors to their king, and in the violence of his antipathy he was not very choice in the epithets he bestowed upon the continental soldiers, and Swain among the rest. He daily became more reserved towards Jurian, and when he discovered, what he was pleased to style, the presumptuous partiality of the boy for his daughter, his reserve increased to rudeness, and finally he forbad a continuance of his visits. The intimacy which had continued for years was thus abruptly broken off, and the meetings which subsequently took place between the lovers were secret and by stealth.

CHAPTER III.

Frisco. Who knocks?
Curvetto. Why 'tis I, knave.
Frisco. Then, knave, knock there still.
Curvetto. What! open the door.
Blurt Master Constable.

At this period there was a slight wooden bridge over Darby creek, instead of the substantial stone one that now occupies its place, and on the night that our narrative commences, the villagers were kept in a continued state of alarm, occasioned by the troopers passing and repassing. Corporal Drone, who was ever ready to do a good turn, where there was a prospect of being repaid tenfold, after quitting the Hive, had repaired to assist Mrs. Swain in packing away and burying her valuables, to protect them from depredators, in case it should be necessary to remove to the city. Jurian also assisted in this precautionary step, and towards midnight his fostermother retired, leaving our hero and the corporal to give the alarm should the enemy approach, not knowing at what hour the British troops, flushed with victory, might direct their march towards the metropolis.

Two companions were perhaps never more ill-assorted for a night-watch than Jurian and the corporal. The latter, who held himself in high estimation, and had arrived at the satisfactory conclusion, that man is still

no more than man, though his mind be highly cultivated, and his coat of the finest texture, assayed repeatedly to draw his companion into conversation, but the attempt was fruitless. The mind of Jurian was employed upon higher matters than the corporal, upon whom he condescended to bestow an occasional vacant look or a monosyllable at most. Drone at length became tired, lighted his pipe, and as volumes of smoke encircled his head, he was soon in that state which nearly constitutes the mortal career of the mass of mankind—a total absence of mental action, even while the physical powers retain their functions unrelaxed.

In the midst of their dreamings, a horse was heard crossing the bridge at full speed, and approaching the house, which was immediately succeeded by a violent knocking at the door, and a voice demanding admittance. The corporal started up, and drawing his sword, approached the door.

"Who are you," he cried, "who disturb us at this unseasonable hour?"

"Open the door, you hound, and let me in."

"Nay, answer me, or we parley with a two inch plank between us. If you are satisfied with your side of the house, I am with mine, so good night to you."

"Curse your hospitality! Open the door—I am M'Crea."

The door was unbarred, when a man of about fifty years of age entered. He was dressed in a shabby suit of regimentals, with an old three-cornered hat, mounted upon the top of a foxy wig, which had a singularly comical effect when contrasted with a sedate countenance, strongly marked, care-worn, and indicative of intense thought. He had a rapier by his side, which, like that of Hudibras, had eaten its way through the end of the scabbard, and his feet, which were cased in a long pair of horseman-boots, evinced a similar token of their impatience. Still there were the remains of former beauty in that austere countenance, nor was

he so far disfigured by his outre apparel, but that the graceful movements of a polished man were discernible.

"What, doctor, is it you?" exclaimed Drone, raising his lamp to the stranger's face. "Why are you from Brandywine at such a time as this, sir?"

"Out of pure patriotism, for if some unlucky bullet had brought me my quietus, half the army, you know, must inevitably perish for want of my assistance, so I reluctantly forced myself from the field of battle."

"Humph!" muttered Drone, "he is disposed to serve his country much after my fashion."

"This room," continued M'Crea, addressing Jurian," "looks rather desolate, compared to its appearance when I last beheld it."

"True, sir, the furniture has been stowed away."

"Talking of my last visit;—your worthy father and myself became as merry on that occasion as Bacchus, Silenus, and their crew, when they entered the city of —— no matter for the name of the city. But, unless my memory fails me, we did not more than half finish the last bottle. I have had a weary race of it, boy, from the field, without stopping at a single baiting place. Old Pegasus flew like his namesake, with Homer on his back. He is in a foam, and I am as dry as a cartouche-box. It is time to replenish the radical moisture, or this human machine will soon become disorganized."

Every man has his hobby, and surgeon M'Crea rode his as unmercifully as any philosopher since the days of Paracelsus. Being something of a chemist, and having a taste for literature, and tone of thinking of the darker ages, he was not an absolute disbeliever in the existence of the philosopher's stone, but as it was not exactly in his line, he had not made many experiments in order to its discovery. He contended that as every thing in nature is created by combination, man would be unable to maintain his reason before the omnipotence

of chemistry, if it were allowed him to discover the just proportion of the different elements required to the success of his experiments. The creations and annihilations he averred would be terrific in the extreme. Our philosopher had for many years been studying to arrive at the arcanum by which he would be enabled to live forever, which he contended to be practicable by admitting just such proportions of the various elements into our systems as would mutually counteract any injurious tendency that too great a proportion of one might have upon the numberless organs necessary to animal life. The philosopher, as he filled a cup, remarked to Jurian—

"The human system is nothing more than a mechanical machine, one part depending upon another; and as long as each part be kept in repair the machine will continue in motion—even to the end of time. The only difficulty that presents itself is to keep the several parts in repair, and this difficulty, I think, may easily be surmounted by strict observance that the proper proportions of solids and fluids, and conflicting gasses, be admitted into the system. To the neglect of this all important point, may the unreasonable brevity of human life be attributed."

"Still it is long enough for human purposes," said Jurian.

"Though I do not clearly understand his philosophy," said the corporal, "I must say, I never heard a better excuse for drinking." Saying which, he finished the contents of the bottle.

"What news do you bring from the army, sir?"

"Melancholy. Our loss is a thousand at least, good men and true. I spent the whole morning in plastering up flesh wounds and extracting bullets. A sad vocation, boy! Poor souls, every groan went to my heart. But, mark me, and I will describe the order of battle to you." Saying which, he poured a few drops of liquor upon the table, and dipping his finger into it, began to

describe the position of the armies:—"Here, sir, runs the Brandywine—but we will make it a little stronger stream. Now, sir, here are the heights on the east side of the creek, where we were encamped, in order to command the fording place. Here is the opposite height, where general Maxwell was posted with about one thousand light troops, who last night threw up a slight breastwork, with the limbs of trees. By daybreak this morning we observed the enemy advancing in two columns"—

"Never mind, sir, the order of the battalia; I take but little interest in such matters, and you bid fair to be exceedingly minute, though I dare swear you lay concealed in a baggage-wagon during the whole engagement."

"Had you lived in the days of ancient Rome," replied the surgeon, "they would have sent you to Delphos."

"I am right, then?"

"Half right; but that is more than any of the soothsayers of olden times. I was concealed in the place you mention, which will account for the accuracy of my description. A cool spectator, you know, will see more of the game than one who plays, but I regret to say, I was not lying *perdu* during the whole engagement. At an early part of the day, I had the folly to attend my corps to the field; you see the consequences. An uncivil bullet came close to my ribs, and has nearly destroyed the only coat that my doctorship can boast of. I knew there was more lead where that came from, but very few more coats where this came from, so I leisurely marched off in search of a place of safety, both for my coat and carcass."

Jurian smiled at the recital, knowing the singularity of the surgeon, and at the same time his unquestioned courage, while the corporal strutted about the room, and muttered to himself—

"I am a plain man, with nothing more than a good

name to lose, but if corporal Drone had been there, history would not have had to record that he was found concealed in a baggage-wagon."

"You would have found it a snug berth, for all that, corporal," replied the surgeon, "and doubtless it would prove more satisfactory to be reported thus, than among the slain." The corporal smiled as if in scorn of the imputation; the surgeon continued,—"Go house old Pegasus, who stands by the garden gate. I shall remain here to-night, and by times in the morning, remove Mistress Swain to the city, for there is no safety in this place for a soldier's wife. And mark you, corporal, give him half a gallon of grain, and twice as much water—not a drop nor a grain more or less."

"Why, sir, I think a double mess would not hurt him in his present condition."

"Death! you would make him dog's meat in a week, corporal."

"Not quite so soon, sir. You forget that he has as many points as a Swede's fence after a north-easter. It would take a month at least to make him fit for the commons."

"It is all owing to the unscientific mode of foddering in the army," replied M'Crea, as the corporal withdrew. "Now, Jurian, we are alone, I will proceed in my description of the battle."

"Really, sir, you might as well recount the affair of Marathon or Philippi. I have, as you know, but little taste for military tactics."

"But your patriotism I imagined would have awakened a curiosity to learn the events of this day."

"Sufficient for me, is it to learn the grand result without troubling myself to glean the minute details. But as to patriotism; it is a word more generally used than understood, and the lives of very few of the many who are held up to us as examples, present a practical illustration of its meaning."

"The name of the elder Brutus, alone, will refute the position you have assumed."

"True, he is often referred to as a character to excite our admiration and respect, but his claims to that distinction, it has often struck me, are exceedingly questionable, and that he is indebted for the halo that surrounds his name to the talents of the historian, and the imagination of the reader. Was the sacrifice of Titus an act of justice, or was it not the object of his executioner to gild his own name for posterity with the blood of his dearest son? Did the safety of Rome, or the justice of the cause, require the blood of this victim at the altar of liberty? No; he might have lived without endangering the safety of Rome, and of this Brutus was fully aware, before the fatal axe had fallen, and while hundreds were supplicating him for mercy. If we admire him as an inflexible statesman, we must condemn him as an unnatural father, and, indeed, this prominent act of his life is sufficient to lead us to question whether the assumption of idiocy had not some foundation in reality. Bring forth another model, for this, clothed in his gory robes, is not for me."

"I will then ask you, in the language of a popular poet," said M'Crea—

> "Was not that Brutus;
> I mean that Brutus, who, in open senate,
> Stabb'd the first Cæsar that usurp'd the world,
> A gallant man?"

"This question of Pierre's," replied Jurian, "is usually answered in the affirmative. He is lauded as a patriot, philosopher, and virtuous man; but at the time of doing the act that emblazoned his memory, he knew that he was killing his best friend; nay, believed he was planting a dagger in the bosom of his own father; exactly reversing the nature of the crime that has immortalized the first of the name of Brutus;—father for son; son for father. Such being the fact, his speck of patriotism is lost sight of when compared with his unnatural offence. Though I have never experienced a father's love, and perhaps the best feelings of my nature are still slumbering in my bosom, I must beg you to call

forth another patriot from the tombs, for this last is no prototype for me. Murder his own father, and yet held up as a praiseworthy example to the world! I'll none of him." As he referred to his own deserted condition, his voice assumed a melancholy tone, that did not escape the notice of M'Crea.

"What think you, then, of Minturnæ's exile?" continued the surgeon. "From your opposition to received opinions, doubtless he was a patriot to your own mind."

"And so he was. The records of the world present not a character parallel with that of old Marius. True, those who peruse alone Plutarch's prejudiced narrative, will pronounce him a monster in human shape, without one redeeming quality, still we find that at one period, he had his country's good nearest at heart; that the people have seldom had a more thoroughgoing champion; oligarchy a more determined foe. And if the true patriot became a monster and a misanthrope, we must attribute the change to the ingratitude of Rome, for he was not such until a price was set upon his head, and he was hunted by mercenaries through the very land that his valour had saved from barbarous invasion."

"So much for Marius; what of Catiline?"

"I am half inclined to believe the assertion of old Renault," replied Jurian, smiling, "that he was a gallant man, 'though story wrong his fame.'"

"And upon the same principle," said the surgeon, "doubtless you will maintain that 'Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste,' has built her reputation upon a very problematical basis?"

"And so she has. Although her chastity has become a proverb, yet it must be admitted she sacrificed the substance for the shadow, and preferred actual pollution to dying unstained, with a charge of pollution attached to her name. But she may have been an able polemic in these matters, and supported the doctrine of free agency, without which there can be neither sin nor virtue."

"Thy mind has been strangely warped, young man; however, I do not like you the worse on that account, for I am not disposed myself to travel altogether in the beaten track."

"Few flowers, sir, spring up in the common highway. Give me the broad field to wander in, where I may choose my own road."

The corporal now returned from the stable, and M'Crea having satisfied himself that his instructions had been carefully followed, rested his head upon the table, and being overcome with fatigue, soon sounded his deep-toned clarion. Drone, after examining the bottle, and finding it empty, also prepared himself for repose in a corner of the room, while Jurian threw himself in the old captain's arm-chair, and soon was lost in that doubtful state, between sleeping and waking, in which the gloom of reality casts a deep shade over the bright visions of unrestrained imagination.

CHAPTER IV.

The foe is fast approaching, and 'tis time
For women, children, aged, and infirm,
To seek for shelter.—*The Sultan.*

Her words are sad as Philomela's strain,
While singing with her bosom to the thorn.—*Ib.*

At day-break the following morning Mrs. Swain descended the stairs, and was not a little astonished on discovering the surgeon in the situation just described; on awakening him, however, he explained the object of his mission, and represented affairs in such a light that it was deemed expedient to depart for the city without loss of time. Accordingly a vehicle was hastily got ready, in which M'Crea seated the wife of his friend, and himself beside her, directing the corporal to follow on the back of old Pegasus, having previously, with his own hands, administered a morning feed to his favourite horse. The corporal strenuously protested against exposing himself to public ridicule by mounting such a garran, and concluded his expostulation by remarking, that a seat in the pillory on a holiday would be agreeable pastime compared to it.

"You speak from actual experience, I presume," said M'Crea; "if not, you will doubtless soon be enabled accurately to draw the line of distinction between the two positions."

The corporal affected not to apprehend the peculiar bearing of this remark, and continued to urge his objections to mounting the horse, for there is no weapon to which our nature is so vulnerable as ridicule, and it is not uncommon to see an affectation of pride floating in a kennel, and to meet with a fellow who would defy a whipping-post to make him blush, troubled with false shame. The corporal's scruples, however, were soon removed by that omnipotent talisman, a bribe; he mounted old Pegasus, and before the sun was half an hour high, was seen slowly pacing after the lumbering vehicle towards the city.

Jurian had promised to follow. The vehicle was still in sight as he led his horse from the stable, but before he mounted he perceived a female approaching. The first glance was sufficient to tell him that it was little Miriam of the inn, and a change of countenance indicated that the interview was not of his seeking. She stood beside him a few moments in silence, and then, without raising her eyes, said in a low tone,—

"Jurian, you are about to leave me?"

"For a short time only."

"To you it may appear but a short time, but to me!—O! Jurian, I have a presentiment that the time is fast approaching when we shall part forever."

"What is it that has again created these idle fears? I thought I had removed them at our last interview."

"Silenced, but not removed. You go to join the continental forces; it is so reported."

"Such is my present intention; but why, dear Miriam, should that circumstance create an apprehension that we may meet no more?"

"You will be daily exposed to death."

"In what situation in life are we not so?"

"True! and but for that, life would indeed be insupportable. O! that his arrows flew in countless numbers across my pathway! How blythly would I walk on without a shield, where they flew thickest!"

"You distress me."

"Pardon me, I meant it not. I would be the last in the world to occasion your bosom a single pang. I once imagined myself a source of joy, but since that dream is past, do not awaken me to the conviction that I am a source of sorrow and shame alone. That thought would exceed in poignancy all that I have heretofore endured, and I trust that it is not in store for me."

"Fear not that, Miriam, thou art still a source of joy to me, dearer if possible than ever."

He took her hand, and would have pressed her to his bosom, but she gently repelled him, and fixing her large black eyes steadily upon his face, replied in a calm tone—

"I have already said that dream is past, and there is nothing on earth can again create the delusion. Jurian, our minds have been cast in the same mould, it is therefore useless to attempt to deceive me. I can gather your thoughts more faithfully from the language of your eyes than from the words that pass your lips."

"And do they not, dear Miriam, speak of love?"

"They do; of ardent and, perhaps, of unabated love. But they also betray another passion, before the fierceness of which your love shines as the glow-worm at noonday.

"And what is that?"

"A passion, for the gratification of which Lucifer lost heaven, and thou wouldst do the same—ambition!"

"Surely, dear Miriam, there is sufficient room in the human heart to cherish both love and ambition."

"As well might you say, there is ample space upon a single throne for contending kings. They are passions that brook no rivalry, and when they come in collision, there is no temporizing; one must destroy the other."

"Do me then the justice to suppose that the bound-

less love I bear thee will obtain the mastery in the conflict."

She smiled, if a muscular motion of the lips, indicative of sorrow alone may be called a smile.

"Duplicity is fruitless; I read thy thoughts as plainly as if they were in a written book before me. I am still dear to you, though I have forfeited your esteem. Even the coldest neglect could not convince me to the contrary, and yet it avails nought; your dream of ambition must be fulfilled, though at the price of my happiness, and perchance of your own."

"Beloved Miriam, if there is truth in man, I swear"—

"Hear me yet," she calmly continued: "I have said that our minds have been cast in the same mould. The first hour we met, it seemed to me that we understood each other by intuition. That our spirits had the faculty of communication, without resorting to physical means. I had seen much of the world for one so young, and experienced but little sympathy for those with whom I came in collision. This apathy may have been constitutional, or occasioned by my peculiar lot, which prevented my being recognised as an equal by those to whom I felt myself superior. But the first moment we met, Jurian, I felt as if our spirits had met in another world, andwere familiar and dear to each other. New thoughts arose, and yet they were not new, for they seemed rather as reminiscences of nearly forgotten dreams. Still those faded dreams belonged not to this world, for in vain I endeavoured to trace them to their source. The fountain was not to be searched; for until that moment we had never met, and strange as it may appear, thy thoughts and thy appearance were to me as familiar as if we had traversed the universe together."

"Whither, dear Miriam, tends this unintelligible discourse?"

"I have asked myself a thousand times the cause of this foreknowledge, but it defied the power of my

reason to give a satisfactory answer. I have spoken to you repeatedly on the same subject, and there was a time when you fondly cherished the idea of unearthly ties subsisting between us. But since that time is past, and we must part, it is better that I endeavour to forget that we were ever bound together by ties created in this, or in another world."

"Why talk of parting?"

"Because that hour is near at hand. Our meetings will henceforth be few and sorrowful—at least to me. Coming events, 'tis said, cast their shadows before them—and if this be true, there can be no mistake in my present feelings. There is but one event could cast so deep a shade upon my mind—separation from thee."

"Visionary girl! why will you suffer ideal fears to render us both wretched?"

"As there is no shadow without a substance, there is no effect without a cause," calmly replied Miriam. "Thy heart will tell thee, when I name Agatha Morton, whether my fears are idle. Enough! I see it all, and have long since foretold my destiny. I do not reproach thee, Jurian. Thy young heart was hers years before we met, and but for me would have remained hers undivided. I reproach myself alone—not thee, not thee."

Her magnanimity awakened the better feelings of Jurian's heart, and he exclaimed—

"I am thine—will be thine—wholly thine—my Miriam!"

"And what is there in the poor and degraded Miriam to gratify the aspirations of thy soul? The pathway of ambition is too narrow and rugged for love, and I fear too steep for safety. I may not climb it with thee."

"Nor I without thee."

"Not without me! as well might you place a shackle on the deer, and bid him run. You say you love me, and I believe you; but mark my words—my corse would be no more than a straw in your pathway."

"Miriam, this is unjust, unfeeling."

"Neither; for I say it not for the purpose of wounding. Thy ambition may be termed revenge against the world. You consider yourself as having been trampled on, and would gain sufficient strength to trample on others in your turn. To some there is no cup so sweet as the cup of revenge!"

"True, Miriam, there is indeed no cup so sweet!"

"And you will quaff it, though happiness be the price of the indulgence?"

"I shall not be the first, Miriam, who has purchased it at the same rate. If my happiness were the only forfeit required, how cheerfully would I lay it down. You know how bitterly I have endured. I have been marked, proscribed, by those whom the world pronounced more fortunate, though I despised them in my very soul. Those only who have thus endured, can conceive of how little moment appear all considerations that may interpose in the attempt to change the tone of the world, in despite of its illiberal prejudice. True, in the end, the victory and its trophies are nothing more than the veering of a weathercock, and the adulation of those whom we contemn—a glorious consummation! But even an ignis fatuus, of a dreary night, may lead the traveller astray, my Miriam." The tone of his voice betrayed the bitterness of his feelings.

"And will you madly follow a false light, knowing it to be such?" He hesitated. "Why do you not answer me?"

"I blush as I avow it, Miriam, I have kept my eyes so long fixed upon that solitary light, that I fear to withdraw them, lest I be enveloped in utter darkness."

"I long since foretold this hour!" sighed the wretched girl. "Happy Agatha! who at once secures the love and crowns the ambition of him who obtains her hand! Farewell. You are now another's, and dear as you are to me, I can calmly say farewell!"

"Nay, Miriam, look not so sad. Hope for brighter days."

"You plant a dagger in the heart, and smilingly talk of hope to your expiring victim." She withdrew her hand from his grasp, as she continued, "hope for brighter days! and so I do; but not in this world—not in this world!"

"Reproaches from those lips!"

"Forgive me, my heart is full. Farewell."

"Farewell! Be more cheerful. We soon shall meet again."

"Never, on this side the grave."

She slowly directed her steps towards her home, which was but a few hundred yards distant, and Jurian, with a heavy heart, mounted his horse, and pursued his way to the city.

The conduct of Jurian towards the devoted Miriam no circumstances can justify, no sophistry palliate. It is a crime, that in every age has received the universal reprobation of mankind. The moralist has declaimed against it; the unstained have called down execrations on the head of the despoiler; human laws have been enacted to heal the broken heart, and the pulpit has resounded with the laws divine in order to strike terror to the conscience of the guilty. And yet, in spite of the moralist, and the censure of the world—

> Where breathes the man who hath not tried,
> How love will into folly glide,
> And folly into sin!———

Jurian from his childhood had taught his heart to believe that it was wholly devoted to Agatha, and his dream of ambition tended to confirm this opinion, for the possession of her hand would crown his earthly hopes. Nor was it until some time after his acquaintance with Miriam, that he questioned the sincerity of his passion. He was not slow to perceive that the form and features of the stranger girl were fascinating,

and that her mind possessed many of the peculiar traits of his own. She also evinced an acquaintance with books possessing but few attractions for a girl of her years. Her manners and conversation were superior to her station in life, and Jurian felt that she was every way his equal, but he also felt that a union with the obscure stranger would utterly prostrate his ambitious hopes in this world. Too frequently, man, while deliberately calculating his interest, neglects to take happiness into view.

We will now return to M'Crea. Although he had but a ride of seven miles to accomplish, it was a tedious journey, for many of the villagers and neighbouring farmers had taken the alarm, and were moving in the same direction, to escape from the approaching enemy. Jurian overtook them at the Schuylkill ferry, for as there was but one boat, some time elapsed before it became M'Crea's turn, for the fugitives claimed the privilege in the order they had arrived at the ferry-house. During the delay, our disciple of Galen became very impatient, especially while the boat was pushing from the shore with some one more fortunate, but as it slowly returned, his good humour revived, with the hope that by being on the alert, he might push forward before his proper turn. This attempt he made repeatedly, but as often failed, as all appeared as anxious as the surgeon to cross the stream. While remaining in this situation, the stranger already mentioned as having stopped to inquire his way, at Alice Grey's inn, rode up to the ferry, and accosted Jurian, who stood apart, so wholly occupied with his own reflections, that he was unconscious of the scene passing before him.

"Well met, sir," said the stranger, "I wish a word with you, sir."

Jurian, upon being thus abruptly accosted, paused for a moment, and looking the other intently in the face, replied—

"Proceed, sir, I am at your service."

"My business will not occupy your time," added the other, "but as my counsel is for your advantage"—

"Your counsel!" exclaimed Jurian, smiling, then suddenly changing his tone, and expression of countenance—"To the point, sir, and waive your apologies."

"Then be it so," said the stranger. "Last night, sir, if I mistake not, you obtruded yourself upon the presence of Miss Morton."

"Obtruded!" repeated the other, his face becoming red with indignation.

"Ay, sir, obtruded was the word," continued the stranger, "and this morning you had the effrontery to attempt another interview, but I advise you to desist from such fruitless procedure, before it becomes worthy of punishment."

"You are a right merry gentleman, by my faith! And who, pray, is to inflict this punishment you talk of?"

"You see the man before you."

"Scoundrel! first receive a lesson from me," exclaimed Jurian, at the same time raising his whip to strike the aggressor, who received the blow upon his arm, and calmly replied—

"This may pass unnoticed for the present, but remember the advice I have bestowed, and observe it strictly. Farewell."—Saying which he dashed his spurs into the flanks of his steed, and in a few moments was out of sight.

During this strange interview, M'Crea was busy wrangling with an elderly lady of immeasurable tongue, on the point of priority of title to the boat. He had drawn this fierce battery upon him, by proving the most formidable competitor of our Xantippe, who in the heat of argument could not spare time to be choice in phraseology. Drone leaned on the neck of old Pegasus, and listened with deep interest to the altercation, while an arch smile on his rubicund face betrayed his inward

delight. A dish of scurrility was cakes and ale to the corporal. In order to escape from the unceasing volley, M'Crea attempted to enter into conversation with Jurian, and called him to where he was stationed, fearing to stir from his place lest another should take possession of it. He commenced by inquiring who it was he was just conversing with.

"An exceedingly pleasant gentleman, sir," replied Jurian, "but a stranger to you, and to me also."

"A stranger! why you could not have quarrelled more expeditiously had you been acquainted for half a century," said the surgeon.

"The same remark is equally applicable to your present case," replied Jurian, smiling; the corporal smothered a laugh, and the unwearied scold discharged another volley of epithets at our disciple of Esculapius. M'Crea immediately began to talk with great earnestness to Mrs. Swain, but at every pause, he heard that the clapper of his tormentor was still going with rapidity. At length the boat was hauled to the shore;—

"Now is your time to escape," said the corporal.

"I give place to the lady," replied M'Crea, gravely.

She accordingly drove into the boat without meeting with any opposition, and the surgeon considered himself fortunate in getting rid of such a virago by yielding the obstinately contested point of precedence, and at the same time enduring her vulgar taunts of triumph, which continued during the passage across the river.

"That woman is by no means well bred," said the corporal, "and for my part I am glad we are free from her company." Jurian smiled.

"An exceedingly coarse woman," replied the surgeon.

"I dislike vulgarity," continued the corporal, "especially in a female. It is bad enough in our sex, but in woman it assumes the aspect of crime."

Jurian laughed outright, but wherefore? I have

heard worse sentiments from the pulpit, and on the stage it would have been applauded to the very echo, but in this strange world it does not become us to speak even morally without a license. The next boat accommodated our travellers, and they proceeded to the city without further molestation.

CHAPTER V.

——— He's crax'd a little;
His grief has made him talk things from his nature.
Valentinian.

Since Jurian had undertaken to depend solely upon his own resources, he led a life of extravagance and dissipation, which the gaming-table for a time enabled him to support, but Fortune does not always smile even upon her greatest favourites. A succession of losses involved him in almost inextricable difficulties. Young Morton was his companion in these scenes of dissipation, and, when successful himself, had repeatedly assisted his friend in his emergencies, so that the latter stood indebted to him at this time to a large amount. Morton had hitherto never asked to be reimbursed, or indeed alluded to the subject, as the liberality of his father supplied him with the means of gratifying his wishes to the extent, and Jurian, being aware of this, did not feel that anxiety to discharge the debt, that he would have experienced under different circumstances. His mind was at ease, as he knew that he was not doing his friend an injury by consulting his own convenience. The time, however, had arrived when this belief was to be dissipated. The day after his removal to Philadelphia, while patiently listening to a profound dissertation from the lips of M'Crea on his favourite theory, the art of prolonging human life, it was an-

nounced that a man at the door wished to see him. He left the room, and found Jones in waiting, who handed him a letter and withdrew. Jurian recognised the superscription to be that of his friend, and on breaking the seal he read as follows:

Chad's Ford, September 11.

Dear Jurian—

You may judge of the extent of my perplexities when I apply to you for pecuniary assistance. Were you in funds you would be the first I should apply to, but in your present circumstances you should be the last. But, as I do not know what fortune may have done for you since our last interview, I have ventured to make known my distresses to you. I have an insuperable objection to my father's becoming acquainted with the cause of my present embarrassment, and have therefore employed every means to extricate myself before a knowledge of the circumstance shall reach him. To change the subject, I feel that I should fight the battles of my king with better heart, if my earliest and best friend were still by my side. Reflect again upon the nature of the contest; reflect, I beseech you, until you view it in the light that it is viewed by

Your friend,
EDWARD MORTON.

This letter gave Jurian sincere concern. He was not prepared for a demand of that nature, and it was utterly out of his power to answer it at that time. He knew that Morton was cautious and calculating, and conjecture was at a loss to account for the manner in which he had become involved, and by means too, the knowledge of which he wished to conceal from his father. The whole affair was to him inexplicable, but as his friend demanded payment of the debt he owed, he resolved to spare no exertion until he should exonerate himself from the obligation.

During the night after the engagement at Brandywine, the continental troops retreated to Chester, and the following day entered Philadelphia, where they remained until the 15th to recruit their strength and spirits, after the many hardships and reverses they had recently encountered. On the 15th, general Washington recrossed the Schuylkill with his forces, intending to give sir William Howe battle wherever he might meet him. Fearful were the presentiments that arose on that day in many of the brave hearts attached to the little army, as it dejectedly withdrew from the metropolis of the new world. The citizens followed it in crowds for some distance, bewailing their fate, for they felt that the withdrawal of the army, was virtually the deliverance of the city into the hands of the enemy.

Jurian, until this period, had been nothing more than an idle spectator of the grandest drama that has ever been acted upon the theatre of the world; but now, either ashamed of remaining inactive, or awakened to a full sense of the magnitude of the cause in which his country contended, he made known to captain Swain his wishes to participate in the struggle. This unlooked for step, was a matter of rejoicing to the worthy descendant of the lord of Passaiung, who ordered the fatted calf to be killed, and celebrated the event as the return of the prodigal son. Jurian duly received a commission in captain Swain's company of volunteers, and his partial commander predicted that in time, the new recruit would become second only in arms, to him who had figured so gallantly at the Fort of the Holy Trinity.

M'Crea remained in the city until the day after the army had recrossed the Schuylkill, having been slightly indisposed, as he contended, from having neglected to weigh his food of late with the requisite precision. Feeling himself sufficiently recruited, he started in company with the new proselyte, to join the forces. At the river they found a crowd waiting to cross. The boat

was on the opposite side, landing a number of soldiers who were following the army. Among those awaiting the return of the boat, was one whose singularity of appearance distinguished him from the rest of the crowd. He was apparently about fifty years of age, his form meagre and tall. His features were wo-worn, harsh, and weather-beaten. His long black hair had become slightly grizzled, and hung in confusion over his face and shoulders. His beard was suffered to grow, while his tattered apparel indicated the most squalid wretchedness. Over his shoulders an Indian blanket was cast, in which he folded his arms, and silently watched the movements of those who were engaged in managing the boat, without paying the slightest attention to the many inquiries made by those who surrounded him. After the fruitless attempts of several to draw him into conversation, he was suffered to enjoy his meditations without being further molested. The rubicund face of corporal Drone was seen beaming in the crowd. He no sooner espied Jurian and his companion than he hailed them, in a voice that attracted general attention, and gave them a familiar nod of recognition. The corporal had made it a rule never to overlook an acquaintance, and what is more remarkable, he acted up to it.

"So, ho! boys!" he cried, "on your way to the army. Right! the camp is the only place for your true man, in times like the present. You may report corporal Drone to the general, for I shall be with the liberty boys as soon as my legs can carry me."

This speech was made in a loud voice, but called forth no answer. As the boat approached the shore, two or three horsemen rode up to the ferry, one of whom was mounted on a restive animal, and evidently had much difficulty to manage him. As they were about to enter the boat, the horse became alarmed, and more ungovernable, foiling every attempt to get him on board. The rider spurred him, when he gave a sudden leap,

and darting rapidly forward, passed from one end of the boat to the other, and plunged into the river with the rider on his back. A shriek arose from the assemblage on the shore, which awakened the attention of the squalid stranger just alluded to. He saw the struggling in the water, and hastily throwing off his blanket, rushed to the further extremity of the boat, and leaped into the stream.

He stood upright upon the horse's back, and laying hold of the drowning man, raised him in his arms, and endeavoured to extricate his feet from the stirrups. The horse made a violent struggle to resist the additional weight, and after great exertion, sunk beneath the surface of the water. They disappeared together. The pause that succeeded was awful. Every eye was rivetted to the spot where they sunk. A moment afterwards they rose again, the mendicant still clinging to the body of the horseman, who was lifeless. The struggle of the noble animal was terrible. Despair was in his eye as he gazed towards the spectators. The boatmen had by this time prepared a noose, which they cast with the hope of fixing it around the neck of the horse, and by that means drawing the bodies to the shore; but as it was thrown, they disappeared a second time. He who stood at the prow of the flat, with the noose in his hands, kept his eye steadily fixed upon the bubbles that arose to the surface, denoting where they sunk. At length the head of the horse appeared. Expiring nature mustered all her strength in her last faint struggle. He leaped above the water. The agonies of death were on him. The mendicant still maintained his position. The *laso* was thrown, the eye of the boatman was true, and his hand steady. The rope had no sooner fallen round the neck of the horse, than it was thrown to the bystanders, and the bodies were in a few moments drawn to the shore. The feet of the horseman were entangled in the stirrups, and the arms of the other were firmly clasped around his body. Both were lifeless.

The corporal, during this scene, was exceedingly noisy and officious. He suggested many expedients, but tried none, and issued countless orders, which no one attended to. When the bodies were recovered from the water, he strutted up and down, and modestly assumed to himself the whole merit of the achievement. We still occasionally meet with an individual possessed of the same propensity. The race is by no means extinct.

M'Crea dismounted, and applied the remedies necessary to restore animation to the bodies. With the mendicant he succeeded, but the vital spark of the horseman was totally extinguished. While bending over the body of the former, and intently watching his countenance for signs of returning animation, the surgeon was observed to shudder, and when the miserable object opened his eyes, he started up and exclaimed, "God of heaven! can it be possible!" and would have fallen to the ground, had not Jurian supported him.

"My dear sir," inquired Jurian, "what is it that thus suddenly overcomes you?"

"'Tis past," replied M'Crea, faintly. "A sudden weakness—I feared the case was hopeless. Joy for this unexpected preservation of the life of a fellow being."

"And yet it would seem the poor fellow is possessed of nothing that he could so well spare. I question the mercy of your beneficence. Death doubtless would have been a blessing," replied Jurian.

"Still it is an incumbent duty to prolong life while we may, be our lot wretched or happy."

"True, we must replenish the fire though it produce nothing but smoke and ashes," observed Jurian. "But how is this, sir?—an army surgeon nervous, whose daily pastime it is to wrestle with death, and carve and mangle his fellow mortals."

M'Crea made no reply, but kept his eyes intently fixed upon the mendicant, who with the assistance of

Drone and another, arose and stood erect upon his feet. His tall and emaciated figure, but partially covered with the most squalid raiment, and from the waist upwards nearly naked; his matted hair, wet and hanging about his face and shoulders, his short knotted beard and his ghastly countenance scarcely half lit up by returning animation, together presented such a frightful appearance, that he resembled rather a tenant of a churchyard than a being of this world. As he stood in this position, endeavouring to recal his bewildered senses, M'Crea demanded—

"Who is he? can no one present tell me whence he came?"

"His name is Corwin," answered the corporal, "but for my part, I call him Waterbrain, for his upper story, as you may see, is in a leaky condition, and the tenant has been washed away."

"Whence came he?" demanded the other.

"I know not, but from the south, I judge," replied the corporal.

"Why from the south?"

"We are told that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; and if so, he must belong to a warmer climate. His fleece is not yet grown."

The corporal would have his joke, though the misfortune of another was the subject of it. He was not singular in this particular, and in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, that world must be a merry world indeed, in which grief affords amusement. M'Crea appealed to Jurian for information in relation to the mendicant.

"I have seen him but seldom," was the reply, "and for the first time, about a month ago, strolling along the highway, in the same condition as at present."

"Did he speak to you?"

"He asked charity, and when I bestowed an alms, he demanded my name, in order, as he said, that he might not forget me in his prayers."

"You gave your name?"

"I did. He repeated it over and over. Invoked a blessing on me, wept and passed on."

"He wept, say you?"

"He did, long and earnestly. But why should that move your wonder? A smile or a tear may spring from the same source, as the whim governs those who are thus afflicted."

"True, true, it may be so. They smile without joy, and possibly they weep without pain." A hollow voice re-echoed—

"Possibly they weep without pain." M'Crea turned at the sound, and beheld a ghastly smile on the countenance of the mendicant, who perceiving that he had attracted the attention of the surgeon, added with a sigh—

"At least I smile without joy."

"Poor creature!" exclaimed Jurian, "if this be one of the unalterable conditions upon which we accept of life, what has man to boast of!"

"Death, nothing but death!" replied Corwin, in a tone scarcely audible.

"Let us begone," cried the surgeon, in evident agitation.

"What ails you?"

"I have been for years endeavouring to discover the means of prolonging life, and imagined that I had perfected my theory. But in the presence of such a commentary upon its futility, the mighty fabric falls to the ground." They prepared to pursue their journey,

"Go not yet," cried Corwin, addressing Jurian—

"What would you?"

The mendicant fixed his eyes steadily upon his countenance, and after a pause solemnly pronounced—

"Hear the voice of one of another world. He is not of this, for all its ties are broken. There is a drop of poison in thy heart, young man, that will corrupt thy nature. The fatal wound is given that must corrode to death. There is no cure, unless you have the courage

to prefer the benediction of the good to shame and execration."

Jurian was confused by the solemn manner in which Corwin addressed him, and his confusion was increased as he was conscious that all eyes were on him. He turned to M'Crea, and said in a careless manner—

"You have heard the prophecy, will it be fulfilled? Though some of the prophets of old have been styled inspired madmen, it does not follow that all madmen are prophetic."

"It does not follow," said M'Crea, gravely, still keeping his eyes fixed upon Corwin.

"If all the visions of old Waterbrain, were to be realized," said the corporal, "we should soon live in a world of dreams."

"And is it not, after all, a world of dreams?" said Jurian to M'Crea.

"So it has been styled, but the dream to some is an eternal nightmare, rendered more terrible from a full consciousness of what is passing around," replied M'Crea.

"Thy dream is over!" said Corwin, approaching the dead body. "Thy dream is over, would that mine were too!"

The boatman cried out that the boat was ready, upon which M'Crea and Jurian entered it, the former having first handed a purse to the corporal directing him to procure such comforts as would expedite the recovery of Corwin.

"I will be your almoner," said the corporal, pompously, at the same time pocketing the purse. It is not unusual for charity to find a channel similar to that selected by M'Crea. When the boat had reached the middle of the stream, the corporal called in a loud voice to the boatman to hold on to his oars; the progress of the boat was arrested, and on being asked what he wanted, he called out to M'Crea not to neglect to report him at head-quarters, as he should, without fail,

be in the American camp in a day or two at farthest. These important instructions being received, the boat again moved forward, while Corwin, who still bent over the body of the drowned man, chaunted in a low hurried voice the following verses :

Thy dream is over, thy dream is over,
Thy weary task is done;
Thou'lt go to thy rest, with the sod on thy breast,
And no more shall the morning sun
Bid thee awake and thy burden take,
And speed thee on thy way;
No fearful dream shall thy slumbers break
Till the morn of the endless day.

False man no more, shall spread before
Thy heedless steps, the snare;
But thou shalt rest, with the sod on thy breast,
Released from a world of care.
For since at last, life's dream is past,
And thy weary task is done,
Alike to thee is the wintry blast,
And the heat of the summer sun.
Thy dream is over.

A litter was prepared, upon which the dead body was placed and carried to the city. Corwin followed in the train, supported by the corporal, and thus terminated the brief career of Monsieur de Coudray in the cause of freedom. How uncertain is all human calculation! Instead of the brilliant page in history, which doubtless in his ardour he aspired to merit, his melancholy fate is recorded in a single line, seldom read, and his name, already, is scarcely remembered. And this is fame!

CHAPTER VI.

Alas! good sir, are you grown so suspicious,
Thus on no proofs to nourish jealousy?
Grim, the Collier of Croydon.

As they rode along, the surgeon gradually became more thoughtful, and as Jurian did not feel disposed to interrupt his meditations, he finally lost sight of his companion, and jogged on several miles without making an observation. At length he exclaimed, as if speaking to himself, "I have witnessed death in many fearful shapes, but this was an awful scene. The struggle of the noble animal, the gasping of the drowning man was terrible! And the poor lunatic, Corwin—yes, Corwin was the name—how desperately he strove to do his duty as a man!" He rode a few yards farther in silence, as if awaiting a reply, and then continued; "The heart of that man has been finely disciplined, for if, when deprived of reason, he still retains the better feelings of humanity, what must have been its worth before the blight of the world came over it!" Having allowed due time for common courtesy to make some comment, M'Crea raised his head and vociferated passionately, "are you asleep or dead, sir?" but on casting his eyes about he could discover no object to vent his rising ire upon. He stopped, and standing erect in his stirrups, stretched his neck to an inordinate length to command a view of the surrounding country, and

gazed impatiently a few moments for the stray youth, who not appearing, he pronounced him an incorrigible rebel, and clapping spurs to his horse, continued his journey. We will suffer him to pursue his solitary ride, for the present, and look after his lost companion.

Jurian had no sooner mounted the hill after crossing the Schuylkill, and beheld the road leading to the scene of his former happiness, than a thousand pleasing and bitter recollections came to mind, and each remove redoubled his inquietude. He was within half an hour's ride of those dearest to him, and if the present opportunity of seeing them was permitted to pass, he knew not when another might occur. The unhappy maid of the inn was uppermost in his thoughts. It was in vain that he strove to disengage his mind from the influence of their last interview. There was no cheering sun to dissipate the clouds, and repeatedly the words "Poor Miriam!" broke from his lips in sounds almost inarticulate. More than once did he resolve to abandon all hopes of Agatha. But then, as there was evidently a daring rival in the case, would not such a step, at this juncture, be attributed to pusilanimity, especially after the threat that had been used? That thought checked the virtuous resolution, and he determined to see Agatha again, and ascertain from her upon what footing this rival was received. The hope of again meeting with the gentleman himself also had its influence.

As Jurian was well acquainted with the country, he had not proceeded more than a mile or two before he recognised another road that led diagonally to the village. M'Crea was at this time absorbed in meditation, and his companion silently turned the head of his horse towards the lane, and withdrew without the other being conscious of his absence. As Jurian rode rapidly he found himself in a short time on the highroad to the village, where he overtook a countryman, well mounted, trotting along at a slow pace with a pair of well filled saddlebags thrown across the back of his horse.

"Whither in such haste, master Jurian?" exclaimed the countryman. "Change your gait and I will accompany you." Jurian checked his horse. "I have been," continued Jones, for it was he, "to the city to purchase a few necessaries for the 'squire's family, but the times are so hard, that little is to be had for either love or money. Every thing is dealt out by the small measure now, but blood and confusion, and those we have had by the quantity long enough."

"You speak truly, Jones, but I fear much more blood must be shed before the times grow better."

"And you, I perceive, sir, intend to try your hand at it," replied Jones, pointing at his sword. "Have you too turned soldier at last?"

"Even as you see. I shall sleep in the camp to-night," replied Jurian.

"A merry time attend you, sir; but from what I learn there is not much merriment in the continental camp at present. I was at the crossing of the river yesterday as the army passed, and though their drums resounded, and their fifes played briskly, upon my faith, I have seen more merriment among the mourners at a funeral."

"Your comparison is a just one," said Jurian, "for were they not mourners also?"

"True, I had forgotten that; so their gloom was quite natural," said Jones, smiling sarcastically. "I presume, sir, you intend paying Miss Agatha a visit, before you put on sackcloth and ashes?"

"Sackcloth and ashes!"

"In other words, join this train of mourners as you call them."

Jurian was somewhat startled at the bluntness of the question, but replied with an air of carelessness, that it would give him pleasure at all times to see Miss Morton, and especially then, as he might not have another opportunity for a long time. There was enough

of the courtier in Jones to prefer flattery to offence, whenever an occasion offered sufficiently robust for his rude mind to seize upon. He accordingly replied—

"And I dare say, sir, she would have no dislike to seeing you at present."

"I hope not; but what reason have you for this supposition?"

"Why, sir," continued Jones, "you know the rugged arbour you made with the branches of trees, two years ago, in the grove on the bank of the creek, where you all went of an afternoon with your flutes and books, and had such merry times of it."

"Those happy hours cannot easily be forgotten; but pray what do you argue from all this?"

"That Miss Agatha's memory is as fresh as your own, sir. She still frequents that arbour, and often do I hear her playing your favourite airs upon her flageolet, and then she returns to the house thoughtful and melancholy. She is not the same person she was a year ago. She was then gay and light of heart, but now she avoids a smile as carefully as if it were high treason to be otherwise than sad."

It was pleasing intelligence to Jurian, that his mistress experienced some pain at their separation, and Jones, who was quick to perceive the effect of his statement, true or false, continued—

"Such is her liking to that spot, that I would wager an even bet that she is there at this moment."

"You would have a desperate odds against you."

"O, sir, I understand calculating chances as well as some who have had more experience. She was there yesterday, and the day before at this hour, so you perceive, a bold gamester might prudently venture on a more desperate hazard."

Jones discovered, from the expression of his companion's countenance, that he admitted his reasoning to be as logical as the unravelling of a problem in Euclid. Jurian replied, smiling—

"You would make a desperate gamester, indeed, if willing to trust fortune with more than the colour of a card, or the turn of a die."

"Fortune!" exclaimed Jones, "I have no faith in the jade. She has played me too many slippery tricks in my time. I should make the bet upon my confidence in dame nature, who is always the same, whether clad in a rough outside, or a smooth one."

"Education, then, in your estimation goes for nothing?" replied Jurian.

"A stone, sir, is but a stone, polish it as you may; and even the most brilliant is but a worthless pebble, after all said and done," replied Jones.

Jurian's opinion responded to this sentiment. Various, we may say countless, as are the works of the master-hand, each belongs to its own particular species, and no matter what imaginary value man may be willing to concede to it, there is no human act that can by any possibility change its original nature. The sparkling diamond and the dull granite bear an affinity in their formation; the link between the lordly lion and the foolish ass is not to be broken, and disguise the truth as you may, beneath purple and gold, the monarch of a world of slaves, at last, is nothing more than the brother of the beggar starving by the highway. This is a truth that the world has been slow to discover, but when discovered, it will be as slow to forget. Man, from the days of Aaron, has been willing to contribute his mite to the formation of a golden calf, and then fall down and worship, unmindful of the material of which it was composed, and the hand that fashioned it. That day of darkness, it is to be hoped, is now passing away.

Our hero and his companion rode for some time in silence, which was abruptly broken by Jones—

"There is a matter, master Jurian, has been upon my mind for some time, and though my heart has ached to make its feelings known, I could never pluck up the courage to speak to you."

"And why not, Jones? No man should be afraid to make his thoughts known to another, for as you say, even a brilliant is but a worthless stone at last.

> Fortune in men has some small difference made;
> One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade."

"You will be astonished, no doubt, sir," continued Jones, "when I tell you that you have injured me, and are daily continuing to do so; but as I believe it to be unknowingly, I am encouraged to speak to you on the subject."

"If I have wronged you, it was unwittingly, I assure you, and should be glad to know in what manner, that I may avoid repeating it." Jones hesitated. "Of what have you to complain?"

"O, sir, the cause is nearest my heart. So delicate a one that I scarcely can trust my tongue to give it utterance." The rude and manly features of Jones were overcast with sadness as he spoke. Jurian was struck with the change, as he had always appeared to him a light-hearted careless fellow, with a constant smile on his lips, which the natural sternness of the upper half of his countenance could not dissipate. Still it was plain to see there was no sympathy between the eye and the lip. His eye never smiled.

"Tell me in what manner I have wronged you?" repeated Jurian.

"You can answer that point yourself, sir, when I mention Miriam Grey."

"Miriam! what of Miriam?" exclaimed Jurian, endeavouring to conceal the interest that her name had excited.

"The merest trifle, sir, cannot escape the eye of jealousy. I have discovered your apparent partiality for her, though it is a secret to the rest of the village. I also fear that your views are such as may not result in her happiness; and attached to her, as you must be

aware I am, you can judge how wretched your overtures have made me."

"You are a fellow of some discernment, I find," replied Jurian, forcing a smile, "and are disposed to see more than the rest of the world."

"I am glad to see you treat the matter so lightly, sir," continued Jones, "as it convinces me that I have been mistaken. Had I reflected for a moment on your avowed attachment to Miss Morton, I should have been convinced that my fears were groundless. And moreover, as Miriam can never by any possibility become your wife—"

"And wherein lies the impossibility?" demanded Jurian, in a tone that betrayed his feelings.

"The inequality of the match. You aim at something higher," replied Jones.

"Is this all? more was implied by your words and tone of voice. Go on."

"Your long attachment to Miss Agatha."

"Jones you prevaricate. More I am certain was intended than met the ear. Explain your meaning."

His dark eye kindled and his face became flushed.

Jones replied, with downcast look, and in a low voice—

"Fate has destined her to become mine."

"Fate! you speak in riddles."

"She was fair game, sir, and the best marksman was to have her—that is all."

"Villain, have you wronged her?"

"Mr. Hartfield do not press this matter any farther, If I had thought your feelings were so deeply enlisted I should have been as silent as the dead. Rest satisfied, she must be mine."

"Must be! Answer me, have you wronged her?"

"The wrong is such," said Jones, in a low faltering voice, "as shall be repaired in a few days. I intend to marry her."

As he pronounced these words, Jurian leaped from

his horse, and exclaimed, "damned calumniator!" His frame seemed to enlarge, and the passion of a fiend was depicted in his countenance. He seized upon the colossal figure of Jones, who astonished by the sudden transition, was, for a moment, as a child in his grasp, and was dragged an unresisting mass to the earth. Jurian bestrode him, and drew his sword.

"For God's sake, what do you mean to do! Not to murder me?" cried Jones.

"Ay, to murder you, wretch," said Jurian, in a solemn tone, "or be satisfied that you have not traduced that unhappy girl. Do not attempt to deceive me, for it is as much as your life is worth, to belie what you have said—and I fear," he added in a low voice, "as mine is to prove it true. Proceed, and bear in mind, it is a matter of life and death between us: so speak truly."

"What evidence can I possibly have of the truth of my assertion? What stronger proof would you have of her attachment than being daily with me?"

"Do not prevaricate, but give me such damning evidence as will remove all doubt. My sword is drawn; trifle not, or it may soon be sheathed in a bloody scabbard."

"Do not, I beseech you," continued Jones, "drive me to the unpleasant necessity of exposing her whose reputation is dearer to me than life." He still lay on the ground, without making even an attempt at resistance, while the expression of his countenance indicated that his passiveness was rather assumed than the effect of fear. He lay as one who felt confident that the power was in his own hand, whenever disposed to exercise it.

"Wretch, do you hesitate!" exclaimed Jurian, seizing him by the collar, and raising his sword in a threatening posture. Every muscle of his face was swoln with passion, and his light frame seemed to be endowed with supernatural strength. He raised the huge mass

with one arm, and dashed it violently to the earth again. Jones endeavoured to release himself, until apparently overcome with the struggle, he faintly said—

"Unhand me, and you shall be satisfied."

Jurian released him; Jones sullenly rose from the ground, and after searching his pockets, produced a paper, saying, "Since you will have it, there it is in black and white. If you know her hand, I fancy the evidence will be conclusive—but, as you are a man of honour, it must go no farther."

Jurian snatched the paper as it was extended towards him, and his hand shook violently as he opened it. His agitation increased as his eyes wandered hastily over the lines, and he murmured to himself, "O God! these characters are too familiar to me to be mistaken." He then proceeded to read as follows:—

"I am wretched and heart-broken. From your coldness towards me, when we last parted, I have too much reason to fear that the loss of innocence will quickly be followed with the loss of your affection. If so, I feel I merit it, but I shall never be able to support the loss. I do not reproach you with unkindness towards me; I do not blame you for having wronged one so vile; I reproach myself alone. But see me once again: in mercy see me, for if this suspense continues much longer I shall lose my senses."

The paper was not signed, but the handwriting was that of Miriam Grey. Jurian stood aghast as he perused it. He glanced over it a second time, as if to be assured that there was no deception, and then tore it into pieces. This act was unaccompanied by any outward evidence of passion. Had it been a blank piece of paper he could not have betrayed less feeling. Still the volcano was raging within. Jones had removed a few paces from him, and leaning against his horse, he smiled, and his large gray eyes kindled with delight as he beheld the misery he had occasioned. They remained silent for a few moments, during which the flushed coun-

tenance of Jurian became more placid, but ashy pale. Jones, with his head bent, kept his eyes fixed upon him, and demanded whether he was yet satisfied.

"Perfectly—perfectly satisfied," calmly replied the other.

"I am glad of it; but you have forced me to an act, Mr. Hartfield, for which I will despise myself as long as I breathe. I have betrayed a trust that I should have suffered you to have torn from my heart before it passed my lips."

"You have."

"The fault, sir, was yours. Do not betray my baseness to Miriam, for she would despise me, and never forgive me."

"Your secret is safer in my bosom than in your own."

"You will not betray me, then?"

"I have said your secret is safe, for I would not have that infatuated girl know how unworthily she has chosen."

Jones was astonished at his placid manner, and the calmness of his voice. He had expected to encounter a torrent of violence, and it was beyond his skill in metaphysics to reconcile this sudden transition from one extreme to another. He gazed at him in silent wonder a few moments, and then continued—

"There is one thing more, sir. Do not designedly throw yourself in her way. You can readily conceive my fears, and the reason of this request. She has betrayed her frailty, and is in your power."

A slight glow passed over the ashy cheek of Jurian, but he suppressed the indignation he felt at the insinuation that he was capable of using that power to her injury. He calmly replied, while a smile of utter scorn curled his lips—

"I understand your meaning. Set your mind at rest; you will have nothing to fear from me."

"I must feel satisfied with a pledge thus given," said

Jones, "knowing that Mr. Hartfield would neither compromise his own honour, nor that of another." The submissive manner of Jones during the foregoing conversation, could not altogether conceal the sarcasm contained in this remark. He continued—

"Your frankness, sir, has relieved my mind from a heavy burden. I rejoice to find that my fears were groundless."

"Have you any thing more to say?"

"Nothing."

"Then in my turn I have one request to make. Do her justice, I mean that miserable mockery of justice which is all that now lies within your power to perform. Make her your wife."

Friendly advice, indeed, thought Jones, but not exactly even-handed justice. One word for me, and two for himself, as he gets rid of his wench by the bargain. He replied—

"I promise you whatever is due from me to Miriam shall be scrupulously performed." They then remounted their horses, and each pursued his separate way.

CHAPTER VII.

You make a right fool of me
To lead me up and down to visit women,
And be abused and laugh'd at.—*The Captain.*

When passion holds dominion, and we attempt to decide upon a supposed injury, instead of endeavouring to satisfy ourselves that none has been sustained, we ingeniously search for argument in support of the opposite side of the question. Passion becomes the advocate, passion is the judge, and scarcely a whisper is heard in behalf of the party arraigned. Jurian, astounded as he had been by the exposition of Jones, instead of reasoning for one moment to test its falsity, brought all the energies of his mind to convince himself that it could not be otherwise than true. Numberless circumstances were adduced to strengthen the argument, and though, in themselves 'trifles light as air,' to his mind they were 'confirmations strong as proofs from holy writ.' True, when he recalled the last interview with Miriam, her sorrow and apparent devotion to him, awakened self-reproach for having believed the evidence of his own senses to her injury; but then she had of her own accord released him from all his vows, acknowledged the superior claims of a rival, and dispassionately spoke of his probable union with another, and why was this? If her heart were still sincerely his, her affections still uncontaminated, could she relinquish

without even a tear, the only object that rendered life worth possessing? Was it in the nature of woman to make such an appalling sacrifice, and of her own accord encounter shame and the scoff of the world? If from devotion to him, she was disposed to sacrifice her own feelings, to remove every obstacle that lay in the way of his advancement, could it be supposed that she would also sacrifice her reputation to attain that end? No; she must first have been assured of protection from that most dreadful of all evils, in the arms of a more favoured lover. Thus he reasoned; and even the fault that he himself had occasioned, stood forth and cried aloud for judgment on the accused. Passion was the advocate, passion was the judge, and the decree was against Miriam.

It is not uncommon for some minds, when under excitement, to pass from one object to another without diminution of the existing fervour. When Jurian had reasoned himself into the belief of the inconstancy of Miriam, his thoughts hastily conjured up the beauteous form of Agatha; he recalled the most prominent incidents of their lives from childhood; dwelt upon her charms, accomplishments, and spotless virtue, until she appeared as a milk-white dove, compared to the raven, by the side of Miriam. His enthusiasm on the one hand, and exasperation on the other, tended to their mutual increase, until his feelings were wrought to such a degree that he imagined himself the dupe of a designing woman, and he smiled with bitter irony at the remembrance of the remorse he had long experienced for the wrong he had done one apparently so devoted and so innocent. These virtues were now placed to the account of hypocrisy, and for a time he felt that all the ties that had subsisted between him and one so artful and debased, were violently rent asunder, and by her hand. He endeavoured to dismiss the faithless fair from his mind, and direct his feelings into another channel. Need we say, that channel led to Agatha?

In the tumult of his mind, the hint of Jones that Miss Morton was at that time in the arbour, was not forgotten. Its improbability occurred to him, still it was possible, and he is a phlegmatic lover indeed, who is not willing at times, to take possibility for certainty. Having secured his horse, he directed his steps towards the arbour, and before he arrived in sight of it, he heard the soft notes of a flageolet, upon which was performed an air, too familiar to his ear for him to mistake the musician. His heart beat with delight, and he exclaimed with joy, "she at least is true to me!" and he reproached himself for having suffered another to dispute her claim to his undivided affection. And when he reflected on the worthlessness of that other, his reproaches were accompanied by a poignant sense of shame. Miriam, however, was soon dismissed from his mind, he quickened his step, and in a few minutes stood at the entrance of the arbour.

"Agatha," he exclaimed, "my heart was not mistaken; we meet again." She arose, and extended her hand towards him, which he eagerly seized, and pressing it to his bosom, repeated, "no, no, my heart was not mistaken."

Agatha was one of those sylph-like beings, which nature seems to have formed in her most prodigal moments, as if to inhabit a purer orb than this—whose presence calls forth the better feelings of our nature, and who seem to be surrounded by a heavenly atmosphere, that maintains an influence over all by whom it is inhaled. As in the vegetable kingdom there are various flowers that appear to have been formed for no other use than to blossom for a day, impart their fragrance, and die, so it is in the human race, we meet with many who are to the world at large as flowers to the vegetable kingdom. To this class of beings did Agatha belong.

"True, we meet again," she replied, smiling, "but perhaps it would have been as well had it been otherwise."

"And why so, my little fairy?" said Jurian.

"My father, when he heard of our last interview," replied Agatha, "assigned a reason that I may not readily forget, and have but little desire to hear again."

"And what was that?"

"A lecture on disobedience, delivered in no very temperate tone," she replied. "But when Jones informed me that you were in the neighbourhood, and would probably visit this arbour, I know not why, I felt a strange desire for a stroll, and the spirit of disobedience guided my steps in this direction."

"Was it not a more amiable spirit?" said Jurian, still holding her hand.

"You vain creature!" she exclaimed, "no doubt will assign another cause, and I am reduced to the awkard dilemma, of suffering you to enjoy your opinion, for nothing that I could say, would convince you, that vanity is sadly given to romancing."

"Still few possess the faculty of telling a tale so agreeably," replied Jurian, "and even the most highly coloured are, in some measure, founded on fact. They are seldom altogether fiction."

"And in the present instance, you have wove a tale to please yourself, from slender material," replied Agatha. "I read it in your face, and I must say I have little reason to be pleased with the colouring. You have a fervid imagination, Jurian, and if the world were as easily pleased with your fictions, as yourself, I should advise you to turn poet by all means." The playfulness of her manner betrayed that Jurian's construction was not as unfounded as she would have it appear.

"I will turn poet," he replied, "or whatever else may render me acceptable in the eyes of Agatha." The slight tinge on her delicate cheek was heightened, and she averted her deep blue eyes from the gaze of her admirer. "It has been the study of my life," he continued, "and hope has whispered that I have not

been an unapt scholar. I care not what new task you now impose; I am ready to undertake it, though it should be to turn poet in spite of nature."

"You speak as if that were a task," replied Agatha, "when you are aware that it has been undertaken voluntarily time out of mind. If a fear of ridicule should deter you, pray dismiss it, for you will certainly be lost sight of in the multitude. Nothing short of preeminent success will expose you to the shaft of ridicule."

"And to that I should be invulnerable by this time," said Jurian, "if there be any truth in the remark of Wycherly."

"And what, pray, has that naughty writer said, worth repeating?"

"He tells us, that love makes a man more ridiculous than poverty, poetry, or a new title of honour," replied Jurian.

"The heretic!" exclaimed Agatha, "and is that the opinion of a man who made love the business of his life? But your professed wit will have his jest, though at the expense of his best friend." She now perceived, for the first time, that Jurian carried a sword. Her animated countenance and tone of voice underwent a sudden change, as she inquired the meaning of the weapon by his side.

"I have caught the fever of the times, and turned patriot too, dear Agatha," replied Jurian.

"In other words," she replied gravely, "I must hereafter view you as the enemy of my brother—the foe of my father and all his race. A rebel to your king and country. Is it not so?"

"Rather the champion of my country," said Jurian, "or our statesmen have declaimed to little purpose. But the name can only be decided by the result. If we are successful, we shall be handed to posterity as heroes and patriots; but if the reverse, rebel will be considered almost too mild an epithet for the pages of history. The child must be born before it is christened."

"Patriot or rebel, then," said Agatha, "were there not already obstacles enough to our happiness, without wantonly increasing the number. You know my father's inveterate prejudices, in despite of which he still entertained some kindly feelings towards you; but this, I fear, will be a death-blow to all."

"Let the blow fall," replied Jurian, "if fall it must. It matters not, how soon, provided his daughter imbibe not similar prejudice."

"It becomes the child to tread in the path of the parent," replied Agatha. "There is little safety for those who unadvisedly depart from it."

"Agatha! can this be possible," exclaimed Jurian, his countenance becoming darker as he proceeded. "Our lives have passed together—from childhood our hearts have been open to each other—there has been no concealment of thought or action, and yet you are ready to imbibe the prejudices of another against one whom you so thoroughly know. Is it just? Have I not reason to complain?"

Agatha fixed her mild blue eyes upon him, and her cheeks became of a deeper hue as she repeated his words, in a tone of interrogatory—

"No concealment, Jurian?"

No question could possibly have been more startling. It assumed so great a latitude, that Jurian was at a loss to discover the particular point to which it was directed. From her manner the question was evidently pregnant with meaning. His thoughts were all in action, and with the rapidity of lightning, they recalled countless deeds that he wished might never come to the knowledge of Agatha. He was himself startled at the number, and his perplexity increased as he attempted to select the particular one to which she referred. There was one, however, more alarming than the rest, and upon that his mind finally settled, for it is a principle with the guilty, when brought to trial, to believe that their worst offences have been discovered. The

question repeatedly recurred,—can it be possible that she has heard of my conduct towards Miriam Grey? Still he was too well schooled in the ways of the world to betray his fears. All this passed through his mind, as we have said, in an instant, and he replied to the perplexing quere by another—

"In what, dear Agatha, have I used concealment towards you?"

"There is much has reached my ears in vague reports," replied Agatha, "much that has given me pain—and yet your lips have been sealed upon the subject, when perhaps a word would have vindicated your character."

This remark gave no additional clue to conjecture, and Jurian was still as much in the dark as at first. He again asked—

"Of what, pray, am I accused?"

"Of being a reprobate," replied Agatha; "of spurning aside every principle that adorns the human character. A prodigal, a gambler, a man to be shunned." The gentle voice of Agatha became tremulous, and she paused. Jurian replied—

"And all these calumnies are believed, by her who is familiar with the whole tenour of my life. And she whom I have loved for years as my own soul, has become my accuser. Then where may the injured hope to find an advocate!"

A slight flush suffused the pale features of Miss Morton. The colour came and disappeared in the same moment. Collecting herself, she replied, in a subdued tone—

"That you love me, Jurian, I feel convinced, without an avowal. It would be unnatural were it otherwise. Our lives have been passed together, and from infancy we have been almost as brother and sister to each other."

"As brother and sister!" exclaimed Jurian, "and have I enjoyed no more than a brother's place in your

heart, while you have been the very core of mine—my brightest hope in life; my constant theme, dreaming and waking!"

Agatha became alarmed by the earnestness of his manner. She had been taken by surprise, for although it was not the first time that he had expressed his hopes in her presence, she had invariably possessed sufficient address to change the subject. This she found, at present, impracticable; and overwhelmed with confusion, she was tottering towards the rustic bench in the arbour, when he extended his arms to support her. She reclined her head upon his shoulder, and scarcely articulated—

"You wound me to the soul."

"Then say you love me," he continued. "Let me be satisfied. Pass my doom."

After a pause, during which Agatha struggled to control her feelings, she raised her head. Her pale features were even more pallid than before, and her large blue eyes, that shone so brilliantly at their first meeting, were now suffused with tears, while her glossy hair hung in disorder over her shoulders. She gazed upon Jurian's face intently for a few moments, and then replied—

"This is a dangerous subject for us to touch upon. We have heretofore avoided it, for it can tend to no good, and our feelings are already sufficiently lacerated—it is useless for us to irritate the wound."

"Then calumny has done its work, and I have lost the heart of Agatha. There has been malice in my destiny from the hour of my birth, but little did I suppose that it would reach me in this way. The worst shaft has been sped, and henceforward I have little either to hope or fear."

Agatha was touched by the plaintiveness of his tone, which, whether assumed or natural, had its effect. Well did he know every avenue to that gentle heart, for he had studied her character through its various changes,

and such was his address, that Agatha herself was not aware of the extent of the influence he maintained over her. Her mind, although naturally independent, was as unresisting as that of a child when it came in contact with his.

"I said not, Jurian," she faintly replied, "that I gave credit to the reports circulated to your disadvantage. Still you must be aware that there are such reports, and it appeared strange to me, that you never denied their truth."

"Because no charge had ever been made in a tangible shape," replied Jurian. "True, I have been called reprobate, by old men and beldames who have just wit enough to imagine a devil in every shadow they do not comprehend. To answer such would be about as profitable a task as witch-shooting in New-England."

"I meant not that," replied Agatha. "I spoke for myself. My anxiety should have been satisfied."

"And so it should, my Agatha, had I been aware of its existence. But let us dismiss the subject, for since you believe not the odious slander, I care not if fame lend her trump to every old woman in the land to blast my character. You have said that the reports are not credited—a thousand thanks, dear Agatha, for that assurance! Still, as you doubted, I must ask you to breathe but a single word, that will satisfy me that you are sincere."

"Most cheerfully. Name this potent word," replied Agatha.

"Love!—Say that you still love."

"That I love you," replied Agatha, "it can scarcely be necessary for me to avow. My thoughts and feelings have ripened in your presence, and in a measure they have been moulded by yourself. My happiest recollections are associated with your image, as with that of a brother in the days of childhood; then why ask if I still love?"

"Either you do not, or will not understand me, Aga-

tha," replied Jurian. "It is not a sister's love that I desire, in return for the burning thoughts that prey upon my mind. It is not a sister's love can repay the years of anxiety I have passed—devotion like mine. We have attained an age when the lambent passion of our childhood must cease to exist. No longer indulge the idea that we can be as brother and sister to each other. That dream must pass away as they daily pass in our progress through life, and it remains for you to say whether a brighter or a darker shall succeed it."

"Spare me. You have hurried me to the brink of a precipice, and my brain grows dizzy as I gaze upon it. Spare me now, Jurian."

"Your doubts, I see, are not yet removed," said Jurian, "and you still belive me the creature that slander has depicted."

"O, no! you are still the same to me as you have been for years. You, only, have the power to change my opinion. You, only."

"Then I see it all," replied Jurian. "My fears are realized. There is another who has met with favour in your father's eyes—"

"But not in mine; not in mine."

"Children should tread in the path of their parents," replied Jurian, with a bitter smile, "for there is no safety for those who depart from it. Those were your words."

Agatha sank upon the bench, and hiding her face in her shawl to conceal her emotion, scarcely articulated,

"This is cruel at your hands—doubly cruel at such a time, and unmerited." He approached her, and endeavoured to soothe her feelings. "Leave me," she continued, "it is time we part."

"But not in anger?"

"No, not in anger," she murmured, "but in the bitterness of soul, as those who yield to folly should separate."

"Every action, every word, Agatha," said Jurian, "convinces me more fully that you love me. Your lips have avowed it, and this trembling hand betrays that it is so. Quiet my fears, and say that you will be mine."

"For pity's sake urge me not to that."

"Then promise that no earthly power shall compel you to bestow this hand upon another. If fate denies me the blessing, spare me that additional pang."

"I promise," murmured Agatha.

"Enough! then thou shalt be mine, my Agatha, in spite of the world." He raised her light frame to his arms, and passionately imprinted a kiss upon her pale forehead. He gently drew her closer to him, and she fell unresistingly upon his bosom. "Mine! only mine!" exclaimed Jurian rapturously.

"Thine, and thine only," greeted his ears, in a whisper scarcely audible. Such is woman's resolution when she loves! At this moment a gun was discharged close to the arbour, upon the report of which Agatha started from his arms, and exclaimed,—

"Ah! my brother. Farewell."

"Do not leave me yet," said Jurian, "I cannot bear the thought of losing you the moment you have become mine."

"Absent or present, still I am thine. Farewell."—She extended her hand to him, which he eagerly pressed to his lips, she then darted through the back part of the arbour, and in an instant disappeared among the under wood of the grove.

A wounded bird fell near the entrance of the arbour, and in a few moments the sportsman ran to the spot to secure his game. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, tall and well-proportioned; habited in an undress uniform, with a sword by his side. Jurian, at a glance, recognised the features of the person who had accosted him at the Schuylkill ferry, as related in a preceding chapter. Lifting the bird from the ground,

and leaning on the barrel of his gun, the stranger exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction, "see, Morton, I have winged him!" at the same time holding the bird at arm's length, for his comrade to have a view of it.

"You are a good shot," replied Morton, ascending the hillock, "and a true sportsman. You gave the bird a fair chance, but unluckily it was not swift enough on the wing."

"True," replied the other, "the chance was a fair one, for I hold it barbarous to shoot at game sitting, and he is unworthy of the name of sportsman who would take such an advantage. But really I fear the report of the gun has alarmed your sister, for see with what haste she is returning to the house."

"Do not be concerned on that score," replied Morton, "she is a girl of more spirit. There was a time when she took delight in my amusements, and would not have hesitated to fire the gun herself; but of late she has assumed a more serious mood."

"And really she has chosen a very romantic spot for her meditations," added the stranger, approaching the arbour, at the entrance of which he was met by Jurian. Notwithstanding his astonishment, which he could not conceal, he calmly said—

"Well, sir, we meet again, but from what has passed between us, I did not think so soon to have the honour of another interview."

"I dare say you did not," replied Jurian, "or you would have been less insolent when last we met."

"Quite cavalier!" replied the other, his accent betraying his Scottish origin. "Your language well becomes your character, for I perceive you have picked up a sword in your late travels. But bear in mind, young man," and his voice assumed a tone of sarcasm, "it is not the cowl that makes the monk, and it requires more to the formation of a soldier than a gay cap and feather."

"I readily admit your position" replied Jurian, "and

notwithstanding that frown, will offer another illustration. The ass was still an ass in spite of the lion skin."

The sword of the fiery child of the North on the instant leaped from its scabbard, and Jurian coolly followed the example.

"For shame, gentlemen," exclaimed Morton. "Such language is rude and unbecoming."

"His sword is out," replied the Scot, "from which I conclude he intends to cut short all argument. It were shame so much valour should end in smoke, so come on, sir, and I will give you a lesson that will mend your manners for the remainder of your life."

"Well spoken," said Jurian, his lips curling with contempt, "but you appear to have forgotten the conclusion of the fable."

"The fable!" exclaimed the angry Scot, at a loss to comprehend the coolness of his adversary.

"We are told," continued Jurian, "that the ass brayed lustily, but no sooner were his ears discovered than he ceased to alarm the forest."

"This insolence is beyond endurance," cried the Scot, placing himself in a posture of attack. "Defend yourself."

"Are you mad?" said Morton, interfering.

"Not yet," replied the Scot, "but stand out of the way, or I may become so. Within a day or two, sir," he continued, addressing Jurian, "you honoured me with a blow, and thus I repay it with interest."

He made a furious attack upon Jurian, who coolly stood upon the defensive. The weapons they used were broadswords, and the Scot, who was both active and skilful, soon discovered that he had no novice to deal with. The one was all fire and impetuosity, the other cool and collected. The Scot evidently had the advantage on the score of science, while the superior strength and self-possession of his antagonist placed them nearly upon a footing. The furious clashing of their weapons denoted the determination of both. The

Scot, who had depended upon his superior skill, finding himself so repeatedly thwarted, became more enraged as the contest continued. His face was red as scarlet and his eyes inflamed, which strongly contrasted with the smile on the countenance of Jurian, who seemed to read what was passing in the mind of his antagonist. This self-possession did not escape the notice of the Scot, and tended to increase his rage. He shifted his ground, and renewed the attack with redoubled vigour. Jurian turned to receive him as systematically as if he had moved upon a pivot, still maintaining the ground that he had first assumed, and acting upon the defensive, as he had done from the commencement. The clashing of the swords was loud, and the strokes succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning. This time the attack was more desperate and of longer continuance than before. At length the Scot, finding himself foiled in every attempt to touch the body of Jurian, retreated a few paces, while his antagonist still remained stationary, and but slightly discomposed by his exertion. The same smile was still on his lips, that had excited the indignation of the Scot.

"Desist, Balcarras," exclaimed Morton, "for by heaven he is but playing with you."

"He shall play a bloody game," replied Balcarras, "before it is ended."

"Well said, Hotspur!" replied Jurian, with that provoking smile. "Shall I repeat to you another fable, as applicable as the first? I am learned in fabulous lore, as Morton can testify."

"I will give you fact for your fable," replied Balcarras, preparing to renew the attack.

"Still you had better listen to the fable," coolly replied Jurian.

"No more trifling, but defend yourself," exclaimed the Scot.

"You won't listen to the fable, then?"

The clashing of swords was the only answer that the question received. Balcarras appeared to have been

endued with additional strength and skill. He fought with the fury and activity of the tiger. Jurian still maintained his ground and self-possession, but the smile had disappeared from his lips, and his face was flushed even to the forehead. Every muscle of his light frame was called into action, and he stood more firmly, and his blows were dealt with more determination. His eye was rivetted on that of his antagonist. Morton looked on in breathless suspense. The fight lasted long before the fury of Balcarras abated. Still Jurian remained stationary, but no sooner did he perceive that the blows of the Scot were not dealt with their usual force, than his face became of a deeper hue, the muscles of his mouth were drawn so as to bare his teeth, which were firmly clenched, his eyes kindled, and he made one step towards the Scot. He now in his turn became the assailant, and it required all the science of Balcarras to protect himself from a shower of blows dealt with terrible force and rapidity. This change in their relative positions, in an instant altered the opinion that the Scot had entertained of his antagonist, and he abandoned all idea of acting on the offensive. He had been nearly wearied out, and self-preservation was now the only thought that occupied his mind. Jurian read what was passing in his thoughts, and the blows fell thicker and thicker. His face was now almost purple, his eye grew sterner, and his teeth were still bare and clenched. Balcarras would now have given any thing on earth to have seen that dark countenance again illuminated by that sarcastic smile that had provoked his ire. Even the sound of his voice, he felt, would have rendered the conflict less terrible. But Jurian was silent, stern, resolved. He pressed forward, the Scot wavered, and his flushed cheeks had become ashy pale, as blow succeeded blow, with undiminished force.

"For God's sake desist," cried Morton, "do not kill the man."

His voice was lost amid the clashing of the steel

The Scot reeled and retreated. The light frame of Jurian seemed to brace itself for one mighty blow. He grasped his sword with both hands, and advanced with his weapon raised. The next instant it fell with a fearful crash, and Balcarras reeled beneath the blow.

"Have you no mercy," cried Morton, and hastened to the spot where they stood, but his fears were soon quieted, for Jurian held a bladeless hilt in his hand. Balcarras perceiving the advantage that fortune had given him, was about to avail himself of it, as Jurian sprang forward, and seized the uplifted arm. He took the sword from his grasp, and hurled it into the creek that flowed at a short distance. He held the Scot at arm's length, as though he had been a child, and gazed upon him in silence for a few moments, during which his distorted countenance rapidly resumed its usual expression. The smile also returned.

"And now, my fiery Hotspur," he cried, "you will have leisure to listen to my fable."

Balcarras was astounded, and Morton exclaimed—

"No more of this folly!"

"O! by the Lord," replied Jurian, "he must listen to my fable, for there is much sound morality in Æsop. I at times have questioned whether Solomon, though a king, possessed as much practical wisdom as the Phrygian slave. O! by all means, he must listen to my fable."

"Then let us hear it," said the Scot, sullenly, and evincing a desire to be released from the iron grasp of Jurian.

"Listen," continued Jurian. "A hungry raven once in quest of prey, pounced upon a serpent that was harmlessly basking in the sun. He seized him with his horny beak, but the venomous tooth of the serpent soon made the aggressor repent of his folly. You have wit enough, I presume, to see the application?"

"Certainly; so far as respects the glossy skinned serpent," replied Balcarras.

"That I supposed could not escape you," replied Jurian, "after the practical lesson you have just received. Still you will find the serpent a harmless creature when unprovoked, and, take my word for it, he is but a fool, who, in obedience to the written law, wantonly puts his heel upon his head." Then turning to Morton, he continued, in a more lively tone, "Edward, I beseech you to lose no time in procuring for your friend here a copy of Æsop. It will make him a wiser, and a better man. There is much sound moral in these apologues, and if ever I form an Utopia, children shall imbibe them with their milk. Farewell, gentlemen," he cried, and his smile approached almost to a laugh, "farewell, and by all means do not neglect little Æsop."

He hastily withdrew, and, until he was out of sight, the mortified Scot stood gazing after him in mute astonishment. Morton recalled his wandering senses, and they returned to the mansion-house, not a little chagrined at the unexpected termination of the rencontre. Jurian hastened to the spot where he had secured his horse, and found the scene quite changed during his short absence. A detachment of British and Hessians had halted near the village to refresh themselves, he accordingly kept aloof until they again took up the line of march, when he mounted his horse and pursued his way, equally satisfied with the result of his interview with Agatha, and that with his rival.

CHAPTER VIII.

Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.—*Passionate Pilgrim.*

The success of the British arms at Brandywine, induced their commander to believe that another such meeting would be fatal to the cause of American independence, and accordingly he determined to bring it about as speedily as possible. Part of the British forces in their march from Chester, passed through Darby village, and young Morton finding himself in the vicinity of his father's house, concluded to pay a passing visit, at the same time requesting colonel Lindsay and major M'Druid to accompany him.

Colin Lindsay, the young and handsome earl of Balcarras, had already gained a footing in the family. He was a gentleman in his manners and personal appearance, and being at the head of a noble family of Scotland, possessed more pride than any one individual can conveniently carry through life without having it repeatedly mortified.

Major M'Druid was a liberal minded Hibernian, possessing a tall and graceful person; he had entered the army when young, and after undergoing much actual service in the Indies, he had the unspeakable satisfaction, at the age of forty-five, of being promoted to a

majority. He considered Great Britain the greatest nation that ever existed, and was proud of his birthright. He was loyal to his king and the existing administration, no matter who was in, or who out, for as he was fed by the government, he was in duty bound to support it, without regarding the clamours of those who wished a change.

The major had never put himself to the trouble of investigating the right and wrong of the American cause; this point he prudently submitted to cooler heads than his own, and men who were liberally paid to argue and decide upon the subject. It was the same to M'Druid whether he served a campaign in Asia or America, for fighting was his trade, and it remained solely with his king to select his antagonist. If his majesty chose a wrong one, he was to blame and not the major, for, as he fought in obedience to the orders of a superior, he considered himself fairly relieved from all responsibility, provided he fought as lustily in a wrong cause as a right one.

M'Druid from the long habit of living in camp or garrison, had much of the roughness of the soldier about him, though he seldom, in his most boisterous moments, permitted his hearers to forget that he was proud of the title of gentleman. Like most men of his nation and profession, he was an ardent admirer of the female sex of all ages, from fifteen to threescore; and of all complexions, from the fair cheeked lass of Erin's isle, to the dusky-skinned damsel of Bengal. So she wore a petticoat, it was enough to insure the major's respect and services. Such universal gallantry, it must be admitted, was attended with a considerable deal of drudgery, but like Job in the midst of his disappointments, he would exclaim, "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

The proposition was no sooner made by young Morton to visit his father's house, than accepted by the officers. The army had halted in the neighbourhood, and

the young men availed themselves of this opportunity, to execute their design. Being well mounted, it required but a few minutes to carry them to the 'squire's mansion, which was seated on an eminence to the west of the village, and surrounded by the lofty oaks of the forest. In front of the building was an extensive lawn, around which ran the road leading to the mansion. To the left of the lawn flowed a creek, the banks of which were thickly covered with maple and underwood. In this grove the arbour mentioned in the last chapter was erected.

We shall now suppose the officers fairly arrived; their horses transferred to the care of the trusty Jones, and the major formally introduced to the 'squire and his antiquated sister-in-law, Miss Rebecca Buckley. Miss Morton was absent at the time of their arrival, which diminished, in no slight degree, the anticipated pleasure of colonel Lindsay. After waiting some time for her return, Edward proposed to his young companion to sally forth in pursuit of her, leaving the major to entertain the 'squire and the old lady until their return. As they passed through the hall, young Morton perceived his fowling-piece, which he took hold of, and they directed their steps towards the oft-frequented arbour on the banks of the creek; not doubting that he would find the stray one there. He was not wrong in his supposition, as the result of the last chapter has already made manifest to the reader.

Before we proceed, it may be proper to introduce the reader to Miss Rebecca Buckley. She had passed her life in single blessedness, and had now arrived at that stage of her journey, when, if there be any truth in the proverb, a miracle alone could save her from leading apes in a certain place, which we will not shock the delicacy of the reader by mentioning. Whether this is the punishment allotted to the hard-hearted fair, we are not at present prepared to say, but leave the point open for discussion to more learned theologians than

we pretend to be; however, be that as it may, Miss Rebecca, from her own showing, should in justice be exempt from so severe an infliction, for she had done little else than lead apes since she commenced her peregrinations here. Like all damsels of an indefinite age, she had had in her time, a long list of devoted suitors, and she was as prone as the vain-glorious Macedonian in his cups to talk over her numerous conquests.

The father of Miss Buckley had passed his life in trade, in the stately city of Philadelphia, and had travelled through the various gradations of commerce, in acquiring a fortune. He was wholly illiterate, vulgar in his manners, and possessed of scarcely an idea, beyond those he gathered from Cocker's Arithmetic. Being gradually elevated by fortune, he felt proud of her favours; and never having heard the old proverb, "nec sutor ultra crepidam," and which he would not have understood had he heard it; our trader began to play a part for which nature never designed him, and like many others in a similar situation, made himself ridiculous. The house which was a palace to the petty dealer of small wares, was all too small to contain the ostentatious and purse-proud merchant:—accordingly such a building must be erected as would impress the public with a due sense of his importance. An expensive equipage was purchased, and every thing necessary to support the outward appearance of this new created being; but in despite of all the gifts that fortune had so abundantly lavished, the old gentleman remained a striking illustration of the homely proverb, concerning a silk purse and a sow's ear. But as gold is the only true touchstone of a man's worth in this world, our merchant was not only countenanced, but caressed; his company was sought after, while his wine sparkled, and his table groaned with sumptuous viands; and while presiding at his board, his coarse ribaldry was not only applauded, but universally acknowledged to be pungent and classic wit.

Miss Rebecca was his eldest born; and as she came to light some years before her father's affluence, her education was such as by no means qualified her to figure in a ball-room, among those composed of pure porcelain. When our trader became wealthy, he endeavoured to remedy this defect; but as the most skilful lapidary cannot bestow a lasting polish on a piece of granite, the labour of her preceptors was entirely thrown away, for what little she retained of their instruction appeared like gilding upon gingerbread, or rather rich Valenciennes lace stitched upon an Indian blanket.

Mr. Buckley had a second daughter, who, being several years younger than the first, received that instruction at a suitable age, which her father's circumstances had obliged him to withhold from his first-born. Her mind, unlike that of her sister, was a fertile soil, in which the seeds of knowledge early blossomed; and as she took delight in cultivating her understanding, she did not fail to reap a productive harvest. In addition her mental accomplishments, she possessed a fascinating person, and a sweetness of disposition, that called forth the respect and admiration of an extensive circle of acquaintance. It was not long before a rumour of her attractions reached the ears of Mr. Morton, who at that time had just returned from England, a dashing blade, and a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of fashion. He saw her; and as the merchant gave good dinners, and imported his own wine, he saw her repeatedly, although his pride occasionally took in dudgeon the vulgar familiarity of his host; "yet," he would say, "Mark Antony lost the world for a woman, and he is an ass who would not sacrifice a little pride for a much finer girl than Cleopatra, and plenty of wine in the bargain. Besides, it is the old man's humour, and it is very hard that a man cannot have his humour, who is both able and willing to pay for it."

As the young 'squire became more thoroughly ac-

quainted with the character of Miss Louisa, which was her name, he found that what he at first considered nothing more than a mere *penchant* and frivolous gallantry, was likely to ripen into a serious passion. He became alarmed. He called his pride to his assistance; but his pride positively refused to have any thing to do in the matter. He called upon his long line of ancestors to instil nobler thoughts into his mind; but they were just about of as much service to him, in this instance, as a man's ancestors usually are. Finding these appeals to avail him nothing, he determined to try what efficacy there would be in absenting himself from the fatal atmosphere that encircled the trader's daughter; but unluckily this remedy, like medical prescriptions, had the effect of heightening the disease. Having ascertained this fact, he sagely concluded that by increasing the frequency of his visits, it could not fail to have a contrary effect. He now almost daily drank the trader's wine, and chatted with his daughter for hours together, and felt perfectly well, and imagined himself rapidly recovering; but it somehow happened, before he had pronounced himself convalescent, he had called a clergyman to his assistance, who by means of a few cabalistical words, terminated his unaccountable disorder.

Some time after the 'squire's marriage, his father-in-law discovered that dame Fortune is but a slippery jade at best; and that he whom she has once favoured, need not expect to engross her smiles, for it is not unfrequently her greatest pleasure to behold those at the bottom of her wheel, whom once she delighted to elevate to its summit. Our trader lived expensively, speculated largely and injudicously, and of course was a much shorter time in squandering his wealth than he had been in amassing it. He was soon worth a very considerable fortune less than nothing; and then the ephemera, who had sported in his sunshine, vanished and left him to enjoy his meditations alone. Such has been the way of the

world ever since the days of Job! That patient man had few comforters in his misery; but no sooner did the Lord give him twice as much as he had before, "than all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance," came and feasted with him, and comforted him, for he was able to comfort them tenfold in return. And because the measure of his wealth was full, "every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an ear-ring of gold." As this is recorded in holy writ, the present race of mortals fulfil their duty, and most religiously emulate the example herein set by the patriarchs. So wags the world, and so it has wagged from the beginning, and so it will wag until time shall be no more.

After the bankruptcy of Mr. Buckley, his son-in-law found out, what many discover at too late a period to remedy, that in marrying a wife he had married a whole family; for as the old trader was unable to supply his domestic wants, this duty, in conformity with the custom of all christian countries, devolved upon the 'squire, who submitted with as good a grace as the case would admit. As our merchant had, during his prosperity, unhappily acquired an unwholesome practice of mixing his liquors, which practice seemed to increase since his misfortunes, he did not favour the squire many months with the light of his countenance. He had just drawn the second barrel of cognac to the lees, when, melancholy to state, he lost his relish for drinking, and in the bitterness of disappointment, exclaimed with the Preacher, "all is vanity,"—and went out like the snuff of a candle, that glimmers in the socket. Out of respect to his memory, the squire wrote his epitaph, and had it chiseled on a marble slab, deposited over his grave; but either the 'squire was not acquainted with his character, or was not expert at writing puffs of this nature, for had not the epitaph commenced in large letters—"Here lies the body of Barnabas Buckley," the devil himself would

not have found it out by the fanciful description. The 'squire, in the benevolence of his heart, had made him *sober*, which he certainly was after death; *wise*, which by the way was also true—for if wisdom, as some contend, consists in speaking seldom, he, by logical deduction, must be a second Solomon who holds his tongue for ever; pious, benevolent, charitable:—in a word, all the cardinal virtues were freely given to him, and he was as great and good a man, if you would credit his tombstone, as any who rotted in the churchyard with him.

There is nothing like a stroll through a cemetery for elevating our estimate of the wisdom of former times; nothing so well calculated to make us deplore the degeneracy of our own. We there meet with infant prodigies without number, and every third mound covers the remains of a statesman, scholar or philosopher, whose merits prove the gross defects of written history. How much better would it be for the historian to gather his materials from tombstones, instead of depending upon the imperfect records of partial writers, for then, instead of presenting us with a narrative of varied passion and debasing intrigue, we should have a lesson worthy of the emulation of mankind. What a bright page it would present to the eye of the philanthropist, since every man necessarily becomes a saint as soon as he has lost the power to injure his fellow man.

About two years after the death of the trader, a prevailing fever carried off his widow; and Mrs. Morton, who watched the death-bed of her aged mother with filial tenderness, unfortunately took the disorder, and soon followed her to the grave. This bereavement severely afflicted the 'squire, whose love and respect for her, were rational and sincere. He had some time previous to this, established his family at his plantation in the vicinity of the city, and now, upon Miss Buckley devolved the superintendence of his household concerns.

CHAPTER IX.

C'est une grande misere que de n'avoir pas assez d'esprit pour bien parler, ni assez de jugement pour se taire.

La Bruyere.

We will now return to the visiters. They were seated over a bottle in 'squire Morton's parlour, and as in the simplicity of the times, it was not considered indecorous for females to be present when offering a libation to the doubly-born, Miss Buckley did not withdraw on the appearance of the decanter and cigars. Time has created a revolution in this respect, and the bottle has become the signal for females to retire; a change that proves the unclassical tone of the age, for Ovid tells us that the Ismenian matrons celebrated the sacred rites of Bacchus, and the daughters of Minyas alone kept within doors. The race of the former has not yet become extinct, though it is the fashion of the day to imitate the example of the daughters of Minyas.

Agatha was absent. M'Druid, from his natural gallantry, addressed his conversation principally to Miss Buckley, who, delighted with such unusual attention, became herself exceedingly loquacious. The 'squire gave indications of nervous fretfulness whenever she opened her lips, and his spirits became depressed as hers were in the ascendant. They resembled the two buckets of a well, when the one is up, the other must of necessity be down, and they invariably gave each

other a clash in passing. It has already been stated that the 'squire was high-toned and proud, and he considered every remark of his sister-in-law a shaft that threatened to bring him from his altitude.

The 'squire, having in his youth held a commission in the army, like most old soldiers was fond of fighting his battles over again, no matter whether they have ever pitched a tent, or been within a day's march of an enemy. He is a rara avis indeed, who, having marched for a few days to the beat of a drum, does not consider himself in after-life, entitled to be classed among the Cæsars and Hannibals of old. The 'squire having recapitulated his military adventures, with a minuteness of detail that vouched for his veracity, the major commenced with his campaigns, to which Miss Rebecca listened with marked attention. At the first pause in his narrative, she remarked—

"I have often thought, major, that a military life must possess charms, that no one but a soldier is permitted to dream of."

"True, madam, there are many pleasures in a soldier's life, but then it is by no means exempt from care."

"And the greatest is that which springs from ambition," replied Miss Buckley. "Military men are too frequently like Don Quixote, who, having conquered the world, sat down and sighed that he had no more worlds to conquer."

The major bowed, and smiled assent. The 'squire drew a long breath between his teeth, and rubbed his leg, as if he felt a twinge of the gout, but the signal, though perfectly understood by the spinster, was unregarded. She continued—

"And then to be immortalized, major! To have your name descend with those of Pygmalion, Thomas à Kempis, and other Roman heroes, is a temptation that few can resist."

"There is something in that, I must confess, madam," replied M'Druid.

"Not barely something, but very much, major, I assure you. Do you remember the words of Julius Cæsar to the pilot, when crossing the Black Sea? Do you remember the words of Ossian when he mounted the walls of Troy?"

"I am ashamed to say they have escaped me," replied the major, bowing gravely, and the 'squire seemed to have another twinge of his old complaint. He did not relish the display of his sister-in-law's historical knowledge, which, though not in strict accordance with received opinions, was possibly quite as accurate as a great portion of that which is gravely laid down for truth, and certainly answered her purpose quite as well. She was about to resume the subject, when the 'squire hastily interrupted her—

"Fill up, major. Here is a bottle of such wine as you have not tasted since you set foot on the new world. I will give you a toast too that would render even bad wine palatable. Long life to George the Third, and a speedy death to rebellion."

The toast went round, and the major pronounced it the best glass of wine he had tasted since he left Bengal, and the toast such a one as would justify any loyal subject in getting tipsy in drinking.

"For shame of you to utter such a sentiment!" exclaimed Miss Buckley, again opening her battery. "Do we not read in the works of Cornelius Agrippa that the ancient Egyptians exposed their slaves in a state of intoxication, to deter their children from so shocking a vice. For shame, major! another such sentiment, and I blot you from my books for ever!"

"Under so severe a penalty, I must remain as dumb as an oyster," replied the major.

"I wish to the Lord she would imitate your example," murmured the 'squire. "But what ails Balcarras? His wine remains untouched, and he is as silent as one of the brotherhood of La Trappe."

The earl had not opened his lips since he entered

the room, unless in reply to some question directly proposed. Young Morton had also been unusually sparing of his words.

"His thoughts are on the other side of the water, no doubt," replied Miss Rebecca, "for we are told that even the pious Nero in his exile"—

"Curse the pious Nero!" ejaculated the 'squire to himself. "Come, Lindsay, take your glass. I'll drink to the subject of your meditations. You will join us, Edward."

The young men exchanged significant glances, that betrayed that the toast had turned the wine to wormwood. They however touched the glasses with their lips.

"Have you seen your sister since your arrival, Edward?"

"But for a moment, sir, at distance."

"Where can the little puss be? It is strange that she should be absent at such a time. She is a wild girl, major, but such as she is, I have reason to be proud of her. If she had received the advantage of an European education, she would have been fit for the office of first lady of the bed-chamber."

"Can you inform me, major, what are the exact duties attached to that office?" demanded the spinster.

"I must protest my ignorance," replied the major, "but if they are within the compass of an Irish gentleman to perform, I should be proud to hold the office, after throwing up my present commission. There is no post in the gift of his majesty that so forcibly strikes my fancy."

"You, major!" exclaimed the spinster, "it would be altogether out of character."

"Pardon me, madam, perfectly in character, and the very post for an Irish gentleman."

Though the young men had scarcely tasted their wine, M'Druid had not been idle, and his fancy was

becoming luxuriant. Miss Rebecca blushed slightly, and continued—

"There was an office among the Chaldeans of old"—

"Becky, my dear," cried the 'squire, "I really think this wine cannot be from the anno domini '65."

"Yes, sir, it is."

"I cannot taste the nut," continued the 'squire, sipping at his glass. "I fear Tom has made some mistake. The wine is hardly mellow, and the flavour of the nut scarcely perceptible."

"There is no mistake, I assure you, sir. I selected the wine with my own hands."

"Your palate is certainly treacherous," said M'Druid, "for king David himself never drank better liquor than this."

"There was an office, major, among the ancient Chaldeans"—

"That woman would talk to the end of Plato's year, and still have something to say!" muttered the 'squire. "Becky, do, pray, see whether Agatha has returned. She will be sadly disappointed if Edward is obliged to depart without seeing her."

The spinster rose, and dropping a deep curtsey to the major, withdrew. The 'squire appeared to breathe a freer air in her absence.

"The severe rebuff that the rebels have met with at the Brandywine," he continued, "will doubtless, major, put a speedy close to this unrighteous rebellion."

"Therein we differ in opinion," replied M'Druid, "there is but one way to put a close to it, that occurs to me from present appearances."

"And that way is"—

"For his majesty's troops to embark again for England, for by my faith it is clear that as long as we remain the rebellion will continue."

"How can that be if you have sufficient force to conquer the malcontents?"

"Och! by St. Patrick, that business of conquering

I have always looked upon as the least part of the affair. It is nothing more than the beginning of the work."

"Why, what more is to be done when they are once conquered?"

"We must make them stay conquered," replied the major.

"You certainly magnify the difficulty, major. What can a handful of undisciplined yeomen do, badly armed, poorly clad, and worse fed, against professional soldiers and scientific commanders?"

"More than we shall find stomachs to digest, and the reason is a plain one. You call us professional soldiers, and of course we fight for pay;—our enemies fight for their homes, and in such a cause, we are told, 'even the dove will peck the estridge.' We may scoff at them and call them ragged rascals, but I have seen some service in my time, and by the powers I have never yet discovered that a man fights the worse for having an old coat upon his back."

"Why, major, you would lead one to suppose that the atmosphere of America has already tainted your politics."

"It is a bracing atmosphere, I confess, and suits my constitution," replied the major, "but as to my politics, I always leave them in the keeping of the ministry, though I cannot help having a little bit of an opinion of my own."

Agatha now entered the room, accompanied by her aunt, and Balcarras, who had for some time preferred his own reflections to conversation, assumed a more cheerful aspect on her appearance.

"Agatha, my girl," cried the 'squire as she entered, "we have been expecting you impatiently. Make the king's soldiers welcome, and show your loyalty."

She embraced her brother, and coldly acknowledged the presence of Balcarras. The earl belonged to that numerous class who believe that in love affairs they

should use the same brevity of despatch that the first Cæsar did in his victories. Three words and the business is settled. He was a libertine in his principles, and such men are too prone to suppose that the women of all foreign climes must, on the first attack, surrender at discretion. It is but to shake the tree and the fruit must fall. Women are quick at reading characters of this description, and Agatha already knew the earl as thoroughly as if she had been acquainted with him for years. M'Druid was formally introduced to her, and his good natured countenance brightened in a manner that proved he was more than repaid for the drudgery he had undergone for an hour past in entertaining Miss Buckley.

"Where have you been, my little fawn?" said the 'squire, addressing his daughter.

"Walking, sir," replied Agatha.

"You have become fond of that recreation of late," continued the other, "but curiosity to see the victorious army of the king as it approached the village, I suppose attracted you abroad. It was a glorious and gratifying sight, and curiosity in this instance is perfectly excusable."

"When Orestes took his triumph, the people of Rome"— Miss Rebecca had proceeded thus far when the 'squire interrupted her—

"But, my little fawn, lightfooted as you are, you should not have ventured out alone."

"I am astonished that Miss Morton could have committed an act of such imprudence at a time when stragglers are abroad," observed Balcarras, in a tone that conveyed more meaning to Agatha than to the rest of the company.

"The caution is well-timed," replied Agatha, "and comes with a good grace from one who has experienced the danger of venturing abroad unprotected."

The latter part of this speech was intended for the ear of Balcarras alone. He bit his lips and made no reply.

"I am glad you have come, Agatha," said the 'squire, "for the colonel appears to have found the use of his tongue again. Pray, have you had it in your keeping?"

"O no, sir; a single tongue is enough for any woman to take care of, and sometimes more than she can well manage," replied Agatha. "Do you not think so, colonel?"

"I will not presume to contradict the opinion."

"Civil creature!"

Miss Buckley had reseated herself near M'Druid, and again commenced—

"The barbarous custom among the Goths and the Vandals, of prohibiting women the use of speech"—The 'squire became quite nervous at the sound of her voice, and for the purpose of checking the stream of erudition, said to Agatha—

"Come, my little humming-bird, rally his grace into a good humour, for he has been as silent as an unfeed advocate for this hour past."

"I must know the cause of his disease, sir, before I attempt a cure."

"You are a timid practitioner," replied the 'squire. "Possibly he has been struck by the wand of some magician. There was a time when they abounded in this neighbourhood, and a few are still remaining."

"Then I will lay my life he has been struck with the wand of a magician," replied Agatha, archly.

"Captain Morton, it is time for us to take our leave," exclaimed Balcarras, "I hear the bugle."

"Talking of magicians, major, there was a custom among the ancient Chaldeans"—

Miss Buckley was again interrupted by the sound of martial instruments which announced to the visitors that the army was preparing to march. The officers made a hasty obeisance and left the room, but it was not without regret that M'Druid took leave of the anno domini '65. When they had closed the door the 'squire began—

"My dear Becky, you talk too much. I will allow that you talk very well, but then you talk too much."

"Bless me, brother, you will allow me to entertain your guests?"

"Certainly, but in doing it you should not depart from the rule of your favourite ancients. They were satisfied to instil wisdom drop by drop, but you are for plunging us head over heels into the ocean at once. No man can stand that, Becky, and it is unreasonable to expect it."

"A man of sense, brother, will avail himself of every opportunity of improvement."

"Improvement!—Now, Becky, though you have a vast fund of erudition, you must be conscious that it is as ill assorted as the lumber-room in our garret, and that you could as readily find an article there at midnight, as an appropriate subject in your upper-story. You have disposed of nothing in its proper place, but have continued heaping one thing upon another until all is in a state of utter confusion."

"I never expect that you will do me justice, brother."

"I am disposed to do you every justice. If you were only half as learned, you would be twice as wise. But, Becky, how can you expect me to keep my patience when I hear you begin that infernal story of the ancient Chaldeans. You know I attributed my last fit of gout to that story, and yet you still persist. It always makes me as nervous as an aspen-tree. If you have any bowels, Becky"—

"O, brother!"

"Then for the love of heaven let this be the last I shall hear of the ancient Chaldeans. By the agony that I have endured I conjure you to forget that there ever was such a race of people. They have for centuries been buried, and I beseech you not to disturb their ashes."

"Your wishes shall certainly be obeyed, brother, but

I should be pleased to know what subjects I may touch upon without offence?"

"You may talk of the Romans, the Spartans, Lilliputians, and the Brobdingnags,—I care not what, so I hear nothing more of the customs of the ancient Chaldeans."

"And yet, brother, you appeared a little irritable when I alluded to the triumphal entry of Orestes into Rome."

"Why that story also, Becky, has a tendency to discompose my nerves. You would particularly oblige me if you would drop Orestes also."

"I perceived the same irritability when I mentioned Don Quixote and Thomas à Kempis. What objection pray, have you to them."

"None in the world. They were both very clever fellows in their way, but then you are forever bringing them into such damned strange company, that I should esteem it an especial favour if you would drop their acquaintance also, and let them rest with the ancient Chaldeans."

"I cannot give up that point, brother, for I perceive you would not leave me a single topic to converse about."

Jones now brought the horses belonging to the officers to the front of the house. When mounting, a brief dialogue passed between young Morton and the rustic:

"Have you delivered my letter to Mr. Hartfield?"

"I have, sir."

"Any answer?"

"None."

"Well; no matter." He remained absorbed in thought for a few moments. His companions were already mounted. "Jones!"

"Sir!" Young Morton still appeared to be revolving some subject in his mind, and evidently became more perplexed the longer he reflected.

"The van of the army is in motion," cried M'Druid; and as he spoke the flags and forest of bayonets might be seen bristling above the hill, and full bands of various instruments, filled the air with spirit-stirring notes.

"We shall overstay our time," exclaimed Balcarras.

"One moment, and I am at your service, gentlemen," said Morton. He then muttered to himself—"It is useless to hesitate; I have pledged myself to accomplish it, and it shall be done. The time may arrive when he will thank me for it." Then addressing the rustic, he continued—"Jones, I am fully aware that you are possessed of considerable address, and I now find it necessary to put it to the trial."

"You are disposed to flatter, sir," replied the other, "but command me, and if I fail it shall not be for the want of inclination to do my duty."

"The matter is of some moment," said Morton, "and if you are successful you may depend upon being amply rewarded for your services. Let me see you to-morrow. Do not fail. Diligence and secrecy are all I exact of you." He turned his horse, and dashed his spurs into his flank, and as the spirited animal darted off, Morton cried aloud to Jones, "Remember." M'Druid and the earl followed, and they arrived at the village before the rear of the army had taken up its line of march.

CHAPTER X.

The watch was set, the night round made,
All mandates issued and obeyed;
And the deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,
And echo answer'd from the hill.—*Byron.*

THE affair at Brandywine having terminated unfavourably to the American cause, Washington was impatient to redeem whatever credit may have been lost, and on the other hand, the British troops, flushed with success, and relying on their superior force and discipline, were equally eager for a second meeting. The British general flattered himself that another battle would be so decisive that it would be unnecessary to spill another drop of rebel blood in order to subdue the colonies to their former allegiance.

A few days after the American forces evacuated Philadelphia, they encamped upon the highlands extending from Valley Forge towards the Yellow Springs. The ground was difficult of access, yet being of easy descent, it was favourable for partial actions, without admitting of a decisive blow.

General Wayne, with a corps of fifteen hundred men, was in the rear of sir William Howe, from which advantageous position of the continental army, it was supposed that in case the enemy should attempt to cross the Schuylkill, he would be obliged to fight the

Americans on their own terms, and be so crippled in the conflict, that he would not venture to take possession of Philadelphia.

We shall now leave the main body safely encamped upon the heights, and turn to that section of the army to which captain Swain and his company were at this period attached. He was under the command of general Wayne, who, as just observed, was in the rear of the British forces, and on the night of the 21st of September, he was lying in a woods with his corps of veterans. Numerous fires were lighted by the soldiers, for neither their tents nor apparel were suited to the season. Reader, imagine a night as dark as Erebus; the watch set; the general and officers in their respective marquees, dreaming of victory and the emancipation of their country; the weary soldiers stretched on the bare earth before their watch-fires, and others slumbering in their miserable and uncomfortable tents; imagine the silence of the camp interrupted alone by the hard breathing of the sleeper; the regular tread of the sentinel on his post, and the buz that proceeds from an occasional group, who being indisposed to sleep, rebuild the fire, and strive to while away the night, with speculations upon the result of the morrow, or comments on the events of the past. Imagine this, and just enough more to make a perfect picture of an encampment of harassed soldiers at the dead of night—soldiers who were striving not only to emancipate their native land, but to revolutionize the human mind. If you will do this, gentle reader, I have no doubt you will do it to your own satisfaction, and spare me the mortification of failing in the attempt to convey an intelligible picture to your imagination.

Captain Swain had been selected as the officer of the night, and M'Crea offered to keep his old friend company in his tent, while upon his tour of duty. Shortly after the first watch, the conversation began to flag, and the captain appeared to be wrapped in a brownstudy, which lasted for ten minutes.

"What are you thinking about?" demanded the surgeon, who perceived by his countenance that he had got hold of a subject that he could not master.

"There is one particular respecting my illustrious ancestor," replied the captain, "that I am unable to establish, notwithstanding patient and laborious research, during my intervals of leisure, for the last forty years. Historians disagree on the subject, and I fear I shall die without clearing up the doubt. It is whether the lord of Passaiung actually had a wooden leg or not. It has been boldly asserted that he was lame, and as boldly denied, in which case how is it possible to arrive at a fair conclusion on this important point?"

"We must reason from the premises," replied M'Crea.

"Well, doctor, you have much book-learning," said the captain, "and I should like to hear your argument. I promise you the finest bullock in my meadows if you satisfy my doubts."

"Well, then," continued M'Crea, "it is admitted on all hands that Peter Stuyvesant was lame, and wore a wooden leg?"

"Yes, lame as a duck," replied the captain.

"It is also admitted that he conquered the Fort of the Holy Trinity, while under the command of Sven Schute."

"Yes, it is so recorded, and the historians do not disagree on that point," replied the captain, in a serious tone.

"Then the difficulty resolves itself to this position. Could a lame Dutchman with a wooden leg, conquer a Swede in the full enjoyment of all his members?"

"Never!" exclaimed the captain, starting from his seat, "you have settled a point in half a minute that has bothered my brains for half a century. The bullock is yours. Zounds, I should not be astonished, if in addition to the loss of a leg, he had lost his right arm also."

In looking through history, we find numberless his-

toric doubts, of equal importance, as gravely discussed, but by no means as satisfactorily settled.

Whenever the captain broached the affair at Fort Casimer, though naturally a taciturn man, he was prone to become loquacious. He considered it the most brilliant defence to be found in the records of history, and in comparison with it the conduct of Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ or the self-devotion of Arnold of Winkelreid sank into insignificance. We say, whenever he broached this subject he was disposed to run it to the dregs. A second fit of absence came over him.

"What are you ruminating about now?" demanded the surgeon.

"I have been thinking, my friend," replied the captain, "what must have been the feelings of that illustrious warrior from whom it is my pride to be descended, when he beheld the flag of Stuyvesant, floating above the walls over which the Swedish flag had lately flaunted!"

"Much the same as those of Jugurtha, I suppose," replied the surgeon, "when led captive through the streets of Rome."

"I have searched Campanius and Arfawedson," continued the captain, "to learn how he conducted himself during this reverse of fortune, but those historians are by no means satisfactory in their details. As you have so ably cleared up the doubt respecting his wooden leg, I make no question that with a little trouble you could satisfy me on this subject also."

"I will investigate the point," said the surgeon.

"Arfswedson, it is true," continued the captain, "would have us believe that he tamely capitulated without striking a blow, and that he signed the capitulation on board of Stuyvesant's flag ship. That he suffered the whole fleet to pass the fort without as much as firing a gun, and other circumstances derogatory to the immortal Sven. Libellous reptile, thus to traduce the character of the ablest soldier that has yet appeared in the world."

"Keep your temper," said the surgeon.

"Of what avail is a life of public service! Of what consequence the most brilliant exploits, since an envious duece with the scratch of a pen may pervert the whole tenor of a man's existence."

"True," replied M'Crea, "there are many who died for the public good, and yet are stigmatized as traitors, while others who lived but to plunder the public treasury are canonized for their patriotism and public services."

"In every camp," replied the captain, "there are some to fight the battles, and others to run off with the spoil; and the rascals, in this instance, would even steal the laurels from the brows of my ancestor."

Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of a soldier, who halted at the entrance of the tent, and assumed a military position, his heels together, and his long arms close to his sides. This apparition, who stood in the full blaze of the watch-fire, remained speechless, until addressed by his captain—

"Well, sergeant, how wears the watch?"

"All's well," replied the sergeant, and remained stationary.

Sergeant Talmas was a man of few words, but it must not be inferred from this that he was a man of few ideas also, though he was a single-minded man. There was only sufficient space in his brain for one idea at a time, and he seldom employed many words to give it birth. He was an exception to the general rule, that those who think least talk most.

The sergeant was at least six feet in height, and his lank body had been so carelessly joined to his lower members, that they formed an obtuse angle, which defied the most rigid military discipline ever to extend to a straight line. His long chin, however, he held erect, by way of example to that more obstinate portion of his person. His head seldom moved either to the right or left, and he was never known to smile, though his countenance constantly bespoke perfect satisfaction with all the world, notwithstanding his huge military whiskers.

Smiles are the effect of association of ideas, and as the sergeant never had more than one at a time, his risible muscles led a life of idleness.

"Have you no report to make, sergeant?" demanded the captain.

"None, sir," replied the sergeant, touching his cap.

"Then what brings you from your post before the expiration of the watch?"

"Brings me! nothing brings me. I came of my own accord."

"But why come at all, if you have nothing to say?"

"I have something to say. I have brought a straggler."

"From the enemy?" demanded the captain.

"Not from the enemy," replied the taciturn sergeant, and came to a dead pause.

"Zounds! go on," exclaimed the captain. "You are like a pump without a handle; there is no getting any thing out of you."

Mauns Talman was descended from one of the heroes of Fort Casimer, on which account captain Swain not only tolerated his peculiarities, but looked upon him as one of the best soldiers in his corps. He particularly admired his military appearance and cast of mind, and frequently protested that he was the only true sample remaining of the primitive Swedes.

"Go on with your story, Mauns. Go on with your story," said the captain, impatiently.

"What story, sir?" demanded the single-minded sergeant. "I was telling no story, that I remember."

"The straggler you spoke of! Where is he, and what of him?"

"O! true, sir. Master Jurian has arrived at camp," replied the sergeant, "and I came to show him the way to your quarters. That is all. I had well nigh forgot my errand."

Jurian now appeared. Talman demanded of the captain whether he had any further orders, and being

answered in the negative, touched his cap, turned on his heel, and silently stalked off in the direction he had come.

"What a fine military walk!" exclaimed the captain, gazing after him." I am not astonished that honest Sven performed such exploits of noble daring, with an army of such men at his command. Come in, Jurian, and be seated. Welcome to camp, my boy." Jurian entered and was greeted by M'Crea. The captain continued—"The doctor and myself have been discussing an important historical subject, and as you are familiar with these matters, I should be pleased to know what you consider the most striking picture that history presents?"

"Really, sir," replied Jurian, "they are so various that it is difficult to make a selection."

"Then name a few of the many, and we will choose for you."

"The return of the exiled Camillus to Rome," continued Jurian, "at the instant they were weighing the gold to ransom the city, produced on my mind a vivid impression. The haughty and insulting deportment of the barbarian who had thrown his arms into the scale, is finely contrasted with the calm determination of the Roman, who, in the emergency, possessed sufficient presence of mind to recollect the extent of his prerogative, obtained by his newly conferred dignities.

"Certainly a striking picture," replied the captain, "but the quibbling of Camillus rather belonged to a court of justice than the field of battle."

"Perhaps so," continued Jurian. "I will then instance the death of Socrates, or that of Seneca, who with his own hands opened his veins, and calmly philosophized while the fountain of life was draining."

"An unnatural picture," replied M'Crea. "The heathen who had formed his ideas of a future state from his enjoyments here, and clothed his gods with sensual appetites more degrading than his own, might

die with the calmness of a stoic philosopher. But since new light has blazed upon the world, he must be more than man to whom death appears divested of his terrors. The death of the veteran Dentatus, who, placing his back against a rock, with his single arm kept the host of murderers at bay until they ascended the precipice and cast stones upon him, appears to me a much grander picture than that of your philosopher."

"The reason of your partiality is plain," replied Jurian; "you are disciples of the same school."

"How can you make that appear?" demanded the surgeon.

"He also studied the prolongation of human life," replied Jurian, "though his theory differed somewhat from your own."

"But why draw all your examples from Roman history," demanded the captain. "The world is wide enough; there is no necessity to confine yourself to that patch of ground."

"Then let us cross the Atlantic," replied Jurian.

"Ay, come to the new world, boy," exclaimed the captain, "there is a field worthy of investigation."

"What think you then, sir," continued Jurian, "of the fortitude of the Mexican, while extended on a bed of burning coals, by the order of Cortes, to compel him to discover hidden treasures. His reply to one of his countrymen, who uttered loud lamentations, while undergoing similar tortures, speaks his character at once, and for severity of reproof and laconic brevity, is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the annals of polished Greece or Rome, even at those periods when they studied to be laconic—'Do I repose upon a bed of roses?'"

"A smart reply," said the captain, evidently disappointed, "but rather too poetical for the occasion. Did you ever read Arfswedson, my boy?"

"Never, sir," replied Jurian.

"Nor Campanius?"

"I do not recollect to have heard of him. Who was he, pray?"

"You may talk of your Tacitus, Herodotus, your Plinys, and your Plutarchs," continued the captain, "but after all, Campanius is the only true model of a historian. True, the magnitude of his subject may have elevated his style, but the circumstance of selecting a theme worthy of his talents, rather enhances than detracts from his merit."

The captain had always entertained a high respect for the literary attainments of Jurian, but this confession convinced him that there was still ample room in his storehouse for a vast deal more lumber.

"You have presented several pictures," continued the captain, "but as none of them are to my taste, I will take the brush in my own hand and paint what I have often witnessed. O! it was a joyful scene, some forty years ago, of a sabbath morning in spring, to behold the countless canoes on the Delaware approaching the stately church at Wicaco, each well freighted with buxom girls, dressed in their short round jackets and homespun petticoats. Among the group assembled at the church door you might here and there see a venerable Swede, who still retaining a partiality for the primitive costume of the province, was clad in his calf-skin vest and jacket, tanned with the hair on, and buck-skin breeches. His venerable locks surmounted by a little cap with a flap before it. It was a picture more impressive and beautiful than any thing that after-life has presented."

"Such is usually the case with the scenes of boyhood," replied M'Crea.

"And in those days," continued the captain, "it was a joyful thing to go to a Swedish wedding. Their light cedar canoes were invariably launched, and a whole fleet would paddle off merrily together. You may talk of your gondolas at Venice and your moonlight scenes,

but they are no more to be compared to a Swedish wedding in former times than I am to the hero of Fort Casimer.

"You say, sir, they always went in their boats," replied Jurian, "but how if there were no communication by water?"

"Zounds, they would find water, and without witch hazel, too!" exclaimed the captain. "Your true Swede would rather travel five miles in a boat than one by land, and between the Delaware and Schuylkill it were hard, indeed, if he could not indulge his propensity. They seldom used horse-flesh where nature's own highway would answer. They were a happy and simple race of people. Instead of the abominable plant that has created so much bloodshed among us, they made tea of our native sassafras, and from the persimon-tree they had the ingenuity to extract both beer and brandy."

"The devil's own decoction, no doubt," replied M'Crea. "He has kept the whole world brewing poisons since the time Eve pressed the apple."

"Now tell me," exclaimed the captain, with an air of triumph, and without noticing the interruption, "whether the homely picture I have roughly sketched, is not worth a whole gallery full of your horrible designs of men bleeding to death, or composedly making poetry while roasting on living coals?"

"I must confess that it is a more agreeable picture, by far," replied Jurian, "and one altogether new to me."

"I knew it would be," replied the captain. You must read Campanius, and the scientific travels of professor Kalm, and you will find much equally novel and instructive. You should blush, in the midst of all your knowledge, to betray such shameful ignorance of the history of your own country."

The conversation now took a different turn, M'Crea

rated Jurian for having left him so unceremoniously a few days before, and concluded his lecture by asking what had become of the sword with which he had been furnished.

"It was a treacherous blade," replied Jurian, "and failed me upon the first trial."

"The devil! have you been at work already!" exclaimed M'Crea.

"And his sword failed him!" cried the captain, betraying the deep interest he felt. "Satisfy me of one point, my boy, you have not been disgraced?"

"The conflict, sir, was between man and man, and you see me here," replied Jurian.

"Enough!" continued the captain, "I do not ask to know your quarrel, but should another arm be wanting before it ends, you know to whom you are in duty bound first to apply."

"Thanks, my generous benefactor," replied Jurian, grasping him by the hand.

"Old as I am," continued the captain, "I would not begrudge to spill a little of the best blood of honest Sven in any quarrel of yours."

"No quarrel of mine, I hope, sir, shall ever be vindicated by blood so precious to me," replied Jurian, and again pressed the old man's hand. "I am weary, sir, and would sleep if possible. Is their room in your tent for me?"

"Ample, my son, and a blanket to spare, too." He handed a blanket to Jurian, who, wrapping it around his body, threw himself upon the bed of straw. M'Crea prepared to follow the example. The captain continued—

"This is the first night that you have lain in a tent, Jurian. A harder bed than you have been accustomed to, but that is no reason that your slumbers may not be refreshing and sweet."

"Fatigue may make them so. Good night."

"Good night, and heaven bless you, my boy."

M'Crea threw himself on the straw beside Jurian; and in a few minutes the hard breathing of the sleepers saluted the ears of captain Swain, as he sat at the entrance of the tent contemplating the fitful blaze of the watch-fire.

CHAPTER XI.

From the vale
See they come!—And will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!—*Pierpont.*

CAPTAIN SWAIN had continued his solitary watch for several hours. The fire in front of his tent had nearly burnt down, and the smouldering embers by fits sent forth a vivid glare, and then sunk into darkness again. He had watched it gradually mouldering away for some time, before he arose to replenish it. He was a man of the kindliest feelings, and his thoughts were at his home. The dead silence of night maintains a magic influence over the human mind, and at that solemn hour it appears to be a different essence from that with which we are animated during the day, surrounded by the bustle of the world. The good become better, and the evil perhaps more prone to sin.

The noise made by captain Swain in rebuilding the fire, roused the attention of Jurian, who arose and came forward, shivering with cold.

"Why you tremble, my son," said the captain, as the young man spread himself before the blaze.

"A man needs must shake," replied Jurian,

"When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw."

And this, sir, is a frost to make any one's nose look all the colours of the rainbow."

"That I'll swear to," exclaimed M'Crea, crawling from the tent, his head swathed in half a dozen night-caps, and his apparel in greater disorder than usual. He drew nigh to the fire, and presented rather a ludicrous figure as the light glared full upon him. "I must thaw myself, or I shall soon become as torpid as a swallow in December."

"We have reason to pray for another brush with the enemy," observed the captain, "in order to put our lazy blood in circulation."

"That would make it circulate with a vengeance," rejoined the man of the lancet, "but I am not for that sport, although I have shed more blood in my time than any three men in the service."

"And as fatally, too," replied Jurian, laughing.

"Your wit is as stale as the last rations that were dealt out to us," replied M'Crea.

An officer, who for some time was seen rebuilding another fire at a short distance from them, now approached.

"A bleak night, this, captain Graham," said Swain to him, as he drew nigh the fire.

"And to me it has been a sleepless one," replied Graham. How goes the watch?"

"All's well."

"Have the pickets been relieved?" demanded Graham.

"An hour since," replied the other, "at which time all was quiet."

"I know not why it is," replied Graham, "strange forebodings of ill have taken possession of my mind."

"I can account for it very readily," replied M'Crea; "you supped too luxuriously on your last rations, and now would frighten us with spectres generated by gluttony."

"You may have your jest, surgeon," continued

Graham, "but groundless as my apprehensions appear, even to myself, such is their influence, that I would beat to arms without a moment's loss of time, had I the command."

"Sleep will do the poor fellows more good, captain, than a midnight review," replied M'Crea.

"How silent the camp is," continued Graham. "No grave-yard could be more silent."

"It is the hour when sleep is deepest," said the surgeon. The neighing of horses in different parts of the camp now broke the dead silence, and a sound like the rushing of the winds was heard.

"Did you hear that!" demanded Graham.

"I did," exclaimed M'Crea. "It was but the moaning of an autumn breeze through the wood."

"And hark, the horses are neighing! They recognize the sound. It is more than an autumn blast, I promise you," said Graham.

"Look over the camp," said captain Swain. "Do you see any portion of it in motion?"

"Not as much as a corporal's guard," replied Graham.

"That sound again!—all is not right!" exclaimed Swain.

As they stood listening with the deepest attention, a haggard figure suddenly appeared before them. He stood in the full glare of the blaze, and for a few moments he remained silent, those who beheld him doubted whether he was a human or supernatural being. He was bare-headed, and his grizzled hair, which extended down to his shoulders, hung in confusion about his face. He raised his hands to part it over his forehead, and then extended his arms towards the group around the watch-fire. An Indian blanket covered his attenuated form. He paused to recover breath, and then shouted in a voice of thunder:—

"Awake! the Philistines are at hand. Awake!

and gird on the sword and shield, or ye will sleep the everlasting sleep!"

He hurried away and disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared. The group looked at each other in consternation, while the wild cry of the mysterious visitant still echoed through the silent camp, "awake, awake!" A moment after, and a sentinel rushed in breathless, and exclaimed—

"The pickets have been forced. The enemy is in the camp." A shot was now fired, and the sound of a tumult in the northern part of the encampment was heard.

"Beat to arms," cried captain Swain, and the hollow sound of the drum broke the deep silence of the night. The camp was now in motion, and a mass of soldiers was seen by the glimmer of the watch-fires to approach the spot where captain Swain and his friends were stationed. The muskets of the approaching soldiers glimmered in the light.

"Behold they come! How silently they move on," exclaimed Graham, "butchering our sleeping comrades with their bayonets."

"Let the full band play. Swell a strain that would rouse the dead," cried Swain to the musicians, and his command was succeeded by a wild blast of soul-stirring music. The enemy still moved on in silence, and by stealth, like the midnight assassin, the watch-fires serving to guide them to the bosoms of their sleeping victims.

"Fly to the quarters of general Wayne," continued the old captain, addressing the sentinel, "and tell him what has occurred." The sentinel was out of sight in an instant, and Graham left the spot to awaken and marshal his company. Mauns Talman now rushed in bloody, and fell at the feet of his captain.

"Mauns, you are bleeding! How is this?"

"A gash in the back, sir. Tickled in my sleep with a bayonet, that's all." He writhed on the ground with pain, and his captain stooped to raise him, and sighed—

"My poor Mauns, and must I lose you?"

"Lose me! no sir, I will keep close to your side," replied the single-minded Mauns.

"My brave fellow! Sound your music there; louder, louder yet! Surgeon, look to his wound." M'Crea bent down to examine it.

"Raise my scarf, doctor," said Talman, "and bind it tight around the wound to staunch the blood. With a little care I will be a whole man again." M'Crea took one of his night-caps off, and bound it with the scarf over the wound, remarking that he was a *hole* man, indeed. The wretched pun was beyond the comprehension of honest Mauns, who accordingly made no reply.

"How do you feel now?" demanded the surgeon, having staunched the wound.

"A little faint still, but much better. I can take my station, and I see the line of the Darby boys is already formed." Saying which he moved off to join his company.

The enemy had thus far approached in silence, but now they sent forth a savage yell that was answered from all parts of the camp, which proved that their murderous plan had been completely successful. The half torpid and affrighted Americans might now be seen by the feeble light of the fires, flying in all directions, pursued by the foe, and some just starting from their sleep, were bayoneted to death before they were fully awake to what was passing. All was hurry and confusion.

"Give me another sword," cried Jurian, "but let it be of better temper than the last. I shall make good use of it, I promise you." M'Crea entered the tent and procured him a sword. He returned, drawing his own weapon. His cocked hat was stuck upon the top of his night-caps, giving him an appearance the very reverse of martial. The hurry and confusion increased,

and amidst the shrieks of the wounded and dying, the only intelligible words heard, were "forward, forward!" and these resounded from every direction. The main body of the enemy still advanced. The companies commanded by Graham and Swain were drawn up to impede their progress. Captain Swain took his station, and M'Crea and Jurian stood together a short distance from him.

"Curse this killing of men in the dark," muttered M'Crea, "I have no objection to it in broad day-light, when a man may see what he is about; but to be roused from one's sleep to perform a bungling operation"—

"Stand fast, stand fast!" exclaimed Swain and Graham at the same moment. The soldiers remained firm, and kept their eyes fixed on the dark moving mass that now drew nigh to them. The words "forward, forward!" resounded through the ranks of those approaching.

"Make ready!" exclaimed Graham and Swain, which was succeeded by a simultaneous tick through the extended ranks. A pause ensued, during which not a breath was drawn. The fires near the spot where Swain and Graham had drawn up their companies, were now burnt down to the embers, and the soldiers were obscured by the darkness, from the view of the advancing enemy. Still the dark mass was seen to approach in regular order, and the bewildered Americans to fly in consternation before it. At length it came in the full glare of a watch-fire burning brightly. Each man might have been singled out, and his savage determination read in his countenance. Their bayonets were fixed and their muskets brought to a charge, and they advanced in regular but quick step across the light space, as if anxious to enter into the obscurity of night again.

"Stand fast!" cried Graham to his men, who evinced impatience for the onset.

"Stand fast, my boys, and wait for the word!" re-echoed Swain, and the full cold tone of his voice silenced at once the murmur of impatience that run through

the ranks. The silence that ensued, was like the hush of elements that foretells the coming storm. A few moments elapsed. "Stand fast, stand fast!" resounded. A few moments more, and the points of their bayonets would have touched. "Fire!" shouted Swain in a voice that was heard, above the discordant cries, to the extremity of the camp. This was instantly followed by a loud report of musketry, and the firm rank of the advancing enemy was broken. The shock was unexpected; they paused, and fell back.

"Charge with your bayonets; charge home, my boys! shouted Swain in a voice that would have roused the soul of a coward to action. "Charge, charge!" repeated the clear, full voice of Graham.

They led the way, and their followers rushed upon the broken ranks of the foe. A scene of carnage ensued, and such was the headlong fury of the little band, that it soon failed to preserve the order with which the onset was made. They were now in the midst of the foe fighting singly. M'Crea kept in the wake of Jurian, who dealt destruction wherever he appeared. There was another who followed him with the same devotion. It was Corwin the maniac, who had given the first alarm of the approach of the British. M'Crea was at length stricken to the earth by a blow with the but end of a musket. Jurian did not see him fall, and was soon lost sight of in the confusion. The soldier who had knocked M'Crea down, reversed his gun, and was about to terminate his life with the bayonet. Corwin watched the motion, and threw himself upon the prostrate body of M'Crea, exclaiming, "Good for evil is the command of God." The soldier stabbed at him, and the bayonet passed through his blanket, but fortunately a pressure in the crowd at that moment, hurried the soldier forward.

Jurian in a few moments was in a distant part of the camp. Bleeding and exhausted with fatigue, he had not sufficient strength to parry the thrust made with a

bayonet at his bosom. He staggered beneath the shock and fell. His conqueror bestrode him, and raising his musket in both hands was about to pin his victim to the earth, when a huge figure, mounted on a powerful horse, exclaimed,—

"Forbear! or strike and I strike," at the same time presenting a pistol at the head of the soldier.

"What do you mean?" demanded the soldier.

"The life of that boy must be saved," replied the other.

"Why so? He is in the ranks of the rebels?"

"No matter, though he were in the ranks of hell, his life must be saved. You know me?"

"I do."

"Then begone; I will answer for what I have done."

The soldier disappeared, and Jurian arose from the earth, and had time to take a hasty glance at the mysterious preserver of his life. He was in stature rising six feet, and proportionately muscular. He wore a white broad brimmed hat that overshadowed his countenance, and was dressed in a drab coloured surtout: around his waist was a broad leathern belt, and a pair of pistols stuck in it.

"Are you hurt?" asked the stranger.

"Yes; I am bruised and wounded, but not mortally." His appearance indicated as much, for his clothes were torn, and he was covered with dirt and blood.

"If that be all take care of your life, for others set a higher value upon it than you do yourself."

"This is strange language from a foe," replied Jurian.

"Strange, but true. Your father!"

"Ha! what of him? Speak; what of my father?"

"You have a father living."

"God be praised. Direct me to him. Go on; go on."

"This is neither time nor place for explanation," replied the stranger. "Read this, and obey it strictly."

He handed Jurian a letter, and dashing his spurs into the flanks of his horse, suddenly disappeared. Jurian approached a fire, by the light of which he read to this effect.

"Meet me at the sign of the Crooked Billet, on the evening of the first of October, as I have something to communicate that concerns you nearly. Fail not to be punctual. AN UNKNOWN FRIEND."

If Jurian's astonishment was excited by the conduct of his unknown preserver, this laconic letter rather tended to augment than diminish it. How he should thus suddenly have become the care of an unknown individual, filled him with wonder, and his perplexity increased, as he reflected that the secret of his birth, which had been maintained inviolable for so many years, was on the eve of being divulged, and by a being, that, to his knowledge, he had never before beheld. The conduct of the individual, his appearance, the time and place chosen to deliver the letter, gave to the transaction such a romantic colouring, that Jurian was disposed to question its reality, but the fact that his life had been almost miraculously saved, and the apparent interest which the stranger felt for him, immediately dissipated the idea that there could possibly be either mistake or intentional deception. Besides, what object could be attained by deceiving or trifling with the feelings of an obscure individual like himself. Conjecture only served to increase his perplexity, and at a moment when curiosity was wrought to the highest pitch, he caught a glimpse of the stranger at a distance, recrossing the encampment, and he hastened after him, to obtain, if possible, an immediate explanation.

The confusion in the camp had by this time diminished, and midnight assassination given place to regular warfare. General Wayne, on this trying occasion, preserved his usual coolness, and promptly rallied a few

troops, who withstood the shock of the enemy, and covered the retreat of the others.

Jurian followed the stranger, who appeared to be leaving the field of battle alone. He rode leisurely, and the young man increased his speed in hopes of overtaking him, but his strength was too much exhausted to effect this object. Still he followed, and when the stranger was out of sight, he was guided in his pursuit by the sound of the horse's hoofs. This pursuit was continued until the sound was no longer heard, when he threw himself on the ground to rest before he should retrace his way to the camp.

Morning had not yet appeared when he rose to return, dejected in spirit, and wounded and bruised, so that he moved with difficulty. He had wandered for some time, directed by the noise of the camp, and was in the midst of a thick wood, when he heard a sound like voices singing a solemn strain. He was on the side of a rocky declivity, at the foot of which ran a stream of water. He descended half way the hill in the direction whence the music proceeded; it ceased, and he paused a few moments to listen, when it was resumed, and seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth, immediately beneath his feet. The strain was loud, melodious, and fervent.

The approach of morning had in some degree dissipated the darkness, so that objects were now discernible. Jurian discovered that he was on a projecting rock, and that if he had advanced a few yards farther, he would inevitably have been dashed to pieces by his fall. The loud strain of music had now sunk to a low cadence, so low that it was monotonous. Jurian's curiosity was excited to behold the being who paid his devotions in this secluded spot. He descended around the edge of the rock by means of the underwood, and when he had arrived at the base, he found that it projected in such a manner as to form a natural cavern. He paused and listened. The voice still continued to

chaunt a solemn air, and Jurian fixing his eyes on the spot whence it proceeded, discerned by the uncertain light, the outline of two human figures, one stretched upon the ground and the other standing erect beside him. He was not long in recognising in the tall bare-headed figure, Corwin the maniac, and on approaching them, found the other to be surgeon M'Crea. They were unconscious of his presence.

"The parable of Nathan," exclaimed Corwin, in a sepulchral tone, "has been verified in thee. Thou hast taken from the poor man the little ewe-lamb which he had bought and nourished up; which drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter."

"Can it be possible that thou art he?" said M'Crea, faintly. "That haggard face affords no clue to recall those well-known features."

"Even he," replied Corwin. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones: and I have grieved for that which was of more worth than the statue of gold in the plain of Dura.

"O, God!" burst from the heart of M'Crea, and h hid his face with his hands. Corwin continued,—

"What was the judgment of David? That the rich man should restore the lamb fourfold, because he had no pity. Canst thou fulfil the judgment that the king pronounced on his own head, or wilt thou, like the son of Jesse, await its fulfilment from above? Beware, for even as with him, the sword shall never depart from thy house."

"It has entered, and has not yet departed, for I remain alone of all my race."

"Smitten, even as Ephraim was smitten," exclaimed Corwin. "Thy glory hath flown away like a bird from the birth."

Jurian approached them, and assisted Corwin in raising the surgeon to his feet. He had been much bruised, but not dangerously wounded, and appeared more

affected by his interview with Corwin, than the injuries he had sustained in the fight. He remained silent. Corwin continued, addressing Jurian,—

"Into thy hands do I commit him. Guard him as thou wouldst the apple of thine eye, for I will cleanse the blood that is not yet cleansed." Then turning to M'Crea, he said, "go rend your heart, and not your garments, repent and leave a blessing behind you."

Their attention was now attracted by the shrill notes of a distant bugle which gradually became more distinct. The sun was just rising, and his broad red beams dissipated the dense fog that hung around the surrounding hills. It rapidly passed away like flying clouds, or rather an extended sheet of undulating water. The sound of the bugle grew louder, and suddenly a horseman emerging from the wood, stood in full view upon a bare field on the top of an adjoining hill. Jurian immediately recognised the gigantic figure that had so mysteriously interposed for his life a few hours before. His first impulse was to rush in pursuit of him, but reflecting on M'Crea's helpless condition, he checked his impatience. The horseman remained stationary, and the hills re-echoed the notes of his bugle. In a few minutes a troop of about a dozen were seen issuing from various parts of the wood. They were hastily marshaled and again disappeared at full speed, the mysterious bugleman at their head. M'Crea having declared his ability to walk, they prepared to leave the cave. Corwin wrapped his blanket around his emaciated form, and cried, in a deep voice, "go, and sin no more." He stalked from the cave, and rapidly descending the declivity, was soon out of sight. M'Crea leaned upon the arm of Jurian, and they pursued their way to the American army.

CHAPTER XII.

This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried stand to a true man. *Falstaff.*

PAUL GORDON, who has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, might be compared to a problem in metaphysics, for the more you reasoned concerning him, the deeper you became involved. He was an engrossing subject of conversation, but it was impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to his identity. Every week furnished additional evidence of his industry in his vocation, until his name excited more terror among the yeomanry, than the approach of the invading army. He roved the country fearlessly, and in the tap-room of every inn was on terms of social intercourse with those against whom he declared open war upon the highway; and the simple farmer, as he drank to their better acquaintance, little dreamt that he would have reason to deplore a second meeting.

Paul, though not possessed of much of the dove-like tenderness, was not "all unused to the melting mood;" and in one of these moments of weakness, he had bestowed a portion of his heart upon one of mother Eve's frail daughters. Madge Haines, which was her name, resided in a secluded cottage about two miles from the public road, and as her means of support were not apparent, she did not long enjoy a fair name among her neighbours. Human nature is prone to condemn what

it cannot comprehend. At length it was whispered that a man at sunrise was seen to leave the cottage, which occasioned at first many sage speculations, but the mysterious visiter before long appeared so frequently, that he was suffered to come and depart, without being looked upon either as a comet or a spectre. Such was the state of affairs at this period of our story. Madge held but little intercourse with her more prudent neighbours, and they had become weary of commenting upon her conduct.

One evening, as she was sitting alone in her cottage, impatient for the arrival of our knight of the stirrup, a horseman rode up and tapped at the door. As she expected no other visiter at that hour than Paul, she opened it, but instead of him, she beheld a comely youth, who was an entire stranger to her. As she stood holding the door half open, and occupying the whole aperture with her body, she presented a figure not at all fitted to captivate such as have formed their taste in these matters after the Medicean Venus.

Madge was tall and muscular, with an arm much better calculated to wield the club of Hercules than a distaff. Her hair, which was sandy, hung about in confusion in defiance of a toothless comb stuck upon the crown of her head, which by logical deduction was intended for an ornament, as it could not possibly answer any useful purpose. Her features were large, and not of the most engaging cast of expression. Her arms were bare to the elbow, the skin of which was profusely besprinkled with freckles. A dirty kerchief was carelessly thrown over her neck as a token of modesty, but it served very imperfectly to conceal her bosom. A short-gown and petticoat of the most homely materials, and which, from the total absence of the effects of water, appeared to have had a touch of the hydrophobia, completed the figure of the Dulcinea of the chivalrous Paul, who, in this instance, it cannot be denied, did not

give a very strong proof of his taste in these delicate matters.

The stranger having taken a hasty glance at the figure of the fair Madge, demanded the distance to the Lancaster road.

"Two short miles," replied Madge, "by the horse-path, could you strike into it."

"That" replied the stranger, "I very much doubt, for I am completely bewildered. Is there no one at hand to direct me?"

"No one," replied Madge, "I am a lone woman; but if you go on to the next house, Joe the cow-boy will put you into the right road for a trifle."

The stranger demanded the way to the farm-house, upon which Madge stepped from the door to point it out to him.

As he turned the head of his horse in order to follow her directions, the sound of some one rapidly approaching was distinctly heard. The stranger paused.

"Why do you tarry?" said Madge, "the way to the house lies straight before you. You cannot miss it."

"There is some one coming," replied the other, "who, perhaps, may save me the trouble of going out of the way."

Madge betrayed some impatience at his remaining, and urged his departure, telling him that "it was not a step out of his way, as he would have to pass the house before he could get into the lane that led to the main road."

"There can be no harm in waiting a few moments, however," replied the stranger, which he did, while Madge, having returned to the house, stood with the door half open, and stretching her tall figure, looked impatiently in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. In a few moments a horseman, mounted on a fine animal, rode up to the door. He was apparently rising six feet in height, and athletic in proportion. He wore

a large slouched white hat and a drab coloured surtout, which gave him the appearance of a substantial farmer, belonging to the society of Quakers. He checked his horse, and said in a careless tone,—

"Good evening, friend, a pleasant time this for travelling."

"A pleasant evening, sir, but I am at a loss to find my way," replied the stranger.

"What, is that you, Mr. Hartfield?" exclaimed the new comer. "No, I am not mistaken," he continued, eagerly shaking Jurian's hand, for it was he. "Well, in truth this is a lucky meeting; as lucky as though it had been planned."

Jurian, on a second glance at the stranger, recognised in him the man who had saved his life on the night of the massacre, and delivered the letter which was the cause of his absence from the army.

"I am glad to meet with you," said Jurian, "for I need not tell you that I came in pursuit of you."

"I reckoned as much," was the reply.

"But you have the advantage of me in knowing my name," said Jurian.

"Oh! for that matter," returned the other, "I have the advantage of most of my acquaintance. I know every man, woman, and child, in this and the adjoining counties, and yet am known to but very few. Captain Swain knows me bravely; ay, much better than his creed, I'll warrant you."

"Your name, pray?"

"Fairfield—farmer Fairfield."

"Fairfield?" repeated Jurian, "I never heard the name in all my life."

"May be not, may be not," said the other, "for though you are considered a knowing one in these parts, there are many things that your books do not speak of, and I am among the number. But which way are you travelling at this hour, sir?"

"Surely, you know my errand."

"True, true. It is strange I should forget. You'll find that I am not so dull a fellow, but that you might have a worse companion; but as a spur in the head is worth two in the heel, we may as well dismount, and ask our hostess here to arm us for travelling before we proceed any further."

"By all means, gentlemen," replied Madge, dropping a curtsey, "you may command my poor cottage, and all it contains."

Jurian opposed the measure, but as the other urged that his horse required a breathing moment, they dismounted, fastened their animals to the fence by the roadside, and entered the cottage.

"Come, bustle about, good hostess," said the stranger, as he seated himself in the darkest corner of the room, drew his large beaver over his forehead, and folded his arms upon his bosom. "Bustle about, and let us see what your cupboard contains in the drinking way, for we have no time to waste upon the contents of your larder."

Madge placed a bottle upon the table, and left the room with a pitcher in her hand, for the purpose of getting some water. A pause ensued, after which the stranger carelessly observed—

"You are melancholy, Mr. Hartfield."

"Am I not on a melancholy errand? You best can tell."

"I have always heard that it is a melancholy thing for a man to lose his father, but this is the first time I ever heard that it was the same case in finding one. Cheer up, sir, you should be merry."

Madge returned with a pitcher of water, which she placed upon the table and bade them drink, at the same time removing the light to the adjoining room, where she placed it in such a position, that it faintly glimmered into both apartments, the door between being open. The stranger arose from the dark corner where he was seated, and approaching the table poured some of the

liquor into a cup, and desired Jurian to imitate his example. "And now," he added, "I will give you a toast that you will pledge me in, whether whig or tory—the rightful cause."

"That is a pliable toast, indeed," said Jurian, "but as I believe the cause in which my fortunes are launched to be the rightful one, I pledge you with all my heart."

They had no sooner made an end of drinking, than Madge's voice was heard from the inner room—

"Out on you now, does this become a christian and a soldier, to be drinking and guzzling, without having a fellow-feeling for the poor dumb beasts that serve you so faithfully from sunrise to sunset, without being able to speak their wants?"

"What's in the wind now, good woman?" cried the stranger, a storm is not a-brewing, I hope, for we have a long ride before us yet to-night."

"The greater reason," continued Madge, "that you should attend to your horses. The black by the garden-gate is becoming quite restive for a drink, but you have had your fill, and leave them to suffer."

"Really a considerate woman this," said the stranger, in an under-tone. "The horse is yours, Mr. Hartfield, and as he requires water, you had better lead him to the stream a few yards beyond the house." Jurian left the room to attend to his horse, and Madge no sooner heard the door close after him than she entered, with tokens of an approaching storm strongly depicted upon her countenance.

"Well, sir, you condescend to show yourself again, after ten days' absence. I was almost inclined to think that the gallows had got its due, and forgave your neglect of me; but to find that you have been all the time in good health and spirits, is too much for patience to bear!"

"A tender reception, truly, after so long an absence. But, my dear, as to the gallows having its due, I hope you have not been in jeopardy of late."

"Paul Gordon," cried the amazon, standing more erect, and throwing back the carroty locks that hung about her face, "Paul Gordon, I scorn your words—the gallows!—I would have you to know, that until I met with you, I was well to do in the way of making an honest living, with a fair character and an untainted reputation. I would have you remember this when you talk again of the gallows."

"Well, my love," replied Paul, dryly, "I do remember when I first beheld that lovely countenance, you were a fish-dealer, in the small way, with a reputation as untainted as your merchandise in the dog-days. But you should not be eternally twitting me with this, for I go to the extent of my tether in order to express my gratitude for the numberless sacrifices you have made for my sake."

"There was a time," replied Madge, "when you thought you could not do too much for me, but now"—

"Why now," continued Paul, seizing her hand, "I will do more for you than ever; the times are daily becoming more disturbed in this neighbourhood, and you know I delight to fish in troubled water, my darling—so in a short time I will deny you nothing."

"Grant me one request now," said Madge.

"Well, name it," said Paul.

"Nothing more than to get rid of that youngster without delay, and return as soon as possible."

"I shall," replied Paul, "and return perhaps to-morrow, my angel."

"To-morrow! you will not leave me to-night," exclaimed Madge.

"I must, my charmer."

"Must! then why did you come at all?"

"To change my pistols, my angel, this brace is out of repair. They are the tools of my trade, and I am as much at a loss without them as a tailor without his shears, or a cobbler without his awl or lapstone." Saying which, he arose from his seat and entered the ad-

joining room, while Madge remained silent, with her haggard, yet penetrating eye, riveted on the door at which he disappeared. In a few moments he returned, fixing his pistols in a leathern belt around his waist, which was concealed by the large drab coat that he usually wore. He approached the chair upon which he had been seated, and Madge kept her eyes upon him in silence, until he resumed his seat. On raising his eyes, Paul observed the well known tokens of discontent depicted in the countenance of his Dulcinea.

"How now, sweetheart," said our hero, "you appear displeased because business calls me from you—well, I have no reason to complain, as it denotes your affection for me, but as a smile becomes you so much more than a frown, I beg you to look as cheerful as possible at parting."

"She looked at him steadfastly in silence for a few moments, and then calmly addressed him:—

"I know your character now, and before long you may become acquainted with mine. You begin to despise me, but have a care that I return not your due in the like coin. There is some one who has found more favour in your eyes than myself; I know it; but mark me, I will find her out, and, as I am a woman, my revenge shall not fall short of my injury."

Paul listened to this address with all the phlegm of a stoic philosopher, for as it was not the first time he had been saluted with similar language, it had lost the charm of novelty. He approached the table, and silently washed it down with another potation of liquor. Madge, on beholding his indifference, eyed him in silence, until her passion arose to the point of explosion. She drew herself up, and was just preparing to bid the thunder roar, when the entrance of Jurian protected the devoted Paul from the impending storm. The amazon turned away, and entered the adjoining room to conceal her mortification at this intrusion; but the

sharp ears of Paul heard the storm rumbling at a distance, from which he had been so opportunely rescued.

He felt little inclination to brave its fury, and showed some impatience to escape as soon as possible.

"Well, Mr. Hartfield," he exclaimed aloud, as Madge's murmurings became more audible, "it is time for us to be moving."

"Cannot the explanation take place here?"

"Not here, not here," replied Paul, his impatience increasing, "the Crooked Billet was the place appointed. Night is closing in, therefore the sooner we are jogging the better for both of us. Our horses have had time to breathe, and thanks to our hostess, we have had our glass, so let us lose no time." He suited the word to the action, and approached the door; Madge entered, and hastily passing between our hero and the door, demanded, in a tone not altogether as fascinating as that of the fabulous sea-damsels, whether he was really going; which inquiry was accompanied with a look but little calculated to induce our rover to stay. Paul answered in the affirmative, and pushing towards the door, bade her "good night" rather unceremoniously, and mounted his horse, while she stood in the door, looking steadfastly at him, in hopes that her parting look, though not sufficiently attractive to detain him, might induce to a speedy return. Paul dashed his spurs into the flanks of his horse, at he same time shouting "good night," which tender adieu, however, was lost in the noise of the animal's hoofs. Jurian followed, and Madge, muttering something, which we do not think proper to stain our paper with, dashed the door to in a rage, and went to indulge her feelings in solitude, where we will leave her for the present, and recount the adventures of the travellers.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Tis a fine fellow, by this light he is
An honest rogue, and hath a good conceit.
The Four Prentices of London.

"Who did strike out the light?"
"Was't not the way?—*Macbeth.*

At this period, about five miles from Philadelphia, beside the road leading to Lancaster, stood a small inn, where whig or tory might bait, and have no questions asked, for according to the philosophy of mine host, a shilling hard money from a liege subject of king George, was quite as harmless, and certainly much more tempting, than the same amount in continental paper, from the rough hand of the most devoted patriot of them all. Mine host of the Crooked Billet was a jovial fellow, and did honour to his calling, for his rosy gills plainly indicated that he had an aversion to idleness, and rather than the bar should stand still, he frequently became his own customer, merely for the sake of keeping his hand in.

His figure was not unlike a hogshead standing on end, being but little taller, and of nearly the same circumference. He was a man of unconquerable good humour, and though distinguished in his younger days for upholding the dignity of his nature upon the slightest provocation, yet he would coolly crack the head of his

antagonist in a scientific manner, and laugh heartily at the joke. On the other hand, whenever it was decreed that he should be the sufferer, he still laughed and enjoyed it, we will venture to say, as much as any man ever enjoyed a drubbing.

His reputation for pugilistic accomplishments extended far and wide, which at length acquired for him the nickname of Nicholas the Bruiser. Nicholas had laboured in his vocation at the Billet for some years, without appearing to get one step forward on the road to prosperity. He remained stationary, for it was impossible to make a retrograde movement, without getting to the very chin in the mire. The reason assigned by his enemies for this unpromising condition, was the selfish practice already mentioned, of patronizing his own bar; but notwithstanding this, matters of late had assumed a more cheerful aspect. The tap-room was better furnished. the liquors of a better quality, and the old drab suit, which had become as familiar to his body as the skin that covered it, had given place to a complete suit of brown, of a more recent fashion. All this moved the special wonder of the neighbours of Boniface; for as business had not increased, they could not account for his prosperity, and he did not evince any disposition to be very communicative on the subject.

The evening to which we have brought our narrative, the bar-room of the Crooked Billet was occupied by the gossips of the neighbourhood, listening to the exploits of corporal Drone, who, according to his own account, had won more pitched battles than Julius Cæsar, and possessed a much greater share of patriotism than Regulus of old. Having enlarged upon the charms of a soldier's life, and his own merits in particular, he threw himself back in his chair, crossed his legs, and lustily trolled out the following song:—

Over the hills we gaily go,
To fight the proud invading foe;

Our country calls, and we obey,
Over the hills and far away.

Whoe'er is bold and would be free,
Will take his gun and follow me,
Though sneaking cowards skulk at home,
While we in quest of glory roam.

Over the rocks and over the steep,
Over the waters wide and deep,
We'll drive the foe without delay,
Over the hills and far away.

And when return'd from bloody wars,
Adorn'd with laurels and with scars,
Let beauty be the soldier's prize
Who dreads no wounds but from her eyes.

Then toss about the flowing bowl,
And drink to each true patriot soul,
Who rushes to the deadly fray
Over the hills and far away.

During the corporal's song, two soldiers dismounted at the door and entered the room. Drone paid no attention to the new comers, but had no sooner finished than he resumed his narrative at the place of breaking off. He had the floor, and felt disposed to keep it. Those who have been in congress will comprehend the feelings by which he was actuated.

"As I was saying, Nicholas, at Chad's Ford, I performed such deeds as make my hair stand an end but to think of. Six of Knyphausen's men attacked me at the same time. Their whiskers alone were enough to give a man a panic, and they smelt of garlic to such a degree"—here the corporal made a long and expressive whistle—"that it was death to breathe the same atmosphere. Pestilence was abroad. Yet these did I encounter alone, and conquer."

"Whiskers and garlic and all," said Nicholas.

"Ay, pestilence, and the seven deadly sins."

The corporal took a long whiff through the fragment of his pipe, filling his lungs with smoke, which he slowly puffed out at the corner of his mouth, with an air that impressed the company with a proper idea of his importance.

"The corporal draws a long bow," said one of the officers to the other.

"A long bow, sir? He may draw a long sword when he thinks proper, but he has no bow, that I see," replied the single-minded Mauns.

"Ah! captain Swain, is that you?" exclaimed the corporal. "You see me here taking my ease, for a soldier must have his hours of relaxation, or he would sink beneath the toils he is obliged to undergo."

"And you, corporal, sometimes sink beneath your relaxation," replied Nicholas, dryly, shaking his fat sides. The laugh was against the corporal, who gravely answered, that Nicholas was a wag, and would have his joke, though at the expense of his friends.

"It will not cost a great deal, corporal, if you pay for it," replied Nicholas, and his suppressed laugh was changed to a convulsive chuckle.

"Nicholas, you are a wag," repeated the corporal. "Zounds, I would rather sustain a charge from a platoon of infantry, than one from Nicholas."

"Would you?" retorted mine host, "then hereafter you shall pay cash for every dram you touch at my bar, for I also have become tired of charging."

They all laughed but honest Mauns, who understood a pun about as well as he did Hebrew.

"A fair hit," replied Drone, forcing a grin, "but your charging is not quite as serious as that of the enemy. Look at my rifle-shirt! It bears more honourable marks than the buckler of Hector."

"And your breeches," replied Nicholas, still chuckling, "must also be highly prized by the same rule."

"Yes," exclaimed Drone, "this ugly rent is some of the work of old Hornflint, on the night of that sa-

vage massacre, which stands without an example in christian warfare. See, here's another; but this I shall never stitch up, for I received it in saving the life of mad Anthony on that bloody night. I shall never forget that wound."

"I dare say; nor farmer Giles' hen-roost," replied Nicholas, dryly.

"Ha! what do you mean?" demanded the other, scarcely able to put a good face upon so severe a rebuff.

"The farmer's dog Towser can better explain," replied mine host.

The corporal was familiar with Nicholas's mode of adjusting disputes, and therefore thought it prudent to reply complacently—

"Nicholas, you are a wag, and must have your joke; but you may laugh at my expense as long as I drink at yours. So fill up the mug, and let us have a roundelay."

"A song, a song," cried several voices at the same time.

"Silence! zounds, cann't you be silent?" cried the corporal, in a tone of authority. "No excuse, Nicholas, but begin."

Silence being thus enforced, the landlord cleared his throat and commenced. In order to render the concord of sweet sounds more melodious, he called in the assistance of his nose, which produced a monotonous drone, that run through the whole song, like the note of the bass-pipe of an organ.

The whig for liberty may fight,
While the laurel greenly grows,
And fancy there is true delight
In marching barefoot through the snows;
But faith, I must confess with me
That this would not at all agree.

The tory proud may curse the cause,
And say the rebels all should swing;

May laugh at continental laws,
And brave the gallows for his king:
But faith, I must confess with me
That this would not at all agree.

So I with tories curse the whigs,
And make my way with Flemish stories;
And while the buckskin soldier swigs,
I know my cue, and curse the tories:
For since I keep a bar, you see
'Tis better with all sides t' agree.

"A damned Jesuitical song," exclaimed the corporal, "and only fit for the ears of such as cut their cloth according to friend Ephraim's fashion."

"For a profane song," replied Ephraim, who was of the company, "I am disposed to think favourably of it, as it inculcates the principle of good fellowship with all mankind. Yea, verily, it pleaseth me."

"True, you are for the lion lying down with the lamb," continued the corporal. "But pray, friend Ephraim, what is it brings you abroad at this hour?"

"I am on my way to my own threshold," replied Ephraim.

"Are you alone?"

"Quite alone," replied Ephraim.

"Then you have soon got rid of your company," continued the corporal, "for it was but yesterday that I saw you with half a dozen head of as fine cattle, on your way to the city, as ever were turned out of our meadows."

"Business must be attended to," was the laconic reply of Ephraim.

Corwin the maniac now entered, without hat or shoes, and his long matted hair hanging over his countenance. He slowly approached the group, and cast a vacant stare upon all around.

"Here comes old Pilgrim's Progress," exclaimed Drone. "Well, Waterbrain, which way lies your course at this time of night?"

"Towards the moon," replied the other, "in search of my poor wits."

"Then tarry where you are, for, faith, they are not worth the journey. But how do you travel, pray?"

"By water, by water."

"Show us your chart, man; what stream is it flows in that direction?"

"The ocean of tears," replied the maniac, "and I have shed sufficient to insure me a safe passage. There is no danger of shoals, hurricane, or shipwreck."

"And at best the loss of your cargo would not make you bankrupt. But how go the wars?"

"Bloodily!" answered the maniac, still standing in the same position, and with a countenance devoid of expression. "Bloodily; now is the eagle and the raven's carnival; they have their choice of carcasses."

"As you are a sage politician, which party do you side with; whig or tory?"

"The right side, of course," replied Corwin; "he is a fool or a madman, who is not on the right side. Yes, yes, you should ever be on the right side in these matters, or keep thy own counsel."

"A sensible remark that for Waterbrain," exclaimed the corporal. "But which is the right side, pray?"

"That which is not the wrong," said the other, his countenance still immoveable.

"God help thy wits!"

"Amen!" ejaculated Corwin, "and mend our ways and apparel too, for the winter is approaching."

"A timely petition; why don't you respond?" said Nicholas to the corporal.

"I shall repair my wardrobe," answered Drone, "in the field of battle, and fight the next enemy I meet, for his covering."

"Your chilblains will be in a flourishing condition before spring," replied Nicholas.

Horses were heard to stop at the door, and immediately afterwards Paul Gordon and Jurian entered.

"Welcome, Mr. Fairfield," said Nicholas, "I am glad to see that you cannot pass this way without stopping to bait, and pay a friendly visit."

"I am not one of those who forget good treatment as soon as it is over. So give us a glass of such stuff, Nicholas, as requires no bush."

Paul stood leaning against the bar, and Nicholas went behind it to wait upon him. Jurian drew nigh the company, and on perceiving captain Swain, sat down beside him, and they entered into conversation. An interesting topic occupied the rest of the group.

"The times are truly dangerous," said Ephraim, "for what with the foraging of the contending armies, and the depredations committed by that marauder Paul Gordon, it is as much as an honest man can do to live, for neither life nor property is safe for twenty-four hours together."

"That's very true, neighbour Horn; they manage between them to take cabbage enough from us," said one, who by his thimble and thread appeared to be a tailor.

"Still, Paul Gordon, with all his faults, is not without his good points," replied another, whose leathern apron and smutty countenance denoted his calling.

"Then he must be ashamed of them," said the corporal, "for he keeps them so closely concealed, that the devil himself will not be able to find them."

"And he will never go to the trouble of a search," added the smith, "so Paul is not likely to have justice done him."

"Nor does he wish it," exclaimed the tailor, "for he knows he deserves a halter more richly than any thing else."

"For shame, neighbour," exclaimed Paul, who had overheard their conversation, "is this your gratitude?"

"Gratitude for what, stranger?" demanded the tailor.

"Have you so soon forgotten his bounty to your wife?"

"A plague on him and his bounty!" exclaimed the tailor, in a tone that betrayed that the subject was by no means an agreeable one.

"Scarcely a month ago, neighbours," continued Paul, "this man's wife was going to market, and was overtaken by Paul, who, on entering into conversation with her, found her full of alarm lest she should be stopped and plundered. He quieted her fears, and like a true gentleman protected her to the skirts of the city."

"Is this so, neighbour Snip?" demanded the smith.

"I cannot gainsay it," replied the tailor.

"But that is not all, gentlemen," continued Gordon, "on parting with her, he bestowed a purse of hard money to make her comfortable, and now you hear how this ungrateful man rates him for his generosity."

"Damn his generosity!" squeaked the tailor, waxing wroth at the recollection.

"But can you deny the fact?" demanded Paul.

"No," exclaimed the other, "but did he not, after she had sold her marketing, plunder her of the amount, and the purse too, as she was returning home? Answer me that."

"So the story goes," replied Paul, "but that must have been when his evil genius prevailed. The best of us are not at all times ourselves, you know."

Ephraim, during the foregoing dialogue, kept eying Paul in evident trepidation. He shifted his position, until he succeeded in getting the whole company between him and the object of his terror. The quick eye of Paul followed him wherever he moved, and even while he was bantering the tailor, Ephraim perceived that his eye was still upon him. He however remained silent, perhaps still entertaining some doubts as to the identity of the individual, and recollecting the unfavourable result of the accusation at the Hive, when he was equally certain.

"This bugbear," said the corporal, who had been smoking his pipe for some time in silence, "is as arrant

a poltroon as is to be found, and I will make it manifest before he is a week older. Little Ephraim here has offered a reward for his apprehension."

"I have offered no reward of the kind," replied Ephraim, his trepidation increasing, "I disclaim it."

"You shackling little apology for a man," cried the corporal, "will you attempt to pick my pocket in this barefaced manner?"

"I disclaim the reward," repeated Ephraim, "I disclaim the reward."

"Nay, friend Horn, your memory must fail you," replied Paul, "I have one of your handbills in my pocket now, and will give it to Nicholas to stick against his bar."

He coolly handed the paper to the landlord, which tended to multiply the doubts and fears of little Ephraim.

"So that being settled," continued the corporal, "bear in mind that I hold you to the bargain. This Paul Gordon, as I was saying, is but an arrant coward at best. About a month ago, he waylaid me on the Westchester road, but if I did not give him cogent reasons for never attempting a similar experiment, my name is not corporal Drone."

"A very good story," cried Nicholas, "but why did he attack you since he might have robbed a gibbet to more profit, and with perfect safety."

The corporal sat more erect, and frowned, hoping that an important air would be considered an answer to the impertinent question.

"Explain, corporal, explain," continued the persevering Nicholas, "for really it is a point that puzzles me."

"You are no military man, master Nicholas," replied Drone, gravely; at the same time casting a gracious smile upon the company, which was intended to convey a vast deal more than it actually did.—"You are no military man, master Nicholas."

"True," replied mine host, "but what is that to the

purpose? Would any man run his neck into a noose merely for the sake of the halter? Unriddle, corporal, unriddle."

"You may have heard of such a thing as fame!" This speech was accompanied by a look as full of meaning as the first.

"O! I comprehend you now," replied Nicholas, chuckling. "He would establish his reputation at one blow, by reaping the harvest of your valour."

"Precisely so," responded the corporal, with great solemnity.

Captain Swain and Jurian were engaged in conversation, and paid little attention to the foregoing. Mauns Talman's mind appeared to be absorbed by the hilt of his sword, with which he had been playing for some time, and the vacant look of Corwin, who sat near them, indicated that his thoughts were distant. His attention was at length awakened by some remark, and his eyes rested upon the prominent figure of Paul as he stood at the bar. They brightened with a gleam of recognition, and he muttered to himself, "Paul Gordon."

"What is that you say, Waterbrain," demanded the corporal.

"The marauder stands before you," replied Corwin, rising, and pointing at the bar. "Behold Paul Gordon."

The effect of this intelligence was electrical upon the company. Several sprang to their feet, others remained motionless, while Drone and Ephraim could scarcely keep their seats for shaking. Captain Swain drew his sword and rushed forward, Mauns by his side. Gordon drew a pistol from his belt, and presented it—

"Not one step nearer, captain Swain, or you die." The soldiers paused, and Drone and Ephraim shook as though they had been touched by the palsy, for the weapon was pointed towards them. "And now, sir," continued Paul, "I drink to our better acquaintance," saying which, he swallowed the remainder of his drink.

"By the memory of Sven," cried the captain, "he shall not carry it thus. The wolf is in the toils; secure the door, Mauns, and I will have him in spite of his popgun."

The sergeant moved towards the door, and Jurian took his place beside the captain. Nicholas was still behind the bar, and was seen speaking through a small window that opened into an adjoining room.

"You too, Mr. Hartfield!" exclaimed Paul. "Is this your faith? Remember what brought me here."

The point of Jurian's sword fell, but he kept his position.

"Lay down your pistols and surrender," cried the captain.

"If you were not so grave a man, captain, I would swear you were jesting," replied Paul.

"Then have at you. Look to the door, Talman."

"Not one step further, I say, unless you wish to try your digestive powers upon cold lead."

"Frighten children with your popgun," cried the captain, and advanced to the attack. The next instant the room resounded with the report of the pistol, but it failed to take effect, as Jurian sprang forward and struck it to the floor.

"Remember," cried Paul, "what brought me here." He drew a short heavy sword, and stood upon the defensive. It seemed as a feather in his sinewy grasp. Jurian was doubtful what part to take, while the old captain and Mauns joined in the attack. Paul parried their blows with the skill of an experienced swordsman, his gigantic strength and activity imparting confidence. All was confusion. The only cool spectator was Nicholas, who, with his arms folded, leaned upon the edge of his bar, and watched every stroke with the feelings of an amateur. A light stood near him. The contest continued with unabated determination, when Nicholas slily shoved the light from its stand, and it fell to the floor. A moment after, the only remaining light,

in a distant part of the room, was also extinguished. The combatants were enveloped in darkness, and the clash of weapons ceased.

"Look to the door, Talman, look to the door," cried the captain, "and let no one pass."

"Who the devil put out the lights?" demanded Nicholas.

"No matter for that now. Fetch others and lose no time," replied the captain.

"But I want to know who it was put out the lights," repeated the pertinacious landlord.

"Bring others, and quickly, or by the memory of Sven, I will put out your light also."

"You shall be obeyed, captain, but still I should like to know who dared to take such a liberty in my house."

Nicholas tapped at the little window already mentioned, and called for a candle. Some time elapsed, and the order not being obeyed, the captain gave additional symptoms of his impatience.

"Bestir yourself, bestir yourself there," cried Nicholas, "for we are all in the dark."

"You cann't have it before it's lit," replied a shrill voice from the inner apartment.

The light was finally produced. The captain was discovered in the centre of the room, Talman was standing by the door, which was closed, but Paul had either disappeared, or assumed the shape of a lad of about thirteen who stood beside Talman. He was barefooted, shaggy as a colt, and was dressed in the cast-off small-clothes of Nicholas, already mentioned. These formed pantaloons for the lad without any alteration, but in consequence of their latitudinal dimensions, it required the constant aid of his left hand to keep them in their proper position. He was a perfect miniature of Nicholas, without the aid of the long-remembered drabs. The boy remained stationary until his father called upon him to light the candles. The captain searched diligently, but in vain, for Gordon. The last place he searched

was beneath the table, where he discovered the corporal and Ephraim lying together as the lion and the lamb. Drone arose, and drawing his rusty sword, ran towards the door, crying out—

"Which way did the coward go?"

"He didn't go this way," replied honest Mauns.

"Pursue, pursue!" continued the corporal; "give me a horse, and I will soon have him back again, neck and heels."

"You are certainly a fine fellow, corporal," said the smith, laughing; "but unluckily there is one great defect in your composition."

"And what is that, thou lusty son of Vulcan?" demanded Drone, still flourishing his sword; "what is that?"

"Your courage," replied the smith, "does not make its appearance till your antagonist is out of sight. But for this defect you would be a very clever soldier, indeed."

The corporal knit his brows and retired in silence. The means by which Paul had escaped, remained a mystery, for honest Mauns protested that he had not passed the door. Captain Swain having searched in vain for him, was about to leave the inn, when the corporal called to him, and desired to be reported at head quarters, as he should certainly be in camp before he was a day older. The captain smiled, while Nicholas and the smith laughed lustily.

"And you, my son," said the captain to Jurian, "will you not return with us to the camp to-night?"

"Not to-night, sir," replied Jurian.

"We are on our way thither, and should be glad of your company."

"Overlook my absence for a few hours, sir; I shall not trespass long upon your indulgence. But to-night, I have that in view which nothing earthly can divert me from."

"Pursue your own course, my son, but remember

the advice of a gray head is sometimes worthy of a second thought."

"Yours, sir, should always be remembered, and especially by me. But to-night it is impossible—you must excuse me for this night."

Captain Swain left the room with Talman, and a few moments after, Corwin followed them. They had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile from the inn, when they halted beneath the cover of a wood until Corwin came up to them.

"Well, Corwin," demanded the captain, "how do matters go on in our moral city since the red-coats have quartered themselves in it?"

The British army made its triumphal entry into Philadelphia on the 26th of September, and was escorted by numbers, who, in after-life, became the loudest declaimers against British tyranny. Your true politician will ever be on the strong side, and there is nothing that he can so readily change as his opinions.

"Even as with the revellers of Babylon," replied Corwin. "They drink wine, and praise the gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. But the craft of the Gibeonite shall not avail him, for he shall be taken in his own craftiness."

"Have you any thing to communicate of importance?" demanded the captain.

Corwin made known such matters in relation to the enemy, as he had picked up in his wanderings. Among other intelligence, he stated that the force by which the city was invested consisted of four battalions of grenadiers, under the command of lord Cornwallis, and that the main body was still encamped at Germantown. They separated, and the soldiers shaped their course towards the American army, at that time encamped at Skippach creek.

CHAPTER XIV.

I have the general's hand to pass through the world at pleasure. *Blurt, Master Constable.*

Jurian, after mounting his horse and leaving the inn, was at a loss which way to direct his course. His mind, for hours, had been engrossed with one object, and at the moment he believed its accomplishment was at hand, he was fated to bitter disappointment. Still he hoped that Gordon would not desert him, and discouraging as the result had been, an explanation would yet take place. The moon was just rising in a cloudless sky, and myriads of stars contributed to render the night more brilliant than day. He sat upon his horse some time, undetermined what course to adopt, and already regretted that he had not accompanied the captain and honest Mauns. All hope of Paul's return having vanished, he finally resolved to follow them, when the faint note of a distant bugle reached his ear, which had scarcely died away, before it was succeeded by a second strain. It was the same that he had heard the morning after the massacre. He did not wait for another signal, but clapped spurs to his horse, and started at full speed in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

He was guided by the sound of the bugle which was heard at short intervals. Every succeeding strain became more distinct, but when he imagined that the pur-

suit was drawing to a close, the sound died away. He had rode for near half an hour, and some time had elapsed since the last strain of the bugle. He was now at an intersection of roads, and was at a loss which to select. He paused to await the signal, during which he heard the sound of a horse approaching along the by-road. Expectation was now at the highest, and in a few moments a horseman appeared jogging leisurely along. At one glance, Jurian perceived that there was nothing of the bold dashing air of Paul about him. He bestrode his horse with as little animation as a meal-sack, and had broken the animal to the regular up-and-down jog that distinguishes the countryman from your true lover of horse-flesh. Disappointment succeeded hope, as the horseman drew nigh, and was about to pass with the commonplace remark of "A fine evening, stranger," but taking a second look at Jurian, he checked his horse, and exclaimed in a tone of astonishment, "what! Mr. Hartfield, can it be you? I should as soon have thought of seeing a ghost as you here at this time of night."

"Good evening, Jones," replied Jurian, recognising the countryman. "Did you not hear the sound of a bugle a few minutes ago?"

"I did, sir. Some idle trumpeter, I suppose, serenading the moon, having little else to do since the army has entered winter-quarters."

"Have you met no one?"

"Not a soul, sir, since I left the lower ferry, where I stopped on an errand on my way up."

"Were any strangers there?"

"A single horseman, sir, who wore a broad-brimmed hat and a drab surtout, was about to cross the river." Jurian's interest was excited.

"Did you know the man?"

"Never saw him before, sir. The boatman called him Mr. Fairfax, or Fairfield, or something of the kind."

"Which course did he go? Could I possibly overtake him?"

"That, sir, is out of the question, for as he entered the boat, I heard him remark that he would be in the city in a few minutes. Did you wish to overtake him?"

"I did. Most earnestly did I wish it."

"I am sorry things have fallen out so unluckily; but as I am going to the town, should I meet with him, I will mention what you have said."

"Do so. You are going to the city, say you?"

"Yes, sir. The 'squire and all his family are there at present. The change has made quite a new creature of the old gentleman. There is nothing but revelry from morning till night; ay, and from night till morning, and he joins in it all, in spite of his gout and crabbedness."

"And how does Miss Agatha like the change?"

"O, sir, she plays her part bravely, and makes no small figure, I warrant you. It would do your heart good to see how swimmingly she carries it."

"Women have a natural tact at fitting themselves to any sphere in which they may be thrown," replied Jurian, in a careless manner, which, however, did not conceal his deep chagrin. He continued: "does Miss Morton, say you, join in the general rejoicing that prevails in the garrison of the invader?"

"I will not speak positively, sir," replied Jones, "but since you are now so near at hand, had you not better satisfy yourself?"

"How satisfy myself?"

"By entering the city, sir. That's the best way."

"Impossible!"

"I have the watchword, sir," continued Jones, "and even without it could readily get you past the sentries. If you desire it, I will accompany you, and whenever called upon, place you here in safety. Besides, you may chance to meet with Mr. Fairfield."

"True; that is an inducement, indeed, to run all hazards."

"I will use my best exertions," replied Jones, "to bring you together."

Jurian embraced the proposition without weighing the consequences of detection, and off they started towards the Schuylkill ferry. The night was beautifully serene; the moon shone brightly, and as her beams played upon the dancing waters, they appeared to convert every ripple into polished silver. The stars glimmered forth with uncommon brilliancy, and not a cloud was seen above the horizon. As they approached the river, the ferryman, seated on the side of his boat, was singing a rude chorus, and made up in vociferation what he lacked in harmony.

They rode into the boat, and were rapidly borne across the river. The distant sound of the drum and fife, playing the tattoo, were distinctly heard through the calmness of the night; and, on the nearer approach of our horsemen to the city, the regular tread of the picket-guard, at his post, reminded Jurian that he was about to enter dangerous territory. The moon shone so brilliantly that all around appeared to be an "entire globe of chrysolite," and the sentinels in different quarters could be distinctly seen long before within hailing distance. The horsemen rode briskly, but before they had crossed the line of encampment they were saluted with—

"Stand, ho! the word!"—Jones checked his horse, and his companion followed his example.

"Ho! the word!" cried the sentinel presenting his musket.

"Brandywine!" replied Jones.

"You are wrong. Back!" cried the sentinel.

"That was the word when I left the town," said Jones."

"It has been changed."

Jones hesitated for a moment; and then turning to

the sentinel said, in a low voice, "my friend, can you read by this light?"

"Yes; if it be not a d——nably cramped hand."

"It is fair and legible," replied Jones, at the same time handing him a scrip of paper, which the sentinel, after reading, returned, and bade him pass. It was a pass, with the signature of Cornwallis, authorising those on duty to permit the bearer, and those who accompanied him, to enter the city without being molested. Jurian and his guide now proceeded, without encountering any obstacle, until they arrived in the centre of the city.

Immediately on the British taking possession of Philadelphia, Mr. Morton removed his family to the city. It has been stated that family pride was his predominant weakness, and he dreaded nothing more than that his blood might at some time be alloyed by a stream that flowed through veins composed of an inferior quality of clay to his own. For his son, he felt no apprehension; but Agatha had already betrayed too much interest for one of plebeian birth, not to feel some uneasiness on her account. He determined to try what effect a change of scene would produce, and, in order to render it more fascinating, he gave free scope to indulgence. He kept open house, where all officers of rank were sure to find a welcome, and this, it may be observed, is a certain mode to procure good company throughout the globe; but when your means fail—the deduction is a natural one, and I will trust to the sagacity of the reader to make it.

Agatha, removed from seclusion in the country to the bustle of a garrison, had her spirits buoyed up, and those feelings which she had cherished for years in some measure lost their influence. The world appeared to her in a new light; and the fashionable lady of the metropolis, was a very distinct personage from the unsophisticated country girl. Still there were moments, even in this round of pleasure, when the ghosts of departed days would arise and whisper that this

fickleness was criminal, but, like all other ghosts, they vanished on the appearance of the first beams of the morning, which called her forth to participate in some new scene of amusement.

Colonel Lindsay had become very assiduous in his attentions. He was engaging both in his person and address, and had succeeded in some measure in removing the unfavourable opinion that Agatha in the first instance had entertained towards him. Mr. Morton was early aware of his partiality for his daughter, and rejoiced at it, for the colonel was esteemed a brave officer, and, what was of a vast deal more importance to the 'squire, he was capable of tracing back his pedigree to some shirtless scoundrel, of whom nothing more had been recorded than that he wore a long claymore and had a strong arm. A pedigree has always been considered a very pretty thing, no matter how many rusty links we find in the chain.

To return to Jurian. His feelings were not the most enviable on finding himself in the midst of the British garrison, for in case of detection he should be viewed in the light of a spy, and on the other hand, should the knowledge of his adventure reach the American army, his motives would be equally liable to a false construction.

"Why are you cast down, Mr. Hartfield?" exclaimed Jones. "Come, cheer up; I am a true pilot, and will carry you safe to a harbour, I warrant you."

"You ask why I am depressed; could I be in this place at such a time and be otherwise? I am here by stealth—in the scene of my childhood, amidst the enemies of my country—where the invader is revelling in luxury—while the defenders of our rights are exposed to the inclemency of the elements, without food or raiment. The contrast is ill calculated to please."

"Speak lower," replied Jones, "for here come a set of red-coats, who may chance to differ in opinion from you."

Four or five officers approached, their spirits elevated with wine.

"Stand and unfold yourself," cried one, belching with the fumes of his liquor. "We cannot be too vigilant in these times, and I will have an answer, by my hilts."

"Move on, M'Druid, it grows late, and we have no time to waste in folly."

"Call you this folly, colonel Lindsay? by my hilts the real business of life appears to be a mighty foolish thing to a man as deep in love as you are. So again I say, stand and unfold yourself."

"Colonel Lindsay will answer for me," replied Jones.

"That I will," replied the Scot, "he is the servant of Mr. Morton, and an honest fellow, so come along, major."

"An honest fellow, that I will swear to, if he passes the threshold of old 'squire Morton. The 'squire's an honest fellow, for he loves to drink until his nose is as red as my jacket. His wine is honest too,—as honest as ever touched the lip of true believer. Miss Agatha is honest, the old spinster is honest, for who the devil would make her otherwise; and, by my hilts, they are all honest together. But who is this you have with you, master Jones?"

"Why he is honest, too," replied Jones. Jurian wore an overcoat that concealed his military equipments.

"Then let him pass, and, colonel Lindsay, we are at your service. But, master Jones, a word in your ear. As you may chance to see us again before a century, could you not manage to have a bottle of the anno domini '65, on the sideboard, ready to receive us?"

"Come along, M'Druid," cried the colonel, impatiently. "You now have your skinful of wine, and yet must be entering into a stipulation for a future occasion."

"Faith, my darling, you have but a narrow conception of the gauge of my stomach, if you think my skin full already. I am a match for father O'Flanagan a the bottle.

"They passed the jorum about,
And merrily sang the old vicar,
Until his fat gills and his snout,
Became the hue of the liquor.
Sing goostrum doodle sing pip.

"Remember, Jones, that '65 is the brand."

"I know it well, sir, and rare old stuff it is."

"I have had but a slight introduction," replied the major, "and wish to cultivate a better acquaintance—

"He made the company stare—
For Bacchus to him was a fable—
And when he fell flat from his chair,
They roll'd him under the table.
Sing goostrum doodle sing pip."

"Finish your song some other time, major, and let us be moving."

"Next morn when he went to the chapel,
His face was a fiery ball;
He preach'd about Eve and her apple,
And Adam who made the first fall.
Sing goostrum doodle sing pip.

"He learnedly labour'd to show—
And fancy became rather frisky—
No man would the cholic e'er know,
Had Eve made her fruit into whiskey.
Sing goostrum doodle sing pip."

"We have heard enough of your goostrum doodle, major, so come along."

"I will not detain you any longer, gentlemen," replied the major. "Jones, you will not forget anno domini '65. Forward—

"No man would the cholic e'er know,
Had Eve made her fruit into whiskey."

The officers moved down the street, which re-echoed

at intervals with the major's chorus. Jurian followed his guide until they arrived at a place where their horses might be secured for the night. They dismounted, and Jones, desiring his companion to remain where he was until he should return, led the horses away.

CHAPTER XV.

> There's no man
> But once in's life may sin beside his nature,
> Nay, perhaps, contrary: this is a deed
> I must abhor to justify.—*Marmyon's Fine Companion.*

JONES, having secured the horses for the night, returned to the spot where he had left Jurian, and desired him to follow him. They walked some distance in silence, when Jurian, at a loss to comprehend the manœuvring of his guide, inquired which way he was going.

"Trust to me," was the laconic reply.

"And be led blindfold?"

"That's unnecessary, sir; for I dare swear you know every corner of the town as well blindfold as with your eyes open." Jones affected to smile.

"Then explain your movements."

"That is also unnecessary."

"Then not a step farther will I go."

"As you please, sir. Good night."

"Villain, have you dared to trifle with me?"

"Trifle! I am not much given to that sort of amusement, sir," replied Jones, carelessly.

"Then why was I brought here?"

"Follow me, and you shall learn; but ask no questions."

"Yes, one; and I must be answered."

"Well, sir, what is it?"

"Am I to see Miss Morton?"

"I have said you shall, and I always perform my promises—when convenient. But you must submit to my guidance."

"How can I credit you, when every step we take is in an opposite direction from the house?"

"You are right," said Jones, with provoking indifference, "but if you are dissatisfied with me, procure another guide."

This alternative was proposed, because the countryman knew that it could not be accepted, and perhaps for the purpose of awakening the young man to a sense of Jones's importance on the present occasion. Jurian hesitated for a moment; he felt that he was in the toils, but knew not how to extricate himself. Did Jones mean to play him false? What object could he have in view? The fact of betraying to the enemy an obscure individual, could benefit the cause but little. His dilemma assumed different aspects in an instant, but he found it impracticable to avert even the most unfavourable by leaving his guide; nay, by taking this step, he would run the risk of being apprehended as a spy, but by remaining, Jones might possibly redeem his pledge; at all events, if discovered, the countryman's testimony would explain the object of his visit. He resolved to follow Jones, though his views with regard to his conduct were by no means distinct.

"Move on," said Jurian, "I will see what object you have in view; but if you have dared to deceive me"—he touched his sword significantly.

"Oh! certainly," replied Jones, coolly; and had it not been for the obscurity of the night, the other might have seen something like a smile of contempt on the harsh ruddy features of the countryman.

They again moved on in silence, and turning into a small street, Jones finally stopped in front of a house

lighted up; a soldier with his musket on his shoulder, was pacing to and fro on the pavement.

"Here we will halt for the present," said Jones.

Jurian looked around to see if he could recognise the place; another soldier, similarly equipped with the former, appeared at the entrance to the house. He was evidently on guard. Jurian perceived that he had been betrayed, and drawing his sword, exclaimed—

"Villain, you shall not triumph in your treachery!"

He rushed on the countryman, who seized his sword-arm in his iron grasp, and coolly took the weapon from him, which he again returned, saying—

"Sheathe your spit, I beseech you, but not in me. Mark my words, young man; you cannot spare me yet. Have patience a little longer, and I shall prove myself your best friend, though you now imagine me your worst enemy." Then approaching the sentinel in the entry, he said, in an undertone, "Inform his lordship that Paul Gordon awaits his commands."

This, though intended only for the ear of the sentinel, did not escape Jurian, who involuntarily ejaculated "Paul Gordon!" in such a tone as plainly indicated that he was not prepared for a development of this nature.

"Yes," rejoined his companion, "I am Gordon. It is now unnecessary to deny myself to you, Mr. Hartfield, and though my public character, like that of all public men, has been painted in dirty colours, I'll make bold to say, you'll find me quite the thing as a private gentleman."

This was spoken in a tone partaking more of irony than earnest, and approaching the young man, he familiarly extended his hand, while Jurian, with his arms folded, remained stationary, and fixed his penetrating eyes full upon the countenance of Gordon, who for an instant felt abashed and awed by the rebuff, but as he had not been in the habit of paying much respect to any

other than physical distinctions among men, he soon regained his self-possession, and said—

"I perceive that your pride has taken the alarm, but unnecessarily; for when you know me better, you will find that our ways of thinking dovetail it to a shaving. Your mind may be compared to the forest-tree, rendered more beautiful by culture and being transplanted, and mine to the same tree in all its rudeness and vigour, fast rooted on its native mountain."

The sentinel now announced to Gordon that his presence and that of his companion were required in the council-room. They entered the house, and were ushered into a chamber, where several officers were seated around a table strewn with writing implements. Gordon made his obeisance, and Jurian acknowledged their presence by a slight inclination of the head, as he stood awaiting the result of this mysterious interview. At length one of the officers addressed Gordon. He wore a pair of gold epaulettes, was of spare habit, thin and dark visage, which was rendered more forbidding by a pair of black eyes that ogled each other.

"So, I perceive you have accomplished what you promised. This is the young officer concerning whom you spoke to me?"

"The same, my lord," replied Gordon.

"A comely youth," continued the officer, "and doubtless well qualified to perform the duty we shall impose upon him." The other officers assented to this remark, and the first continued to address Gordon:—"You have acquainted him with the nature of his employment?"

"Not I, my lord," was the reply.

"And why not?"

"I was thinking he would have been loath to come if he knew all, and so I kept dark, your honour, knowing that if a man is to be wheedled into the performance of a dirty job, fine words must be made use of, and

your honour has more of them at command than I have, so I did not venture to broach the subject."

"And he is ignorant of the object of bringing him here?"

"As the sucking babe," replied Gordon, and left the room shortly afterwards. The officer turned towards Jurian, and said—

"There has been a mistake here, sir. I was in hopes that we fully understood each other, but I find it otherwise; however, a few words will make us acquainted with each others views. Your name is—"

"Jurian Hartfield."

"You are attached to the continental army?"

"So I consider myself."

"You but lately joined it?"

"True; but lately."

"Your father is in the service?"

"That, indeed, I know not."

"I was led to believe so." Jurian made no reply. The officer continued—"You are an American by birth?"

"That point I am neither prepared to refute nor establish."

"Then you know not the place of your birth?"

"True; I know it not."

"You then may be looked upon as a citizen of the world?"

"Ay; of the world."

"Viewing each spot with like indifference?" continued the officer.

"No; that connected with my earliest associations, the scene of my purest enjoyments, must ever be distinguished from the rest of the globe."

"Enjoyments! I have been told that you are a joyless being."

"Indeed! Perhaps your informant did not know me," replied Jurian, forcing a smile.

"Possibly not. Admitting that you were born in

this province, are you not as virtually a subject of Great Britain as though you were a native of the fast anchored isle?"

"Assuredly, as long as I am treated as a subject."

"Then how is it that we find you in the ranks of the rebels?"

"Human institutions are established for the accommodation of the human family, and as soon as they become burdensome they should be cast off. The power that created has the power to destroy."

"Is this then your political creed? An obligation as soon as it becomes burdensome may be cancelled by one of the parties without the consent of the other?"

"Precisely so, where the consideration is all on one side, which I take to be the case in relation to the colonies and Great Britain."

"When I desired to see you, I supposed you entertained different sentiments on this subject."

"Desired to see me! This is to me all very mysterious, how a British officer, as high in rank as you appear to be, should ever have heard of so obscure an individual as myself."

"And yet, obscure as you esteem yourself," continued the officer, "you have it in your power to render an essential service to your king."

"Indeed."

"And permit me to remind you that he is a master who never suffers his servants to go unrewarded. You may depend upon wealth and distinction."

"You speak in parables."

"You are acquainted with the condition of the colonial forces?"

"I am."

"And have it in your power to become informed respecting their plans and resources?"

"True, to a certain extent."

"That information," continued the officer, "if com-

municated to me from time to time, would be of essential service, and be paid for liberally."

"In plain language, you wish me to become a spy."

"You use too harsh an epithet, say a loyal subject."

"A traitor to his fellow man can never be a loyal subject. You have mistaken me, sir."

"Ha! do you spurn the offer?"

"Yes; and him who makes it. Elsewhere I might not so passively have confined myself to mere words."

"Right; I admire your spirit, but since you are among us, you had better accept my proffered friendship instead of throwing down the gauntlet of defiance. You are involved in pecuniary difficulties; some of your obligations are of a nature that call upon you by every tie of honour to discharge, and the means are now within your grasp, but you refuse to avail yourself of them."

"You appear to be familiar with my circumstances," replied Jurian. "True, I am under obligations that I am bound by the most sacred ties of honour to discharge, but not at the sacrifice of honour itself."

At this moment young Morton entered the room. He affected astonishment at seeing Jurian, and approaching him, extended his hand.

"My friend," said he, "I rejoice to see you, and it affords me greater satisfaction to meet you here than in any other place."

"And I am pleased to see you, Morton," returned Jurian, "although we have met under happier auspices than at present."

"But if my presentiments do not mislead me," replied Morton, "this interview may lead to others, but, under present circumstances, I question whether that would add to your happiness."

"Perhaps not, but why do you question it?"

"I believe you still so much my friend as to be concerned at beholding my misery," returned Morton.

"Never shall I be otherwise."

"If so, we should meet as seldom as possible."

"I do not comprehend your meaning."

"It is well you do not."

"Nay, explain yourself."

"Do not ask me; it is out of your power to relieve me, and the knowledge will only distress you."

"I must insist on knowing."

"Well then, you see me on the verge of ruin," said Morton, in a tone that only reached the ears of his friend.

"I am petrified. What has led to this fatal result?"

The young men moved to a distant part of the room, and the conversation was carried on in an undertone. Jurian repeated his question.

"Gaming!" exclaimed Morton, "the worst fiend that ever hell let loose to tempt man to destruction! In the royal army there are many who, born in affluence, and reared in extravagance and dissipation, have brought all their vices with them across the Atlantic. With such I daily associate, and, knowing my propensities, you need not wonder that I was easily induced to imitate their example. It would have been a miracle had I avoided it; the consequence is, I have squandered large sums, am in debt beyond the power of repayment, am in hourly dread of being exposed and disgraced, and fear to apply to my father for assistance, for I have already taxed his generosity beyond his patience."

"Have you determined yet what course to pursue?"

"No; I am incapable of thinking on the subject. You see me literally in despair."

"Despair! ruin! and disgrace! Morton, you are my friend. The truest I have ever had. You served me at a time when but one other would have served me, and I am still your debtor."

"Why mention that now? It wounds me, for it appears as if I imparted my distresses by way of reproach. Think not of it, and dismiss the subject, I beseech you."

"Think not of it! It is impossible for me to think of any thing else. Answer me, Morton, would the sum that I am indebted to you relieve you from your embarrassments?"

"You wound me."

"I insist on knowing, as a matter of right."

"This is idle, for if out of your power to return it, a knowledge of the fact would answer no other end than to augment your distress."

"Then it would relieve you?"

"Do not misinterpret my words; I said not so."

"But meant it. Be more explicit. If it will be of service, it shall be returned without delay."

"You astonish me!"

"It shall, by heavens!"

"Then I confess it would silence the immediate demand upon me, and afford me time to make arrangements to meet my other difficulties."

"Enough; you shall be saved at any sacrifice."

"What is it you mean?"

"No matter. My honour is pledged to you, and I will fulfil my promise, though I forfeit the pledge." Jurian now approached the officers, and stood beside the table in silence for some moments. The eyes of all were turned upon him. At length he said, in a low collected voice—

"My lord, I have reflected on your proposition, and after the conversation I have had with my friend, I am disposed to view it in a more favourable light."

"I rejoice to hear it, and I assure you, you will never have cause to repent of your resolution."

"That point I alone will be able to answer," replied Jurian.

"To satisfy you," continued the officer, "that the services you are capable of rendering are duly appreciated, here is an earnest of what will follow." Saying which, he placed a well filled purse in his hand. Ju-

rian recoiled at the touch. He never until that moment experienced so acute a sense of degradation.

"Right," he exclaimed, forcing a smile, "it is at times necessary to bribe men even to be honest, and you could not expect to make a villain at a less price. Our negotiation being concluded, my lord, I now humbly take my leave, assuring you that we shall meet again, upon the honour of a traitor." He then turned to Morton, and handing him the purse, said, "There, take it, and relieve me of one half the odium that I have drawn upon myself."

"How is this? What have you done?"

"No matter what. Saved my friend! Forfeited my honour to redeem his!" The last part of the exclamation was uttered in a low tone, that escaped the ears of Morton. "Farewell."

"Whither are you going?"

"To any other spot than this. Elsewhere I may be more calm. It is hell to the guilty to linger in the scene of their shame."

"Shall I accompany you?"

"No; I would be alone. I am now only fit to be alone." He left the apartment, and as he passed through the door, Balcarras entered. Their eyes met, and kindled with mutual defiance. The place they were in, however, prevented an immediate explosion.

"We shall meet again," said Balcarras.

"Possibly we may," replied the other, "but in the mean time, take my advice and read little Æsop."

"No more folly; we must meet again."

"As you please, but I imagined that our last interview would have spoiled your appetite for another. Remember the raven and the serpent." This was accompanied with a smile of derision. Balcarras entered the room without making a reply, and Jurian passed out into the street. When he had disappeared, Morton had time to reflect upon the disgraceful part he had played, and received with an ill grace the congratulations of the

commanding officer upon the success of the stratagem. Morton could not disengage his mind from the fact that Jurian had sacrificed every hope of future happiness to his friendship; and had yielded up honour itself in order to fulfil what he was in honour bound to perform. He knew that he was capable of working up his mind to the execution of any deed, but he also knew, that such was the texture of that mind, that it could not exist under a sense of degradation. Morton seriously repented that he had participated in the artifice; true, he wished to see his friend on the royal side, but not in the dangerous and disgraceful station which had been allotted to him.

Jurian had not proceeded far from the scene of his defection, before he was accosted by name. He turned and beheld the colossal figure of Gordon.

"I am proud to salute Mr. Hartfield as one of us, and before we go any farther, let us enter into a compact"—

"A compact! of what nature?"

"A very straight-forward one, of mutual advantage. Keep my secret, and yours is safe also, that's all."

A full sense of Jurian's situation now flashed upon his mind. Thrown from the proud standing that he had hitherto maintained, and reduced to companionship with the unprincipled menial who stood before him. His life and honour too were in the keeping of such a creature, and feeling this, the young man lost the energy to repulse the familiarity of his companion. He merely replied—

"Your secret's safe."

"I do not doubt it," replied Gordon, "as it rests with a gentleman of honour."

Jurian shrunk at the reply, for he could not tell from the manners of Paul, whether he spoke in irony or earnest. They moved on in silence until they came in front of a large mansion, where they paused.

"After what has passed," said Jurian, "the question I am about to ask may appear idle. You have trifled

with my feelings too far—answer me truly: Do you know any thing concerning my father?"

"No more than the man in the moon, sir," replied Paul.

"Fool that I have been, to suffer myself to be thus easily duped!"

"Though I have failed in that promise," continued Gordon, "I have performed another, which is doing pretty well, as the world goes. Never impeach a man's honesty, who fulfils half of his promises."

"What other promise do you refer to?"

"I said that I would use my exertions to discover farmer Fairfield," replied Paul, gravely, "and I have succeeded." Jurian made no reply, and Paul continued—"There was a third promise, sir, which I will also perform, and then consider our accounts as fairly balanced. The object of your visit to the city was to see Miss Morton, and if your mind still holds that way, I will bring you together."

Jurian expressed his desire to obtain an interview, and Gordon bade him remain where he was until he reconnoitred to see whether the coast was clear, for they were in front of 'squire Morton's house. The lamps were still burning. It may be asked why Gordon was so officious in bringing the lovers together. He knew that the magnitude of his reward would be in proportion to his success in securing the services of Jurian, and he also knew that there is more persuasive eloquence in woman's eyes, than ever flowed from rhetorician's tongue. He imagined that one interview with Miss Morton, while contending with his present feeling, would render his destiny irrevocable, and in that case Miriam would no longer be remembered.

Gordon entered the house, and proceeded directly to the parlour, where he discovered Miss Morton alone. The room bore marks of a recent entertainment. Several of the half-burnt candles were extinguished, and a large table in the middle of the floor was strewed with

glasses, fruit, nuts, and half empty decanters. Paul was some moments in the room before Agatha discovered that any person had entered, nor did she raise her head until he addressed her—

"Miss Morton, with your permission, I have something of consequence to communicate."

"Jones, is that you? well, what is it you have to say?"

"During my absence from the city I have seen Mr. Hartfield."

"I trust he is in health."

"More so in body than in mind," replied Paul; "he appears to be greatly changed, since he last visited the village."

"And I too am changed!" thought Agatha. "Well, Jones, is that all you have to say?"

"He expressed a wish to see you, and a determination to effect an interview at all hazards."

"Not here, good heavens! not here, he cannot be mad enough to attempt it," she exclaimed in alarm.

"He insisted," continued Paul, "on my getting him past the sentries, and accompanying him to your place of residence."

"What is it you say?"

"He is here, and begs permission to see you," continued the other, in a cold tone of voice, that fell like a death-knell upon the ear of Miss Morton. She fell back in her seat, and exclaimed—

"Oh! mad man! to run into the toils, from which there is no escape!" and a few moments afterwards, turning to Paul, who stood eyeing her in silence, added, "I will not—I must not see him; you can bear my determination to him, and heaven grant that he may escape in safety."

"I will bear your message," replied Paul, "although it is a cold one to deliver on such a night as this."

"Stay then." It would be inhuman to treat him thus, thought Agatha, when he has hazarded both life

and reputation to see me. "Tell him, Jones, that dangers surround us on all sides; that for his sake, for my own, we must not meet."

"It shall be done," replied the other, "but had you not better tell him so yourself?"

"Convey the refusal," she continued, "as delicately as possible, for I would not wound his feelings, and more particularly at such a time as this."

"If that be the case," said Paul, "permit me to suggest that a refusal from your own lips would give less offence than from the lips of another. And I am the dullest fellow at these matters, imaginable."

Miss Morton remained silent; doubtful how to act.

"If I suffer him to depart without seeing me," she mentally said, "he will mistake my motives, and with reason consider me destitute of feeling; and on the other hand, as he is already here, an interview will not increase his danger, although the doors of my father's house are closed against him." And then turning to Paul, she said aloud—"I will see him, if it is but to reprove him for the imprudence of his conduct, and caution him against a repetition of it."

"A very charitable determination," thought Paul, as he withdrew to fulfil his mission.

CHAPTER XVI.

Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man:
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip,
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long.—*Women beware of Women.*

Gordon had scarcely passed the door before Agatha regretted the message she had sent; but it was now too late to recall it, and she remained in suspense, listening to every sound, until she heard his footstep reascending the staircase. Her heart beat violently, and in vain did she endeavour to regain her self-possession—for she felt that by thus furtively meeting a man who was forbidden her father's house, she was doing an act from which her sense of propriety should revolt; and though not criminal in itself, should it become publicly known, it would be inevitably construed to her injury. Paul ascended no higher than the first flight of stairs—pointed out to Jurian the passage to the room in which he had left Miss Morton, and withdrew. Jurian entered with a faltering step, and Agatha, trembling with agitation, rose to receive him.

"I should bid you welcome, Jurian, I should fly to meet you, were it in any other place than this."

"And I," he replied, "would fly to meet you in any place beneath the canopy of heaven. Agatha, you look dejected; you do not rejoice at this meeting."

"I could not feel otherwise than happy," she replied,

"at meeting you after so painful a separation, but I cannot relieve my mind from apprehension on your account; why have you hazarded your life for a momentary interview?"

"Because death itself would be preferable to the life of suspense I lead."

"This is romance, Jurian."

"Call it what you will," he exclaimed, "it may be termed romance by those who can behold every earthly hope fade around them with indifference; but as I conceive that the only object in life is to be happy, when happiness has fled, I do not consider it a romantic action to hazard a miserable existence to regain it."

"Nor do I; but no condition should render life of so little importance to the possessor, as to induce him to jeopard it upon every idle occasion."

"And is this an idle occasion?" He paused, and taking her by the hand, repeated, with increased earnestness, "speak, my Agatha, do you consider this an idle occasion?"

"I said not so; but surely you should not have hazarded so much to meet me."

He gently drew her closer to him, and after a struggle to conceal his emotion, exclaimed—

"You do not love as I love. You are incapable of entering into the feelings of my heart, or you would not think any sacrifice too great to effect a meeting. What I most dreaded has been accomplished. You are no longer the same being that you were. Our separation has entirely estranged you from me, and your heart is now ready to quaff the flattery of another."

The elasticity of spirit, natural to his character, had disappeared. His recklessness of manner had given place to unaffected melancholy, and he spoke in a tone of earnestness that proved his sincerity. Disappointment, and a sense of degradation, had completely changed his nature. He felt that they no longer met on equal terms, and that by his own folly he had rendered himself unworthy of her.

"Speak not of that, Jurian."

"Is it not so?—But why should I ask you to confirm my forebodings!—I feel it cannot be otherwise—and perhaps I do not deserve that it should be."

Agatha withdrew herself from his embrace, and scarcely articulated—

"Was it to reproach me that you are here? If so, rail on, but if not, do not embitter the few moments we are together."

"True, my thoughts are bitter enough, God knows, without poisoning the few moments that might be rendered otherwise."

"I have never seen you thus, even in your saddest moments. What means this change?"

"I am indeed a wretch! Fallen in my own esteem, and meriting the contempt of the world."

"So pale and spiritless! Jurian, what has happened?"

"Ask me not. My tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth before it would betray my shame, even to you, Agatha, who have known my thoughts from childhood. My soul is on the rack, and what adds to my torments is the fear that you will join in contemning a wretch who seems to have been ushered into existence for no other purpose than for the finger of scorn to point at."

"Why doubt me now?"

"You are surrounded by those whose prejudices have descended from one generation to another, until they have become inseparable from their nature. Your mind is a delicate plant, Agatha, and if that blight come over it, it will wither—there is no hope for you in this world. Your heart is mine; at one period perhaps I deserved it; then be cautious how you imbibe the prejudices of others, for rational as they may appear, they cannot fail to terminate in sorrow."

"You caution me against sorrow, and yet make me wretched. Whither does this tend?"

"Answer me, is the stain upon my birth so indelibly stamped that the ocean of tears I have shed cannot wash it away? Speak and satisfy me. Though you appear in the form of an angel, are you still a creature of this calculating world?"

"Think not so basely of me, as to imagine me insensible to your worth, and incapable of estimating the many acts of friendship received at your hands."

"Still friendship! Beloved of my soul, had you sighed for one of the stars—expressed a wish, however wild and fantastical, I would have stretched to the utmost extent of my nature to have accomplished it. My pulse has throbbed in accordance with your own. My heart has discarded its own, and adopted the feelings of your bosom. My sympathies and antipathies were all imbibed from you; and yet you say this is no more than friendship—if so, what is love?"

"A passion, Jurian, that it would have been well had we never dreamt of, and now, perhaps, it may be criminal in us to cherish."

"And wherefore criminal? Is a passion as holy as the sainted entertain for each other, less pure on earth than it would be in heaven? Whatever my faults may be, Agatha, want of devotion to you is not among the number."

Every muscle of his countenance quivered with emotion, as he struggled to suppress the intensity of his feelings. His bosom heaved, and his respiration became thick and difficult.

"A pure stream seldom flows from a corrupted fountain," replied Agatha.

"The blight of heaven is on me," he exclaimed, "and it is in vain for me to struggle, since every created thing rises up to spurn me. How have I inerited this? What act of mine has called down the wrath of heaven? Why am I doomed to bear the unceasing persecution of mankind? But I submit." He took her hand within his own, and after a pause, said—"My

dream of madness is over, and I awake to despair. Farewell, and if you can, forget me."

"Your heart is full."

"Even to breaking, Agatha. The last blow is given, and I am now prepared to meet every affliction the world can impose. My nature is changed; my mind is crushed to the earth, for it has been lashed with scorpions so long that nothing can now excite it."

The ardour of his feelings appeared to have completely subsided, and he addressed her in a calm and melancholy tone.

"Jurian, I would not have you part from me thus."

"How should we part? Surely not as we last parted, when you promised to be mine."

"My promise was never to become another's—but not thine."

"And wherefore not mine? Your heart is not estranged from me."

"Startled, but not estranged. Act as you may, it can never be estranged."

"Then why will you not promise to become mine? You long have loved me, and love me still; then why not promise?"

"Because—because"—her voice faltered, and her cheeks became more pallid.

"Speak on, dear Agatha. Though a cloud now darkens my destiny, it may yet be removed. Brighter days will break upon me. Speak on, my love."

"Because another has a stronger claim than mine."

"What other? What stronger claim can there possibly be on earth?"

"Oh! Jurian, why play a double part with me? I should be the last in the world towards whom you would act with duplicity."

A voice was heard from an adjoining room, singing a plaintive strain. The notes were wild and thrilling, and yet so low that they seemed to proceed from a greater distance.

* "The greenwood roars, and the clouds fly fast,
The damsel roams in the sea-beach blast,
And thus she sings to the dreary night,
While break at her feet the waves with might,
Her eyes above sadly roving;
My heart is now broken, the world is a void,
All earthly bliss is forever destroyed.
Thou father of heaven, thy child call away;
I have lived—I have loved—then no longer delay,
For life hath treasure but loving."

"That voice, so wildly sad! It thrills to my very soul. Who is it, Agatha?"

"Miriam Grey."

"She here? Good heavens! When did she come?"

"A few hours ago."

"Poor misguided girl!"

"Fatally misguided, indeed."

"Wherefore is she from her home? What does she here?"

"She asks for shelter for the night. You best can answer why she has deserted her mother's roof."

Jurian felt confused. He perceived that she was acquainted with what he most earnestly wished to be concealed. But why had Miriam sought shelter there? Suspicion answered the question—Gordon resided beneath the same roof, and it was natural that she should seek him at such a time. He was now convinced of the faithlessness of Miriam.

"How does the poor girl seem?"

"Broken-hearted, yet struggling against her feelings. There is no sight so melancholy as to behold a mind like hers crushed as it has been."

"Crushed, even as the flower by the rude ploughshare—never to blossom again! and yet it sends up a grateful incense in return. O Miriam! what a mind was thine!"

* Imitated from Schiller.

"And now to behold its ruins! Jurian, you have much to answer for."

"Much! but not that, Agatha, not that."

"Shame on thee! Do not add falsehood to crime."

"Has she accused me of wronging her?"

"No; what I have learnt was from broken sentences that escaped her in her anguish."

"Nor will she accuse me, Agatha."

"Of that I am aware. Her heart may break, but pride will tie her tongue. If you have not the honour to do her justice, she will never urge her claim."

"My heart bleeds for her."

"Hers has been broken for you. Do an act of justice, and heal them both."

"You know not what you urge. It is now too late."

"It is never too late to repair a wrong."

"The voice of an angel pleading for the fallen!"

"But the fallen is less guilty than he who is supplicated for mercy. Remember the time must come when you too will require a mediator—then turn not a deaf ear to me."

"O! Agatha, to hear you pleading for another, convinces me that the sacred ties between us are forever broken."

"Those ties can never be broken. They have been too long cherished now to be destroyed. They may be weakened, but not destroyed. I may find myself deceived in you, Jurian, but change as you may, you will be to me as a brother still."

The hope that Agatha would at some period return his affection with equal ardour, was now extinguished. He believed her regard for him to be still unabated, but the manner in which she had interceded for Miriam convinced him that this would avail him nothing. A sense of his own unworthiness also tended to his depression of spirit. He stood silently leaning upon her chair, loath to depart from the only being whose pre-

sence could diminish the acuteness of his feelings. Agatha remained motionless, without venturing to raise her eyes from the floor upon which they were vacantly cast, lest they might betray the struggle she had undergone in pursuing the course she had adopted. They were startled from this situation by a burst of a full band of music, immediately beneath the window. After an overture, the following verses were sung by a clear and melodious voice, to a lively Scotch air:—

The stars are fix'd—the moon is bright,
Come love, we'll take our wayward flight,
And leave a world so dark as this,
To sail through realms of wildest bliss;
It matters not where we shall light;
It is enough for us to know,
We fly together where we go;
Together cleave the gloomy night.
But if thy sail
Should chance to fail,
While floating through th' ethereal main,
To earthly eyes thou'l't seem afar,
A meteor light, a falling star,
That soon is caught in heaven again.

Let sages call it earthly bliss,
And say it suits a world like this.
Well, since that's the case, my dear,
'Tis fitting we enjoy it here,
And let them growl who cannot kiss;
Their joys may be more pure, divine,
But faith not half so sweet as mine,
Or graybeards, sure, would censure less.
If their dull books
Were like thy looks,
I too would scan their pages, love;
But as they are, I'd rather be,
One moment, faith, a fool with thee,
Than wise with them for ages, love.

The song over, the instrumental music continued. Jurian recognised the voice; he cast a look at Agatha, their eyes met, but he said nothing. His feelings had

already received so severe a blow that no additional disappointment could rouse him to complaining. Another song was now heard from the serenaders, which was shouted forth in a manner that would have justified the rage of the Thracian matrons towards the poet of the Argonauts. As the poetry was as rude as the minstrelsey, we shall not commit it to our pages. The sound of Mr. Morton's voice below alarmed the lovers, and a full sense of Jurian's situation flashed upon the mind of Agatha.

"My father has returned," she exclaimed, "and should you be discovered!"—

"Fear not for me; fate has done its worst."

"To remain here is madness. Hark! he is inviting the serenaders in. He will bring them to this room, and you must be discovered. Come, this way, this way." She seized hold of his hand and led him hastily towards the door. "O! heavens! they are already ascending the stairs. Quick, or we are lost."

They glided rapidly through the dark passage that led from the room, and ascended another flight of stairs, unperceived by the revellers, who had not yet ascended more than half way towards the first landing. The gruff voice of the major was heard—

"By my hilts, you may ridicule my vocal powers, for compared to colonel Lindsay, I am no more than an owl to a nightingale at these amatory matters, but at a hunting or drinking song, I would not cry peccavi to old Orpheus himself."

"Having practised at Donnybrook fair," replied Lindsay, laughing. "Who was your poet, major, for really he deserves as much credit as the singer."

"To be sure he does," replied the other, "for myself was the man. You may scout at my music, but don't treat my poetry uncivilly, for I will be bold to say I have seen much worse from the pen of a laureat on the king's birth-day."

"That you may safely assert, although he has a pipe of malmsey to inspire him."

"By the powers!" continued M'Druid, "in my mind the reader stands more in need of the wine than the poet to wash it down. It is a mighty pretty thing to be a poet to the king, and get your inspiration wholesale from the vintners, free of expense. I should like the trade of all others, for if there be inspiration in a hogshead, let me alone for bringing it out."

"We shall not dive quite as deep for it to-night," replied the 'squire, as he arrived at the top of the stairs, "but we shall see whether another bottle of anno domini '65 will not make you poetical."

"I shall not answer for that," replied the major, "but it will set my eye 'in a fine frenzy rolling,' which is the next thing to being poetical, for while in that state, by my hilts, I can imagine more things in half an hour, than will come to pass in half a century."

"Excuse us to-night, sir," said Lindsay, "it is now nearly twelve."

"And are you to be frightened by twelve o'clock and a bottle of wine, young morality?" said the 'squire.

"I despair of ever making a man of him," exclaimed the major. "By the time he has seen as much service as I have, he will discard these nursery notions, and not wait until pleasure has given a second invitation. She is an arrant jilt, colonel, and you should always take her at the first smile.

Since life is a span,
And a soldier's a man,
Why then let a soldier drink.

There's authority for you, and no man in his senses would ask for a better, with a bottle of old wine before him."

They entered the parlour, and again seated themselves around the table they had left but a few hours

before. As the wine circulated, the loquacity of the major increased.

"It is said that one good reason is sufficient to justify any act, but for drinking I always have three, which I cannot surmount, or I might possibly become as temperate as the colonel."

"And what are your reasons, major?" demanded Lindsay.

"The first is being thirsty."

"But you are not always thirsty, and yet always ready to drink."

"O yes, I am always thirsty when the second reason appears—good wine."

"So the first reason arises out of the second. Pray what may the third be?"

"A boundless love for it. A growing attachment that increases with years. It is one of the few passions that age cannot weaken."

Miss Buckley entered, with a countenance unusually smirking, and expressed her gratification occasioned by the gallantry of major M'Druid and the other gentlemen, in serenading them. She concluded with a low curtsey.

"By my hilts, this is rich reward for minstrel labour," replied the major. "It is an unexpected treat to be favoured with the smiles of the fair at this late hour."

The spinster dropped another curtsey, and replied—

"The troubadours of old, were a gallant people, major, and I am glad to see their spirit reviving in modern times."

"That was an age indeed, madam—the only true golden age, when a man could live upon music and love; but in these degenerate times, we require more substantial aliment; such as roast beef and porter. Who could be poetical and feed thus grossly!"

"And yet we are told that the chivalric knight-errant, Sancho Panza, was fond of the flesh pots, and his mind,

you know, was strongly imbued with poetic fervour. His romantic attachment to his charming Teresa, is a glowing picture, major."

"Every way calculated to make a bachelor deplore his celibacy," replied M'Druid, bowing.

The law passed by Diogenes king of Sparta to compel bachelors either to marry or join the army, must have had a very salutary effect upon the community, major?" Miss Buckley was never at a loss for historical matter in her conversation, and such was the variety of her reading, that her hearers were sometimes puzzled to comprehend her meaning. The major replied—

"That, madam, was a sure way to make them all belligerant."

"O, you savage! Socrates himself would not have expressed so illiberal a sentiment."

The 'squire, during the foregoing, had evinced repeated symptoms of his old complaint.

"What is the matter, brother?"

"The gout, Becky—you understand. I feel as if I should have a violent attack shortly."

"What a distressing complaint it is, major," continued the spinster; "and must have been very prevalent among the ancients, for even Cæsar's horse was troubled with tender hoofs, and though some historians say he had corns on his feet, I am disposed to think that his complaint was the aristocratic disease."

"Very possible, madam," replied M'Druid, "for doubtless he fed high."

"Being an emperor's horse, major, it is more than probable. Horses were astonishing creatures among the Romans; I should suppose a widely different animal from that of the present day, for at times they were made senators, and took part in the deliberative councils."

"In modern times we have seen senators made of a more ignoble animal," replied M'Druid.

"What animal, major."

"An ass, madam, saving your presence."

"This information is entirely new to me. I am astonished how a fact so remarkable could have escaped my notice. I have read that among he Houyhnhnms the affairs of government were entirely managed by horses, but it is no where mentioned that the ass was admitted among them."

"A modern innovation, madam; entirely a modern innovation," replied the major, bowing.

The 'squire could no longer keep his seat. He moved towards the sideboard, under pretence of getting another decanter of wine, but in fact to give a seasonable hint to his loquacious relative.

"Becky, all things in nature require rest; even the sun himself on one occasion stood still; but, zounds! there is no stopping a woman's tongue when once set in motion."

"I understand, brother."

Miss Buckley had perceived the 'squire's uneasiness for some time, and had endeavoured to touch upon no subject that might tend to increase it; but there is a facination in error difficult to subdue. There was a favourite topic that she determined not to broach. This caution had taken full possession of her mind, and she was repeatedly compelled to bite her lips, to prevent that which was uppermost in her thoughts from escaping. The hint of the 'squire had concentrated her thoughts upon that single idea, and its force became irresistible. He had scarcely resumed his seat, before out it bolted, as abruptly as a tippler from an ale-house without paying his reckoning.

"There was a custom, major, among the ancient Chaldeans"—

The 'squire interrupted her by desiring her to call his daughter, that she might thank the serenaders in person for their galliantry. The spinster rose in confusion at having trespassed on forbidden ground, notwith-

standing her resolution to be guarded. She curtseyed herself out of the room, to every one of which M'Druid returned a profound bow, remarking, as she closed the door, that he had not met with any female on this side of the Atlantic, who adhered so strictly to the rules of genuine politeness.

Miss Buckley had not left the room many moments, before the whole house was alarmed by a violent scream. The company hastened into the hall, and the 'squire hobbled up the stairs as rapidly as his gout and potations would admit. He met his sister-in-law descending, and trembling with affright.

"What is the matter?" demanded the 'squire. "Speak, Becky, what the devil ails you?"

"There is a robber in my niece's chamber," she replied, and hurried past to escape the imagined danger.

"A robber!" exclaimed all present.

"Yes, a ferocious one. The sight of him has shocked my nervous system to such a degree, that sal volatile itself will not restore my pulse to its pristine equilibrium."

"Curse your equilibrium!" muttered the 'squire, and hurried up.

"It is well, major, that the ring of Gyges, spoken of by Plato, has been lost, or there would be no safety for us in these degenerate days."

She dropped a curtsey, and bestowed a gracious smile as she rustled past the major towards the parlour. M'Druid acknowledged her presence by a respectful bow, and when she was out of hearing observed—

"So, a robber in my niece's chamber! Some lusty Hercules has got into the garden of the Hesperides, put the dragon to flight, and unless speedily prevented, bids fair to carry off the golden fruit."

Agatha, in her alarm lest Jurian should be discovered, felt justified in taking any step that might insure his safety. She dreaded the consequences of his being apprehended, and should have considered herself instru-

mental in any evil that might befall him. Her first thought was to conceal him for the present, and when all had retired to rest, he might escape in safety from the house. But where could she conceal him from the prying eyes of the domestics? No place was so sacred from intrusion as her own chamber, and though rigid propriety might condemn the measure, yet she felt as if the life of a brother were in her hands, and it would be a crime to weigh the consequences in attempting to save him. When Miss Buckley hurried unexpectedly into the room, the first object that presented itself was Jurian. She uttered a shriek, and withdrew more hastily than she entered.

When Mr. Morton reached the chamber, he discovered Jurian apparently insensible to his situation. He remained seated, unconscious of the presence of a third person.

"Who are you?" demanded the old man, "and what is your business here?" Jurian raised his eyes at the sound, and they fell vacantly upon the countenance of the other.

"Ah! is it you, thou puddle of creation? is it you? Help there!" cried the 'squire, and colonel Lindsay and the major hastened to his assistance. "Colonel Lindsay," he continued, "seize upon that traitor to his king."

As he pronounced the name of Lindsay, Jurian started to his feet. His form became erect, and his dejected countenance animated. His eyes shone with an unnatural wildness, and his lips curled with a demoniac smile, until his teeth were bare. He remained silent until Balcarras spoke—

"Do we so soon meet again?"

"We have soon met, and the sooner we part the better for one of us," replied Jurian.

"Seize upon the reptile; crush the serpent!" shouted the old man with rage.

"Nay, beware of the serpent, Lindsay. Put not thy

heel upon his head." As he spoke, his pale visage became flushed. Lindsay paused, for he recognised the changes that countenance had undergone during their meeting in the arbour. The curled lip and clenched teeth denoted that the same passions were awakened, and he was loath again to encounter them. "Stand out of the way," continued Jurian, "and let me pass."

"Never from this house, but in custody," exclaimed the 'squire, and approached to seize him. Jurian put him aside, and calmly said—

"Weak old man, that palsied hand ill becomes the office you would impose on it. Go, and let me pass." He moved towards the door.

"Do not suffer him to escape. Draw your swords if he dare to resist," cried the 'squire. Lindsay stood between Jurian and the door.

"Stand out of the way, sir. This is no place for sword-play between us, and I have no more fables to throw away on one so incorrigible. Stand aside, and let me pass."

The scornful smile was still on his lips, and he spoke in a deep collected tone, that awed the soul of the Scot. Lindsay drew his sword as Jurian approached, his weapon still by his side.

"Stand back. You do not pass this way."

"So said the rushes to the swoln stream, and still it moved on."

"Stand back."

"Beware of the fate of the rushes. There's another fable. Let it not be thrown away."

Jurian advanced, and the Scot pointed his sword at his breast.

"One step farther, and your blood be on your own head."

"So be it; and your blood, upon whose head shall it rest?"

"That will I answer for," replied Lindsay, astounded at his coolness.

"Then on your head be it."

With the quickness of lightning he sprang upon him, and in an instant the sword was wrested from the hand of the Scot. "This is no place for a drawn weapon." He seized Lindsay by both arms, and hurled him as though he had been a child, to the further extremity of the room. This was the business of but a moment.

As Lindsay fell, a loud scream was heard to proceed from a dark corner of the room, accompanied by the sound of a heavy weight falling upon the floor.

"O God! my child! my Agatha!" cried the old man, and hurried towards the spot whence the sound proceeded. The major drew his sword to prevent the escape of Jurian, but the sound of Agatha's voice had rendered the caution unnecessary. He evinced no disposition to leave the room. Mr. Morton came forward supporting his daughter, who had swooned, and desired a window to be opened, that she might breathe more freely. As his eyes fell upon the form of Jurian, he cried—

"Lead the ruffian to a place of security. My heart recoils at the sight of the poisonous reptile."

"Deride and persecute me to the last, old man, for it is your nature to inflict, but not mine to bear injuries. Look there!" he exclaimed, pointing at Lindsay, who still lay senseless upon the floor.

"Monster, do you threaten me?"

"You, the father of Agatha!"

Miss Morton, who had just revived from her swoon, heard the tones of his well known voice.

"Who calls me," she cried, starting from her father's arms. "Where is he? You have not murdered him! O God! there he lies—dead, dead!" She shrieked, and threw herself upon the body of Balcarras.

"Agatha, beloved of my soul!"

"Take him away, take him away," cried the 'squire

to M'Druid, "his presence will only tend to aggravate her feelings."

He raised his daughter from the floor, and bending beneath her weight, was hurrying nearer to the open window, in hopes that the night air would revive her.

"Stay one moment longer," said Jurian, who imagined he intended bearing her from the room, and that it was the last time he should ever behold her, "stay, I beseech you!"

"Wretch, you would not murder her too?" said the agitated father.

"My own soul sooner. Proud man, I feel I am as loathsome to your sight as the venomous toad. You have spurned me as if I were unworthy of your presence. But I have patiently borne my manifold injuries, and in the bitterest moments I have forgiven you for that lovely one's sake. Then do not fear that I shall injure her, since the love I bear her has made me pardon you."

"Lead him away."

"One moment, and I have done."

He moved towards the old man, who shrunk at his approach. Jurian threw his arms around the insensible form of Agatha, and passionately imprinted a kiss upon her colourless lips.

"Pollution!" cried her father, and thrust him from her.

"'Tis done, and I am ready to follow wherever you please. Sheathe your sword, sir; I shall make no resistance against any one but him," said Jurian, pointing at Balcarras.

"I am pleased to hear it," replied the major, putting up his sword, "for I am in no humour, I assure you, to feel your grip at present."

"Lead on."

"Ah! he is still here," cried Agatha, reviving, "then they have not murdered him!"

"That would have been mercy."

"Save him, dear father, save him."

"My child, you know not what you ask. Lead him away."

"Whither would you lead him? Of what crime is he guilty? Speak, father, speak."

"Plead not for a ruffian. Look there, my child." Balcarras had risen from the floor, his face disfigured with blood.

"Father, even the worm will recoil when trodden on."

"No more, no more. Take him from my sight."

"Farewell, my Agatha. Heaven protect you!"

"O! Jurian, we shall meet no more!—and to part thus, surrounded by your enemies! No one to mitigate your anguish—no one to feel for you!"

"Not one, say you, Agatha?"

"O, yes! there is one—and she"—

"Is on my bosom." Agatha tottered towards him, and fell upon his neck. Jurian pressed her in his arms.

"Have I lived to see this!" exclaimed her father.

"There, old man, I restore your child to you again. I have received from her a tear of sympathy—it is all I ask, and God grant it may be the only tear she will be called upon to shed in this world. Bless you, my Agatha! farewell!"

He placed her in the arms of her father, and turned to leave the room, accompanied by M'Druid. In the door he beheld Miriam standing, pale and sorrowful. She had witnessed his parting from Agatha. As he passed her, she followed him down the stairs in silence. When they had reached the lower hall, he said, in a low voice—

"You here to reproach me too! The time is well chosen."

"No reproaches have yet passed my lips."

"But your looks! they speak more than words could utter."

"I would smile, Jurian, if it were possible. But it is hard to smile when the heart is aching."

"Don't smile, for God's sake, don't smile!"

"Yet there was a time when you were pleased to see me smile."

"True, there was a time! But that melancholy smile now indicates deeper rooted despair, than the most boisterous complaints. Don't smile, don't smile!

"I will not, if it gives you pain."

"How calm your features are. Somewhat paler than formerly, and slightly changed, but as calm as ever. How is this?"

"Would you not have them calm?"

"No; give full vent to your soul in reproaches, and I can bear them all. But that look so calm, harrows my very soul. Reproach me, and I will bless you, Miriam, in return."

"And wherefore should I reproach?"

"Better that I bear your reproaches than my own."

"May you never experience either. You are in distress, Jurian!"

"Fallen and disgraced; deserted and despised—even by myself despised."

"But not quite deserted. Is there ought that I can do to serve you?"

"Peace, Miriam, peace."

"If there is command me, and it shall be done."

"Silence, I beseech you."

"If any thing on earth could make my heart joyful again, it would be in serving you."

"You torture me! Thou poor deluded and deserted one. Thou hast found the way to my heart, and thy words are venomed!"

"Jurian!"

"No more, no more. Lead on to the prison, for if I listen longer I shall become as a child. Lead on to the prison: that I can bear, but not this."

"I will follow you."

Tears started into the eyes of Jurian, as he replied—

"No, remain where you are: you have endured too much on my account already. Remain where you are, Miriam."

They separated, and the major conducted him to a place of confinement. Jurian observed a profound silence, notwithstanding the multitude of questions propounded by the loquacious M'Druid, who was unusually talkative, for wine was in and wit was out.

Miriam, after the departure of Jurian, repaired to the chamber of Agatha, whither she had been removed, in a state of extreme agitation, at the result of the night's adventure.

CHAPTER XVII.

He has filched a page from history, and calls it romance.

To-morrow let us do or die.—*Campbell.*

The American army, while encamped at Skippach creek, received a reinforcement by the junction of the troops from Peeks-kill, and the Maryland militia. The information obtained from Corwin, that a considerable force had been detached from the British army, determined the commander-in-chief to fall upon them unexpectedly, not doubting that if he succeeded in breaking their line of encampment, as they were not only distant but totally separated from the fleet, his victory must be decisive.

The British line of encampment crossed Germantown at right angles about the centre, the left wing extending on the west, from the town to the Schuylkill. That wing was covered in front by the mounted and dismounted German chasseurs, who were stationed a little above, towards the American camp. A battalion of light infantry and the queen's American Rangers were in the front of the right. The centre being placed within the town, was guarded by the fortieth regiment, and another battalion of light infantry stationed about three quarters of a mile above the head of the village.

General Washington so disposed his troops, that the divisions of Sullivan and Wayne, flanked by Conway'

brigade, were to march down the main road, and enter the town by the way of Chesnut-hill; while general Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was ordered to march down the Ridge road upon the banks of the Schuylkill, attack the enemy's left and rear, and endeavour to turn them should they retire from the river. The divisions of Greene and Stephens, flanked by MacDougall's brigade, were to take a circuit towards the east by the Limekiln road, and entering the village at the market-house, attack the left flank of the right wing: and the militia of Maryland and Jersey, under generals Smallwood and Freeman, were to march by the Old York road, and fall upon the rear of the right. Lord Sterling, with the brigades of generals Nash and Maxwell, formed a corps of reserve.

These dispositions being made, Washington quitted the camp at Skippach creek, and moved towards the enemy on the third of October, about seven o'clock in the evening. The night was uncommonly dark. The march was rapid and silent; not a drum was sounded, and the enlivening tones of the fife were hushed. Parties of cavalry silently scoured all the roads to seize any individuals who might give notice to the British of the approaching danger. The heavy and regular tramp of the army, and the words of command passing from one officer to another, were the only sounds that interrupted the dead quiet of the night. Washington in person accompanied the column of Sullivan and Wayne.

As the army approached Chesnut-hill, Washington expected that the enemy would be prepared to receive them at that spot, but on emerging from the wood, and beholding the open country unoccupied, he flattered himself that they would be completely surprised in their camp. The picket-guards were driven in, and as the Americans advanced rapidly down the main road, the hurried beat of distant drums to arms, the shrill fife, and the braying of trumpets resounded from all quarters in front of the advancing army. It was now near sunrise,

but owing to a dense fog, it was impossible for the soldiers to see more than twenty yards before them. As they ascended the hill near Mount Airy, their progress was impeded by the fortieth regiment and the battalion of light infantry posted in that quarter. A brisk fire commenced on both sides, the Americans advanced steadily beneath it, and the British soon began to waver. A youthful officer, by the uncertain light, was seen riding from one extremity of the lines to the other, encouraging his soldiers to maintain the pass. The Americans pressed forward, the enemy's ranks were broken—they fled, and were pursued into the village. A loud huzzah from those in the advance proclaimed the tidings.

The pursuit was rapid, but had not continued long before the division was commanded to halt. This interruption was occasioned by colonel Musgrave, who, with six companies of the fortieth regiment, had taken shelter in a house lying full in front of the Americans, from which they poured a destructive fire upon their pursuers. The Americans attempted to storm this unexpected covert of the enemy, but those within continued to defend themselves with resolution. A brief council between the commander-in-chief and generals Knox and Reed was held.

"Push on, push on," exclaimed Reed, warmed with the advantage gained, and impatient of delay. "Let Musgrave escape until a nobler work shall be completed."

"It is contrary to all military rule," observed general Knox, "to leave a fort possessed by an enemy in their rear."

"What! call this a fort, and lose the happy moment!" exclaimed general Reed. "Where is general Conway, let us hear his judgment." Conway was not to be found.

"It is madness to waste our time and ammunition here," continued the impatient Reed; "send a flag to the house and summon them to surrender." This

proposition was agreed to, and a young soldier advanced and volunteered to undertake the perilous expedition.

"A gallant youth, on my life," exclaimed Knox, "I hope yet to see the day when you shall wear a brace of epaulettes."

"And if so," returned the youth, "I hope I may carry them as nobly as my general." A flag was presented to the young soldier, and, as the firing abated on the part of the Americans, he dashed his spurs into the flanks of his impatient steed, and in a moment was lost in the impenetrable mist that enveloped the contending parties. A pause ensued as he approached the house, waving the striped flag over his devoted head; the pause was but momentary, and was succeeded by a platoon of musketry. An instant after the horse was seen running wild about the field of battle; his curved neck covered with blood, which left no doubt as to the fate of his rider.

"They have killed the gallant boy," cried Knox; "bring up the artillery to the assault."

The iron lips of the cannon soon proclaimed the determination of the assailants, while the brisk fire of the besieged proved that they would not surrender until the last extremity. In consequence of this attack at least one half of Washington's division remained for some time inactive, during which a great part of the left wing of the British advanced with a regular and determined step. A close and warm engagement ensued; at length the firm phalanx of the British began to melt beneath the intense fire of the Americans; a joyful "huzza!" denoted the advantage; and captain Swain, who was in the advance, cried out, "forward, brave hearts, the town is ours!" "Forward! forward!" re-echoed along the line. They advanced but a few paces, and the next moment a long extended sheet of fire blazed through the almost impenetrable mist before them, like lightning through the murky clouds. Many fell, and

the Americans hesitated to advance over the bodies of their prostrate comrades, when a deep and hollow voice exclaimed—

"Quail not, it is for freedom ye fight; for your homes, your wives and children. Quail not at an hour like this."

As captain Swain turned towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, he beheld the wild and haggard figure of Corwin. His blanket was secured over his shoulders by a leather thong; his arms were extended as if in the act of encouraging the soldiers to advance; his features were animated to frenzy; and his long and matted hair was streaming in the wind.

The eyes of captain Swain rested but for a moment upon this singular figure, and then were attracted by a more melancholy and affecting spectacle. At the feet of Corwin lay the body of a bleeding soldier, who turned his feeble sight towards his commander and stretched out his hands in token of recognition. It was Mauns Talman.

"Heaven receive you, my brave fellow!" sighed the worthy old man, and turned from the afflicting sight. His company had reloaded their arms. They advanced, and the next moment the smoke of their musketry added to the darkness that prevailed. Corwin still kept his position by the bleeding soldier, who crawled closer, and clasping his legs, endeavoured to raise himself from the earth, that he might not be trampled to death by the feet of his countrymen, who were eagerly pressing forward to partake of the dangers of the battle. The maniac stood firm and motionless, with head erect, and his wild eyes turned towards the enemy, as if the mist, that obscured the sight of others, had no effect upon his penetrating vision. Mauns had succeeded in raising himself upon his knees, but fell to the earth again, through the loss of blood.

"For God's sake, save me from a death so horrible!" he cried, as he sunk exhausted at the feet of Corwin.

"Save you; ay, and avenge you too!" cried the maniac. "Blood for blood is heavenly retribution."—Saying which he picked up the gun of the soldier; the smoke had in some measure dispersed from the spot towards which his eyes were directed; the white plumes of an officer were indistinctly seen; the fatal tube was presented, and discharged. Corwin threw down the gun and continued looking in the same direction for a few moments. The white plumes were no longer seen; he burst into a wild laugh, and shouted, "Freedom! freedom! universal and unshackled freedom!" He then lifted the wounded man from the ground, and hurried from the scene of carnage, supporting him in his arms. He had not advanced far before his ears were greeted with the exclamations, "Agnew has fallen!" "Agnew is dead!"

During this bloody conflict with the centre, general Greene came up with his column; and as a number of his troops were stopped by the division that had halted in front of Chew's house, he moved a few hundred yards north of the village, and commenced a furious attack upon the right wing of the enemy. Great numbers of the villagers by this time had ascended to the roofs of their houses, and were spectators of the fearful conflict.

Colonel Matthews, of Greene's column, assailed the enemy with such spirit, that their ranks were soon broken, and they retreated in confusion towards the centre of the village. Matthews pursued so closely upon the rear of the light infantry and the queen's Rangers, that numbers fell beneath his destructive fire, and upwards of a hundred surrendered themselves prisoners to their gallant conqueror. They were about entering the village, with victory perched beside the eagle on their banners, when they perceived they had lost sight of the rest of the division, owing to the dense fog, and the unevenness of the ground they had marched over. While in this perplexity, the extremity of the right wing of the British, seeing that there was nothing

to apprehend from the tardy approach of the militia of Maryland and Jersey, fell back, and completely hemmed in the victorious Americans.

Colonel Matthews no sooner perceived his danger than he gave over the pursuit, and prepared to fight his way to the main body of the Americans. The prisoners he had taken were rescued, and a bloody conflict followed, which, however, was of short duration. In the heat of the conflict, Corwin, mounted on a milk-white steed, richly caparisoned, dashed in between the contending parties, waving a drawn sword above his head, and shouting, "Freedom! freedom! universal and unshackled freedom!"

The impatience of the steed was evidently beyond the control of the rider, for he rushed indiscriminately among friends and enemies, while the maniac kept his seat as if wholly unconscious of the dangers that surrounded him. The figure was peculiarly striking. The war-horse, as much excited and bewildered by the din of battle as his rider, stood for a moment pawing the red earth, until the clangour of martial instruments and the scent of blood rendered him unmanageable. He tossed his head from the fresh earth he had turned up with his foot, and snorted aloud. A soldier was dying within a few paces, and the hoofs of the horse were stained with his life's blood. The generous animal then darted headlong towards the advancing phalanx of the enemy, while Corwin continued to shout, "Freedom! freedom! universal and unshackled freedom!"

His cry was lost in the report of a platoon of musketry as he approached. The horse threw back his head at the report, paused for a moment, and then rushed at full speed in the opposite direction. He had not proceeded more than fifty yards before he stopped suddenly, reared up, and fell backwards upon the earth. The blood was streaming from his breast—he raised his head, threw out one of his fore-legs, and as the din of the battle increased, the other followed. He made

a powerful exertion to regain his feet, but after several attempts, fell exhausted to the ground. He pawed in desperation, which but increased the discharge of blood from his wound; and, finally, summoning all the strength of expiring nature, he started on his feet, and pricked his ears at the braying of the trumpet. The flash was but momentary; his head gradually de-cended; he gasped for breath; his knees bent beneath his weight, and he again fell upon the bloody sward from which he had just risen. After a faint struggle his limbs were motionless.

Corwin had fortunately disengaged himself from the animal before he fell: he watched him until dead, and then directed his steps towards colonel Matthews's regiment. The British were now advancing with fixed bayonets. Two of the queen's Rangers chanced to espy Corwin, slowly crossing the space that lay between the contending parties. They clapped spurs to their horses, and in the next moment were beside the unhappy man.

"Surrender!" shouted one of his pursuers.

"To death, sooner," replied Corwin, at the same time attempting to fight his way from between the horsemen.

"Then be it as you wish," was the reply. Their swords flashed before the eyes of the maniac, and glittered in the feeble rays of the morning sun, faintly struggling through the murky atmosphere. They stood erect in their stirrups—Corwin raised his head and threw up his arms—the swords fell—and the next moment Corwin was writhing at the feet of the horses. As he fell, the Rangers darted off in a direction where their services were more required.

Colonel Matthews perceiving the impossibility of fighting his way through the enemy, and that no assistance was to be expected from the militia under generals Smallwood and Freeman, reluctantly surrendered his whole regiment, after having perform-

ed an action which has deservedly obtained him a lasting reputation for dauntless courage, and science in the art of war. In consequence of this check, two regiments of the English right wing were enabled to throw themselves into Germantown, and to attack the Americans who had entered it in flank. Unable to sustain the shock, they retired precipitately, leaving a number killed and wounded. Colonel Musgrave was then relieved from all peril, and general Grey being absolute master of the town, hastened to the succour of the right wing, which was engaged with the left of the column of Greene. The Americans then retreated, and abandoned a victory, throughout the line, of which they had felt assurance in the commencement of the action.

General Greene, with his own and Stephens's division, formed the last column of the retreating Americans. They marched in a north-westernly direction from the village, and as the pursuit was warm, upon coming to the junction of two roads, general Greene marched one division on the one road, and the second on the other, that they might aid each other, and prevent the enemy advancing by either road so as to get ahead of him.

While continuing his retreat, Pulaski's cavalry, who were in his rear, being fired upon by the enemy, rode over the second division, and threw them into the utmost disorder, as they knew not at first but that they were the British dragoons. The men scattered in dismay, and the general was apprehensive that he should lose his artillery, as he found it difficult to rally sufficient to form a rear-guard. In the midst of the confusion, he ordered his men to lay hold of each others' hands, and by this means form a chain that would stop the fugitives until they could be rallied. A number were collected: the lines were speedily formed again, and by the help of the artillery, the enemy was

obliged to give over the pursuit, after having continued it nearly five miles.

Lord Cornwallis arrived with a squadron of light horse from Philadelphia, just in season to join in the pursuit. His Lordship, apprehensive that he might be too late, ran at full speed the whole distance.

Thus terminated the battle of Germantown, which continued two hours and forty minutes. The Americans retreated the same day about twenty miles, to Perkiomen creek, and the British remained in possession of the field of battle.

History tells us, that the principal causes of the failure of this well-concerted enterprise, were the extreme haziness of the weather—which was so thick, that the Americans could neither discover the situation nor movements of the British army, nor yet those of their own; the inequality of the ground, which incessantly broke the ranks of their battalions—an inconvenience more serious and difficult to be repaired for new and inexperienced troops, as were most of the Americans, than for the English veterans; and finally, the unexpected resistance of colonel Musgrave, who found means, in a critical moment, to transform a mere house into an impregnable fortress.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How weak a thing is woman when she loves!
How fierce a thing is woman when she hates!—*Fredolfo.*

The distant roll of the drums of the retreating Americans, was now indistinctly borne along on the sluggish breeze of the morning; and the feeble rays of the sun had not yet dispersed the murky vapours that arose from the humid earth, and hung like a veil of mourning over the bloody scene, as if to conceal from the broad eye of day the carnage and desolation. The British had not yet returned from the pursuit; and those who remained in the encampment, had not sufficiently recovered from their consternation to perform the melancholy duties necessarily attendant upon collisions of this nature.

The dead and the dying—friend and enemy—were still indiscriminately strewed over the field of battle; no one yet appeared to relieve the agonies of the wounded; no one to mourn over and close the glazed eyes of the departed; where they lay stiff in their gory garments, with their deadly weapons beside them.

Here lay the war-horse in his gaudy trappings, and the bruised earth to prove the struggle and agony of the noble animal when dying: there the poor subaltern destined to be cast into his place of mouldering unwept, unhonoured, and unknown; and a little further, the aspirant of fame, who could boast as his winding-sheet,

the striped emblem of his country's freedom—who preferred blotting out the stripes with his life's blood, to basely surrendering it as a trophy to the hands of the victor.

By the uncertain light, a few solitary beings were to be seen wandering over the field of death, whose presence, by calling us back to life, only served to increase the horrors of the surrounding scene. A few of the most daring villagers had ventured forth to behold the work of destruction. Here was seen the wounded soldier, who having risen from the bed of death, was slowly tottering towards his more fortunate companions, with both hands pressed upon his bleeding wound, and pallid and gasping from the loss of blood: there was seen the sacrilegious follower of the camp, rifling the dead of those earthly vanities, which may be considered as treasures in this world, but in the next—as chaff before the wind—as dross in the crucible.

Among those wandering about, was a tall female figure, clad in a gray cloak, the hood of which was thrown over her head, and concealed her features from the eyes of the few she chanced to meet on her melancholy errand.

She bent her head repeatedly, the better to examine the faces of the slain; and was occasionally seen turning the lifeless bodies in order to accomplish her purpose. She finally approached a large tree, by the trunk of which lay the body of a soldier, apparently lifeless; his right arm thrown across his face, concealed his features from the scrutinizing eye of the spectator. She gazed upon him for a moment, and then removed the arm that obstructed her vision: she started back with horror, and the arm fell lifeless upon the ground by the side of the soldier. The aged woman stood erect, with her bony and withered hands clenched, contemplating in horror the pallid countenance before her. At length she cried—

"And is it thus I find thee! then the prayer of my

widowed heart, and not its curse be on thee—the prayer of the heart thy villany has broken."

She seated herself upon the ground, and raised the head of the soldier to her lap, and parted with her fingers the hair that hung over his manly forehead.

"Wretch, thou hast broken the last fibre of my heart," she continued, "and I came to curse thee in the bitterness of despair—yea, to destroy that life which has destroyed the last hope of mine; but the hand of another has saved me from that guilt, and changed my curse to prayer. I pray for the guilty, for thou art gone where the widow's curse would weigh heavy, and the prayer of the most sinful will be heard. No, no; I will not curse thee now, and render thee as hopeless as thou hast rendered me."

She bent over him for some minutes, rocking her slender form; her face, which still retained the marks of former beauty, being turned towards heaven, and her mind wholly occupied with her meditations.

She had not remained long in this position, when a convulsive motion of the body proved that life was not extinct. She shrunk back, and gazed wildly upon his countenance. The eyes of the soldier opened.

"Ha! ha! ha! he lives! he lives!" shrieked the old woman, hysterically, "thank God, he lives!" and at the same time rising, suffered the head of the wounded man to fall upon the earth. He soon recovered sufficiently to be sensible of his situation, having swooned from the loss of blood. The aged female stood erect beside him, with her slender and skinny arms raised, and extended over the body, as if in the act of imprecation. She continued muttering to herself—

"May his heart be smitten and withered like grass, so that he forget to eat his bread; and by reason of the voice of his groaning, may his bones cleave to his skin!"

Her wild eyes glistened with frenzy, and as the bleeding soldier gradually recovered his senses, he beheld in the right hand of the female a coarse handkerchief,

at one end of which was firmly secured a large grape shot: she darted a look of horror and indignation upon the prostrate soldier, and in her delirium assumed an attitude as if about to extinguish the faint spark of returning animation. The soldier vainly attempted to move: he raised his arm in order to ward off the impending blow, and faintly exclaimed—

"For God's sake, mother Alice, you will not murder me!"

"Expect not mercy from the tigress when thou hast robbed her of her young."

"Hear me—in mercy hear me!"

"Yes, in another world, but not in this; I came to curse you; I sought you to destroy."

"She raised her withered arm; threw the cowl from her head, and exhibited a countenance distorted and wild with passion. She planted her foot upon the breast of the prostrate soldier, who, too much exhausted to defend himself, raised his hands, reeking with his life's blood, to implore her mercy—but her ears were deaf to the call, and she was on the point of striking, when a loud voice, near at hand, exclaimed—

"Alice Grey, is thy heart still so obdurate, that he who turned the hard rock into a standing water, and the flint stone into a springing well, cannot soften it?"

"Merciful heavens, who art thou!" cried Alice, and suffered her uplifted weapon to fall harmless to the ground.

"A wretch, who for thee has eaten ashes like bread, and mingled his drink with weeping."

She raised her eyes, and beheld the haggard form of Corwin leaning against the trunk of the tree; his face was begrimed, and his straight black hair was clotted with blood, which proceeded from a gash across his forehead.

"Speak! art thou of this world, or of the world to come; hast thou arisen from the grave to curse me," cried the woman in agitation, and averted her eyes

from the bloody spectacle. Corwin still remained calm and immovable.

"My curse availeth not," he replied, "and prayers alone should ascend from the lips of the impure; and with the man of Uz, I may say, 'I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and defiled my horn in the dust; my face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death.' Then what availeth the curse of a worm so bruised and writhing?"

"Then turn from me," said Alice, "and leave me to my fate. I thought I should have been spared the shame and agony of again meeting you in this world, but now there is no bitterer curse can visit me here. Leave me, leave me!" She concealed her face in her cloak, her frame shook convulsively, and she sobbed aloud.

"Why talk of cursing?" continued Corwin, "we, who are about to go where the small and the great are, and the servant is free from his master. I curse thee, Alice!—never! thy burthen, I fear, is too heavy already. But may he who led his people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron, watch over thee." The maniac stretched his arms towards her, as in the act of bestowing a benediction. She sunk upon the earth, and drawing the hood of her cloak over her head, murmured—

"Merciful Father! low, grovelling in the dust, behold a penitent and guilty wretch supplicating for mercy!"—Her utterance became inaudible, and was finally choked by her tears.

"Ay, pray, pray to him, and I will join my guilty voice with thine; for he maketh sore and bindeth up; he woundeth and his hands make whole."

She crawled to the spot where Corwin, stood and threw her arms around his knees; after a violent struggle of feeling she raised her face, and the big tears rolled down the furrows in her cheeks. He bent his haggard eye upon her, and a tear from his heart min-

gled with those of the supplicant;—as it fell, the wretched woman exclaimed—

"You weep! Pardon, thou injured being, the guilty and miserable wretch that crushed thee." Corwin raised his hand, and pointing towards heaven, cried—

"There, there seek for pardon, and not from a sinful mortal like thyself. *There!* ere thy hope be cut off, and thy trust be a spider's web."

He raised his eyes above, and continued for some time lost in meditation; during which Alice lay at his feet, clasping his knees, and her eyes fixed upon his countenance, as if striving to trace the effect of years: at length she sobbed to herself—

"Oh God! how great a change!" The sound fell upon his ears, and he again turned his eyes towards her.

"True, Alice, I am altered indeed," he replied, "for the earth has brought forth thorns and thistles to me, and I have eaten of the herb of the field. My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they have past away."

Gordon arose, for it was he who had called forth the indignation of Alice. He was bleeding and exhausted, and stood in silence leaning against the tree.

They were interrupted by the approach of a small party of soldiers, who moved along in mournful silence, bearing the lifeless body of an officer. The fatal ball had entered his breast, and his garments were besmeared with blood. It was the gallant Agnew, who but an hour before had dreamt of a long life of glory: death closed the dream. The soldiers moved on towards the centre of the encampment, and another party appeared a few moments afterwards. On perceiving Corwin, they apprehended him, and conducted him to the spot where other Americans were secured. Alice followed, and Gordon was supported from the field.

A few words may be necessary to explain the conduct of Alice towards Gordon. Her daughter Miriam had disappeared a short time previous, and there was no

clue left to trace the direction she had taken. A few days passed in fruitless search, and the wretched mother became nearly frantic with anxiety. She knew of the attachment of Gordon to Miriam, and it was whispered that he had betrayed her. She concluded that she had absconded in order to conceal her shame. The thought appeared reasonable, and was almost insupportable. The mother left her home with the determination not to return until she had ascertained the fate of her child, the only source of earthly consolation. Her first object was to find Gordon, from whom she expected information, and on discovering him, her feelings were beyond control.

A few days after the battle, the royal army removed from Germantown to Philadelphia, but the possession of the city was not attended with those advantages which were expected from it, nor were the inhabitants of the country in the least intimidated by the event. Washington, posted on the heights of the Schuylkill, maintained a menacing attitude; he employed his cavalry and light troops in scouring the country between the banks of that river and those of the Delaware. He thus repressed the excursions of the British, prevented them from foraging with safety, and deterred the disaffected and avaricious among the people from conveying provisions to the camp. Moreover, Congress passed a resolution subjecting to martial law and to death, all those who should furnish the royal troops with provisions, or any aid whatsoever.

END OF VOLUME I.