

THE QUAKER SOLDIER;

OR, THE

BRITISH IN PHILADELPHIA.

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY A NOTED JUDGE.

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Read the following Opinion of it by our Critical Reader.

It gives us great pleasure to announce to the reading public, this new Historical Novel, called "The Quaker Soldier." It would be impossible, in this brief notice, to give a fair idea of the book; but it may be said with safety, that it is one of the most thrilling romances of the Revolution that has ever been written; and we hesitate not to predict for it a popularity not surpassed by Cooper's "Spy." The plot is one that commends itself to the reader, and the characters are all naturally drawn; while the descriptive powers of the Author give to the whole an interest that continues unabated through the whole story. One of the chief points of attraction is the vivid portraiture of social life among the Quakers of Philadelphia during the Revolution, and a full explanation of the political position they took, with regard to the War.

Charles Hazlewood, alias "The Quaker Soldier," is the only son of a wealthy Quaker family, who is driven from home by his father's strictness. His experience, both at home and abroad, when he entered on a high career of fame, and his adventures in Philadelphia and in the American Army, during the War, are full of exciting interest, and reveal to the readers that part of our history in a new phase.

Major Robinson, the Tory Partisan; Solomon Isaakski, the Pawnbroker; Mark Bartle, the Spy; Dr. Jones, the Fighting Chaplain; Allan M'Lane; Charles Thomson, and General Conway, are individuals around whose history are clustered a thick series of exciting scenes, under every variety of form; while the Battle of Germantown, and the incidents preceding and succeeding that memorable event, are described with so much graphic power and minuteness, that you almost fancy you see the fight.

The introduction of Col. Lynnford, a Continental officer of bravery and great prowess, with his negro boy Toby, is done with happy

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effect; and the heroines of the story, Kate Selwyn and Ellen Hazlewood, are embodiments of so much female loveliness, that they insensibly arouse in you a more than common feeling as to their fate. The history of the "Conway Cabal," and the secret movements of various high officials while Congress was at Yorktown, are delineated with a master's pen; and the character of the immortal Washington is drawn with faithful truthfulness.

Many of the citizens of Philadelphia can follow the narrative from beginning to end, with the reflection that the scenes occurred on the spots where now is a populous city, while others will be attracted by events which, in themselves, contain the elements of life.

We are satisfied that "The Quaker Soldier" will commend itself to the grave student, as well as to the lover of light literature; and that all will feel themselves well repaid by its perusal; and we venture to say that the author will not stop writing with "The Quaker Soldier."

From the National Magazine for March.

"It is rarely that a historical fiction of such merit makes its appearance. The Author does not give his name, but he is evidently a scholar, a man of ability, and a historical student of the first class. The action of the tale commences with the entry of the British into Philadelphia, and closes with their departure; and we have in this interval a series of brilliant pictures of the times, such as no preceding novelist has surpassed. The events leading to the Battle of Germantown, and the battle itself, are narrated with a fidelity which proves the Author to be familiar with every foot of the ground, as well as acquainted with many authentic traditions never before in print. The book, indeed, is full of local color. The Pennsylvania Dutchman, for the first time in literature, is accurately and graphically drawn. Nor is the Philadelphia Quaker less skillfully delineated; for the novelist has caught, not only the formal dialect of the sect, but the style, if we may so call it, in which genuine, old-fashion Quakers talked. This is high praise, we know; but it is deserved. There is a good deal of humor in the work; in fact, the Author succeeds in this line better than in pathos. We think the dramatic portion of the fiction superior to the narrative. In some parts of the plot there is a little exaggeration; but, on the whole, the novel is one of real merit, and will be appreciated by readers precisely in proportion to their intelligence and culture."

Copies of either edition of "THE QUAKER SOLDIER" will be sent to any person, to any part of the United States, *free of postage*, on their remitting the price of the edition they may wish, to the publishers, in a letter post-paid.

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CHEW'S HOUSE.—THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

THE QUAKER SOLDIER:

OR, THE

BRITISH IN PHILADELPHIA.

An Historical Novel.

"The shout
Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray
Of dissonant instruments, the clang of arms,
The shriek of agony, the groan of death,
In one wild uproar and continued din,
Shake the still air; while overhead the moon,
Regardless of the stir of this low world,
Holds on her heavenly way."—*Southey's Madoc.*

"The bayonet pierces, and the sabre cleaves,
And human lives are lavish'd everywhere,
As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves
When the stript forest bows to the bleak air,
And groans."
Byron.

Philadelphia:

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INTRODUCTION.

AFTER London and Paris, Philadelphia contests, with our other great American city, the third rank in Christendom. More than half a million inhabitants—vast domestic commerce—still vaster handicraft and manufacturing industry—material resources not rivaled on this Continent, if anywhere—well entitle Philadelphia to feel herself one of the great cities of the world. Yet a short three quarters of a century ago she was a provincial town of under forty thousand inhabitants. This unparalleled growth has occurred in the lifetime of many of us, under our very eyes; and does not astonish us as if it were a fact of history, seen through the vista of distance.

Philadelphia is but one of many great cities which have kept even pace until a civic cluster has grown up, the like nowhere else seen now, nor ever, except in the Magna Græcia of Ancient Italy. Where else—in what single nation of modern times—do we find four such cities as Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, in such close proximity? France has her Paris, but where are her three other cities comparable to ours? Austria has her Vienna, but what else? Even England has no second city to contest the palm with the second of our glorious galaxy.

The rise of our great cities is but one chapter. A lifetime ago reaches beyond the birth of the "Great Republic." Within that brief period—that single point on the surface of history—a great power has grown up, indisputably of the first class among the nations of the earth. Men have witnessed great empires formed gradually, like Rome and Russia; or rapidly, like Alexander's, Genghis Khan's, and Napoleon's; but they were the gathering under one government of nations already in being, without any real increase of resources, and often with a loss. Ours is a new creation, not a mere concentration; ours is a new power, created out of the raw material of national greatness. Where else does a single lifetime cover similar grand results?

We are not writing a treatise, but we must philosophize a word. The astonishing rise of our great cities and of our national power, is the natural result of free institutions under favorable circumstances. If man were left to the free impulses of his natural energy and industry, the earth would be full of similar developments. Men are governed into national weakness. But why have not other free nations grown like us? From special circumstances. Early Greece was free; but, instead of a national union, she formed a confederacy like ours before the present Constitution, and naturally fell into dissensions and wars among her States, and eventual ruin. Our National Union is the groundwork of our national prosperity. If New York and Pennsylvania were merely allies, as Athens and Sparta were under the Amphictyonic League, we should not be long without a Peloponnesian war.

Another word. The Great Republic is the child of

peace. She has carried on wars, but she owes none of her greatness to them. Her mission is peace. Her prosperity and her progress are founded on the arts of peace. She has always stood, and still stands, among the nations almost without an army and a navy. May it ever be so! But we doubt: we tremble for the future. Our race is the aggressive Anglo-Saxon. Though without an army, we are an armed nation. No people on the earth has such military spirit, and such material of military success. There needs but the insane aggression of some European bureaucracy to rouse the dormant military spirit—to turn to war-like purposes those energies which have been so matchless in the arts of peace. The fierce passion for military glory once thoroughly roused, may never again be stilled. The tiger had one lap of blood in the Mexican war, and has been restless ever since. That was a trifle in which few felt much interest. But in a European quarrel, how easily could we throw three hundred thousand men into Italy, or Hungary, or Germany! How easily could we rouse and arm the republican masses of Europe! A truce to philosophizing. We sat down to write a kind of narrative. It is an especial pleasure to contrast the position our Republic occupies in the world now with the mean figure it cut not long ago; just as the successful millionaire may recall the time when he was a penniless errand-boy. And also in reference to our native city, we often ruminate on the humble periods of our history. We have talked with men who saw the first pavement laid down; we were brought up at the feet of those who saw the "British in Philadelphia;" who fought in the battle of Germantown, and laughed over

"the battle of the kegs." We have reminiscences of those times which have never appeared in print, and probably never will.

In our day-dreams we have worked up those reminiscences into many a little romance. We have often taken an individual—real sometimes, imaginary sometimes—and placing him in contact with the incidents and the men of those times, have followed his fortunes. Our public facts would all be true; our incidents of private life mainly so, though in novel connections, and borrowed from real personages, to adorn our fictitious actors. Thus have we formed many a history which has been forgotten. Not all, however. There is one in our memory just now which we shall write down, whether artistically or not we do not know, for we are all unused to putting our fancies into words; but our readers will find out for themselves. We shall write it down anyhow.

We beg of you, serious reader, if you touch our narrative, not to call it unqualifiedly "a pack of lies." It is a work borrowed from our fancy—a work of fiction; but it contains more truths than half the histories you read. Our account of the "Battle of Germantown," for instance, is not only accurate, but the most accurate yet written, being founded on the published histories, corrected by information from many persons who were present. We might say the same of other affairs. Our object has not been to write history; yet when historical facts were to be recorded, we have tried to be historically accurate. Our object, we frankly admit, has been a work of fiction; call it romance, or novel, or whatever name you prefer. We have wished to carry you back to that humbler na-

tional period when your grandfather—mine certainly—was a rebel against the British crown, with a reasonable probability of making an acquaintance, more intimate than agreeable, with the royal hangman. Such reminiscences of the "rebellion," viewed as it appeared before success had sanctified it into a revolution, having been the "sweetest of our sweet fancies." Your tastes are the same—we hope.

THE QUAKER SOLDIER;

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BRITISH IN PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER I.

CALEB HAZLEWOOD.

THE twenty-fifth of September, in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, was a memorable day in the annals of Philadelphia. The city—then the metropolis of the rebellious colonies—had been placed by the battle of Brandywine at the mercy of the Crown; the rebel government had fled into the interior, and left it to its fate; the Royal army was encamped on the heights of Chestnut Hill, some nine miles distant; and their triumphant entry on this day had been duly arranged and announced. Truly, the twenty-fifth of September was to be a memorable day.

As the time of the grand entry was not precisely known, the city had been all excited from early in the morning. Men singly and in groups stood at the corners, and on the street sides; women and children thronged the open windows and front porches, and

doorsteps; boys clustered on the trees and fences; the population was alive with expectation. Occasionally, bands of impatient spirits, weary of waiting at any one point, would rush along the streets, gathering numbers as they went, hurrying nowhere in particular, but jostling and running over the more quiet spectators.

Thus the scene of expectation continued. But the day wore away till mid-afternoon, and still there was no sight of the Royal army. One by one the people began to drop away, and the streets were becoming gradually empty. At length, however—at the time we choose for the commencement of our narrative—the flagging hopes of the still lingering masses were suddenly revived. A horseman, in the scarlet uniform, appeared galloping into the city. At some distance behind he was attended by a single follower, apparently a mounted orderly. But, half-hidden by the cloud of dust which rolled along with him, that single follower was magnified into at least a troop, and the whole army was thought to be at hand. The excitement at once became intense. “The troops!” “The troops!” shouted and echoed in every direction, soon brought the more loyal portion of the citizens again into the streets.

The horseman, meanwhile, unaware or regardless of the excitement he caused, continued onward at a rapid gallop. His course was along that street, in the prim geography of the right-angled city, termed Second, then one of the principal thoroughfares, and the route by which the Royal army was expected. Those who took notice of such things—as some of the perceptive sex certainly did—observed that he was a very handsome man, splendidly equipped and mounted,

and that he rode like a “good cavalier,” while his follower was almost equally well-mounted, though much more plainly equipped. As we have said, the horseman rode rapidly, taking heed of none, nor regarding the excitement which arose at his coming, and died away behind him. And thus he went onward until he reached the “Old Coffee-house,” then the favorite inn, as well as fashionable resort of business and pleasure. There he halted, and throwing his bridle-rein to his attendant, sprung lightly from the stirrups.

“Major Robinson!” uttered by more than one of the crowd, showed that the officer was recognized. He was at once surrounded by an eager crowd, pressing on him with inquiries; but, with a few evasive answers, he walked directly into the Coffee-house. No tidings could be got from him, and the delay of his Majesty’s army still remained a mystery.

The crowds now began to give up hopes for the day, and were soon retiring in earnest to their homes. Of course every one had his own opinion as to the non-appearance of the troops, and many sage conjectures were exchanged on the subject. Some of the Whigs—for a few of them still remained in the city, though those of mark who were not in the service had fled to Reading and other interior towns—began to crow over their loyal neighbors in their disappointment. The Tories felt chapfallen. The full flood of their exultation was checked and thrown back.

Of the various little groups which were hastening homeward, we shall especially notice one. It was composed of three persons; an elderly Quaker, a young one, and one middle-aged man, who evidently

did not "belong to meeting." They were discussing the topic which occupied everybody's tongue; but before we phonophize their talk, we will note their appearance.

The elderly Quaker was a tall and portly personage, six feet at least, and stoutly proportioned; considerably past his grand climacteric, but so "well kept" that you could not call him old. His snuff-colored coat, drab breeches and waistcoat, and broad black beaver, all of the finest material, though quakerishly-fashioned, fitted him exactly; while, to complete his costume, you must add long silk stockings, high quartered shoes, well blacked, and silver shoe-buckles, equally well polished. On the whole, his personality was an excellent specimen of the best class of Quakers; an illustration, too, of the curious fact that the Quakers have the best complexions in our country, and are the "best kept" men and women, and actually the best dressed. His countenance was handsome, though fuller and rounder than the ordinary American type, which even at that early day had begun to become thinner and more intellectual looking than the parent race; and it showed a placid firmness, which those who "have had affairs" with the Friends would interpret into inflexible obstinacy.

The younger Quaker was of some indefinite age between twenty and forty. You have seen such men, I do not doubt; at twenty you think them old-looking, at forty the reverse; and you have generally found them men of marked character. Our young Quaker was two inches at least under six feet; broad-shouldered, deep-chested, long-bodied, narrow-hipped, yet not heavily built. At a glance, you would pronounce

him a man both strong and active. He was not handsome, however, unless you admire a prominent nose and strongly-marked features. His face was the kind which you would not fall in love with at first sight, supposing you a young lady; but which, supposing you a man who has given and taken hard knocks, you would look to with respect. Your wonder would be, what that face, tanned and weather-beaten, and marked with "the lines of fierce hopes," was doing under that Quaker beaver.

The third personage was in the garb of the "world's people;" rather small, rather oldish, but remarkably genteel; an "old beau" you would probably call him. And so he was. His well-powdered head and well-tied queue, his satin breeches and black-silk stockings, and golden knee-buckles and silver shoe-buckles, and three-cornered hat, were all exactly *comme il faut* in the dandydom of those days; and at present, if worn, would designate a "gentleman of the old school," a little older than any existing specimens.

The trio were walking side by side; the elder Quaker next the wall, and the younger outside, with the old beau between them. In reply to some remark of the other, the old Quaker was saying, "I tell thee, George Selwyn, it matters not when his Majesty's troops march in; to-day, to-morrow, or next day; the rebellion is entirely suppressed."

"Is it certain? Altogether certain?" interposed the old beau, who had been a Whig until the battle of the Brandywine convinced him of the superior merits of the Royal cause.

"I tell thee, yes. The rebel army is entirely dispersed. George Washington himself has fled over

the Blue Mountains, and will never be heard of again, unless he is taken. But I hope Government will deal mercifully with him and the other misguided men who have disturbed the peace of the Colonies. Government was severe when the rebellion of '45 was suppressed, but I hope there will be a more Christian spirit now."

"I am afraid those will have to suffer who have been so rash as to take up arms against his Majesty—God bless him!"—said the old beau, taking off his hat reverently.

"And those who gave the rebels aid and comfort, who were Whigs at heart—eh, neighbor Selwyn?" interposed the Quaker, stopping short and looking at the other with a smile.

"'Pon honor, Mr. Hazlewood," replied the other hurriedly, "I am free from the taint of rebellion."

"Thou!" said the Quaker, in a tone which implied a thousand contradictions.

"Do you doubt my word!" exclaimed the other, angrily; "a gentleman's word!"

"I suppose, George, thee will challenge me, if I doubt thy word," replied the Quaker, laughing; "but thee certainly was a Whig once. We Tories thought it strange that thou, a man of fortune, of high English family—noble family, in fact—should join in with these low fellows to oppose Government."

"I never did oppose Government," exclaimed the other. "I defy any man to prove I ever did."

"Well, George, we'll not quarrel about it," replied the Quaker; "but, any how, thee was very thick with Charles Thomson, and other noted rebels."

"I defy any man to prove I was a Whig," resumed

the other. "True enough, I did think Government had no right to tax the Colonies without their being represented, and I may have said so; but I never approved of arming against his Majesty—God bless him!"—and he took off his hat again like a true old Cavalier.

"And the right to tax the Colonies, what does thee think of it now?" said the Quaker, when the other paused while taking off his hat.

"I think," replied the beau, "I think much can be said on both sides of that question."

"But what does thee think of it, father?" here interposed the younger Quaker, who had been hitherto silent, though evidently manifesting interest in the conversation.

"I think," replied the old Quaker, more sharply than the occasion seemed to demand, "there are some questions which need not be answered, and might as well not be asked." The young man was taken aback by this answer, and seemed for a moment embarrassed, but rallied; and, as if resolved, since he had begun, to continue the exercise of his tongue, he spoke to the old beau. "George Selwyn, thee is actually not a Whig?" Before an answer could be given, the old Quaker interposed,

"Thee'd better not question neighbor Selwyn; he's been but recently converted by the Brandywine, like many others."

"Base cowards!" exclaimed the young Quaker, "to desert a good cause because it is unfortunate."

"A good cause, my son? What does thee mean?"

"I mean," replied the young man firmly, looking

at his father, "that I think the cause of the Colonies just."

"Tut, son, thee knows nothing about the controversy; thee has been out of the country until two weeks ago. Wait till thee knows before thee speaks."

"But, father, if I think the home Government has no right to tax the Colonies, is it wrong to say so?"

"My son, we are told to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. We Friends render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and we stand by the established Government for conscience' sake. Thy question is an abstraction, which it is not profitable to consider. Furthermore, my son, it is not now the time to avow such sentiments as thine."

"I will be discreet, father. But does thee feel perfectly certain that the rebellion is entirely repressed?" said the young man, with an expression on his countenance which would have puzzled anybody not acquainted with his history.

At this instant the old beau exclaimed, "My Kate! Miss Hazlewood!" and skipped forward to meet two young ladies who were approaching in the opposite direction. It was only his own daughter, and one of her friends, the daughter of our old Quaker. But the beau was in his element; bowing as nobody bows now-a-days, his hat in hand—for not to uncover to a lady would have utterly shocked the *preux chevalier* of a "lifetime ago"—and complimenting, and "making the amiable."

Those young ladies are figures in our reminiscences, and we must give you an idea of their appearance. Can we describe a lady? Doubtful.

Ellen Hazlewood was a type of Quaker beauty, some would say of female loveliness. Rather taller than the middle height, regular features, clear, red, and white complexion, a figure full, but gracefully moulded—voluptuously, we would say, were it not that the contour was chastened by the perfect innocence of her face. Her whole expression so pure, so unconscious even of its own loveliness, that you would say it had never been soiled by an evil thought. Her costume was the ordinary Quaker garb of the present day, as it was of the times we are describing, as it has been of the sect since its origin, when it was the dress of the Anglo-Saxon middle-classes, as the "thee" and "thou" was their general style of address; but she wore the Quaker garb without being disfigured by it, which we hold for a true test of female beauty.

The other lady, Catherine Selwyn, was almost a perfect contrast. Much smaller, a dark complexion, irregular and not handsome features, eyes, eyebrows, and hair of the darkest hue, hands and feet extraordinarily small; a figure, however, exquisitely moulded. At first acquaintance you would call her ugly; but when her face and eyes were lighted up from within, you would find that she was nearly the most beautiful and quite the most fascinating woman you had ever seen; the woman to inspire a grand passion of the pure Eros: the woman to lose a world for.

While her father was bowing and speaking, Catherine Selwyn's face kindled up, and the expression changed several times, as if mirroring a rapid succession of bright thoughts.

"I declare, pa," she said, as soon as an opportunity

was given her, "your bow is perfect; the best about town. I wish you would teach it to some of the rising generation—Mr. Charles Hazlewood, for instance."

"Kate! why, Kate!" interrupted her father.

"Indeed, pa," resumed she, "I am pert; I know it; but I cannot help it. When funny thoughts come, I must let them out. But do, pa, consider the scene. There you stood, making the best bow in the world; your hat gracefully waved off your head, and gracefully returned. There stood Mr. Hazlewood; he did not bow, nor take off his hat, but he nodded gracefully, and he stood like a graceful man. But Mr. Charles Hazlewood! Excuse me, pa, if I do not say how he looked."

It was a fact. The young Quaker, Charles Hazlewood, did look, just then, amazingly unlike a graceful man. When he first saw the ladies he started; then looked around as if seeking a hiding-place; then stood like an awkward school-boy, blushing and changing countenance. But Catherine Selwyn, if she knew the cause, as, wicked baggage! she probably did, ought to have been the last person to ridicule his awkward confusion.

The old Quaker probably suspected the cause; for your old Quakers are not blind in such matters, and interposed by inquiring what Catherine and Ellen were doing in the street.

"On very serious business, I assure you, Mr. Hazlewood," she answered. "We are going to a tea-party, or some other merry-making, at Mr. Pennington's. We ladies go at four; and you gentlemen will come at six, I suppose. We'll see you there, of course, Mr. Hazlewood. The officers were to have been there

but have not arrived, and so the jubilee in their honor must go on without them. I hope nobody will kill the fatted-calf for them again."

"Hush, Kate!" said her father, looking timidly around.

"Why, pa?"

"You'll get yourself into trouble."

"Not by talk, pa. The tongue is a woman's weapon; and I cannot believe even the British officers would be so ungenerous as to trouble me for using it frankly. I shall try them, any how. If I hear them talking of hanging Washington, I will laugh at them for braggarts."

"Fortunately, Kate, none will be there to-night but Major Robinson."

"Walter Robinson!" exclaimed old Mr. Hazlewood, interrupting him. "When did he arrive? Where is he?"

At the name of Walter Robinson the young Quaker girl turned pale, followed by a flush of the deepest hue, and for a moment seemed sinking down. There was evidently a secret there.

CHAPTER II.

MAJOR ROBINSON AT THE OLD COFFEE-HOUSE.

A WORD, now, of the officer who had alighted at the Coffee-house.

Major Robinson was in command of a partizan corps called the "Colonial Rangers," raised from the Tory population of the Colonies, though on the regular pay-rolls of the Royal army. From the unwillingness, perhaps, of the better class of Tories to serve against their own countrymen, troops of this kind were generally *mauvaiscs sujets*; quite as ready to plunder and burn and rob, as to fight; and Major Robinson's command was no exception. A very little more would have made them regular banditti. Their commandant, however, was an officer bearing the king's commission; and being of a very gentlemanly address, even stood high in the service. What his real character was will appear hereafter. Against his appearance certainly not a word could be said.

The host of the Coffee-house ushered him into a private apartment, with that peculiar attention which "mine host" pays only to one who is "every inch a gentleman" in his appreciation. Major Robinson ordered refreshments; a bottle of Madeira at once; dinner as soon as possibly it could be ready, and the best in the house. He then disencumbered himself of his equipments; his heavy silk scarf; his sword, with

MAJOR ROBINSON AT THE OLD COFFEE-HOUSE. 43

its belt and scabbard; a pair of pocket-pistols; and his massive silver spurs. Before he parted with the sword, he glanced over the scabbard of black morocco, half covered with silver mountings; drew the blade, a light cut-and-thrust—too light for service, unless in the hands of one who trusted more to skill than to strength—then laid the weapon down on a small table, with the hilt carefully clear of the belt. The pistols also were carefully scrutinized; the primings examined; the bullets felt with the ramrod; and then they were carefully laid down beside the sword. The scarf was thrown carefully—though with great apparent carelessness—over the whole, so as to hide the weapons almost, but not entirely. The whole manner showed that Walter Robinson was a man accustomed to keep himself and his weapons ready for whatever might happen.

Being disencumbered, the officer walked up and down the room several times, pausing occasionally before a small circular mirror to take a glance at himself. That mirror had often reflected a worse figure and face. Major Robinson would have passed anywhere for a handsome man. Not half an inch under six feet; a face of Nature's finest fashioning, though almost feminine in some of its lines; a person elegantly formed, with grace in every limb and muscle; broad shoulders, relieved by a waist narrower than usual in strong men. Add, what contributes not a little to a man's personal appearance, that he had all the accomplishments of the day, and "the habit of society," then rare in the Colonies. He danced well, rode well, fenced well, talked well; and could flirt "like an angel," as we once heard an old Frenchwoman say. He could turn

over music; could cut-out patchwork, or wind silk, or thread a needle, or talk soft nonsense, or sing snatches of tunes, or repeat ends of verses, or imitate musical instruments, or look lackadaisical; in fine, he was the very pink of agreeable men.

Just now, however, his thoughts were not exactly on carpet-knight accomplishments. After walking a few minutes he began to show considerable impatience, relieved at last by a small oath, which we shall not repeat.

"The fellow ought to be here—ought to have been here as soon as I. Where can he be loitering? But ha, that must be he!" While he was speaking thus to himself a light knock at the door was given and repeated, and immediately a person entered.

"Ha! Captain Preston! Come at last—but late?"

"Could not be helped, major; had to take a round to avoid observation."

"Where are the men?"

"The place I cannot exactly describe, but I can have them here in half an hour."

"I do not want them till after dark: be sure they are in readiness then."

"Are we not always ready?"

"I do not dispute it."

"But what is in the wind now? What special duty for us to-night? To forage among the rich Quakers? I have marked several houses where I think something can be got."

"Public duty to-night, Captain Preston."

"But, major—but—you've not asked me yet to taste your Madeira," said the captain.

"Help yourself, of course; then sit down until I explain what I want done."

"Your good health, major," said the captain, pouring out a glass of the wine, and taking a seat at the table, near the bottle and wine-glasses. Major Robinson sat down on the other side, and poured out a glass for himself; but took a gentle sip, with a genteel smack of the lips, instead of the single gulph of his ruder companion.

"I have information," resumed the major, "of several noted rebels still in the town, and I know where they will lodge to-night. I mean to nab them."

Captain Preston gave a kind of smothered whistle, and quietly said: "Will it pay, major?"

"It is my duty, as a Royal officer, to arrest them."

"But will it pay?" repeated the captain.

"I receive my pay in his Majesty's service, and that is enough pay for me."

"Major, are you funning me? You look serious. Are you going to try the game of propriety once more? I'll not stand it; I tell you, I'll not."

"What do you mean, Captain Preston?" said Major Robinson, apparently excited.

"You know what I mean. I mean exactly this. I do not care a fig for the Royal cause; nor do you. We serve the king, because it is a very good cloak for the profitable business we carry on *sub rosa*. In public, put on what appearances you please; but among ourselves, put on your own looks. You do not care for the king's cause, or you would not allow us to plunder the king's friends."

"Captain Preston, tell me when I ever countenanced any plundering of the king's friends?"

"Major, you receive regularly one-fourth the plunder we get, the rest being divided among us; and you know perfectly it must be squeezed out of friend and foe."

"You certainly do not tell me that what I have been receiving from the corps as spoils of legitimate warfare is plunder; plunder, too, of the king's friends! Certainly you do not suppose that I could have been aware of the fact? Remember, captain, I am a gentleman by birth, and an officer; how can you suppose I could countenance what would be no better than robbery!"

"This is carrying the joke too far, major," exclaimed Captain Preston, rising angrily from his chair.

"Sit down again, my friend, and hear a word of reason. Do you remember the first time we ever met? I do. Soon after I took command of the Colonial Rangers, in New York, we were involved in a skirmish with a superior force of rebels. I was cut off from the corps, and with my back to a tree was making the best fight I could against numbers. Do you remember?"

"Yes; and how astonished I was to see our new commandant—so effeminate-looking—turn out a gallant soldier."

"In my utmost strait I saw a tall man making way through the enemy, wielding a musket grasped at the muzzle, and striking down a rebel at every blow. That man was Jack Preston. You saved my life, Jack Preston; we cannot quarrel." The major sprang up and grasped Captain Preston's hand.

"We cannot quarrel," said the captain, with more emotion than you would have suspected, if you knew

his character. "You found me in the ranks; you made me a sergeant; got me my commission as lieutenant, and as captain."

"Now listen to me," said Major Robinson, when they had resumed their seats, and filled up the glasses.

"Perhaps, Jack Preston, I am as bad as you are; as the corps generally; but I try to persuade myself otherwise. I have prejudices of birth and of associating with gentlemen, which you have not. Do let me try to deceive myself, if I can. You feel free, as the Quakers say, to do things which I can not call exactly right. Take your own course; I have not hindered you, and I shall not. But indulge me in this. Do not tell me that any of the spoils you give me is plunder of the king's friends."

"Well," said Captain Preston, with a laugh, "we never plunder anybody but rebels, 'pon honor, major! And we plunder them because it is our duty to weaken his Majesty's enemies. Is that the right footing for the corps to be placed on?"

"That will do," replied Major Robinson.

"Now, major," resumed Captain Preston, "you will tell me how the corps—I do not speak of the commander—but how the corps is to gain any thing by nabbing rebels?"

"Besides several members of Congress, there is Allan M'Lean, and the fighting-parson, Dr. Jones: a heavy reward is on their heads."

"If we can nab Captain M'Lean, that will be something worth while."

"But, Preston, do not you see that catching any of

these rebels will raise the credit of the corps, and cover a multitude of sins."

"I see; I see; but are you sure of them?"

"I have their holes all marked, as we fox-hunters used to say. As soon as it is dark, you can post the men so as to catch every one of them."

"I hope you will not detain us long on the service."

"Why so?"

"We are tired, and wish to go to sleep—to sleep, of course. What else should our moral, orderly corps be doing? You do not suspect us certainly of intending to use the present opportunity, when there is no police and no patrols, to visit some of the well-filled Quaker strong-boxes; you do not suspect us, do you, major?"

The host of the Coffee-house now entered, followed by a servant to lay a table for dinner. Captain Preston accepted an invitation to remain, and the dinner was duly served. Those were days when gentlemen—all gentlemen—sat over their wine; and the two officers of the Rangers were certainly not averse to the fashion.

"The ladies!" said Captain Preston, filling up his glass after the cloth was removed, or rather running it over; that worthy, though not already drunk, being somewhat in the vinous state. "The ladies! Major Robinson; the ladies, with all the honors!"

"The ladies!—the lady! rather, I should say," responded Major Robinson, who had sipped several glasses in a gentlemanly way, and felt good-natured and friendly.

"The lady! Ha, major the lady! Narrowed down to one, I see?"

"Yes, captain, narrowed down to one—one luscious morsel, Jack Preston!"

"Who is it, major?"

"None of my old affairs, Jack; one I want to marry."

"Pfu—y—marry! You marry, major!"

"She's rich, and her fortune will set me on my feet."

"Money, not love, major? All right. A man—a wise man—may marry to get money; but only a boy—and a foolish boy, too—marries for love."

"Yes; but I do love her! Oh, Jack Preston——"

We cannot bring ourself to write down the sensuous rhapsody which Major Robinson—a true worshiper of the Anti-Eros—poured into the ears of his even more sensuous comrade.

"Besides, she's rich."

"Worth how much, major?" interrupted Captain Preston.

"Her father, old Caleb Hazlewood, a kind of left-hand uncle of mine, has some hundred thousand pounds; and there is but one child, a son, besides her."

"A brother to share the fortune. Is he man or boy?"

"A man by this time, I suppose; but I've never seen him. Six years or more ago he went away, before I came to the Colonies; and until lately has been absent."

"You have never seen him, major; and, cousin though he is, you of course care nothing about him; in fine, would just as lief he'd staid away altogether. Not so?"

"Exactly."

"Major, you must have the whole of that fortune."

"How will I get it?"

"I'll sell you his half for five thousand pounds."

"You! How will you do that?"

"No matter. Is it worth five thousand pound?"

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"Yes or no. Is it worth five thousand pounds?"

"If I am to answer: yes."

"It is a bargain, major. You are to give me five thousand pounds for the other half of your uncle's fortune. Let me fill up our glasses on the bargain."

While the captain was proceeding to carry this proposition into effect, after a light tap at the door of the apartment, the host of the Coffee-house entered, followed by our young Quaker, whom he introduced.

"Charles Hazlewood! Major Walter Robinson!"

"My cousin Charles!" exclaimed Walter Robinson, springing up with the utmost warmth, and extending his hand. The young Quaker stood an instant irresolute, then coldly suffered his hand to be taken; but his face was partly turned away, and his whole manner impersonated aversion.

"My father has sent to invite thee, Walter Robinson, to take up thy lodgings at his house. He says his sister's son will always find an apartment ready under his roof."

"He might have sent a more pleasant messenger," muttered Captain Preston to himself.

"What does thee say?" said Charles Hazlewood, who partly overheard the remark, low as it was

spoken, and turned round to the captain; dropping, at the same time, the hand of his cousin.

The captain was a little confused, for he had not meant to be overheard, but rallied immediately; and, rising from his chair, answered:

"I will repeat the remark, since you wish it. Your father might have sent a more pleasant messenger. Are you satisfied now?"

"I am satisfied that thou art a rude and unmannerly person; but my business is not with thee," answered the Quaker, turning again to his cousin.

"But my business is with you, now! How dare you call a gentleman rude and unmannerly?" As the captain spoke, which he did in an excited tone, he laid his hand on the arm of the young Quaker, as if to turn him round face to face.

"And how durst thou touch my person? It is assault and battery," said the Quaker, jerking his arm quickly from under the hand of the other, and turning full front toward him. The men stood looking into each other's faces. Captain Preston was a much taller man, and stoutly built; but the Quakers are a fearless race; and Charles Hazlewood's eye met the other's with a calmness which could not be mistaken. The gaze of a minute or less satisfied the officer; and in a much lower tone he spoke:

"Mr. Hazlewood, you forget that we officers are obliged to resent such terms as you applied to me."

"And that we Quakers are not responsible person in a military sense," interposed Charles Hazlewood. "That's true. I was wrong. We Quakers should

not apply terms which the usage of society obliges officers to resent. I beg thy pardon."

"I am glad to hear your apology. I should have been sorry to crop the ears of a respectable young man nearly related to my commanding-officer," said the captain, encouraged by the Quaker's apology.

"I tell thee, neighbor," said Charles Hazlewood, nettled by this last remark, "it is thy turn now. Thou owest me an apology for interfering in the way thou did with me in the first instance."

"You expect an apology from me? What, if I don't make it?"

"I shall think thee not a gentleman. a gentleman always makes an apology when it is due."

"Do you say I am not a gentleman?" exclaimed the captain.

"If thou refuse me an apology, I might say it."

"I do refuse. I will not make an apology."

"Then I say: thou art not a gentleman."

The captain turned hastily to a table where his sword was lying; drew it from the scabbard, and strode back toward the Quaker, exclaiming:

"I must punish the insult: I will crop his ears. Do not interfere, major!"

The Quaker, apparently not at all alarmed by the rage of the officer, stood composedly watching his movements; adding, however, as sauce to what he had said before:

"Now must I call thee coward also; thou hast drawn on an unarmed man."

Captain Preston approached with a grand flourish of his weapon, as if he meant to frighten rather than to hurt,—and possibly such was his real purpose; but

his downward cut seemed directed at the ear or the head. The Quaker sprung lightly back; dashed his broad beaver over the point of the sword; and at the instant, while the weapon was entangled in the hat, dealt a heavy left-hander on the pit of his opponent's stomach. The officer fell heavily on the floor.

CHAPTER III.

JACK PRESTON AND THE YOUNG QUAKER.

DURING the colloquy between the Quaker and the tall Captain, Walter Robinson had been weighing the invitation to his uncle's house. It was an important matter, and must be settled at once. During his former residence there, he had gained the good opinion of everybody. By dint of the utmost self-restraint, by concealing the greater part of himself, he had showed a character not altogether out of place in a pious, well-ordered household. His deficiencies were salved over in the view of his uncle by his punctual attendance at meeting on "first days," and his decorous behavior there. At the worst, the good *paterfamilias* thought of him as gay and worldly, but right at bottom; and likely to settle down some time into a staid business man. This was the character Walter Robinson was aiming at; and insinuating, plausible, adroit at deception, he acquired it fully. The real facts:—his having spent his ample fortune in England, to which he had been taken young by his father—a royal officer married in the colonies to a beautiful Quaker girl—his after profligacy, his life as gambler, pimp, bully for women of the town, his having fled the mother-country under suspicion of murder, all were entirely unknown. As was also the fact, that his present commission in the army was the reward of disreputable services, formerly ren-

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dered to an influential owner of half-a-dozen English members of Parliament. In their ignorance of what he had been, Walter Robinson not only passed muster among his colonial relatives, but was looked on with sympathy and interest; having come to Philadelphia, he said, as a penitent, disgusted with the vices and follies of London, and sorry for his own share in them.

Most especially did he gain the sympathy of his beautiful cousin, with whom he held long talks on his misfortune in having been exposed so young to the temptations of the world, and having been carried away by them—on the superior pleasure he felt in his present virtuous life—on his hope to become some day as good a man as her revered father. Add, that he was two years in the house with her; paid her those little attentions, which she was unused to from others, because the young men of her society were not accustomed to render them to any; read books with her, walked with her, rode with her; shared in her sympathies; or affected to share. Add, that her young heart was free, and the result may be imagined. That pure girl loved Walter Robinson—not the real Walter Robinson, the debauched profligate; but the interesting phantom of virtuous penitence he had adroitly substituted. On his part there was love also, so to be called we suppose; that kind of love which the satyrs felt for the maidens of early Greece. Walter Robinson and his cousin were not exactly engaged lovers, but there was a tacit understanding; and her parents had held many anxious family councils on the subject, with the ultimate decision that, at the proper time, if Walter should become a steady business man, no obstacle would be opposed to the course of events. Of

all this, however, Charles Hazlewood—through his absence—was ignorant.

Such had been Walter Robinson's position when he left his uncle's roof to enter the Royal service. Should he accept the invitation, and return to reside there again? He was strongly tempted; and yet, would he not lose—would he not run great risk of showing more than he wished? The visits of his comrades, of the officers of his corps—some accident, might develop too much of his real character. That invitation was tempting, but it must be declined. So he at length resolved after deliberating, unusually long for him, during the scene between his cousin and Captain Preston. He was roused by the violent demonstrations of the captain, and proceeded,—rather deliberately, a friend of Charles Hazlewood would have thought,—to get his sword, with the view of striking up the drawn weapon, exclaiming at the same time:

"Hold, Jack Preston! Hold! don't strike!"

However, before he was near enough to interpose, the blow was aimed and foiled in the manner we have related.

When Captain Preston fell under the powerful blow of the man of peace, the latter stood an instant, still looking the fierce determination with which he had acted; then his visage relaxed, and turning to the other officer he very composedly spoke.

"Thou art my witness, Walter Robinson, that I struck in self-defense, if the matter come before meeting?"

Walter Robinson stood perfectly amazed; looking from the apparently lifeless body to the rigid figure of his cousin, almost equally quiet and calm after such astonishing energy—looking from one to the other for

some minutes, before he found presence of mind to speak.

"Is he killed?"

"A man defending his life, does not measure the exact force of his blow. He may possibly be killed. Any how, his blood is on his own head."

"And you, cousin Charles, where did you learn to strike such a blow?"

"We Friends are not strikers; but sometimes the flesh gets the better, and we hold people very hard:—even strike occasionally."

"Cousin Charles, the flesh never taught you that kind of blow; there was regular science; a scientific hit of the hardest kind. I know it too well to be mistaken."

"We'll not discuss that point, Walter Robinson. I will leave thee with thy friend, to recover him. Let me examine." As he spoke he felt the wrist of the captain: "Not dead; a feeble pulse tho'. Unloose his neckcloth and garments, and let him lie quiet. But the invitation: does thee accept my father's invitation?"

"Give my uncle my best regards and tell him, if you please, that I feel much obliged to him; but my military duties are such, it will disturb his house too much for me to make it my quarters."

"I thank thee, Walter Robinson, for thy answer," said the young Quaker, his face showing pleasure for the first time during the interview. "Thou hast answered well; thou art not a fit inmate of our quiet house."

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the officer, his face flushed with anger.

"I mean," said the Quaker, and paused an instant,—long enough to see the folly of expressing an opinion

on his cousin's general character,—“I mean, that a soldier is not a fit inmate of a Quaker family.”

“Ha! that's it! That's nothing personal, any how.”

“I will take thy answer to my father,” said the Quaker, and without any words of leave-taking, stiffly left the room.

“What am I to do with this low beast,” said, or thought, Walter Robinson, touching the prostrate body with his foot. “I almost wish my Quaker cousin had struck a little harder, hard enough to cheat the hangman out of a subject. Still, beast though he is, the fellow is useful to do jobs which a gentleman can not be concerned in. The fellow is useful; particularly useful. There's nothing he would not do, if I pay him for it; he hasn't a scruple about him. He will certainly kill Charles Hazlewood if I don't interfere. Must I interfere? My cousin is no friend of mine; I see it by his whole manner; he is rather my enemy. Am I bound to interfere to save the life of an enemy, from the revenge of a friend who has just ground of resentment, who has been severely maltreated and naturally wishes to revenge himself? It's perfectly clear I am not bound to interfere. If Captain Preston kill the man who knocked him down, it is no affair of mine. I'll not meddle.”

“Jack Preston,” continued he, after a moment's interval, stirring the body with his foot, “are you dead, or a living man?” The prostrate officer drew a deep breath like a sigh, but showed no other signs of life. “I wonder,” resumed Walter Robinson, speaking to himself, or musing, “where my Quaker cousin learned to use his hands so scientifically, and his wonderful quickness of eye and body, only to be got by school-

ing and practice? He must have been—staid as he looks, sowing wild oats somewhat like myself. It cannot be otherwise. Ten to one, but watching him close, I'll find his morals about as good as my own.”

“But hey, Jack! Jack Preston! get up! Do not let the Quaker's blow kill you!” While speaking, he shook the body roughly.

Captain Preston breathed hardly several times, and opened his eyes. “What has happened, Major Robinson?” spoke he at length, faintly.

“Don't you remember? You got yourself knocked down by my Quaker cousin—by a Quaker, Jack!”

The captain raised himself feebly on his elbows, and gradually was able to sit upright, and to look around him in a bewildered way. All at once his recollection came to him, and he broke out into a most horrible volley of oaths, which we do not record; though we would have the countenance of some of our clerical friends, who never detail an anecdote spiced with oaths, without mixing in the seasoning. It was swearing, however, we assure you! such swearing as a Southern blackleg on a race-course, or a Northern “ancient mariner,” would envy. Volley after volley; sometimes in the same words, sometimes with variations and grace notes; volley came after volley, until the major, himself an adept in the art, but having enough now even of a good thing, interrupted him.

“Jack,” he said with a laugh, “you've sworn the hair off my head. If swearing and cursing would give you your revenge on the Quaker, you'd have had satisfaction long ago; but you'd better depend on something else. Now, however, let me help you up. But take a glass of wine, first.”

"Cogniac, if you please, major."

The medicine was administered accordingly, and the patient being wonderfully revived by the potent stimulant was soon able, with the help of the major, to sit on a chair.

Captain Preston was scarcely well seated, when the landlord entered, followed by a roughly clad person. Major Robinson turned round rather angrily to the intruders, and inquired what was wanted.

"I was directed to be here about this time, to meet Major Robinson—yourself, I suppose," said the stranger.

"Mark Bartle!" said Major Robinson; and turning his eyes fully on the individual, scrutinized him carefully from his face downward.

He was not a very elevated specimen of Adam's posterity. The man himself, about five feet seven high and rather spare; was dressed in a walnut-dyed linsey-woolsey coat, half worn and shrunk much too small for him; trousers of the same linsey-woolsey, also short, showing a goodly length of his blue yarn stockings, and the full of his cowhide shoes; an old blue vest, held together by a single button, and displaying his open tow shirt, and not a little of his tawny skin; a broad beaver, of all shapes, which evidently had seen better days, either as the Sunday hat of its present wearer or more probably in the service of some more wealthy person. But the face. Major Robinson dwelt on it some time without making up his mind. It was a difficult face; not handsome certainly—on that point there was no doubt—but the trustworthiness was very questionable. You have seen such an expression of faces on reformed rogues, who are tolerably honest at

present, but have not lost the lines of their old habits. Major Robinson shook his head doubtingly, and renewed his scrutiny.

"What do you think of me? No beauty, sure! I don't pretend to that; but I guess you'll find me a rough cocoa-nut, all good inside," said Mark Bartle at length, growing restless under this long-continued inspection, and, while he spoke, looking up with a peculiar kind of half-smile.

"You are well recommended, Mark, by good friends of his Majesty, and I hardly think you can be otherwise than true. You know the penalty of playing us false?" said Major Robinson, still fixing his eyes on the linsey-woolsey worthy.

"A short rope and a ready tree, I s'pose. But why do you s'pect me, major?"

"Who told you that I do suspect you?"

"It don't take a witch to see that."

"Answer me a few questions, fairly, and I shall give you my word that I do not suspect you. Were you born in this colony?"

"Yes, sir; in Chester county."

"What relatives have you?"

"Brothers, and sisters, and cousins, and—"

"That's enough; are they Whigs or Tories?"

"You'd hardly b'lieve it, sir, but rough as I look, my relatives are mostly Quakers. My father was read out of meetin' for—for—" he raised his hand to his lips as if drinking, "and went down, and we are still where he left us."

"Do you drink, Mark?"

"My father took enough for us all. I drink nothing stronger n'or milk or cider."

"You are a colonist; why do you engage against your countrymen?"

"I've hearn tell, major, that you were born in the colonies too," answered Mark, looking the major full in the face, for the first time since the colloquy began.

"A home-cut!" interposed Captain Preston.

"True, Mark," resumed Major Robinson, "but I am in his Majesty's service altogether. I do not live among the rebels as you do; I am not in constant danger of their vengeance."

"No danger at all, I guess. I start from home with my marketing in my wallet—no harm in that, major! nobody knows whether I'm going to the Royal camp or to the camp of the rebels, oddrot 'em! Well, I git into the right place and I ask for Major Robinson, or for General Howe. I want, you know, to sell 'em some of my butter."

"But General Howe don't buy butter, nor Major Robinson either," interposed the major, laughing.

"How do we country folks know that!" said Mark, making his expression still more bumpkinish than usual. "I guess I'll git to see General Howe, or Major Robinson, in some way, and nobody 'll be the wiser whether they buy my butter or not. And my purse will jingle quite as well."

"No doubt of the latter point. Now, Mark, we may come to an understanding. As the commander of a partizan corps, I am expected to furnish intelligence to Head-quarters. You have been recommended to me as a person well qualified for my purposes. I wish to engage you in my service,—*my* service, remember,—not General Howe's, and I will be your paymaster. I

will give you five guineas a week, and extra for any important intelligence. Here's earnest." As the major spoke, he told out five guineas.

"One, two, three, four, five,—five golden guineas!" exclaimed Mark, counting them carefully, one by one. "I never had so many in my life!"

"Are you satisfied, Mark," resumed the major; "satisfied to engage in my service?"

"Ask a cow if she's satisfied in a clover-patch! Only tell me exactly what I am to do."

"I want you to find out where the rebel army is, and how much of it is left; not much, I suppose?"

"So the tories here say," said Mark with an expression which looked like incredulity, and being observed by Major Robinson, led him to ask,

"But what do you say."

"That's 'cording as you wish; real fact, or fact to flatter your own notions, as most persons prefer?"

"Real fact, certainly."

"Then I must tell you, major, that the rebels are not near as much down as people here think. They'll fight you agin some day, before you know it."

"Nonsense, Mark, I don't believe a word of it!"

"There now," said Mark, "the fact don't flatter your own notions, major, and you'll not believe it; next time I'll know better what you want."

"I do not believe it, because I do not think you are well informed at present. However, you will visit their camp—wherever it is—and bring me accurate intelligence. I also wish you," resumed Major Robinson, after a moment's deliberation, "to watch the movements of any noted rebels who may be travers-

ing parts of the country where I can pounce on them."

"Also," interposed Captain Preston, who had been rather patiently listening, and thought it time to thrust in his oar, "also, major, don't forget the interests of the corps. If the man find out any rich rebels—in town or country—worth levying contributions on, he must let us know."

"Yes, Mark; this suggestion of Captain Preston's may be taken as if it came from me—the captain is my second in command. Now, Mark, do you remember all I have mentioned? I shall rely on your earning your wages, and on your being true. If you are not—" Major Robinson did not finish the sentence.

"Five golden guineas!" said Mark Bartle, chinking the coin in his hand; "you pay well, major; you encourage one to work for you."

"It will be better still when some service is rendered. I gave ten guineas yesterday for information which enables me to catch some rebels who have remained in town to-night. But, Mark, I've business; I'll not detain you longer. Take a glass of wine and go, and let me be able to give you ten guineas soon."

"No wine, major, no wine, but a glass of cider if you have it."

When cider had been procured and duly disposed of, the linsey-woolsey colonist departed.

It was now the dusk of the evening, and Major Robinson felt some anxiety about his arrangements failing, through the disablement of his officer. But at the first hint of this, Captain Preston got up, walked about the room; tried his breast by drawing a huge

breath and forcing it out again, took a glass of Maderia, with a vigorous smack of the lips; and pronounced himself perfectly well.

"So be it," said his commandant, and proceeded to explain in detail the measures he wished taken.

CHAPTER IV.

A QUAKER PARTY IN 1777.

It is not our purpose to describe an evening party as it appeared "a lifetime ago." We leave such reminiscences to our worthy friend, "the Annalist of Philadelphia," or his successor, the present annalist, if successor has yet arisen. On this occasion, however, we shall ask you to follow our narrative to a party—the party referred to some pages back.

It was not late in the evening—as lateness is counted now-a-days—but every body had come, and the party was in the full tide of success. The company was mixed; not mixed as the word is understood in some quarters; but mixed of sober Friends and gay people of the world—what was then called a "gay Quaker" party; the most agreeable kind of party you could have been invited to, or can yet, for it has not entirely vanished. No dancing—that physical substitute for intellectual occupation—that confession of inability to "make up" a company adepts, in the "art of society," able to amuse and be amused; but flirting plenty, talking plenty, and refreshments plenty. Do not for a moment suppose such a party prim, or formal, or silent. The most lively and gabblesome evenings we have ever spent, have been at "gay" Quaker parties. True, we have often found a row of demoiselles and dames ranged formally along a favorite wall, and

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looking as prim as their well-starched cambric 'kerchiefs and lead-colored silks, but not a whit infecting the rest of the company.

To just such a party our narrative will conduct you on the evening of September twenty-fifth, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven. Sad-colored Quakers were mixed miscellaneously with fashionably-dressed people, and were talking miscellaneously. Flirting, too, was going on, of course. That respectable old gentleman, your grandfather, whom you remember in silver knee-buckles and drab shorts, and whom you followed to the corner of Fourth and Arch, some twenty years ago, was making "sweet eyes" on your venerable grandmother, whom you never saw, but have often heard of, though he had not yet been introduced to her. Many a young heart which fluttered as warmly then as yours ever does now, has long since ceased to beat; or, if it still beats on earth, it is with the measured pulse of aged worldliness. With all this, however, we have nothing to do at present. Our narrative is interested only in three or four persons; and we mean to confine ourself, except when we forget our intention, to their sayings and doings.

Imagine yourself at a very large house; not so large nor so magnificently furnished as Mr. ——'s, but larger and more stately than most other people's of the present day; for, with all our increased pride and greater wealth, we do not build as gentlemanly houses as our fathers.

It was set back from the street, as all good houses should be; as we hope you will build yours, whenever you can afford it, *entre cour et jardin*, according to

the old French rule, being the true test that a man's taste is as patrician as his fortune. When you entered the broad hall, and ascended the broad staircase, with its massive balusters, to your dressing-room, you felt that you were in a gentleman's house, even before you came down into the large wainscoted parlors.

Imagine yourself, or imagine our narrative—we don't care which—in the large parlors of that old-fashioned wainscoted house; but you need not trouble yourself about the company—numerous and select as it was—except the friends you have been already introduced to.

Major Robinson entered in full-dress uniform; and, gorgeous with scarlet and gold lace, the only military man present—and a very fine looking person, as we have already said—he was naturally a marked figure. Many a snowy bosom beat flutteringly under the white 'kerchief as the dashing officer approached; for the fair Quaker maidens, vowed devotees of peace though they are, were like the rest of the sex, nothing averse to smile on the sons of Mars; but, with a gentle bow as he passed, he made his way to the mistress of the evening, paid his respects to her, and immediately sought his cousin Ellen.

Beautiful and rich, Ellen Hazlewood was of course surrounded by beaux, making the agreeable according to the right-angled gallantry of the "plain people." But she appeared absent-minded. In fact, she was expecting Walter Robinson. She knew of his having reached the town, and she felt that he ought to have come immediately to her. He had not done so; and he would meet her here, in public, the first time for near two years: for, since he joined the Royal army,

he had not been able to visit Philadelphia: the first time, too, since he had donned the garb of war, so irreconcilable with the principles of her sect. How should she receive him? As a cousin, certainly, was her conclusion. Still she was anxious, and scarcely answered those that addressed her. When he actually entered—she was watching, and saw him from the first—she could scarcely realize that it was her cousin-lover, so different was his appearance. It was he, nevertheless, as she felt when he came nearer to her. Her heart beat violently; her color came and went; and she fell to talking rapidly with a young person, whom a moment before she had entirely disregarded.

Walter Robinson was a perfect specimen of a man of society: self-possessed; always at ease; always ready with a compliment or a repartee; an adept at hiding his sentiments, or feigning the exactly opposite; and graceful withal. As he approached Ellen, there was nothing different in his manner, from what it would have been toward any other woman. But she talked the more eagerly, even turned her head partly away, and did not appear to notice him, even when he came directly before her and paused.

"Your Cousin Walter!" said some one to her.

"Where!" exclaimed she, and looked everywhere but in the right direction.

"Cousin Ellen!" said Walter Robinson, holding out his hand to her.

"Cousin Walter! It is long since we have seen thee," said she, in a low tone, as she turned toward him and gave her hand.

There was nothing which a looker-on could have construed beyond a very cold meeting of relatives.

Yet Walter Robinson was satisfied. The hand he held in his gently returned his pressure, and even clung fast a moment when he disengaged his clasp: the ungloved hand, we might add—white kids, though generally worn in those days, not being so all-essential at parties that a lady must cover her hands as watchfully as a Persian demoiselle veils her face; and it happened that neither Ellen nor her cousin, at that precise moment, had gloves on their right hands.

"Thee has not seen my father, Cousin Walter," said Ellen, rising, after a moment's pause. "I will take thee to him. He'll be glad to see thee. And my new brother—new to thee, I mean, for he was absent when thee was here before—he, too, will be glad to see thee."

Walter Robinson offered his arm; and, laying her hand lightly on it, she proceeded to her father.

"I am glad to see thee, Walter," said the old Quaker, whom they found comfortably seated on a couch, the predecessor, "a lifetime ago," of our modern sofa, and more modern lounge. He was sitting between his wife, Rebecca, and another comely Quaker dame, discussing, very agreeably to them, we hope, some staid and sober topic; but, when his nephew approached, he rose and shook him heartily by the hand.

"Always welcome, Walter," continued he; "though I'd rather see thee in any garb than this. Why thee is as gay as a peacock! What does thee think of him, Rebecca?"

"Fine feathers make fine birds," said Rebecca Hazlewood.

"Yes, but aunt," interposed Walter, "fine feathers

do not make the pheasant any the worse bird. I hope you will find me no worse than I used to be."

"Take a seat, Walter, with us, and tell us something of thyself," resumed Caleb Hazlewood.

Ellen sat down beside her mother; Walter Robinson brought a chair in front of the couch, and sat down.

"I cannot help looking at thee, Walter," continued the old Quaker, "thou art so much like thy father, only a little taller; and a handsomer man, I would say, if it would not make thee vain. I hope thee may be like him in every respect. He was truly an upright man; one who would keep a bargain to his own hurt. I hope thee may be like him, Walter."

"I will try, uncle."

"Thee treadest in his steps in one respect; thee hast become a soldier."

"And I will imitate him in another. I will retire from the army, as he did, as soon as the occasion allows."

"Thee will, Walter, will thee? It grieved me much when thee became a soldier; but thee followed thy convictions, and I could not gainsay thee. Thee put on the uniform in a good cause; and it was right, since thee feels free to bear arms."

"I thought it right, uncle, to assist in putting down this rebellion, and I still think it right; but, as soon as it is over—very soon it will be—I shall resign, and never more bear arms."

"Oh, Walter!" interposed Rebecca Hazlewood, "I hope thee is not obliged to take life, is thee?"

"An officer, Aunt Hazlewood, is not obliged to kill anybody," replied Walter, adroitly framing an answer

which was true, and yet a lie, in order not to shock her prejudices.

"I think it my duty," continued he, "to moderate the horrors of war as much as possible. Still, aunt, it is a terrible business! I wish I was honorably out of it. However, the rebellion must be put down by somebody; and I do not see how I can honorably refuse to do my part. You wish the rebellion put down, do you not, aunt?"

"I hardly know what I want, Walter," replied Rebecca Hazlewood. "Friends are subject to Government for conscience' sake; and yet it seems wrong to kill our countrymen—misguided though they are—and to burn their houses. It does seem wrong; does it not?"

"I almost think so myself, aunt; and yet, how can it be helped? Fortunately, it is almost over now; the rebellion is the same as repressed. I begin to feel as if I were already on a quiet farm in the country."

"A pretty farmer thee will make, such a gay butterfly as thee!" interposed the old Quaker.

"Do not laugh me out of my good resolutions, uncle," said Walter. "I've picked out my farm—next to thy country place. There is a fine old stone house, in a grove of walnut trees; a beautiful spring bubbles up on one side; a sweet brook, lined with blue lilies, runs a few yards in front; behind is a copse of wood, and the fields stretch off as far as you can see, dotted with trees and groves. You know the place, uncle?"

"My Brookfield farm, certainly

"I have been there often with Ellen, and always admired the place. Do you recollect Cousin Ellen?"

The maiden blushed as she answered affirmatively.

"Well, there I mean to live, as soon as the rebellion is over, if you will sell me the farm, or give me it. Which will you do uncle?"

"That depends on circumstances," answered Caleb Hazlewood.

"Do you not think such a quiet, peaceful life, favorable to virtue, aunt? Do you not think I shall be able to carry out some of my good intentions?"

But enough of this colloquy for our purpose, which is to convince you that Walter Robinson is certainly a very excellent young man. You expect to find him hereafter joining Meeting "on conviction," and changing his scarlet into drab. Do you not? A very edifying incident in our narrative, when it takes place,—but wait.

Some half hour afterward, Walter Robinson was standing by the side of Ellen Hazlewood in earnest conversation. His voice was so low, that amid the buzz and clatter of the party—the most convenient place in the world for special talk—none heard it but she for whom the words were meant. And she listened; her eyes cast down, and half veiled by the long silken lashes, with occasionally a quiet, timid glance around.

"Now, Ellen," resumed he, after a short pause, "I feel there is but one place in the world for me. It is where you are, and nowhere else. To be near you always—always—would be such perfect happiness! I would ask for nothing else—nothing else on earth—nothing else in heaven."

"Oh! Walter," half whispered she; "thee is wrong to speak so; thee should not speak so irreverently."

"I was carried away by my feelings—my love for you, dearest Ellen, and I forgot."

"I wish thee could feel on this point exactly as I do; then—then—my happiness would be as much—as much, perhaps, as is allowed us on this earth."

"Ellen, you are an angel, and I am only a man; a poor, weak, penitent man. But I know that I am—I am growing better and better every day. I have been growing better ever since I have associated with you. Your influence, Ellen, reformed me at first, and it will make me, continually, until I shall be—not like you—but not altogether unworthy of you. When I am away from you, Ellen—when I am away from you, is the danger."

"Hast thee kept the pocket Bible I gave thee, Walter?"

"Certainly I have."

"Does thee read a chapter every morning, as thee promised me?"

"Oh, certainly I do."

"Does thee"—as she spoke she laid her hand on his arm, and looked earnestly into his face—"does thee pray for instruction to understand what thee reads, and aid to do conformably?"

"Certainly I do. Of course—of course."

He answered without hesitation, or the slightest change of countenance.

"Oh, Walter, then thee is not far from the kingdom of Heaven! Thee has knocked at the door, and assuredly it will be opened to thee, for He has said it. Dear, dear Walter, how happy thee makes me! It matters not now, that thee wears a scarlet coat, and follows the cruel business of war. Thee is in the right way,

and certainly will be taught from above what is right. How it will rejoice my father to learn all this, and my mother."

"Does your brother Charles ever read the Bible?" interrupted Walter Robinson.

"I asked him myself soon after he returned, and he told me that was a question which ought to be left to his own conscience."

"Skillfully answered. But do you know, Ellen, where your brother was during his long absence?"

"Nobody does. He mixes but little with the family, and hardly seems one of us."

"Tells nobody where he was, nor what he was doing! That doesn't look well; doesn't look as if he had been well employed."

"He is very kind and affectionate."

"Of course your affections toward him are not particularly strong, having seen so little of him these many years?"

"He is my brother, Walter!" said she, quickly, looking up in his face.

"Your step-brother only."

"I have never known the difference. He was my dear,—dear brother, before he went away."

"If you were told that he spent his years of absence as a gay man of the world in the dissipation of Europe, what would you think?"

"I would not believe it. But thee has not heard it, has thee?"

"I cannot say altogether that I have. But I heard of a very wild dissipated young colonist named Hazlewood being in Paris. Whether it is my cousin or not, I do not know. But why doesn't he tell where

he actually was? Is there any other family of Hazlewoods in the Colonies but yours?"

"My father's cousin is in the rebel service; but I do not know of any young men of the name who have been home to England, or away from Philadelphia, except my brother Charles. It was not he, I am sure."

"It was not he, certainly; and yet what other Hazlewood was in Europe? Why does not he tell what he was doing, if he was reputably employed?"

"Oh, Walter, thy doubts distress me very—very much! How can it be possible that my brother Charles could be a profligate person? Thee cannot think so, can thee?"

"Now, Ellen, I must read you a lesson out of your own book. The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, says the Bible; and it is so. Charles may have been carried away by the allurements of Europe, in spite of his virtuous habits in your father's house, and he may now be here a reformed rake. I do not say it is so, Ellen; but it may be—it may be, and you none the wiser."

"No, no. Charles could not have been that, and appear among us as he is."

"He may even be a rake not reformed, masking himself for some purposes."

At this moment the subject of their conversation approached, with Catherine Selwyn on his arm.

CHAPTER V.

CHARLES HAZLEWOOD AT THE QUAKER PARTY.

At an earlier period of the evening, Charles Hazlewood had been—as many a good man has been—alone in the crowded company. At best he was not a "man of society." He could not walk gracefully across a carpet, nor fly to pick up a lady's handkerchief, nor achieve any one of the important trifles which make a man the lion of "society." Neither could he talk—about nothing. His conversational coin was not the currency of the ball-room, where electrotyped farthings pass better than guineas. Worst of all, he felt himself out of place; and that very consciousness added greatly to his unfitness. It is very annoying, certainly—life has few worse minor annoyances—to a man of thought and action than to come as a novice amid the graceful frivolities of society, and to find himself, there of less mark than those he so much overtops in the broader field of the world. Charles Hazlewood wished himself anywhere else.

The young man, however, did the best he could. He became an active looker-on. He walked about among people, and he looked amused, and he listened—wherever he could without impropriety. One conversation between his father and another old friend, with occasional interpolations from others of a little knot around them, interested him very much.

"I fear, friend Jones," said Caleb Hazlewood, looking all over very grave, except a little twinkle in his eyes, "that thee does not rejoice as thee should at the success of Government in suppressing the rebellion; does thee, now?"

"What does thee mean, friend Caleb," answered the other, a tall, slender, sharp-featured Quaker; "what does thee mean?"

"Thee is very slow at understanding. I mean, Jonathan Jones, that thee has cause not to rejoice altogether at the suppression of the rebellion: thee has cause, I say."

"Thee is too deep for me, Caleb; thee is too deep for me."

"Does thee forget, Jonathan, that thee will have to account for certain moneys? eh! Thee had money in thy hands as treasurer of the colony; what did thee do with it, Jonathan?"

"Thee knows perfectly well, that I paid it over to the Congress."

"Thee did, did thee! But does thee think Government will recognize that payment; does thee think so, Jonathan?"

"Any how, I have the bond-security of Charles Thomson and Robert Morris, and others; all good for the money: the bond-securities are good."

"Does thee think so? Ha! ha!" It was a quiet, almost silent laugh: a kind which the Quakers enjoy heartily.

"Charles Thomson, or Robert Morris, either is good for the whole."

"Was—thee means, Jonathan: was, before the rebellion!"

"What does thee mean, Caleb?"

"Why Jonathan, does thee not see, that all thy bond-securities, being notorious rebels, are not worth a farthing now; their property will be confiscated of course—"

"Does thee think so?" answered the colonial treasurer, taken aback by a view which had never occurred before.

"Such is the law. And in the rebellion of '45 better estates than Charles Thomson's were forfeited. But thee can plead the force put upon thee."

"I will not do that, Caleb; I will lose the money first. But Government will not surely be so harsh as to confiscate all Charles Thomson's property; surely not. He is a very upright man, and engaged conscientiously on the side of the colonies."

"The very man that Government will be likely to punish to make an example of. One such man—a man of his property and character—misleads thousands."

"Well, Caleb, any how—I can repay the money—and I believe it—was—spent—in a good cause," answered the ex-treasurer, slowly but resolutely.

"Hush!" said Caleb Hazlewood, looking around to see who overheard the remark; for tho' willing to have a joke, he did not wish his friend to compromise himself.

Charles Hazlewood heard no more of the conversation, for at this instant a hand was laid gently on his arm, and a voice spoke gently to him. He started and turned round; it was Catherine Selwyn on the arm of her father.

"Mr. Hazlewood—Charles, I mean—you have not spoken to me, this evening!"

"Haven't I!" he answered, in his confusion, scarcely knowing what he said. He had been trying all the evening to rally courage to speak to her, but had not yet succeeded. Charles Hazlewood did not know how to be in love; a very common case—with people of deep feelings. Be assured, fair lady, that the lover who approaches you unhesitatingly—compliments you glibly, and is as unembarrassed with you as with other women—loves you "wisely," but not "too well." He will marry you—if you let him, and your fortune, or beauty,—and justify his wisdom, but six months after marriage he will—let you pick up your own handkerchief: that is, unless you too have loved "wisely," and have had your fortune tied up by a strict settlement. You like "attention," I am aware; and yet you may set down particularly much attention in public to the score of particularly little love.

We do not know exactly what Catherine Selwyn thought of the young Quaker's embarrassment, but we more than half believe that she suspected the real cause. She answered, looking with a smile into his face: "No, you have not; and I certainly have reason to be offended. However, I must forgive you for old acquaintance' sake. So give me your arm, and escort me about the room. Good-by, pa." As she took the arm of the young man, she parted from her father with what we may call "a make-believe" courtesy—if you know what that is.

Her gloved hand rested on his arm—the first time. Do you recollect your sensation, my good friend, the first time such an event happened in your own case. If you do, I need not describe the young man's feelings; if you do not, you would not understand me;

and so in either case I need not say how much he was thrilled through by that light touch of the small gloved hand.

"Charles," she resumed as soon as they were walking—promenading we ought to say—"I may call you Charles—may I not? It does seem natural to call you as I used, when we were children together! Do you remember that we were children together? I do, any how. But you seem to have forgotten it; or why do you not call to see us oftener? Pa says he thinks you must have forgotten your old friends. Have you really, Charles? But you do not answer me!" She paused an instant—for the first time; but he did not avail himself of the opportunity to speak, and she resumed. "How we read together! How many books! There was Dante and Ariosto and Tasso—do you remember what a rebellious scholar I was? How I used to dispute your translation; yet I knew all the time you were right! only I liked to tease you! Have you forgiven me yet, Charles?" While Catherine Selwyn rattled on thus, she occasionally was looking innocently into the face of her—victim, we almost said—but that would be unjust—or ungentlemanly; and occasionally she gave him one of those glances which the French elegantly name *les yeux douces*, and for which the Anglo-Saxon is rather too homely for our pen. We admit, however; that our heroine—for the heroine of our narrative, we think she is entitled to be—did resort to manifestations, which savored somewhat of coquetry. Poor Charles Hazelwood! The old reminiscences her talk called up—those looks—he felt through and through. It was a great shame; that is, supposing her not in earnest;

but women—women of the world—you do such things, and always have, and always will. Catherine Selwyn's excuse would have been, that she liked to flirt—and chose to flirt—but she knew it was wrong. With Major Robinson, and such like men, there would be very little harm done, if any; but toward Charles Hazlewood—a real lover of the deepest dye—it was worse than wrong. He had loved that lady from childhood, with feelings strengthened by absence—and there is no wonder that he took “trifles light as air” for “confirmations,” and felt that he was loved in return. So convinced was he, that he would not have hesitated to “tell his love,” if—he could have summoned courage. But what were the lady's real feelings?

Catherine Selwyn was not old—only twenty—not old in years, but very old in the world. She was said to have rejected more men than any other lady in the colonies; so many, in fact, that her character was ever so little damaged; it being reported that she drew on admirers with the sole object of obtaining declarations in order to reject. One thing was certain, she had had every body at her feet, and was still not engaged. Many thought there was some old attachment in the way. Whether it was so, and whether her early playmate, Charles Hazlewood, was the object—is a point which we postpone—until he himself asks her.

However the truth might be—whether she will say “Yes,” when he is able to “put it on the touch, that wins or loses all”—he was now in the blissful realization of—the grand dream of his life: he thought himself loved. It had been his first, his only passion. He had loved her from infancy. Six years of absence—

of activity, of excitement, of danger—had not changed him the slightest. It was one of those passions, the blessing or the curse of human nature—which govern, for good or ill, a man's whole life. Some of us fall in love—as we call it; are disappointed; console ourselves with a second or, a still subsequent passion; and finally marry very happily. But there are passions which can never be repeated; there are men who can love but once. Such was the case with Charles Hazlewood. No marvel then, that in the realization of his love being returned—as he thought—he was (how shall I express it?) in a trance of bliss. He did not speak; and well for him; for, if he had, ten to one but he would have said something very silly.

He was soon awakened, however, very rudely, as he thought. Walter Robinson came up, and in the blandest manner, said:

“Your father is inquiring for you, Miss Selwyn; shall I take you to him?”

There was nothing in the matter to be quarreled with; yet the young Quaker was bitterly provoked at what he felt to be an interference, whether it was meant so or not, and he fixed his eyes belligerently on the officer with a most unquaker-like look. The young men stood an instant, face to face. As a rival, that gay man of the world, splendidly dressed and graceful and polished, was a formidable contrast to the plain Quaker.

It would be grace against strength; the gentleman against the man; flattering tongue against true heart; ten to one on the tongue, when the arena is society and the judges are—ladies. Charles Hazlewood, however, gazed steadily and sternly until the officer drop-

ped his eyes, and turned away—with Catherine Selwyn on his arm.

"What does my father want with me?" said she to her new escort, commencing the conversation as soon as they were alone.

"Your father! did I say your father? So I did! Ha, ha! All's fair in love; I meant myself. I want to promenade with you." As Walter Robinson spoke, he gave her a look—a look—we suppose it may be called of admiration.

"Mr. Robinson, none of this!" she said seriously.

"Mr. Robinson—Mr.—Mr.—I do not know him. My name is Walter; call me Walter, and tell me what you are objecting to!"

"To your manners!"

"To my manners! They are generally thought pretty good."

"To your levity, then. I want a little rational seriousness."

"Serious! I will be serious. I will ask you a serious question. Do you love me as well as I love you?"

"Provoking plague!" exclaimed she, laughing, and dropping his arm—"I'll not promenade with you."

"No scene, I beg, Catherine; take my arm again; people will say I've just been rejecting you."

"Incorrigible! I suppose I must take you in your own way."

"Take me any day of the year, it will be the happiest day of my life."

"What would you say, if I were to believe some of your gallant speeches—the last one for instance—and answer: I'll take you now—to-day; you'd be nicely caught."

"I would go down on my knees and kiss your hand, and call myself the happiest man in the world."

"You cannot help it, I suppose; but it is certainly very wrong. You cannot speak to a woman without making love to her. What will Ellen think of you?"

"Ellen—" said he, then paused in a moment's embarrassment, but with him it could be but for a moment; "I will now speak seriously. Ellen knows that I am in earnest with her—and will not mind a little make-believe toward others."

"Man of the world! How little do you know of the pure heart of a young girl. How unworthy you are of possessing it! How utterly unable you are to appreciate it—to count even the treasure which I am sorry to say, is yours."

"Sorry! sorry! I thought you were at least my friend," said he, somewhat piqued.

"Yes, I am sorry. No good can come of the dissipated man of the world being united to that innocent girl. Ellen's happiness must be shipwrecked; I know it—"

"And I know I shall make her a good husband. 'Reformed rakes make the best husbands,' is the old saying—and it's true. We have sown our wild oats before marriage, and sink afterward into quiet domestic men."

"But are you reformed—entirely reformed? Your morals may be, but your manners are not. You flirt with every body. That is what Ellen cannot understand. She is pure and true, and will be deeply wounded by your making professions to others. You must quit flirting altogether."

"My conscience!" (we substitute this exclamation

for the real expression used, which was much stronger) "you are very severe on the harmless amusements of society. These things are perfectly understood and deceive nobody."

"Not understood by Ellen—"

Their conversation was broken up at this point by a general movement as of the company retiring. "Now," said she, "I'll dismiss you and find another escort home; go look for Ellen."

Charles Hazlewood was standing not far off, for his eyes had been on them constantly since Walter Robinson had joined her.

"Charles, the company is breaking up—where is my father?" she said. The young Quaker hesitated. This was the moment he had been all the evening looking forward to—the decisive moment of the evening—of his life, perhaps. He had prepared a speech for the occasion; prepared it beforehand; and repeated it over so often that it could not but be ready at hand, now when it was wanted. It was too short to be forgotten:—"Catherine, will thee allow me to take care of thee home?"—but—when the moment came, it had slipped away.

You laugh at him, our gay young friend. You have never had the slightest hesitation about offering your services, at the breaking-up of an evening, to the lady you are in love with; not you. But you are not—our hero; and not likely to be any body's hero—except your own.

Charles Hazlewood could not, for the life of him, think of the neat little speech he had prepared for the occasion, and after considerable confusion and hesitation, he found himself saying. "I'll find him for thee,

Catherine." On which mission he immediately went; feeling—strange as you may think it—very much relieved. After some time spent in the search of her father, he returned to report himself unsuccessful. She was by this time be-shawled, and ready to go, but stood waiting for an escort. The young Quaker did not actually think of offering his services, but stood expressing his regrets at his not finding her father, until she was obliged to ask him to see her home.

Of course, you expect an account of the explanation, which he was so anxious to make, and which took place on the way. But it did not take place. Beforehand, he would have given a finger for the opportunity; but now, he postponed—and postponed—and postponed beginning, until he found himself raising the ponderous knocker at her door. It was too late for a formal declaration, now; but in order not to loose the tête-à-tête altogether, he pressed her hand with his arm as she withdrew it: which he thought at the time wonderfully bold. He could not, however, find courage to walk in, though she invited him. So ended the bashful cousin's first opportunity.

CHAPTER VI.

MAJOR ROBINSON A PRISONER.

WALTER ROBINSON was a lover of a different stamp. Without the slightest hesitation he offered his services as the escort of Ellen Hazlewood from the evening party. The conversation was such as you may imagine, if you have ever escorted a young lady—"peculiarly related to you"—from a party; and if you have not, it would not interest you at all. In either case we may omit it.

After he parted from Ellen, the young officer looked at his watch, and uttering an exclamation which sounded like a smothered oath, at the lateness of the hour, quickened his pace. His arrangements for capturing the rebels had been made, but he wished to ascertain whether his men were at their places, ready to act when the time should arrive. He was walking rapidly along, the light very imperfect, (for in those days the city fathers trusted to the moon and stars even more than at present,) his thoughts vibrating between Ellen Hazlewood whom he had just left, and the rebels whom he hoped to surprise in their lodgings, when he jostled against some men coming in the opposite direction. Exclamations not very polished were uttered by both parties, followed by one of the others saying: "An officer! I see his uniform! A

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MAJOR ROBINSON A PRISONER.

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Royal officer!" while at least two pair of hands roughly grasped his person.

"What does this mean! Who are you?" exclaimed the Royal officer, indignantly, and attempting to shake himself free.

"No you don't!" replied one of the others: "you may as well consider yourself as a prisoner, and be quiet."

"A prisoner?" said the officer, not a little mystified. "A prisoner; how can that be? I am in Philadelphia, I think, and Philadelphia is in the possession of the Royal army."

"You are a prisoner, nevertheless; and the sooner you make up your mind to walk peaceably with us, the better: otherwise we'll have to be harsh."

"But who are you? Really rebels, here in Philadelphia?"

"If it will do you any good to be satisfied on that point, I can assure you we *are* really rebels, here in Philadelphia."

"But you are liable to be taken, any minute, by his Majesty's troops—and hung."

"Thank you for the information; but I rather think his Majesty's troops are liable to be taken by us—one of them any how—do not you think so? Ha, ha!" The laugh was echoed by the others.

"Pooh! my good fellows, you are in a trap without knowing it. I've marched my corps in since night-fall. If I whistle, you will be surrounded in an instant. But I'll make a treaty; if you do not attempt to make me a prisoner, I'll let you withdraw from the city in safety."

"I should be sorry to call a gentleman a liar," said

one of the party who had not yet spoken, "especially a prisoner; but what you have just said is certainly not the truth—to put it on the mildest footing. We know that no Royal troops are in the city, except a party of Robinson's Tories. I hope you do not belong to that infamous corps?"

"Certainly not," replied Walter Robinson. "I am a major of the guards; look at my uniform."

It was rather dark, and the rebel little initiated in the mysteries of various uniforms; so he was obliged to take this reference on trust.

"But why did you tell us you had marched your corps into the city? We know the regiment of guards are still at Chestnut Hill."

"What a silly question! It was only a military ruse."

"Perhaps your calling yourself an officer of the guards, may also be what you call a military ruse."

"I never resort to a ruse without necessity; and I see no necessity for my denying being one of Robinson's corps, if I really was."

"You do not! I see a wide difference between a British officer doing his duty to his government, and a Tory fighting against his own countrymen. At all events, we make a difference. If you were one of Robinson's corps, I think it very likely you would meet with some accident, before you reached our camp."

"How so! What do you mean?"

"I mean, that Tory prisoners are unlucky in our hands: a pistol goes off accidentally—or something else happens to them, and they do not get into camp. I

do not know why it is, but Tories are unlucky in the hands of M'Lane's light troops."

"M'Lane's light troops!" repeated the Royal officer, while a cold chill ran through him; "you are some of M'Lane's men, are you? one of the best corps in the service of the Congress! But why are you so bitter against Robinson's rangers?"

"Because they are rascally marauders, who rob, murder, burn, plunder and ravish—and are banditti rather than soldiers—and particularly because they took one of our men—a fine young fellow as ever you saw—and hung him up on a high tree, about a week ago."

"What! hung a prisoner, did they?" said Major Robinson, affecting great indignation. "Give me the circumstances—I will report to General Howe, and have the persons who did it court-martialed."

"We'll not trouble you, sir. We mean to court-marshal them ourselves. Captain M'Lane has sworn—and when Allan M'Lane swears to a thing you may consider it as already done—has sworn to hang every man of the corps he can catch, until he is sure of having punished the right ones."

"Has he hung any yet?"

"When your troops march in to-morrow, they'll know something. We've marked some of 'em, and before morning, I guess you'll hear of their ornamenting the trees along the route of the Royal troops to-morrow."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the officer, thrown off his guard by this unexpected information, but immediately recovering himself, he continued in a quiet tone. "Is it possible that you would have the audacity

to do what you say: to hang up his Majesty's loyal subjects along the streets which our victorious troops will be entering! General Howe would hang every man of you in retaliation. I hope you'll not try that game!"

"Why not? Those Tories are planning to catch M'Lane himself—and others of our people—this very night, and threaten to hang him on the spot. Why shouldn't we turn the tables, and hang them—if we catch 'em? Why shouldn't we?"

"How do you know there is any plan to catch M'Lane and hang him?" said the Royal officer, perfectly amazed at his arrangements being known, and resolved to fish out as much as he could from the rebel.

"You'll have to ask Captain M'Lane himself, as soon as you get a chance—which will be some time to-morrow, I think. At least, we shall take you to his head-quarters, over the Schuylkill; where we shall expect him to-morrow."

At this point of the colloquy, the party had reached a spot called the Potter's Field. It was a large plot of public ground, a deposit of rubbish, and affording many eligible wallowing places well known to civic unclean beasts, and properly used by them: this one corner was set apart and fenced off for paupers' graves. The place struck Major Robinson as offering a good opportunity for escape; and at the sudden thought, he sprung from the midst of his captors right into the waste ground.

Before the rebels recovered from their surprise at this sudden movement of their prisoner, he was several yards away. They soon sprung after him however,

and there was a regular run, which gave the officer an idea, perhaps for the first time in his life, of the feelings of the interested party in a fox-chase. It was equally a run for life. And the pursuers animated the fun by hot exclamations and hasty pistol-shots. The Tory officer was swift of foot, and found himself distancing his pursuers. Unfortunately for him, in springing over a heap of rubbish, he alighted on the miry edge of a puddle and slipped and fell. To flounder out took time, and before it was effected, he was again a prisoner.

"I am sorry for you,"—said one of the captors, who seemed in command—"but there's no help for it: a prisoner who attempts to escape is out of mercy and liable to be shot. Shoot him through the head, Williams, and make sure of his not escaping."

The man who received this order, raised his pistol, and held it an instant, then dropped it to his side, with the exclamation: "I cannot; I cannot do it, sir; I cannot shoot a man in cold blood."

"Pooh! you are particularly squeamish! I must do it myself, then."

Major Robinson had not spoken a word since he was recaptured. Indeed, it was some time before he was able to speak, so completely was he subdued by his condition; his face plastered over with filth, his ears and even mouth full, his nose and chin and hair dripping. Nor did he speak now, when he heard the savage intimation, but suddenly throwing his arms around one of the men, he began to struggle violently as if he wished to throw him down, though his real object was to embarrass the aim of the other man. Accordingly the pistol was pointed several times and

withdrawn, until it became apparent that, as the parties were, it was impossible to shoot the Royal officer without endangering the man he had hold of. "Throw him loose from you! throw him loose!"

Major Robinson felt himself thrown violently off; but saw his danger and attempted again to close. Before he could effect it, his eyes were dazzled by a stream of fire, lighting up the darkness for an instant, and he felt the sharp whirr of a bullet. But he was not hit. Firing in haste and betrayed by that treacherous weapon, the pistol, the man had missed. "This however, at all events, is sure!" exclaimed the rebel, and struck the Tory officer on the head with the butt of his weapon, so hard that the wood was shattered.

CHAPTER VII.

SOLOMON ISAAKSKI THE PAWNBROKER.

THE Royal officer was not the only one of that evening company who "walked o' nights."

About the time of the catastrophe just mentioned, our young Quaker was also in the street, though at some distance from the scene. Rather curiously occupied however; suspiciously some would have thought, who were not aware of his entire respectability. He was standing in front of a large mansion; his person pressed close to the trunk of a tree, as if seeking concealment, while his eyes were fixed on a light which wrinkled faintly through the curtains of an upper window. How long he had been standing thus, matters not; but you may imagine why, when we tell you that it was the residence of Catherine Selwyn.

Oh the bliss of making a fool of oneself about a woman! It certainly was any thing but wise to stand there by the hour gazing on that window; yet you have done the same thing, we'll wager you a bet—at least we have, and felt ourself about the happiest man in the Great Republic. Charles Hazlewood had as much right as either of us. His happiness was cut short, by the light behind the curtain being extinguished. He then did what was, if possible, still more foolish. He sprung up the door-steps, and stooping, kissed, yes kissed the threshold:—the most

respectable word we can find to designate the lowly spot where his lips were pressed. If it had been Catherine herself he could not have started back in greater fright at his own boldness, and springing at one bound to the pavement he hastened rapidly away. But in a few minutes his speed slackened, and after a moment's hesitation he turned around and began to retrace his steps.

"No—no—no! I will not go there again to-night," he murmured to himself, and again halted. "My friends are still at the Jew's, I presume; I'll go there."

His pace was soon rapid. But either from the habit of being always on his guard, or from some particular cause, he cast a quick but scrutinizing glance on every object he passed. He held in his hand, too, used as a walking-cane, a rather stout hickory stick; even then a wood of reputation, though not yet canonized as the type of the strong but elastic American—as the oaken staff characterizes the more unbending Briton. At a particular spot he observed a man lurking in the shadow of a house, and instantly grasped his cane at quarter length, so that a moment could bring it to a guard, while his eyes were fixed watchfully to detect the slightest movement. The man did not move and the Quaker passed quickly by.

At length he reached a spot near the river bank, and paused to reconnoitre. Lamps were then even more "sparse and inadequate" than at present in Philadelphia, but there was one which threw a feeble light on the door of a house. It was a dingy-looking edifice, a story and a half high, with a very lofty,

double-hipped roof, crowned by a huge dormer window; the walls checker-built of glazed bricks; the window shutters cross-barred with iron, and studded, as the door was also, with large-headed nails. Nothing was ruinous, though old, and the whole bore the air of decayed gentility. Not a gleam of light shone from the inside; and it might well be supposed, from the lateness of the hour, that every creature within was abed.

The young Quaker gazed at the house an instant; looked around him; saw no one, and then knocked at the door three peculiar knocks—as if some concerted signal. A few minutes delay, and a step was heard approaching on the inside, and a voice spoke: "Who *is dare?*"

"A friend."

"*Vat* for friend?"

"One you know."

First the sound of bars taken down, and bolts grating in their catches; then the upper half of the door—which, like many of that day, was double—opened to the length of a short chain; which prevented its going further.

"Now—who *is* you?"

"Charles Hazlewood."

"Oh yes."

The person on the inside was in total darkness and reconnoitred an instant through the chained door: "oh yes—in *trut mine junk* friend."

More fastening was unloosed and the upper half of the door opened: then another bar and divers bolts were withdrawn and the under half of the door followed: and Charles Hazlewood entered. The door

was shut after him, and the next instant, the place was lighted up from a dark lantern, which was suddenly opened.

The place where Charles Hazlewood found himself was a kind of vestibule, or short entry;—a square hole closed by a slide in one side of the wall and a door at the further end;—apparently the entrance of a pawnbroker's shop. While the owner was returning the bolts and bars of his outer doors, Charles gazed on him with deep interest; not so much on account of his appearance as from his character. Yet his appearance was sufficiently peculiar; a large oval head was set on a very large oval body; the neck so short, that the short oval seemed to rise immediately out of the larger; the legs so inconsiderable, that the two ovals together made a man under five feet; while the arms were long and muscular. But the face and forehead were grand; full of intellect and benevolence, with a slight seasoning of something like cunning, though not enough to impair the general effect: you could not but wonder what those features were doing on the shoulders of a pawnbroker.

Yet Solomon Isaakski was more than a pawnbroker, and it was of this Charles Hazlewood was thinking. He was a very wealthy Polish Jew, whom sympathy with the revolted Colonies, struggling for the rights of man against the gigantic power of Britain, had drawn to America. In support of the cause, no son of the soil was more zealous, and none more ready to sacrifice what men hold most precious; few were more meritorious. His ease—no slight matter with him—his money—still more precious—was lavished unsparingly. Many a time when Morris and Reed and Thomson were at

fault, the Polish Jew stepped forward and advanced the funds to carry on the war—to move the army, or equip the fleet; and, as a parenthesis, we may add that down to the present day those loans are said to be not repaid. For his services he was honored—and a great honor he considered it—with the esteem and friendship of the Commander-in-chief. The pawnbroker's shop was more a pretext than a real business; though possibly with his noble qualities he mingled some of the hereditary habits of his race. Not much to his gain however. For the business was left in the hands of a poor Jew, who under the name of clerk received the profits as his salary. These facts were not all known at this time to the young Quaker, who merely looked on the Jew as a rich pawnbroker, ardent in the Whig cause; but enough was known to excite his interest.

The last bolt of the outer door was carefully drawn; the second door passed and bolted behind them with equal care; and they were in a room of considerable size, filled with a most miscellaneous collection of articles; through which they found, with some difficulty, a meandering way. At the further side the pawnbroker opened a door, and a blaze of light shone out from an exceedingly well-lighted apartment. The young Quaker entered and found himself in a company—rather extraordinary for a pawnbroker's house, at midnight.

There were three persons present: the most striking, a tall and rather slender man, some forty years old, or thereabouts; with a face remarkably handsome, except the nose, which was rather prominent, eyes keen and bright, and his general appearance manifesting great

vigor and energy. He was dressed in full black, but his coat of a military cut was evidently a chaplain's uniform. Near by him sat a man, not quite so tall and considerably younger, but not unlike him in figure and general appearance—except the prominent nasal sign. He was in the blue and buff of the Continental service; his epaulettes at least a captain's, and a pair of handsome steel-cut pistols with a serviceable-looking sword were stuck in his sash. The third of the trio was the man in linsey-woolsey, who had been with Major Robinson at the Coffee-house; and whom we then intimated to look at best like an equivocal piece of honesty.

The three were seated at a table covered with papers, and at the entrance of the young Quaker, the two officers sprung up to welcome him; being evidently old acquaintance.

"Dr. Jones! Captain M'Lane!" exclaimed the Quaker. "I am glad to see you indeed; but you run great risks. Robinson's Tories are in town looking for you; on the wrong track, however."

"Ha, ha, ha!" sounded in a low chuckling laugh from the man in linsey-woolsey.

"Our friend here, Mark Bartle,"—said Captain M'Lane—"could tell you something of that, since he sent them astray. Let me make you acquainted with Mark: a true man—though you may see him under various colors. And Mark, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Hazlewood; that rare animal, a Quaker Whig—*rari aves*—how is it doctor? you are a Latinist—as our old schoolmaster had it."

"Never mind the Latin, M'Lane"—replied the chaplain—"stick to the English—stick to the English."

"Stick to the English! rather curious advice from you, doctor—eh!"

"Do be serious for once, M'Lane. We wish our Quaker Whig to know Mark—and trust him; he may have occasion for his services."

"You may trust him implicitly, as a true Whig," resumed the chaplain. "I can vouch for him; I have known him from infancy; know his father well, and all his kin; so you need not suspect him when you see him—as you often will—under Tory colors."

"On your assurance, Doctor, I will trust him"—said the young Quaker, offering his hand. Mark Bartle took the hand thus offered, and held it an instant with some emotion; then said; "You doubt me, sir; you doubt me, I see you do; I wish—oh! how I wish, every true Whig to know me as I really am."

"Tut, Mark," said the chaplain, "what nonsense! We know what you are. General Wayne knows what you are. Even his excellency, the commander-in-chief, has heard of you—"

"What! Washington himself?"

"Himself. I have spoken of you to him. I shall mention your services to-day—"

"Will you, Doctor; will you? And he has heard of me—he—that's enough for me; I'll never feel bad again at being a spy. But, Doctor, did not I trick the Tory major; sent him down to old mother Pierce's to catch Whigs! How he'll rout the old woman out of bed to search her house!"

"Mark," said the chaplain seriously, "you tangled your business too much when you enlisted as Major Robinson's spy; it was dangerous enough to pass yourself off as a Tory, in order to gain intelligence. You

will find yourself strung up some of these days a foot or so too high."

"I like it, Doctor; I like to handle a tangled skein. As to the hanging, I don't believe hemp harder than lead; and would as lief die by one as by the other. In the cause of our country you do not fear a bullet, and I don't fear a rope."

"That's a new view of the matter," interposed M'Lane; "and philosophically considered, perhaps right. But Doctor—to show you I can be serious—let us finish our business."

"Yes—well," resumed the chaplain. "Mr. Isaakski will receive the reports of our city agents, and forward the intelligence through Mark and other men. All is arranged I think; is it not, M'Lane?"

"I do not recollect any thing else."

"And now, Mark, you may go. And we may go also. I shall leave the town immediately. When do you set off M'Lane,—with me?"

"To tell you the truth, Doctor, I mean to sleep in town; and to-morrow I mean to hold possession until the British march in and drive me out."

"You!" exclaimed the chaplain; "one of your hair-brained adventures is in the wind, I suppose."

"But Robinson's Tories are already in town," said Mark.

"It must be only a marauding excursion; they will be withdrawn before daylight," replied M'Lane.

"What force have you?"

"Fifteen; the rest are escorting the stores up the river."

"But where are they—in your breeches pocket?"

"At a good Whig tavern in Sassafras street. The

men are in the hay-mow; the equipments under the hay; the horses in the stable beneath."

"Hah!" laughed the chaplain; "but, Mark, you may go. And remember when you come to Mr. Isaakski by night, you give three distinct knocks. Now go." Mark Bartle was conducted out of the house by a back door which led toward the river.

"Does the Jew know you, Hazlewood?" said M'Lane.

"Only as a Whig Quaker. I was introduced to him by a letter from his Excellency."

"Do you mean to tell him who you really are?"

"While I remain in Philadelphia, I am nobody but Charles Hazlewood—even to my most confidential friends."

"Yet Mark Bartle knew you; I could see he did. But you can trust him; your secret is safe in his keeping."

The pawnbroker now returned, and at his entrance spoke:

"Gentlemens, vill you break bread mit me? You be hungry mens I knows; come mit me."

"True enough. I have been too busy to eat much to-day," said M'Lane, as they all rose from their seats and followed the Jew.

The place he led them to, was up a short flight of stairs, in the back buildings of the house. "Here is mine library and dining-room," said the Jew. As they approached, the door was thrown suddenly open—by some machinery we suppose—and a perfect blaze of light flashed into the dark entry. The young Quaker was perfectly dazzled and astonished, and at every step as he entered, his astonishment increased. Never

in the colonies—never anywhere—had his eyes beheld any thing like the scene. His companions, who were untraveled men, used only to the homely things of a new country, uttered an involuntary exclamation. The apartment could have been fitted up only in a dream, or by the gorgeous tastes of the Orient.

They were in a tent surpassingly magnificent. Crimson cloth of cashmere flowing from the centre gracefully to the walls, was gathered there by a golden cord into Saracenic arches, each forming with its drapery a gentle alcove; and in each alcove was a divan of some unknown, but rich and lustrous fabric; between every alcove, all around, hands of burnished silver stretched forth, holding each a lighted waxen torch. In one of the alcoves hung a magnificent Turkish sabre—the cold blue light of its Damascus blade, chastening the sparkling diamonds of its jeweled hilt; and beneath, an equally splendid dagger and a pair of plain but costly pistols; but no other furniture of any kind appeared. Neither doors nor windows were seen, and even their place of entrance was hidden by the drapery which fell behind them as they advanced.

Following their host, they walked across the middle of the tent, their feet at every step sinking deep into a luxurious Persian carpet. At the further end, the drapery of the back of an alcove rolled up, by some invisible means, and displayed through the open arch, another tent even more gorgeous, though smaller. In place of divans were cushioned arm-chairs of rare workmanship and luxurious pattern, and the back of each alcove was a single mirror; but there seemed no other difference in the furniture.

"Dis ish me dining-room, toder ish me library vare

I pass me solitude," said the Jew. "Pray sit down, and honor me bread."

The guests saw no signs of table, nor preparations for a feast, but they felt a little as if they were in an enchanted land, and each chose an arm-chair.

"Not in *dat* one," said the host, pointing to a chair marked SACRED, "*dat ish his* chair; Vashington sat in dat chair *ven* he honor me roof, and none oder ever sits dare."

"Noble fellow!" exclaimed M'Lane.

"You ought to have lived in the days of your great forefathers," said the chaplain; "you are worthy of the best of the Beni Israel."

The Jew seemed moved, but merely said—after a moment's pause, "Pray be seated, gentlemen."

As they sat down, a table rose from beneath the centre of the floor, chastely set out with plain silver plates and goblets and other table furniture, and supplied with substantial viands, such as a "good-man's" larder might supply on a sudden call. At the same instant, their chairs began to move, and slowly approached the table.

"This is magic," exclaimed M'Lane.

"Your machinery is perfect," said the young Quaker; "as noiseless as the movements of the stars."

But it was some time before any of the company, not even the chaplain and captain, could do justice to the good cheer before them—so struck were they all with a scene, which none of them had ever dreamed of. The first who recovered himself completely was the young Quaker, who spoke.

"You are a Sybarite, Mr. Isaakski."

"I do love mine ease," answered the Jew. "Vy not?"

vat for ish de monies but to enjoy dem; ve cannot take dem mit us ven ve dies."

"Few have such taste in providing enjoyment. See here, Captain M'Lane," he touched the spring, which rolled down the back of his arm chair and converted it into a lounge; "see here."

"My yung frend," said the Jew, "you ish premature, finish your meat first and den lie down."

"Ha, ha! but now tell me about these tents. What is your fancy for fitting up your apartments like tents?"

"I vill tell you. I love de tent; me faders dwelt in de tent, tree tousand year ago, and a curse has been on de Beni Israel since ve leave de tent and live in de house. I do love de tent, and here I lives in me tent, ven not busy; dough none comes here but mine chosen friends; here I lives and fancies meself in de desert of the Holy Land. Oh! mine yung frend do not laugh at me tent."

"Laugh at your tent! If I were like you, a descendant of the chosen race, I would worship the tent—or weep over it—as a symbol of our departed greatness. And your tent! it is worthy of Solomon ben David; the summer tent of the Grand Seignor is not more magnificent."

"Have you been in de East?"

The young Quaker replied in some language, guttural enough for Arabic, and a short conversation ensued in the unknown tongue, closed by the remark in English:—"Excuse us, gentlemen, we forgot that we are not now in the East."

"Me yung friend astonishes me," added the Jew, "he has been all over the Eastern land; even among

the Hebrews of Balk; and he speak all de language. But you no vare see Hebrews not oppressed?"

"Nowhere!"

"He no vare see Hebrews not oppressed."

The Jew paused—as if under a new train of thought—and a cloud darkened the usual joyousness of his countenance; then his voice burst forth: "Oh me frends, dis cause must not go down! It is de cause of me own race and peoples; it is mine own cause. Every vare ve Hebrews are treated as brute-beasts, not as mens; ve hab no rights, but de right to make moneys for de oppressors. If dis cause succeed ve vill be mens, and citizens, and freemens; den you vill see vat ve Hebrews can be. Oh! mine frends, ve vill be like oder mens, if oder mens vill let us. Me frends! me frends! dis cause must not go down! ve mus fight for it till de death! Meself vill fight too!" He sprung up with an activity no one could anticipate in his unwieldy figure and rushed into the other tent, to the great astonishment of his guests, whence he returned in a minute or two, fully armed with pistols, dagger and sabre; his countenance lighted up with enthusiasm, and his whole appearance martial. "Me vill fight too! Me bear arms once! Me vill fight in dis cause till de death."

The chaplain sprung to his feet, exclaiming: "My noble friend! My brother in that vow! I also am of a proscribed race—the Puritans—proscribed since the Restoration, as yours has been since the great siege. Side by side we fight the battle of proscribed and oppressed men, and we will fight to the death! We cannot be conquered. We cannot be conquered! Never! never!"

"We cannot be conquered! Never! never!" exclaimed the Jew.

"Never! never!" added the young Quaker and the captain. This burst of enthusiasm was followed by a moment of silence; which was first broken by the Jew: "I wish Vashington could have held Philadelphia."

"A fig for Philadelphia," said the chaplain, snapping his fingers. "It only gives the enemy winter-quarters, no more: their only gain is to lodge in houses instead of lodging in the fields—as we must. Why, Mr. Isaakski, they have not opened the Delaware, and they cannot; but if they do, their only gain will be feeding their troops by water. What do you say, M'Lane?"

"I see no reason to be discouraged by the loss of the Brandywine and the fall of Philadelphia. Indeed their occupation of this city will injure more than help them. They cannot keep it, and by abandoning it they will lose more character than if they had never taken it at all."

It was now very late, and after a few more general remarks the company separated.

The Jew carefully locked and bolted and barred his doors after his retiring guests, returned again to his dining-room, divested himself of arms, and of coat, shoes and neckcloth—unclasped his knee-buckles, drew on a rich oriental gown, a pair of slippers and a turban. Then he sat down on one of the chairs; changed it into a lounge; adjusted the cushions under his head and back and shoulders, so that gently reclining, he could reach the table with his right hand. A plate of Smyrna figs and a bottle of Shirauz wine were drawn near enough to be reached; he filled a goblet and took a gentle sip, followed by a gentle taste of

one of the figs. Thus he continued sipping the Shirauz and tasting the figs; his whole countenance a mirror of gratified wishes; and his meditations as luxurious as his outward comforts.

"Solomon, son of David, you were a wise man," ran the tenor of his musing, "and you enjoyed the good things of life; you took your ease—your ease—and you were right. You had a kingdom to trouble you however, and I have not! I am luckier than you. I have nothing, nothing, nothing but these revolted colonies! and a great fool I was to bring this trouble on myself. What were they to me that I should sacrifice my ease to them! my ease to them!" the chain of thought was gradually fading into the obliviousness of sleep, but ere entirely unconscious, he touched a spring in the table. As if under magic, tables and viands sunk gradually downward through the floor; and in their place, after a few minutes, appeared a marble stand with a basin and ewer of oriental fashion, and every convenience for drink or ablution. But ere this the luxurious Israelite was entirely asleep.

Shortly afterward a female, exquisitely beautiful, in fact the fairest of Circassians, entered the room, followed by an aged Nubian. Softly as their steps could fall, they walked up to the Israelite. The Circassian looked at her husband a moment in silence, made a sign to the negress, and softly retired. The negress extinguished the waxen torches; except a single one in a distant corner, which shed a soft twilight through the tents, and she too retired.

Such were the domestic habits—the private life—of the rich Polish Jew; a type of the oriental man—for

he was as energetic when roused to action, as he was luxurious in his softer hours. The outer world knew nothing of his luxury, as it knew nothing of his secret magnificence nor of his great wealth.

The three guests of the Hebrew sybarite left his door together

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTRY OF THE ROYAL ARMY INTO PHILADELPHIA.

THE next day, the memorable twenty-sixth of September, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, the Royal troops actually took possession of Philadelphia, then the metropolis of the revolted Colonies; an event which was hailed at the time, in Great Britain, as the final act of the rebellion, and was signalized by every kind of rejoicing; while not a few irresolute Whigs regarded it with fear and doubt. Not so the great leaders of the Colonists; the enthusiasts, like the chaplain, the chivalrous patriots, like Captain M'Lane, all these only felt warmed up to the struggle.

Yet there was much in the appearance and perfect "appointment" of the British troops, to awe even the stoutest Whigs of the city. And to give full effect to the impression, the first who marched in were the select troops of the whole army—the four grenadier regiments, under Lord Cornwallis. Those grenadiers were picked men, "tall and proper," few being under six feet, all admirably armed and equipped; their lofty bear-skin caps increasing their even already gigantic stature; and their splendid uniforms of scarlet, dazzling and bewildering the spectator. Then their slow and stately march, section and file accurately ordered, every eye stern and fixed, showing well that the soldier had abandoned for the time all sympathy for his fellow-

man; every step in measured cadence, as if one volition moved the whole; the deepest silence throughout, save the strains of national music, varied by the measured stroke of the solemn drum, or the word of command caught up from officer to officer along the column. Even for those days, when the "pomp and circumstance of war" was far better observed than now, the march of those grenadiers, entering the city, was striking, and, to the citizens of plain and simple Philadelphia, it appeared a beautiful though terrible pageantry.

The march of the troops was directly down Second-street to the southern extremity of the city called Southwark, where, from some cause which history has forgotten, their quarters were selected. The reception on their way was friendly, but seemed cold. There were spectators, but the streets were not thronged, as on the day before; the multitude being perhaps disheartened by that disappointment, and not inclined to gather, and those that did were comparatively silent. The Whigs, sad and chapfallen, were, of course, quiet; and the Royalists, for the most part Quakers, were too placid for the shout and hurra. The only lively sound of welcome came from the Tory boys; who, ever and anon, would shout their loud "Huzza for King George!"

Occasionally the column halted; and, after an infinity of complicated motions and multiplied "words," for the drill of that day was as cumbersome as it could well be made, the soldiers were allowed to stand at ease. At once the rigid lines of ranks and files were softened; the stern, fixed visages relaxed; the soldiers became men, with the passions and thoughts of other

men. Then friendly greetings were exchanged with the citizens; jokes bandied, especially with the boys; slight services, such as a drink of water, modestly asked for, and cheerfully rendered. The officers, and many of the men, took the opportunity to partake of various refreshments, which the zealous Royalists handed out from their houses, and of which the choice currant-wine and old Maderia were particularly in favor. This pleasant interlude would end at the tap of the drum, and the measured movement of feet keeping time, without advancing forward, would commence; then the successive words were passed along; and finally the animated machine was set in motion, and the march resumed.

Of the spectators, none looked on the march with greater interest than the young Quaker. In his company was a stout, roughly clad farmer—not in Quaker clothes, though he wore the broad Quaker beaver; and there was something in his bearing sufficiently incongruous with his dress to attract the attention of a close observer. A police-officer would have seen at once that he was disguised; but it would have cost him some scrutiny to recognize, under that homely garb, the chivalrous Allan M'Lane.

"What do you think of those troops?" said M'Lane to his companion, after a long silence.

"The finest in the world. The finest, I mean, that I have ever seen; and, for a Quaker"—said, with a smile—"I have seen some soldiering. The Prussians are as well drilled, but not so well equipped, nor such fine men."

"Too fine!—too fine by half! That attention to one appearance is the weakness of the British army.

It unfits them for work; and, after all, war is work—dirty work. You have the long march through mud and rain, ended by the dirty lodging on the ground; the sloughy ford through the swollen stream; the bridge to be built; the entrenchment to be dug; all too dirty for Sunday clothes. If you are thinking how your soldiers will look on parade, you will be very apt to spare their clothes, and to avoid putting them to dirty work."

"Some truth in that. General Howe loses half his opportunities on that very account. Still, this pomp and circumstance are imposing. I do like a little of it."

"What is more absurd! The whitening of a soldier's cross-belt, and the tying of his queue and the powdering of his hair, and the accuracy of his marching step—trifles all—are the substance of a soldier's training! Instead, why do they not teach him to use his firearms? They enlist a raw peasant, six feet high, drill him in stepping and the manual for six months, and place him in the ranks; but it never enters their heads that, before he can use a gun for its proper purpose—to shoot—he must learn. Hence the fire of a British line is almost harmless: pikes in their hands would be more efficient than muskets."

"Could they learn to shoot? I think not. Shooting, like swimming and riding, must be learnt young. An English gentleman or a gamekeeper might make a complete infantry soldier; an English peasant—never."

"Even we waste too much powder and lead. We fire too much at the smoke. One good fire, reserved

until you are sure of your aim, is worth forty rounds of random firing."

"And saves thirty-nine ball-cartridges. A great object in modern warfare, where the principal *impediment* is the transportation of the heavy *materiel*."

"Then those splendid grenadiers must have their tents to lie under every night! What a lesson in soldiering they might learn of our backwoodsmen, who consider a good fire as tent enough for any body. I declare, Hazlewood, when I see these things, I convince myself that the art of war is still in its infancy. But ha! See there—there is Lord Cornwallis himself."

"Is it he?" replied Hazlewood. "How much he looks like Washington! Curious!"

"Not quite so tall; not so noble an air; and he does not ride near so well. But see! the column is halting. What a brilliant staff of officers around him!"

At this instant, the attention of the young Quaker and his companion was taken by a war on a small scale between two boys; and Lord Cornwallis and his aids were seen observing the same miniature of their calling.

A handsome, well-dressed boy, was shouting "Huzza for King George!" when a ragged little urchin, not so tall by half a head, slyly dealt him a blow, exclaiming, "Take that, you Tory!" And to the credit of the Whig boys during the "occupation," it must be told, that they uniformly showed more courage than the men, being always ready to do battle for the cause with the Tory boys. The little Whig, however, was caught by the bigger boy, and, after a short tussle,

thrown. He was soon on his feet again, and with the shout, "Huzza for Washington!" squared his fists for a regular fight. At it they went, with kicks, cuffs, bites, scratches, and all the various passages of boys' rough-and-tumble.

"Let us see it out," exclaimed an officer near Lord Cornwallis; "it is Britain and America."

"Stand up to him, my little fellow!" said the stout farmer, Charles Hazlewood's companion. "Stand up to him! Now!—now, give it to him hard! Give it to the Tory!"

"Who spoke there? Who is that?" said the British officer who had already interfered.

"Me—me, sir," said the farmer, stepping out of the crowd.

The officer seemed taken aback by this prompt reply to his question, which he thought no one would have the courage to answer, and, after a moment's hesitation, he spoke to his chief:

"A rebel, of course! Shall I order his arrest?"

"Nonsense, sir! Do you not see the Quaker with him? He is only some lover of fair play, interfering, as you might do yourself, to encourage the weaker party. But look—look! See the combat!"

The bigger boy had again got the little one down, and while pummeling him his best, repeated, "Hollow 'nuff! hollow 'nuff!"

"Cry enough," said the officer. "Cry enough."

"Die first, boy; die first!" said the farmer.

The little boy continued the struggle in silence, and at length succeeded in getting on his feet. Both were now with bloody noses; their faces smeared with blood and dirt; their clothes torn; the big one almost

as ragged as the little one. "Huzza for Washington!" shouted the little one; "Huzza for King George!" the other; and at it they went with increased fury. Again the bigger one got the little one under; but, after a short interval, began to cry out,

"Oh!—oh!—oh! he'll bite my thumb off!"

"Cry enough," said the farmer.

"Foul play," interposed the officer. "Somebody interfere."

"All fair in rough-and-tumble," said the farmer. "Cry enough, boy; cry enough!"

"'Nuff!—'nuff!" cried the bigger combatant.

"What do you say now of Britain and America?" exclaimed the farmer, rather tauntingly.

"It was not a fair fight, or the young rebel would have been whipped," said the officer to Lord Cornwallis.

"But he was not whipped!—he was not whipped!" exclaimed the farmer, and immediately mixed in the crowd.

"What a rash affair," said the young Quaker, as soon as they were some distance off.

"I know it," answered M'Lane; "but I could not help interfering. However, I generally find the rash course the safest course. I am going to do something still rasher."

"What?"

"Ride a career through the town, and cut up or carry off whatever stragglers I find."

"How many men have you?"

"Sixteen."

"No more! You will be killed or taken."

"Not I; but I shall win *los*, as the old knights have

it. Not I. The British have no cavalry at hand but Robinson's Tories, and they are scattered about."

"It will be a pretty affair. Feasible, too; feasible." Charles Hazlewood mused an instant, and then continued, with a peculiar smile, "If I were not a Quaker, I would like to join you."

"You!—you! grave and reverend seignor, joining the hairbrained Allan M'Lane in the most hair-brained of his adventures!"

"Do not think of it, however. I am a Quaker, recollect."

"Yes—yes; I recollect."

The companions soon reached the spot where they were to part. The young Quaker went homeward; the farmer to the old tavern-yard in Sassafras-street.

About half an hour afterward the stout farmer was metamorphosed into a light, agile dragoon. A horse, perfectly accoutred, was held ready for him. Gathering up the reins, and laying his bridle hand on the horse's neck, without touching stirrup, he sprung into the saddle. His little troop was told off into sections of four, and wheeled into column.

"Now, my boys," said he, "if there is one of us afraid to shake hands with death, let him stay behind. I am going to give the British a taste of American horsemanship. Are you willing and ready, all?"

"All!"

"Then follow me."

The large doors of the tavern-yard, hitherto closed, were now thrown open, and the column issued into the street.

At first they moved in a trot; then in full gallop. At the head, in advance of the front section, the gallant

partisan himself, the most splendid horseman of his day, and his steed a noble-blooded mare; close behind, in compact order, his devoted followers, all well mounted. Their appearance excited great surprise—Continental troops in Philadelphia!—and almost caused a general panic. It needed but the cry, "The American army is in the town! General Howe is defeated!" to have spread universal confusion; but the smallness of their numbers was soon observed.

Numbers of the Royal troops, officers, and even privates, in small parties of four or five, or half a dozen, had followed the rear-guard of the Grenadiers into the town, and were scattered about. On these the fiery partisan swooped, and remorselessly rode down party after party. None were numerous enough to resist, yet the various small bodies, successively recovering from their overthrow, and uniting, soon formed a troop much outnumbering the audacious enemy, and a hot pursuit was gathered, party after party joining in and swelling the force. Onward—still onward—dashed M'Lane, along street after street, except that garnished by the formidable bayonets of the Grenadiers, finding no other body of troops together strong enough to check him, overthrowing all in his way.

Oh, what are the cold *joys—gaudia certaminis*—of a great battle, except for the commander-in-chief, compared with the burning excitement of hand-to-hand combat; especially with odds of numbers against you, yourself resolved to "outnumber numbers!" How intense were the feelings of the "best lance on the field," riding a course through and through an enemy's battalion! Then the devil in man gets the better of the good angel; then the bad passions—all that is

bloody and cruel—triumph; then man is no longer “the image of his Maker,” but a ferocious animal—a tiger whose heart cries Blood!—blood!—and can be satisfied with nothing but blood. Who that has ever felt this, or even realized it in description, can deny that the heart of man “is desperately wicked!”

Allan M’Lane felt this excitement; and, as he rode onward, was often heard exclaiming: “Oh! this is glorious!—this is glorious!—a real *bersæker wuth*.” Under this feeling he continued his career longer than was prudent; until, in fact, his horses were considerably blown. Then he thought of retiring, and resolved to do so, as soon as he could secure some trophy to carry with him. At the instant he fell in with some British officers, riding along leisurely, and unconscious of the turmoil around; dashed upon them, overthrew and unhorsed them, and secured two of them—field-officers—as prisoners.

“Now, my boys,” said he to his men, “we have something to show for our expedition, and we can leave the town.” Then, to the prisoners, “Your parole, gentlemen, not to escape.”

“Is that reasonable,” answered one of them, “surrounded as we are by our own people? Keep us, if you can.”

“Very well. Sergeant Wilson, tie the prisoners’ legs to their stirrup-irons. If they throw themselves off or fall, it will be their own affair. Mount, if you please, gentlemen. Mount your horses,” continued he to the officers, who seemed much inclined to take their time. “Mount; we have far to travel yet to-day, and can lose no time.”

They still delayed. His manner, hitherto bland, became stern, as he spoke:

“Mount quickly. Mount, I say. You forget that you are gentlemen, and ought not to oblige me to do so unpleasant a thing as pricking you into your saddles with my sword point.”

The delays they made from design, probably, and the time the sergeant took to tie their legs to the stirrups, brought the pursuers within a couple of hundred yards.

“Now, each prisoner in the middle of a rearmost section; his bridle in the hand of his right-hand man. Are you ready, men?”

“Ready, sir.”

“March.”

Their course was now directly toward the Schuylkill; and the superiority of their horses, even retarded as they were by the officers, soon increased the distance, and was fast leaving the enemy behind. But suddenly a large body of horse—Robinson’s Tories—who had been hastily assembled for the occasion, appeared in front, wheeling into the street from a cross-road. The danger before him was not less imminent than that pressing on his rear, but the partisan did not hesitate a moment. He was a man of that quick perception which instantaneously sees the best of an emergency. Half turning in his saddle, without halting, he shouted:

“Follow, men, and do exactly as I do!” threw the reins on the horse’s neck, and plunged the spurs into his flanks. The noble animal sprung forward, and at the full run came down on the enemy. The Tories were drawn up four deep, clear across the road; their

swords in their hands, giving "point for cavalry;" their appearance firm and imposing. But what horsemen that ever rode could stand before the shock of runaway horses! Down went front line and second, third line and rear, and over prostrate horses and unhorsed men passed the wild cavalier. Not a blow was struck; there was room nor time for none; need of nothing but courage and horsemanship. Each man followed at the same mad speed; the bridle-reins on the horse's neck, the spurs in his flanks, the sword wildly waved in the hand, some shouting loud huzzas; but all were not as successful as their leader.

The Tory ranks being thus ridden down, the Americans gathered up their bridle-reins, and gradually got their horses under command.

"Are the prisoners safe, sergeant?" inquired M'Lane, looking round.

"Both."

"How many of us have fallen? I miss some."

"Four."

"Poor fellows! We revenged them, however. At least a dozen of the enemy went down. Poor fellows. We will weep for them, when we are safe ourselves, across the Schuylkill."

"We can not cross the Schuylkill, sir," said the sergeant; "the bridge is floated round."

"We *must* cross it, sergeant. We are cut off from every other road. There is no can not, when one must do a thing."

The broken Tories soon recovered their order, and commenced eagerly the pursuit, leading the others; and having fresher horses, gained on the flying band. M'Lane was considerably embarrassed by the prisoners,

but was unwilling to lose his trophies; yet he saw that the enemy was gaining, and likely to overtake him. He instantly thought of an expedient to increase his speed.

"Break your ranks, men, and every one for himself; only follow me toward the Schuylkill. Sergeant, take the bridle of one of the prisoners, and I will manage the other."

Helter-skelter was now the flight, every one at his utmost speed without attention to the rest, and the Tories began to lose ground.

The prisoner who was led by M'Lane himself, seemed ready to faint, and the partisan spoke to him, striking his horse at the same time with the flat of his sword.

"Cheer up, sir, cheer up; it is a rough heat, I know, but it can not be helped. It is the only way to give you a sight of the greatest man of the age, General Washington. Those fellows behind would cheat you out of it, but I'll balk them. Cheer up, sir, cheer up; they'll not overtake you. Do not be alarmed."

"Spare me this mockery, sir. I can better bear your barbarous treatment, against all the usages of civilized warfare."

M'Lane laughed, and answered:

"There you are right. According to some codes of civilized warfare, I ought to have shot you dead, when you declined the parole; and it was against the usages to make you a prisoner. But see! we are at the river. I will now kindly give you the refreshment of a bath."

"Save your powder, boys, if you can, but lose no time," said M'Lane to his men. Then to the prisoner, while they were wading in to reach swimming depth, "Have you ever swam a horse?"

"Never."

"Then, my good friend, I must finish your military education; you will thank me at your leisure. Never touch a rein, unless to guide your animal, and then lightly. Throw your stirrups over the saddle, and hold fast with your bent knees; or better—though it requires courage—let your body float behind, holding yourself, by your hand, on the pommel, or twisted into the mane. In this way a horse will swim for miles. Now: your horse begins to raise his fore-quarters. Let go your rein, sir; let go your rein, or you will drown yourself. Now you are right. You have taken a lesson in equine navigation."

The officer could not but smile at the curious phrase; and perhaps, in after life, he discovered that his lesson in equine navigation was worth his troubles, captivity, and all. At least, it would have been so to Prince Poniatowski.

The Schuylkill, at the High-street Ferry, where they swam it, was about a hundred yards wide—deep, but not rapid, with a marsh on either side. Owing to the delay of wading some distance, the fugitives were not thirty yards from the bank when the Tories reached it, and a general discharge of pistol-balls, mingled with an almost general volley of curses, took place. Neither did any harm. The bold partisan and his band swam safely over, floundered through the mud on the further side, and stood dripping on the high ground. Then a huzza of triumph and defiance was rung back at their baffled pursuers. Well it might be. A more chivalrous achievement than carrying off the British officers from the midst

of their army, is not recorded in the annals of those times.*

* This legend of M'Lane's capturing the British officers is not, in all respects, historically accurate. The capture was made on the Royal troops abandoning the city, not on their entry. We let our narrative stand, however, lest we should shame our betters, the regular historians, by correcting mistakes.

CHAPTER IX.

MAJOR ROBINSON WOUNDED.

OUR narrative now touches a late hour of the same twenty-sixth day of September.

In a chamber sumptuously furnished in the style of the best houses of colonial Philadelphia, a young maiden sat watching beside a bed with closely drawn curtains. The heavy breathing of some one showed that it was a bed of sickness or of suffering.

A low moan was uttered—too low for any ear but that of deep affection—and she sprung to her feet, unclosed the curtains, gazed intently for an instant, and exclaimed, with an expression so sorrowful:

"Alas! No—no; he is not conscious. But he suffers very much. No—no; he is not conscious."

The fair maiden was Ellen Hazlewood. And the sufferer, who would recognize in that ghastly face, that head swathed in bloody bandages, that form so prostrate and helpless, that being so totally unconscious, and manifesting life only by the sunken moan or the heavy breathing—who would recognize there, that gay young officer, the handsome Walter Robinson! Such he had been not half a day ago! Man—man!—who presumeth on thy strength and beauty, come and see, and learn one of the lessons of life—of thy life, perchance, before twenty-four hours roll over thee.

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MAJOR ROBINSON WOUNDED.

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About midnight preceding the twenty-sixth, some persons were drawn by a pistol-shot, to visit the interior regions of Potter's Field, and stumbled over the dead body, as they supposed, of a man. They carried him to a neighboring tavern, and brought to the light he appeared a most miserable object; his whole person was covered with mud and filth, while fresh blood was flowing from a deep gash on the side of his head, just above the temple. Yet, from the uniform, he was evidently a British officer. The tavern-keeper finding a purse and watch, and jewelry about him, sent immediately for a doctor, who "did not think the skull fractured, but yet it might be; or perhaps there was concussion, or effusion, or congestion. Certainly, it was a ticklish case. He did not need bleeding, however, for the wound had bled him."

He proceeded to sew the wound up, according to the rough surgical practice of the times, and to wash off a little of the clotted blood. The wounded man evidently was not dead, though totally unconscious; and as he lay there, on an old straw bed, his hair matted together with hardened blood, his head bound around with a bloody bandage, his face plastered over with a mixture of dirt and blood, except an occasional streak of sallow white, where it had been sparingly washed, his vest and shirt, and his coat, which had been removed, as bloody and dirty as his face—as he lay thus, he presented a rather humble specimen of humanity. And thus he lay hour after hour; his straw bed on the bar-room floor of that tavern; no one knowing him, or caring for his miserable state, or looking at him, except from idle curiosity. Many came and went, as customers of the bar; many came

in merely to look at him; but none recognized him. Thus he lay, his schemes of ambition and of crime as prostrate as himself. But what cared he for this! His spirit was on the brink of eternity—perhaps held back from the fatal plunge by the earnest supplication of his good angel, entreating for yet a little time of repentance! His only sign of earthly life was the feeble pulse, and the deep, heavy breathing. What thought or care had he for his neglected condition!

Thus he lay until late in the afternoon—long after the grand entrance of the grenadiers—when one of his own men entered the tavern, not dreaming of his officer, whom he supposed at his quarters, but in search of something for himself. His exclamation of horror brought the whole bar-room company together; and his evident grief—for Walter Robinson was the idol of his men—excited a sympathy for the sufferer, which his miserable state had failed to do. A hasty litter was constructed; the straw bed, with the unconscious man, was lifted on it by the four corners, and the people took it up to convey it to his Uncle Hazlewood's. As they proceeded, one idle person after another joined in, and by the time they reached the door of the Quaker's house, formed a numerous, though not particularly select procession. The soldier, as master of ceremonies, sounded the ponderous knocker, and the door was opened by a little black girl, who instantly ran away, exclaiming:

"Oh Missis, de British is come."

Most of the household, including Caleb and his son, were in the streets, but Mrs. Hazlewood and Ellen were at home. The mother soon came forward, but

they had carried Walter meanwhile into the wide hall, and she did not recognize him.

"What is the meaning of this, friends? Why do you bring the man here? Is he hurt, and in need of assistance?" said she, her whole face manifesting sympathy.

"Madam," replied the soldier—"Madam—it is—it is—oh, look at him. Madam, look at him," continued he, with a sudden burst of grief. "Look at him! It is our noble commander!"

"Thy commander! Who is thy commander?"

"Major Robinson."

"Walter Robinson! My nephew!"

For one instant the Quaker lady forgot that command of the emotions which is learned in the noble discipline of her sect, and she seemed stunned, but it was for an instant only; and recovering her composure, she repeated, in a gentle, though saddened tone:

"Walter Robinson! My nephew! Ah! Walter—poor Walter! He is not dead, is he, my friend?"

"Not yet; but badly hurt."

"We must do something for him, at once. Do thee," speaking to one of the spectators, "run as fast as thee can for Doctor Shippen. Now, friends, take him gently up, and bear him up the stairs."

"Who is it, mother? Who is it?" at this instant exclaimed Ellen Hazlewood, coming hastily forward.

"Thy cousin Walter."

Ellen gave one eager look at the wounded man, as if her gaze would pierce through all his disguise; uttered, "Oh, Walter!" in a tone of the deepest anguish, and sunk fainting on the floor.

The Quaker matron carried her daughter into one

of the parlors, and by means of the usual household restoratives succeeded in reviving her.

Meanwhile the doctor had arrived. At the sight of Walter Robinson he shook his head ominously, and inquired how long the man had been hurt. On learning from the soldier that it had been some sixteen hours, he shook his head still more ominously, and said:

"A bad case—bad case. There must be a fracture—certainly a fracture; that breathing shows a fracture."

At this instant Rebecca Hazlewood returned, and on consultation with the doctor, settled it that the wounded man should be carried to a chamber. Some of the neighbors were sent for, and with the aid of the soldier, the bed was carried by the four corners up stairs into the chamber.

"And now, my man," said the doctor, addressing the soldier, "who dressed this wound?"

"Some doctor, whose name I did not find out."

"Did he examine it with the probe?"

"What's that, sir?"

"See here. Did he examine it with such an instrument as this?"

"He had nothing but a needle and thread, and a rag to wipe the wound."

"The rascal! How dare he stitch it up without examining it. We must do it yet; the sooner the better."

The doctor removed the bloody bandages, looked a moment at the wound, from which small quantities of blood still oozed.

"A narrow escape! One quarter inch lower would have been instant death," and opened his pocket-case of instruments. The stitches were gently cut, and the probe applied. "Ha! I feared so; the bone is fractured."

"Is there no hope, doctor?"

"Trust in Providence, madam. There always is hope; but he must undergo a painful operation. I shall require another surgeon to assist me. Will you send for Dr. Kuhn to meet me here in an hour—say at six o'clock precisely. Meanwhile, your nephew, unconscious though he is, may as well be decent. You have no men at home? Well: bring us warm water, towels, and a change of clothes. This soldier and I will do it."

With some trouble the face and person of the young officer were cleansed, and his garments changed. Still totally unconscious and helpless he was placed on a bed; his head being bound up by a temporary bandage to stanch the bleeding. The doctor then took his leave. The soldier was dispatched for the other surgeon. Ellen Hazlewood, who had been waiting with feelings strung to the utmost, was now allowed to enter the room; and, her mother being called away on some household duty, she soon found herself alone, watching beside her unconscious lover. She felt utterly desolate, her heart's hopes withered in the bud; and, in her desolation, she knelt down—that fair young maiden—and prayed her heavenly Father for strength to bear her trials. She rose up and opened the sacred volume—*his* gift; for, mocking skeptic as he really was, to her he was a consummate hypocrite—opened the sacred volume, and read: "Blessed are

they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." The words fell like oil on the troubled waters; her feelings grew calm. She continued to read. The *other* life—the only real life—rose clearer and clearer before her; the feeling—that earthly love—which had just seemed the all-in-all of existence, dwindled away; and she saw that, in the great whole, it was as nothing. The morning mist was clearing away from her heart, and the dawn of truth opening. Had she ceased to love Walter Robinson? Oh, no! But that love was rated at a different value.

Thus Ellen Hazlewood was engaged at the opening of our chapter, watching with her lover, until the time of the operation which was to be decisive of his fate.

Then her father returned home, and entered the chamber of suffering. She pointed solemnly to the bed without speaking, with a gesture most significantly beseeching not to disturb the sufferer. Her brother came in afterward, and was received with the same eloquent silence. She felt that her duty was to watch, to guard that suffering man from disquiet, to calm his lingering moments.

But the hour passed away. The surgeons arrived to the minute. Every thing was arranged for the operation. The young maiden retired; but Caleb Hazlewood intimated his intention to remain.

"And I, also," added the young Quaker.

"Will your nerves stand it?" said one of the doctors.

"I have seen the operation of trepanning performed," answered Charles.

"You!"

"And have performed it myself."

"You!"

"I have been in situations where a man was obliged to be a surgeon."

"Well; you can be of assistance now."

To an unaccustomed person nothing is more revolting than the cutting and carving the flesh and bones of a living man—or a dead one either. It makes the flesh crawl to think of it. Yet this is a weakness which may unfit us for discharging sacred duties, or meeting great emergencies. So thought Charles Hazlewood, and he had disciplined himself accordingly.

The wounded man remained unconscious, showing no signs of pain until the operation was almost finished. But the instant the fractured bone was raised, and the pressure on the brain relieved, an expression of extreme anguish came over his face; a trembling shudder through his body; and he suddenly opened his eyes, raised his hand toward his head—would have touched it unless prevented—and exclaimed:

"Oh! my head."

"Do not speak, sir," said one of the doctors. "Do not speak; it will excite you. Your life depends on your being calm."

Walter Robinson was now partially himself. He drew a long breath, closed his eyes, and became perfectly quiescent. The operation was then completed, and the wound carefully dressed.

When Walter uttered the exclamation which showed returning consciousness, Caleb Hazlewood turned to a corner of the room, and sunk on his knees beside a chair. The prayer which he uttered to the heavenly Father—the lord and master of accidents—was the silent thanksgiving of the full heart, unheard

by men, but not by Him "who heareth in secret." The doctors and Charles stood reverently silent until he arose.

"Now," said Doctor Shippen to Caleb, "the patient is in a fair way, and will do well, if we can prevent inflammation of the brain, or fever. He must be kept quiet—absolutely quiet; not speak, nor be spoken to; and none let into the room but those who attend him."

"Can we read to him?" whispered a soft voice at the doctor's back; and turning round, he saw that they had been quietly joined by Ellen, who in some mysterious way had learned thus soon the favorable turn of the case.

"Certainly not—not at present; it will excite him."

Ellen glided away to an arm-chair, and sat down, watching the movements of the patient, with an occasional glance at the doctors.

"You will be a good nurse, Ellen," said Doctor Shippen; and she answered with a serious smile.

A few minutes afterward, and none were in the chamber but the patient and the fair young nurse.

CHAPTER X.

CALEB HAZLEWOOD AND HIS FAMILY.

THE gay profligate was laid low on a bed of suffering, his life suspended by a thread over the gulf of eternity. His schemes of ambition, of pleasure, and of crime were interfered with and baffled, or postponed merely, if he should slight "the goodness of God, which leadeth to repentance," and was manifested toward him thus terribly. But his participation in our narrative is not yet ended.

The course of events, however, requires us now to speak more particularly of the family and domestic relations of the young Quaker.

The father, Caleb Hazlewood, was a rich and prosperous man. A large fortune, partly inherited, but still more largely accumulated by commerce, was prudently invested in lands and landed securities, so that he had no troubles on this score. He was also a religious man. In Yearly Meetings he was a "Friend of weight and influence;" while ordinarily he sat on the upper bench, and often dropped "a word in season." His religion being "after the manner of his sect," he had not been baptized with water—the lesser baptism—nor confirmed by the imposition of hands; but he had been initiated, he firmly trusted, into the Catholic Christian Church, by the greater baptism—that of the Spirit. At all events, his "life and conversation"

showed that which passeth show. The fruits he bore were gentleness, meekness, love, (that Agapæ which the apostle so much extols,) reverence, obedience, ("keep my commandments") and in all things he let his light so shine that men might glorify his Father in Heaven. On this score, too, which is, in reality, the great business of life, he had nothing to trouble him.

Besides, he was fortunately *wived*, (to use a Shakespearean expression.) Rebecca, his second wife, the mother of Ellen, was well educated for the times, well informed, well disciplined in that gentle equanimity—a characteristic of her sect—which meets unruffled the tea-pot tempests of domestic life; well accomplished in every household duty—the groundwork of all female accomplishment; comely, too, for a matron of forty; religious; in fine, just the wife to make a middle-aged wealthy Friend comfortable and happy.

The other members of his household were his two children, and occasionally his nephew, Walter, the son of a deceased sister; to which probably he would have added his negro servants, who, like those of Abraham, were "born in his house," being freed slaves, whom he had purchased and emancipated, and who continued to serve him from love, and were much regarded in the household.

It was a pleasant spot, Caleb's Hazlewood's parlor, on a winter evening. The hickory fire, brightly blazing; the old-fashioned mahogany work-stand, with the lighted candles, astral lamps being then uninvented things; the deeply-curtained windows; the well-carpeted floor; the rug before the hearth. On one side sat the comfortable Friend, in his large arm-chair, his head gently supported by the hand of his left arm,

leaning on the chair, while a well-cushioned stool relieved his feet; his gaze on the fire, as if he was thinking of nothing, and yet his thoughts not idle. On the other side of the stand sat the comely matron, reading to Caleb and his daughter; not often a religious book, nor always a serious one, for this was the hour of relaxation and amusement; sometimes a "book of facts," travels, or biography; sometimes a "book of fancy," a poem, or a selected tale. Beside the work-stand sat the beautiful daughter, at some female work, or occasionally taking her mother's place in reading. Ever and anon—quite as often as the occasion required—a dignified negro-man, in full Quaker dress, entered the room with hickory billets for the fire, or to stir it up, not unfrequently checked by his master's remonstrance, "That will do, Joseph; thee will roast us."

Often a visitor would drop in. Those were times when people lived in their houses, and were "at home" of evenings. Then the book was laid down, and gave place to a talk. Nobody was more cheerful than Caleb, nor better humored than Rebecca, nor more lively than the fair Ellen. It was a Quaker family, but so well informed and agreeable, that no house in town was more popular among gay people.

But in this sweet domestic scene, where was the other child—the son—the young Quaker of our narrative? Until some two weeks previously he had been, for six long years, a wanderer from home, unheard from and unknown. But why? Why, at the age of eighteen, did he leave his wealthy home to seek his fortune in strange lands? That question would have harrowed up the placid feelings of the good old Qua-

ker. It was the thorn in his flesh; the canker in his happiness. To answer it requires some explanation.

Charles Hazlewood was from childhood a remarkable boy. Of a robust and active frame, and distinguished for his skill and boldness in all active sports, he was yet more fond of reading and study. Every book he could get hold of, no matter what its subject, was eagerly read in every spare moment; while in his school-hours, his studies were pursued with an avidity which distanced competition. By this course he gained, at a very early age, an astonishing mass of information; and had mastered, before he left school, and afterward by his unassisted efforts, acquirements then very unusual in the Colonies.

Naturally he was of a bold, independent spirit, increased by the habit of thinking for himself on the various subjects of his reading; and thus in time a character was formed which was amenable to reason, and could be commanded only through the conviction, but was absolutely beyond any arbitrary coercion. Add, that, as a boy and a youth, he was vastly presumptuous, fully satisfied of his own invincible powers, and madly ambitious—ambitious of that distinction, and fame, and greatness which he saw allotted to the chosen few (*magnanimi heroes*) of history, and resolved to win it at all hazards, and any price. How these unusual tastes and aspirations came into the son of a Philadelphia Quaker, is not for me to explain.

A boy of this character would have been a difficult subject for the most skillful domestic government. Unfortunately, Caleb Hazlewood had never studied the science of government, in that most delicate of all its forms, the governing of children. He knew but

of one system, the coercive, (*sic volo, sic jubeo*;) his command, without comment or explanation, was the law which the child must implicitly obey. Now this is well with infants and young children, and may succeed throughout with the feeble-minded; but with all the bolder and more generous spirits it must gradually be modified in proportion as the reason is developed, or it inevitably results in sullen submission or open rebellion. You may command and insist on obedience, but your command must be sustained by a reason. Besides, Caleb's domestic discipline was strictly austere; in fact, like many religious parents, he endeavored to force his children into religion, compelling them to read good books, however dull to minds uninterested; forcing them to Meeting; requiring a staidness of manner foreign to their natural feelings. Now, you may recommend such things as strongly as you please—may persuade—but if you compel, you probably disgust; you produce a reaction against religion, which future years may not overcome, and which, unless sovereign grace interpose, may result in spiritual ruin.

In addition, there was a domestic *fact* in the way of Caleb's government. His excellent wife was a step-mother, and never could free herself from a step-mother's feelings. It is curious, men often are much attached to children of a former marriage, women seldom; never, perhaps, when they marry a widower from love. From the first Rebecca Hazlewood disliked Charles, and was prejudiced against him, and insensibly tintured the mind of her husband.

From these various circumstances, dissensions grew up between Caleb and his son. At first, the family

regulations were obediently submitted to; the writings of Fox and Barclay were duly read; the various restrictions observed. But in time, as he grew older, he would occasionally request a dispensation from some of them. He was fond of long walks into the country, and would ask permission to make them, but in vain; when not at school, he must stay in the house or yard. So of other matters. At last, one day he broke through restraint, and rambled away for miles. It was an affair of unmingled gratification, for even the anticipation of punishment on his return did not distress him. He had made up his mind that he was innocently, even usefully employed, and that his father's commands to the contrary were unreasonable and tyrannical. The boy was, strictly speaking, wrong; but he was driven to do wrong by an unreasonable family law. The command, "Children, obey your parents," is connected with, "Fathers, provoke not your children:"—one as imperative as the other. He was punished, but his heart rebelled against the justice of the punishment.

Time wore away. Every year the acts of disobedience grew more frequent; and the father, finding particular punishment unavailing, became harsh in his general treatment of the son. At the age of fourteen, his father being then largely engaged in commerce, Charles was placed in the counting-house, and for four years discharged his duties there with exemplary zeal and fidelity, though all his leisure time was devoted to severe study. During this period his general conduct was a model of propriety, the only blemish being disobedience to unreasonable restrictions; but the father

had grown gradually more and more estranged, and at length scarcely spoke to his son at all.

At last the young man made up his mind to fly from home, and a tyrannical government; and about the age of eighteen carried out his intention. He was absent six years. Where he was—how occupied—why he returned—may hereafter appear. The feelings on both sides were much softened by time; and Caleb had even learned to modify somewhat the extreme right (*summum jus*) of parental authority.

Meanwhile, the place of the son in the family community had been to some extent filled by the nephew, Walter Robinson. Walter was in most respects the opposite of Charles; a bad boy, a depraved youth, a profligate man; and if he had been known as he really was, would not have been tolerated an hour in that sober family. But he possessed the gift of deception. Not only could he "make the worse appear the better reason," but the worse man the better; and even when partially found out and exposed, so plausible was he, that, much as you might depise, you could not dislike him. With Caleb and his family he was a great favorite; though, since he held a commission in the Royal service, his visits "home," as he considered Caleb's house, had been necessarily unfrequent.

Meanwhile, his fair young cousin had been sought and won. How utterly unworthy he was, need not be repeated. Ah! how often is a pure young maiden deceived and won by an evil spirit disguised as an angel of light! Why is there no Ithuriel's spear to touch and reveal the loathsome thing! Time assuredly reveals—when too late. Ellen!—Ellen!—the only hope for thee now, is to discover the baseness of

thy lover before the fatal vow for life, and then thy fate must be a broken heart, an early grave. Better far thus; better far than thy purity soiled by marriage contact with that profligate.

But no suspicion of the dreadful truth yet moved the young girl, or her parents. They had consulted long and earnestly on the subject, when the discovery first was made; prayed fervently together for wisdom from above; and resolved to let things take their course, but to postpone the marriage until Walter should relinquish his military calling.

But Charles, when at length the affair was communicated to him, was horror-struck. His sister Ellen, whom he loved so dearly, the only one of his family who showed him any affection, his sister Ellen the affianced of Walter Robinson! In bitterness of soul he retired to his chamber, and wept—the first tears since childhood.

"Oh! My home!—my home!" he exclaimed. "How I longed for home in foreign lands, among strangers; and I came home! My father received me coldly; my stepmother was distant; but my sister—my sweet, gentle sister!—how she welcomed me! How she has since clung to me! And she—oh!—No—no!—no!—it cannot be! She cannot be affianced to Walter Robinson: the seducer; the pimp; the gambler; the robber! No—no!" He sprung wildly to his feet, and dashed his hands against his head. "It must be prevented—it must be prevented! But how—but how—how can that vile hypocrite be unmasked?"

His reflections took many forms, and yet he could fix on no satisfactory plan. He concluded, however, to inform his father of Walter's true character. And

Ellen? Just now, in Walter's present situation, she *could* not believe any thing against him, however well proved; but she should see that her brother disproved of the affair.

Shortly afterward he returned from his chamber and met his sister. His manner was grave and sad, but the tone of his voice kind, as he accosted her:

"My dear sister," and as he spoke he passed his arm around her, and kissed her on the forehead. "My dear sister,"—he was silent for a moment, but she could see it was from emotion—"let us sit down and talk. Dear Ellen," he resumed, when they were seated on the couch in the parlor, "I need not say how much I sympathize with thee, yet I have that to say which may pain thee. I do not think Walter worthy of thee."

She started, looked bewildered, as if she did not understand him.

"No, dear sister, he is not. He is gay and worldly, and has professed love to many. Does he really love thee?"

"Love me—love me—Charles! Certainly he does. He has told me so himself."

"I hope he loves thee—thee only, Ellen."

"Me only, Charles! How strangely thee talks! How could he love any one else?"

"He has professed to love many."

"No, Charles, no. He never has professed to love any one but me," she answered quickly. "Somebody has misinformed thee. He never loved but me."

"So he has told thee, sister, but I do not believe it. He may have reformed. I hope so. But he was a rake."

"Oh, Charles! How can thee say so! I do not believe it, Charles. He has told me his whole history, and I know he has never been what thou says't."

"Reformed rakes make the best of husbands. I hope so, for thy sake."

"Brother! Dear brother!"

She burst into tears, and he was too much agitated to continue the subject; but, after a pause, said:

"I have few to love; very—very few but thee, dear Ellen; and thee——"

Rebecca Hazlewood entered the parlor, and the talk ended. Charles saw, if he did not know it before, how difficult, if not impossible, it is to make a girl believe any thing in disparagement of her heart's "young dream."

The next duty which Charles had assigned himself was to speak to his father of Walter's character. No agreeable task: for even now there was a remnant of the old ill-feeling, or a fresh alienation springing up, which rendered their intercourse restrained. However, at the first opportunity, he resolved to broach the matter.

"If thee's at leisure, father," he began, "I wish to speak with thee."

"Eh! Yes! And I wish to speak with thee, Charles. Thee was out very late night before last,—till after midnight. Where was thee? How was thee employed? What was thee doing?"

The young Quaker was taken quite aback by this address, and for a moment lost his self-possession; and the old Quaker resumed:

"No answer, Charles! What was thee doing?"

Charles had now recovered himself, and in a grave, steady tone, answered:

"Since thee will have it so, father, I will speak with thee, even on this point, though I did hope we might understand one another without discussion. I am twenty-four years old; old enough for self-government, and wise enough, if I ever shall be. I do think I can be trusted with the disposition of my time, without rendering thee an account of every hour."

"What was thee doing until after midnight? Eh?"

"I am not at liberty to tell thee."

It was the night of the meeting at the pawnbroker's.

"But I am at liberty to tell thee, while thee is under my roof, thee must observe my family hours, and thee must give me an account of thy time."

The old Quaker's manner was stern to an extent extraordinary, in one usually so placid. Charles was silent a moment, and then slowly and sadly answered:

"Does thee really mean to require an account of my time, father?"

"While thee is under my roof, thee must obey my family government."

"Thee has the right, I know, the right to make laws for the government of thy household; but will thee make laws which I cannot obey without sacrificing my self-respect; without losing my character as a man. Oh no; thee will not!"

"Thee must give me an account of thy time."

"Do not ask it, father. Do not ask it, I entreat thee! I entreat thee!" he exclaimed very earnestly.

"Thee must give me an account of thy time," Caleb repeated coldly and steadily.

Charles looked an instant into his father's face, saw

there that expression of fixed purpose which he knew would not relent, turned slowly away, to choke down a rising tear, and sorrowfully spoke:

"Then I have no home—no home here. Sooner would I labor for my daily bread than purchase a home on such terms."

"If thee lives under my roof, thee must obey my family government," repeated the old Quaker, doggedly.

"I hear thee, father—I hear thee. Within a few days I shall leave thee, never to return. Forget thou hast a son, and I shall forget I have a father."

He spoke with much emotion; could hardly indeed utter the words, for he felt deeply what he was saying; and his feelings so overcame him at length, that he could not continue, though he endeavored to say more. All he could do was hastily to retire from the room.

Thus ended the attempt to speak with his father of Walter Robinson's real character.

CHAPTER XI.

MAJOR ROBINSON'S SICKNESS.

IN his chamber, Charles Hazlewood thought over his situation; and serious and sad was the communion with himself. Whoever was in fault, he was the sufferer.

True, he had elsewhere a position—won by himself—and far more brilliant; but his life would be—as it had been—without much which he yearned for. Yet he must again quit his home.

Was it his own fault—entirely his own fault? He could not convince himself that it was. He remembered the events of six years ago: those restrictions imposed without reason and without necessity—which he could not submit to then—and could not now. The youth of eighteen had been galled to the quick, how would the man of twenty-four brook them—twenty-four treated like fourteen! But there was another consideration: obedience to his father's command was totally irreconcilable with the performance of duties which he had assumed; and which, as a grown man, he had a right to assume: this settled the matter. And this relieved him of some lingering scruples; for his *reverence*—his instinct of filial obedience—was not easily satisfied.

The young Quaker's mind was now settled; doubt and hesitation gone. He resolved to return to his real

position: which he had relinquished temporarily for the gratification of a whim—or a prejudice—or, at best, of a selfish feeling. But first he must take measures to unmask Walter Robinson; and he must talk with Catherine Selwyn.

Late in the afternoon he left the house to visit Catherine: his only object to ask a question. But that question! that question!

My good friend, were you ever young? Some people are born old; gray-hearted, if not gray-headed; are you one of them? If so, you cannot understand the young man's conduct. But if you once were young; experienced the feelings and the dreams of youth—spring flowers of the heart, long faded away it may be, or trodden down by the base hoofs of worldly interests—but not all forgotten—the lingering fragrance, still left on the memory to sweeten the course of a troubled life: if you were once young, you can understand his conduct.

He was a firm and resolute man, of a most determined will; and when his mind was once made up, it must be an obstacle indeed that could thwart his purpose. But now, as he approached her house, his resolution began to falter. And when the door was reached, his heart beat; his limbs trembled; his senses reeled; and with a furtive look he hurried past. "What weakness! Fool! fool!" he murmured to himself, and walking some distance, turned round and retraced his steps. Again he reached the house; hesitated—hesitated—hesitated until he had past. "Fool! fool! fool!" he exclaimed: turned round in perfect desperation, and rushed up to the door. Even then he hesitated, with his hand on the knocker; and if it had

been night to cover his retreat, he would have done—as he often had done before. But now, with people observing him, he was obliged to knock. It was a terrible moment—how he trembled! until he heard a footstep approaching, and the door opened.

"Is Miss Selwyn at home?"

"No, sir; gone out."

Strange! he actually was glad of the disappointment; at least he felt relieved by the postponement; it was a reprieve from—from—from—if you, my good friend, have been in the predicament, you can understand what. He had walked a short distance from the door, when he saw Catherine herself approaching along the street. The very person he sought, yet his first impulse was to avoid her by turning down a cross street—as he had more than once done—but she was too near, and resolutely dashing onward he was passing her with a cold Quaker salutation: but she stopped and spoke.

"Charles, how is Major Robinson?"

The young man scarcely knew whether heels or head were uppermost, as he confusedly answered: "Worse to-day than yesterday; in a high fever."

"But, Charles," she continued as he was walking away, "will you not come home and take tea with us this evening? Pa and ma will be so glad to see you."

He turned round and walked at her side.

"Charles, take my parasol."

Her glance, as she spoke! and the touch of her parasol!

"Now, Charles, give me your arm. I am tired." Another thrilling glance; happy Charles Hazlewood! Earth has no sensations more exquisite than his—

those of a *pure* young man, touching for the first time the hand of the maiden he devoutly loves—and since their childhood her ungloved hand had not often thus rested on his arm.

As they walked along, her voice was so gentle, her looks—such as only the accomplished coquette can give—the unpracticed maiden, never—her whole manner such that Charles was irresistibly convinced—if further conviction was needed—that he was loved: he was loved! What a conviction to a young ardent heart! what a concentration—for the time—of every hope and every wish, and every thought and every feeling!

In this beatified state, Charles reached Catherine's door, and—even without a second invitation—accompanied her in. His reception by the little "gentleman of the old school," and his larger wife, Catherine's parents, was extremely kind: in fact—to let out a family secret—they liked Charles: "An excellent match, my dear; the richest young man in the colony. If Kate is not a fool, she'll take him." In return Charles liked them: what lover does not like the parents of his idol! and even forgot Mr. Selwyn's—sudden conversion to the Royal cause.

Mutually pleased, the talk soon grew animated; Charles, being free from that embarrassment which fettered his intercourse with Catherine, displayed powers and accomplishments which astonished Mr. Selwyn. It was not conversation—that power, from habit, of circulating the small coin of society—but power of illuminating whatever subject was mentioned; the power of brilliant disquisition; the connected flow of apt words and bright thoughts. Cath-

erine herself was astonished: for in the broken current of society she had seen him confused, hesitating, often at a loss for a word, or for an answer to some ready talker. And now how different. In her astonishment, some remnants of early feeling—long since buried under the feelings and passions of her worldly life, was awakened: an under-stratum of the heart heaved up—the geological figure slipped off my pen, but it may stand, for the edification of "*ology* young ladies." She thought—for one instant perhaps—"if my heart was not blasted by—by—man's treachery, if Charles were not a Quaker—I might love again." Then the thought succeeded, how would he look—dressed as a gentleman—and speaking as one; and with her usual impulsiveness she spoke.

"Charles, I would like to hear you speak English—the English I mean of scholars and gentlemen—not the peasant language you Quakers do: could you, Charles?"

"Certainly, Catherine: if I were to try," he answered with a smile. Little did she know the trouble that plain language gave him.

"Ha! Charles, you have betrayed yourself; that smile betrays you. If you were a real Quaker, you could not smile at my mentioning the Quaker language disparagingly as I did. You are in disguise; confess it. Only think of it, ma! Charles Hazlewood not a real Quaker!"

"How you rattle, Kate. But I wish it were so; I should like to see Mr. Hazlewood looking—looking like other gentlemen," interposed the mother.

"I am serious, ma; indeed I am. But I cannot

imagine his object; perhaps to win the heart of some fair Quaker damsel. Ha! Charles."

While the wild girl was talking, Charles was at first confused, but recovered himself wonderfully soon, not in fact sorry at her thus opening the way to a revelation he meant to make; and not unaware that the Quaker garb and language were no great recommendations in her eyes.

"And so, Catherine, thee would turn me out of meeting; unquaker me entirely! What next? Would thee turn me into a Whig, like thyself, or what?"

"Oh! a Whig by all means! a Continental officer!"

"Like that mad-cap Allan M'Lane yesterday! But, Catherine, would thee value me more highly if I were a Continental soldier?"

"Certainly, Charles! it is the truth, and I may as well confess it." A strange expression rested for a moment on his expressive countenance, but he made no reply; and after a moment's silence she resumed: "I had almost forgotten it, Charles; I have a German ballad to translate; will you do it for me?"

"Where is it?"

"In the Library. Excuse us, pa. We will return soon."

The young Quaker followed her into the Library; and they were alone. The opportunity he sought was in his hands: but the power to profit by it!

After a short silence—to let him begin the conversation—she spoke: "Charles, do you remember the old proverb?"

"Which, Catherine? there are so many."

"Many a true word is spoken in joke."

"What is the application?"

"Just now I said, in joke, you were disguised; but I repeat it seriously; there is some mystery about you, Charles. I confess I should like to know what it is; not from curiosity merely—though I have my share of it; but from a better feeling—the interest I take in an old friend." Her manner was so grave, so dignified, so different from her ordinary levity, that even a stranger would have felt she was a woman to be trusted with a secret; how much more a lover, trustful ever.

"You are right, Catherine," he answered; "I am not what I seem. But whatever it may be called—mystery, or disguise—I am willing to reveal all to you; to tell you, in fact, my whole history: of course, for you alone. You will find it a strange romance."

At this instant Mr. Selwyn entered the Library to announce that a messenger had come in haste for Charles Hazlewood, requiring his immediate presence at home; and the young Quaker at once took his leave.

To account for this interruption, we must retrace the steps of our narrative a few hours.

After the surgical operation, Walter Robinson was for some time doing well, and the most favorable hopes were entertained; but gradually a change took place; symptoms of fever appeared; his case became alarming. The danger was communicated to the family, and to him, by the attending surgeon, in a manly way—but was not as manfully received; the gay profligate, who had braved death a hundred times on the field, was frightened.

"Is there no hope, doctor?"

"None; or I would not have told you."

"Must I die?"

"I fear so."

"Must I die! must I die!" he repeated several times.

"Why did you tell me? Why not let me die without knowing of it beforehand, and spare me this misery! Why tell me?"

"You are a soldier; and, I thought, not afraid of death. Besides, you might wish to arrange your affairs—and—and to think of your eternal welfare."

"A soldier! yes; I recollect; I have often seen death; but it was other people's death, not mine; this is mine—mine, you say, doctor—mine! And—after death comes the judgment! Do you think so, doctor? Do you think there is a life hereafter—a judgment?"

"I do—certainly I do."

"All cant, doctor; the cant of priests to frighten old women—and young ones too! Eh, doctor? All cant, isn't it, doctor; all cant?"

"The fool has said in his heart there is no God," murmured Doctor Shippen to himself; though loud enough to be overheard. Walter Robinson lay for several minutes silent, the memory of early principles working within him; those accusing angels, so often the visitor of a death-bed. At length he repeated—

"The fool in his heart has said there is no God! The fool has said in his heart, there is no God! I must die, must I, doctor?"

"There is no hope." Walter lay quiet for some

time, then spoke in a subdued tone: "I am afraid—I am afraid I am not fit to die."

"You have time to repent; never too late for that."

"Repent! yes—be sorry for all I have done wrong; great deal to be sorry for, doctor—a great deal!"

"Remember the dying thief."

"Oh! yes—yes—I remember; but I have been a great deal worse."

"You will, you can repent. Recollect all you have done, and sincerely repent. But shall I send for a clergyman; he understands these matters better than I do?"

"A priest! Well—no matter for the name; send for one, doctor; do." The young man became silent and remained long without speaking, and the medical attendant took his leave. The clergyman was sent for.

During this scene Ellen and her mother were in the room. The effect may be imagined. Ellen was thunderstruck; and for some time could not realize what she heard. The death of her lover she had brought herself to think of and to expect; and she sorrowed as one not without hope—the hope against hope we entertain for those dear to us; but his confession of disbelief, his mockery of all she revered, his lie on all his professions! And how could she know the love he professed for her was not also a lie!

She stood one moment in a distant part of the room, murmured in a low tone—"Oh, Walter! Walter!" and gave way to the intense anguish of her heart. She did not faint, for all her senses were retained, but she sunk down powerless on the floor. Her mother ran to her and raised her up—

"Mother, I have thee yet!"—she said in a whisper:

"My child! this is dreadful! dreadful! But thee has more than me, thee has the Comforter—who will never leave nor forsake thee; pray to Him for strength under this sore trial."

"Mother, I will go to my room."

She arose by the help of her mother, and leaning on her, left the room. It had been but a few minutes—and, the change! She had sunk down a beautiful girl, sorrowful but blooming; she tottered out of that room, a decrepit woman; even aged—yes aged; for her heart had grown instantly old; and her gait and looks no one would have thought youthful. A moment had blasted her life.

Had she instantaneously ceased to love Walter Robinson? No—no! She felt that his professions were false—all that her brother had told of him true—he was utterly unworthy of her. If restored, she would not have married him for worlds; would never see him again; yet she loved him still! What a mystery is the heart! The pure-minded clinging to the impure. Every day we see this Mezentian union of the living to the dead; the maiden adhering to the profligate lover, the wife not abandoning the drunkard, whose abominable debaucheries 'stink in the nostrils.' What is it? Mere will? The affections are more than will—something beyond—behind—stronger—more deeply seated; a something given us for happiness or misery; for happiness, if we "love wisely," for misery, if we thoughtlessly allow the thousand-threaded tendrils of the heart to twine themselves around the worthless. What is it? Let him answer who knows.

That moment, which withered the young girl's

heart, also changed entirely Walter Robinson's position in the pious family of his uncle. Mere unbelief—avowed unbelief—might have been looked on charitably and in hope of change; but hypocrisy! deception! never could be forgiven. He would still receive all the attentions his desperate state required, but with widely different feelings and motives.

Meanwhile the wounded man thought of but one thing—the approach of death; what to him now was the desolation of that broken-hearted girl! After a long silence, he faintly spoke, without moving his head, which was entirely beyond his power.

"Is he come?"

"Who, Walter?" answered Rebecca Hazlewood, who had assumed the office of nurse.

"The clergyman.

"Not yet."

Not another word was uttered, and the room again sunk into silence.

At length the clergyman, a venerable divine of the Episcopal Church, arrived. Rebecca instantly left the chamber at the entrance of the "hireling," and Walter was left alone with him. The conference was long and earnest. The penitent spoke of his ill-spent life; bewailed his sins; professed the bitterest sorrow, the sincerest penitence; vowed his intention, if spared, to lead an amended and righteous course. The clergyman listened with the deepest interest; was satisfied of the man's sincerity—that his was now that "broken and contrite spirit" which will not be rejected; administered promises of pardon—hopes of a blessed eternity.

But another duty remained, dictated by the clergy-

man: to ask the forgiveness of those he had injured—more particularly of his cousin Charles. The young Quaker was sought for at his usual visiting places, and at length found; as has been already related. He had remained ignorant of these events, and learned them now with unmingled astonishment. Most of all, he was moved by the desolate state of his sister: and yet, he thought, better thus—better the veil torn thus terribly off—than the base hypocrite not detected.

He entered the chamber of the dying man and spoke to him.

"Charles," was faintly answered, "I have injured you: I have hated you without a cause, and forced you to hate me in return: I have prejudiced your father against you." Charles gave a sudden start, and a flash of indignation crossed his countenance; but he did not speak. "I have actually planned your death."

"Walter!" exclaimed the young Quaker, unable to restrain himself.

"All this—yes, all this; can you forgive me, a dying man?"

Charles hesitated; and made no immediate reply.

"Can you forgive me, a dying man?" repeated Walter.

"*Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us,*" added the clergyman solemnly.

Charles now spoke:

"It is hard—very hard; yet I forgive thee, all thou hast done against me. But my sister, Walter, my sister!" he paused, much affected. "Thou hast broken her heart!" He again paused.

"Forgive me—a dying man."

"I cannot forgive that."

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us," repeated the clergyman.

"No, I cannot forgive that! It would be a lie to say I do, when I do not—I cannot."

"I pray you, sir, let him die in peace," said the clergyman.

"I have tried to forgive him, and I cannot. Indeed I can hardly keep from cursing him—there—dying as he is," Charles replied, in an excited manner.

"We should bless, and curse not."

"I feel as if I ought to curse him. I cannot forgive him; and I do not think God will!" replied Charles warmly.

"Shame! shame!" exclaimed the clergyman, "his God will be more merciful to him than you are; he is sincerely penitent."

"How does thee know that?"

"I have every evidence man can give—or man can ask for."

"Yet thee may be deceived; what thee takes for contrition may be cowardice—the penitent, a base cowardly soul, fearing death not hating his sins."

"God only knows."

"And He only will know, if the man dies. But let him recover. What then? Man may know. Has thee ever known death-bed penitents recover?"

"Yes."

"And so have I: but what were they afterward? Did their penitence hold good, or were they ashamed to look their confessor in the face? Does thee remember one case of a death-bed repentance being followed by a virtuous life." The clergyman was taken aback and showed some embarrassment, but answered:

"You do not think a man cannot repent on his death-bed and be saved?"

"No. But I say, judging from the conduct of those that recover, it is fear of death rather than hatred of sin which the death-bed elicits; and I say too, if clergymen reasoned on the subject, they would hold out less confidently hopes of Heaven to their death-bed penitents."

The clergyman made no reply, but after a short silence, said:

"Let us pray."

Charles Hazlewood left the chamber—from his sect's aversion to unite in religious office with a "hireling"—or from bitterness against his cousin—or from some other cause—and the clergyman prayed fervently with his penitent, who was considerably excited by the ill-timed discussion in his presence.

Was that penitence such as the good clergyman supposed—or was there ground for the skepticism of the young Quaker? It is a question for the prison "ordinaries"—regular and amateur—who promise Heaven to atrocious criminals under the gallows so usually and with such confidence, that one might almost regard a murder as the surest means of salvation. Can this be so? Can these gallows conversions be real? Too grave a question for us to answer here; yet we will give it a passing word—at the end of a chapter.

We do not doubt the power of God to change in a moment—under the gallows—the wickedest man that ever trod the earth, and to give him that new heart which involves new feelings, and fits him for the society of "just men made perfect;"

but does He do so: does He *always* do so, when the criminal professes repentance of his crimes? We think not. Reasoning from religious and moral analogies—from the progress of "conversion" in other cases—and from the fact that so few death-bed penitents, on recovery, keep their promises of reform—we may fairly doubt of gallows conversions.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ROYAL ARMY IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE grenadier regiments, British and Hessian, took possession of the rebel metropolis on the twenty-sixth, and the next day several detached parties of troops, were introduced; the whole forming the garrison of the city. But the main body of the Royal army remained encamped in the neighborhood of Germantown, some seven miles off, and at the intermediate Rising Sun. General Howe himself did not march in with "Head Quarters" until some days after the occupation; but other officers, not insensible to the comforts of city quarters, were allowed to enter. This separation from their men—nothing being less dreamed of than danger from the rebels—told fatally against the British in the subsequent surprise.

General Howe was afterward quartered in Market street below Sixth, in a large house, whose history might form an interesting chapter in the annals of houses. Soon afterward the residence of General Arnold, the Continental Governor of Philadelphia, and the scene of the early schemes of his Tory wife which led to his own downfall; subsequently it was occupied by Washington, when President of the United States, and was the familiar household-place of the greatest of men; at length, after a succession of eminent, though less distinguished occupants, it sunk

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gradually from its high estate, and became a boarding-house; and thus continued—witnessing all the strange incidents—the joys and the sorrows, the hopes and the plans—of the most eventful form of domestic life, until a few years ago it was torn down, and stores erected on the site. What a tale, the history of that house!

The other officers, and the privates also, had quarters assigned them on the inhabitants; Tory as well as Whig; for no distinction was made between friend and foe. We may imagine, how grievously this was felt by those property-loving lieges, the Philadelphia Quakers, touched to the quick in the dearest feelings of the "Anglo-Saxon" bosom, the sacredness of the house! Few of them remained well affected to the Royal Government—and some were entirely turned round. Yet the British guests—the officers at least—were not unnecessarily oppressive toward the Tories; nor even—with some exceptions—toward the Whigs; they paid for every accommodation in hard guineas; behaved in all respects as well as they knew how; were often kind and obliging. But their manners were formed on a different standard; very "gentlemanly," very dissolute. The best of them were gay men, free in their behavior toward females not ladies of recognized degree; profane in their language; swearing as if they had served in Flanders, (they swore horribly in Flanders,) or thought it a soldier's first proof of courage to brave his omnipotent Maker; noisy and roystering after dinner; and such of them—not a few—as drank deep, intolerably rude. The citizen was never sure, that his guest—however quiet in the morning—might not before night be a drunken

libertine; whom his wife or daughter could not meet without insult, but whom he dared not kick into the street. Many householders of the respectable classes deserted their houses entirely; and many sent from home their female relations. Such is the best fortune of a captured city, "*væ victis!*"

The day after the scene at Walter Robinson's bed, early in the afternoon, an "orderly" halted before Caleb Hazlewood's door, with a cart-load of trunks, and other camp equipage, examined the door carefully, and proceeded to write on it with chalk, "SIR CHARLES ASTON'S QUARTERS." He then sounded the ponderous brass knocker, and began, with the assistance of the servants who accompanied him, to unload his cart. The door was opened by Joseph, the old black Quaker, who perceiving the operations going on, slammed it in the orderly's face, and bolted and barred it fast, exclaiming:

"Dis not de right house, Massa soldier—dis Massa Hazlewood's house; hah, hah!"

"Open the door, you black rascal! open the door!" shouted the orderly, and began sounding the knocker and kicking the door with an energy which roused the whole neighborhood.

"Hah, hah, hah! Massa soldier, I guess de door harder dan thy foot—hah! hah!"

Neither the old Quaker nor the young one were at home, but at this instant Caleb himself returned, not a little astounded at the state of affairs.

"What means this?" said he. "What is thee doing at my door?"

"You are Mr. Hazlewood himself?" asked the orderly

"Yes, I am Caleb Hazlewood: what does thee want here?"

"Quarters for Sir Charles Aston and Major Andre have been assigned here, and I am bringing their things."

"Into my house? Impossible!"

"The orders are peremptory," said the soldier.

"I will see William Howe and have them changed."

"Come now, my friend, take the matter reasonably; you are a friend to Government."

"I am."

"Would you wish us—who are fighting your battles—to lie in the streets? We must quarter somewhere—in somebody's house. Why not in yours?"

"I will pay for lodging you elsewhere."

"But where? The taverns are all filled; we must lodge in private houses. Any how, it can't be changed to-day; so have the door opened."

The old Quaker thought an instant and submitted. He touched the knocker lightly—and called:

"Joseph, let me in."

"Dat thee, Massa Hazlewood?"

"Yes, Joseph."

"I guess dis nigger can't let thee in now: de soldier man get in too."

"But I want to come in, Joseph; open the door."

"I can't, Massa; dis nigger can't."

Thus the dialogue continued; but all the remonstrances of the master would not move the obstinate servant to let in "the soldier man." At length Rebecca Hazlewood herself was obliged to come forward and open the door.

"Joseph," said the master, "thee is a resolute fel-

low, but thee shouldn't keep me out of my own house," and that was the only reproof.

Sorely against his will, Caleb saw the officers' equipage brought in; but it could not be prevented; and consulting with the orderly respecting the accommodations required, he was informed it would be a parlor and dining-room and two chambers, with lodging for three servants. The old Quaker remonstrated, but was assured by the orderly—glancing his eye around on the ample mansion—that nothing less would answer. The next point was the apartments.

Caleb's house was one of the best in the city; and the delight of his heart was to fill it, at Yearly Meetings, and other grand occasions, with crowds of visiting Friends; but these uninvited guests—where could he find room for them.

"The best rooms in the house, of course," suggested the orderly. "These here," pointing to a parlor-door.

"But the dining-room?"

"This—this will do," interposed the orderly looking at a back parlor. There was a wide central hall, wainscoted some eight feet high with dark old walnut, a broad flight of stairs with massive balusters, leading upward, and several doors at the sides opening into apartments; on the one hand were two large parlors; on the other, a Library and dining-room; the two parlors were chosen for the officers.

Toward evening Sir Charles Aston and Major Andre arrived and took possession of their quarters. The old Quaker received them at the door, and was at once prepossessed in their favor, they were so polite, apologized so handsomely for their intrusion, and were besides so genteel and good-looking. Caleb

thought himself fortunate in his guests; and was so indeed, for those two young men were the flower of the Royal officers.

For two or three days afterward matters moved on very satisfactorily in the old Quaker's domicile; and he began to think the thing itself—the officers' quarters—not so bad as the thought of it.

Meanwhile the young Quaker confined himself, when at home, principally to his own apartment and his sister's; but spent most of his time abroad. His father and he seldom met, except at meals; and then scarcely exchanged a word. The remark was generally made, that he seemed sad and troubled.

And Walter Robinson—he was not yet dead. On the contrary, his fever had abated; and he was likely to disappoint his doctors, and to show how far his penitence was sincere.

It was not until the third day of the officers' residence in his house, that Caleb experienced any particular annoyance. There was then a kind of dinner company, and after the substantial viands had been quietly discussed, the *post prandial* performance became uproarious enough to chafe the most patient Tory in the city. The scene was extraordinary for the parlors of a sober Quaker, but characteristic of the men—and the times.

At the head of the table sat Sir Charles; at the foot Major Andre; on the right, was Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzhugh, a handsome but rakish-looking man of four and twenty—the irregular sprout of a noble English house, to whose influence he owed his comparatively high military rank; on his opposite was Colonel Langley, a remarkably genteel man of five and thirty;

next to him sat Major Moncrief, who not under sixty certainly, and tall and stout and red-faced, was a military representative of the "old English gentleman;" three Company officers, young men, completed the party. The company as a whole could not be called drunk, neither was it absolutely sober; but it was nearer the former case. Bottles, empty, half empty and full; glasses broken, half broken and whole; puddles of wine, nut-shells, and fragments of fruits covered the table. Occasionally a fist was smashed down on the board until every glass jingled; then a bacchanalian strain was heard with its riotous "Hip, hip, hurrah!" Song was varied by toast, and toast by bumper.

If we had a hundred tongues, and pens of brass—as Homer says—we could not do justice to the occasion; but we shall sketch a few passages: softening, however, the rough licentiousness of the language, and omitting altogether the profanity.

"Mr. Fitzhugh's toast! Mr. Fitzhugh's toast!" was shouted all around the table, at the commencement of our sketch.

"The rich rebels!" responded that worthy.

"The rich rebels!" repeated the "old English gentleman" in regimentals, Major Moncrief. "The rich rebels! I cannot swallow that; I cannot toast the rebels, rich or poor."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Colonel Fitzhugh. "I must add a commentary, I see."

"The rich rebels—turned into guineas and jingling in our breeches' pockets!"

"I don't understand it yet, Fitzhugh," replied the major.

"You don't! It means we have finished the fighting period and just got to the hanging and confiscating. Why, man, the mines of Mexico are nothing to it! Every man of his Majesty's troops will go home a nabob at least; eh, Moncrief?"

"But the rebel property will not be distributed among us, like prize money among privateersmen!"

"Not precisely; but it will fall into our mouths—if we open them wide enough. Eh, Moncrief!—think of those rebel estates! There is that fine old house—Charles Thomson's I mean—the man who countersigns the rebel proclamations—which we marched past a few days ago: a noble lawn in front, with fields of arable and meadow, and woods all round. Only think of it as yours; your estate to retire to when you grow tired of the service! I will spend my Christmas with you certainly; that is, if your cellar and larder are well stocked."

"But it is not mine," observed the old major; "no such luck for me."

"Why not? It will be confiscated and sold—sold for a song, major, if we manage right. Why, major, you can buy it with a month's pay; you have that much in arrears—have you not?"

"Yes—three months," answered the major seriously.

"Then the estate is yours; you may lay in your wines at once."

"Hurra, hurra, hurra!" shouted the company until the house rung again.

"You will turn these young fellows' heads," interposed Major Andre. "Of course, you are not in earnest?"

"Of course not," added Sir Charles Aston. "For my part, I would as soon buy gallows-clothes of the hangman, and turn huckster of them."

"Why not in earnest? Why not?" replied Fitzhugh—who was really serious in his thoughts on the confiscations, though amusing himself a little with the old major. "You are an eldest son, Sir Charles, and can afford to play Don Quixote; but we poor dogs of younger sons! Pfu! I see nothing for us but to buy in rebel estates. For my part, I shall not be more squeamish than—than—your own ancestor, Sir Charles, who bought a huge estate in Ireland—the confiscated property of some Irish king—at a penny an acre; and, if I am not mistaken, you hold it yet. Eh, Sir Charles! what do you say of the gallows-clothes now?"

Sir Charles hesitated an instant—for he felt angry—and was inclined to answer angrily; but he mastered himself and said quietly:

"That was in barbarous times, Colonel Fitzhugh, we should do better now. But to carry out the joke: whose estate have you chosen? You should give yourself as good a one as Major Moncrief."

"Oh! I shall pick out—I think—the estate of the rebel commander-in-chief. It is a noble property on the Potomac, counties of land and forests of negroes. I take care of number one, you see."

"I do not like to hear a friend talk thus, even in joke," interposed Major Andre. "I am not rich—and so Mr. Fitzhugh's reasons do not affect me—but I am rich enough—every man is rich enough—to be a gentleman. No gentleman can, in my opinion, enrich himself by the ruin of the colonists—rebels though

they are: and I hope Government will give them an amnesty."

Fortunately for the harmony of the company, the old major finished a spell of deep thinking, and suddenly spoke:

"Mr. Fitzhugh's toast: I am satisfied with it now: let us drink Mr. Fitzhugh's toast. *'The rich rebels!'*"

"The rich rebels!" was repeated by all but Major Andre and Sir Charles, and drunk uproariously.

"Now it is my call: Major Moncrief for a song."

"I must moisten my lips first," said the old major; filled his glass, took a sip, smacked his lips, held it up between his eye and the light, took another sip and another smack: "The real stuff! If the rebel powder was half as good as their wine, we wouldn't all of us be here to-day. What do you think of this Madeira, Sir Charles?"

"Splendid! something novel; strong as our port, but more lively; we must introduce it at home. But your song; you forget your song."

The major, as little sentimental looking as the goddess Britannia herself, sung a most cloyingly sweet song, and was echoed by a chorus, more in keeping with the incongruity of the selection than the sentiment. The major then called on Major Andre for a toast.

"Our speedy return home!"

"But we are not ready," said Colonel Fitzhugh.

"Who is not?"

"Sir William Howe himself. If he were, he would press the rebels and finish the war. Their army is routed—their capital in our hands—their Congress,

as they call their government, broken up; they might be settled with in a week."

"That is a reflection on the commander-in-chief," interrupted Major Andre.

"Well, then we are not ready—none of us. There is Langley for instance, he will not be ready until he marry an heiress."

"Ah!" said Major Andre, "is that the game! But see, he owns the soft impeachment; mark his blush!" Nothing was further from the fact, for Colonel Langley had long since outlived the blush—that blessed sign that the man is not worldly. "Who is she, Fitzhugh?"

"Miss Catherine Selwyn: a wit and a beauty."

Sir Charles Aston started at the name; grew pale as death, followed by a flush of burning red—evidently touched on some deep feeling: scenes long past were awakened—scenes which he fain would have forgotten. After a short struggle with himself he became composed, but his agitation had been observed.

"An acquaintance of yours, Sir Charles?" said Fitzhugh.

"Formerly—in England—but I thought her married."

"Colonel Langley," interposed the old major, to the great relief of Sir Charles, "you are a man of mettle: only two days here and trenches opened already before an heiress. This reminds me of Edinburgh, when we marched in after the rebellion of 1745."

"Major Andre's toast," interposed Colonel Fitzhugh, a armed at the major's ominous proem: "Major Andre's toast!"

"I withdraw it, since nobody wishes to go home."

"Certainly, we are not ready," said Colonel Fitzhugh. "All the sport is to come. We have to string up George Washington, John Hancock, Charles Thomson, and a multitude of other rebels, important enough to be hung. Then we will have to garrison the country against future rebellion; some twenty thousand of us at free quarters. Then we have our fortunes to make! Langley's is provided for already; or in a fair way. But ours—Moncrief's for instance! Moncrief, you must marry; you must marry."

"Oh, Fitzhugh!" exclaimed the old major, evidently not displeased.

"Yes, you must marry! marry an heiress!"

"My age is against me?" said the major interrogatively.

"Not at all; a woman of sense does not wish to marry a boy. Still you are old enough—and you had better lose no more time. Come now: I will introduce you to an heiress—Langley has not got them all."

"Who is she?"

"Old Broadbrim's daughter."

"Why, Fitzhugh, she is a Quaker!"

"What of that? Old Broadbrim here is as rich as Croesus. He had oceans of ships and acres of warehouses; and on the rebellion he turned all into cash—ingots and guineas and doubloons and hard pieces-of-eight. Only think of it, Moncrief—but two heirs: the fair lady and that broad-shouldered brother, the young Quaker—only think of it!"

"But is she handsome?" interposed the old major, seriously.

"Ah! that I do not know; I have never seen her. Ask Major Andre who lives in the house."

"Nor I either," said Major Andre. "I have never seen her; she keeps her chamber from indisposition. I sometimes see her brother; he is certainly no beauty."

"No," interposed Colonel Langley, "he is not a beauty; but he is something else—I do not know what. I can tell a good thing about young Broadbrim—Moncrief's brother-in-law; I mention it for his sake, to put him in conceit of his new relatives—though it makes against myself."

"Well: last evening I stepped into Mr. Selwyn's parlor—I lodge at the house you know—and who should be there but young Broadbrim in full dress. When I entered, he was talking; and of course I expected him to give way to me; not he! he resumed his talk as if I had not entered."

"Ha, ha! and so you had to rout the mohair rival!"

"Rival! Fitzhugh, you do not think I would look on any mere colonist, Whig or Tory, as my rival. I would crop his ears first and hang them to his button-hole! As I said, the fellow continued talking; and as I was obliged to teach the fellow his place, I interrupted him bluntly. He gave me a look, from you Langley—or any other gentleman—I would understand the meaning—but from a mere colonist—a Quaker too—I was at a loss. He fixed his eyes on mine, I returned the gaze, and so we looked into each other's eyes, until—until—what none of you will believe—I was fairly stared down."

"Impossible! it must have been old Nick and not young Obadiah; old Nick in disguise."

"To mend the matter, I addressed him rather superciliously; he retorted, and an altercation ensued. I

could not punish him then; and with words he was my match."

"What would I give to have seen it!"

"I could not frighten him, and I got angry; then Miss Selwyn interposed and the affair ended. But some time afterward, when I was talking with the old gentleman on military matters, the young Quaker in his turn interrupted me, just as I had served him. I was enraged: but what good did that do with a calm immovable Quaker! He kept his temper; quoted against me the regulations of half the services in Europe—our own included; and convinced me that I had made a mistake."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Major Andre; "a Quaker teaching one of his Majesty's officers his military duties!"

"It is laughable, I admit; and I have laughed about it since; but then I was too much provoked to laugh," resumed Colonel Langley.

"A noble fellow!" said the old major; who seemed to regard the young Quaker as already his brother-in-law. "I wish I had him in the Guards; I'd make a man of him."

"It is a strange event," said Sir Charles Aston. "He must be an extraordinary man; I must make his acquaintance."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Colonel Fitzhugh, "we are prosy; pass the bottle; fill your glasses; I am going to give a toast which will waken up the sleepest among you—make the dullest of you witty—and brighten the fancy of the brightest. I give you: are you all ready, gentlemen?"

"All ready."

"Full charged! nothing less than a bumper!"

"Yes, yes!"

"I give you, gentlemen," looking at Colonel Langley, "I give you—the bride-elect of a distinguished officer in his Majesty's service, known and respected by you all; I give you—

"Miss Selwyn!"

"Miss Selwyn! Miss Selwyn!" was repeated around the table as each glass was drained; by all but Sir Charles Aston, who drank his wine, but did not repeat the name.

"Is Miss Selwyn a beauty, as well as a wit, Colonel Fitzhugh?" asked Major Andre.

"At first sight," replied Fitzhugh, "I did not think her handsome; but when she began to speak, her eyes wakened up her features, and you could feel every word plumping against your heart. If not a beauty, major, she is such a woman a man of sense cuts his throat for."

But enough of this *symposium*. Toast followed toast, song followed song—sometimes enlivened by a chorus some hundred octaves above the gamut; sometimes only loud enough to be heard all over the house; all was joy and merry noise to a late hour of the night.

Poor Caleb Hazlewood heard all this with as much satisfaction as if he had been subjected to the horrible hilarity of Pandemonium.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE QUAKER COLONIST AND BRITISH OFFICER.

MEANWHILE, the young Quaker was becoming entirely the slave of a "*grande passion*." His feelings, pent up so long—accumulated, we may say, during so many years—now bursting away like a broken down dam of water, defied all restraint. He had been from childhood, at home, and during his adventurous absence abroad, in love with Catherine Selwyn; but that was the idealism of a Don Quixote worshipping a Dulcinea del Toboso: but now it was reality; a living fact; a rule of action; the madness of a Mark Antony throwing away a world for love.

How complacently we old fellows look back at these follies! Laugh at them; pity them; or disbelieve in them entirely! Yet it was not always so; we were once as big fools as the boys; and if we are not so now, if we are now sane, it is not our wisdom we may thank, but our gray hairs.

To increase the young Quaker's insanity, or monomania, or gunamania, or mania of some kind, he persuaded himself that the young lady was equally far gone. "She loves me! she loves me!" he would repeat to himself. "I do not doubt it: how can I doubt it? She loves me! she loves me! How pensive she looks! how subdued! She feels in my presence as I do in hers: she loves me. The lips must speak on both

sides what the whole conduct shows: and I must first speak. She loves me! she loves me!"

To speak, to confess his love, and to receive her confession in return, was now the single object of his thoughts; but day followed day, opportunities came and passed, and the confession was not made. Meanwhile he lived in a delirium; an oblivion of all but the one object; and toward it his senses deliciously exhilarated; a drunkenness more spiritual than that of wine, but as overpowering. His resolution to leave his father's house was forgotten: his sympathy with his suffering sister (we are sorry to confess it against him) was cold, and his visits to her chamber few and short. His duties elsewhere—the duties of a high and responsible station, too long neglected—were uncared for.

"What was the world to him,
Its pomp, its pleasures, and its honors all?"

It must be confessed, this absorption of all the feelings into one, this concentration of all the thoughts on a focus—is—is perfect happiness: perhaps similar to the happiness of blessed spirits. Alas for earth, such moments pass quickly away!

Charles Hazlewood still was timid in her presence; still trembled; still hesitated: yet he now spent most of the day at her house, or walking the streets in a waking dream, acquiring resolution or desperation enough to visit her. When there with her, it was enough; whether talking or silent, reading or listening, he was happy: her presence, being near her, was enough for happiness; was all that any one required to be happy: at least *he* felt so.

Yet there was a cloud occasionally on his rapture. The British officer, Colonel Langley, who was quartered on Mr. Selwyn, either from gallantry, or some deeper reason, seemed to make the agreeable to Miss Selwyn; and Catherine, true to herself, was, in return, somewhat liberal of her smiles. Charles could not help looking on the officer as a rival; and though perfectly secure, as he thought, of his own position, felt often provoked by her sweet reception of the new admirer. To mend matters, the Royal officer treated his Quaker rival—for he soon saw Charles' case—with a supercilious tone of superiority; rudely interrupting him when speaking; addressing him in contemptuous language; and acting generally toward him as if the colonist was too despicable to feel enmity toward so superior a being as himself.

Charles bore this for some time, from his regard for Catherine, and his unwillingness to rival the officer in ungentlemanly conduct; but his patience soon wore out, and he taught the aggressor—that he had made a mistake. The tone of superiority was met by a tone still higher; the impertinent interference by constant interferences of the same kind; the rude word, intended to silence, by a retort still keener; and the attempt to shine on any subject, was overshadowed by superior knowledge. The officer was astonished, overawed even, by the ready and fearless Quaker. Catherine herself was astonished; for hitherto she had seen him only in the small occasions of society, where he was diffident and awkward; but now, under excitement, his language became fluent, apt, and strong, and his manners full of dignity and unstudied grace.

On one occasion some time after their first meeting,

the young Quaker seemed peculiarly savage. Colonel Langley felt himself in a predicament: what could he do? In the war of words he was no match for the Quaker: and in that field, the ugliest customer you can have is a Quaker—a cool, impassable, impertinent Quaker—whom you cannot make angry. It was a scrape brought on himself by his own ungentlemanly conduct, so common in those days toward mere colonists, (*Meri Hebernici*) that it was scarcely thought amiss. After a few ineffectual attempts to regain his ground, he fairly gave way, and, leaving Catherine, joined Mr. Selwyn in another quarter of the room.

When the officer was gone, she took Charles to task for his rudeness.

"It was defensive rudeness, Catherine," he replied; "but I beg thy pardon for being rude in thy house. How could I help it! That man insulted me grossly; too grossly to be borne anywhere: elsewhere I must have punished him on the spot!"

"You! you!" she exclaimed, "you! talk of punishing a British soldier!"

"Ha! yes! I forget! That butterfly a soldier! In the rough service I have seen, we would pit it against a lady's maid!"

"Why, Charles! how you talk!"

"Oh! I forgot: I have not told you my story yet: but I will. Ha! excuse me, Catherine: I must follow up that man, and make him rue the hour he trampled on a Quaker."

Charles was a man of strong passions—trained somewhat by his early Quaker discipline—but with difficulty kept under; and there was boiling under that Quaker garb a fierce torrent, which the officer little

dreamed of. He could not resist following Colonel Langley; knowing that he could not wreak his passion on him then; but unwilling to let him escape.

The colonel was addressing Mr. Selwyn.

"What is your opinion, sir, of Mr. Washington, the great rebel? They tell me he was an English midshipman; then deserted, and became a smuggler; then married a Virginia heiress, and got up the rebellion to secure himself from justice."

"All false!—a base lie! Whoever told thee so—if any body did tell thee—is a base liar!"

"My good fellow, I did not ask for your opinion," said the colonel, with a look intended to annihilate.

"Neither did I ask thee for thine a few minutes ago," replied Charles, with a contemptuous smile, "Yet, my good fellow, thee gave it. So shall I now give thee mine, unasked: tit-for-tat is the law among us colonists; we pay out the same coin we get. Fair play, isn't it? or can thee say any thing against it?"

Colonel Langley was too angry to hide altogether his feelings, and he answered fiercely: "Man, you tempt me too far: I shall forget myself, and knock you down!"

"That is thy manners, is it?" interrupted the Quaker, with a smile; "that thy courtly breeding! Talk of knocking a man down, in a parlor, in the presence of ladies! Yet thou art a gentleman, I suppose: callest thyself so, at all events. But, look you, look at me!" The Quaker drew up his stalwart form, and stood an instant firmly planted, with his arms folded on his breast, the smile still on his countenance, but with an expression of such utter contempt, and such

perfect consciousness of physical superiority—"Look at me, and consider thy own weak muscles. Thee might try, if the place were proper: thee might try to knock me down; and I would promise not to strike thee back—we Friends are not strikers!"

"He will drive me mad, Mr. Selwyn! he will drive me mad!" exclaimed the officer. "Still, I was too hasty. I beg your pardon for talking of force in your house."

"Ha! thee is coming to thy senses! Thee can apologize for thy rudeness! Thy manners are improving; and thee will know, with a little more teaching, how to behave thyself in a gentleman's house. Now I will proceed and give thee my opinion of his Excellency, General Washington.

"He is the great man of the age: one of those men called forth by great events: one of those men raised up to guide nations through grand historical epochs"—

"Ha!" interrupted the officer, whose anger had been suddenly cooled by his feeling of the ridiculous position he was in; he, a man of the world, a courtier, and a born gentleman, to be schooled in manners by a Quaker! "Ha! you favor the rebellion, do you?"

"We Friends are loyalists, thee knows: but I can appreciate a great man, whether friend or foe," replied the young Quaker.

"But why has this great man, if he be a great man, remained so long unknown?" said Mr. Selwyn, oblivious of his own former opinion.

Charles looked an instant at his old friend, who dropped his eyes, and answered impetuously—

"The time had not come: the occasion to make manifest his greatness. Believe me, sir, the world is

full of 'men of great occasions;' but it knows them not—cannot know them; never will know them, perhaps; certainly not, unless great occasions occur: the tide of battle to be turned; the revolution to be ruled; the nation to be saved!"

"But, if the occasions do not occur?"

"They live and die unknown. Thousands of the greatest men our race has produced have lived and died unknown to their fellow men."

"A bold theory. Do facts warrant it?"

"Great occasions have always found great men; unknown till the occasion came. A memorable instance from our own history, is the revolt of the Stuarts. And Oliver Cromwell"—

"You don't call that arch-hypocrite a great man!" interrupted Colonel Langley, with the air of one who at length saw a weak point in his enemy's movements.

"The greatest that England has ever produced: not the best, for he had great failings: but the greatest in those qualities which sway men. Up to his five-and-fortieth year he was unknown; living among men as an ordinary man, discharging the duties of ordinary life—his extraordinary powers unsuspected by the world, perhaps by himself; but the occasion came; and the man was made manifest. Within ten short years the country brewer became ruler of England, conqueror of Scotland and Ireland, arbiter of Europe."

"I never before heard Cromwell defended," interrupted the officer.

"Perhaps not; yet the time will come when England will be proud of her Cromwell."

"Of her Washington, also?" added Colonel Langley, with a sneer.

"Yes, if she can call him hers. But her claim in him will be past: he is the founder of a new empire, the hero of a new people."

"She has still one claim on him—for her gallows," retorted the officer, in that strain then too common with the Royalists.

"Does thee think so?" replied the Quaker, warmly; being a good deal provoked by this vulgar abuse, and determined to repay it in kind. "Does thee think George Washington will grace an English gibbet? My good fellow—to retort thy own phrase—thee is wonderfully ignorant of the true condition of things. George Washington will be a great name on the earth when George Guelph will be forgotten, with all his dolter-headed race."

"Treason! sir, treason! In the king's name I arrest you for high treason," exclaimed Colonel Langley, in his turn provoked. "Mr. Selwyn, I call on you, as a good subject, to assist. Your pardon, Miss Selwyn; but, as a Royal officer, I can not pass by such treasonable language in my presence. Will you, Mr. Selwyn, call in my orderly to take charge of the prisoner?"

The ladies were frightened,—Mr. Selwyn astounded at this unexpected result of the altercation: but the young Quaker stood unmoved, with a smile at the wrath of his rival, and coolly spoke.

"One moment, before the orderly is called. Neighbor Langley, thee is rash and hasty: I have uttered no treason. I did not deny the right of George of Hanover to the throne of England—I did not even apply the term 'dolter-headed' to him, the reigning sovereign; but to his race, his remote posterity, it may be. Wherein lies the treason of my words?

Thee may be a zealous subject, neighbor; but thee is wonderfully ignorant of law. If thee arrest me, I shall claim heavy damages for the false imprisonment; and be assured, the Philadelphia Quaker can carry on a lawsuit in Westminster Hall as easily as a spendthrift colonel. Thee will have to sell thy commission for law expenses before thee is done with me."

The officer was thrown into some hesitation by this language—doubting too, on reflection, whether the language was as treasonable as he first thought; but he still held out his hand, as if about to seize the Quaker. This Charles grasped, as if in friendly remonstrance, repeating, at the same time: "Say, neighbor, wherein lies the treason?"

The officer turned deadly pale; then his face flushed; and in a quick tone, he exclaimed:

"Let go my hand, sir!"

"I hold thy hand in friendliness: do not withdraw it, I pray thee. I only ask thee in a friendly way, wherein are my words treasonable?" replied the Quaker, his eyes fixed on the officer's with a look which the man never forgot, so fierce was it, so like what we may fancy the glare of an anaconda on his powerless victim.

"Man! devil! unhand me!" exclaimed the officer, paralyzed by anguish—and the latter epithet was not altogether amiss; for evil passions, the devil's crew, were boiling under the calm Quaker exterior, as he tightened the grasp on the hand he held until blood started from the finger nails.

"It is only a friendly grip: does it hurt thee?" said the Quaker, somewhat loosening his grasp, but still retaining a hold, like a vice, on the officer's hand,

and keeping him powerless. "Did I hurt thee? Thy pardon, if I did. We colonists are a rough race, and grip rather hard: but it is our way: thee will forgive us—will thee not? and thee will allow me to ask again, wherein lies my treason?"

Colonel Langley hesitated an instant, and spoke out frankly what he now thought: "No treason, sir, but great disrespect!"

"Ah! well: thee admits I am no traitor! That is enough. We may now part as a British officer and a loyal colonist should." While he spoke, the grasp was loosened.

Colonel Langley was relieved from a helpless captivity in the hands of the man of resolute will and iron muscle; and his first impulse was to do—he scarcely knew what. What could he do? With a gentleman, a fighting man, he would have been at no loss; he would have instantly retired, and written a challenge. But, a Quaker! What could he do? He retired, however, and subsequently devised a revenge; not so honorable to the character of a gallant soldier as consistent with his feelings as a feudal gentleman toward the colonial "churl." It was some time, however, before his hand recovered; and he never afterward spoke to Charles Hazlewood; nor did he ever visit again, unless for a moment, the parlors of the Selwyns.

The young Quaker stood an instant, gazing sternly on his retiring rival, until he was out of the room; and then he turned round, and apologized for his conduct.

"Through the whole evening—for every thing I have done and said this evening—every thing: I was driven to it; but I am sorry."

A half-hour afterward the domestic storm had died

entirely away, and Catherine and Charles were sitting together in the Library, their favorite resort. They were both silent; no unusual case for him in her presence; and just now her thoughts were busy. New feelings were working in her bosom; or, rather, old feelings revived: the substratum of her heart, as I have geologically called it, was heaved up another degree. She had loved Charles in childhood—with a child's love—but they had separated too early to give it, on her part, the undying stamp of woman's first love: and since, she had loved another passionately; and afterward had flirted with many. She still loved another: but the earlier feeling for Charles was reviving, and under favorable circumstances might erase the subsequent passion: though this possibility she would not yet admit, even to herself. The recent affair with the officer had not been without effect. "If I could love any one!—if I could love any one! His whole behavior—his strong language—his noble sentiments—his air of command—his power over that officer. He must tell me his history—alone!"

"Charles, I am waiting for your history," she suddenly said.

"You ought to have it, Catherine; in justice to us both, you ought to have it. I will begin at once."

CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLES HAZLEWOOD'S HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

THE time was somewhat late in the evening. Charles Hazlewood and Catherine Selwyn were sitting at a library-table, of gothic pattern, massive and deeply carved. A low wood fire, faintly glimmered in an open hearth; for though the season was not yet cold, the master of the house was wise enough to love the early autumnal fire; while large wax candles, on the library-table and from an antique sconce against the wall, spread a cheerful light through the apartment. The arm-chairs of black walnut, and the book-cases of the same noble material, corresponded with the style of the table. All was in perfect keeping: all was rich; but it was the richness of magnificent simplicity—that magnificence native in the man of gentlemanly tastes, which all the gold of the parvenu will not buy. On one point only was there want of harmony; and yet it harmonized with Mr. Selwyn's character: the appearance of the books was gorgeous. He was not a reading man, and yet he was fond of books; such men are not uncommon—the bibliophiles—the men who love, and gather books as the miser accumulates gold—from mere instinct; and they are the men who collect large libraries—the real student seldom. The little gentleman bought his books to look at,

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and of course bought those which were worthy of being seen. The paper good, the letter-press unexceptionable, the engravings fine, the binding expensive, the whole book executed in the best style of the art—were his standing orders to his London bookseller: and many a book was sent “home” again, for lack of these essential qualities. As to colonial editions, none ever entered his cases; and in fact, none were then, and until long afterward, respectably “got up.”

The young Quaker and the lady were sitting not far apart, for only the corner of the table was between them, and yet not absolutely close. An open book lay before them, an illuminated Dante, which Charles had commenced, a few evenings before, reading with her, “to improve her Italian,” but of which very little had been read; though it had served as text for many a talk “about all things and something else,” and there is nothing like a book before you to fill up the empty corners of conversation. As we have already said, neither of them was handsome; except in the beauty—if we may call it so—of strongly marked features. Yet there was something in their appearance to attract irresistibly the attention: her attitude and countenance showed intense interest in what he was about to say; while his was serious even to stern solemnity.

“You ought to know my history, Catherine,” repeated he after a brief pause, “and yet I hesitate at telling it, even to you. I have passed through strange scenes for the son of a Philadelphia Quaker—strange scenes for any man. My narrative will be almost a romance.

"You are perhaps partially acquainted with my reasons for abandoning home: I thought my father tyrannical and unjust, and I exiled myself. That you may judge whether I was right—and I am anxious to convince you that I was—I will mention some few particular facts. As a general grievance, he treated me like a little child; imposed restrictions on me of no use except to vex me and render my life miserable; indeed, many of them were worse than vexatious. For instance, he forbid my having a light in my room at night: now, being engaged all day with his business, this was my only time for study. Then he prescribed exactly my hours, and left me no free agency in any thing. At nine o'clock precisely I was to be home every night: now it often happened that business at the counting-house detained me till this very hour, and I was obliged to fly as it were homeward to comply with his rules; besides, I had young friends, whom I wished to chat with occasionally—about books perhaps, or things—and who would drop in on me, and whom I would visit; but this was prohibited. Then he allowed me no money—not a farthing. If I wanted a penknife, or a lead pencil, I must ask him for it; and he would inquire into the necessity, and if satisfied, would dole out the exact sum, or require me to return the change. If I wanted a penny for a street-beggar—or such small occasion—I never had it: all this, when I was managing his most important business, and doing more work than any two clerks in his service. I was allowed to visit no one, to go nowhere, and to do nothing without permission; and at eighteen, I was

required to live as if the age of discretion had not begun to dawn.

"His severe restrictions became more intolerable as I grew older, and at length I began to meditate running away. It was near a year before I could carry out my intention; my principal obstacle being want of money. But this I finally surmounted by working privately at the books of an old merchant, who was accustomed to have part of his writing done out of his counting-house.

"When the money was obtained, my other arrangements were soon made. I purchased a suit of black clothes, feeling a perfect horror of my Quaker drab—connected in my mind with long sittings on compulsion in silent meeting, and compulsory reading of Fox and Barclay—and resolved never to touch it again: you see," raising his coat sleeve to the light with a smile, "I have not kept my vow! A small valise—which could be carried as a knapsack—held the few articles I meant to take with me; and a stout hickory stick—was cut on the Wissahiccon—for a staff or a weapon, as I might need. I have it yet—the faithful companion of wandering and danger—and I shall never part with it.

"Thus equipped, and ten guineas in my purse, all that was left after my purchases, I was ready. It was the first of October, about midnight, when I dressed myself in the novel garb of 'the world's people.' I looked out of my chamber window; the night was starlight—of that clear, sparkling lightness not often witnessed; and my slight hesitation vanished. The stars favored my enterprise. I wrote a letter, informing my father of my intention; paused

an instant in tender recollection of my sister—the only being that loved me—and left my home.

"Once in the street I felt as if I had wings. You ladies never are intoxicated by your own animal spirits, unless perhaps in the mad whirl of the dance. The effects are very much like the intoxication of wine; not less exciting, not less bewildering and maddening. I felt it now: and any one would have pronounced me drunk. I ran and leaped and shouted. I was free! I was free! How the thought thrilled through me! Almost before I was conscious of leaving Front-street, I found myself at the Schuyl-kill and was crossing the High-street floating bridge.

"Beyond the river I took the Southern road, and gradually became sober; though I walked very fast, and occasionally gave my hickory an energetic flourish in the air. My thoughts turned back to my plans, which I had considered and reconsidered, and settled long ago.

"How glorious! I exclaimed in exultation; how glorious, to carve out fortune with my own hand! to owe nothing to father and ancestors—all to myself! To set forth as I do now, and win by my own exertions wealth and distinction and power! How infinitely more noble than to drone away life on other men's earnings!

But the course I meant to pursue! My first step would be the Southern colonies; there I would earn money—for, mind you, Catherine, though I had thrown off the Quaker coat, I retained the Quaker's appreciation of pounds, shillings and pence—money enough to support me for a year or two. Then I

would pass over to Europe, and at Paris would acquire some little of the medical science; would learn the military art, and perfect myself in martial exercises—"

"What a thought for a Quaker!"

"I was no Quaker; had not a Quaker principle in me, that I know of; though I had some Quaker habits. But I was madly ambitious, and determined to make my way upward—I cared not how—by the sword preferably to any other means.

"While I was revolving my plans, I casually—from some cause which I never understood—turned my head around: not ten feet from me I saw a man following, with rapid though stealthy strides; an uplifted bludgeon in his hand. His object could not be mistaken; and a minute more might have ended my adventures. A cold shudder ran through me, but I instantly recovered my presence of mind, and turning suddenly round, I shouted at the top of my voice—roared I might in fact say—'Halloo! you scoundrel! what do you mean following me!' the fellow started back astounded by this sudden salutation, and rather meekly answered, 'Nothing.' 'Then take care of yourself, or your head will make a rough acquaintance with my hickory,' replied I, in a commanding tone. 'Mayn't one walk the public road?' said he. 'Come, my man, no nonsense! if you want your head broken, say so, and I'll do it for you; but if you don't, you will not move forward a step until I'm a hundred yards off.' He was completely overawed by my cool assumption of superiority, and muttering something to himself, walked away in a backward direction. Afterward I kept my eyes all around me,

and he would have been stealthy indeed who could have approached me unobserved. I learned several useful lessons by this little adventure: one was that meeting danger half way, always lessens it one half; another, that appearing confident of your own superiority, generally convinces an antagonist and overawes him; another, always to begin the attack when the odds are against you."

"But what would you have done, if he had attacked you?"

"I can tell you how I felt; ready for a fight with somebody, or something, I scarcely cared what; any thing, to vent some of my exuberant spirits on.

"No other incident occurred during the darkness, and soon after daylight I reached the town of Chester. I had now walked upward of twenty miles, and being unused to traveling on foot, felt tired, and stopped to rest. In a couple of hours I resumed my journey, and at nightfall found myself full fifty miles south of Philadelphia. On the evening of the third day, I was in the town of Baltimore.

"I was now footsore, and was obliged to lie by for some days. At the tavern where I quartered, were several lodgers from the Northern colonies; and with one of them I became quite intimate, induced by his informing me that he had been several years in the Carolinas, teaching an academy, and was returning home to Massachusetts Bay to enjoy the proceeds of his labor. The information he gave me proved subsequently very useful; and I may say the same of a lesson he gave me in gambling. By much persuasion he got me with him to a gambling-house. I refused to play, and was long proof against arguments and

ridicule, but at length joined him in a glass of some liquor. What took place afterward I scarcely remember, but the next morning I awoke with a dreadful headache and sick stomach—and my purse was empty. You may imagine my feelings—my bitter reproaches of myself, and of my new friend when I met him. He only laughed, and told me he was finishing my education.

"My purse was empty, but there were a few loose silver pieces in my pockets, enough to pay my bill at the tavern and leave me half-a-crown. I instantly left Baltimore town. I was now almost penniless; but I did not think of this so much as of my fall; of being conquered by the base passions, and becoming at once a drunkard and a gambler. I indignantly vowed never again to touch spirituous liquors, nor cards; and I have kept my vow.

"I left Baltimore town a poorer, but a wiser man. I had yielded to temptation. I was not so strong in virtue as I had fancifully thought myself. I was lowered in my own opinion, and that raises a man higher in wisdom. But how was I to pursue my travels—without funds. This troubled but did not daunt me. I felt myself full of life and vigor, and resolved that I could go forward. All the first day I ate nothing but some peaches which I plucked along the road, for I was determined to make the most of my resources, and toward evening reached a broad river, which I supposed was the Potomac. The town of Alexandria lay beyond, but the ferryman asked me a shilling, an important item in my finances, and I resolved that I must get across for nothing. I bought a cake of corn bread for a penny; and having supped on

it luxuriously, lay down in a stable and slept. Near daylight I awoke and walked to the river edge; there lay the ferryman's canoes, and I stepped into one of them and paddled across. It was not exactly right, I know; but I secured the boat to the further bank, so that he could get it again.

"Just as day dawned I found myself in the town of Alexandria. Looking about me, I saw a small baker shop, and bought two loaves of bread at three pence apiece: one I ate for my breakfast, at a well hard by; and the other was stored away in my valise. I remained sitting on the well curb for some time, until people began to stir about. Several I let pass without speaking to them; but at length accosted a gentlemanly-looking old man. On my inquiry whether he knew of any place for a teacher, he informed me that he had seen an advertisement about a classical academy near the town of Richmond on the James river. I thanked him, and immediately started in that direction. With more than a hundred miles before me, there was not a minute to spare.

"That day I did not make more than twenty miles, and toward night my feet became too sore for further travel. Weary, and hungry, and lame, I sat down on a large stone, and felt almost ready to despair: but it was for an instant only; and I sprung to my feet, resolved not to give way. With great difficulty I reached a kind of rude barn near the roadside, and unobserved by any body, crept into its friendly shelter. There I spent the night—a night I can never forget. My feet were blistered and very painful; I was faint from insufficient food; and beside the pangs of hunger I became intolerably thirsty. I

could not sleep, and the night seemed an age; but at last I heard a cock crow in the neighborhood—the most delightful sound I ever heard. Still the day did not dawn for a long, long time; and when it did, I found my feet so sore and swollen that I could not walk. I threw myself back in bitter agony—my lofty plans cut short—my dreams blasted—my fate, to perish miserably in a hovel! As it happened, no one came near; and I passed the whole day unable to move, and the following night. The next morning, about sunrise, I heard somebody whistling; and soon afterward a negro made his appearance, with the exclamation, when he saw me, 'Oh, massa! Golly! what you do dare?' I showed him my feet, and explained my situation. Without answering a word, he ran out of the barn; and for some time, the pain of disappointment was added to my other sufferings. At length I heard several persons approaching, and my negro visitor reappeared, with several other blacks, and two white persons. I frankly told them that I was traveling in search of a school, and my money being nearly exhausted, I could not afford to lodge at a tavern; and now, from the state of my feet, was unable to proceed. One of them remarked to the other: 'He doesn't know he is in the South, does he?' and directed two of the negroes to cross hands and carry me to the house.

"Five days I was with these people, treated like a son; and I found myself completely restored. When I intimated the necessity of departing, the planter pressed on me the loan of a horse to carry me to Richmond. 'Perhaps I will not return him,' said I. 'I will take that risk,' said he: and the affair was

settled. Two days on horseback took me to Richmond.

"I have been thus minute in these details, to give you some idea of the road on which I traveled—to seek my fortune."

"A sufficiently rough one, I think," interposed Catherine, "but do not let me interrupt you."

"At Richmond I immediately called on the trustees of the Academy; and after a regular examination was pronounced qualified, and accepted as the teacher. The salary was ample—the Southern colonies are liberal—and I at length found myself in a way to accumulate the materials of future progress. The game I had to play was delicate. I wished to practice extreme parsimony, and save every possible penny of my salary; yet was obliged to avoid the character of meanness, so distasteful to my open-handed friends. My plan was this: I affected eccentricity; and under this cover, lived by myself, and unseen could be as saving as I pleased; while in public I was ostentatiously liberal,—particularly in matters which did not serve my personal gratification. Thus, in one year, I saved some two hundred pounds sterling; and at the same time was so well esteemed, that when I announced my intention of resigning, there was one burst of remonstrance: 'Teach another year, and then study law here among us.' Perhaps the advice was wise; but my fate was differently marked out.

"At the end of the year, I relinquished my situation, and went to Norfolk to embark for Europe. On the road it struck me that I might as well learn something, and save my money at the same time; so I dressed myself as a sailor, and offered myself to the

captain of a vessel. I told him I was a fresh-water sailor—a fact; for my delight had been a sail boat on the Delaware—but hoped soon to learn the ways of the salt water, and meanwhile would engage cheap. He hired me for about half-wages. As soon as I was on board, I took to an old sailor, treated him a couple of times, told him I was a greenhorn who wished to learn, and found myself in his good graces. He told me the name of every thing about the ship, and showed me how every thing was done; and with my habit of attention, I needed but one telling. I was active, and strong, and fearless; had a natural turn for climbing, for running up ratlins and sliding down ropes and laying out on yard-arms; and worked with a will at loading the vessel. Before we left the harbor the captain thought me the best bargain, for the wages, he had aboard.

"When we got to sea, I found myself exempt from sea-sickness; and from some cause I have always been so—perhaps from my fearlessness, or my extreme delight in the sea, or from my physical constitution. I now attended particularly to the various commands for maneuvering the ship, and the respective performance of them, never forgetting what I heard and saw once, and often reacting them in my own mind; finally, even mentally anticipating the command before it was given. In a few days, I knew myself how every maneuver was executed. Perfect manual dexterity in handling ropes and sails, and in steering a vessel to the best advantage, can only be acquired by much practice; but I am satisfied by my own experience that the duties of seamanship can be soon

learned by an educated person, who is fearless and active.

"As I had previously learned the science of navigation, I regularly noted every day the ship's courses and distances, and calculated her place. This came to the ears of the captain, who requested me to bring my work to his cabin; and, on inspection, pronounced it as correct as his own; adding, that I was a great fool for engaging before the mast, when I could have got a berth as a mate. The commendation was very delightful, and restored me to the good opinion of myself I had lost by the adventure in Baltimore.

"My skill as a seaman was soon tried. Three weeks out from Norfolk, we encountered a terrible storm; and next day a bark passed us, evidently adrift. A boat was sent aboard, but not a living creature could be found; and her hold was almost full of water; but her cargo seemed valuable. Our captain was anxious to secure her, and asked his mates if they would undertake to sail her into the nearest port. It was a desperate service, and both declined. I stepped forward and volunteered—on condition that our vessel should lie-by her until we could ascertain whether she could possibly be kept afloat. The captain sent all hands aboard, and we worked the pumps several hours without gaining on the water; though the vessel did not seem to be sinking deeper; and examining particularly we found her buoyed up by her cargo—brandies, and wines, and corkwood from Spain. I now felt confident of succeeding; and with five men, also volunteers, I took charge of the vessel.

"Our nearest port was Bristol in England; from

which our distance was about two hundred leagues. The captain supplied us with provisions and water for twenty days; and being fearful of hazarding his insurance by further delay, bore away on his course, leaving us to our perilous undertaking. The cabin and forecastle of our bark were nearly full of water, and afforded us no accommodation; our situation, constantly on deck, was sufficiently comfortless; our danger of perishing, imminent; our work, in managing a water-logged vessel, short-handed too, was excessively hard: but I was trusted; I was in a situation to call forth my energies, to manifest what I could do, and I felt happy. Fortunately for my self-complacency, the winds were favorable; and on the fifteenth day of our slow and toilsome progress, we reached the port.

I immediately wrote to my captain; and also consulted a solicitor on the proper steps to recover salvage for the vessel. The matter was put in train, and after considerable negotiation with the owners, I compromised our claim for one-third the vessel and cargo, valued at thirty-six thousand pounds. My solicitor's toll was five hundred pounds; and this deducted, the eleven thousand five hundred were paid into my hands. The five men were well satisfied with five hundred apiece, and the remaining nine thousand I divided equally between my captain and myself.

"Thus, in little over a year, I passed from the extremest destitution to comparative wealth. I could scarcely realize the fact; even when I saw the Bank-of-England notes in my hand. Two hundred pounds had been the earning of hard labor and rigid economy through a whole year; but forty-five hundred, more than twenty such years, had come—I scarcely knew

how! It was a strange freak of fortune! The life of man is full of such. Yet that wealth was dearly earned: it was the prize against which I had staked my life, in a terrible game of chance. But no such philosophy then troubled my peace. I felt that I had the means to carry out my darling schemes.

"In passing, I may remark, that independently of the fortune thus acquired, I look back with great satisfaction to that sea voyage as an important chapter of my *apprenticeship* (*lehrejahre*). His education is imperfect indeed who has never studied human nature in its most picturesque attitude, the sailor. What I learned then, I could have learned in no other way. The impulse my energies then received has not yet ceased to act.

"My first study was to dispose of my money judiciously; and, in that matter, the Quaker part of me did not forget its worldly wisdom. Four thousand pounds were invested in the English five-per-cents, while the remaining seven hundred were to supply temporary expenses. By this arrangement I found myself in Paris with a regular income of two hundred pounds a-year, and a reserved fund of seven hundred in my banker's hands. When I left America, I thought two hundred sufficient for studying one year, and traveling a second; and I still think so: but, unfortunately, I missed the opportunity of trying.

I will now tell you how I spent a year in Paris. My original plan had been to study the medical science, at least sufficiently for Oriental patients; and, seeing no reason to change, I devoted eight hours a day to lectures and medical studies, most especially chemistry. Another hour was for French reading; another, for the German language; another for Spanish and Italian,

on alternate days; another for Persian and Arabic, on alternate days: twelve hours,—one half the day, was thus disposed of. In the other half, I had one hour for fencing, and one for the broadsword, on alternate days; one for pistol-practicing, and one for military horsemanship, on alternate days; one for learning the military art, under an old officer: varied occasionally by a little practice in the ranks of the Royal Guards, in place of a particular friend of mine, an old soldier, who was nothing loth to make me his substitute; three hours more were thus disposed of. The remaining nine of the twenty-four, I considered my own particular property, and spent them miscellaneously. I slept, or strolled about the town, or visited the theatres and other sights, just as the notion took me; and at one time I took boxing lessons of an English prize-fighter, who was residing in Paris until a storm at home, on account of killing an opponent in a fight, should blow over."

"I declare, Charles, your occupations *were* miscellaneous!"

"I was determined to see everybody, learn every thing, and to go everywhere. On the whole, my time was not idly spent. Sundays, however, afforded me some relaxation. My only regular study then was Hebrew, with an old Rabbi, who spent four hours with me in the morning: the rest of the day was for light reading and amusement."

"None of it for church?"

"I suppose there were churches in Paris, but I never heard of anybody going there: at all events, I never thought of them.

"My year in Paris passed away; and I equipped

myself for a year of wandering about Europe. My original plan had been to travel on foot; and now, when the necessity no longer existed, still considering it as the best mode of studying men and things, I adhered to my intention. Plainly dressed, a knapsack on my back, my stout hickory in my hand, a pair of fine steel pistols in my pockets, I left the capital for the southern provinces of France.

"Of course you do not wish the details of my travels, on foot, through France, and Spain, and Flanders, and Holland, and Poland, and Germany, and Italy. Sometimes I practiced medicine, though I found the quackery line more successful; so successful, that I feel confident I could have 'quacked' my way, with a few nostrums, all over the Continent. Sometimes I professed some other calling; any thing, in fact, which made me acquainted with the people at home: their modes of living, and thinking, and talking: their feelings and their prejudices. What does the traveler in a post-coach learn? The appearance of the trees and houses as he is whirled along: the taste of the omelet at the inn, and its price: the suavity of the innkeeper or his surliness. Ten to one, this is about the amount he recollects on his return home: ten to one, that the man who stays at home and reads, will know more of foreign countries than the ordinary traveler; and certainly he will have better means of learning man.

"My plan was this. When I crossed the frontiers of any country, I dressed myself like a native at the first town I reached, and sold off my old garments. I also bought a traveling-map, a book of statistics, and a volume or two of some national author. By reading at leisure times, and talking with everybody, my

knowledge of the language, already considerable, though theoretical, soon became practical and familiar: and in a time incredibly short, I could occasionally pass for a native of some other province. Every country of Europe has its provincial dialects, sometimes almost distinct languages, little, if at all, understood in a neighboring province. Nowhere is the printed language spoken by the mass of the people; even in England, the English language is not spoken by one-tenth."

"I have taken notice of that: I have met with Englishmen whom I could not converse with at all; nor they understand me. But there is one exception to your rule: the colonies, with very slight variations, all speak the same language."

"You are right, Catherine; the colonies speak the English printed language, and they are the only people in mass who do so.

"Well: as I looked like a native, my different and imperfect language was often supposed a neighboring dialect. My next point was to get some business contact with the real natives. To know men, you must see them, not as a formal visitor, but as an every-day companion in every-day occurrences, to call out their real passions and prejudices, and in every-day actions."

"This is the reason, I suppose, why mere scholars know so little of men."

"Yes. My plan of traveling taught me men—the men of the different nations of Europe. It also gave me a better opportunity of studying physical nature—scenery—works of art, even. I had my adventures, too—some of them desperate enough; and some very rashly engaged in. I never could see oppression and wrong, without wishing to right it, and sometimes attempting

with a very remote prospect of success; and thus was I led into more than one 'hair-breadth escape.' However, I must shorten my narrative.

"My European tour ended, where it began, at Paris.

"A few days after my return, I saw in the newspapers that a Russian Embassy would shortly visit Persia; and I resolved to accompany it. Immediately my old Persian teacher was sought, and, by a heavy compensation, induced to remove to my lodging. My whole time was now given to the language; and some days I devoted not less than sixteen hours, reading Persian books, or studying with my teacher, or hearing him read in order to render the sounds familiar. I did not forget, at the outset, to write a Persian letter—good part the work of my teacher, though I wrote wholly the French version attached—to the Russian Minister near the Court of France, offering my services as a medical *attaché*, acquainted with Persian, and willing to accompany the Persian Embassy at my own charge. The offer was accepted, and I was directed to report myself in St. Petersburg.

"The time assigned allowed a full month in Paris, which I occupied in the manner I have mentioned. But I also found time to examine particularly the manufactories of cannon and small-arms and of powder; though I was too much hurried to hire myself, as I should have wished, as a workman in them.

"My preparations for the East were on a different scale from my former equipage. I bought a finely-tempered rapier—a strong cut-and-thrust; a pair of sabres with real Damascus blades, and a Turkish dagger to match; a pair of holster-pistols, the best I could find; a double-barrelled fusil, for ball or shot; also, a

pair of spy-glasses; instruments for drafting maps and measuring distances and heights; and several other things likely to be of use to a young cavalier: these were all packed in a strong leather trunk. Also, in another leather trunk, I had some Persian books, and a few on science and military art, with paper and writing materials; some medicine and surgical instruments; a thermometer and barometer; and the few clothes I carried with me: while my knapsack-valise, strapped on top, contained my small necessities.

"Thus equipped, with a courier's passport in my pocket, and four hundred pounds, (the residue of my reserved funds, secured in bills and gold,) I set out for St. Petersburg. I was a little over twenty; my preparations for work—the work of life—were complete; the time I had sighed for had come; the road of 'fame and high fortune' lay before me."

CHAPTER XV.

CHARLES HAZLEWOOD VISITS PERSIA.

'I MAY pass over,' continued the young Quaker, "my journey to St. Petersburg. I soon found my Russian service not likely to be very agreeable: how could such a mixture of servility and arrogance, magnificence and meanness, superficial refinement and real barbarism be acceptable? The arrangements first proposed would have made me a slave: I rejected them; was threatened with Siberia; claimed my privileges as a British subject; finally, was allowed the right of withdrawing from the Imperial service whenever I chose.

"There was one adventure at St. Petersburg which I must relate. One evening, after a dinner-party some versts in the country, I undertook to walk back to the city. My companions told me one part of the way, through a wood, was unsafe, and advised me to ride; but their information only confirmed my purpose. Sure enough, just at the wood, a man sprung out of a ditch by the road-side, where he had been hidden, and presented a pistol. He was a rugged-looking fellow, about my own height, but much stouter; dressed in ragged regimentals, with nothing on his head but an ugly mass of his own tangled hair: yet his face was not bad.

"What do you want?" said I, before he spoke.

"Your money!"

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"What if I'll not give it to you?"

"I'll shoot!"

"Pooh! my man," said I, with a contemptuous smile; 'you've lost the priming of your pistol.' His eyes glanced to the pistol, of course; and the instant they were off mine, I struck him on the wrist, sharply and quickly: the pistol flew from his hand, exploding as it touched the ground. 'Now,' said I, presenting one of my own pistols, and springing back beyond his arm's length, 'it is my turn; I must rob you; deliver every thing in your pockets.' His look of astonishment was curious; but I repeated my order, and he began to turn out the contents of his pockets. 'A pretty robber you are,' I added, 'to allow yourself to be outwitted so easily, and robbed; you ought to give up the business to more skillful hands.'

"I am only a robber from necessity; not because I love the business."

"Ha! how is that?"

"I am a deserter from the army; and must rob or starve!"

"Why did you desert?"

"Because I was forced into the ranks against my will."

"You are a German, I perceive—"

"(Our conversation had been carried on in German.)

"Could you be honest, if you had the chance?"

"Yes—yes; but there can be no chance: one can't get out of Russia."

"Well, we'll see. Put your things in your pockets again; take this money;—handing him a handful of silver roubles—'and to-morrow, at this hour, you

will find a suit of clothes and other things to disguise you, under the root of yonder tree.'

"The man burst into tears; and covering his face with his hands, seemed for a minute or two convulsed: then, throwing himself on his knees, exclaimed, 'I thought myself deserted by God and man; but the good God does not desert his creatures: and you, sir, his angel of mercy—you, sir! how shall I thank you?'

"I told him I needed no thanks but his return to an honest life; and at his request, giving him my name and address, we parted.

"The next day I purchased the articles promised, and carried them myself to the tree in the wood. Two days afterward a robust man, decently dressed, walked into my lodging. On my asking what he wanted, I found he was the robber of the wood; so completely disguised by decent clothes, and the loss of his hair and beard, that he looked like another man. He told me he had made up his mind to devote his life to my service. I asked how he meant to serve me. He said he had come to be my servant, without wages. I considered an instant, and told him where I was going. 'The very thing,' he said, for him, as it would withdraw him from the eyes of the police, which he feared would some day discover him. I was not sorry to get a servant of the military caste to attend me in my adventures, and assented to his wishes. It was a fortunate affair for me: that reformed robber attended me faithfully for years in various capacities, and more than once saved my life."

"What was his name?"

"Carl Albertson.

"But, I am spinning out my narrative. I must pass over the interval between St. Petersburg and Ispahan.

"When we arrived in Persia, we found the ancient city of the Shahs abandoned by the reigning prince, Kureem Khan; and Shirauz, the royal residence. Of course we proceeded southward to that beautiful city.

"My first step was to inform the Chief of the Embassy of my wish to relinquish the service of the Czar; and with difficulty I obtained his reluctant consent: in fact, nothing but my resolute conduct, and the utter impossibility of retaining me, saved me from a forcible return to Russia. As to the terms of my engagement, I found them utterly useless in the discussion. However, I still continued to reside in the quarters assigned to the Embassy.

"This settled, I equipped myself in full Persian dress, such as was worn by the young Ameers about court; converted Carl into a Persian; bought splendid horses; hired a young Ispahanee for a servant; and was ready to study men and things. Visiting every place of resort, conversing familiarly with everybody, I soon understood, as I thought, the ground.

"Kureem Khan, the Shah in fact, though he modestly allowed himself only the humbler title of Vakeel, had been, as I understood, a petty-officer in the camp of Nadir Shah, and by courage and prudence had raised himself to the throne. Though perhaps not the ablest of the line of Persian sovereigns, he was certainly among the best; and in many traits of character, was European rather than Oriental. He was brave, but not cruel; ambitious, but not selfish; just, and merciful, and trustful; liberal to those about him,

and anxious to win their affections; fond of learned men, though so uneducated in letters that he could not even read. Many anecdotes of his equity and justice were told by his admiring subjects. On one occasion, to give an instance, when he was very much tired by a long attendance in public, hearing causes, a new suitor rushed abruptly into the presence.

"Who are you?" said Kureem, irritated.

"A merchant who has been plundered and robbed, while sleeping."

"Why did you sleep?" said the Shah, sharply.

"Because I thought your Majesty was awake," answered the merchant undauntedly.

"The irritation instantly vanished; and turning to his Vizier, the Kureem said, 'Pay the man his money: we ought to have been awake.' A lesson in criminal jurisprudence worth the recollection of civilized governments; who often collect taxes without affording equivalent protection.

"In illustration of the Shah's original poverty, I heard the following anecdote.

"When a young soldier, in Nadir's service, he was attracted by a splendid Afghan saddle, hanging up in a tradesman's shop to be repaired, and too poor to buy it, he carried it off. The tradesman himself was accused of the theft, and sentenced to be hung. Hearing of this, Kureem restored it quietly to the place it had occupied in the shop; and watching until it was discovered by the tradesman's wife, saw her fall on her knees, and invoke a thousand blessings on him who had brought it back, wishing he might live to own a hundred such saddles: a wish which Kureem always regarded as the harbinger of his future luck."

"Kureem Khan had led a busy life in acquiring, and a troubled one in keeping empire; agitated constantly by the jealousies of his former equals, and by their rebellions. He was now about seventy-two years old, and for a few years past had lived in comparative quiet; though even yet occasionally troubled by the restless Kujur tribe; and at the time of our arrival in Shirauz, some disturbance was talked of.

"The various information I picked up was food to my dreams of wild ambition. Here was rank and power the prize of courage; and why not of mine?—why not of mine? I could not help giving in to the thought. I resolved—do not laugh: I resolved—not immediately—but on the death of Kureem Khan, naturally not distant, to be Shah of Persia."

"You! you!"

"Yes, I! I! Why not?—why not? But I looked still further: I looked beyond the Persian borders: I saw the great 'Upper Asia,' that magnificent heirloom of the sword, lying ready to be reaped by the bold hand of any successful soldier; and in fancy, it was already mine. I chose to be, not Kureem Khan the Lord of Persia, but Genghis or Timur, with empires for my provinces."

"What madness!"

"Madness, perhaps. What is ambition but successful madness? With *fortune*, as the Romans called it, I might have made it a fact."

"But what would you have done with this great Asiatic empire?"

"I would have civilized men; improved them; rendered them happier by wise institutions adapted to their respective conditions. By uniting many nations

under one general government, I would have superseded wars and have secured a beneficial intercourse. I would have been the benefactor of mankind."

"But would you have been the happier?"

"Perhaps not: neither power nor wealth increase one's happiness. I was as happy in my Virginia academy as I have been since with great wealth and power."

"Great wealth and power! You speak mysteriously!"

"You shall hear:

"As soon as I had reconnoitered men and things sufficiently, I sought an audience of the Shah.

"With Carl for my military attendant, almost as splendidly mounted and armed as myself, I rode to the open front audience-hall, where the prince sat in full Durbar, administering, justice and hearing petitions according to the customs of Oriental sovereignty; and leaving my horses in full view, I entered the presence.

"My bow, after the fashion of Europe, showing that I was not a young Persian Ameer, attracted attention; and at a sign from the Shah, a Gholam invited me to approach.

"What do you want?" said the 'Light of the universe.'

"Service with your Majesty."

"I answered with considerable trepidation; not unnatural, when you recollect that this was my first acquaintance with a Court.

"Who are you?"

"An English gentleman—a soldier-of-fortune—acquainted with the European art of war."

"Do you understand the management of artillery?"

"Yes; and the art of casting cannon, also."

"Yes! it is well: you are in the service of the Vakeel. What is your name?"

"Ameer Kouli Zund, is my name in Iran," replied I, recollecting that the Zund was the Vakeel's own tribe. "I bore another in my own country."

"Ah! good! You are a Zund, are you?" said he, with a smile. "You show well;" and as he spoke, he scanned me and my arms with a soldier's eye. "You show well. If your deeds correspond, you will rise: and opportunity will soon offer. Five days hence, we march against the rebels of Mazunderan. The Vakeel has spoken."

"He gracefully waved his hand. I made a European bow, and my audience was ended.

"This was a very gracious reception; though I did not know it until, on retiring from the hall, I found myself surrounded by Ameer, anxious to make my acquaintance, and enjoy the Shah's smile reflected from my fortunate face.

"I mounted, and rode slowly away: my thoughts busy with my situation.

"What was to be done now? In what manner, in what rank, was I to serve?"

"I knew that the only troops regularly enrolled and paid by the government (the Shah), were the Gholams, his Highness's body-guards, and a corps of Tuffunchees, or musketeers, who also acted as artillerymen. The great mass of the Persian troops, the pride and strength of the army, were the Kuzzilbashes, (*red-heads*, from the caps they wore): a feudal soldiery, armed, and paid, and commanded by the great chiefs, and furnished to the Shah, in proportion to their feu-

datory lands: some of these soldiers being hereditary clansmen; others, adventurers, who served for moderate pay and unlimited plunder, and presents.

"The Gholauts were out of the question, and I had the Tuffunchees and the Kuzzilbashes to choose from. Of the Tuffunchees I might form a regular infantry, with European discipline. But this had been tried more than once, and I doubted its success now, without a more systematic support than the government would be likely to afford; and until the Shah himself should be Europeanized. But how could I raise a body of Kuzzilbashes? I had no lands, no revenues to support them. The approach of warfare settled the difficulty. I had money to support a considerable band for a month; and beyond that, the sword must be my financier.

"While I was meditating these matters, somewhat abstractedly, my way through the streets was arrested by a crowd. I looked up, and saw, just before my horse, a man in the clutches of some inferior officers of the law, while a large number of Armenians were thronging about him.

"On my inquiring the matter, one of the Armenians answered:

" 'This scoundrel owes me money—refuses to pay me—and we are taking him before the magistrate.'

" 'Why don't you pay him, my good friend?' said I.

" 'Because I can't,' answered the prisoner, looking up, and displaying one of the handsomest faces I had ever seen, and a figure not less perfect.

"I felt interested in him, and asked:

" 'How much is the debt?'

" 'Twenty tomans,' replied the Armenian.

" 'Only twenty tomans!' I exclaimed. 'I must pay it for you: but tell me first, how did you get in debt?'

" 'By sickness: a soldier out of service, I fell sick at this man's house; and since my recovery I have earned nothing.'

"I paid the twenty tomans, and the handsome soldier was free.

" 'And now, brother,' said I, 'will you take service with me? I am raising men.'

"He looked at me, and answered: 'I thank you much for your kindness, will repay you your money shortly, but I cannot take service with you.'

" 'Why not?'

" 'I will tell you frankly: I have vowed never to take service with an Iranee; my last chief, an Iranee, was a coward, and I was ashamed of him.'

" 'But I am an Englishman.'

" 'An Englishman! One of that brave and honorable nation! Oh, lucky star that I was born under! I am in your service.'

"My new follower was a Circassian; but had neither arms nor horse, all having been consumed by his sickness, and I immediately went with him to the bazaar and horse-mart, purchased both, and made him a present of them.

" 'And now, brother, can you engage me a hundred of your countrymen, or fellows equally good? But, mind you, I want none but prime men.'

" 'I know some of the best *courchees* in Irak, ready for the service of a liberal Ameer like you.'

" 'It is well Here is some hand-money for you,'

giving him a handful of tomans. 'Be at my quarters to-morrow morning.'

"As I rode to the Embassy, after we parted, I could not but congratulate myself on my 'fortune;' for a few tomans, which I dispensed from mere impulse,—very unwisely, too, it seemed,—I gained at once a recruiting-officer and a character for liberality; of the first importance in the Oriental recruiting service.

"There was, nevertheless, in my situation, some ground for sober calculation. As soon as I could distinguish myself in the field, grants of crown-land—to say nothing of plunder, and presents, and forced contributions,—would afford me ample revenues: for in Persia, if anywhere, one may rely on Cæsar's maxim, that money will woo soldiers, and soldiers will woo money. But, meanwhile? The meanwhile could not be respectably got over without more money than I had in hand. Money I *must* have. I immediately sent for a Parsee merchant; and on his arrival at the Embassy, asked him if he did not wish to buy some bills of exchange on England. He was willing, as I expected; and on no other recommendation than my being an Englishman; so high was the English character for good faith, he cashed bills for four hundred pounds on my London banker.

The next morning, at sunrise, the Embassy was thrown into complete confusion by a throng of men and horses: men talking, and laughing, and swearing; horses neighing and stamping; arms clattering, with an occasional pistol-shot for interlude; and those who inquired the occasion, learned that they were the followers of Ameer Kouli Zund.

"On making my appearance, I found about three

hundred men, with my Circassian at their head,—if there could be any head of such a crowd,—and was hailed with a shout of welcome. After considerable explanation and discussion, I told them, that as soon as my horse should be brought, we would repair to the great plain without the city, and select the hundred I wanted.

"We were soon on the plain, and as a first test of horses and men, I announced that all who could beat me to the hills, a mile off, were in my service. We started, helter-skelter, every man encouraging his horse with spur, and bridle-rein, and voice,—except myself: for so superior was my costly steed, that, without exertion, she left all far behind.

"That is not fair, said I; the best soldier may have the worst horse; but now I will select the men who can beat me at the pistol-shot.

"A mark was set up, and riding on a line, some fifteen paces off, we were to fire at a gallop. It was a pistol practice I was used to, and my bullet struck the centre. Twenty-five men, who followed me in succession, were less successful; though most of them made good shots.

"'That will not do, either,' interposed I. 'We must have another test. Let us try the sabre exercise: the man who touches me before I touch him, is in my service: we need not hurt one another; though a little blood is easily stanchèd.'

"I wheeled my horse out of the mass, and stood, waiting for the first comer.

"Out darted my Circassian—took a small circuit—dashed on me like lightning in the direction of my sword-arm: when, not three sabres-length off, he

suddenly changed his course, and passed to my bridle-hand. I was ready for the maneuver, and instantly wheeled my horse away from him, but with my sword-arm still toward him. His blow was caught on my sabre; his weapon and arm thrown up by my superior strength; and a slight cut made on the under part of his sleeve.

"Who next?" I exclaimed.

"Another sprung forth; and another: and thus ten tried, and were foiled.

"That will do," said I. "Now range yourselves in a line; and I will pick out my hundred men."

"This novel mode of recruiting—this superiority in warlike exercises, which I thus ostentatiously exhibited—were calculated for impression on the vivid Orientals. No effect could have been better. It taught me, too, my own powers as a swordsman, in comparison with the men of the East; and satisfied me that their boasted skill with sword and horse falls short of European science, though more showy.

"Having selected my troop, I proceeded on the spot to organize them. They were principally Circassians, with a mixture of all the various military tribes in Persia, including the Zund, my own tribe by elective affinity. My Circassian was appointed first-lieutenant, an intelligent-looking Zund second, and ten stout fellows 'captains of ten.' Without interfering with dress, or arms, or general habits, I designed introducing some simple principles of European discipline: such as the posting of sentries and pickets—the marching in regular column—the deploying without confusion from column into line, and reversing the movement; and on the spot I began my drill.

"My men were soldiers by profession; but were individual combatants, not atoms of a fighting mass; understood little of the power of combined efforts: and this was my first lesson. When it was over, I directed Carl, who acted as my treasurer, and was now paymaster, to give every man three tomans, as the month's pay in advance; explaining, also, that I would furnish provisions for men and horses. I took this step at the outset, because I regarded regular pay and regular supplies as the chief element of regular discipline; and neglect of that element in the East, as the grand cause of the failure of European tactics.

"The day after the selection of my *courchees*, we were in the field, at our drill, by sunrise; and after drilling an hour, I made a regular inspection of my troop. They were all well-armed, though in rather a miscellaneous style—typical of the various races which compose the 'free companions' of Irak. As I rode along the line, I examined each man: his arms, his horse, his equipment. If I saw any thing defective or inferior, I spoke of it with condemnation, but kindly.

"'Brother,' I would say, 'your saddle (or your sabre), as it might happen, is not quite equal to your looks: here are forty tomans; buy yourself a better.'

"By the time I was to the end of the line, I had bestowed three hundred tomans in presents.

"We then renewed our exercises, and were in full tide, when a Gholaum spurred up, and informed me that the Shah would see me at a private audience.

"'Ha!' aloud exclaimed I; 'our star is bright! The Kibleh Allum (point of the world's adoration) has sent for us: let us show his Majesty our best looks.'

"My men felt a little as if their fortune was made. I

threw them into a column of march, and we rode back to the city with an order and regularity which perfectly astonished the Gholaum. In the neighborhood of the palace, I halted my troop: gave orders that none should leave the ranks until I returned; and followed the royal messenger.

"The Shah was in a private chamber (*kelwut*) with his brother, Zukee Khan, and some of his ministers and court-favorites about him; and when I entered the presence, and stood at the distance which etiquette required of a young Ameer, he spoke to me with a laugh.

"Come forward, young sir: His Majesty permits it. Ha! the Vakeel has heard of you! And so, you try your men, do you, before you engage them? Ha! Well! But how is it an English Ameer can find no Kuzzilbash to match him! Ha! Well! Are those men of yours good?"

"Certainly, Kibleh Allum, if it is your pleasure,' I answered in the flowery language of Iran; 'they are a hundred as good men as ever served your Majesty!'

"But they are too few: the Vakeel prefers Ameers, like you, who eat their salt at the king's gate, to the turbulent chiefs of the tribes. You must have more men.'

"Assuredly, if it be your Majesty's pleasure.'

"A thousand men, at least, Vizier: the best swordsmen in Shirauz can not have less: and for the cost, let the treasurer send ten thousand tomans to the quarters of Ameer Kouli Zund. The Vakeel has said it.'

"Thus ended my audience of the Shah. And I was the chief of a thousand men, already!

"On my return to the troop I saw a sturdy old Kurd

just riding back to the ranks, and I instantly ordered him to stand forward: being resolved to show my men what discipline meant.

"Did you hear my command: no one to leave the ranks?"

"Yes—but—"

"Do you know that an officer's commands are not words?" I spoke sternly, and he did not reply. 'You are no longer in my service. No man is a soldier who cannot obey orders. And I want none but soldiers.' He rode surlily away.

"But I must condense my narrative—"

"Is all this fact you are telling me?" exclaimed Catherine Selwyn; "or is it a dream! Was it *you*—Charles Hazlewood—a Philadelphia Quaker?"

"Hear my whole story: then ask the question."

CHAPTER XVI.

CHARLES HAZLEWOOD AN EASTERN SATRAP.

"I RODE back to the Embassy with my followers; a gallant train for a young soldier of fortune, though small compared with the great Ameers.

"After dismissing the troop, I called a cabinet council of Carl Albertson and my faithful Circassian—Ibrahim Beg—and explained the improved state of my rising fortunes. The Circassian had lived from childhood in Iran, and was acquainted with every form and fashion of Irannee life; was also a man of great natural intelligence. He advised me, as a means of acquiring consideration, to establish a household—to purchase slaves, male and female, and horses. I explained our different habits in respect to women, but authorized him to purchase some male slaves, for grooms and other menial offices. I also told him he was now captain of our troop; and when we raised the full thousand, he might count on being second in command—provided he acquainted himself with my discipline. As to Carl, I told him he was my treasurer and steward, and paymaster of the forces; and as soon as he learned Persian enough, should receive military rank.

"Before these deliberations were ended, a Gholauum arrived with a servant, bearing ten thousand tomans in ten purses. The Gholauum was a Circassian like many

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of his followers, and being determined to make the whole race my friends—knowing how many thousands of them were scattered through Iran, the best of soldiers—I addressed him with great courtesy; and what he thought quite as courteous as my fair words, presented him with fifty tomans: the messenger of good—the bearer of the Shah's munificence—could not, if he got any thing, be put off with less. I then directed Carl to take charge of the purses; ordering him—in the hearing of the Gholauum—to hand two over to Ibrahim Beg, for the immediate charges of enrolling *courchees* in the Shah's service; a fact which I knew would reach the Royal ear—the Gholauums, among other miscellaneous duties, being the general spies and gossipmongers of the palace. And in the same connection, Ibrahim himself was ordered to lose no time in beginning to carry out the Shah's purposes: 'When the Kibleh Allum speaks,' I added, in conclusion, 'his commands are already performed by his faithful servants.'

"The Gholauum departed; and Ibrahim Beg—first receiving particular instructions—soon followed.

"For several days afterward, Shirauz was full of the bustle of preparation for the campaign, and not the least busy was Ameer Kouli Zund and his zealous Ibrahim Beg. But we could not secure our full complement of troops, without taking inferior men, and were obliged to march with six hundred.

"The general rendezvous of the army was a small village, about five leagues from the city, near lake Baktegan. But I found very few men on the ground when I arrived; and very few expected, as I afterward found. The fact was, the great Ameers, with

their followers, were to assemble at Teheran; and to be joined there by the Shah: who would lead from Shirauz merely the ordinary military followers of the Ameers in attendance on the court. The army, all mustered, including the Gholaums, fifteen hundred strong, did not exceed twelve thousand men. But the court and its attendants, and the camp followers, were three times as many; making our whole numbers at least fifty thousand. This was the ordinary cortege of the Shah in his visits to his different capitals and provinces.

It was ten days from my arrival at the rendezvous, before everybody was ready to march. Meanwhile I was indefatigable in training my men. My success was wonderful for the time I had; and convinced me that the very best raw *material* of a soldiery can be found in Persia; among the Circassians and Kourds especially. I was obliged, however, to attend to my own *commissariat*; no general arrangement for provisions being ever attached to an Oriental army: though the traveling bazaars supply to some extent the deficiency. On the military axiom, that without regular pay and regular provisions, you may have an armed mob but not an army, I paid my men regularly, but could not furnish them always with regular issues of provisions. Even with this great drawback on their discipline, they were, after a few days, beyond competition, the best corps in the field; superior even to the Gholaums.

"At length the orders were given, and the camp was moved. We marched northward, on the road to Ispahan, through the noble plains of Oojan and Koshkijird—the garden of Persia as they once were, and

might be, for lands more beautiful and fertile nowhere can be found—but uncultivated solitudes as they are. I admired the numerous cannauts—subterraneous aqueducts for leading water from the hills to irrigate the fields and gardens; the gardens have vanished but the artificial stream still gushes up, a melancholy memorial of industry and skill long passed away. But these humble, useful monuments were forgotten, when, thirty miles north of Shirauz, we beheld the mighty ruins of Persepolis; succeeded, afterward, from time to time, by other ruined cities—the tombs of lost civilization—which were so frequently scattered on our line of march. I had ample time to examine every thing, our progress was so very slow; generally not more than three leagues a day, with occasional halts to rest.

"The fact was—though I did not find it out till afterward—the Shah did not intend taking an active part in the campaign; but wished to be near the seat of war, in order to moderate the cruelty of his ferocious brother, Zukee Khan. On the route, he took the privileges of an ordinary pleasure excursion; made short marches, halting occasionally to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. At one of the halts, near Murgab, ninety miles from Persepolis, occurred an incident which materially affected my fortunes.

"His Majesty, like most Persians, was passionately fond of hunting the strong and fleet gourkher; and old as he was, and ordinarily fond of his ease, he would tire out in the chase more than one horse successively. On this occasion, I had been visiting the *Tukhty-Suleiman*, a venerable ruin some miles from camp, and was about returning, when the royal train

swept by hard at the heels of their game. Suddenly the animal stopped, run down I suppose, and the dogs attempted to seize him; but his play with his heels was so fierce, that none could lay hold. The Shah took a fusil from one of his attendants, and from his saddle brought him down. Immediately afterward—so immediately that it seemed mingled with the report—there was a roar, and at the same instant a huge lion bounded from a bushy ravine and sprung toward the Royal cortege. The huntsmen and Ameers in attendance—many of them tried soldiers—seemed paralyzed by terror; not so the old Shah; he drew his sabre and attempted to urge his horse forward to meet his brother monarch. At the instant I struck my spurs into my steed, and darting like an arrow, he brought me between the king of beasts and the king of men. Checking my horse suddenly, I sprung to the ground and confronted the monster. My only arms were my sabre and pistols. He advanced by quick bounds of some twenty feet, crouching for a second at each bound. I stood with my eyes fixed on him; a pistol cocked in my right hand, another with my sabre ready in the left. He bounded to the earth not fifteen feet off, and crouched for his final spring. I marked his eyes glistening like fire. I have hit a lighted candle at that distance—surely I cannot miss that fiery eye. I raised my pistol and fired. He sprung upward, and fell in his tracks—rolled over and over—stretched out his limbs with a kind of shudder, and lay still and stark. That little pellet of lead had entered his brain, and he was a dead lion.”

“Oh! Charles,” cried Catherine, “you frightened me.”

“You did not suppose me killed, did you?” added he with a smile.

“But what if you had missed?”

“I would have done, as I often have on other occasions—for lion hunting was afterward a favorite amusement—leaped aside to avoid him, and as he touched the ground, before his recovery from the spring, would have struck him on the throat by an upward cut of the sabre. Oh! Catherine, this is real sport—not unworthy of a man—this chase of the ferocious lords of the forest—ininitely superior to man in strength, and in courage his equal—yet conquered by his superior skill and weapons! Well was it said—by William of Orange I think—that the chase of non-combatant animals is only sport for boys. But I forget my narrative.

“In Persia the king is the beginning and the end—the government—the state—the every thing. In saving his life I was, in every true subject's eyes, the saviour of the nation: my fortune was considered as made. The Shah instantly dismounted from his horse, and presented him to me, a present not illy appropriate, for my own had sprang away in terror from the lion; but I declined the unparalleled honor, and only accepted it after repeated commands. He unbuckled his sabre, sparkling with jewels; and of course, as etiquette required, I declined to receive it until compelled by his positive commands. He then announced: ‘Ho! Ameers and friends, this is Ameer Kouli Zund, the king's friend!’ Nothing more could be done for me.

“We mounted and rode toward the camp. I was at the Shah's stirrup in familiar conversation with him.

How different it was now from the formal levee! There, he was the Shah, hedged round by etiquette—the forms of despotism, imposed and required, perhaps, by the prejudices of thirty centuries. Now he was Kureem Khan—the soldier of fortune—conversing frankly with a brother soldier of fortune, the preserver of his life.

“On these terms we continued afterward. I was expected to appear every morning in the *Keleout*, along with the princes of the blood and the other court favorites; and with none of them did he converse more frequently or more kindly, often concluding our talk with a command to accompany him on his afternoon ride. At length, as we became well acquainted, he spoke of matters which I do not think he was in the habit of conversing about even with his trusty Vizier, Agad Khan. One day I asked him if he was happier than in his adventurous youth, when his only empire was his sword and steed. He admitted he was not—not half so happy. ‘I have power,’ he continued; ‘every man in my dominions is a slave, whom I can raise to the highest place or degrade to the lowest; and every man’s head I can cut off at my pleasure. This is real power. But raising men to affluence only sows ingratitude, and cutting off heads at my will certainly affords me no pleasure. I have yet to find out that power is happiness. Besides, it has one great bitterness; it will pass from me at my death—not far off—and then my sons will fight for the crown, and it will fall to the best soldier. Others, perhaps, will claim it; there is my brother, Zukee Khan, and Mohammed Khan Kujur, only waiting for my death. I ought to cut them off, I know, but it is too hard to be

obliged to kill everybody. And you, Ameer Kouli Khan, you are the best soldier of them all—what will you do?”

“‘What does your Highness wish me to do?’

“‘Support my second son, Ali Mourad.’

“‘I promise it.’

“In my sympathy for the old Shah I made that ill-starred promise, and resolved to keep it, fatal or not to my own interests.

“But I soon grew tired of my own slow progress, and intimating to the Shah that I preferred serving him against his enemies in the field, obtained his reluctant assent to a hasty march in advance of his escort. My command was detached from the camp, and the next day’s march of forty miles left the court at least thirty in my rear. Thus I advanced some forty miles a day to Ispahan, where a three days’ halt recruited our horses, and filled up our ranks to the full thousand men and upward. Resuming our march, we reached Teheran just as the main army, under Zukee Khan, was leaving it for Mazunderan.

“Near Lari our army first came in sight of the rebels, not near so numerous as ourselves, but exceedingly well posted behind rude field-works of fallen trees. We attacked with impetuosity, and after several repulses, at length gained a complete victory. This was my first regular battle, and I resolved to distinguish myself. My ‘fortune’ gave me the opportunity. My troops, as the best disciplined in the army, were held in reserve; sorely annoyed by our inactivity, and chafing lest the enemy should not hold out long enough for us: even rejoicing at every successive repulse of our army. But at length, late in the day,

Zukee Khan himself rode up, and ordered us to advance. Our charge decided the field. Headlong, forward we went, over obstacles which had baffled all previous assaults—obstacles which horsemen should not have attempted—which destroyed many of my brave fellows, men and horses. Headlong forward, over fortifications, through musketry fire, we charged into the midst of the enemies *tuffunchees*. A body of cavalry attempted to take us in flank; observing the movement, I anticipated it by a charge, which broke them in an instant. Nothing could stand before my Circassian *courchees*. Among other deeds, we took near a thousand prisoners in one body.

"It was a glorious victory, and very satisfactory, except for the merciless cruelty of our general, Zukee Khan. Every prisoner of rank was beheaded on the spot, with enough of inferior degree to raise a tall pyramid of heads in front of his tent; while of the others, the eyes were plucked out, or the ears cut off, or another more shameful mutilation inflicted. The scene sickened me, and in perfect disgust I avoided as much as possible the presence of the tyrant.

"The rebels were defeated, but not entirely subdued, and we were obliged to press them closely in many detached encounters. On one occasion, a division of our army, under the general himself, attacked a considerable body of them, and met with a desperate resistance; encouraged principally by their leader, Ali Mohammed Kujur, one of the most influential chiefs of the rebellious tribes. At length his attention was drawn to my command, which was operating most fatally on his flanks, and with his personal attendants about him he spurred toward us. I observed his ap-

proach, and halting my men, sprung in advance. We encountered, and a harder combat I have never fought. He excelled me in horsemanship and agility, but I was superior in strength and scientific use of the sword. At one time he pressed me so hard, that I was on the point of ending the affair with a pistol, but thought it dishonorable, and did not. Finally, when the fight had continued a long time, my 'fortune' prevailed; a blow on the neck wounded his horse badly, and he fell, carrying down his rider. The chief was vanquished and surrendered. His troops immediately dispersed.

"I sent the prisoner under guard to my tent, and as soon as all resistance was completely over, followed him. We met very courteously. He expressed surprise at being overcome; said he did not know he had his match in Persia. I told him who I was, and asked him why he was in rebellion against so kind a sovereign as Kureem Khan. He said it was not against the Shah that he had intended to rebel, but the Governor of Mazunderan, who had wronged him grossly, and tyrannized over and oppressed him; and in attempting to repel the injustice of the governor, he found himself at war with the Shah. I told him his situation embarrassed me very much; his fate would be desperate in the ferocious hands of Zukee Khan; and my own not less so if I set him at liberty. However, I would run all risks sooner than a brave enemy, my prisoner, should be murdered even by my general, and that he was free. He declined to accept of safety at the expense of a benefactor. I asked him if he would be willing to throw himself at the feet of the Shah, and beg pardon. He consented. 'You shall

be sent to him immediately,' I exclaimed. And within an hour he was under a faithful escort on the road to the Royal presence.

"Scarcely had he departed when an officer brought me orders to send the prisoner to the general's tent. I returned for answer that the prisoner was no longer in my power. Shortly afterward I was commanded to repair thither immediately myself. My measures were instantly taken. I explained my situation to Ibrahim Beg, and asked him if the men would stand by me.

"'To the death!' he exclaimed. To the death!"

"I ordered them to be got under arms instantly; the tents to be struck; every preparation made for a hasty march. Then drawing out a troop of my best men, I rode to the general's tent.

"Zukee Khan was in his grand audience tent, his Ameers and officers in attendance, and his guards around him. I drew up my escort compactly in front; dismounted; entered calmly and slowly, observing, as I advanced, numberless bloody traces that the man-tiger had been already satiating his ferocity on the prisoners of the recent battle. As I came within the tent, I could perceive his countenance lowering with passion; and scarcely was I near enough to be spoken to, when the storm began to burst.

"'What have you done with Ali Mohammed Kujur?"

"I advanced several steps without replying; and he repeated in tones almost a yell,

"'What have you done with the prisoner?"

"I looked around me an instant, then fixing my

eyes calmly on him, paused directly in his front, and replied:

"'I have sent him to the presence of his Imperial Majesty, the Kibleh Allum.'

"He turned pale with rage, and for a moment was silent. While, in the deepest silence, every one watched every word.

"'How dare you send him away without my orders?"

"'I will tell your Highness the truth with a soldier's frankness. I knew he would be put to death, as so many other prisoners have been; and I would not make myself a party to such wholesale butchery. When I received him as a prisoner, I held my honor bound for his safety.'

"'Dog! Whose dog are you to bid the Shah's Vakeel eat dirt! Ho there, guards!"

"The ferocious sentence was finished by a sign which I well understood. Scarcely was it uttered before my sabre was in one hand, a pistol in the other: but I hesitated an instant. The history of Joseph the Carasmian and Alp Arslan in my thoughts, I could have shot him down easily, and perhaps it would have been safest: but other councils prevailed. After an instant's pause I strode toward the broad opening of the tent, already blocked by a line of guards. It was but a single line, and scarcely a hindrance—none at all, in fact—for before I reached them, some half-a-dozen of those in front—Circassian *courchees*, who were disgusted with the service of their ferocious master—threw down their swords at my feet, and opened me a passage. I told them to follow quick if they would save themselves; and before the other guards were at

striking distance we were safe within the ranks of my troop.

"I halted an instant in defiance of the impotent rage of the baffled tyrant—long enough to hear him order the execution of all his unfortunate guards—and then in compact order rode swiftly away, without losing an instant. My whole command, as soon as I reached my own quarters, joined me, and with all our baggage and camp furniture I marched for Teheran. We advanced twelve leagues without halting, and, after a few hours rest, again resumed our march: with a rapidity which set pursuit at defiance.

"On the second day we overtook my prisoner, Ali Mohammed Kujur; and for the rest of the march he remained with us. At Teheran, we met the Shah; fortunately for me, a few hours in advance of the messenger of Zukee Khan. My account of the transaction first reached the royal ear: the prisoner himself was presented and received his pardon. The subsequent dispatches made no impression; at all events, did not impair my favor. A few days afterward, in a confidential conversation with the Shah, I told him how much I regretted my unfortunate quarrel with his brother, even though the fault was not mine, it would so embarrass my relations with himself. He would protect me, I knew: yet I felt unwilling to ask his protection against one whom he would not wish unnecessarily to irritate. In order to spare him the necessity, I would retire from court to any part his kindness would assign me. His Highness seemed very unwilling to part with me; but at length yielded to my arguments.

"On consultation with the Vizier, I received an in-

vestiture of Crown lands in Astrabad on the Caspian; a district of Mazunderan, sometimes reckoned as a separate province. I was also appointed governor of the district, with extensive powers, though subordinate to the governor of Mazunderan. My feudal service—or rent for my lands, and for the revenues of my province,—was, one thousand men—always equipped for the Shah's service. The only drawback on my province, otherwise the most pleasant in Persia, was the consideration that it was in open rebellion: no objection, however, in my eyes, as I informed the Vizier; especially as the Shah proposed paying the expenses of subduing it, and actually ordered an advance for that purpose of fifty thousand tomans.

"At Teheran, where we now were, I easily increased my *courchees*, two thousand; the number I thought sufficient for my purposes at present. Messengers were sent to Zukee Khan, informing him of my separate command in Astrabad, and of my rank in the province. I had my public audience and my private interview, and parted from the Shah in mutual sadness: for I liked the good old man—and he had become sincerely attached to me.

"I was now on the march for my province with an army; not numerous, but efficient. My first point was to ascertain the position of the grand army, and avoid the dangerous proximity of Zukee Khan: for court favorite though I was, he would not scruple to overwhelm me with his forces; and to erect a pyramid of the heads of my *courchees*—my own at the summit. Fortunately I escaped the experiment: and skirting around the spurs of the Elburtz mountains, I crossed the Tedji river, and entered my own dominions.

"Astrabad was supposed to be in rebellion: yet I found no rebels—at least none embodied. The fact was, the former governor pushed his extortions to excess. The inhabitants, appealing to the Oriental bill of rights, insurrection, expelled him; and then peaceably returned to their ordinary occupations—numerous bodies of robbers excepted.

"My march to Astrabad, the capital of the same name as the province—was unopposed. I immediately set to work, the very day of my arrival, to organize a government—to restore confidence—to introduce security—to encourage industry—to enforce good order—to repress lawlessness. My first measure was a proclamation—as a kind of bill of rights—pledging myself to levy no irregular taxes; to countenance no official extortions; to take no one's property without paying for it; to guarantee every man the peaceable enjoyment of his own industry. The next day I dispatched troops in quest of the bands of robbers, who were ravaging many parts of the country; directing my officers to treat the inhabitants kindly; paying for every thing, but to punish summarily the apprehended robbers. The day after, the third of my power, I ordered the registered militia of the province, which had fallen into disuse, to be restored to its former efficient condition. Thus I continued, day after day, correcting abuses or enforcing reforms; until all was done that the government could do for the prosperity of the province.

"Public affairs being provided for, I looked after my private estates. They were more numerous and extensive than I had anticipated; but in the hands of an exhausted and impoverished peasantry, tenants of

the Crown lands: who, by the land laws of Persia, pay a rent of three-tenths of the produce. First I inquired into their condition and wants. Then I appointed a judicious steward, with an ample salary, to manage their affairs, and carry out my plans; then I remitted all arrears of rent; then I appropriated a sufficient sum for repairing the *cannauts*, so essential to Persian agriculture, and for other purposes.

"By three months active labor and attention to every thing, my affairs, public and private, were put in order. Government began to move like accurate machinery—machinery, manufacturing security, prosperity, and happiness. The effect was astonishing: for in the East you cannot govern men too much—provided you govern them wisely. The commerce of the Caspian followed to my little port. Strangers, from Khorasan and Mazunderan, and even from regions beyond the Persian borders, flocked to the secure shelter of my government: my subjects increased daily in wealth and plenty. The revenues of the province, I soon ascertained, would double that of the past year.

"There soon remained but two evils to be remedied. One was the robbers: who continued, though with less numbers and diminished audacity, eluding regular troops and braving mere peace-officers. I selected some of my most intelligent *courchees*; sent one of them to each district as special police, with authority to organize, and command, and call out the local militia; to pursue every robber to the utmost; to punish the guilty, to imprison the suspected. The measure was effectual; the local remedy worked better than the central power.

"The other matter was the settlement of restless Turkomans in Gourgan; who, not contented with usurping that region, the Eastern and best portion of my province, harassed the remainder by their predatory excursions; plundering the villages by a sudden *cheepas*; dragging off the inhabitants into slavery; and retiring before a regular force could be collected. I saw but one way of dealing with such enemies: to carry the war into their own country, and overawe them there; or better, to subdue them entirely. For this my present army was not large enough.

"Being willing enough to increase my army and not sorry for a war to temper it, and aid in its maintenance also, I dispatched Ibrahim Beg with a sum of money into his native mountains, to levy additional troops. While he was absent, I drew together fifteen hundred men, and encamped on the borders of the Turkoman country; and invited their chiefs to a conference in my camp. They came together, with at least ten thousand followers in their train; and rather rudely asked me what I wanted with them. I answered as roughly: 'Arrears of tribute, due the Shah; and obedience for the future.' A general laugh was the only answer; followed by contemptuous expressions toward the Shah and his Vakeel. I resented, and an altercation followed. Finally they were provoked and drew off to attack me. I was not sorry: for on the ground I occupied, chosen with a view to defense against superior numbers, I felt sure of beating them—though with fifteen hundred against ten thousand. They attacked, and after a long struggle, both sides losing many men—in spite of the excellence of my troops—I held my own ground; no more; scarcely that.

With artillery and infantry I could have beaten them: but horsemen to horsemen lost me the chief superiority of civilized tactics over barbarian courage. Night ended the protracted battle. I immediately removed my dead and wounded from the field; and wearied as I was, gave the latter the benefit of my surgical skill. My men then refreshed themselves with food and slumber.

"The next morning by daylight I drew up in order of battle; our ranks less numerous than the day before, but not less unflinching. Our imposing appearance, as we stood in stern silence awaiting fearlessly the onset, seemed to daunt the enemy: and after many demonstrations, he hesitated to attack—and thus the day passed away. The following morning I drew up my troops again; but not a Turkoman could be seen. Under cover of the night they had retired; well for us; for resolute as we seemed, we could not have sustained another day's desperate fight. In this affair I lost four hundred men; my first check in Persia. But the circumstances—the repulse of the haughty Turkomans, so superior in numbers, so wont to triumph over the Persians, increased my military reputation, and spread the name of Ameer Kouli Zund far and wide among the nomadic tribes.

"Leaving the greater portion of my troops on the Turkoman borders, I returned to Astrabad to consolidate my administrative reforms, during the absence of Ibrahim Beg. In an extraordinary short time that officer returned with five thousand men, the flower of the Circassian youth. Using my old troops for officers and sub-officers, I speedily organized the new army: equipping one-fourth of it with muskets and

bayonets as mounted infantry—to march on horseback, but to fight on foot; thus overcoming that repugnance which the better class of Orientals have to the foot service.

"I now again took the field, and with four thousand disciplined *courchees*, and the same number of provincial militia, entered the Turkoman country. No attempt at regular resistance was made; but instead, they adopted the tactics so often successful against large invading armies—they struck their tents and retired to the deserts. But I got on their *trail*; followed day and night with my most active men and horses, as pertinaciously as an Indian; overtook one after another their flying camps; cut them up remorselessly, until at length the broken remnant sued humbly for peace. I came to terms with them. On their agreeing to restore all captives—to live peaceably—to pay three-tenths, as rent—to acknowledge the Shah's supremacy, I allowed them to retain part of the Gourgan lands.

"After my conquest of the Turkomans, the province enjoyed undisturbed repose. I had nothing to do but to look at the machinery of government moving steadily on. This life without excitement soon grew tiresome. It was interrupted by a terrible storm.

"After the suppression of the rebellion in Mazunderan, the government of the province was bestowed on Jaffier Khan, one of the princes of the blood. Jaffier Khan, excited by the accounts of the prosperous condition of Astrabad, sent me orders to pay over my increase of revenue. Instead, I informed him that, by the Royal grant, all the revenues of my province were mine. Provoked by my boldness he

sent a warrant for my execution, with the usual messenger, whom I hanged. This could not be overlooked, and he proclaimed me as a rebel; drawing together troops to overwhelm me. My military power, though smaller, was better in hand than his; and before his preparations were complete, I anticipated his attack by marching into his province. My army was composed of five thousand *courchees*, five thousand militia and two thousand Turkomans. Before I marched, I dispatched several separate messengers to the Shah at Shirauz, explaining the ground of the quarrel; requesting his decision about the revenues; and imploring his protection against his nephew, adding that until he could interpose, I would defend myself as well as I could.

"My march into Mazunderan was so rapid, that Jaffier Khan was surprised before his army was embodied and forced to fly. The capital, Lari, fell into my hands without resistance; several other towns followed; a large body of Kujurs under Ali Mohammed Khan joined me; the whole province itself was soon in my possession. The next step was to justify myself to the Shah for the expulsion of his nephew; and my best course evidently was to hasten to Shirauz.

"Leaving my army, now increased by various accessions to twenty thousand, in charge of Ibrahim Beg, with orders to hold the province against all the world until my return, I set out for the court with an escort of one hundred chosen men. Each man led a spare horse, to change from time to time as the one he rode became tired; and the whole route through, our average speed was seventy miles a day. I used

this extraordinary rapidity, in order to prevent my enemies making impressions to my prejudice. Well that I did, for my arrival found the Royal ear full of doubts in my regard, which only my appearance at Court could remove. In a private audience I satisfied the Shah of my rectitude, and he announced his intention of judging publicly between me and his nephew.

"A few days afterward His Highness held a great court (the *wif*) in his hall of audience: and we appeared before him to state our respective cases. Jaffier Khan, as the superior in rank, first stood forward. His charge against me was that, by force of arms, I had expelled him—a prince of the blood—from his government; which was plainly rebellion against the Shah himself. On my part I showed that the revenues of Astrabad had been granted to me; that by my management they had been doubled; that my opponent unjustly claiming them had interfered, had attempted to murder me, had without right proclaimed me in rebellion, had designed overwhelming me; that in self-defense I had resisted, and favored by fortune had driven him out of the province. The case seemed clearly in my favor, and the Shah decided, on the spot,—that his nephew was a fool for attacking a better soldier than himself; that Ameer Kouli Zund, by doubling the revenues of a small province, had entitled himself to the government of a large, and was therefore appointed governor of Mazunderan.

"The last clause of this decision surprised everybody but myself; with whom it had been privately arranged that, on receiving the government, I was to pay into the Royal treasury one half of any increase on the

present revenues. Mazunderan was a great province, usually conferred on princes of the blood, with powers and a jurisdiction so extensive, that the governor was virtually a sovereign prince. A military contingent of twelve thousand foot and four thousand cavalry—the payment of a few Royal dues—the obligation of sending his family as hostages for his own fealty—the risk of decapitation or degradation at the Shah's will—were the only points of a governor's dependance; and in my particular case, these were absolutely nothing. I had no family for hostages; the military contingent enabled me, without suspicion, to keep an army on foot, which the frequent rebellion of the Kujurs would require me to retain in my own province: against removal, I felt secure by the Shah's favor, and by my disciplined troops.

"As my mind ran over these reflections, I confess to some self-gratulation. It was but twelve short months since my arrival in Persia, and by activity, courage, and *fortune*, I had become a *power*. I had gained a lever and a fulcrum to raise a world. What next? What might the next twelve months bring forth? Mazunderan was convenient to the wastes of Circassia, that hive of brave soldiers. I had revenues to establish cannon foundries, manufactories of small arms, powder-mills. At my leisure I could form an army—artillery, infantry, regular cavalry—which with the hordes of gallant irregulars, always ready to take service, would secure me present safety; and when the time came, would make me master of Asia.

"With these thoughts I returned to Mazunderan, and took legal possession of the province already virtually mine.

"I am perfectly astonished," exclaimed Catherine. "You, Charles Hazlewood, the Quaker, an actor in such scene!"

"Why not? But I have much more to tell you: not now, however—it is almost midnight. Another time I will give you the rest of my history."

The young Quaker then took his leave of Catherine Selwyn.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARK BARTLE THE SPY. THE HESSIANS AT THE WISSAHICCON.

THE next morning, after the young Quaker's history of himself, a vehicle was observed, a little after sunrise, driving rapidly from the city on the Manatawny, or Ridge road. It was a one-horse "chair," in those days—grasshopper springs and all—in full fashion, though used only by the upper classes, and it contained two persons; one a middle-aged farmer; the other a Quaker, serious looking, but not old. Any body who had ever seen them before would have recognized in the farmer Mark Bartle, and the Quaker as Charles Hazlewood. A large double wallet, with some protuberance in each end, lay at their feet in the chaise.

They had ridden for some time in silence, the Quaker abstractedly, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," and the farmer looking keenly about him over the country, with every now and then a glance at the face of his companion. They rode on, slackened their pace to descend the Robin Hood hill—in those days famous for its deep ruts and unrivaled mud—resumed their speed again; passed the Falls, were approaching Van Deren's mills, at the mouth of the Wissahiccon: still the young Quaker seemed lost in his reverie. At a cross road which runs up

the hill, some hundred yards below the mills, his abstraction was broken up by the rough challenge of a German sentinel. "Eh, what! Where are we, Mark?" exclaimed the young Quaker, suddenly awakened.

"At the School-house lane; a Hessian post, you know," said the farmer.

"Who are you, and what is your business?" asked the officer of the post in a kind of English.

"A Quaker," answered Charles in German, "taking a ride to look at our friends, the King's troops; and this honest farmer is returning from market. By-the-by, my friend, are there any rebel troops on the road above us? Our friend here, as a market man, bringing provisions into town, will fare but badly in their hands."

"None that we have heard of on this side the Schuylkill—plenty to be seen across the river," answered the officer in his native language.

"Do you Germans give any thing worth while for butter and eggs?" inquired Mark in country German.

"We Hessians are too poor to buy," answered the officer, laughing: "but the rebels supply us."

"Farewell," said Charles Hazlewood, and drove on.

"Now, Mark," continued he, "what next? We Quakers go where we please and see what we choose, within the English lines: but cannot go beyond without a pass. I must stop here at the mills. What I wish thee to do is this; as a market-man, thee can pass the lines; examine whether there is any outpost on this road, beyond the mills; also whether there are posts or sentinels at the crossings of the

Wissahiccon. Bring me thy report to General Howe's quarters, at four o'clock this afternoon."

"You do not intend dining with the commander-in-chief, do you, sir?" said Mark with a kind of laugh.

"If he invites me, I will," answered Charles.

"Ha, ha, ha! that would be a good joke. But here we are at the mills."

The young Quaker committed his equipage to a Hessian soldier—who in consideration of his speaking German, and the promise of a shilling, agreed to take charge of it—and walked toward the flour mill, while Mark shouldered his wallet and trudged by his side. The Hessian camp was on the high ground toward the School-house lane, but a strong picket held the stone bridge over the Wissahiccon, and scattered soldiers were to be seen in every quarter around.

"My friend," said Charles to a young sub-officer near the mill door, who seemed to be watching their movements, "is the road safe above for a market man?"

"Perfectly," replied the officer; "the rebels are all dispersed."

"Ha, well! a pretty place this: who owns the mill?"

"We," answered the young Hessian. "Father and I, we've taken possession of a mill and a farm as our share."

"That's right," interposed Mark; "you've whipped the rebels and ought to have their property. But can you tell me if your officers up on the hill wish to buy any butter? I can bring them some to-morrow."

"You'd better go up and see."

"So I will," answered Mark. "Will you come along, neighbor Hazlewood."

"In a minute. And so, my young friend, you own a mill? Do you know how to grind flour?"

"Father is a miller."

"That's a good thing for you. I suppose you will grind all the flour for the German troops up there. You have at least twenty-five hundred; or have you more?"

"About twenty-eight hundred."

"Ha! right; now Mark, we'll go up the hill."

"Well," said Mark, as soon as they were alone, "if these Hessians are not real swopes, and nothing else. This fellow tells you their number, just as if you had a right."

"We'll count their tents also, Mark. But we are at the redoubt, a pretty hard hill to climb, even without an enemy shooting at you: it must be turned by crossing the stream above."

The young Quaker found his German tongue and his Quaker coat an introduction to every body and a passport everywhere, and he was soon in easy conversation with the commandant of the redoubt. While talking, however, his eyes were glancing over the neighboring country. The redoubt itself was a rude semicircle of earth, thrown up from the rear, without ditches or flank defenses—[it was obliterated by the railroad a few years ago, and stood near the site of the bridge-ward's shanty]—but it mounted several guns and completely commanded the bridge and the road for some distance beyond; and with the mill below well filled with musketry rendered the passage almost impossible. This was taken in at a glance; and also the position of the camp on the still higher ground eastward, the nearest tents at least half a mile off,

stretching away as far as he could see. At the same time, his brief mental criticism on the position was made. About a hundred men in the redoubt and at the mill, easily carried by a hundred and fifty taking it in the rear: that turn in the road, four hundred yards beyond the bridge, will hide a column, until the redoubt is carried; and before support can arrive from the Hessian camp, it may rush on, and occupy the hills on this side—or rushing across the bridge, it may take their whole force in flank by the route of the School-house lane.

He was not exactly in a poetic mood, yet he gave one instant of admiration on the beautiful scenic panorama before him. The deep gorge of the Wissahiccon at his feet, rough with tall old trees, and here and there a huge rock jutting out to view; the stream itself hidden on his right, but appearing below the the bridge, and wandering in full view onward to its junction. The beautiful valley of the Schuylkill stretching far away westward, in a grand circular sweep; here a green meadow, there a wooded hill, like a great island in the grassy ocean. Yonder the river itself, glistening in the morning sun—here displaying its broad placid bosom, unbroken by a ripple, there dashing among rocks and islets; now hidden entirely from view, now displaying again its sparkling surface—and, enclosing all, the amphitheatre of hills; his horizon beyond the river, clothed with trees in the first tints of autumnal painting—the gorgeous hickory, the golden maple, the sober ash, the walnut, the beech, the elm, and countless other trees, with their varied shades of color, the hues still faint but softer

more beautiful to the eye of taste, than the high-colored foliage of the later season.

The young Quaker did not repress his admiration. While looking around him, he had been talking with the Hessian captain about Germany, but now abruptly exclaimed: "What a beautiful prospect! What a scene! And what a glorious picture could be made of those forest trees, skillfully planted according to the tints of their foliage. Every tree selected by an artist and grouped to harmonize with its neighboring tree—what coloring! what shading! what magnificent effect!"

The Hessian smiled at this rhapsody, but made no reply: the fact was, he did not comprehend the meaning. Taste for natural scenery was just dawning in England: the offspring of high civilization and city life. The countryman looks on the rural landscape every day; is accustomed to it; regards the picturesque mead for its grass, the wooded hill for its timbers, but neither for its scenic beauty. He may be taught to admire—his taste may be formed—but until it is, it wastes words to talk to him about scenery. That taste, though spreading among the English gentry, was unknown on the Continent; and, with some few exceptions, in the Colonies.

The young Quaker saw that he was not understood, and added: "But you men of war do not care for scenery, we'll talk of old Deutchland again."

In a short time, Mark, who had slipped away to the camp, on pretense of selling his butter, returned, and the young Quaker took leave of the Hessian captain of the redoubt. Learning from Mark that the School-house lane ran through the camp, he descended

the hill toward his vehicle. On the way, he made some inquiries: "What did thee observe, Mark?"

"Tents for about twenty-two hundred men; I counted them twice. But I can tell you, there is no business there for a market-man; vegetables and every thing else in abundance: those Hessians are old soldiers; completely up to providing for themselves; excellent hands at plundering—they almost got my wallet from me."

After some general talk, the two men separated; Mark to his examination of the Wissahiccon—the other to his vehicle.

The young Quaker retraced his road to the School-house lane; was challenged by the Hessian post, and under the passport of his Quaker garb allowed to proceed. Half a mile up the lane, on the high ground, he reached the line of Hessian sentinels, and was challenged.

"A Quaker, going to General Howe's Head-Quarters in Germantown," was his answer, of course in German.

"Pass, Quaker, going to Gen'l Howe's Head-Quarters in Germantown," was the formal reply.

He passed onward and was within the camp. About a hundred men were under arms—the relief of the post at the Wissahiccon, he thought likely—and he stopped to look at them; the rest of the men off duty, except a small camp-guard, were strolling about. He was soon surrounded by a crowd—rough weather-beaten old veterans, generally grim with huge mustaches and grizzly hair, with here and there a young face; and he soon found them becoming troublesome; some handling different portions of the harness, others

lifting up the shafts of the chair, others climbing on the wheels; all, apparently, appropriating in their thoughts some article of his property: and when he attempted to start his horse, it was impossible to move.

In this predicament he called to an officer standing at a tent door, and requested his interposition. The officer came forward, and with his cane fell to belaboring the men without mercy. "There, you scoundrels," he cried between every blow; "there—there! I'll teach you to molest a peaceable Quaker."

Charles thanked him politely, and after a little conversation found out that he was an aid of General Knyphausen; also that he had a report to make to Head-Quarters in Germantown, and owing to the lameness of his horse, was embarrassed for a conveyance.

"If thee will accept of a seat in my humble vehicle," said Charles, "thee is welcome. We Quakers, thee knows, are always pleased to be of service to the Royal troops—German or English."

"I know that," replied the officer, "and was provoked at those hounds for molesting you. I accept your offer with great pleasure."

The young Quaker and his new comrade were in the vehicle together, riding cheek by jowl.

"I suppose," said Charles, "those men under arms are the relief for the post on the Wissahiccon?"

"Yes, they are," answered the aid; not struck by the Quaker's use of military phrases.

"The post is relieved, I suppose, about this hour every day: between nine and ten?" An affirmative answer: "but why do you not keep a stronger sup-

porting force in camp under arms? Your outposts might be carried before you could get your men together."

"Who is to carry them? There is no rebel army large enough to deal with us."

"Perhaps not. Yet I think they might muster enough: you are only twenty-two hundred in this camp? Not more—are you?"

"About that number."

"Well, I hope there is no danger. And now, my friend, I would speak with thee frankly: thee will not be offended, will thee?"

"What do you wish to say?"

"I would ask thee, how thee reconciles it to thy conscience to fight against these colonists, who never injured thee nor thine: and though rebels, are not rebels against thy King?"

"Rather a close question, friend," answered the officer, hesitating; "but in truth—I have never thought of the matter. We soldiers must fight wherever we are sent: our Grand Duke, it seems, has hired us to his brother sovereign of England; and here we are."

"Do you believe in Christianity?"

"I was baptized and confirmed in the Evangelical Lutheran Church."

"And this kind of service—this being hired out to fight against innocent strangers—is it countenanced by thy church?"

"You had better ask our chaplain," said the officer laughing; "we have one in our brigade."

"I will, when I meet him," replied Charles, who had put these questions from curiosity, to know the

opinions of these mercenaries of their own position: as to the morality, it was not for him to find fault.

After a short silence, conversation was resumed and kept up during the rest of their way.

In Germantown they parted with mutual expressions of good-will. The young Quaker left his horse at the "King of Prussia," and amused himself for several hours, looking at the various corps of British troops: an occupation not unusual with Quaker gentlemen—though few, if any, marked the exact position of those troops and were so curious in ascertaining their exact numbers; and none others made a private note of their observations, with a pencil sketch of every position.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RACKET GROUND AT GERMANTOWN.

A COUPLE of hours after noon, Charles Hazlewood resolved to conclude his operations by a visit to General Howe's Head-Quarters in order to obtain, if possible, the removal of the officers' quarters from his father's—at least this was one of his objects. Walking leisurely in the proper direction, he was unexpectedly accosted by one of the very men, those compulsory guests he wished to expel—Sir Charles Aston, who joined him in a very friendly way.

"I have been anxious," said the young officer, "to make your acquaintance: induced by the curious fact, related by Col. Langley, that you, a Quaker, showed more acquaintance with military matters than himself; and now there is, I hope, an opportunity."

"And yet," answered Charles Hazlewood, "what kind of intimacy can exist between the haughty Englishman and the despised Colonist, the gay officer and plain Quaker—can they consort as equal with equal—the only admissible terms?"

"The intimacy of one young man with another—both well informed—of one gentleman with another. I am aware of no reason why a Quaker and a Colonist, with the birth, fortune and accomplishments of a gentleman, should not be treated as a gentleman."

"Thy opinions on this point are unusual; if they

were general, there would probably be no rebellion. They certainly are not the opinions of thy friend Col. Langley; at least not his practice."

"Ha! how so? Has he been rude to you?"

"Rude! that is too genteel a word; his conduct toward me has been base and cowardly."

"You use strong words."

"Not so strong as the facts. The man who grossly insults a Quaker, knowing he does not fight, is a base coward—even under the scarlet coat; and such I mean to proclaim Col. Langley, wherever I meet him."

"Take care; you will provoke Col. Langley—he is an influential man."

"Has thee seen him to-day?"

"No."

"When thee sees him, ask him what took place at Mr. Selwyn's last night—just ask him that; however, we've said enough of him. I thank thee for the offer of thy intimacy, and accept it willingly. And now it is but fair to tell thee, that I am going to General Howe to request him to order other quarters for thee and thy comrade."

"A very foolish step; if you rid your house of us, you will, sooner or later, get somebody more troublesome in our place."

"You are agreeable enough—except your dinner parties. We would be happy to see you as visitors; not as guests on compulsion."

"Well, sir, if you will get us out, try your fortune with Sir William; I'll introduce you to him. He's not at home just now, however; but at the racket court. By-the-by, perhaps you'd like to see some of our vanities; if so, come with me there. I'll show you

not only excellent racket-play, but pistol practicing and other exercise. Even a man of peace may take pleasure in such things, for the novelty sake. What say you?"

"I will go with thee willingly. To tell thee the truth, I have seen such things before: nay, I may admit, I have practiced a little with arms—from curiosity merely—curiosity to feel how such things handle."

"I should like to see it—I should like to see a Quaker practice the small-sword exercise—it would be a curious spectacle indeed."

"Some day I may gratify thee perhaps," answered the young Quaker with a smile.

"But here is the exercise ground; we will find Sir William at racket."

Such was the case. The commander-in-chief was amusing himself at his favorite game, with some of his young officers; a very common occurrence, though not altogether very satisfactory to his senior comrades, who saw a great want of dignity in it, and in his affecting a gay life, and the society of gay young men. However, Sir William was naturally gay, as well as affable and kind. He liked to throw off the pomp and trappings of authority; would walk about Germantown in plain clothes—then an unusual garb for military men; had a word for every one he met, humble Colonist or private soldier; was consequently a popular favorite. As a whole, Sir William Howe may not have been a great commander, though in soldier-craft he was equal to the average of his times—but he was an amiable man.

Just now, the commander-in-chief forgotten, the man, William Howe, was indulging his natural taste for

amusement; happier, certainly, than amid the stiff formalities of official rank. Of course Sir Charles Aston did not interrupt the sport of the racket-court, but led his companion to another part of the extensive ground; which, cut off by a high wall from the prying eyes of the "profane vulgar," and provided with proper buildings for rainy weather, afforded space and conveniences for amusing away time, while the tavern connected with it yielded timely refreshments. In one quarter, you might see a party practicing with the pistol; in another, playing with the rapier, or the broadsword, or the boxing gloves. Within the tavern itself, were men in various stages, from the primary exhilaration of a single glass to the final inebriation of several bottles; and further inward, generally up stairs, were parties at cards and dice, and other kinds of gambling. In fine, the place was a general resort of the officers off duty.

The new visitors approached a large group collected around a pair of young men, contending eagerly with foils, without masks or gloves, and stripped to their shirts and breeches.

"*Volunteer* Rowland Hazleton and *Ensign* Eyre Massey, our two best fencers," whispered Sir Charles Aston. "They are rivals in fencing and some other matters—love for instance. They hate one another bitterly, and would just as lieve see the buttons off the foils as not; as it is, fighting without masks, they mean to hurt one another as much as they can."

Charles Hazlewood looked on a short time, and spoke. "They thrust very hard—too hard to fence well—too hard for sport; they may hurt one another

—put out an eye for instance: yet they do not fence as I have seen it done in Paris."

"They have already exchanged several hard hits, they are growing very violent. Hazleton evidently has the advantage; he is one of the most athletic men in the army."

The Quaker costume was now observed and welcomed with a general shout: "Ho, Broadbrim!" "Ho, Obadiah!" "Has the Spirit moved thee to reprove our vanities?"

Sir Charles instantly spoke: "Gentlemen, my friend, Mr. Hazlewood; Mr. Hazlewood, Captain Harris; Mr. Hazlewood, Major Stuart; Mr. Hazlewood, Lieutenant Jones."

This introduction arrested the noisy torrent. Some, however, determined not to be cheated out of the fun of *roasting* a Quaker—the first ever seen in the racket-court—turned on Sir Charles: "Ha! Captain Aston, what now?" "What joke have you in hand?" "You want to quiz us in some way—but how?" "Come, Obadiah, why did Captain Aston bring you to visit our sport?" "I see it," said another; "this is Meeting day: he comes here to give us a sermon!" "A sermon!" "A sermon!" "A Quaker sermon!"

Sir Charles grew very angry, though he scarcely knew which to fix a quarrel on: but the imperturbable Quaker only laughed at first, but at length he spoke mildly: "Gentlemen, you have had your fun out of my Quaker coat; I am glad it afforded you amusement: and now I will tell you why I came here. I come on the invitation of Sir Charles Aston, to see the sports and exercises of the racket-court; if it is intrusion, I will retire; but if I stay, I shall expect to be treated as

a gentleman among gentlemen." His calm, quiet, manner had its effect, and the tumultuous exclamations ceased, though all did not repress some contemptuous under tones.

Among others, Rowland Hazleton—the fencing-match having given way to the Quaker fun—was standing near, and repeated sneeringly, "A gentleman among gentlemen."

"Yes, a gentleman among gentlemen," said Charles, turning quickly on the fencer: "I shall expect thee to treat me as a gentleman."

"And what, if I do not?"

"I shall proclaim among thy brother officers that thou art no gentleman."

"You! You! I'll pull your nose if you do; or slit it."

"You will! You threaten to slit my nose, do you? That is mayhem by law. I call on you all as witnesses that this young man threatens mayhem on me. I shall summon you all to witness against him. He is not in the army, remember: only a *volunteer* waiting for a commission—an ensign's commission—which he may never get. He is amenable to the civil courts."

"Law for your law. If I only pull your nose, it will be apparent I did not mean to slit it. So you see, I must pull your nose in self-defense."

"Then I shall indict thee for the assault and battery; take notice."

"We'll see," said the young man, excited by the coolness of the Quaker, and advancing forward. The other officers stood looking on, except Sir Charles, who attempted to interfere, but was prevented. Some one observing: "Let it go on, Sir Charles; I never saw a nose pulled, and I want to see the operation." While

another added—"Soap your nose, Obadiah." Charles Hazlewood folded his arms loosely on his breast; fixed his eyes on those of the volunteer; drew his figure slightly up, and stood firm and calm. Some of those who marked his stalwart form, and unflinching attitude, wished, for fun's sake, that he was a combatant-man, to try conclusions with his athletic opponent. "He has the pluck," observed Ensign Massey; "I see it in him, but he is a Quaker, and bound to passive resistance."

As the *volunteer* approached, the Quaker spoke: "Again I warn thee, young man, not to touch me. If thou do, the consequences be on thy own head. I shall indict thee certainly; and may be—worse may happen thee."

"We'll see," repeated *volunteer* Hazleton, stretching out his hand, with the thumb and forefinger slightly apart; "we'll see." The aggressive fingers were, as he spoke last, not a foot from the passive nose; but before they touched it, the volunteer fell prostrate—dashed to the earth, we might say—by a quick but terrible blow on the pit of the stomach. None saw how it was done; some doubted a blow being struck at all; but it was finally agreed to have been a quick stroke of the fore-arm, almost without motion of the elbow. At all events, the effects were undeniable. There lay the athletic volunteer; one moment before rejoicing in his strength, now lifeless.

"There," said the Quaker, in the same calm, even tone; "I've been tempted to strike the man; I shall be turned out of Meeting as a striker. But I call you all to witness, I acted in self-defense."

"You did! You did!" exclaimed several voices;

while Sir Charles Aston, glad, though astonished, at the extraordinary manifestation of skill and strength, came forward, and warmly congratulated the young Quaker.

"I saw thy fruitless efforts in my behalf," replied Charles Hazlewood; "and would have wished to give thee a hint, that I was under no alarm myself; being accustomed, sometimes, to yield to temptation, and forget my Quaker principles."

The commotion about the unfortunate *volunteer* had by this time extended over the whole ground; drawing even Sir William Howe from his sport. The man was still senseless; and a surgeon who was on the spot, pronounced him dead. Every variety of account was given of the transaction. Some blaming the *volunteer*; others the Quaker, who had killed him; others the commander-in-chief, for not ordering the arrest of the murderer. Sir William was as unacquainted with the truth as any body, and moved by a partial account which he heard, directed an orderly to take the Quaker in charge. A few minutes afterward, his impressions were corrected by Sir Charles Aston, and he hesitated what to do; concluding finally, however, to wait the result of the casualty, before he discharged the Quaker.

Charles Hazlewood was committed to a guard; an awkward predicament, if the man should die—a very possible event. However certain his final acquittal, he would be exposed to immediate imprisonment: a thought which shook even his resolute mind. "Just now! just now!" he repeated over and over again.

However in half-an-hour, Rowland Hazleton showed signs of returning consciousness, and gradually regained his faculties, though his perfect recovery was pro-

tracted for weeks; and never in fact, though he lived for many years, did he regain his former robust constitution. An instructive lesson to tempt not too far the non-resistance principles of a Quaker.

There was now no reason for detaining Charles Hazlewood, except the unparalleled atrocity of a mere Colonist venturing to defend himself against a British officer, and striking the sacred person of that officer. Sir Charles Aston requested the commander-in-chief to order a discharge from arrest; other officers interposed with objections; particularly Captain Harris, an intimate friend of Hazelton's. "He struck my friend," argued the captain: "an insult which ordinarily only blood wipes out. The Quaker will pretend his principles do not allow him to fight, and refuse to give us satisfaction. Shall he go unpunished? Is there to be no satisfaction for the insult? We request his committal to the provost-prison—if nothing more." Sir William Howe saw clearly enough the merits, but could not entirely overcome his aristocratic notions, and continued to hesitate.

"The Quaker ought to be well cudgelled any how," said some one.

"Yes, at all events," responded Captain Harris, "we can have that satisfaction."

"Will you undertake to cudgel him?" said Sir Charles to Captain Harris, with a smile.

"If he would give me satisfaction with any gentlemanly weapons, I would stand in my friend's place, who is too much hurt, and punish the insult," answered Harris.

"Ask the Quaker himself," said Lieutenant Massey; "perhaps the Spirit will move him to fight you."

The thought seemed a happy one, promising fun if nothing else; and the whole crowd of officers joined in, except Sir Charles and General Howe. The young Quaker was sent for, brought into the midst, and informed of the proposition.

"I cannot comply," answered Hazlewood; "a Quaker is not allowed to fight; especially with deadly weapons."

"You must!" said Captain Harris, who seemed very bitter against the Quaker; "you must, or stay in prison and be cudgeled in the bargain."

"Come now," answered Charles, "hear reason. Thee says I have insulted thy friend mortally by a blow, and in satisfaction I must fight thee. Suppose I kill thee: would that satisfy his wounded honor?"

"It would end the affair."

"But would thy death—the death of his friend—heal his wounded honor any more than it would cure the hurts of his body? But suppose thee should kill me."

"That would be a satisfaction," interposed Harris savagely. "I could shoot you down like a dog."

"But that would be no satisfaction to me, I assure thee; so I shall not afford thee the chance."

"I see we shall have to use the cudgel on you."

"Would cudgeling me satisfy thy friend's honor?"

"Yes; if we cannot get any better satisfaction."

"And if I submit to be cudgeled, wilt thou withdraw all opposition to my discharge from arrest?" said Charles; thinking of a plan to regain his liberty, without compromising altogether his character as a Quaker.

"I will."

"And thou wilt immediately order my discharge from arrest?" said Hazlewood to General Howe.

"I will. If the friends of Mr. Hazleton are satisfied, there will be no ground for detaining you."

"Then, neighbor, thee may get thy cudgel," said the young Quaker to Captain Harris; "and I will state explicitly the conditions on which I will allow myself to be cudgeled; but stay, let me see the cudgel first."

After some inquiries a stick was produced—a knotty cane of old English oak, though handsomely varnished and set—and handed to the Quaker. "That will do," said he, "it is a very decent cudgel; not too heavy. Now I will state the conditions."

"First. On being sufficiently cudgeled, I am to be set at liberty: do you guarantee this condition General Howe?"

"I do."

"Second. We Quakers are not accustomed to deadly weapons, but I have seen Rowland Hazelton and Eyre Massey fight with a weapon called a rapier, and I think I could use that weapon a little in an emergency; now I propose to contend with Captain Harris with the rapier—in a friendly kind of way; as soon as he touches me to draw a drop of blood, and he is not to hurt me deeply—he may begin to use the cudgel; but if I draw his blood first, I am to be allowed to cudgel him as much as I think he would have given me. I propose this condition, not that a man of peace, an humble Quaker, has any chance against a man of war, a British officer, but that I may have the excuse of compulsion in submitting to the cudgel."

The unexpected terms of the second condition took

the officers by surprise, but were laughingly agreed to all around.

"And then," resumed the Quaker to Captain Harris, "thee pledges thy honor as a gentleman and a British officer, that if I draw thy blood, thou wilt submit to be cudgeled." Captain Harris, along with every one else, smiled at the impossible supposition, and formally pledged himself.

"And now," said the Quaker, "let us have the weapons. As I am to be cudgeled, the sooner I get through with it the better."

A couple of foils were produced, but Charles objected to them with the remark: "He did not like the knobs on the end, but wanted something sharp, to draw the blood easily."

A pair of regular rapiers were soon found. One of the officers remarked: "How savage Harris looks! he means to hurt that Quaker." While under the same impression, Sir Charles Aston came forward and strongly recommended the foils. Both sides objected.

Captain Harris took off his coat and hat, rather from his habit when fencing than from any supposed necessity. Hazelwood remarking, that he supposed he must do the same, imitated him; and laying aside broad beaver and drab coat, retained no signs of the Quaker.

A place was cleared and the two men stood face to face. The captain, with a few grace flourishes of his weapon made the attack. Charles Hazlewood stood rather awkwardly; full front to his antagonist; his point somewhere near his toes.

"Come to guard! come to guard!" was shouted by the bystanders.

"Ha!" cried Charles; "hold my rapier like the captain? Eh! that's it, is it?"

The left foot was instantly thrown back, and the weapon raised to cover the person, without any appearance of its being at a scientific guard; though in reality the guard was perfect.

The blades now rang together with a dull heavy sound as of metal grating on metal—and the captain's weapon flew from his hand twenty feet high in the air.

"How's that! Where's thy weapon?" cried Charles in a tone of the utmost astonishment.

"Disarmed him! by all that's curious!" exclaimed Sir William Howe.

"Disarmed him!" inquired Charles with the most innocent of looks. "What's that mean? In my fencing lesson just now, between *volunteer* Hazelton and Lieutenant Massey, I did not see any thing of that! But come, neighbor: thee had better look for thy weapon, and take a better grip of it next time, or I may knock it out of thy hand again: I am a stronger man than thou."

Captain Harris took his rapier from one of his friends, who had picked it up, and almost beside himself with rage, attacked his antagonist. Charles received him almost as before, and again disarmed him, with the cool remark: "There, neighbor, I told thee I was the stronger man; thee must grip thy weapon better."

In this manner the attack was repeated several times, with exactly the same result. Charles amused himself with the captain pretty much as a fencing-master sometimes does with a new pupil, at a first lesson. The English never have been good swords-

men, except with the broadsword, where their superior strength is in a measure available; and in the armies of George the Third they fell even below their average.

The officers looked on in perfect astonishment. It was utterly incomprehensible: a soldier disarmed by a Quaker! a British officer by a Colonist! There stood the Quaker: his attitude and his manner of holding his weapon as awkward as possible; but the next moment, as soon as the blades crashed together, his opponent, by something like legerdemain, was disarmed. Many curious exclamations of wonder fell from the junior members; while the veterans, who thought themselves up to every point of war, were lost in not less astonishment. The general opinion was, that the Quaker possessed extraordinary strength of arm; and perhaps Sir Charles Aston was the only one who suspected the truth. At length, Hazlewood, who thought the exhibition had lasted long enough, said to his antagonist:

"A truce, neighbor; I propose a truce. Thee sees I am the stronger man. I might not only draw thy blood, but let all the blood out of thy body. That I suppose would satisfy thee, according to thy code of satisfaction; but I do not wish thy blood; nor do I wish to cudgel thee, which I might gain the right to any minute. Suppose we end here. I am satisfied if thou art."

"I am not satisfied: your heart's blood would not satisfy me," exclaimed the captain, trembling with rage.

"Have it thy own way," said the Quaker calmly, though for an instant of passion he was tempted to run his bitter antagonist through the body. But be-

fore the assault actually commenced, his anger had cooled down, and he concluded merely to disable his sword-arm: and as he cooled still more—to prick him smartly in the hand.

Again the attack was renewed; but instead of the sword flying into the air as formerly, a little jet of blood spirted from the captain's hand. "Look at thy hand, neighbor," said the Quaker; "thee may as well get thy back ready for the cudgel. Ha! will thee not stop according to the terms! There!"—another thrust in the right hand—"There!"—away flew the captain's sword. "Thee would continue the contest after thy blood was drawn—would thee?"

One general commotion now arose; every feeling and every way of expressing it; envy of the Quaker's success, but no great favor for him personally. Sir Charles Aston came up and shook him by the hand; and as soon as he resumed his hat and coat, led him to General Howe: "Mr. Hazlewood is now at liberty I suppose, general?"

"Certainly."

"And now," said the Quaker, "we may as well finish this business; where is the cudgel?"

"You do not intend to exact the terms?" exclaimed Sir Charles.

"To oblige me," added General Howe, "do not."

"Have I the right—by the conditions on which we contended—to cudgel Captain Harris?"

"Such were the terms: but we did not consider the possibility of a British officer being worsted in arms by a Quaker," said Sir William Howe.

"Have I the right to claim performance of those terms?"

"I would feel much obliged to you to waive the right," answered the general.

"Have I the right, or not? that is the first point to settle."

"Strictly speaking, perhaps you have."

"That is not exactly what I want to know: have I positively the right?" repeated the pertinacious Quaker.

"You have," answered the general sharply; turned on his heel, beckoned to his aids, and, with the remark that he would have nothing to do with the matter, walked away and left the racket ground.

"I have the right—have I—to cudgel Captain Harris? What do you say, gentlemen?"

"You have!" "You have!" "Yes, certainly!" was the general answer.

"Then I shall exercise it."

"Do not, I beg of you—as a friend," interposed Sir Charles Aston.

"Why not?" answered the Quaker; "he would have exacted it of me. Nay, after I had spared him repeatedly, he still obstinately persisted in taking his chance—in order to get a chance against me. I *must* exact the penalty."

"It cannot be allowed," exclaimed Major Tarleton; "it would disgrace the whole Service."

"Thee should have thought of that before the terms were agreed to, but thee assented; all assented. Captain Harris pledged his honor as a gentleman and an officer. I leave thee to settle whether the service will be more disgraced by an officer forfeiting the pledge of his honor, or redeeming it by undergoing a disagreeable ceremony."

"You have the best of the argument," replied Tarleton.

"If it is insisted on," interposed Harris, whose wound in the hand had been hastily dressed on the spot, "I must submit. I pledged my honor, and must submit. But I shall be obliged to shoot down this Quaker wherever I meet him."

"You cannot do otherwise," added Tarleton; "and I think every officer of the army will sympathize with you, and make your case his own. I for one will back you."

"And I"—"and I"—"and I," was the universal exclamation; by all but Sir Charles Aston.

"Now let me speak," said Charles Hazlewood. "How little do you know us Quakers! When we are right we never ask about consequences—but do right, fearing not. But, gentlemen, were I inclined to spare Captain Harris, you put it out of my power. You threaten me; and a gentleman—to use a term you ought to understand—a gentleman can do nothing under threats: he must be *sans peur* as well as *sans tache*; at least this was the gentleman of chivalrous days;—your code may be different. I may be a Quaker, but I am nevertheless a gentleman—in my own opinion at all events—and I never will forego my right under threats. Retract your threats, and I can think of waving my right to cane Captain Harris."

"If we retract," said Lieutenant Massey, "will you promise not to cane?"

"Certainly not; I cannot promise without paltering with principle. I must be free to act as I please after the threats are withdrawn."

"Enough of this," said Harris; "if it is to be, let it come. But let him take the consequences."

"Very well," answered the Quaker. "I accept the terms. Where is the cudgel?"

It was handed to him, and he raised it over the head of the officer: "Remember," continued he, "that this is thy own choice: for the chance of cudgeling me, thee took the risk of being cudgeled thyself—and thee lost. Can thee as a man of honor think hard of me for enforcing my own right: I put it to thee?"

"Cudgel away, I have told you the consequences; I shall shoot you down at the first opportunity."

"Will thee promise me one thing?"

"What is it?"

"Not to shoot me from behind a hedge."

This curious request overcame the gravity of the spectators, and was followed by a general burst of laughter. At the instant, the drums from various quarters beat the evening parade, and the congregation of the racket court was broken up for that day. The officers began to hasten toward their regiments, and Captain Harris also turned partly around as if to follow; the Quaker struck him lightly on the head with the cudgel, and exclaimed: "Do not shoot me from behind a hedge." Before the captain could recover from the surprise of this performance, the Quaker had vanished. And thus ended the cudgeling of a British officer by a Quaker

Charles Hazlewood met his farmer companion of the morning, though neither at the time agreed on, nor at the place, and after a few minutes conversation handed him a folded and sealed packet.

CHAPTER XIX.

SIR CHARLES ASTON AND THE YOUNG QUAKER.

THE excitement of the racket ground and of the mock-duel were over, and Charles Hazlewood was on his road to the city. In the vehicle with him was his new friend, Sir Charles Aston. With the flexibility of young hearts, they had grown rapidly intimate. Sir Charles admired the young Quaker's extraordinary acquirements—his energetic thoughts—his strong expressions—even his blunt and frank manners; while the Quaker was attracted by the gentlemanly polish, the candor, the "high honor" of the young Englishman—the first Englishman he had ever found endurable.

For a while their conversation was very general about men and things—European manners and literature and statistics, with which the young Colonist seemed more at home than the European. For sometime the baronet found no opening for what was uppermost in his thoughts—the recent scene on the racket ground; but an interval of silence occurred, and Sir Charles, starting a new subject, observed:

"I am afraid; Mr. Hazlewood, you will find trouble in the cudgeling matter. Captain Harris will certainly attempt what he threatens. I know, you do also, the feelings of military men about a blow; he must wipe it out, or stand disgraced."

"I am obliged to thee, my friend," answered the

Quaker, "for thy kind interest; for all thou hast done in my behalf; for thy countenance at the racket ground; for thy company now, as a protection against thy enraged comrades; and yet, believe me, I labor under no particular fear. We Quakers are naturally, or by education, calm and cool and self-possessed—hast thou not observed it?"

"Often; and in your particular case, I envy your cool self-possession. It gives a man great advantages over a violent antagonist."

"In a fight it is worth the best cuirass that ever was worn. I have seen a Circassian horseman, in his garment of linked mail, cut down by a cool combatant unarmed, but with a sabre."

"You! you saw this? In your mind's eye, I suppose!"

"Why not actually? I wandered abroad for several years—visited Asia, even; saw stranger sights than this. Well, I assure thee, I do not fear Captain Harris. A traveler, even a man of peace like me, learns strange secrets. I will tell thee one which I have learned. A strong, active man, perfectly self-possessed—his wits all about him—his tongue at command, and his hand ready, is always armed; armed against any single assassin. Captain Harris will find this, whenever he assails me. Of course, I do not wish to strike. We Friends are not naturally strikers; but I have several times already given way to the flesh, and forgotten Quaker principles on this point."

"On some other points I suspect; you've learned to fence, haven't you?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" burst out Charles merrily. "I must laugh whenever I think of it: didn't I mystify your

fellows elegantly—'knowing' as they think themselves! Ha! ha! ha! I cannot help laughing."

Sir Charles involuntarily joined in. After a hearty laugh, such as youth in its joyousness sometimes indulges in, on little or no cause, Hazlewood continued:

"Were *you* taken in? Did you suppose a person utterly ignorant of fencing could disarm in an instant, for seven times successively, a stout man like Captain Harris?"

"I did not know what to think of the matter. I could not suppose a Quaker 'skillful at fence;' and besides, you looked as awkward as any bumpkin."

"That I take credit for; that awkwardness was well done, wasn't it?" cried Hazlewood very complacently.

"It did deceive us completely. But how did you disarm Harris so easily? We count him a pretty good hand."

"The first lesson I took in fencing at Paris, my master disarmed me seven times—to show, as he told me, the omnipotence of art. Just as often did I disarm your comrade, to show him the superiority of an *artiste* over a novice. The fact is, your fellows fence execrably. I must throw off my Quaker coat some day, and give you, Sir Charles, a few private lessons. It is a pleasant recreation, very pleasant, this fencing; though, like wine and other good things, it may be perverted to ill-uses."

"That is a Quaker view of the 'science of fence,'" said Sir Charles laughing—"and that, I suppose, was the view you took of it when you learned—'a pleasant recreation, very pleasant, but susceptible of abuse!' But what did the fencing master think of the Quaker coat? A Quaker learning to fence!"

"My young friend,—excuse my using a patronizing expression toward you, Sir Charles—but in this question you show yourself very young. My young friend, what does a Parisian know of a Quaker coat? to him every coat but the last *Boulevard* cut is alike—the garb of unknown barbarians: my Quaker coat would have passed with him for the court dress of the court of his highness the King of Pennsylvania! But to tell you the truth, I was a little wild in those days: carried away by idle fancies and vanities: so I threw away the Quaker coat, and dressed myself like a gay Frenchman."

"A pleasant exchange I should think. I never can persuade myself that Quakerism is agreeable to the young; and certainly it is not natural. The young feelings must rebel against the straight jacket. Tell me frankly your experience?"

"Your figure expresses it exactly—a straight jacket on the feelings, and manners, and tastes, and words! Such I own it has always been to me. And yet it is impossible to renounce Quakerism without renouncing at the same time my native city—my family—my home—my associates: the worst crime I could commit would not render me more completely an outcast than throwing off the Quaker dress. By-the-by, do you think me a pretty quakerish Quaker?"

"Very much so, until the last five minutes. When you began to talk of fencing, you gave up the Quaker language."

"No wonder! Except a few weeks, I have lived in the world for six years past; no wonder I sometimes forgot my native Quakerism. But it is a curious fact, when I talk with Quakers, the plain language—

as we call it—comes naturally; but talking it with the world's people, as we call you, seems forced and unnatural."

"Your situation, sir, is a curious one; I hardly know what to think of it."

"I partly know what to do with it. Obey nature, renounce a condition which imposes perpetual hypocrisy—for such I feel my Quakerism—abandon my wealthy home and quiet life."

"England opens a certain resource."

"Not for me. In this quarrel my heart is with the Colonies, and there again I am no Quaker. I think the mother country wrong, unjust and oppressive. I say this frankly to you, because I feel sure I can confide in you."

"As I feel toward you," responded Sir Charles quickly; and by that strange impulse—that elective affinity of the feelings, which sometimes moves young men almost at first sight, each would have trusted the other before long-tried friends. "And I may add," continued he, "as I am willing to acknowledge in the same matter, I also think England in the wrong—my own country though she is—and many other of my countrymen concur."

"Yet you are in arms against the Colonies!"

"My country, right or wrong, was the principle which brought me here; and against a foreign enemy it would still govern me. But in this civil war—against my own fellow-subjects—I no longer feel as I did; I have at length made up my mind not to sustain injustice—but rather to retire from the service."

"You have!"

"Yes. I shall resign immediately, and I shall return to England as soon—as soon as I have ascertained a

matter of great moment to my happiness. And you, will you go with me?"

"Impossible! When I leave Philadelphia, there is but one place for me—the service of my country."

"You! but why throw yourself away on the desperate cause of the Colonies?"

"It is not desperate, I assure you; but if it were, its very desperate state would but appeal more strongly to every son of the soil. Desperate or not, you will next hear of me as a rebel—a soldier in the army of America. How heartily I rejoice at your retiring from the English service: it would be painful indeed to think of one's friend being in an opposing army."

"You a rebel! I do not like it; and yet what are names! You do but your duty to the land of your birth. When will you leave Philadelphia?"

"At once. But I must first ascertain—as you said just now—an affair of great moment to my happiness," answered Hazlewood with a blush.

"Mine," said Sir Charles; "is an affair of the heart."

"And mine also," responded the other. The young men looked in each other's faces an instant; both felt the impulse to confide—the necessity of a confident—so indelible in the lover's bosom; yet both hesitated at the first step. Sir Charles Aston spoke first:

"My affair is a romance—or a tragedy."

"A tragedy?" said Hazlewood.

"You shall judge. About four years ago I met a young lady in London; we were mutually pleased; found ourselves in love. She was of good family, wealthy, but unfortunately born in the Colonies—an insuperable objection in the eyes of some of my rela-

tions. Love laughs at objections. I was an eldest son, independent, would not be controled. After a few months' acquaintance I told my love, and was accepted. She was very young, and her mother required our marriage to be postponed for a year. Meanwhile the family returned to the Colonies and carried with them my *fiancée*. We corresponded for some time with mutual warmth; but at length—after a long silence on her part—I received a letter, informing me of a change of her feelings, and renouncing our engagement; and shortly afterward came a newspaper containing a notice of her marriage. The blow overwhelmed me." Sir Charles paused—very much agitated—but speedily resumed,—

"Since our arrival in Philadelphia I have learned, to my perfect astonishment, that the lady—who resides in your city—is not married, has not even been engaged; but about six months after her return, was ill for a long time, and since, though flirting desperately, has refused many advantageous offers of marriage. There is some mystery, some treachery, I fear, practiced by my relatives to break up this hated match. This morning I wrote her a letter, relating the facts, avowing my unaltered affection, and enclosing the newspaper and letter—which I have kept by me ever since. Before an answer could reach me, I was ordered out to Head-Quarters, with what feelings, you may imagine! This evening, as soon as I return to town, I may expect to learn the result."

"Yours is a tragedy," said Hazlewood. "Mine has more of the mere romance. Listen! I had a playmate, some years younger than myself; we laughed together, talked together; as we grew older, read together,

walked together: long before either of us knew what it meant, I called her my little wife, and on both sides there was a curious kind of premature love. I left my home before she was fourteen; probably before her feelings were matured. Year after year I was a wanderer abroad: yet, every year that early passion or fancy—brooded over continually—grew warmer and stronger—warmer and stronger, until I gave way, and returned. Now—since my return—I need not say what my feelings are.”

“But does she love you?”

“That I must ascertain, this very evening,” answered Hazlewood.

“I hope she loves you! I hope she loves you! Such constancy should not be in vain,” exclaimed Sir Charles eagerly.

“And you! your tragedy deserves a happy *denouement*. But the lady—am I acquainted with her?”

“Certainly you are: it is Catherine Selwyn.”

“Catherine Selwyn! Catherine Selwyn your *fiancée*,” exclaimed Hazlewood. “Say it again; in mercy say it again; is Catherine Selwyn your *fiancée*?”

Sir Charles Aston, astonished by the excited manner of his friend, looked in his face an instant, and replied:

“Yes, the name of the lady is Catherine Selwyn.”

“Why, she,” said Hazlewood calmly, his emotion now mastered, “she is my playmate.”

“She, she! Catherine Selwyn!” exclaimed Sir Charles, “and we love the same lady. We are rivals!”

“No, not rivals,” responded Hazlewood. “We love the same lady, but we need not be rivals. You have written her a letter which will settle your position. I shall wait calmly—no, not calmly—that is false—but I

shall wait: if she decide according to your hopes, I shall still be—your friend and—hers; yours by a double bond.”

“And if she decide against me, I shall afford you my best wishes, and all the aid in my power.”

The impassive Anglo-Saxon nature gave way, and the two young men silently clasped hands. A heroic compact. But can they observe it? Will it stand the test of *actuality*: a theory now, will it prosper as a *fact*? We shall see—perhaps.

Charles Hazlewood and his companion were so occupied that they took no note of distance, and were awakened from their interesting communications by arriving in town.

About an hour afterward, Hazlewood received a message inviting him to step down to the officers’ apartment. He found Sir Charles pacing the floor very much agitated, with an open letter in his hand; which was handed to his friend, with the single remark: “Read, Charles, read.”

“The letter you enclose is a forgery, though the hand resembles mine; the newspaper I know nothing about, except that it was never published in this city. In return I enclose you a letter, purporting to be written by you, and a newspaper: perhaps they are not more authentic than the others. If so, come—oh! come to me immediately.”

The letter enclosed, and thus sent to him, informed Catherine of Sir Charles Aston’s change of views, and the newspaper announced his marriage. “What a base plot!” exclaimed Hazlewood, “but how skillfully done! Those two newspapers must have been printed

expressly for the occasion: and the letters have been prepared by an adroit forger."

"The persons who executed all this," added Sir Charles, "have been for years living on my bounty; they are my relatives and heirs-at-law."

"What baseness!"

"But what now? What am I to do now?"

"Go immediately to Catherine."

"And you?"

"I am prepared for the worst. Go: go as she requests; go and be happy."

Sir Charles Aston went, and the young Quaker retired to his own chamber. Hour after hour—as time seemed to him—he paced the floor; or threw himself on his bed, soon leaping up again in utter desolation of heart, in the deepest anguish, in the wildest despair. At length he exclaimed: "Why live? What do I live for? What is there to live for? The world is blasted for me now—and must ever be so. Why do I live? I can end this misery—and I will!"

He took his steel-cut pistols from his bosom, where they were habitually carried, examined them, primed them afresh, cocked them both and laid them on the table. He sat down and wrote a letter to his father, a note to Catherine, another to Sir Charles: "Now I am ready." With the most perfect composure, not a muscle of his features moving—for a more fearless man never lived—he raised the cocked pistol to his head: but a sudden thought interposed: "My sister! I have not taken leave of her!" He carefully replaced the pistol, and sat down again at the table; the letter he wrote was longer than the others, but he finished at last and

carefully sealed it with wax. His hand was again on the pistol, but he paused an instant: "Let me consider."

"Is there any one else to remember?"

Blessed pause! the last effort perchance of his good angel to snatch him—the unprepared sinner—from death and the judgment. Blessed pause! Pending it, there was a gentle knock at the chamber-door.

Charles Hazlewood threw something over the pistols and letters, and opened the door. Sir Charles Aston entered, flushed and agitated, and immediately spoke:

"I have a strange tale to tell; truth stranger than fiction. I will tell you every thing exactly as it occurred—exactly—and you shall advise me in the matter."

"When I reached Mr. Selwyn's, and was ushered into the parlor, I found Catherine alone. I was very much agitated, and she not less so; but I advanced. She arose to receive me, and I took her hand. At first neither of us could speak; but she first: 'Charles Aston, we have been the victims of a dreadful fraud.'

"'Fortunately, it has been detected before entirely too late. We may still be happy—the happier perhaps from our years of misery,' was my reply.

"She gently withdrew her hand from mine, sat down again, and requested me to be seated. Her manner was very serious, almost solemn. After a moment's pause, she spoke calmly: 'Charles Aston, listen to me: before we speak of our position, you must hear my narrative; this is due to you and to myself.'

"'How much I loved you; how deeply I felt your supposed unfaithfulness, I need not repeat. A severe illness, even unto the shadows of the grave, was the

consequence of your letter—that forged letter I should say. But I recovered, and took my place again in the world; how different from what I had been!—oh, how different! My life was blasted by man's treachery; there was nothing to hope for, to live for; yes, there was one object—revenge. I desperately resolved to revenge myself, by inflicting the same injuries I had received; I resolved to encourage men until their affections were involved, and then to reject or to jilt. I became a coquette,—an accomplished coquette, I may say,—for my heart was in my object, and I studied thoroughly all the arts of winning men's hearts. I was successful; with shame and remorse I say it: I was successful, and won many—noble-hearted, generous, men—and threw them off. Bitterly, bitterly, do I rue my conduct; bitterly do I now feel that my revenge was but heaping up retribution for myself. But the past cannot be recalled. Charles Aston, I am unworthy of you.' She paused in great emotion, and laid her head on her arm, resting upon the table.

"I immediately spoke: 'Do you still love me, Catherine? Do you still love me? My affections are unchanged.'

"She made no reply for some minutes, and I repeated my question.

"At length she answered, without raising her head: 'I am unworthy of you, Charles Aston; my heart is impure, polluted by a hundred feigned passions for other men. And one—noble, accomplished, brave, generous, like yourself—one I almost really loved,—would have loved perhaps, though condemned by my remorseless revenge to sacrifice him with the others

Charles Aston, I have no heart for you; abandon me, I entreat you.'

"Do you still love me, Catherine?"

"I cannot say that I do not; and yet, I dare not say I love you as I should.'

"Do you still love me?" I repeated; 'could you be happy with me?'

"Oh, yes,—happy! and yet it must not be. We must part, Charles Aston, we must part! Forget me—you can forget me, can you not?—forget me. What ought I to do? Tell me what to do; advise me.'

"A desultory talk ensued; the words broken, and drawn out interruptedly one by one. My self-possession was too far gone to speak freely, or to think at all. How long this scene lasted, I do not know; but at length I felt unable to bear it; told her so; and that we would part until our minds became more composed. Her head was still leaning on the table. I took her hand in mine, and bade her farewell. Her hand slightly pressed mine, and I repeated the farewell; still her pressure, though slight, was not loosened. Again I repeated the farewell, and endeavored slightly to disengage my hand. Her grasp grew closer, and the next instant—I know not how—she was in my arms, pressed to my bosom. At first she seemed powerless and passive, but soon disengaged herself, and sunk into a low arm-chair.

"Then—I confess it—I gave way; totally forgot myself. Kneeling beside her, I pressed her to my bosom, almost with frenzy; kissed her over and over again, countless times; in language the most passionate besought her to be mine. She lay in my arms, motionless, from time to time uttering: 'It cannot be;

it cannot be; we must part! oh, we must part!" My entreaties were repeatedly renewed; and her denials seemed growing fainter and fainter; when suddenly, by a kind of resolute effort, she threw herself loose from me, with the exclamation: "We must part! leave me! leave me!—good-night!"

"Thus we did part," continued the baronet.

"She has been pressed in my arms! Her head has lain on my bosom! My warm kisses have been poured on her cheeks! Yet we parted; parted forever."

"Not forever! no, not forever!" exclaimed Charles Hazlewood, much excited by the narrative. "She is yours; yours only. You cannot give her up—have no right to give her up, after what has taken place. She may have some conflict of duties, or supposed duties; but her heart is still yours; yours only."

"Then you advise me not to give her up?"

"Certainly I do. You cannot give her up; you ought not."

After some further conversation, Sir Charles Aston was retiring: "You will not see me again for a long time—if ever," said Hazlewood, taking the hand of his friend; "the young Quaker goes off the stage to-night; farewell!" The young men parted sorrowfully; but both too much excited to feel the full measure of a last good-night.

"And now," said Charles Hazlewood, as soon as he was alone, "and now!"—his eye fell on the cover thrown over the pistols: "Ha! I forget; but nothing of that now; that folly is driven out by his exciting narrative." He uncocked the pistols, restored them to the inner vest-pockets, and burnt the letters. "And

now I must prepare to leave the city this very night. My sister—I must take leave of her; my father—a letter for him; that is all, I believe. Ha! Catherine! How those words ring in my memory! let me say them:—

"And one—noble, accomplished, brave, generous, like yourself—one I almost really loved—would have loved perhaps, though condemned by my remorseless revenge to sacrifice him with the others."

"How perfectly I remember every word! I will send them—my last words to her."

By an impulse which he scarcely could understand, he sat down, and wrote those words exactly as he had repeated them, and added: "Be happy, Catherine, with Charles Aston."

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAMP AT SKIPPACK—ARRIVAL OF COL. LYNNFORD.

OUR narrative leads us away from the Royal forces; who, flushed with dreams of victory and triumph, were in possession of the rebel metropolis.

On the third of October, 1777, the Continental army lay in a rough and wooded country east of the Schuylkill, on the Skippack road, some twenty miles from Philadelphia. The march of population has long since swept away the features of the scene; but it is still known and connected in popular memory with the battle of Germantown. It was almost but not entirely forest; several "clearings" and farms of the ruder sort, scattered about in loose continuity, betokened the presence of man and his labors. But masses of wood and scattered trees held by far the larger portion of the ground. To realize the landscape, as it then was, the reader of the present day must transfer his fancy to the frontier settlements of Iowa or Minnesota.

At that spot, which bears no name in the dispatches and letters of the period, but, "Camp, twenty miles from Philadelphia," was posted the rebel commander-in-chief, with twelve thousand men, regular troops and militia. He was in happy ignorance of the "complete dispersion of the rebel army except a few half-starved marauders"—"the final suppression of the rebellion"—"the speedy restoration of law and order in

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our misguided Colonies"—and other similar facts, well known to the Royal newspapers—which perhaps he did not see. Far from it; he had formed his plans, and made all his arrangements for attacking the "glorious army of Sir William Howe" in their very camp.

In the opinion of the rebel chief, the British general, though, according to his friends, "the most accomplished captain of his age," was just now in a position peculiarly open to attack.

The body of the Royal army was encamped at right angles with the main street of the village of Germantown, and extended across by the market-house, on the continuous line of School-house and Church lanes; from the Schuylkill to the "old York road." Their left was held by the German mercenaries, under Knyphausen, resting on the Schuylkill, at Van Deren's (since Robeson's) mills, and covered in front by the Wissahiccon. In the centre, extending to the east of the village, was the artillery, and the British infantry of the line: while the right was held by a body of light infantry and the Queen's Rangers. About two miles in front, at Mount Airy, was posted a strong light infantry picket, supported by two regiments; while a mile in the rear of the main body, at Nicetown, lay two regiments of the Guards.

This position was penetrated by two main roads; the Ridge road, running northwardly, and crossing the Wissahiccon, near its mouth at Van Deren's mill, and the Skippack or Perkiomen road, generally parallel to the former at about two miles distance, and which being closely built on along both sides for several miles, forms the one street of Germantown. Two other roads, the Lime-kiln and the old York indirectly

penetrated the British line, but they ran eastward and could not be gained by the rebels without a long circuit.

The British position was naturally strong. The left flank was completely protected by the Schuylkill, and the left front covered by the Wissahiccon: a small stream winding obliquely from the Ridge road at Van Deren's to the Skippack road, two miles North of Mount Airy—a stream fordable it is true, but flanked on both sides by chains of rough, wooded hills, impassable except at two or three cross-roads, which a small force could guard; and being guarded, the left wing could not even be approached by an enemy, except at Van Deren's. The centre was sheltered behind a village of stone houses, and small enclosures, where every building might be a fortification. The right was the only weak point—in an open country, entirely unsheltered, and comparatively unguarded, some light infantry on the Lime-kiln road, and the Queen's rangers on the old York, were its only defense.

The disposition of the British troops certainly did not correspond with the strength of their position: the fault of either the bad strategy of their general, or his contempt for his enemy; in either case, a proof of defective generalship. In addition, Sir William Howe was weakened by the detaching of three British regiments on special service; while Lord Cornwallis, with four regiments of grenadiers, remained in the city.

Still, with all these favoring circumstances, to attack the Royal army argued a military audacity, widely different from the timid cautiousness usually considered as the leading characteristic of the great rebel

chieftain. They were certainly superior in numbers; more superior than, at the time, he was aware of. They counted generally, during the winter in Philadelphia, as appears from the official returns in "the State Paper Office," about nineteen thousand efficient men: of whom, at the very lowest calculation, twelve thousand must have been engaged in the battle of Germantown. But Washington's efficient force of regular troops did not exceed eight thousand men; and the three or four thousand militia in his army were of no use whatever. Besides, his men were principally recruits, while the Royal troops were old soldiers. To attack a superior army, so posted, was audacious beyond the spirit of that sluggish military era. As now appears, it made a more profound contemporaneous impression in Europe than even the surrender of Burgoyne, and did more to inspire confidence in the strength of the American rebels.

Having resolved on the attack, the Continental general formed his plans with a skill beyond any of his former battles: manifesting that his military genius was developing itself in the school of experience. By a simultaneous movement, columns were to advance on the Ridge road, the Skippack road, and the Lime-kiln and York roads; while at the same time a body of militia were to assail the city at the "Middle ferry," and deter Cornwallis from sending reinforcements to his commander-in-chief. The column on the Ridge road, also composed of militia, was intended to employ Knyphausen, and prevent his interfering with the main battle. On the Skippack road a real attack was to be made by a column of regular troops. But the principal force was to march by the Lime-kiln and old York

roads; take the British right wing in flank and rear; double it back on the centre; push the confused mass on the left wing; and drive the whole body, disorganized and pell-mell, into the Schuylkill, or—to surrender.

Such was the rebel position, and such their plans on the 3d of October, Anno Domini, 1777.

About nine o'clock of that day a single horseman was riding slowly toward the encampment. He was in the blue and buff of the Continental service; splendidly mounted on a large bay, manifestly of Virginia blood—that noble race of chargers, so vastly superior to the British cavalry horses of the day; and in his appointments, saddle, bear-skin holsters, scarf, epaulets, uniform, exhibiting a striking contrast to the ordinary appearance of the faded and weather-beaten American soldier. Yet he looked no “carpet knight;” for he sat his horse as one who by science and habit was at home in a saddle; while his calm steady features, not handsome, but strongly marked, joined to his broad, strongly-knit, though not heavy figure, gave assurance of will and muscle to dare and do. A few paces behind him rode a negro servant, almost as well mounted as his master, and almost equally well armed and equipped: with the addition, however, of a large valise strapped to his saddle.

The officer halted on an eminence, a quarter of a mile, it may be, in front of the line of sentries, and cast his eyes over the encampment: his servant rode up almost in a line with him and occupied himself in a similar manner. The greater part of the rebel force was concealed by the woods, but few tents were seen, and very few men were moving about the ground.

A more careful inspection, however, revealed the smoke of numerous fires, curling upward among the trees.

The officer gazed an instant, and then spoke to his servant:

“Toby, your eyes are like a lynx’s: what do you see remarkable about the encampment? It looks to me as if something is wrong.”

“By golly, Massa Lynnford! he do look queer to dis nigger. Oh, youchy! I sees now; the men are asleep by der fires. Our folk hab oversleep himself.”

“True, Toby; I see now: I see several fires with men lying around them: strange at this time of day!”

“Him been to husking frolic last night—ha, ha!” exclaimed the negro, showing his white teeth from ear to ear, as he laughed at his own wit: then throwing himself loose from the stirrups he sprung upward, and stood with his feet on the saddle: while the horse, accustomed to Toby’s feats of agility and negro pranks, stood perfectly still.

“I sees him all now. De morning gun not fire yet, nor de reveillea beat: dis de new regulation since we been on furlough; ha, ha, ha!”

“Toby,” said his master, with a grave but not severe look, “I wish you would behave like a decent negro, sometimes; leave off your antics.”

“Oh, Massa Lynnford!” exclaimed the negro, and slipped down into the saddle.

The officer paused an instant in thought, then spoke to himself: “Yes, I understand it now: he has work for them to-night; and he has ordered them to rest in advance.” Then aloud: “Toby!”

“Massa Lynnford!”

"You see that house, away up yonder on the rising ground; half a mile at least in the rear of the sentries; what do you observe about it?"

Toby again sprung on his saddle, and after peering an instant in the direction pointed out, replied:

"Massa Lynnford, I sees a sentinel pacing before the door."

"Nothing more?"

"Oh, yah! Massa Lynnford, I sees four hosses under the trees—held by men in uniform—Oh, youchy! dont dis nigger know dat hoss by de toss of him head: him de general's hoss."

"Which general, Toby?"

"De general of all de generals, Massa Washington. Don't dis nigger know him hoss, Pompy—yah! Massa Lynnford."

"Then that house is Head-Quarters. Come, Toby."

The horse started forward, as if instinctively conscious of his master's wishes; and the officer rode leisurely up to the in-lying picket-guard, the line of the encampment. He spoke to the officer in command, who saluted him as "Colonel Lynnford,"—seemingly well pleased to see him—and after a short talk, in which—"returning from furlough, might be heard"—passed him within the line. The negro dropped a little in the rear, and greeted the soldiers of the guard—with whom he seemed well acquainted—with diverse grimaces, in which his white teeth were prominent actors: then observing that his master was not looking toward him, he sprung on the saddle, stood an instant, with his face toward the horse's tail, riding backward, while his elbow moved as if drawing his fiddle bow, then he threw a half summerset, and stood

on his head upon the saddle, the horse still trotting forward; and then he slipped into his proper seat on the saddle—only his face was in the wrong direction; and finally he threw himself, by some curious movement, quite around in the saddle, and sat looking as demure as anybody's "nigger." All this amused greatly the soldiers, for whose benefit it was designed, and who regularly expected some such performances from "Toby."

Colonel Lynnford soon reached the house which he rightly supposed to be "Head-Quarters," and springing from the saddle committed his horse to Toby. Before he approached the door he paused an instant. It was one of those farm-houses erected by the better class of the "first settlers," in infinitely better style than the more gaudy edifices of the present rural generation: of stone, mortar pointed; two stories high, a broad cornice, or pent-house, running all around between the stories, sheltering all the lower windows, and expanding into a portico over the front door: the roof high, peaked, with pointed dormer windows: the windows of the second story square, and with the projecting eaves, and broad pent-house, diminishing much the apparent height. Such a building—and a few such may still be found—erected only by the first settlers, who had the old English manor-houses in their mind's eye, and were not imitated by their American-born descendants, such a picturesque building was now the quarters of the rebel commander-in-chief. In front was a yard shaded by lofty buttonwoods, and fenced in by a stone wall; on the right, lay a walled garden; on the left, where the ground sloped away from the house, as it also did

in front, were numerous farm buildings in a large farm-yard.

The officer took in the aspect of the place at a glance, and resumed his advance. To the challenge of the sentinel at the door he answered: "Colonel Lynnford, of the Virginia line, on business with Head-Quarters," and passed.

In the apartment he entered, three young officers were seated at a table writing busily: at his foot-fall one of them looked up, started to his feet eagerly, and exclaimed:

"Lynnford!"

"Hamilton!" uttered the other; and the two young men stood an instant, hand clasped in hand.

"Lynnford, you returned! We did not expect you! How welcome!" resumed Hamilton—Colonel Hamilton, then merely an aid of the rebel commander-in-chief.

"The reason I'll tell you by-and-by: now I wish to see His Excellency."

"He is much engaged, but he'll see you, I think. I will announce you."

Colonel Hamilton approached an inner door and, slightly tapping, entered. In a minute he returned.

"His Excellency will see you."

Lynnford changed color, and stood a moment in hesitation; then he advanced to the door: then he again hesitated before he went in.

At a table, on which lay spread out a rude map, sat "THE MAN" of the age—and of all ages.

The officer felt, as all did who approached that presence, an awe which no mortal ever shook off—which no degree of intimacy ever entirely relieved; his heart

beat quick, and his limbs shook, as he waited to be spoken to.

The general-in-chief was deeply absorbed in thought, his eyes fixed on the map; but, at length, he uttered—"Ha—well," and looked up. As his glance rested on Lynnford, a gentle smile passed over his face, and rising with that calmness and dignity which characterized all his movements, he extended his hand: a sure proof that it was one whom he held in esteem, for to none others did he voluntarily offer his hand.

"Colonel Lynnford, you are welcome, very welcome; pray be seated. I received your dispatch from Germantown, and made good use of it. But how is it, sir, that we see you returned to camp; your furlough is not yet expired?"

"Besides personal reasons, with which I need not trouble your Excellency, I felt it my duty to be in the Continental camp, and nowhere else. If my regiment cannot be recruited, and there be no new one vacant, I shall fight in the ranks as a private volunteer; or, with your permission, I will endeavor to raise a partisan corps. I have called on your Excellency this morning with a view to service in some way."

"It grieves me to say, Colonel Lynnford, that your regiment is not filled up. Poor fellows! poor fellows! how they were cut up at the Brandywine! You exposed them too much, colonel." The general paused in emotion.

"Not more than I exposed myself; not so much," interposed the officer sorrowfully.

"Pardon me, Colonel Lynnford; I did not mean it for a reproach. If all had behaved like you, and your

regiment, the battle of the Brandywine could not have been lost."

"I thank you, sir; heartily thank you. I shall communicate what you have said to my few surviving men."

"Few indeed are left—poor fellows! In fact, Colonel Lynnford, your regiment may be called disbanded; the term of service of most of them expired just after the Brandywine."

"Before, sir; just before; they fought that battle as volunteers—for love of the cause."

"Brave fellows! The rest of them, not more than twenty-five, too few for a separate command, I have drafted into Colonel Mathews' regiment. What miserable policy these short enlistments are; leaving officers of merit without a command, to resign in disgust, or retire on furlough as you recently did. However, sir, you—you—" the general-in-chief hesitated an instant with a kind of embarrassment, which occasionally occurred in his language; for he certainly was not a talker, though vastly more fluent than that other great man of action, the "Protector of the Commonwealth of England." After a pause he caught the word he wanted, and resumed: "You have returned very opportunely. I have resolved, in concurrence with the unanimous opinion of my general officers, to make an attack on the enemy's forces, at and near Germantown. I shall appoint, as I usually do, extra aides for duty on the field of battle, and you may consider yourself as one of them."

"I thank your Excellency for this proof of your confidence; and for the opportunity to serve the

cause:" exclaimed the officer with emotion—tears almost gushing to his eyes.

"We march this evening at seven o'clock. There will be no particular duties for you until we approach the enemy; but meanwhile, Colonel Lynnford, you will mess with my family."

There was a pause, and having waited a minute, the officer spoke, rising from his seat:

"Your Excellency has much to think of just now; much to arrange; I will not interrupt you longer. I wish you, sir, good-morning."

"Good-morning, Colonel Lynnford," replied the general-in-chief, rising, and accompanying the words with a formal bow.

CHAPTER XXI.

DR. JONES, THE FIGHTING CHAPLAIN.

COLONEL LYNNFORD retired from the presence of the commander-in-chief in a tumult of feelings. That dignity of manner, so cold and impassive, so like the impersonation of virtue itself, was so natural, that none thought of it otherwise than as characteristic of the man; that "air of command," indescribable, except as a mysterious something in his looks and tones which imposed reverence and obedience on other men, was softened by his memorable modesty; yet the impression made on the young man had been almost painful. Then the kindness of him, to whom,—in common with the young and enthusiastic generally, the rank and file of the army, the inferior officers, the mass of the Colonists,—he looked with admiration almost idolatrous. Then the cool confidence with which the attack on the Royal troops was mentioned—an attack as little dreamed of by Lynnford as by those troops themselves.

His friend, Hamilton, had left the outer apartment, and there was no one to talk with him about what his thoughts were full of. He mused an instant in the front yard of the house, and looked around for his horses. Under the trees, with the general's horses, stood the animals, but they were in charge of a white soldier. Where was Toby? On the green sod, at a

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small distance, he saw that worthy amusing a group of soldiers; now he was running himself round on his hands and feet, extended like the spokes of a wheel; now he was throwing astonishing summersets; now he was squatting on his haunches, imitating a squirrel cracking nuts; now he was a cat, puffing up his back, and spitting, cat-fashion, at some imaginary dog; in fine, he was performing as an amateur "clown" and posture-master: and few of the fraternity could rival Toby, as few men were his equal in muscular agility. Lynnford murmured to himself: "I must sell that fellow; but where will I find his equal in fidelity and usefulness!" and gave a low shrill whistle. In an instant almost, Toby's "occupation was gone," and staidly and soberly he was leading the horses to his master.

Lynnford looked sternly into the fellows' face; to which the response of Toby was a good-humored grin, which displayed an unusual extent of ivory.

"Toby!"

"Massa Lynnford!"

"At your monkey tricks again? What shall I do with you?"

"Oh, Massa Lynnford! Dis nigger do nothing but mind the hosses; here 'em are as soon as you vistle!"

"Toby, I must put a rat-trap on your lips, as your old master did, if you don't cease lying."

"Oh, Massa Lynnford! dis nigger neber do lie."

"And I'll sell you, if you don't quit your capers."

"No you wont, Massa Lynnford; you'll neber sell dis nigger."

This was said with an affectionate grin; and Lynnford, who had been a little provoked, now regained

his good humor; ready, like most masters, to overlook the peccadillos of a servant whose attachment to himself was undoubted.

"Well, well, Toby, I suppose I'll not sell you; but I do hope to see you more sober, some day. Now tell me what news you've learned; your eyes and ears are always open."

"Oh, Massa Lynnford! but I hab news. The soldiers say, dat we rebels are to attack the Tories and dribe 'em out of Phildelphy."

"Do the soldiers think we can do it?" said Lynnford; marveling that a design, which had certainly been communicated only to the generals in council and to a few most confidential persons, should be thus rumored about the camp; and drawing the inference, that no secret enterprise should ever be communicated to "a council of war."

"Oh yes, Massa Lynnford; de soldiers say, we'll drive the Tories into the Delawur, and dround 'em like kittens."

A good spirit, and a harbinger of success, thought Lynnford. How little do the Royalists, and the Whigs even in Philadelphia, know of the real state of the rebellion—of the unflinching firmness of the general-in-chief—of the unbroken confidence of the army.

"Toby," resumed the officer, after a brief pause, "where are the quarters of our old brigade?—of course you've found out."

"Oh, yes, Massa Lynnford; dis nigger knows dat thing. You sees, massa, dat big woods, close by dat little woods; dere, jist dere," as he spoke pointing with his long arm.

"We'll go there, Toby, to our old messmates."

Lynnford was standing beside his horse, and he now gathered up the reins, while Toby seized the stirrup to hold it for him; but, instead of using that accommodation, the young officer sprung at once into the saddle,—as every soldier ought to mount, as he always mounted; though Toby never omitted to perform the complimentary ceremony of holding the stirrup for him.

"Yah! Massa Lynnford; you no scold Toby now; you make 'Toby jump' yourself. Yah! yah!"

Colonel Lynnford, without noticing this sally, rode slowly away from Head-Quarters, in the direction Toby had pointed out. The distance was some three quarters of a mile, and along the way the camp lay in the repose of night; tent-curtains drawn close, though very few except officers, and not always they, enjoyed that shelter; men rolled in blankets, with their feet to the relics of smouldering fires. It did look very much, according to Toby's remark, as if the army had overslept itself.

As he approached, he recognized the large tent or marquee of his comrades; as well he might, having purchased it with his own private funds, and presented it to the Mess, and being of a peculiar pattern, unlike any other in camp—one side being stretched far along the ground, to afford a low but large sleeping-place, separated by a curtain. But not a man was stirring about tent or watch-fire.

"Toby," said he, after a glance over the silent scene, "you will find forage for the horses; you always can." And as he spoke, he threw his stirrups loose, and sprung to the ground.

"Oh, Massa Lynnford, dis nigger neber let a dumb beast suffer!"

The tent-curtain was partly drawn back, and Colonel Lynnford entered. At a small camp-table sat an officer writing, so intently occupied, that he did not take notice, until Lynnford spoke.

"Colonel Mathews!"

"Why, Colonel Lynnford!" exclaimed the officer, starting up, and eagerly grasping Lynnford's hand; "you here!"

"Myself, in proper person. But what means all this?" pointing to the sleeping department of the tent, where the rest of the Mess were still on their mattresses. "My boy Toby says the camp has been to a husking frolic."

"Is Toby back?" interposed a voice from one of the mattresses; "then we'll begin to live again; not a man here who can make a corn cake or steal a chicken for the Mess."

"Ha! Sherburne, is that you?" said Lynnford; "get up, and tell me all about every thing going on. I don't wish to interrupt Colonel Mathews, who is writing."

"The sooner you interrupt him, the better," said Major Sherburne, springing up, "if you can cure him of the doleful mood he is in."

"How is that, my dear Mathews? you do look serious," said Lynnford kindly.

Colonel Mathews looked up, and, after a moment's hesitation, answered: "It may be all folly, I know; but I cannot get rid of the impression that I shall be killed to-morrow. My poor wife! my poor children! I leave you destitute."

"Nonsense!" said Major Sherburne. "You are not more likely to be killed than the rest of us; and if you are, if any of us are, it is what we are here for. But,

for my part, I do not mean to be killed to-morrow, nor at all; I mean to see out the war, to be a major-general before it ends, and to retire to 'old Virginny,' to close my days in 'peace and dignity.'"

"*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose,*" said Lynnford with a smile; "perhaps your dreams are as unfounded as Colonel Mathews' evil forebodings. For me, I have shaken hands with death so often, that, if I were sure of meeting him to-morrow, it would be as an old acquaintance. Yet I do not think this state of feeling—this insensibility—is right. There is a world beyond the soldier's grave, of which we ought to consider."

"Dr. Jones, of the Pennsylvania line, maintains that death in the cause of our country,—death for the rights of man, will atone for many sins, will perhaps be a pass to heaven," said Colonel Mathews. "It is not that I am afraid of death and the hereafter—of it I take a soldier's chance—but on account of my family, my wife, my children, left destitute, begging perhaps, eating the bitter bread of dependence——"

"I have not seen the righteous man forsaken, nor his children begging their bread," exclaimed a voice at the entrance of the tent. The officers looked up, and all uttered "Dr. Jones!" as the tall military figure of the chaplain entered, dressed exactly as he was seen at the Jew pawnbroker's.

"Who is it," continued he, "that talks of leaving his family destitute? Who is it that mistrusts Providence, and is afraid to do his duty?—But how! you here? Colonel Lynnford, at the present time, I presume!" exclaimed he, with a slight smile, as his eyes fell on Lynnford. Then shaking hands with all the officers, he sat down on a camp-stool, and resumed.

"I am making my parochial visits, and as soon as all the Mess are on foot, will ask a few minutes attention. But, Colonel Mathews, you do not fear to leave your family, do you?"

"I do not *fear*; you have seen me too often under fire to suppose I *fear*; but I shrink from leaving my family destitute. Oh, Doctor, what will become of my wife and children!" he hesitated an instant, and—burst into tears.

The chaplain took him by the hand kindly, and spoke: "Who told you they would be destitute, even should you fall? Who whispered this lie into your ear?—for it is a lie assuredly. But I can tell you who says they will not be destitute. It is a Being whom you can trust implicitly; it is He whose inspiration dictated: 'I have not seen the righteous forsaken.'

"Can you believe Him? If you can, dismiss your foolish fears. Hear, too, a word of human wisdom. This cause will succeed; I know it will. This rebellion, as it is now called, will become a glorious revolution; as glorious as the Revolution—now so called—of 1688. Every man who falls in this cause, will live in the memory of his countrymen; and his children, and his children's children, will ask no higher honor than their descent from a revolutionary martyr. These Colonies will become a great nation—how great Heaven only knows. But you may rely on it, the great American nation will not forget the fallen soldier of the struggling Colonies, nor his widow, nor his children. And you—you—Colonel Mathews, despond!—shrink from your duty? Oh, it cannot be!"

"I am myself again!" exclaimed the officer; "I am ready for whatever happens."

"And now, gentlemen, resumed the chaplain, "the Mess are all on the alert. If you do not take it amiss, I will say a word for the occasion—the eve of a battle."

"Do, Doctor, do; we beg of you," was the general exclamation.

"We are soldiers, gentlemen, and before to-morrow night some of us, in all probability—nay, certainly, if the battle be as desperate as we expect—will be passed from this world into the world of spirits—dead. On whom will the lot fall? On you, perhaps, Colonel Lynnford—or on you, Major Sherburne—or it may be, on myself! Are we ready? Are all of us ready to die, if such be our lot?"

"It is a question which every soldier should ask himself seriously. Do all do so? I fear not. Some go into battle, fearless from insensibility, or thoughtlessness, or hope; never realize the possibility of death, until the bullet strikes them down; and then—oh! gentlemen, I have seen such soldiers dying—groaning and writhing under fear of the judgment to come! and crying with the last breath, 'Oh, pray for me!'"

"How different is the death of the true soldier! He has satisfied himself that his cause is just, as ours is, gentlemen—a cause approved of Heaven; a cause which a man may, without sin, risk his life for, or take the life of other men. He has repented of his past sins, and asked forgiveness of them, in the name of Christ the Redeemer of the world. He has gone down on his knees—or standing in the ranks, it may be—and, praying for a heart to do his duty without enmity or malice, has committed himself to the sovereign providence of God. Thus prepared, a soldier is invincible. Such were the soldiers of the Common-

wealth, who never gave back to an enemy. Thus prepared, a soldier can die as calmly on the field as on his bed, and as secure of a blessed immortality. Are you, gentlemen, thus prepared? Are you thus prepared?" He paused an instant, and added: "Let us pray for this preparation."

The chaplain sunk to his knees and the officers followed the example.

In few but earnest words he besought the "God of battles" to prosper the cause; to bless the Continental arms; to give wisdom to the Congress—skill to the general-in-chief—obedience to the officers—courage to the soldiers; and to all, officers and men, right hearts, prepared for death and the judgment to come.

When he had closed, he arose from his knees, and with the simple benediction, "May the good providence of God keep us all"—withdrew from the tent.

After the chaplain had retired, the officers remained a short time silent, apparently much impressed, and looking very serious. The first that spoke was Major Sherburne, a gay young Virginian.

"Could any body but the 'Fighting Chaplain' do that? Get us all down on our knees to pray before a battle! What a tale to tell!"

"The commander-in-chief," said Colonel Mathews, "always prays before he goes into battle, and I don't think we need be ashamed. But for my part, I assure you I feel the better of it. I feel in spirits now. I shall go on the field to-morrow, better satisfied with myself, more resigned to die if it be my lot."

"And I," said Lynnford, "I feel none the worse of the chaplain's prayer. And yet his remarks hit me hard. I do go into battle with insensibility. I do not

realize death." He paused an instant, in a kind of abstraction; then resumed: "Ah, well—it's my constitution; I can't help it—I must blame Nature; and yet—pooh! Any how, we must all admit that the 'Fighting Chaplain' does great good in the army."

"I have heard General Wayne say the chaplain is worth a thousand men to the Pennsylvania line," said Colonel Mathews, "and I can easily believe it. By his talk, and exhortations, and battle sermons, he works the men into a perfect fever of patriotism and courage."

"Listen," said Major Sherburne; "there, the drum is beating the twelve o'clock parade."

"Only company parade, any how," interposed Colonel Mathews, "and only for half an hour. The men are to be under arms at five for the march, with two days cooked provisions in their haversacks; and they are allowed till then to make their preparations."

At this instant Toby thrust his face in at the door with his usual good-humored grin, and in a kind of stage whisper, uttered:

"Massa Lynnford!"

"What now, Toby?" said Lynnford—while the other officers exclaimed, "Well Toby!" "Glad to see you, Toby!" and similar greetings. To which Toby responded, with a grin still more good-humored:

"Oh Massa Mathews!"

"The Mess can not get on without you, Toby," said Colonel Mathews.

"Yah! Yah! Oh! Massa Mathews, you make fun of old Toby."

"It's a fact, Toby."

"Yah! Yah!" laughed and grinned Toby. "Ware

about dat big he-nigger boy, Tom? Dat black nigger, dat say he beat dis nigger cookee roast turkey? Yah! Yah!"

"We've had no turkey to roast since you left the Mess, Toby," answered the colonel; and turning to Lynnford, continued: "A fact: nobody but Toby understands purveying."

"We've missed him a good deal more than we did his master," added Major Sherburne with a laugh.

"But Toby," interposed Lynnford, "what's in the wind now? What did you come for?"

Toby hesitated an instant, having come in fact to show himself to the Mess; though of course he had some good excuse, which had been driven out of his mind by the talk: but he was never long at a loss, and answered:

"Massa Lynnford, I want you candid opinion."

"What about Toby?"

"Wedder we rebels is gwine to 'tack the Tories to-morrow."

"Why do you want to know, Toby?"

"Becase, Massa Lynnford, dis nigger must git de big saddle-bags and hab him full ob provision."

"True, Toby," interposed Major Sherburne: "get us some roast fowls, and have them ready carved."

"Yah! Yah! Massa Sherburne! Vere dis nigger git fowls to roast, hens not gwine to roost yet. Yah!"

"Here, Toby, catch," said the major, taking a silver crown piece out of his purse, and throwing it toward Toby, who caught it in his mouth: "you'll find somebody somewhere to sell you the fowls!"

"But, gentlemen, I do not think I can spare Toby," interposed Lynnford; and he explained his present

position in the family of the commander-in-chief. They congratulated him heartily; for all were much attached to him.

"But the Mess will not loose you permanently?" said Colonel Mathews.

"Not yet, any how. I shall remain in the Mess until I have some regular duty assigned me. My regiment is disbanded—"

"I have about twenty-five of your men drafted into the Ninth—fine fellows!" interposed Colonel Mathews; but paused, when he perceived that Lynnford's head had sunk down, while his hand was covering his face; then he exclaimed—"Lynnford!"

Lynnford looked up sorrowfully, tears streaming from his eyes; and with great emotion he spoke:

"I could not resist it; it was a kind of vision of those brave young men who marched with me from Virginia. The names of many of them came to my mind, and their very looks. At first I could see them in the flush of strength and spirits, as they left their homes; then, as I have seen them since—dead—dying on every battle field from Long Island to Brandywine. Then their desolate homes—their mothers—their wives—their children—weeping, weeping—mourning without hope; all came up, and was too much for me." After a pause, he continued—"Gentlemen, I hope to see you again soon;" and as he spoke he arose, and left the tent.

Lynnford walked about for some time before he regained his composure. The troops were under arms on company parade, but it was principally for purposes of police; the orders of the day sparing them as much as possible until the hour of the march, and

they were speedily dismissed. Then old acquaintances, officers and men, pressed round him and welcomed him to camp; and he soon forgot every thing else, until a voice at his elbow reminded him of one matter.

'Massa Lynnford!'

"What, Toby; what now?"

"Dis nigger wish som private conversation wid you, Massa Lynnford."

"What about, Toby? Speak out," said Lynnford; while the officers, standing around, burst into a great laugh.

"Oh, no, Massa Lynnford! him very private," answered Toby, with as much gravity as his face could assume; "very private, indeed."

"Well, Toby, I must humor you, I suppose," said Lynnford, stepping aside; "what is it?"

"Massa Washington; he dinna most ready."

"Why couldn't you tell me that at once?"

"Becase—becase de oders not invite to dinna wid Massa Washington."

"But, Toby, how do you know I am invited; I did not tell you?"

Toby laughed and grinned as he answered—

"Massa Lynnford tink dis nigger no noth'n."

"But, Toby, I am not invited in particular."

"Yah! yah! Massa Lynnford. Old Uncle Ned—Massa Washington's man—he tella dis nigger, dat Massa Lynnford mess wid Massa Washington—yah! yah!"

"Well, Toby, I shall not want you until four o'clock. You may amuse yourself meanwhile; but have the horses ready at that time precisely."

"Oh, Massa Lynnford! dis nigger gwine 'long to Massa Washington's."

"Why so, Toby?"

"You 'spose, Massa Lynnford, dis nigger let a you dine wid Massa Washington, widout some boy to wait on you! Dat not 'spectable."

"Well, Toby, if you will, you must—come along," answered Lynnford; and with a brief apology to those whom he had been talking with, proceeded toward the quarters of the general-in-chief.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

LYNNFORD had never dined with the commander-in-chief; and from general impressions—from that cold dignity—those lofty manners—the young officer felt an indefinite expectation of a domestic life correspondingly grand.

At Head-Quarters he was received by his friend Hamilton, who congratulated him on his position in the General's family, with an expression of hope that it might be permanent, and introduced him to the other aides. In a few minutes dinner was announced, and the young men adjourned to the dining-room—another apartment of the farm-house. They found the General, who had preceded them, standing at the head of the table; and were received with a bow, cold and formal, but not stiff.

"You are welcome here, Colonel Lynnford. Pray, be seated, gentlemen."

They all sat down, and after a moment's silence the General said grace, according to the forms of the Episcopal Church, and the duties of the table commenced.

It has been said, somewhat oracularly, that no man is a hero to his own valet. We cannot answer in reference to the valet of the General-in-chief; but in reference to his officers—"his family"—his intimate friends—he was always the hero. Lynnford felt this

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now; at periods of his life, he had been "in the shadow" of the great ones of the earth—men far outranking, as the world then judged, the rebel chieftain—and had not been awed. But now the majesty of the man was felt—without pomp and circumstance—without any of the trappings of rank. What was it to the young officer that the furniture of the table was plainer, the repast more meagre than would have suited the gentlemanly tastes of many a Royalist subaltern! He thought not of this; he saw only the hero—the man whom Providence had set apart to do great things—on whom Nature had set her seal.

There was not much conversation at the table; for Washington was a man of thought and action—not of words. The "hero" never yet has been the man to "set the table on the roar." Yet occasionally, the latent enthusiasm of his character burst out—that perfect volcano of temperament which was hidden beneath the cold exterior—and a few fiery, though brief expressions would fall like flashes of lightning from an iceberg.

Lynnford was astonished at the General's confidence in the ultimate triumph of the rebellion; and felt his own confidence, which had been somewhat staggered by a recent residence among the Royalists, vastly increased. In fact, no one, however desponding, could spend an hour in the company of that man—so cold, so impassive, so apparently exempt from the influences of prejudice and passion, so pure an impersonation of patriotic virtue—without feeling that the cause which he advocated must be just—the success which he confided in must be certain. This impression—the impression made by Washington's character

—more than once turned back the tide of ebbing hope in the worst hours of the struggle, and did more for the patriots than even his military services. When he exclaimed: "If we are beaten on the seaboard, we will retire behind the Alleghanies, and amidst our mountains and forests carry on an eternal warfare:" every American felt that the war would go on, until the Colonies were free and independent.

Such were Lynnford's feelings during the dinner with the commander-in-chief. He rose from the table with altered views of the rebellion. The veil of doubt was withdrawn, and behind it he saw a glorious termination of the desperate struggle. After dinner, though it was then the custom for gentlemen to sit over their wine—(when they had any—not always the case in the rebel camp)—the aides retired with a most formal bow to the General, and resumed their duties in what might be called the "cabinet." All but Lynnford; and he having nothing in particular to do, resolved to take a stroll through the camp.

The encampment was on rough and broken ground; here a piece of wood, there a space of cleared fields, interspersed with hedge-rows of well grown trees; at one point a slight hill, at another a kind of valley or a ravine. The human figures on the picture were not less motley than the natural scenery. Few, as we have already said, had regular tents; but instead, there was every variety of miscellaneous shelter according to every man's taste, fancy, and skill. Some were satisfied with the lofty canopy of Heaven; others, with more lowly tastes, had stretched a blanket over a pole, and were in the enjoyment of a roof not four feet from the earth; but the favorite mansion was a wig-

wam of cornstalks, leaning very artistically against a central ridge-pole. The costume of the soldiers was still more picturesque than their homes. Here and there you might see a pretty decent uniform of "blue and buff;" but such sights were rare, and generally designated a new recruit, or a fresh "draft." With the great part, there was enough to show that the garment had been a uniform, before long service and exposure to the elements, and successive repairs with patches of diverse colors and shapes, had transformed or disguised the original. If this was the case with the regular troops of the Continental Line, the aspect of the militia was still more picturesque. In that peculiar arm of the service, linsey-wolsey trowsers were alongside of buckskin breeches—this was the epoch of the struggle between breeches and trowsers—while hats, broad brim and narrow, of every imaginable shape and color, were in the company of coats equally marvelous.

All this Lynnford, as a regular soldier in the Continental service, must once have been accustomed to; but his furlough seemed to have rendered him fastidious. As he strolled along his looks expressed somewhat of superciliousness, and he made in his own mind many not very complimentary criticisms.

He entered into conversation, here and there, with the men, and found beneath the tattered and piebald military trappings true soldier hearts—that is, with the old soldiers of the line; for, among the militia, there was far from the same satisfactory spirit. Some were enthusiastic and zealous, and willing to fight; but many—the most part perhaps—were thinking quite as much of their homes as of the camp; and if

they thought of the approaching battle at all, it was in connection with some means of avoiding any unnecessary exposure to danger. Lynnford was saddened by his talk with such men; and felt more than ever the justness of the commander-in-chief's objections to reliance on militia.

At length the young officer perceived, at some distance, a large crowd of soldiers; and, approaching, found them gathered round a body of men drawn up on three sides of a square; while on the open side stood General Wayne, and several field-officers of the Pennsylvania line. While he was wondering what this might mean, his friend the chaplain advanced from the group of officers, and spoke: "Attention, men! Prepare for Divine service! Divine service will now commence." Lynnford took his station outside of the square, among the mixed crowd of Continentals of other "lines" and Pennsylvania militia.

The chaplain's prayer was short but fervent, and, as Lynnford thought, very appropriate; and the soldiers seemed to join in most earnestly. The young officer himself—though not a praying character—was carried along in the general torrent of solemnity, and, to his own surprise, found himself praying to the God of battles. A hymn was then sung, in tones not exactly accordant with the gamut, but hearty and sonorous. A sermon followed—a rapturous call on the patriotism and the pride of the soldiers—which every man seemed to feel and to be stirred by. Great is the power of words aptly used; great the active and reactive force of sympathy among masses of men; heart catching fire by contact with heart, and the flame blown into fury by the enthusiasm of some leading

spirit. When the generous "rage" of the men was almost beyond restraint, the chaplain exclaimed:

"Let us march to battle, trusting in God, confident of victory!" And, in one universal shout, the response echoed back from the ranks: "Trusting in God—confident of victory! Trusting in God, confident of victory, we will march to battle!"

Words could do no more. Moral stimulus was exhausted—had fully effected its purpose. The "Soldiers of Liberty" were ready to throw themselves on the bayonets of the enemy—reckless of danger, reckless of death. The sermon was ended. As soon as the enthusiastic shout subsided, the chaplain threw himself on his knees, and, in most impressive words, prayed the great Judge to receive into glory the souls of the brave martyrs who might fall in the cause of their country.

Lynnford himself was considerably moved; and, when the troops were dismissed—which they were immediately afterward, in order to make their final arrangements for the march—he slipped away without speaking to any of the officers. Almost unconscious of any particular purpose, he walked into a small grove of trees, where a thick undergrowth hid him from view, and sat down on a fallen tree. His mind soon began to revert to himself—a subject of thought which he had for some days past diligently avoided. "It is glorious to die thus—better far than to fall by one's own hand. Yes, it shall be so. I will fall in this battle. Why not? What have I to live for now? My hopes—my whole life blasted! Why live? What for? I can never know happiness again. I may as well die—die in to-morrow's battle. *Dulce et deco-*

rum est pro patria mori, says pagan antiquity; and our Christian chaplain says the same. I will try it anyhow: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*." While he was repeating this sentence half aloud, he heard the well-known voice of his boy, Toby:

"Massa Lynnford! Massa Lynnford!"

The young officer started to his feet in some confusion, and was instantly perceived by Toby.

"Oh, yah! Massa Lynnford! Wat you do da?"

"What now, Toby? What do you want?"

"Dis nigger tink to himself: Dere, now, all de generals, all come to Massa Washington's house, and Massa Lynnford not dere; you go, Toby, and find you massa ——"

"Are the generals assembled at Head-Quarters?"

"Dis nigger see em all da."

"I must lose no time, then," said Lynnford, and hastened toward Head-Quarters, followed by Toby. As he passed along, he observed that the troops were generally under arms, most of the regiments, some even of the brigades, already formed.

The General-in-chief stood in the yard before the farm-house, surrounded by his generals of division, with their aides. It was a noble assemblage; such as the world has seldom seen; such as the men of the present generation would fain behold. Lynnford paused an instant before he approached. There was Green, next to the commander-in-chief in genius and in "goodly presence," though slightly lame, and with one eye injured. There was Wayne, Sullivan, Lord Stirling, and Stephens; while even among their aides were "men of mark" in the history of after times.

"And now, gentlemen," the chieftain was say-

ing, "our plan of battle is perfectly understood; please explain it precisely to your brigadiers. But there is one more point: do not let your men waste their fire. Whenever the smoke obscures the enemy, charge into them with the bayonet; never waste your ammunition on smoke; use the bayonet. And now, gentlemen, get your divisions on the march as soon as practicable; each in its place without confusion. As we part, give me your hands; it may be for the last time." He spoke with feeling, and they all took his hand successively in silence. As General Stephens was turning away, the commander said: "A word with you in private, General Stephens;" and walked aside with that officer.

Lynnford was standing near and observed the face of General Stephens flush, while in a tone somewhat raised, he answered to what had been said to him in a low voice: "As I hope to be saved, General, I will not touch a drop."

"Remember," answered the commander, "remember the fate of the day—the fate of our country—may depend on your discretion. I depend on your honor: or—or—I would have to suspend you from command to-morrow."

"I will not taste a drop—on my honor."

"I trust you."

The general-in-chief now turned to his aids: "Gentlemen, we mount in ten minutes," and retired into the farm-house. They all knew the object of his withdrawing: before a battle he always withdrew, and spent some minutes entirely alone. At first there were many conjectures: but it was at length ascertained that he spent those solitary minutes in

devotion—commending his country's cause to the God of battles.

The aids spent the interval less wisely. One of them had a gay tale of gallantry to relate, and before it was finished the General again appeared, and spoke.

"Let us mount, gentlemen."

The horses were brought forward, at a signal from Colonel Hamilton, and they mounted. "We will ride to some point where we can see the troops march past, and, unobserved ourselves, inspect them;" as he spoke the general touched his noble steed, and broke into a gentle gallop. The aids followed a few paces in the rear.

The spot chosen for their station was a gentle eminence, not far from the road, but far enough to be back from immediate view; and to preserve his incognito, the General placed himself behind his officers. Sullivan's division, composed of seven regiments of Marylanders, had already marched past, and the head of the Pennsylvania line, which immediately followed, was just opposite, when the small party of officers halted on the eminence. The commander-in-chief was immediately observed: how could that commanding figure—as superior in physical excellence as in heroic qualities—remain obscured by the lesser men around him, and first a low murmur: "Washington!" "Washington," ran through the ranks, growing louder and louder, then at length bursting out in one shout of the whole column: "Huzza for Washington!" "God save Washington!" Further attempt at concealment was useless, and the great chieftain now rode forward, and took his station near the roadside;

and with all the courtesy of his lofty manners acknowledged the greeting of the troops. As the regiments marched past, the officers saluted according to the formal etiquette of the service; but with the men—the only etiquette was the impulse of the heart—the burst of reverence and affection for their general—which broke through all restraint of discipline. Washington seemed much affected by these tokens of regard—what general could have been indifferent, or what man: and it seemed to Lynnford that a tear was rolling down those stern immovable features.

In the rear of the Pennsylvania column, among the staff of non-combatants, surgeons, quarter-masters, &c., came the chaplain. But instead of merely saluting as the others did, he wheeled out of the line of march; halted in front of the general, dropped his bridle, uncovered his head, and with great solemnity spoke:

"The peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding, be with your Excellency. May your hands be strong in battle, like Joshua and David! may your enemies flee before your face, and stumble and perish!"

"Amen!" was the response of the general; and without speaking another word, the chaplain touched his horse with the spur, and sprung forward to his place in the march.

After the Pennsylvania line came successively the other divisions of the army: all hailing the unlooked-for sight of their chieftain, with the same unpremeditated salute of the heart: "Huzza for Washington!"

The scene lasted a long time, for in those days an army of twelve thousand men was not as rapid in its movements as now. Lynnford was at first much

excited, but gradually his thoughts became busy, and withdrew him from the world around. In his reverie—as it fairly may be called—he almost spoke aloud: “This enthusiasm, this personal devotion to Washington, can have but one ending: he will be King of America. It will certainly be in his power, if the rebellion succeed, as I think it will. Will he consent? Will he seize the tempting prize? He is virtuous, patriotic: but so was Cromwell. Even patriotism—love of our country—may persuade him. We must have some government, or our independence will be a curse. The republican form has never succeeded anywhere, must end in anarchy here; ought not to be countenanced: if he loves his country—as he unquestionably does—he must make himself her king. Between anarchy and constitutional monarchy—between disorder and order—who can hesitate? Not I, for one American: not any reflecting man. If monarchy we must have—if there must be a king—how fortunate that Heaven has given us such a man! so wise—so virtuous—so marked by Heaven with the stamp of greatness, of unquestionable pre-eminence; who stands out among us ‘a king by right divine,’ whom none will presume to rival. How fortunate we can have no dissensions, no divisions, no civil war to settle the crown.

“But are the people of the continent prepared for—what sooner or later it must come to—an American king in the place of George Guelf. They will be; they must be. Such of us as see their true interests must prepare them for it; and I, for one: I—I will engage in the work at once.”

Thus ran the meditations of the young Continental

officer; and utterly repugnant as they were to the settled republicanism of our times, they were pardonable in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-seven, when republican institutions were an untried experiment; or rather an experiment which, often tried, had uniformly failed. The subject was then agitating the lower *strata* of the public mind, though little or nothing appeared on the surface. The many—the masses thought only of repelling the Royal armies, of vindicating the rights of the Colonies; but the few—the reflecting patriots—looked beyond the present; were already considering of the best form of government to secure the happiness of independent America. Many were the theories, many the projects. The Swiss cantons, still existing, the Italian republics, then extinct, the Dutch commonwealth, the Athenian Democracy, as models, all had their advocates; as also had—among some of the purest patriots of the day—the constitutional monarchy, like England, with the “First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen,” as the first king—the root of an American dynasty.

The hour of five had been fixed on for the march, but it was near seven before the last division of the rebel army, left the ground.

Some hours after this, when night and darkness had long since covered the rebel columns, Lynnford found himself riding alongside of his friend, Colonel Hamilton, in the rear of the *cortège* of the Commander-in-chief.

“Hamilton,” he said after a short silence, following a somewhat light talk, “you look beyond the present—what form of government will we have in these

Colonies after the acknowledgment of our Independence?"

"A thousand forms are projected."

"But which do you prefer?"

"I hardly know. Some kind of republic, of course. What is your notion?"

"Something substantial; not a mere shadow of a government: something which will promote the happiness of the people, by securing every man's life, liberty and property; something to give us wise laws, and just men to administer them; something to protect the industrious from the idle, and the good citizen from the bad. Will any of your forms do this?"

"I hope so."

"No—no—a thousand times I say no."

The question has been argued a thousand times, and the long discussion between the two officers need not be repeated. Suffice it, that Colonel Hamilton, either from the force of the reasoning, or from predisposition, came over finally to Lynnford's views, and at length said:

"You are right, Lynnford, unquestionably right. Better form a monarchy at once, than come to it after a century of anarchy and bloodshed. But I do not think his Excellency will consent—his principles are extremely republican."

"At present: but convince him that the good of the continent requires him to yield his own opinions, and his very patriotism will persuade him. Besides, it is a prize to dazzle even the best of men."

"Not him, Lynnford, not him—a crown cannot dazzle him. If he be moved at all, it will be by his love of country."

"Love of country then be it—address yourself to his patriotism."

Here the colloquy was cut short by the halt of the party; followed by an inquiry for Colonel Lynnford. Lynnford rode forward, and the Commander-in-chief spoke.

"Colonel Lynnford, I will make use of your services: you will ride forward and deliver these orders. The divisions will halt at three o'clock and refresh the men for one hour. When you reach the head of the front division, you will ascertain whether there is a trusty patrol in advance; and if you have any doubt, examine the road yourself. Take two of Lee's dragoons as an escort, and some trusty guide. Do you fully apprehend the orders?"

"Yes, sir."

As Lynnford spoke he rode away, halted an instant to speak with Captain Lee, who commanded the troop detailed as the General's guard; had the dragoons detached, and resumed his way. It was a starlight night, and Lynnford easily found a route alongside of the columns, and was able to advance rapidly. As he passed, he spoke to the commanders of regiments, announcing himself as an aid with orders to the Generals of Division. At length, he reached the rear of the Pennsylvania line, and perceived his friend the chaplain, who was leading his horse, and spoke to him.

"Is your horse lame, Doctor?"

"I am resting him: there will be work enough for him to-morrow."

"Suppose you mount, and come with me. I am on special service, and would like you along."

"Will your orders authorize you?"

"Certainly."

The chaplain sprung on his horse and joined the young aid: who immediately began to consider how best to broach his political projects. Gaining the chaplain, so influential in the Pennsylvania line, would be an important point. No opportunity however occurred until Sullivan's division had been reached, and the orders of the Commander-in-chief regularly given. Then the young officer hesitated an instant as to his next duty. But at length, influenced perhaps in part by love of active employment, he decided to ride in advance and inspect the patrol. With the chaplain at his side, and his two dragoons a few paces in the rear, he rode forward. Soon the heavy tread of men—occasional voices—the "clatter of arms"—grew fainter and fainter; and at length they ceased entirely, and were succeeded by the dead silence of midnight.

Lynnford thought his opportunity had come, and he turned the conversation into the proper channel.

"Doctor, suppose, to amuse ourselves, we discuss forms of government—the form best for us when we become independent. Which side will you argue? Republican or monarchial?"

The chaplain chose the republican side—while Lynnford, under the unsuspected cover of "argument for argument's sake," urged his own real opinions. After a full hour's debate, the chaplain, who had become much excited, exclaimed:

"A kingly government, 'by the grace of God,' is blasphemous; hateful in the sight of Heaven; a curse, to punish men for their sins. It is so laid down in the Scriptures! When the children of Israel sought for a King, God was wrath with them, and remonstrated

against their folly; but on their persisting, granted their wish as a punishment."

"A new view truly," interposed Lynnford, laughing; but perceiving that his object could not be effected then, at least—he reminded the chaplain that they were becoming earnest, and proposed dropping the discussion.

They were now several miles in advance of the army without falling in with the patrol. "Halt!" said the chaplain, and at the same instant threw himself from his horse and applied his ear to the ground.

"Horses!—a body of horse!—it must be they. But stop—the sound grows more distinct: they are coming this way."

"This way!" exclaimed Lynnford—"impossible!"

"It is so, nevertheless."

"Then something is wrong; they must be enemies. Can our fellows have been taken!"

The young officer paused an instant, then turned to the dragoons and said:

"Which of you is willing to undertake a desperate service?"

"I"—"I"—both exclaimed!

"Any service my country requires," added one of them.

"You are my man," said Lynnford. "What is your name?"

"John Bradford."

"Well, what I want is this. If those are enemies, and advance, they will discover our army; we must prevent it. You will throw yourself in their way; pretend to be a deserter from Lee's dragoons; tell them, our main army has crossed the Schuylkill, and is marching for

Chester but that a false attack will be made on Mount Airy. Do you comprehend?

"Yes, sir—but to desert."

"Only in appearance. You will have the orders of your officer, and that will justify you. However, before daylight you can escape; in passing some wood, where you cannot be followed, throw yourself from your horse, and take your chance. Stay one minute: I promise a hundred guineas for your family, if you fall. One minute more: tell them that Morgan's cavalry are scouring the country; and you yourself show great fear of being retaken. Now go."

The dragoon trotted away on his perilous mission. The young officer and the rest of his party withdrew quietly some distance from the road, and listened. For some time the approaching body of cavalry seemed to be coming nearer and nearer: then there was a silence—as if of a halt.

"Our fellow is among them."

Then sounds were again heard; but whether approaching or not could not be distinguished.

"It grows fainter—they are retiring," at length exclaimed Lynnford: who for some time had scarcely drawn a breath.

"Huzza!" cried the dragoon, in a tone half-suppressed.

"Well done, colonel!" said the chaplain; "a successful *ruse*. You will be a general within the year."

After waiting a sufficient time, the young officer put his party in motion, and followed to the foot of Chestnut Hill. What the patrol was about—where it was—has never been satisfactorily ascertained. All that is known is, that it was not where it ought to have

been—scouring the roads in front of the Colonial army so as to prevent their advance being known to the Royalists. General Count Pulaski, who in person commanded that patrol, has been severely blamed: so far indeed, that it has been said he was found asleep in a farm-house; and the loss of the battle has been imputed to that fault. He was a brave soldier, and expiated his fault—if fault he committed—by a glorious death in the bloody assault on Savannah. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

At the foot of Chestnut Hill, the chaplain, who knew the country well, suggested that they were far enough, and proposed retiring a short distance from the road to a farmer's of his acquaintance, to refresh their horses and themselves, while waiting for the army. Lynnford hesitated about leaving the road; and while debating the point, Toby very unexpectedly made his appearance; and he being provided with some substantial *prog*, and a small bag of corn for the horses, all difficulties were soon removed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

AT dawn of the fourth of October, General Sullivan's division, the advance of the rebel army, halted about half a mile from the Royalist picket at Mount Airy.

The Maryland and Jersey militia, under Generals Smallwood and Forman, who were to attack on the old York Road, had some time previously filed off to the left, by a small cross-road at the crest of Chestnut Hill; and had already accomplished some miles of the circuit necessary to gain their direct route.

The Continental divisions of Green and Stephens, had also filed off by the same cross-road, and were marching for their line of attack on the Lime-kiln road.

On the main road, Wayne's division was halted in the rear of Sullivan's; and in the rear of Wayne's, was a division, composed for the occasion, of Nash and Maxwell's brigades, commanded by Major-General Lord Stirling, under the immediate eye of the Commander-in-chief himself; and intended as a reserve.

These divisions remained for some time at the halt, the Commander-in-chief wishing to afford the left wing of his army time to approach its more

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distant points of attack. But it began to grow light: and as day advanced, a heavy canopy of clouds gathered overhead and spread downward, closer and closer to the horizon; leaving a border of clear, cold looking sky, which every moment grew narrower and narrower. The order to advance was anxiously waited for.

The Royal picket, which was, as has been stated, about half a mile distant, consisted of two companies of light infantry, with two six-pounders. But three hundred yards in the rear, in front of their camp, the whole light infantry regiment was drawn up, to support the picket.

How far the attack was expected, is a disputed question. Sir William Howe certainly had received information from some quarter that some kind of attempt was contemplated, and had ordered his troops to be on the alert. But equally certain is it, that the orders were not fully obeyed; for when the storm burst on them, their tents were all standing and the camp equipage not packed. The fact may be, that half incredulous of such audacity in the rebels, and self-confident that any attack could be repelled—or it may be misled by their patrol—they merely got under arms without the usual preparations for battle.

At full daylight, the long-expected order to advance was given. The two detached regiments, one from Conway's, the other of the second Maryland brigade, who were to lead, advanced in double quick time. Just before the enemy came in sight, the sun arose; arose brilliantly; shone for a few minutes—the last gleam of sunshine to many a gallant spirit—and sunk for the day into a heavy mass of clouds. Then the

picket appeared; the cannoniers, with lighted matches, beside their pieces; the infantry drawn up; the residue of the regiment under arms at supporting distance.

The colonel of the leading regiment, who was on horseback several paces in advance of his men, turned half round in his saddle, and sharply ordered his men: "Forward! quick, quick!" At the instant a small white cloud issued from one of the pieces: a wh-i-zz sounded over head; a loud report followed. "Forward! men, forward!" shouted the colonel. "Not our range yet!" added the aid who had brought the order to advance; and who, after repressing his impatience for some time, now rode up to the head of the column: "But there! there comes the other piece!" Scarcely were the words spoken, when he fell: his horse was thrown back on his haunches, struck full on his breast by the cannon ball, and almost torn to pieces, but the aid himself was unhurt; and as his horse fell, he threw himself loose from the stirrups and sprung to his feet.

"There, sir, that ball is stopped—by my horse—poor fellow. Now quick, forward!" exclaimed the aid and sprung forward on foot, waving his hat on the point of his sword.

The column advanced rapidly, but before it could close another shot was discharged; this time with more fatal aim: for it tore through the ranks and prostrated several men.

"I must deploy," said the colonel.

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed the young aid: "try the attack in column!"

"Who ever heard of an attack in column? I must deploy."

Accordingly, he halted his men, deployed them,

and began to exchange musketry with the enemy. In the mean time the whole light infantry force had reinforced the picket; and a fire quite as heavy as his own was returned. The other regiment of the rebel advanced column now came into line; still the Royal troops stood firm. Conway's whole brigade successively came into action: and still the Royal troops were unshaken. General Sullivan's division, which followed immediately after Conway, now came on the ground, and Sullivan in person took the command. Finding that the British still held their position, he threw his whole force into a regular order of battle; drawing up his own division as a main body; that commanded by Wayne on his left, while Conway's brigade, now withdrawn from the front, was transferred to his right flank.

The necessity of these movements is not explained in any published account of the battle. Why was Conway checked? Why was Sullivan forced to deploy his whole force? The single light infantry regiment was entirely inadequate. The fact must have been—though unnoticed by historians—the Fortieth Royal regiment was brought up at this early stage of the battle: and being strong in numbers, formed, with the light infantry, a force almost equal to Conway's command.

As soon as Sullivan's new dispositions were made, his line was ordered to advance. The Royal troops were now overwhelmed, and driven back; at first into the light infantry camp, then beyond; retiring slowly however; making a stand at every fence and wall, and giving fire continually. They strove hard to hold their ground long enough to strike the tents and

remove the camp furniture, but were forced to abandon them as spoils of war.

A short distance beyond the camp the British were heavily reinforced, and made a determined stand. Sullivan now ordered his men to cease firing; to shoulder their muskets, and to advance. Their enemies at first stood firm; but that long resolute line came near, marching steadily with shouldered arms, disdaining, it might seem from utter contempt, to return a single shot, though the bullets tore up their ranks. The British were daunted, began to waver, then to retreat. The battle now resumed its former aspect; the Royalists slowly retiring, but fighting with the utmost gallantry.

About a mile below Mount Airy, on a gentle eminence, east of the road, stood a large chateau-looking house. The grounds all round were open, and, excepting a few scattered trees, afforded no shelter. By a sudden impulse—an impulse which probably decided the ultimate fortunes of the battle—Colonel Musgrave, of the Fortieth, threw himself into this house—Chew's house—with five companies of his regiment. The movement was not immediately noticed; and the divisions, Sullivan and Wayne, passed by, extending far to the right and left of this unsuspected fortress—which had not yet opened its fire—the men inside being engaged barricading the doors and windows.

Below Chew's House the main body of the Royal army, marching up from their cantonments on School-house Lane, came into action. Hitherto the rebels had been the more numerous; now they were much outnumbered. A conflict ensued, severe, and for some time doubtful; the turning point in fact of the day.

At length Sullivan and Wayne ordered their men to receive the enemy's fire without returning it, to advance and pour in their own fire at close quarters, and immediately to charge. It was a critical movement, impossible to inferior soldiers; but those divisions were the veterans of the Continental service, and faithfully carried out the orders. The British broke and fled, and did not form line again until they were rallied at their cantonments on School-house Lane.

The battle was now won. The main body of Royal troops, fairly beaten by Sullivan and Wayne, and with Greene and Stephens moving up to attack their right flank, could not hope to hold their new position; and could not have held it an instant if pressed; in fact could not have taken it if they had been pressed. But they were not pressed. A trifle—such as so often turns the scale of battle, rendering fruitless the skill of the general and the courage of the soldier—arrested the victorious career of the rebels.

A heavy volley of musketry, followed by a continued firing of both small arms and artillery, was suddenly heard in the rear. The fog, which had been gradually overspreading the scene, was now so thick that objects at a very short distance were obscured; the enemy was completely concealed; whether still in front, or where he was, could not be seen; the real fact of his having broken and fled altogether was not discovered. Perplexed by the firing in the rear, the generals halted to ascertain the cause; the soldiers however continued firing into the fog. Of course it was not known—nor could be for some time—that the firing was the attack on Chew's House.

While the divisions of Sullivan and Wayne were

driving the enemy before them and afterward halting in perplexity, the brigades of the reserve, with the Commander-in-chief, followed. At Chew's House—now a fortress—the doors and lower windows having been barricaded, and being well manned with the Light Infantry, the advance was suddenly checked by a volley of musketry. Great was the astonishment at this unexpected event, and in confusion the whole reserve halted. Washington heard the volley, and, at first incredulous of the cause, rode forward to examine in person; but soon found, from the fire to which he was exposed, that a body of the enemy were unquestionably in the house.

According to the tactics of our day, a force would have been detailed "to observe" the garrison, and the rest of the troops, filing off beyond gunshot, would have continued to advance. Such seems to have been at first the intention of the Commander-in-chief. But unfortunately from modesty and indecision—with all his consummate judgment he certainly was not a man of ready decision—he called a kind of council of such of his generals as were at hand. The majority were of the opinion, as taught by the military code of the times, that a fortress must not be left in the rear; that the garrison must be summoned, and if obstinate must be carried by a regular attack.

A flag was procured, and a gallant young Virginian, Lieutenant Smith, volunteered to carry the summons: a mission of peace more perilous than war itself; for it could scarcely be expected that the garrison would not manifest their desperate determination by firing on the flag. Accordingly, as soon as Lieutenant Smith came within range, the guns began to flash and the

bullets to rattle. He waved his white flag and continued to advance toward what was now rendered certain death. The Commander-in-chief, the officers, the privates, looked with intense interest. For a while he seemed to bear a charmed life—bullets passed him by untouched; but at length he was seen to sink, first on one knee, then forward on his face. A shout—a howl it might be called—of indignation burst from the Continental ranks, and several men sprung into the storm of fire to bring off the chivalrous Virginian. The Commander-in-chief gave way to his feelings and uttered a hasty exclamation, but immediately recovered his coolness, and ordered General Knox to bring up all the pieces and batter down the house.

Seemingly Chew's house ought to have been reduced at once by the heavy force of good troops—ten to one perhaps outnumbering the garrison; but the place was strongly built, well barricaded, and well manned. The artillery was brought into battery; but the heaviest pieces were six-pounders, and no impression whatever could be made on the massive walls. A desultory fire of small arms was also kept up on the house; but the expenditure of Continental powder was considerably more than the damage done the garrison.

The Commander-in-chief grew impatient, and repeatedly spurred forward his horse within the line of fire, as if about to charge in person on the obstinate walls. Officers and men were equally excited. Over and over again, a rush of volunteers dashed up to the very door, and endeavored to beat it in; but it was too well barricaded; and finally the fruitless attempts were abandoned. Next, fire was tried. Several officers and men charged themselves with straw and other com-

bustibles, and endeavored to fire the building; but they were shot down. Others, undeterred by their fate, undertook the same fatal duty, and successively fell. Half the devotion wasted on these unsuccessful efforts, directed by the skill of the present military age, would in half the time have vanquished the obstinacy of that heroic garrison.

But at length it became apparent that "the fortress in the rear" could not be speedily reduced, and the attention of the Commander-in-chief was turned to other parts of his army. Hearing the heavy firing in front, by the divisions which were halted in perplexity, he sent one of his aids, with orders to cease firing and to advance. From some cause—perhaps the thick darkness obscuring every thing—this order was either not delivered or not executed. Another similar order was then sent by another aid. Before it could be executed, an event occurred which not only prevented any further advance, but struck the divisions of Sullivan and Wayne with panic, and changed entirely the aspect of the field.

The event—which ought to have inspired security, and yet, by a strange freak of fortune, infused panic terror—was the approach of Greene and Stephens' divisions on their left flank. Those divisions were delayed in reaching their point of attack by the conduct of General Stephens, who, in most respects a good officer, was too free with the bottle, and by frequent potations had become quite intoxicated. Through his inebriety his division fell into confusion, became interlocked with that of Greene, and the loss of much time in restoring order was the consequence.

But their advance was at length resumed, and they

soon came in contact with the enemy's right flank. The Royal troops gave way, and were doubled back on their own line, almost to the main street of Germantown.

We may pause here to remark how completely the bold plan of the rebel general was, up to this time, successful. The Royal troops had been driven more than two miles; their right wing had been forced; their army was in a measure enveloped. On view of his apparently desperate condition, General Howe is said to have exclaimed: "My God! what can we do? We are surrounded!"

The divisions of Greene and Stephens, by advancing, approached the extreme left of General Wayne; their line at right angles to his, and extending far beyond his rear. In the thick fog, neither the colors nor even the uniform could be distinguished, and some one—some timid spirit—cried out: "The enemy! the enemy are in our rear! We are surrounded!" The cry was caught up, and from man to man was repeated: "We are surrounded! we are surrounded!" To complete the confusion—if any thing more was necessary—some cavalry appeared on the rear of Sullivan's right—Continental in fact, but, amid the darkness, mistaken for enemies. A perfect panic seized the troops, and, in spite of every exertion of the officers, they broke from their ranks and fled—from victory, as was quaintly said at the time.

The strangest part of the affair was, that the men of General Stephens' division were reciprocally frightened, and fled in almost a similar manner.

General Greene's division was not infected by the panic; but his extreme right, the Ninth Virginians,

under Colonel Mathews, and a battalion of the Eighth, had advanced far beyond his main line, and, in a measure, was separated. Not aware of his unsupported position, Colonel Mathews continued to advance, until he became involved with the Royal troops. Two British regiments attacked him in front, but were pushed back with the bayonet. A brigade was then brought up on his right flank, and another on the left. There now ensued one of the most chivalrous conflicts of the war. Mathews formed three fronts, and defended himself undauntedly against overwhelming numbers. Now a heavy fire, delivered with the fatal precision of American marksmen, shook the British ranks; now there was a fierce push with the bayonet; now bullet and steel worked together.

In a contest so unequal, the only result could be—death or surrender. Wounded, his numbers reduced three-fourths, having done his duty *sans tache* to honor and his country, Colonel Mathews finally surrendered; but it was in the very centre of the British position at the market-house.

General Greene, not too far distant to have rescued this gallant regiment, from some unexplained cause did not make the attempt. Perhaps, in the darkness, he was not aware of their exact position. His main body was afterward attacked, though not vigorously; and, ascertaining that the other divisions had retired, he drew his troops slowly back, his face to the enemy, repulsing indignantly every attempt to impede his retreat.

The Royal army, thus strangely rescued by "fortune," made some feeble efforts at pursuit. But, on the whole, the rebels might rather be said to withdraw

than be driven from the field. They carried off their wounded and their artillery. The loss on each side was about the same: one thousand killed, wounded, and prisoners.

All the honors of the battle of Germantown, except the field of battle itself, were gained by the Continental troops.

But we have forgotten the militia columns—no insignificant portion of the rebel army—of the numbers at least.

Of the column on the York road, history is silent. But tradition relates that those heroes fled—innocent of blood—before a small body of enemies; and, in order to borrow laurels they had not reaped, threw away their cartridges, and pretended they had fired them all off.

On the Ridge road, in Roxborough, Armstrong's column, the main body of the militia, fell in with a patrol of Hessian cavalry, which it valiantly engaged, and drove across the Wissahiccon, at Van Deren's mill; but, at the sight of the Hessian redoubt, where several loaded cannon frowned terribly—though the Hessian troops being withdrawn to reinforce the British in Germantown, there were scarcely men enough left to work the pieces, and none to support them—the column halted, and took possession of the high grounds north of the Wissahiccon. An interesting game of long bullets, at about half a mile distance, across a deep valley, was opened with the Hessian picket at the redoubt; and when powder enough had been expended—and glory enough won—the militia retired.

At "Market-street ferry," General Potter's column is said to have actually approached the Schuylkill,

and a few musketry shots to have been exchanged with the British guard at the floating bridge; but no attempt to cross was made.

On the whole, the militia rendered no service whatever in the battle, and are to be subtracted from the effective numbers of the rebels. The disparity of real combatants was thus very great. If the column on the Ridge road had been regular troops, the redoubt at Van Deren's would scarcely have been noticed as an obstacle, and Knyphausen's Hessians of the left wing would have been too fully occupied to reinforce the British centre. If Potter's command had not been militia, Cornwallis' grenadiers would have been occupied in the city, and not able to march—as they did with incredible speed—to Germantown. If Washington had been supported by an adequate force, his admirable plan of battle would in all probability have been successful.

In point of fact, "all the honors" of the battle of Germantown, except the barren field, were won by the Continental troops. Nothing but an accident—the panic caused by the firing in their rear, by the thick fog, and by Stephens' intoxication—prevented a signal victory. That the Royal army was virtually defeated, is admitted by the subsequent measures of its commander-in-chief. Within a few days afterward, he withdrew his troops from Germantown, retired to Philadelphia, threw up strong fortifications, and under their shelter, covered by the two rivers, remained until the final retreat from the province. His army afterward made frequent sorties into the neighboring country; but it never claimed possession of a foot of Pennsylvania beyond the lines of the city, and was,

in truth, no more than a powerful garrison. To this diminished state—the garrison of a single city—did the fortunes of one day reduce those troops, who before, flushed by their recent victory at the Brandywine, had thought themselves masters of the whole province and of the continent.

Behind the events and the results of the battle of Germantown many a discerning eye beheld—the inevitable triumph of the rebellion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHEW'S HOUSE—COL. LYNNFORD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

THE excitement of a great battle has carried us away from the individual fortunes of the prominent character of our narrative.

When the advance regiments deployed, Lynnford—the aid whose horse was killed—retraced his steps toward the Commander-in-chief. He was on foot, no very desirable condition for an aid-de-camp; especially as procuring another horse would be rather a difficulty; and he expressed—in language rather too rough for our pages, though only muttered half aloud—his opinion of the ball which had reduced him to this luckless state. His only hope was Toby, and the horse ridden by that sable worthy.

When he came back to the spot where his own horse had fallen, he found Toby on his knees beside the dead animal; while his horse Saracen was standing alongside, the head bent down, the whole attitude expressing sympathy with his fallen companion. And, as if to convey his feelings to his master, when Lynnford came near, Saracen neighed. Toby was speaking, and the first words which the young officer heard were:

"Oh Gor Almighty have mercy on him soul!"

"What are you about, Toby?"

Toby made no answer, but continued;

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"Oh, Gor Almighty, gib him plenty of good hay, and good oats, and a good nigger to curry him, and water him; and a good massa to lub him—like Massa Lynnford!"

"Why, Toby!"

Toby now looked up, the tears streaming down his black face.

"Oh, Massa Lynnford! dis nigger pray for Nimrod's soul. But vy you let de Tories kill Nimrod? tell dis nigger dat. You no lub Nimrod, Massa Lynnford."

The scene, half ludicrous, affected Lynnford: the dead horse—and who can look unmoved on a dead friend, though but a horse or a dog?—the negro's tears—tears, from whatever source they come, which touch so mysteriously the hidden chords of our heart:—and he hastily spoke:

"No nonsense, Toby. Take the saddle off Nimrod immediately, and put it on Saracen. Then get yourself another horse as soon as you can—any way you can. Buy one, or borrow, or steal."

"Yah! yah! Massa Lynnford, you so funny!" answered Toby, wiping the tears from his eyes with his coat sleeve, while a broad grin invaded his before lugubrious visage; and he proceeded to disengage the saddle from the wrecks of the slain beast.

Lynnford was soon mounted, and, as he galloped away, cast a look back at Toby, who, having horsed his saddle and big valise on his own shoulders, was striding after him.

The Commander-in-chief still remained with the reserve, near a mile in the rear of the attack. Lynnford made his report of the state of affairs—his special duty—and fell back into the staff. From time to time,

aids and orderlies rode up with communications; some of which Lynnford partly heard, some not at all; and he could form no precise idea of what was going on, except that the firing in front was sometimes stationary, sometimes advancing. He watched the countenance of the General, but those calm, immovable features gave no index to the mind; though occasionally a half suppressed exclamation manifested impatience or anxiety. At length he heard the order:

"General Stirling, your command may advance. Gentlemen, we will take a new position."

The General-in-chief rode forward, accompanied by several aids and generals, under the escort of a troop of Lee's cavalry. Lynnford felt lost in the mass, and longed for some order which might give him individuality. They soon passed the intermediate ground, and reached the first battle point. A few wounded soldiers, a corpse or two, some shattered arms, the ground trodden and trampled by numerous feet, the fences broken down, except here and there a lonely post, was all the young officer could observe; then came the light infantry camp, now rifled—the tents torn and half prostrate; then came numerous signs of an obstinate contest. They were advancing steadily along, still on the great road, when suddenly several musket shots were heard close by, and bullets began to whistle among them.

"What does this mean, gentlemen? What is this?" said Washington, and reined in his horse. The fact—the occupation of that massive stone house by a formidable garrison—was in a few minutes reported.

"Impossible! impossible! Sullivan and Wayne are in advance," said he, and rode nearer to the house,

until the bullets rattled thick around him. He then halted at half musket range.

Lynnford instantly interposed himself and horse between his General and the shower of fire, which the General did not seem to be conscious of, or to care for, and at the same time spoke:

"Your Excellency's life is too valuable to be risked. Will you not retire beyond their range?"

"Ha! Yes, I did not think of that. How long will it cost to take that house—ten minutes? What do you think, Colonel Lynnford?"

"In my opinion, better not attempt it now. But will your Excellency not withdraw from under their fire?"

The General slowly withdrew, and the hurried council took place which resulted in the unfortunate project of summoning the garrison.

Lynnford was acquainted with Lieutenant Smith, and remonstrated when the devoted young officer stepped forward to volunteer.

"They will not respect the flag; you will be shot like a dog."

"Likely enough; but it cannot be helped. General Maxwell called for a volunteer, and of course somebody must go: only"—his voice sunk to a whisper, which none but Lynnford could hear—"there is one who will feel my—death. Tell her, dear comrade, how I fell."

"To send him on such a mission is almost murder," said Lynnford to himself, as he watched the advance of the young man with intense interest, and saw him at length fall. Under the momentary impulse, he threw himself from his horse, and sprung forward a

few paces, but speedily recovered his self-possession, and checked himself: "I can do no good."

After Lynnford had remained for a short time an idle spectator of the attack on the chateau, he received an order to examine the position of the advanced divisions, and report any thing decisive. Never did more welcome order rouse the languid spirits of an aid-de-camp. Almost before it was given, his horse was galloping on the shortest route, though directly under the enemy's fire.

The dangerous ground was soon passed, and the young aid found himself below Chew's House, on his way toward the line of musketry, which was heard considerably in advance. His route lay through the fields, or rather narrow lots, in the rear of the houses; and he was struck by the great military strength of the ground. Those narrow fields were divided by strong fences of "post and rails" or boards, and occasionally stone walls, running directly across the line of march, flanked by the heavy stone and log-houses of the village: a succession of fortresses, communicating with, and supporting each other, by means of the main street; and, in the hands of marksmen, impregnable unless to a succession of sieges. Fortunately for the rebels, the military system of the day—that system which sacrificed Braddock's army to its inflexible rigidity—prescribed different tactics, and the houses were not occupied. The fences and walls, however, had evidently given some trouble, and were wholly or in part leveled to the ground.

Lynnford soon reached the spot where the conflict with the main body of the Royal army had taken place. The firing was but a short distance in front,

and it was evident that he was near the advance divisions; but the darkness from fog and smoke was so thick that he could not see twenty yards. Within his limited view, the ground was covered with the melancholy signs of battle. There were men in numbers, but none of whom he could make inquiries, for all were corpses—friend and foe mingled indiscriminately in one now no longer hostile union—except one small group, scarcely visible in the gloom, but seeming to move with life; and toward it he directed his course. The place was a field-hospital.

Several men, evidently more or less wounded, were lying in every attitude which pain or helplessness imposed; some quite still, with nothing but the hard breathing to manifest that life had not quit the tenement; others tossing restlessly about; some groaning; some in stern silence suppressing their anguish. Some were past all human sympathy—already dead. Lynnford asked one of the assistants where General Sullivan could be found, and receiving no immediate reply, addressed himself to the chief surgeon.

"Ha! you, Colonel Lynnford!" answered the surgeon, without suspending the operation he was performing.

"Doctor Jones!" exclaimed Lynnford, in some surprise; for so soiled with blood—and gunpowder, we may add—was the surgeon-chaplain, that his features were not to be recognized.

"Aye, yes!"

"Where is General Sullivan—or Wayne?"

"Can't tell you; nobody can; it's too dark to know," answered the Doctor. Then turning his discourse to the soldier under his hands, he continued: "You have

borne it like a hero; now I'm done with you. In a week or two you'll shoulder your musket again; unless they make an officer of you. Whose turn is it now?"

"Mine!" "Mine!" "Mine!" exclaimed many voices at once, some very faintly. "I am an officer," said one, "and ought to come first!"

"There is no officer in an hospital, but the surgeon," said the chaplain; and then addressed Lynnford.

"Do you bring positive orders to advance? Our divisions are firing into the smoke, when they ought to be pressing the enemy."

"My orders are to report progress."

"Ha! now raise that man's head. I think he comes next," continued the doctor to his assistants, "if he is not beyond my art. His pulse is certainly very weak: almost gone."

The soldier was a stout, athletic man, in the full bloom of youth, and delicately handsome; as they raised him, he gave a deep groan, and his lips continued moving, though no sound was audible.

"A bullet in the breast—clear through the lungs—out under the shoulder-blade. I can be of no service."

"Poor fellow, he wants to say something, and cannot: perhaps a last word for his dear, dear home," added Lynnford; and observing that the wounded man's countenance changed as if he understood what was said, he sprung from his horse and approached.

"Give me a canteen—quick," said he, raising the man partly up, and supporting him against his knee;

"a stimulant may revive him to speak his wish, and I will faithfully execute it if I survive."

He held the canteen to the man and poured some of the liquid into his mouth. But nature had only strength remaining for the spasm which rejected the liquid, and for a few short, quick sobs afterward; and the man was dead in the arms of the unknown but sympathizing comrade.

"*Requiescat in pace!* a brave soldier and a good youth," said the doctor; "but his poor old mother! Well, he died in a good cause. Ah! colonel, these are the scenes to try one's nerves. I knew that boy from childhood. Well! But whose turn now?"

Lynnford gently laid the young soldier on the ground, and stepping carefully among the dying and dead, regained his horse: his dress and person dabbled with blood.

"Let him rest in peace. His name is unknown; his grave unhonored; but he died in the cause of truth and right. May he rest in peace; may he rest in peace," mused the aid as he rode on, in search of the Generals of Divisions. It was groping in thick darkness. Firing was heard in front; firing in his rear—at Chew's house; but around him, nothing but silence and darkness. He soon reached the rear of the Continental line, and was at once struck by the fact that although every man was firing away as fast as he could, there was no return fire; no enemy's bullets whistling over head and through the ranks. He instantly spoke to the colonel of the nearest regiment:

"Why don't you advance?"

"We have no orders."

"Why don't you stop this firing?"

"Our last orders were to fire."

"Where is your Brigadier-General?"

"I think he is in a farm-house—off yonder," pointing with his finger.

Lynnford rode in the direction indicated, and soon perceived a farm-house. Before he reached it, one of Sullivan's aids joined him, and inquired for General Conway.

"In yonder house, I presume. But why does not your General order an advance: you are exhausting your ammunition: you are losing the day," said Lynnford sharply.

"The orders have been given long ago: and we have been galloping in every direction to find the Brigadiers. But one can scarcely see a yard."

"We'll find one of them here, I suppose."

The aids dismounted and entered the house; found General Conway; communicated the orders to advance.

"Impossible," said Conway. "I am wounded."

"Wounded! and your wound not dressed, I presume. I have practiced as a surgeon and will dress it for you. Let me see," exclaimed Lynnford, surprised at the occupation of the wounded man, who was enjoying a kind of collation with wine, at a small table.

"Oh! I mean my horse is wounded."

"Badly?" said Lynnford. "I will lend you mine."

"What! dismount an aid-de-camp of the Commander-in-chief?" answered Conway.

"The fortunes of the day may depend on your being at the head of your brigade immediately, and causing it to advance. Will you accept of my horse?"

"Under the circumstances I ought not, I cannot: but I am very much obliged for your polite offer."

"That is your determination?"

"It cannot be otherwise, my dear sir," answered Conway in the blandest of tones.

Lynnford felt provoked, but recollecting his relative position, turned on his heel and strode rather than walked from the house, followed by the other aid-de-camp.

"Coward, traitor!" were the words in which his feelings first found vent.

"Coward he certainly is not," said Sullivan's aid, as they were mounting their horses; "but I think he envies the Commander-in-chief, and would willingly see this battle lost, rather than won to the increase of his reputation."

"Can this be? If I thought so—but no! No gentleman of General Conway's rank could be so base. If I thought so, I must shoot him through the head!" exclaimed Lynnford in a quick, excited tone, his countenance taking an expression of sternness almost ferocious, his hand clutching the butt of one of the pistols in his holster.

"It is mere suspicion; no more."

At this instant, several soldiers ran rapidly past, and many others were observed approaching.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Lynnford of one of the fugitives; his attention being instantly attracted.

"We are surrounded!"

"Halt; you are not surrounded!" exclaimed Lynnford; and at the same time threw himself from his horse, and laid hold of the man. "Halt!"

The soldier thus stopped looked wildly around; but a volley was heard on the left, fired—as afterward appeared—by some of Stephens' division, under a similiar mistake; and under a fresh spasm of terror the fellow broke away.

A curious scene now ensued; the officers, some on foot, some by interposing their horses, endeavored by words and actions, to turn back the tide: the men, insensible to every appeal, listening only to their blind terror, in some instances even throwing away their arms, broke their ranks and pell-mell fled away.

After exhausting himself by every kind of fruitless effort, Lynnford mounted his horse and became a looker-on. It was the first opportunity in his military experience of studying a regular panic—those strange instruments of Providence which so often have changed the fortune of battles—and of empire; and he felt inclined to philosophize. But for an instant however, not far off, he saw a general officer on foot, and he rode up; it was General Wayne. The "rough and ready" of the rebellion—as Wayne may be called—was almost frantic, dashing his hat on the ground, stamping with his feet, swearing—as no man of the present more decorous generation knows how to swear.

Lynnford waited till there was a lull in the storm of wrath, and addressed him.

"Your aids all away, General? Can I be of any service to you?"

The General burst out again in language too rough for our pages. In a few minutes, Lynnford quietly said. "Those fugitives can be rallied beyond Chew's

House, when they no longer hear the firing in their rear: if their officers are there to form them."

"Do you think so, Colonel Lynnford—do you think so?" spoke Wayne quickly, but suddenly calmed by the suggestion.

"I will try any how. But my horse."

"Where is your horse, sir?"

"Shot dead, and I have not since found a remount."

"Take mine General."

As Lynnford spoke, he sprung to the ground, and almost at the same instant, Wayne was in the saddle, and with his usual impetuosity spurring the horse to full speed. The histories of the battle say that the troops were rallied on the ground indicated; but Lynnford saw nothing of this. After a moment of reflection, he resolved to reconnoitre the front.

He advanced some distance, without discovering signs of an enemy; nor indeed of any living thing, friend or foe, to dispute his possession of the battle field. In the rear he heard a distant rattle of musketry, with the occasional sound of cannon; but in front—the direction of the enemy—all was silent. At length he heard a low confused sound on the left; but at first could see nothing. "That must be Greene, but he is not strong enough to regain the day: unless the same god, Pan, who broke our ranks, has driven the enemy into the city." He now also heard drums beating in front. "The Royal troops it must be; the battle is lost. I must communicate with our left wing." That was an easy matter; for looming out of the fog he now saw a line of infantry with a mounted officer in front, whom he recognized as General Muhlenburg.

The greeting was brief and hasty. General Muhlenburg saw at once his perilous position: the main body of the army off the ground, the enemy advancing in overwhelming numbers—his resolution was prompt and his orders.

"Colonel Mathews, you will command. Withdraw your troops quickly, but without giving your back to the enemy: if you are pressed, do the best you can. I will disengage you, if possible."

With these words the General rode to the rear, in order to bring up the rest of the division.

Colonel Mathews grasped Lynnford warmly by the hand, and a hurried explanation took place. There was brief space for talk—a considerable force was observed, through the obscurity, advancing on their front at no great distance.

"Anticipate their attack, shall we not?" said Mathews.

"Certainly."

"Shoulder arms—forward: not a trigger to be touched until the word is given."

The drum beat a lively march, and the line advanced rapidly, though in perfect order, as became the veteran Ninth Virginian regiment. The British troops approached in order not less perfect, though with a slower pace. At fifty yards, they halted, and gave fire—principally over the heads of their enemies, from their ridiculous system of firing from the hip. Some however of the Continentals fell, but they continued to advance, were now within forty yards—now thirty—now twenty—their line as exact, their march as calm as a parade, and no sound but the heavy regular tramp of their ranks.

"Why don't they fire? What do they mean?" exclaimed the British officers, who were in advance of their own men, but now retired through the files and sought the rear.

"Halt! Make ready! Take aim!"

Every Continental musket was leveled along the line, and every muzzle covered an enemy's person.

"Fire!"

Before that word, an enemy less brave would have given way; but those true soldiers stood in their ranks and were cut down like grass.

"Forward! Give them the bayonet!"

Even now, shattered as they were by that terrible fire, they attempted to stand the charge; and man to man a severe conflict ensued; with the bayonet of the private, the sword of the officer.

This kind of business was much to Lynnford's taste. At the first onset he saw an officer whom he recognized; but to reach him, it was necessary to pass through the private soldiers who covered him. With a sudden bound forward, the aid was within the bayonet point—with a single blow a soldier in his way was cut down. With one step more the opponent he had chosen stood front to front.

"Ha! Captain Harris, you swore to kill an unarmed Colonist—take your vengeance on an armed rebel—defend yourself."

The officer amazed and confused at the unexpected opponent and by his strange words, did not put himself on guard until Lynnford repeated:

"Captain Harris, defend yourself, or die!"

Both were armed with the same kind of strong cut-and-thrust swords; but there was no equality in the

use of their weapons, and an instant reminded the Briton of his combat with the Quaker. Captain Harris much taller, larger, and apparently a stronger man, stood on the broadsword guard. Lynnford made feint as if to beat down his opponent's guard, but shifting his arm without following his sword with his eye gave point underneath. Captain Harris was hit hard in the left breast, though not mortally. Lynnford drew back and came to guard. The shifting of the arm, the thrust, the return to guard was so rapid, that it seemed but one instant; and Harris, who saw his antagonist's eye all the time fixed on his own, only felt that he was wounded, without knowing how. Another blow would have ended the combat, but Lynnford was now obliged to defend himself against a more pressing assailant. A bayonet thrust from behind had entered his back, and glancing along a rib, came out at his right breast; he did not feel the blow, nor know of it, until the point of the weapon appeared in front. Glancing his eye over his right shoulder, and turning as far round as he could—pinned fast by a robust grenadier—he made a cut *en croupe* which struck the soldier below his bearskin cap and half severed his head. The musket dropped, but the bayonet still remaining in the flesh, only sunk at the butt, and for the first time Lynnford felt his wound, though as a mere twinge of the muscles; to disengage himself, he sprang forward, and the musket, dragging a yard or two, fell to the ground.

The Continental officer was now separated from his late antagonist, and the Royal troops were between himself and his comrades. Several soldiers were rushing to attack him, and he heard Captain Harris at some distance calling out:

"Shoot!—stab!—kill the d—— rebel!"

Provoked at this unchivalrous conduct, he drew a pistol with his left hand and settled scores with the captain first, finishing what his sword had left incomplete. Then for the other enemies: the first was disarmed by a twist of the sword, which unfixed his bayonet; the bayonet thrust of the second was parried, and the soldier himself cut down; a third was bayoneted by the Continental soldiers, who at length having overcome the obstinate resistance were driving the Royal troops.

Colonel Mathews, who had seen the peril of his friend, without being able immediately to rescue him, now came up.

"You are wounded!"

"A trifle: let us push the enemy hard, and draw back. We shall certainly be surrounded."

They drove the Royal troops a few hundred yards; then halted, and began a retrograde movement, slowly and in perfect order. Mathews wished to escape but was unwilling to fly—the Ninth Virginians had never yet fled from a battle field. While retiring thus, and already at some distance rearward, a drum was heard on their left, and shortly another on their right; and immediately the Royal colors emerged from the obscurity on both flanks.

"We are surrounded," said Mathews to his friend.

"But not taken. The only enemies in front are those whom we have just beaten; let us charge straight forward, cut our way through, gain the line of retreat of our main army—save our colors and our honor. What say you?"

"Halt! Right about face! Forward!" was the

prompt reponse, given as orders to the troops; and the next minute they were advancing over the former ground.

"We must secure our flanks. We will change our formation. Do you, Lynnford, take command of the two right companies—your old soldiers are there, and throw them back on the right flank. Major Sherburne will command the two left companies and do likewise on that flank; or, would you rather command the front?"

"I prefer the right wing of your army—my own men," answered Lynnford.

The change was instantly made, and the gallant Continentals advanced with diminished front; the flanks now protected by two columns of support. But the Royal brigades on the right and the left were fast closing in, and the regiments which had been routed were again formed in front. Not a man of those veteran soldiers faltered. They were hemmed in on all sides, and the storm of war was about bursting, in overwhelming fury, but they were calm, and moved steadily forward. The storm cloud burst: volley after volley of musketry from front and flank was rained on their ranks: they heeded it not; gave not a shot in return. Their time had not come—but it came. At ten paces from the enemy in front, the word was given:

"Halt! Take aim! Fire! Forward with the bayonet!"

The terrible fire, so close and deadly, followed by the sudden charge, overwhelmed and broke the Royal troops. But Mathews could not press them far, for the brigades on his flanks, after firing several distant vol-

leys, now advanced to close quarters, and he was obliged to halt.

As the enemy's line approached with bayonets at the charge, Lynnford faced his slender column to the right outward, and calmly awaited the assault. At ten paces, precisely as Mathews had done, he gave fire and followed it up with the bayonet. The enemy were terribly cut up and shaken, but being far superior in numbers, they closed their ranks as well as time allowed, and stood. The bayonets crossed, and a regular hand-to-hand contest, so rare in modern warfare—unknown perhaps except in the civil wars of the Anglo-Saxon race, ensued. Lynnford's "battle-fury" was now fully roused, and he sprung into the hostile ranks more like a tiger than a civilized soldier: yet not for a moment did he forget his consummate skill with the sword. Bayonets were parried or unfixed—men disabled or cut down—until the cry arose, that the "Devil had broken loose among them." At length the British gave way, and were pushed some distance. As they retired, one of their officers fell from the wounds he had received, and would have been bayoneted if Lynnford had not interfered. Casting a glance more particularly at the fallen gentleman, he recognized Sir Charles Aston.

Sir Charles seemed insensible, and Lynnford kneeled down and bent over him to examine whether the vital spark had fled. Almost immediately his own head grew dizzy; he attempted to rise, but fell back on the ground. In fact, without feeling it at the time, or knowing it, he had received many wounds, and had at length fainted from loss of blood.

CHAPTER XXV.

COLONEL LYNNFORD WOUNDED.—JACOB KEYSER, THE
MENNONIST.

THE last gun of the battle of Germantown was fired about mid-day.

For several hours afterward the Royal troops were occupied collecting their wounded and their dead; and from fright, or some reason—known to themselves, it may be presumed—they carried their own dead into the city and buried them in the Potter's Field, now Washington Square. Their dead enemies were not very ceremoniously treated. In fact, for some time received no other attention than to be plundered and stripped by the camp-followers; and when at length the duty of burial became absolutely urgent, it was left in great measure to the inhabitants of the village. Large trenches were dug in the grave-yards and elsewhere, and the bodies were committed to the ground, officers and privates indiscriminately; as, in the condition they were, few or no marks of distinction existed.

It was the middle of the afternoon. A burying party—aged men and boys—were in the yard of the German Presbyterian Church, engaged in the last services to their fallen countrymen. There was none of the "pomp and circumstance" of the warrior's funeral; but there was sorrow and tears, and there was all the decent "observance" which circumstances admitted. Several had been already buried.

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COLONEL LYNNFORD WOUNDED.

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"This is an officer, neighbor," said an elderly Quaker, who seemed to be superintending; "look at his delicate hands; thee must wrap him in a blanket. Lay him down until we procure one."

The body was laid out on the sod, until the blanket was brought.

"He feels warm," said the man who had begun to shroud him in woolen; "he feels warm. And see, his limbs are not stiff. I do not believe he is dead."

"Alas! poor fellow; it is all over with him."

"Do you think so? Then we may as well lay him in his grave."

They were proceeding to do so, when a negro, with a kind of bound, sprung among them, exclaiming:

"Let me see dat body!" then he threw himself on his knees beside it, and burst into a strange mixture of grief and rage—sometimes a kind of brute howl, sometimes expostulations to the body:

"Wy you die, Massa Lynnford! wy you let de Tories kill you! wy you not tell Toby ob all dis! you boy Toby lookee for you eberyvere, and here you go dead. Oh, Massa Lynnford! oh, Massa Lynnford!" then again a piercing howl.

The persons standing by had never witnessed such savage manifestations of mourning, and they were quite astounded, but deeply affected withal. When they had allowed it sufficient course, one of them accosted Toby:

"That is your master, is it?"

"Dis Massa Lynnford, sure!"

"What are we to do with him? Some of us thought just now that he was not dead."

Toby placed his hand under the blanket, and held it an instant on the body.

"Yah! yah! yah!" exclaimed he, bursting into a regular negro laugh, and cutting a strange caper in the air. "Yah! yah! Massa Lynnford no dead! Me know Massa Lynnford no die widout tell him boy Toby! Yah! yah! Massa Lynnford play possum."

On careful examination all agreed it was not at all certain that the officer was dead, and arrangements were immediately made to convey him to a house.

The body was partially warm and the limbs flexible; but there were no other signs of life. He was put to bed, a surgeon procured, and every restorative art resorted to; but all seemed ineffectual. At length, when hope was almost exhausted, a slight motion of the breast and something like breathing could be observed; but not a limb, not even a finger moved. It was life however—life and hope.

A week after this Lynnford first became conscious of his situation. Thus long had lasted his *deliquium* from loss of blood. He awoke from sleep and found himself in a small and plainly furnished, but scrupulously neat apartment. All was strange around him. A middle-aged woman, whom he had never seen before, sat near his bed. For some time he lay still, endeavoring to collect his thoughts; but nothing which he could recall to mind gave him an explanation, and at length he spoke in a voice scarcely audible:

"Where am I?"

The woman looked up in surprise, and answered:

"At our house."

"What has happened? How did I come here?"

"Do not inquire now; when you are stronger you will know: hush!—so the doctor says."

Lynnford obeyed, as much from inability as from inclination; the few words he had spoken having exhausted him, until the last was in a whisper. He lay still, perfectly conscious but utterly unable, as he soon found, to move a limb or command a muscle except his eyes, which he could turn so as to observe what was going on and the objects around him. The first subject of his contemplation was the woman. She was dressed in a kind of linsey *sacque*, then called a short gown, fitting close up to the chin; a small white collar, delicately starched and crimped, around her neck and running a few inches down her bosom in front; her hair brushed neatly behind her ears, and gathered under a comb at the back of her head. Her features were plain, even homely, but full of benevolence; the materials of her dress were coarse, but the fashion and fit tasteful; her whole appearance manifested woman's graces and sensibilities. The young officer felt a quiet satisfaction in the contemplation; and for some time his thoughts, extending no further, ran over again and again every particular; all harmonized with his prostrate state; was grateful to body and mind. She was knitting beside a small oval mahogany "stand," on which lay a large antique-looking book, in a dark cover with huge brazen clasps—an "old family Bible" of course. Near the bed stood a large square table, covered with an oil-cloth, except the legs, fantastically twisted and carved, which peeped out beneath; but the oil-cloth was nearly hidden by vials, plasters, cordials, and other sick-room furniture. Lynnford's eyes rested a long time on this table, and

returned more than once to the contemplation, endeavoring to trace out its character and purposes, which seemed to him to involve some mystery beyond his comprehension. His attention was next attracted by a wood fire burning in an open hearth and he gazed at it, and at the small brass andirons, and at the brass-knobbed shovel and tongs. Then he looked at three very tall-backed chairs, with hickory-splint bottoms; so tall-backed that a man standing up could scarcely see over the upper crosspiece. Then he caught a view of a window with white dimity curtains, high up from the floor; but this view strained his eyes, and he closed them and tried to think.

This slow survey of the apartment had occupied, it may be, an hour; and for almost a like time he lay with his eyes closed, endeavoring to think. Where was he? how there? were questions altogether beyond him. His memory was not entirely gone; for he had an indistinct reminiscence of some kind of previous existence; but it was less substantial than the usual impressions of a dream. His thoughts were becoming more and more confused, and he was perhaps fast sinking into delirium, when his attention was caught by the word "Hush!" loudly whispered in the room. He opened his eyes; saw, and instantly recognized, his negro Toby, who was engaged in a kind of pantomime-conversation with the elderly woman, using violent gesticulations, while she seemed endeavoring by more quiet signs to dissuade him from something.

"Let Toby come to me," said the young officer.

"But be quiet, Toby," added she.

Toby approached as noiselessly as a shadow, though with many an incipient caper and antic flourish; and at

the bed-side threw himself on his knees, and began to kiss the bed-clothes, while the tears ran in streams down his cheeks. At length he whispered:

"Oh, Massa Lynnford! oh, Massa Lynnford! you no leabe dis nigga! you no go dead! Oh Gor Almighty you be one good Gor Almighty, and dis nigga tankee you, and dis nigga promise to be one good nigga, and neber to cuss no more. Oh good Gor Almighty."

"Hush! Toby, hush!" said the female, and Toby cut short his rude expression of thanksgiving.

The surgeon now came in, and having learned what had occurred, gave his patient an opiate; under which he soon fell into sound sleep: perhaps the only preservation from confusion of mind and delirium.

Lynnford's wounds, none of them singly were dangerous; but his loss of blood had been to the extreme which man can bear and live, if his state when rescued by Toby could be called life. He suffered no pain; his sensations were in fact rather agreeable, being calm quiescence of body and mind—always agreeable after danger or labor. Day by day his faculties awakened, and his strength of body increased. He was soon able to move his head, then his hands and feet, then to turn his body in bed. The recovery of his memory kept pace: gradually he could recall all that had occurred, to the time of his fall on the body of Sir Charles Aston; beyond which there was a blank. Repeatedly he asked for information—in fact every time his reminiscence reached this point—but could obtain none; the neat elderly woman, and the surgeon, and Toby, the only human beings admitted to his chamber, obstinately declined to talk. He was left entirely to his own thoughts.

About four weeks after the battle, he thought himself strong enough to sit up, and communicated his wish to the doctor.

"You cannot: you must not;" replied that despotic functionary.

"I will," as he spoke he raised himself by a violent effort, so as to sit up in bed: "you see, I can!"

His triumph was for an instant; the room whirled round him, and seemed to twist his whole nervous system with it. He shut his eyes on the sight, and sunk back, unconscious.

This attempt, like other unsuccessful rebellions, confirmed the despotic authority of the government; but in two weeks more he was allowed to sit up in bed, and also to talk and be talked to.

He now learned, for the first time, the result of the battle; the present situation of the armies; the events of his own history, while supposed to be dead; the devotion of Toby, who had traversed the whole battle ground in search of his master. Other persons were now admitted to see him; and Jacob Keyser, the husband of his kind nurse, frequently came in and sat with him.

The family under whose roof he was sheltered were of the Mennonist faith; that radical shoot of the great Baptist sect—though, on the *test ordinance*, they now deviate—resembling the Quakers, however, in domestic manners and customs and in their principles respecting war, but not in religious rites and doctrines. The family principles were opposed to war, in every form, and on any ground; yet three of the sons of the house, the only children—carried away by patriotism and youth—were actually in the Continental

service; and night and morning the household prayers arose for the success of the Continental cause.

From the first moment of consciousness, Lynnford was struck by the extraordinary tenderness with which he was treated—so different from what he had been accustomed to at any period of his life. As soon as he was allowed to talk, he expressed his gratitude and thankfulness: but it seemed to give pain, and he did not renew the subject for some time. One day, however, he repeated his thanks to his hostess. A tear, it seemed to him, instantly swelled her eyelids; but she turned away—perhaps to hide it—and walked to the oval mahogany stand.

"Shall I read thee a passage?" said she, in German; the language generally used in the family, though all spoke English.

"Yes, if thou wilt be so kind," answered he in the same language, using also the affectionate "*du*" of the Pennsylvania dialect. She opened the brazen clasps of the great black volume, and read:

"A certain lawyer, trying him, said: What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

"He said unto him: What is written in the law—how do you understand it?"

"The lawyer, answering, said: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy strength; and thy neighbors as thyself.

"He said unto him: Thou hast answered well: so do, and thou shalt live.

"But the lawyer wishing to justify himself said unto Jesus: Who is my neighbor? Jesus answering said:

"A certain man descending from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among robbers, and they having stripped

him and beaten him, departed, leaving him half dead. By chance a certain priest descended on that way; and seeing him, passed by. Likewise a Levite, being near, coming by, and seeing him, went his way. But a certain Samaritan, traveling, came by, and seeing him, felt compassion; and approaching, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and placing him on his beast, led him to an inn, and tended on him. On the morrow, departing, he took out two pieces of money, and gave them to the innkeeper and said to him: Take care of this man, and whatever more thou mayest expend, I will repay when I return.

"Of these three, which does it seem to thee was the neighbor of him that fell among the robbers?"

"But he answered: He that took compassion on him.

"Then Jesus said: Go, and thou do likewise."

"Listen to another passage—a short one:

"Then the king shall say to those on his right, Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world. I hungered, and ye gave me to eat; I thirsted, and ye gave me to drink; I was naked, and ye clothed me. * * Then the just shall answer saying: Lord, when saw we thee hungering and gave thee to eat; or thirsty, and gave thee to drink; or naked, and clothed thee? And the king answering shall say unto them: Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of my brethren ye did it unto me."

"My dear young friend," continued she, "those passages were spoken by the blessed Redeemer, my Lord and Master; and I must obey. All men are my neighbors, whom I am commanded to love. Alas! alas! that I so often fall short of loving them as I

should. All men are my brethren, toward whom I must feel benevolence and practice kindness. Woe is me! When I have done all that I can I am but an unprofitable servant. But thank me not! I myself am thankful for the privilege of ministering to thee. I myself am thankful for the opportunity of obeying His blessed will. If thou render thanks, let it be to Him who commanded peace and goodwill among men; who left as his last precept, 'Love one another,' who made benevolence to man obedience to God. Oh, praise and thank Him!" She paused, overcome apparently by her feelings.

"My dear Mrs. Keyser," said Lynnford, "the book you have been reading from is the Bible, is it not?"

"Certainly!" answered she in a tone of astonishment.

"Excuse my question. It is so many years since I have seen the Bible, that I have forgotten."

"Not seen the Bible for many years—forgotten it!" exclaimed she with a look of terror.

"Where I lived for many years there was no Bible but the Koran: and since my return, I have been all the time in camp."

"But in your childhood, in your early youth, did you not read the Bible? Did your mother not teach you to read it?"

"I never had a mother," said he with much emotion, the tears bursting forth in spite of himself; "she died early—in my infancy." His voice seemed choked, and he covered his face with his hands.

"Poor young man, poor young man—no mother!"

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Keyser," said he after a short silence, "I learned to look on the Bible with horror."

"With horror? Oh no! you cannot mean it."

"Yes I do. Before I could understand, I was forced to read it hour after hour, and to learn by heart chapter after chapter. If I did wrong, my punishment was to learn a chapter in the Bible: how could I help hating it?"

"But did you never read it voluntarily?"

"Does a man of his own free will recur to what has given him pain—does he renew a punishment? No; from the hour I became my own master, I have not read a line in the Bible."

There was a pause, Mrs. Keyser apparently struck by his remark, and sunk into reflection. In a few minutes he resumed:

"The conduct of those who profess to believe in the Bible, who call themselves Christians, has not lessened my dislike—my prejudices, if you call it so. For instance, the passages you have read, certainly inculcate the most elevated rules of right living that I have ever imagined: and I may frankly confess my interest in the Bible itself is awakened by such precepts. But why are they not reduced to practice? Why do not Christians generally imitate the Good Samaritan? Why do they not love their neighbor—if not like themselves—at least well enough to exercise some little kindness toward them? Why do they not remember: '*inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these*'—the poor, the naked, the hungry,—'*ye did it also unto me,*' and act conformably. My dear Mrs. Keyser, you are the first real believer in those precepts—that is, the first person practically governed by them that I have ever met."

Mrs. Keyser was a little confounded by this practical

illustration; but the talk was here cut short by the entrance of the surgeon.

Lynnford's thoughts recurred to the subject, and at the first convenient opportunity he renewed the conversation on the book—which had been the terror of his childhood. Afterward, at times, Mrs. Keyser, or her husband, or their pastor, would read select passages, and explain the practical bearing. They never intruded their opinions, but whenever he wished it, were ready to "render a reason." Their understanding of the book was unaffected and direct, free from traditional interpretation; their lives were living witnesses of their sincere belief, and strong illustrations of the verity of the book itself. All made an impression on the young officer. His hatred was turned to reverence. The seed of good was sown. His heart was not renewed—"a new heart will I give thee"—the only real cure for the hereditary depravity of man's nature; but there was a change of principles and motives. The way was prepared.

Those desperate wounds—his state, so long on the borders of life and death—his sick bed, with its weeks and months of communion with himself—were fortunate incidents; the most fortunate, it may be, of his life.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALLAN M'LANE VISITS LYNNFORD.—THE HESSIAN FORAY.

DURING Lynnford's long unconsciousness, and still longer period of involuntary ignorance of what was passing, many important events had taken place. Of these he was entirely ignorant, though his anxiety to know something of the state of affairs had become extreme.

As soon as he was allowed to talk and be talked to, the first information he received was of his own wonderful recovery, literally from the brink of the grave; and of his present situation under the roof of a pious Mennonist in Germantown. Other pieces of intelligence were gradually communicated from time to time, according to his increasing strength of body and mind, and under the permission of the surgeon. There was all along great difficulty in preventing Toby's talking more than was wished, and they watched him closely: but one morning he had the room to himself, and he seized the advantage.

"Massa Lynnford," said he, after fidgeting about for some time in a kind of struggle with himself, "dis nigga sure hab someting on him mind!"

"What is it, Toby?" answered his master.

"Massa Lynnford, do you know vat you name is?"

"Why Toby,—you black rascal, what do you mean?"

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"See here, Massa Lynnford! See here!" answered Toby, lifting up some garments which hung rather ostentatiously over the high back of a chair. "See here, you coat—do you know him?"

"My coat, Toby! How is that? I never owned a linsey-woolsey shad-bellied coat, with big wooden buttons, like that? What do you mean?"

"Yah! Yah! Massa Lynnford;" answered Toby laughing, and capering about the floor.

"Toby, if I had any thing here, I would throw it at you."

"Yah! Yah! Massa Lynnford, dis nigga wish you could throw the boot-jack at him head, as you used to did—we'd soon be fighting the Tories agin!"

As Toby spoke, he threw himself by a half summer-set over on his hands, and walked about with his head down, kicking and twisting his legs about, and showing his ivories by every kind of grimace. When he had enjoyed himself sufficiently in this way, he threw himself back again on his feet, and assuming a vastly grave face, repeated:

"Do you know him, Massa Lynnford? Do you know you coat? and you name?"

"Cease your foolery, Toby," said Lynnford, now getting out of humor, "and tell me what is the meaning of all this."

"Dis you coat, Massa Lynnford; and dis you breeches, and you name Abraham Keyser. Yah! Yah!"

Lynnford was by this time seriously angry, and was endeavoring to reach his hand to the small table near the bed in order to get hold of something to throw at Toby, when Mrs. Keyser entered the room. She was

obliged to solve Toby's riddles. The young officer learned, that when he arrived at her house his only wardrobe was an old blanket.

"But where is my uniform, Mrs. Keyser?"

"Yah! Massa Lynnford," interposed Toby, "de Hessian camp-women got you uniform, and you sword, and you pus."

"Hold your tongue, Toby. And so I was left for dead and stripped! But whose are these garments?"

"When you were brought in," answered Mrs. Keyser, "Dr. Benneville told us your true character as a Continental officer must be concealed, or you would be carried off to the city as a prisoner. He said your name must be Abraham Keyser, a sick relative of ours from Reading; and in order to support your character, a suit of homespun garments was procured for you, and hung in your room."

"And so, I am Abraham Keyser at present," said Lynnford smiling.

"We call you Abraham in our family, and among the neighbors," answered she with a blush and in some confusion—on which the young officer put his own interpretation.

"Dr. Benneville says my name is Abraham Keyser? and so it is—so it is at present. If I choose to be named Abraham, who has any right to object? Whose business is it what my name was formerly? My name is at present Abraham Keyser. Will that satisfy your scruples, Mrs. Keyser?"

"It will, until I am asked directly your name—then I must tell the truth."

"What is the truth? What is my true name?"

"Toby says it is Colonel Lynnford."

"Toby, what is my true name?"

"Yah! Yah! Massa—Massa Lynnford," answered Toby, halting a little in his speech,—“you name Abraham Keyser.”

"Why, Toby!" exclaimed Mrs. Keyser.

"And, Toby, don't I come from Reading?"

"Sure, Massa—Massa Abraham, you do lib at Reading; dis nigger know dat fac."

"Now, Mrs. Keyser, you see the thing is settled—you have not even Toby's authority for calling me Colonel Lynnford," answered the officer with a smile. "But indeed, I hope you will not be troubled on my account. I would rather give myself up than wish you to do or say any thing inconsistent with your own feelings of right."

The colloquy was here interrupted by sounds of considerable commotion in the street, and Toby and Mrs. Keyser both went to inquire into it. Directly Toby came rushing back, cutting a variety of strange gambols and capers.

"Oh youchy! Massa Lynnford, we cotched de Tories dis time! Sure Massa M'Lane, he here wid Hessian Tories—he cotched 'em sure!"

"Captain M'Lane! Is he brought in a prisoner?" exclaimed Lynnford.

"Dat is not what dis nigger say. Captain M'Lane, he cotched five Hessians, and Missa Keyser give 'em some water before de door."

"Toby, Toby," said Lynnford considerably puzzled in mind: "is Captain M'Lane at the door?"

"Sure it is Massa M'Lane; dis nigger see him."

"Toby, tell Captain M'Lane that a brother officer and old friend, badly wounded, wishes to see him."

Toby left the room, and in a few minutes heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the partisan officer was ushered in.

"A wounded friend," said Captain M'Lane approaching the bed and gazing on the face of the patient: "it may be, but I don't know him."

"Am I then so changed!" said Lynnford.

"Who are you? I have some indistinct recollection of the features."

"Charles Lynnford."

"Colonel Lynnford!" exclaimed M'Lane, starting back in astonishment. "Colonel Lynnford? Impossible! He was killed at the battle of Germantown!"

"Nevertheless I am he."

M'Lane approached with strong emotion, and took Lynnford's hand between his own.

"My poor friend! You must have been dreadfully wounded. You were reported to Head-Quarters as dead, and I can scarcely regard you now as a living man. My poor friend!"

"But, M'Lane, what are you doing here? Are you a prisoner?"

"A prisoner! How a prisoner?"

"How else do you get within the British lines?"

"Within the British lines! Why, man, the British lines are close to Philadelphia! Don't you know that?"

"Close to Philadelphia! Did we gain the battle of Germantown?"

"They claim it. But immediately afterward they gave us up all the country outside of the city; and they are now erecting fortifications for their own protection in it."

"Huzza!" cried Lynnford in a faint voice. "But what is the meaning of what Toby says about Hessian prisoners?"

"A rather curious adventure. You must know that I have a kind of roving commission between the Royal lines and our own, to pick up intelligence, cut off supplies from the enemy, &c., &c. Sometimes my men are all detached in various directions, and I ride alone; such was the case this morning. Near the Rising Sun I saw a fatigue-party of Hessians, about fifty, digging potatoes in a field. Perhaps half were women, with those quaint red bodices and strange head-gear, gathering up the spoils in shawls and aprons, and other female wearing apparel, while not a few had stripped off their upper petticoats and tied them at one end for bags, which occasionally one of them would shoulder and totter away with toward the city. The men, in their huge whiskers and mustaches almost hiding their mouths, looked grim as death itself, but were working away for life; though their only tools were their bayonets. The picture was curious, and I burst into a hearty laugh. I observed, however, that they had only their side-arms; not a musket among them: and I resolved to have some fun. Gathering my bridle up, I gave my horse the spur, shouted in some language which I meant for German, though I don't vouch for its being so, and dashed among them. You should have seen how they scampered. I do believe they thought a thousand demons were among them; helter, skelter, men and women, head over heels, none looking to see that it was a single horse-man. I suppose I rode over some of them, but I give you my honor I did not strike a single one. They

scattered like sheep, or I could have captured the whole. However, I managed, by heading them in different directions, to drive five together, and to bring them off. They are here before the door now."

"I wish I could see your drove," said Lynnford laughing.

"I laughed several times myself, as I was driving them along before me. But, Lynnford, I must leave you. I halted here to rest my drove, and give them something to eat—your hostess, good soul, has fed them abundantly. Now farewell."

"One word, M'Lane. Who among our fellows were killed in the battle? Was Mathews?"

"Badly wounded and taken."

"Sherburne?"

"Killed."

"Sherburne killed! Who else?"

"I'll send you a list when I get to camp."

"What men of distinction did the enemy lose?"

"General Agnew is the most distinguished. But they seem to lament most Sir Charles Aston."

"Sir Charles Aston!" exclaimed Lynnford. "Did you say Sir Charles Aston?"

"He is among the killed."

Lynnford heard no more: his head began to swim around, his eyes closed, and, from over-exertion or excessive emotion, he fainted. M'Lane looked for some restorative, but just then Mrs. Keyser came into the room and took command: beginning her reign by the decisive intimation that her patient was suffering from too much talk, and must be relieved at once from all strangers.

"Retire, if you please, sir," said she, becoming at

length personal, and addressing M'Lane: "retire, if you please. I can revive your friend, but he will be seriously injured by your remaining."

M'Lane took the hand of his unconscious friend, pressed it an instant, turned away—dropping a tear as he did so—and left the room. The man whom he loved best of all the gallant spirits associated with him—whose tastes seemed to assimilate most with his own—was to be left helpless, prostrate, unconscious.

Lynnford was soon revived by the skillful efforts of his nurse. But for several hours he lay almost motionless, exhausted by the excitement of his talk with Captain M'Lane. His mind was busy however, though his thoughts were scarcely under his own control,—a train of images chasing one another, and recurring without any active volition. He saw rather than thought.

The scene with Colonel Mathews—the gloomy forebodings of that gallant officer came vividly; he saw it all before him, exactly as it took place, so life-like, that he exclaimed aloud:

"Colonel Mathews, it is delusion—you will not be killed!"

Mrs. Keyser hastened to the bed-side, and inquired what he said; but the images had vanished as if dispersed by the words he uttered, and he requested not to be disturbed.

He lay still for a minute, his eyes closed, his mind as relaxed and inactive as his body. Then Major Sherburne appeared, exactly as he stood that morning in the tent: the very words were repeated precisely as spoken: "I do not mean to be killed to-morrow; not at all: I mean to see out the war! to be a major-gen-

eral before it ends." This vain boast had not at the time made any impression on Lynnford, but now it struck him with horror, and he exclaimed aloud: "Oh Sherburne! Sherburne! you will be killed to-morrow!" At the exclamation the scene vanished, but Mrs. Keyser again hastened to the bed-side.

After a few minutes interval new images appeared. Scenes in which a lady—but too deeply imprinted on his memory—and himself and Sir Charles Aston were principal figures, passed rapidly before him. It was a far longer train than those which had preceded. But at length he heard: "And one, noble, accomplished, brave, generous like yourself; one I almost really loved; would have loved perhaps. And will love, must love now," exclaimed he, and the picture dissolved.

After a few minutes intermission, Colonel Mathews again appeared: and the same succession of scenes in exactly the same order followed. This was repeated over and over again; it was incipient delirium. At length Mrs. Keyser, astonished and alarmed by those exclamations, thus regularly repeated, sent for Dr. De Benneville, who happening to be not far off, speedily arrived, and administered a powerful opiate. Lynnford was put to sleep.

Several hours passed away. It was now afternoon. Lynnford still slept. Mrs. Keyser, after performing various domestic avocations, had sat down in his chamber, and was thinking about her absent sons. A commotion was heard in the street, and directly afterward some one knocked loudly at her front door. Then came the cry from the street: "Hessians!" "Hessians!" at which she started up in indescribable terror, and rushed down stairs. Hitherto those marau-

ders—the horror of the Colonists—had respected her dwelling, restrained before the battle by the presence of the British troops, who were comparatively humane and civil; but now her turn was come; her house would be pillaged like so many of her neighbors. Down stairs, she found the door beset by a shower of blows, apparently from fists, musket-butts, and other instruments, while amid the din a colloquy was going on between Toby and somebody on the outside. One spoke in choice "nigger-talk," the other in high Dutch: and of course neither understood the other. Mrs. Keyser was more fortunate. The person on the outside she ascertained to be a Hessian officer, ordering the door to be opened, under threats of breaking it down, and she immediately thrust in her word.

"Please stop the hammering on the door," said she in German, "and I will unbar it."

A few guttural oaths were heard and the noise on the outside ceased.

"Toby, go to your master's room," said she, while unbarring the upper half of the door; which, like many Pennsylvania doors, had a separate under half.

Before the door stood a very youthful looking officer, in front of forty or fifty grim-looking old Hessians, many of them gray-headed, and with white mustaches.

"What wilt thou here? We are peaceable subjects of his Majesty," said she in a voice much stouter than her heart, which beat violently.

"We would inquire about those rebel horsemen who took our men prisoners: it is said they stopped here," answered the officer quite respectfully.

"I gave your men refreshments here, and they were carried forward up the country."

"Refreshments," interposed an old campaigner, thrusting his hand over the half door, and endeavoring to undo the fastening. "*Gut! very gut:* we will take some refreshments too."

"Yes, *brod! brod!*," exclaimed several of the party; "give us *brod!*"

"Be patient, and I'll give you all I have," replied she, interposing her best to prevent the under half of the door being opened, "but do not come in, you will disturb a sick friend who lies dangerously ill up stairs."

"We'll not disturb your sick friend," said the officer.

"*Brod! brod!*" cried some of the party; others opened the door; another seized Mrs. Keyser, not very gently, by the shoulders, and thrust her out of the way. The whole rough company now began to crowd into the house: "*Brod! brod!*" echoed and re-echoed. Mrs. Keyser hastened into her cellar, where her stores were kept, and returned with bread and cold meat. Her guests had not been idle, but in the few minutes which intervened had exercised their peculiar genius on every valuable movable in the room, even down to a pair of tin candlesticks and the shovel and tongs. The movables were all appropriated; and the company being all supplied with keepsakes to remember their kind hostess by, had begun to disperse through the other rooms of the house. She attempted to run after them, but the provisions she had brought were snatched up in a minute, and she heard the cry "*Brod! brod!*"

"There is no more bread in the house."

"*Brod!*" repeated some one, hustling her around; "*brod!*" Half distracted, she appealed to the officer.

who very politely told her he would clear his *schelms* out of the house. And so he did; not only cleared out his "rascals," but every thing else, even to the linsey-woolsey garment in the sick man's chamber. The whole performance did not occupy ten minutes; yet so skillful were the artists, that without much noise or great violence, the whole house was completely pillaged and stripped bare.

Mrs. Keyser—poor woman—looked around her perfectly aghast. Her comfortable house, well furnished from garret to cellar, and well stored against a long siege of the "gaunt wolf," now exhibited bare walls. The tables remained; but the knives, and forks, and spoons, and tablecloths, and the food to put on the table—all were gone. The bedsteads remained, but the blankets which she had spun herself, and took such pride in, and the beautiful coverlets, and the beds themselves, except the feathers, which were emptied out of the tickens, and strewn about the rooms—were gone. All her spare clothes—when she got this far in her survey of ruin, she burst into tears, and hurrying into Lynnford's room, sat down and wept.

Lynnford had been awakened from his medicated sleep by the bustle around him. Fortunately the officer of the party came in person to his room, and by fair words in polished German, and a few guineas still fairer in his eyes, was prevailed on to spare the sick man's bed and blankets; but while parleying about them, every thing else was carried off by the private soldiers.

"Mrs. Keyser, they have left thee thy Bible; see it beside thee," said Lynnford, in German, after observ-

ing her a few minutes. "Read a chapter—it will tranquillize thee."

She looked up in astonishment at a reference to the Bible from him, the disbeliever; and in some confusion at her own distrust of Providence, and without answering, opened the book and began to read.

"Aloud, if you please."

It was the forty-ninth Psalm, and she read it through; then repeated the seventeenth verse.

"'When he dieth he carrieth nothing with him.' How true! And I am crying over the loss of my earthly substance! I thank thee, my friend, for thy reproof."

"The loss can be repaired," interposed Lynnford. "Here, Toby; come here." Toby came to the bedside. "Count out fifty guineas for Mrs. Keyser."

"Fifty guinea! Massa Lynnford!"

"Yes, you rascal, fifty guineas."

"Ware dis nigga git fifty guinea!"

"No nonsense:—quick."

Toby retired. Where his bank was, whether about his body or in some private nook of the house, did not appear, but in a few minutes he returned with the hard money. Mrs. Keyser declined receiving it.

"You must," answered Lynnford; "you must, or I must leave your house. Take it, I have more than I want; take it, as a favor to me; take it, I beg of you." She consented.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ATTACK ON FORTS MIFFLIN AND MERCER.

AFTER the visit of the Hessians, Lynnford's quarters remained undisturbed. His hostess repaired as well as she could the pillage and destruction of her goods and chattels. During her whole life, however, the affair remained her favorite grievance, which it was the delight of her heart to introduce at tea-parties, quiltings, and every other gathering, mirthful or sad. She had forgiven them—certainly she had; we must forgive our enemies—yet she could not forget the "spoiling of her goods" by those cruel mercenaries. The same feeling was transmitted to her posterity; and at the present day, seventy odd years afterward, her grandchildren have forgiven but not forgotten. The grandchildren of many other people are in the same category; and among the many popular reminiscences of the "British in Philadelphia," none are likely to live longer than the Hessian outrages.

It was some time before the young Continental officer recovered entirely from the effects, on his system, of the circumstances related in our last chapter. As his strength gradually increased, and the restrictions on visits to his room were lessened, and at length altogether withdrawn, his curiosity to learn the course of events was gratified. Straggling Continentals, discharged militia men, and light reconnoitering parties

visited Germantown, and ever and anon he found some one to sit with him an hour or two, and relate the "hair-breadth 'scapes of war." Thus he gained piecemeal, a knowledge of affairs better, perhaps, than if he had been still in the field. We will collect the shreds and patches of his news into a continuous narrative.

The Royal army was thunder-struck by the attack of the fourth of October. The rebels—reported in the dispatches home to be defeated and dispersed, had assailed the camp of the supposed victors; and after a hard-fought field had been foiled by "the fortune of war" rather than by military superiority. Undue terror and timidity succeeded to overweening confidence. The Royalists retired within the lines of Philadelphia; and thus they conceded their inability to hold, with the largest army they could muster, more of the province of Pennsylvania than a single city. On the twentieth of October, sixteen days after the battle, the British posts were withdrawn from Germantown, where extensive winter cantonments had been commenced, and Head-Quarters removed from the Rising Sun into the safer regions of Philadelphia.

Even the position of the King's forces in Philadelphia was not a little equivocal. The whole surrounding country being in possession of the rebels, the only channel for supplies was the Delaware, strongly fortified and impracticable to the Royal fleet. Unless the Delaware were opened, the army could not hold the city; would be starved out; would be compelled to retreat in disgrace, through the Jerseys, on its depot of supplies in New York. The rebel General-in-chief was fully aware of this dilemma, and made every exer-

tion which his inferior army and inadequate means allowed to preserve his command of the river. A contest, the most interesting of the whole war, ensued.

A few miles below the city, the river Schuylkill empties by a wandering channel, through a low, marshy country, into the Delaware. The larger river, here about one and a half miles wide, is filled with various shoals; some of which emerge above the waters and form low alluvial islands, more or less extensive.

Among these islands and shoals run several navigable channels, tortuous, and irregular in depth of water. On a small island called Mud Island, about five hundred yards from the Pennsylvania shore, stood the principal rebel fortification, called Fort Mifflin; and on the Jersey bank of the river, which was high and abrupt, was another defense, called Fort Mercer. From Fort Mifflin to Fort Mercer measured some two thousand yards; but the space nearest the Jersey side was shoal water, so that the ship channel ran close to Mud Island. Down the river, at a short distance, was "Hog Island," larger than Mud Island and nearer the Pennsylvania shore. Between Hog Island and the shoals on the Jersey shore, the channel was obstructed by several lines of *chevaux-de-frise*—huge frames of timber fortified with iron—which were sunk into the river, and being in front of the forts and under their fire, could not be removed; but until removed, no vessel could pass. Between Hog Island and the Pennsylvania shore, the channel being defended by a bar, was thought impracticable to vessels of war, and was not obstructed. Some three miles below Fort Mifflin, the main channel between "Billing's Island"

and Billingsport—a redoubt on the Jersey side—was obstructed by *chevaux-de-frise*, but unfinished and not protected.

The rebel defenses were also aided by a number of armed galleys—a kind of gun-boats with oars—and by one or two large vessels, which were to engage under shelter of the forts.

The position and the plan of defense were excellent; but the fortifications were inadequate, and the details of the plan were unfinished. Fort Mifflin, the main reliance, was a small square fort; an earthen rampart and turf parapet on the *chevaux-de-frise* front, where an enemy was expected to approach; but on the other, merely a wooden stockade of strong pickets, with block-houses at the corners. How many guns it mounted does not exactly appear; but not many certainly, as it could not accommodate a garrison of more than a couple of hundred men. Fort Mercer was much larger, but altogether unfinished; and untenable except against an enemy chivalrously willing to overlook the weak places of a fortress. But the worst point of the whole defense was the unobstructed channel behind Hog Island.

The garrison of these fortifications was, in Fort Mifflin, about two hundred Continental troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, of the Virginia line; and in Fort Mercer, some three hundred—a force in numbers utterly insignificant, yet by its indomitable valor memorable; and by its conduct making manifest how much a few brave men can effect.

The first enterprise of the Royal general was on the Pennsylvania side of the river, opposite Mud Island. There, a marsh meadow, defended by embank-

ments against the tides, and surrounded by large drains and creeks, formed a kind of island, to which the name "Province" was given. A body of troops crossed the river Schuylkill under cover of night, into Province Island, and selecting the driest spot of ground, threw up a redoubt, and placing several pieces of cannon in battery, were prepared by daylight to open their fire on Fort Mifflin, which in this quarter was almost defenseless. When the redoubt was discovered, several galleys were sent to attack it, which overwhelmed its fire, and even forced the men in it to haul down their flag and surrender. The rebels began to bring off their prisoners in boats, and had already secured about fifty, when a large reinforcement of Royal troops was observed approaching; the remaining prisoners raised a shout, and broke away from their guards, and the action was immediately renewed. The galleys opened their fire; the Fort brought some, though not very many of its guns to bear; the redoubt replied with great vivacity. The British cannon, well manned and well handled, kept up their fire. The commandant of the Fort, finding his cannonade ineffectual, and fully aware of the absolute necessity of expelling his dangerous neighbor, now attempted to carry the redoubt by storm. The attempt was chivalrous, but not successful; his whole garrison did not equal the British force; and his storming party was twice repulsed, and finally driven to their boats.

The Royal troops having made good their position on Province Island, commenced, the next night, a long battery near the water's edge, on the meadow-dike—itsself a kind of rampart. Every attempt to

interrupt the work was foiled, and night after night it was carried forward. Finding themselves thus baffled, the Colonists sent a night expedition to cut the dikes, let the tides on the marsh, and drown their enemy. The design was imperfectly executed, yet almost effected the purpose. The greater part of the British works were immersed; their operations were interrupted; their ordinary guards were obliged to stand in water up to the middle; several soldiers were drowned; still they resolutely held their ground. In a few days they took possession of the dikes, which the Colonists were not strong enough to hold; repaired the breaches, shut out the tides, and drained the meadows. Their long battery was resumed with increased vigor—speedily finished—mounted with heavy cannon and howitzers.

The rebels had meanwhile erected a counter battery on Mud Island, but it was far too feeble to check the overwhelming fire which was now poured from the British works. The Fort itself, which on this side had no rampart but the wooden stockade, soon began to suffer; the palisades were prostrated; the block-houses serving as bastions disabled; the flank being uncovered, the front was enfiladed. On scientific rules, the Fort was now untenable, and ought to have been abandoned. Far different was the purpose of the garrison. As soon as night arrived, they began with indomitable vigor to repair and improve their defenses; every expedient which ingenuity could devise, and energy execute, was resorted to. Before day-light there was a pretty good shelter against the enfilading fire, and a second counter-battery was constructed. The fire of the next day was well sustained on both

sides, but the guns of the Royalists preponderated in number and weight; the rebel works suffered exceedingly, and many of their best gunners were killed. Still their courage did not fail. The ensuing night part rested, part in turn worked, and by daylight the defenses were again repaired. Thus day after day the contest continued; night after night the battered fortifications were restored. The exertions, labors, and sufferings of the Continental troops were almost incredible: but they were veteran soldiers, fighting in a national cause.

While the land operations were carried on thus, the British naval forces were not idle. Their numerous fleet of men-of-war and transports lay at anchor, for miles below the rebel position. Early in October, a light squadron of frigates and smaller vessels was detailed to co-operate by water. The first enterprise was to open a passage through the lower double row of *chevaux-de-frise* at Billing's Island; which was defended merely by the armed galleys stationed behind it; the redoubt at Billingsport having been abandoned. The galleys could not have maintained themselves an instant in the open sea, but covered as they were, they harassed the enemy, and retarded his advance for near two weeks. At length overwhelming numbers prevailed, and the *chevaux-de-frise* were forced.

The squadron was now in front of the second line of obstructions, between Hog Island and the Jersey shore. Covered as these were by the fire of Forts Mifflin and Mercer, it was soon found utterly impracticable to remove them, without at first conquering the Forts. A combined attack by land and water, on all the rebel works, was planned by the Royal general.

For the land attack, twelve hundred Hessian troops, picked men, under Count Donop, crossed the Delaware at Philadelphia on the twenty-first of October, and marched on Fort Mercer. The batteries on Province Island were manned with fresh men and reinforced. By water, several vessels of war, the largest of which was the *Augusta*, a sixty-four gun ship, were dispatched to attack Fort Mifflin in front; the *Vigilant* frigate, by taking out her guns and other means, was moved over the bar into the channel behind Hog Island, in order to co-operate with the fire from Province Island, on the rear of the Fort. At the sound of Count Donop's cannon, the combined attack was to commence. Fort Mercer was to be stormed by the Hessians, Fort Mifflin, at the same instant, to be crushed by the land batteries and the ships.

The rebels were aware of the storm ready to burst on them, and with unflinching courage prepared for defense. The garrisons of both forts were reinforced. The armed galleys were disposed—part to cover with their fire the flanks of Fort Mercer, part to defend the *chevaux-de-frise*. Numerous fire-ships were fitted up to burn the attacking ships, and furnaces for red-hot balls were prepared.

Late in the afternoon of the twenty-second, Count Donop appeared before Fort Mercer and fired his first cannon, the signal for the general storm. The batteries on Province Island instantly opened, and with a fury hitherto undreamed of poured on Fort Mifflin their fiery shower of shot and shells. The ships weighed anchor, and borne along by the tide at flood, moved toward their station—retarded, however, by a strong north wind blowing down the river.

After a few cannon shot, fired as signals perhaps, or in defiance, the Hessians were formed in columns and advanced to storm the works. Their leader, as brave a mercenary as ever took wages for fighting another people's quarrels, led in person. They advanced intrepidly and with great rapidity; though as soon as they came from under cover, a furious cannonade tore their ranks to pieces. Still they advanced: reached the outworks: drove the rebels before them into the body of the works, and reached, in spite of cannon and musketry, the foot of the rampart. Here Count Donop was shot down; the second in command, Col. Mingerode, shared the same fortune; the terrible fire of the American marksmen was irresistible; the assailants gave way. More than a third of the Hessian troops were killed and wounded; it was Bunker Hill or New Orleans illustrated. The whole affair—cannonade, musketry fire and repulse, did not last more than a half hour.

Meanwhile the ships of war came slowly into action, and had scarcely opened their fire at dusk, when the Hessian attack was repulsed. In addition to the galleys and forts, they were harassed by the fire-ships, which tried sorely their vigilance. At length the *Augusta*, endeavoring to shun one of these dangerous little enemies, was veered so far round on her cable that she grounded on a shoal, and lay with her stern exposed to the raking fire of her enemies. Her situation was now extremely dangerous, but the advancing darkness soon hid her from view, and protected her during the night. The *Vigilant*, which was to have operated on the rear of the Fort, was kept back

by the adverse north wind, and did not reach her station.

Thus ended in defeat the combined attack of October the twenty-second. The loss of the Royalists is not exactly known, but was very heavy. The loss of the rebels was comparatively unimportant, even their works were not as much injured as on many other occasions; with them, danger, wounds, fatigue, were forgotten in victory and joy.

At the dawn of day on the twenty-third, the situation of the *Augusta* was perceived, and another vessel, the *Merlin*, also aground on a shoal lower down the river. The Forts and galleys immediately opened their fire on the stranded vessels; the batteries on shore and the other vessels replied—a hot cannonade ensued. Fire-ships were also launched, but without effect. At length flames were seen rising from the *Augusta*; a red hot shot had penetrated her timbers and set her on fire. The most strenuous exertions were made to extinguish the flames, but they gained head and began to enwrap the whole vessel. The only hope now was to save the crew: no easy work under the heavy cannonade. The flames spread rapidly, and it was soon apparent that the vessel must shortly perish. The last boat-load was just embarking at the vessel's side, when the fire reached the magazine, and with an explosion which was heard many miles around the *Augusta* blew up. The *Merlin*, which could not be got off, was set fire to by her own crew, and shortly afterward followed the fate of the *Augusta*.

The rebels were much encouraged by their defense, and their Commander-in-chief revolved many plans for affording succor to the brave garrison of the Forts;

even contemplating, at one time, to advance with his whole army at the hazard of a general battle. This however was justly considered as injudicious. The next idea was to send a heavy detachment against Province Island, and destroy the batteries—this also was pronounced inexpedient. All that could be done was to relieve the garrison of the Forts by fresh troops.

After the action of October twenty-third, the contest languished for a few days, but was soon renewed with redoubled vigor. The artillery of Fort Mifflin, though exceedingly well served, began to be overpowered by the increased number of heavy guns mounted on Province Island. The block-houses and palisades were beaten down, the men were killed at the guns, the guns themselves dismounted. Still the indomitable garrison did not lose courage nor hope. As at the earlier stages of the siege, they made the night repair the damage of the day. But at length a new and more dangerous enemy took part in the struggle; the *Vigilant* frigate and a sloop-of-war at length got up the interior channel; took a position not a hundred yards from the works; opened a furious fire of cannon and musketry. The men of the garrison being totally unsheltered from this fire, were shot down at their posts, and found themselves unable to work their guns. Unless these vessels could be driven off, the Fort must be abandoned. An attempt was made by the galleys, but the British vessels were so covered by the Province Island batteries that it was abandoned. No resource was left. Even in this desperate condition the garrison did not shrink; for two days, when they were scarcely able to return a cannon shot from the Fort itself, though the two

counter batteries still played, they manifested the heroism of passive endurance—but it was in vain. Their orders from the General-in-chief were: “to defend the Fort to the last extremity”—and most faithfully had they done so. If ever a fortress was at the “last extremity,” their’s was now. Near midnight of November sixteenth, those brave men—some even weeping at the fatal necessity, all sorrowful, retired from the ground which their valor had so gloriously defended against overwhelming odds, and joined the garrison of Fort Mercer. The next day the Royal troops took possession of the ruined works on Mud Island.

On every military principle Fort Mercer was now untenable. It was rather a field-work than a regular fortress; in no respect was calculated to stand a siege; must inevitably yield as soon as assailed by the force which the British could detach against it. Yet Washington, consulting rather his resolve to prevent at all hazards the Royal fleet from penetrating to Philadelphia, than his usual prudence, resolved for a time to retain this last hold on the navigation of the Delaware. But wiser thoughts prevailed. On the approach of Lord Cornwallis with some five thousand British troops, Fort Mercer was abandoned, and its brave garrison was saved for the further service of their country.

The naval force, though an efficient aid to the land defenses, was of itself utterly unable to cope with heavy vessels of war. Most of the galleys were burnt, though some few ran up the river under cover of night, and escaped.

Both shores of the Delaware being now in possession of the King’s forces, the *chevaux-de-frise* were

removed, and a free passage opened. Within a few days the whole fleet was brought up to Philadelphia, and moored in a long line in front of the city. Plenty succeeded to scarcity in the army, and joy and confidence to despondency.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOWE AND CORNWALLIS SEEK THE REBEL ARMY.

AFTER a six weeks' struggle, maintained by the rebels with success utterly disproportionate to their relative strength—the passage of the Delaware was opened. The Royal troops in Philadelphia could receive supplies by sea: and were thus delivered from the unpleasant alternative, so recently presented, of escape from the conquered city by a disgraceful retreat or surrender under compulsion of famine.

Even now, however, their situation presented slight subject for gratulation. After three campaigns, the imperial government—by the utmost stretch of its strength, by employing all the national troops it could spare and all the mercenaries it could hire—was in possession of the two cities, New York and Philadelphia, and nothing more. These two cities were his Majesty George the Third's dominions in the revolted Colonies; those Colonies which his Majesty expected to subdue—at least his courtiers told him so, with five thousand men in one campaign!

The grand army now in Philadelphia was the largest force embodied since the commencement of hostilities—the largest that the government could expect to embody—yet what were its prospects? After advancing by slow, and toilsome, and bloody marches through a small portion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, without any more impression behind it than a vessel leaves in the

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ocean, it was in a position to obtain its supplies by water. Even if it could maintain itself where it now was, the advantage to the Royal cause was very equivocal, or rather the detriment was certain. In the possession of Philadelphia, the main body of the Royal army—the only movable force since the surrender of Burgoyne in October—became a mere garrison; able it might be to hold the conquered city, but unable to push the rebels and suppress the rebellion. From the first, the abandonment of the rebel metropolis, sooner or later, was a positive necessity; how soon was the only problem. General Howe had made up his mind to enjoy his conquest for one winter—if no more.

Even this brief possession was envied him. Many Continental officers, with the great mass of the soldiers, clamored loudly to be led against the Royal army, in order to renew on the shores of the Delaware the glories of Saratoga. Washington himself is said to have been tempted by the authority of military men high in rank, and by plausible plans of attack, almost to yield up his better judgment. Fortunately, he rejected a measure so desperate as attacking a superior army of veteran troops, strongly posted and protected by fortifications. Instead, he covered the regions around with light parties of militia, who cut off those supplies which the country people, tempted by high prices, were too ready, by highways and byways, to convey to the city, while he preserved his Continental troops in unimpaired strength to cover the province from the enterprises of General Howe. Nevertheless, the project of attacking the enemy was at the time so popular, that the General-in-chief called a council of war on the twenty-fourth of November. Generals

Stirling, Wayne, Scott, and Woodward were in favor of the attack; against it, Greene, Sullivan, Knox, De Kalb, Smallwood, Maxwell, Poor, Patterson, Irvine, Duportail, and Armstrong.

Irritated by the insolence of the rebels, in presuming to think of assailing him, or aroused by some other cause from his unmilitary lethargy, General Howe made up his mind, in the beginning of December, to march in search of the rebel army. The city resounded for days with the note of preparation, and with vaunts of prospective triumph. The rebels were to be defeated, annihilated, driven beyond the mountains; the whole Colony was to be reduced under the King's allegiance. How far the Royalist general shared in these brilliant anticipations does not appear; but he seems to have somewhat sympathized with the sanguine feelings of the troops. On the fourth of December, fifteen thousand men, picked regiments, British and Hessian, marched out of their lines at Philadelphia in quest of victory and glory—if glory could be gathered from a despicable rabble of rebels, as they called their enemies.

The harvest field was not remote: for the rebel commander-in-chief, anxious to accommodate his enemies, had approached the city, and was now in position on the White Marsh hills, about twelve miles distant. His army amounted, according to corrected returns, to twelve thousand regular troops, and three thousand militia: a force, calculating the militia at their actual military value, considerably inferior: still he was perfectly willing to accept the wager of battle.

The Royal army marched some nine miles, and encamped at Chestnut Hill: a range of hills, opposite the

rebel position in full view, at about three miles, but separated by a cultivated valley. The fifth was spent in reconnoitering; with some skirmishing between light infantry parties and Pennsylvania militia, in which the militia acted badly and were worsted. Washington retained his advantageous ground, without moving; ready to receive, but not to give the attack. General Howe respected his enemy too much to engage him with the disadvantage of position. At night the British general moved by his right flank along the hills, which converging, brought him nearer the rebels, and took a position scarcely a mile distant. The next day, the flank movement was continued, until Washington dispatched Morgan's riflemen and the Maryland militia under Gist, to check this maneuver. Some sharp skirmishing ensued, and a considerable number fell on both sides; the rebel detachment, however, slowly giving ground to superior numbers. On the seventh, the maneuvering by flank movements was resumed: the British right now extended beyond the American left, circling round and prepared to take it in flank. Washington threw his left wing back, retaining his right in its original position and opposed a new front, still holding his strong ground. The two armies were now front to front, almost in contact, and the general action seemed at hand. The game of military chess between the opposing commanders was played to a decisive crisis. The rebel had the advantage: if he awaited the attack, his ground gave him odds; if he became the assailant—as he had resolved, in case the British should not attack him—their whole right was uncovered, and their position bad. With the great rebel it was a moment of intense

excitement, though his usual calm exterior was unchanged. Equal in numbers—superior in position—the vantage of his own superior tactics—he was in presence of those enemies whom, to conquer and drive from his country had been for years his passionate hope. He rode through every brigade of his army; addressed the men in few, but earnest words; “Fire close—rush in with the bayonet—victory sure!” animated them by his own confident demeanor. The enthusiasm—military and patriotic—was at the highest pitch; the men were at the exact fighting-point; sure of victory, they anxiously awaited the word which would hurl them on the enemy’s ranks. If that word had been given, there can scarcely be a doubt, on the ordinary principles of military success, that their close deadly fire, followed by the instantaneous charge with the bayonet, would have been irresistible. But the word was not given.

In the confident expectation that the British would begin the attack, Washington, with his characteristic prudence, still held fast his advantages of position. Thus time wore away—one side awaiting the attack, the other hesitating—until darkness interposed, and ended the various anticipations of the day. In the thoughts of every one, a pitched battle on the morrow was inevitable. Not quite every one perhaps.

General Howe, considering matters and things quietly in his quarters at Philadelphia, had made up his mind that his well-appointed army of veteran troops, recently reinforced, could certainly overwhelm any force the rebels had on foot. On this calculation he took the field. But when he came in view of the rebel position; saw how advantageously they were

posted; how firm their countenance; his old reminiscences of Bunker’s Hill—said to haunt him continually, sprinkled with recent dangers at Germantown—revived, and instead of immediate attack he began to maneuver. His manoeuvres, three days protracted, could be protracted no longer: he must fight, or—he hardly liked to think the word—retreat. As to fighting he was willing—if but assured of victory: but was that sure? The rebels were equal in numbers, superior in position: was victory sure? Prudence—and General Howe was pre-eminently prudent, never running a hazard which could be avoided—prudence voted against fighting. But to retreat, retreat from the face of armed rebels, drawn up in order of battle before him, and defying the Royal standards—spirit of Claverhouse!—nevertheless he resolved to retreat; to retreat under cover of darkness. What the brave warriors under his command—who would have felt less dishonored by a defeat—thought of this “maneuver,” we may imagine.

General Howe’s retreat had all the circumstances of a flight before a superior enemy. On the evening of the eighth his watch-fires were duly lighted, and all the usual arrangements for a night’s encampment made: but during the night he filed off from the right, and retired so silently, that for some time the retreat was not discovered; and so precipitately, that his troops were not overtaken by the light horse detached on their trail. On their trail we may well say, for their line of retreat was marked by pillage and devastation even beyond the ordinary licentiousness of a retreating British army: farms plundered, houses burned, movable property destroyed.

This vain-gloriously valorous expedition, in the beginning of December, was the only attempt of General Howe "to drive the rebels over the Alleghanies." Afterward he limited his personal ambition to the comfortable enjoyment of his winter-quarters in Philadelphia. He was obliged however to detach his officers occasionally, when his kitchen grew scant of provincial luxuries, to forage among the hen-roosts and spring-houses of the surrounding country; which service they performed with great zeal and considerable success. One of these predatory expeditions, undertaken just after the return from the Chestnut Hill campaign, was on so grand a scale, and came so near involving a grand catastrophe, that we deem it worthy of particular mention.

On the morning of December tenth, Lord Cornwallis crossed the Schuylkill at the head of five thousand men, followed by a train of camp-followers—sufficient to plunder all the world—and wagons enough to transport all the plunder. They had marched not very far on the route of the "old Lancaster road," when the advanced parties brought intelligence that the rebel army was directly in front. This seemed impossible, for the rebel army, only two days before, had been east of the Schuylkill; and Cornwallis—far more adventurous than his commander-in-chief—resolved not to be frightened. He continued to advance: and his boldness was well rewarded, for when he came close enough to reconnoitre, there was not a Continental uniform to be seen. It was General Potter's brigade of Pennsylvania militia, stationed west of the Schuylkill, to cover the country, drive in British plundering parties, and intercept supplies for the city; and not at

once aware of the overwhelming force now advancing, the militia general drew up for battle. A sharp fight ensued, the militia did not run away at sight, but stood their ground well, even though some of them were killed; and not until the whole British force came up did they give ground. Having dispersed the militia, Cornwallis advanced about twelve miles from Philadelphia, to the "Gulf," a narrow gorge between lofty hills, with a creek meandering through, and taking a strong position on the chain of hills, halted, to cover his forages. His fatigue parties went to work at once and in earnest; gathering every article of food and forage—all the grain and all the cattle—from the barns and farm-houses, for which it is but justice to chronicle they generally paid, though at times a sub-officer put into his own pocket by mistake the money designed for the farmer. At the same time his camp-followers were at work with equal industry, and at less expense to the Royal treasury; though the articles they gathered were much more numerous and more miscellaneous: light pieces of furniture, wearing apparel, even money—when the poor rebels had any—being added. It was remarkable, too, that where these ill-omened gentry purveyed, accidents from fire were numerous; dwelling-houses and farm-buildings being burned—in the face of general orders to the contrary; and most unaccountably, these accidents fell on the poorer rebels—those who had been previously found on inquiry destitute of money. However, Lord Cornwallis did not order these outrages—which have left the British name down to the present day (for popular memory of such injuries does not soon fade) an abomination on the whole line of his march; he only protected those that committed them.

While Cornwallis was thus employed, an alarm reached him from his extreme right, extending toward the Schuylkill at Matson's ford, that a rebel army was approaching. In the confidence that it could not be a force as powerful as his own, he received the news coolly, and retained his ground. What would have been his astonishment if he had known the real facts!

By an extraordinary coincidence, the rebel army then approaching was Washington himself with his whole force—before which General Howe had retired two days before—who, without any knowledge of the presence of the Royal troops, was crossing the Schuylkill at Matson's ford, on his route to Valley Forge. The leading division, Sullivan's, was already on the western bank of the Schuylkill when the enemy was discovered; and from the numbers and other circumstances it was thought to be the whole Royal army; and this intelligence was reported to the Commander-in-chief. Unwilling to fight a general battle on what he considered as unfavorable ground, he withdrew the division to the eastern bank of the river.

The fate of Lord Cornwallis—perhaps of the Royal cause in America—hung on a single hair. If intelligence had reached Washington, through his spies in Philadelphia or other sources, of the actual force in his front, he could have cut off its retreat; and thus might have anticipated by some years "the surrender of Cornwallis."

As it was, Washington drew back in doubt, and remained a day on the east bank of the Schuylkill, before his march was resumed. Meanwhile, Lord Cornwallis, with his train of wagons, bearing "spoils," had escaped—we beg his pardon—retired to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LYNNFORD'S BOY "TOBY."

It is time now to resume the personal history of Colonel Lynnford.

Kind as his Good-Samaritan friends were, Colonel Lynnford soon became restive. Rumors of battles and skirmishes were continually reaching him; and an exciting interest in the perils of his brave companions in arms was kept up. Light troops of one side or the other passed through the village almost every day; and their martial music, or their regular tread, which his military ear never failed to recognize, increased his excitement, sometimes almost to a fever. Besides, he might be detected, in spite of his Mennonist garments, and dragged into the city a prisoner. The surgeon, however, told him it must be months before he could safely be moved; and a year perhaps until he could bear labor and hardship; meanwhile his only safety would be perfect quiet.

He acquiesced as long as he was totally prostrated—unable to lift his head or move a hand; but, as soon as he regained more strength, he made up his mind to defy weakness and the doctor, and, at the earliest opportunity, to move his quarters. At first he did not mention his intention even to Toby. But, some little more than two months after the battle, finding himself able to sit up a while, and, assisted by Toby and

a stout cane, to move across the room, he broached the matter to that faithful functionary.

"Golly, Massa Lynnford, dis nigga tink so heself," was the answer; "he tink de British nab him one day—he! he!"

"But, Toby, how are we to get away? I cannot certainly walk nor ride; and I don't think any kind of carriage can be got."

"Vy, Massa Lynnford, dis nigga, Toby, can carry you on he back; he carry you anyhow till he drop down dead!"

"Toby, you must get a horse and some kind of vehicle—any thing—a chair, or even a cart. How much money have we—enough to buy a horse? I think it must be nearly all gone."

"He! he! he! Massa Lynnford! you tink so? Dis nigga boy know better den dat. He plenty in de trebsury. How much you want, Massa Lynnford?"

"Thirty guineas, Toby, or more."

"Golly, Massa Lynnford, dis nigga soon find dat. He'm gwine to de trebsury. He! he!"

Toby showed an unusual extent of ivory, as he backed out of the room. His treasury was a broad flannel belt, worn as near his black skin as he could get it, and in which was sewn up a considerable number of guineas. Finding a convenient place, Toby ripped open his money vaults, and took out sufficient; put the gold into an old buckskin purse, and returning, laid it on his master's bed.

"Why do you bring it to me, Toby? I can't go out to buy the horse," was Lynnford's comment, in rather a petulant tone; "do not bother me about the matter. Get a horse and some kind of vehicle. If

any body asks you what you want with it, I'll warrant you can make up some kind of plausible lie; if you can't, it will be the first time you have ever been at fault in that line."

"Oh, kie, Massa Lynnford! dis nigga neber tell no lies. You hurt him feeling, Massa Lynnford. He! he!" answered Toby, grinning at what he thought wit of his own, and hardly restraining himself from a "Toby jump."

"Don't say a word more to me about it, and not a word to any body, until all is ready."

Toby retreated to the room below, and throwing two or three summersets, finished by running like a wheel around the apartment, to the great astonishment of Mrs. Keyser; who never having seen him otherwise than the grave sedate negro he had been since his master's catastrophe, was totally unprepared for this sudden display of genius.

"Why, Toby! Toby! are you out of your wits?" exclaimed that good woman.

Toby continued his amusement for a minute or two, then assumed his upright posture and fell to laughing extravagantly.

"You are crazy, Toby!"

"He! he! Missa Keyser! He! he! dis nigga so glad, Missa Keyser. Massa Lynnford well. Missa Keyser, he fight de Tories soon. He! he! Oh golly! He! he!"

"Why, Toby! But your master is far from well yet; he can't walk across the room without help."

"He! he! Missa Keyser, dis nigga know. He! he!"

It was some time before Toby recovered sufficient sedateness to satisfy Mrs. Keyser that his black wits—

if a negro's wits be black—had not gone wool-gathering.

A few hours afterward he was reconnoitering the village in order to carry out his master's orders—no easy matter. The Royal troops on their retreat to the city had impressed every horse in Germantown; to transport the numerous "impediments" which had accumulated on their hands; and little of the equine property ever got back again to the legal owners. What did return, had run the gauntlet of several successive impressments, rebel and royalist, until nothing but decrepitude was left; and of it not much. Everybody was willing to sell, and Toby was as good a jockey as ever lied about a horse; but there was more call for a tanner's apprentice than a jockey—the chief question being of hide and bones. Toby rejected the whole lot. But that would not do; so he inspected the animals again. The best was a gray gelding, not very old, being short of seven, but desperately poor, broken-winded, and lame of one hind leg, if not of a foreleg also: still his natural points were good, and Toby took him at five guineas specie.

The next trouble was the vehicle. There was not much room for choice. The fashionable vehicles of the Germantown aristocracy had almost all shared the fortune of the horses. But Toby at length detected, in an outhouse, a venerable "chair" which certain dung-hill fowls had appropriated, and converted into a roost. Though old, it was sound and strong. Toby inspected it, shook every part, tried the grasshopper springs; took up the shafts to drag it, but the wheels were "fixed fast" and would not move round—fixed by rust and filth. However, he bought the article, and by good

luck found the harness. The next point was the purification—no slight job. First he used a shovel, then a hickory broom—then a deluge of water. Before his work ended it was dusk, and the tenants by night-service returned. Quite a war ensued. Toby insisted on his rights; the others squalling and flapping their wings, and manifested a determination to regain their "improvement." Nearer camp the war would have soon ended, to the advantage of the officers' dinner-pots. As it was, two unlucky pullets found their way accidentally—for Toby always protested his ignorance on the subject—into the chair box—their necks very artistically wrung. In spite of opposition Toby held fast to his purchase, and finally succeeded in rendering it comparatively decent. Then he harnessed his "gal-lant gray" to the venerable chair.

"He! he! he! Golly! Massa Lynnford! vat you say now! dis nigga—dis Toby boy—got him now! He! he! Vat you say now, Massa Lynnford!"

His jubilant apostrophe was interspersed with divers summersets; some backward, some forward, one or two over the back of the gray, and the last one plump into the seat of the chair.

"Oh kie! how he stink! Oh kie! he stink like-e, like-e polecat-skunk—oh kie!" exclaimed Toby, sniffing with his nostrils, as if to get the full benefit of the savory odor; and at the same time flapping his horse with the lines.

But the gray refused to move: not a step would he budge. In vain was every art, coaxative (if there be such a word) and threatening: not a step would he budge.

"Vat's de matta, old gray? Dis nigga guess you

tink him got no oats—dat a lie; him got oats in him pocket: He! he!" said Toby, jingling the money in his pocket. "Come now, git up; you'd better now, ole gray, git up."

The old gray placed his forefeet resolutely together, a little in advance, and evidently had made up his mind on the subject.

"I tell you, old gray, you is a fool; dis nigga you friend. He promise to feed you and to rub you down, and he nebe let-e you stand tied to de mang-e wit-out hey, and he alway water you. Vat you say now? hey! Vat you say now?"

The gray did not seem to trust his new friend, and still declined to move.

Toby was not easily baffled by a horse, but his horsecraft being of a sentimental turn, operating on the feelings rather than the hide, he rarely had recourse to a whip, so he got a large wisp of hay and laid it a few yards in front of the gray. Retiring some distance aside, he threw a few summersets *pour passer les temps*, and watched the course of events. The horse took no notice for some time; then he looked furtively around; seeing no one observing, he relaxed his rigid forelegs, stretched out his nose, and snuffed at the hay; then he hobbled forward and began to eat. The venerable chair of course followed him.

"Oh! kie, old fellow! guess you know now dis nigga you friend," said Toby, coming up and patting the beast, who stuck back his ears, and showed some indignant symptoms of an intention to bite.

"Kie! ole hoss, you is a fool!" replied Toby, to these demonstrations; at the same time carefully gathering up the hay, and moving with it a little ways forward.

The gray hesitated an instant, and looked malicious; but soon changed his mind and gently followed. Toby took hold of the bridle with one hand, while with the other he administered an occasional *douceur* of hay. Thus the two walked on together: the misanthropy of the gray, the fruit perhaps of extremely bad usage, being softened, and a friendly understanding established. The walk of the beast, however, was a pitiable hobble on one or two of his crippled legs. Toby's sympathies were excited; and passing in front of a blacksmith's shop, from which a glare shone into the dark street, he suddenly paused:

"Dis nigga muss see vat de matta vid you, ole hoss; you not spavined, you not foundered, you not ring-boned; vat is de matta, ole hoss? You bery lame; vat is de matta?"

The horse not answering, Toby continued:

"Gib dis nigga you foot. Oh kie! how hot! Golly! him picked! He, yaw, blacksmith! massa blacksmith!"

"What do want, 'wooly-head?'"

"Massa blacksmith, please doct-aw dis poo-aw beast."

"What do you want?"

"Him shoes off."

"It's too dark."

"Gib dis nigga you tools: him see at midnight to serb a poo-aw beast, and see he'an—half-crown piece."

Whether moved by sympathy, or by the silver coin, the smith took hold of the horse, and in a few minutes stripped off his shoes, muttering all the time:

"What a shame! dreadfully picked! all festered!"

the man who shod him ought to have a nail in his own foot!"

As soon as the shoes were off, the gray snorted and started forward.

"Oh kie! ole hoss, you know now dat dis boy you friend."

The lameness, though still bad, was considerably relieved; and the horse soon reached the hospitable stables of "The King of Prussia."

Toby lost no time in communicating these events to his master: adding, that in a few days the horse would be able to travel.

It was a whole week, however, before Toby was satisfied with the state of his motive power. Meanwhile the venerable chair was undergoing a radical reform. By the aid of a coachmaker—even at that early day to be found in Germantown—the old lining was torn out and replaced by a new drab; the dusty curtains were fresh oiled, and likewise the soiled varnish of the body.

"Dis look spectable now: Massa Lynnford not 'shamed to ride in him; he! he!" said Toby when all was finished. Then he threw a few summersets: then proceeded to harness the horse, at the same time continuing his soliloquy. "Vat you say now, you black nigga, you Toby! vat you say now how him look? Oh kie! him look berry vell; he! he! he! 'Spose dis nigga take a ride! Vat you say? Dis nigga say berry vell—berry vell, Toby boy; take a ride, and see de gals—he! he!" Toby threw a summerset over the back of the horse, sprung at one bound clear on the top of the "chair," sat there a minute drawing an imaginary fiddle-bow exactly as if playing on some invisible fiddle, then imitated to the life a squirrel

cracking a nut; then cut several indescribable capers, which would have broken the neck of any body but Toby—or a regular monkey; then threw himself, by some mysterious process, into the seat of the chair. "Oh kie! how nice him ride! Golly, Massa Lynnford, vat you say now!" said Toby, as the gray started off at a respectable trot, with scarcely a sign of lameness. "Oh kie! Massa Lynnford, 'spose you see him! vat you say, Massa Lynnford? You say, dis nigga hab berry 'spectable 'stablishment: dis Toby, good nigga boy! Golly!"

Struck by the thought of the pleasure it would give his master, Toby changed his mind about the visit, and drove his "horse and chair" to Mrs. Keyser's: with an unexpected result. As soon as Lynnford was informed of the fact, he said:

"At the door, you say, Toby?"

"Yes, Massa Lynnford."

"I'll get up. Help me to dress myself, Toby."

The Mennonist garments, very similar to the Quaker in cut but of homelier materials, and with loops on the coat instead of buttons, were soon donned. Lynnford attempted to stand up, but his limbs failed him, and he sunk again on the side of the bed. His weakness seemed unusually great: still his mind had been made up, the instant Toby brought the chair for him to look at: and he never swerved from a purpose—if it could be carried out.

"Toby," resumed he as soon as he recovered himself—and still sitting on the side of the bed, "how do I look?"

"Oh kie! Massa Lynnford, you look—you look—like a hairy coon."

"Like a coon, Toby!"

"Yes, Massa Lynnford: you no hab shabe dis one—two—month."

Lynnford put his hand to his face, felt his chin and his cheeks and his upper lip: covered with what would now be beard and fashionable mustaches and whiskers and imperial; but at that day—when the only surplus growth of hair was the pig-tail or queue—it was what no Christian man, but a follower of John Menno, would have tolerated an instant.

"You must be right, Toby; but get me a looking glass. I wish to see myself."

"Not none in de house, Massa Lynnford: dis nigga hab ascertained de fac."

"Well, then, call Mrs. Keyser; we'll set out immediately for camp."

"Oh kiel you no say dat, Massa Lynnford? It 'ready mos night! You no say dat, Massa Lynnford: oh kiel!"

"Call Mrs. Keyser, Toby; tell her I wish to see her a moment."

Lynnford explained his intention to Mrs. Keyser: but she was so astounded that he was obliged to repeat the whole explanation before she formed an idea of his intention. As soon as she found words she exclaimed:

"It is impossible, you cannot go, it will be certain death; we cannot let you attempt it. Toby, your master mustn't attempt to go."

"Golly, Missa Keyser, if Massa Colonel Lynnford say go, him vill go; dis nigga know dat."

"But Toby, you mustn't let him: it will be his death.

He cannot go unless you help him into the chair; you must not help him."

"He! he! Missa Keyser! Dis nigga not help Massa Lynnford! yaw, yaw! dat a good joke!"

"Mrs. Keyser," resumed Lynnford, "I owe you much—very much: my life probably. It is a debt not easily settled, and I shall not speak of payment. But if you or yours ever need a friend, I shall count it for the greatest of favors to be allowed—to show—what I feel toward you"—his voice was broken and he paused. "Farewell!"

"You are not going, really?"

"Toby, throw that cloak over my shoulders; now pick me up and carry me down to the chair."

"Nobody but Doctor Bensell can stop him," exclaimed Mrs. Keyser, and hurried out of the room.

"Toby, make haste; quick, quick! before she is reinforced by the doctor."

Toby—whose squat ungainly figure was amazingly strong—took his master in his arms, as if he had been a child, and carried him down stairs and placed him in the chair. But quickly as it was done, the doctor—who had casually been close at hand—came on the scene, and assuming that authority which doctors delight in, ordered Toby to carry his master back again.

"Oh kiel Massa Doctor: you tink dis nigga a fool. Massa say go," answered Toby, getting into the chair alongside of his master, and urging the horse to start.

"Stop," interposed the doctor, in no gentle voice; then turning to Lynnford: "I am astonished, sir; you are murdering yourself: it is suicide. I cannot allow you to go."

"Doctor, you are not answerable for my life. My mind is made up to go: farewell. I thank you for all your kindness. Ha! I forgot your bill for services. Allow me to settle it."

"Not that: it is not that. I have no bill. I make no charge against a Continental officer wounded in the service. But—"

"But me no buts, I pray you, doctor. I must go. There are rumors abroad that a Continental officer is concealed somewhere in this village. There may be a strict search. I am not safe from one hour to another." As Lynnford spoke he extended his hand, which the doctor cordially took. Toby gave the horse a signal to start and all further remonstrance was cut off.

It was on the afternoon of December the twenty-second that Colonel Lynnford revolted against the constitutional authorities of the sick-chamber. He was so weak, however, and exhausted, that before he had traveled a mile, he became unable to hold himself up, and was obliged to stop the chair and let Toby support him for a few minutes. As soon as he recovered sufficiently, the journey was resumed. Thus he continued; stopping from time to time, and resting in Toby's arms. A man of less inflexible "will" would have been utterly broken down; but he had taught himself to despise—or to fancy that he despised—fatigue, sufferings, pain, the ordinary weaknesses of physical nature, until, by long habit, his power of endurance was wonderfully strong.

His progress was necessarily slow. Fortunately, no parties from the city were abroad, and he reached Plymouth, ten miles from Germantown, without being molested, nor meeting in fact a single person: but it

was long after nightfall. He was now beyond the range of the Royalist light parties, none but large bodies of troops ever venturing this far into the country; and he thought he could safely stop.

"Toby, it is far enough: we'll put up for the night."

"Yes, Massa Lynnford; at de fust taben."

"At the first house, Toby. Every house is an inn for a stranger too sick to travel."

"Yah, haw! dare den—dare a inn—he! he!" said Toby, pointing to a respectable house a little distance from the road.

"Stop! Now go in and say that a sick traveler—too sick to travel—is on the road, and would like to rest awhile. If they ask my name; say Charles Lynn, a Men'neest from Ephrata."

Toby carried out his orders, and in a few minutes returned to the chair, followed by a substantial Quaker man, and a stout Quaker woman, and two buxom Quaker girls, all full of the strongest expressions of sympathy for the sick traveler; while a black servant girl followed behind with a lantern.

"Thee is welcome to our house," said the Quaker man, taking up the lantern, and holding it so that the light shone full on the stranger.

"How thin, and pale, and ill," added the Quaker woman.

"What a beard!" whispered one of the girls.

"But he is young," replied the other.

The manner was so kind, the language so gentle Lynnford's heart warmed to the drab; and he felt a tear—from old reminiscences perhaps—swelling his eyelids; but it was suppressed. Faintly he answered:

"I thank you, friends; and I thank God there are Good Samaritans even yet.

The stranger was carried into the house. Every thing bore marks of those comforts which the Quakers, above all others, know how to gather around them; and which they managed, better than any other class, to preserve in the troubled times of the rebellion. The apartment where he first found himself was not large; but it was gloriously warmed. A large hickory fire, blazing on the hearth, shed that warmth which one can see as well as feel, and which cheers instantaneously the heart of a chilled traveler. On one side of the fire stood a huge easy-chair, with a very high stuffed back, and a very soft-looking cushion, and very inviting padded arms; and into this chair the stranger was placed. One of the girls took off his shoes; while the other brought a stuffed foot-stool for his feet.

For several minutes, Lynnford, overcome by weakness, and by the transition to the warmth of the room, was in a kind of swoon—half conscious, but unable to move. As he lay, half sitting, in the ample chair, he was conscious of a bustle around him, but could not understand what it was. At length he felt something tingling his nose, with a tendency—which he could not resist—to sneeze. "He is reviving; rub his hands again," was next heard. Soon afterward he opened his eyes, like awakening from sleep, and saw the kind Quakers engaged in restoring him to animation.

"Thee feels better now," said the Quaker woman; "can thee swallow a glass of wine? It will do thee good."

The wine revived him very much.

"Now," interposed the good Quaker himself, "we

must get something to strengthen thee. Wife, has thee a jelly? I think thee has. And daughter Mary, thee can prepare some wine-whey."

"But we must not forget the fire in a chamber for the stranger," added the wife.

Attentions of this kind—which the most devoted friends could not have surpassed—were heaped on Lynnford by these benevolent Quakers. His night rest was sound, and in the morning his strength amazingly increased. He was pressed to remain a day and recruit, but he did not judge it necessary. At parting, the only compensation paid—or expected—was his acknowledgment.

"I thank you, friends; and may the Giver of good be thanked that Good Samaritans still live on the earth!"

Subsequently, however, circumstances enabled the Continental officer to repay a thousand fold the kindness bestowed on the Mennonist stranger; circumstances which possibly may fall within the future course of this narrative. If not, it may be enough to say, that the life and fortunes of that Quaker were saved by his one night's kindness to a stranger.

Lynnford's strength was so much improved—why he could not understand, but much improved it was—that he could sit up in the chair without difficulty; and thus his progress next day was comparatively rapid. He began now to consider where he was going—an important question, which he had not yet asked himself; his object hitherto having been merely to get beyond the reach of the Royalist arms. His first thought would be of course the army. But where was it? Nobody seemed to know.

At length, near midday, he met a small patrol of Continental cavalry, and heard for the first time of the winter encampment just commenced at Valley Forge. Soon afterward he observed a small tavern by the roadside; and having traveled far enough for his strength, he concluded to postpone reporting himself to Head-Quarters until next morning.

CHAPTER XXX.

COL. LYNNFORD AND THE GERMAN FARMER.

THE celebrated encampment at Valley Forge was one of those measures adopted by Washington on his own judgment, against the opinion of his officers. Generally criticised at the time, denounced by the leading Whigs, formally condemned by the Province of Pennsylvania, it is now admitted to have been the ablest movement of the war.

Some twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia, the Schuylkill river received a western tributary, small though rapid, called the "Valley Creek," with a forge near its mouth, the origin of the name "Valley Forge." The course of the rivers bending toward each other, formed a kind of promontory of high, abrupt, and wooded hills. The position, naturally strong, could be rendered inaccessible; while the wood which covered it furnished a ready material for shelter and fortification. Behind and on the flanks lay a rich agricultural country, entirely untouched by an enemy. In front, both banks of the Schuylkill, clear around the Royal position in Philadelphia, were open, at the easy distance of a single day's march for light troops.

These advantages escaped the popular eye, and were probably at first not fully apparent even to the rebel Commander-in-chief; but they soon made themselves

manifest. The position completely checkmated the Royal arms.

The King's forces, often during the winter fourfold in numbers, were always amply provided with every necessary for active service; yet they never ventured to approach, much less assail, those inaccessible heights. On the other hand, the rebels, half starved, half clothed, miserably deficient in the materiel of war, but matchlessly posted, were able to keep the enemy constantly under observation; and, observing his movements, to cut off his inferior parties, until he was reduced to the necessity of remaining within his lines, in a state no better than that of siege, or of sallying forth with his whole force—to march back again.

The rebels being thus posted, the capital of the revolted Colonies—the possession of which was thought so decisive, and was so vaunted in Europe—became untenable, and sooner or later must be relinquished. In strategy, "Valley Forge" commanded Philadelphia.

These considerations, however, are in advance of our narrative. On the morning of December twenty-fourth, when Colonel Lynnford approached the encampment, the hills were still clothed in wood; though here and there openings could be seen where the energetic American axe had begun its work. As he came nearer, increasing signs of activity appeared. A redoubt, near the point where the more easterly hill sloped to the river, was already finished; a long line of log breastwork, with salient bastions at intervals, stretched far away westward along the crest of the hills; in front, on the slope, trees were every moment falling, and many hands seemed engaged felling the

wood in such a manner as to uncover an enemy's approach, and yet prevent his near access to the works.

When this sight burst fully on him, Lynnford halted, and took a military glance around.

"A strong position, very strong," was the instantaneous thought. "It evidently overlooks the country for many miles below; nothing can come near without being seen. No approach—when the wood is all felled—no approach but on the roads, and they are commanded continuously from the utmost cannon range. A very narrow front toward Philadelphia; to attack in force, an enemy must lay open his flanks. The river, too, not fordable here; the banks commanded from the other side. The army is certainly well posted. Nothing but the ice—if the river freeze—will give his Majesty's troops a chance; and that can be broken on the first alarm: a good battery of heavy guns would soon destroy that bridge. But, Toby," resumed he, after his reconnoissance, "we are on the wrong side of the river; how are we to get across?"

"Golly, Massa Lynnford, dis Toby find a canoe some whar, neber fear!"

"I see," continued Lynnford, "I see how. His Excellency will build a military bridge of course; and at the spot—which is certainly already selected—we will find the means of crossing. We'll move on."

"Massa Lynnford!" said Toby, as soon as the horse had started.

"What, Toby?"

"Will you 'low dis nigga to gib him 'vice 'bout de state of affairs?"

"What about, Toby?"

"Dis nigga tink de 'commodation, ober yander in dem woods, bery poor"

"Well, Toby?"

"Spose we stay here, Massa Lynnford?"

"Where, Toby?"

"Oh kie, Massa Lynnford! dis boy find some Quaka Good S'maritan. He! he! he!"

The officer reflected an instant, and answered:

"We'll try to find one, Toby; but our chance will be better above the encampment than below."

Continuing to skirt the east bank of the river, Lynnford soon reached a spot where, as he had anticipated, a bridge was to be erected, and was in fact already commenced. On the further side of the river, considerably elevated above the water, stood a redoubt, apparently finished, commanding the bridge and neighboring ground. In front of it was a group of officers; and among them the majestic figure of the Commander-in-chief.

"Certainly it is he! certainly!" exclaimed Lynnford, and—burst into tears: a weakness he might not have been guilty of when in full health. But broken as he was in body and mind, the feelings—his past sufferings, his miraculous escape, his present weakness, almost infantile—the feelings, touched by the unexpected sight of his General, overcame him. Toby turned away his head, like a discreet negro, and very intently looked at something in another direction.

The emotion was quickly subdued, and the search for Toby's Good Samaritan resumed.

After passing several not very attractive houses, they approached, some two miles above the bridge, a farmstead, which gave signs that the owner "lived at

home." Extensive fields and meadows on both sides of the road, well fenced and rich-looking, were followed by a little village of farm buildings. As a grand centre stood the huge "bank barn," thatched with straw, then a customary roof though now rarely seen, presenting to the southern sun its overhanging "overshoot." Pig-pens, and corn cribs, and wagon sheds, and detached stables, and various small buildings, built for purposes perhaps known to their owner but unimaginable by anybody else—for thrifty farmers have their whims as well as millionaires—were scattered miscellaneously. To the rear a sloping ridge, covered with an orchard; in front, an ample barnyard, well walled in, and extending to the very road; its surface covered feet thick with straw, and variegated by racks, built rudely of rough poles, for midday feeding. A large population of cattle, cows and calves and oxen, stood listlessly about, evidently well satisfied with themselves and with their owner; while turkies, and geese, and ducks, and dunghill fowls were sunning themselves under the "overshoot."

"Kie!" exclaimed Toby, as soon as the prospect burst fully in view, "dem gobblers bery nice!"

"What's that to you, Toby?"

"Bery near de camp, Massa Lynnford."

"Toby, you'll be stretched yet for stealing."

"Oh, golly, Massa Lynnford! dis nigga neber steal nothin'."

"But where is the house?" resumed Lynnford, not immediately perceiving that unimportant appendage to the farm; "where is it?"

The house was at length discovered, just beyond the barn; a humble log edifice, half hidden by huge over-

hanging willows; but the spaces between the logs were carefully whitewashed, and, small as it was, there was an air of neatness about every part. A man was just entering the door, and Lynnford hailed him:

"How far is it to Reading, my good friend?"

"Hey? was?"

"How far is it to Reading?"

"*Nicht versteh.*"

"How far is it to Reading?" repeated the officer; and by this time four other men, younger than the first, and from the general resemblance apparently his sons, had joined him.

"*Nicht versteh,*" was repeated in a kind of chorus by the whole family band; while more than one of them showed some angry impatience at being pertinaciously supposed to understand English.

"*Wie weit nach Reading?*" now said Lynnford, recollecting that among the "leash of languages" stored away in his memory was one containing words very much like "*nicht versteh.*"

"Oh yes," answered one of the younger men, "it is about thirty miles."

"*Und so, man spricht kein English!*" said Lynnford with a laugh.

"We thought you were an Irishman," answered one of the young men, in very correct English.

"Thirty miles! that is too far for me," said Lynnford, continuing to speak German, which we shall take the liberty of translating into our own vernacular. "The fact is, I am a Continental officer, severely wounded at the battle of Germantown, and now in search of some place to stay a few days——"

"You a Continental officer!" interrupted the young

man who had before spoken; "who—what is your name?"

"Colonel Lynnford, of the Virginia line."

"No, not the man. I have seen Colonel Lynnford often."

"I assure you I am."

"No, you are not."

"Certainly I am," repeated the officer: though if he could have seen himself he would not have been very pertinacious in insisting on his own identity.

"But who are you?"

"Captain Kobold, of the Pennsylvania line. My regiment was disbanded, and I went out of service."

"Oh yes!" chimed in the patriarch of the flock, "my Hans here was a captain, and my Fritz now in camp is a lieutenant in Hand's regiment. These here fellows"—pointing to three other boys,— "are only militia."

"You have served yourself?" resumed Lynnford to the patriarch.

"Seven years under the great Frederick. Seven years! That was fighting! I often tell these fellows their battles are only sham fights. But under the great Frederick that was fighting! that was fighting!"

"Yes, indeed," interrupted Lynnford; "and now as we are brother soldiers, let me ask you, if you can let me stay with you a few days."

"Oh no!" exclaimed the soldier of the great Frederick; "our house is too small!"

And the four boys echoed most reverently, "Our house is too small!"

"But I will pay you the hard chink—see here!" said Lynnford, displaying a handful of coin.

"Oh yes! Vat you tink, Joe?" said the old one quickly to one of his boys.

"I tink as you tink, fader."

"Vat you tink, Hans?"

"I tink as you do, father."

"Vat you tink, Jake?"

"I tink as you tink, fader."

"Vat you tink, Nick?"

"I tink as you tink, fader," answered Nick, the last of the boys.

"Gelt is gelt," continued the father, after taking this family vote on the subject: "gelt is gelt, we are very poor, *blutarm*. Vat vill you pay?"

"Any thing reasonable: what do you want?"

"Oh! I don't know. Vat you tink, Joe?"

"I tink as you tink, fader."

"Vat you tink, Hans?"

"I tink as you tink, father."

"Vat you tink, Jake?"

"I tink as you tink, fader."

"Vat do you tink, Nick?"

"I tink as you tink, fader," answered the last of the council.

The father pondered matters over for some time in silence, until Lynnford, growing impatient, repeated:

"Well! how much?"

"Oh! I don't know. Come into the house and get a snack, and we'll talk about it."

Assisted by Toby, Lynnford dismounted and was ushered into the house. The Continental officer had often seen the interior of a Pennsylvania farm-house, but from habit—the habit of observing—he took a hasty glance at this. It was a large room he entered,

occupying at least two-thirds of the house: half of one side was a huge fireplace, one of that gigantic *antediluvian* species long since extinct on our seaboard, but still to be found in the "Far West,"—wherever it may be; while the rest was taken up by an open dresser on one side and a cupboard on the other. Opposite the fireplace appeared a door—into the "best room," it might be guessed; on the right of the door was a bed; on the left a settle with an enormously high back, made to turn down on a pivot and form a table. The room was not ceiled; and the spaces between the naked joists seemed the general family store-house. Here a broad board nailed across formed a convenient shelf for Martin Luther's Bible, the almanac—almost as important—and numerous miscellaneous articles. There was the store of choice pieces of hickory for axe-handles; there ropes of onions, ears of seed corn, hanks of woolen-yarn, &c., &c. But not the least prominent hung six rifles, each attached to a separate joist, with their powder-horns and hunting-knives.

Huge hickory logs were blazing on the hearth, and the officer, who had been chilled, though the day was not cold, felt at once the genial influence. Over the fire hung a great dinner-pot simmering, and now and then boiling up to the top.

Several girls—five might have been counted—with an elderly woman, were variously occupied: one was spinning on the "big-wheel;" one on the "little-wheel;" a couple were knitting; all were busy. As Lynnford entered, the wheels stood still; but instantly resumed their hum at a look from the *Frau*—though the

younger female population continued to cast furtive glances on the stranger.

The "chimney-corner"—if "corner" may be applied to the ends of the fireplace, in which a couple of persons could sit conveniently, was assigned to the young officer. At a nod from the old Prussian, the *Frau* and *Madchen*, on "hospitable thoughts intent," bustled about, and the contents of the big dinner-pot were transferred to the table.

In the centre of the "board," which was without table-cloth, but scoured exceedingly white, smoked, on a huge pewter platter, a pyramid of sour-crout, covering up, as subsequent events manifested, for not a glimpse now appeared, a piece of amazingly fat pork. Smaller dishes of vegetables and sauces and pickles flanked this "*piece de resistance*:" a great loaf of bread graced one corner, a brown pitcher of cider another.

There was not much to tempt a delicate appetite, especially as the four strapping boys and the five girls and their parents were eating indiscriminately from all the dishes, only occasionally transferring a portion to their individual plates; and Lynnford pleaded his ill-health in excuse for not sitting down; asking, however, for a slice of bread and butter. The good *Frau* cut a huge round, and commenced spreading it with her thumb-nail—à la *General Knyphausen*. Lynnford observed the operation, and being unphilosophically fastidious on such points, was sorely perplexed; to "eat or not to eat:" if not, it would be an unpardonable sin. Toby, with his usual genius, cut the gordian knot of the dilemma. When the round was duly spread, he took hold to carry it to his master, and let it fall by the way.

"Golly! dis Toby one 'berry awkward nigga!" exclaimed he, gathering up the fallen bread; "but him eat dis slice and spread anoder slice heself," which he did with a knife.

Toby was invited to sit down with the rest, and as his master was not at table he took a seat. After a few minutes, however, he sprung up and began dancing and capering about the room, and drawing an imaginary fiddle-bow.

"What now, Toby?" said his master sternly.

"Oh kie! oh goll! hog under dat dar heap," exclaimed he, pointing with his finger to the piece of pork, which being disinterred by the labors of the company on the sour-crout, now began to appear. As he stood thus—pointing with his finger, his eyes strained wide open, his whole manner expressing such genuine astonishment—the scene was irresistible, and the spectators, old Prussian, *Frau*, nine *Kinderchen*, Continental officer, all burst into a laugh.

"*Setze dich und iss*," said the *pater familias*, cutting off a huge slice of the pork and laying it on Toby's plate, with which invitation the nigger complied.

As soon as the dinner was finished, the *sederunt* opened for business. Our Germans—like the dignified Indian—are grave and taciturn with strangers, though talkative enough among themselves; and in business they are proverbially slow. The Continental officer had been initiated in early life into the mysteries of bargain-making, though foreign to his military calling; and aware that a degree of sharpness would not lower him in the opinion of his new acquaintance, he contested the ground stoutly. The old Prussian would utter an oracular proposition, and submit it to

the votes of his cabinet, now enlarged by the addition of the *Frau*, who was addressed by the kindly title of old *Mutterchen*—the five *Madchen*, however, not being allowed a voice; then the Continental officer would reply; than an immense silence would ensue, broken generally at length by Lynnford's impatience. Two mortal hours passed away in arranging the preliminaries of the treaty. Four hours and thirty minutes settled the definite articles. One guinea specie to be paid every week for the "best room," and divers privileges and immunities thereto appendant; not the least of which, in the eye of the good *Frau*, was the right of removing a certain curiously spotted chimney-board and kindling a fire in the said best room, where fire was a sacrilegious novelty.

The bargain being duly made, Lynnford threw a guinea to the *Frau* as a luck-penny: a thoughtless act, which did away much of the good impression his previous conduct had raised, and almost convinced his hosts that he was an "*Irisher*" in disguise. However, they overlooked the suspicion and inducted him into the sacred apartment.

Such a magazine of household gods the young officer had never been introduced to, and he stopped at the door in perfect astonishment. An old stand of mahogany drawers—the pillage, as he afterward learned, of a Silisian *Graf*—was crowned by a pyramid composed of a huge pair of holsters, a great bear-skin cap, a monstrous basket-hilted sword, and divers other weapons and trophies of the wars of the great Frederick; above all, a villainously ugly portrait of the hero himself. Alongside the drawers stood stacks—reaching from the floor to the ceiling—of woolen

blankets and linen sheets and linsey-woolsey clothes, and various other products of the loom and spinning-wheel; the work of the *Frau* and *Madchen*, and designed to furnish the marriage *trousseau* of the latter, as they should successively shuffle off their single blessedness. In one corner was a pile of feather beds: in another—But we are heartily tired of this chapter: hope the reader is also: so we end it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

A COUPLE of days made Colonel Lynnford at home in his new quarters. In gaining the entire confidence and goodwill of his hosts, Toby was a grand ally. That worthy not only took the whole labor of waiting on his master, but made himself miscellaneously useful about the house. In addition, his various accomplishments afforded never failing amusement, particularly to the female population. But best of all, a curious old fiddle was discovered among the household gods before mentioned; and on it Toby, who was a distinguished artiste with the banjo, could discourse right eloquent music: so eloquent, that the second evening he had the whole family on the floor, moving the "light fantastic toe" in a dance; and marvelous was the zest with which the amusement was enjoyed.

As soon as Lynnford was warm in his nest, he set Toby to work to reduce the hirsute proportion of his beard and whiskers, from their Mennonist magnificence to the modest standard of the Continental service. He then reported himself to Head-Quarters, and sent for his baggage and military equipments. His most valued sword—and the pocket-pistols which he had carried for years—and numerous personal ornaments, connected with various incidents of his adventurous life

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and prized beyond price—were of course lost when he fell insensible and was stripped by the camp-followers; but his baggage trunks were amply supplied with every thing he needed, to equip himself according to his rank.

Friends now thronged to visit him: and some days he was not alone from morning till night. Great interest was felt in his unexpected resurrection—as it was called: and besides, his roasted turkeys and cold rounds of beef were "not bad." The effect of the excitement of company was decidedly beneficial, and accelerated rapidly his increase of health and strength. His mind, weakened more perhaps even than his physical frame, had been in a kind of lethargy or apathetic state, which seemed to realize nothing fully, to feel nothing strongly, to be in a measure without passions, to take no interest, or very slight, in what once delighted him. But he was now roused: his ruling passions were awakened; and among them—his curse—the blast on his life: but nothing of it now.

Among his friends the most welcome visitor was Colonel Hamilton; that statesman-soldier, whose unrivaled talents were just becoming known: and many a council did the two hold on the grand measure which both regarded as essential to the establishment of a stable government for the rebel Colonies, but which the resolute repugnance of the Commander-in-chief still thwarted. A friend almost as dear as Hamilton, though not so congenial with the "grave hours," the chivalrous Allan M'Lane, was not then in camp. But the martial chaplain of the Pennsylvania line came often; and by his patriotic enthusiasm infused new life and spirits into his wounded comrade.

On one point however—the religious impressions he wished to enforce from the late astonishing “passage of life”—the chaplain was unsuccessful. He was not wont to “cast his pearls before swine”—as many zealous clergymen do—but on proper opportunities he dropped “a word in season,” now speaking of Lynnford’s approach to the other world—almost nearer than any man had ever been; now of his almost miraculous rescue. Then he would exclaim:

“Why were you reprieved? Why were you spared? Why were you allowed to return to earth? Why—but that you might fit yourself better to appear before the awful Judge of the deeds done in the body! Will you slight this mercy? Will you slight the goodness of God? Oh, Lynnford, you know you were unfit to die: what if you had then died?”

To say that no impression at all was made by the earnest appeals of the chaplain, would be erroneous: but it was transient as the ripple on deep water. Lynnford—accustomed for years to peril his life—had to perfection that *non-realization* of the future which is the essential element of the soldier’s courage; of every soldier, we mean, not acting like the chaplain on Christian principles. As a matter of reason or theory, he believed in a life beyond death; knew he was unprepared to pass the Rubicon; yet he did not feel, did not realize, this acknowledged truth. He might be cut off any day, any moment—but—but he might not. This military non-realization of consequences is certainly very unphilosophical; but how much wiser are we who see our friends, our comrades in the ranks of civil life, dropping down around us, often as

suddenly and as unprepared! But a truce to sermonizing.

A week of Lynnford’s residence with the German farmer had passed away. He was sitting, just after dark, “chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,” and studying in his hickory fire. There were no candles lighted, but the blaze of the fire was light enough for his studies. Ever and anon bursts of laughter, and exclamations in high Dutch, interspersed by sounds which none but Toby could father, came from the other apartment, and broke in on his meditations. All at once every thing was hushed; the next instant the door opened, and a tall and dignified officer was, with many tokens of respect, ushered into his quarters by his sable prime-minister. The officer wore a military cloak; and either on account of the cold, or for disguise, had his face so muffled that scarcely a feature could be seen. Lynnford arose listlessly to receive his visitor, but as soon as a word was uttered, his whole manner was instantly changed: it was—WASHINGTON himself.

“I truly rejoice, Colonel Lynnford,” said the Commander-in-chief, taking the young officer by the hand: “I truly rejoice at seeing you again. You were reported among the killed: for a time we believed you dead; and you have in a manner shaken hands with death. I heartily rejoice on your being restored to us again—so unexpectedly,” still holding Lynnford’s hand, he paused—not from hesitation for a word—but from emotion, the momentary upheaving of those deep feelings which lay under his cold exterior: “so unexpectedly.” Again he paused.

“I thank your Excellency,” said Lynnford, as soon

as he could command himself sufficiently, "for this mark of your regard. But you will honor my quarters for a few minutes; pray be seated."

The young officer took the cloak and chapeau of his General; then ordered lights, and gave Toby private directions touching certain refreshments. The fire was also replenished with divers hickory billets, and stirred into a brighter flame. The genial influence was felt by the Commander-in-chief—even heroes are sensible to the comforts of a hickory fire—and he warmed himself some time in silence. At length Lynnford spoke:

"Your Excellency has been very fortunate in your choice of a position for winter-quarters."

"You think so, Colonel Lynnford, do you?" replied Washington, speaking more rapidly than his wont. "I am very glad to hear you say it. My position has been very generally condemned. I have received remonstrances against it from every quarter."

"What do they ask your Excellency to do?"

"Some ask me to keep the field, and cover the provinces of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Others—principally military men—recommend me to quarter the troops at Reading and other interior towns. The Legislature of this province has remonstrated against my going into winter-quarters at all; as if the soldiers were stocks and stones, utterly insensible to frost and snow. Poor fellows! they have suffered enough already; they must suffer in any quarters we can provide for them. Poor fellows! I feel for them. From my soul I pity those distresses which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent." The General paused, more agitated than Lynnford had ever observed him before.

"What does your Excellency mean? What are those distresses you refer to? Are not the troops in a country full of resources—provisions, clothing, everything?" said the young officer, glancing at the corners of his room, and thinking of the fat bullocks in the neighboring barnyard.

"I mean, Colonel Lynnford, I mean that the army is in the extremity of distress for want of provisions and clothing. Some of the men have been two days without a ration of either bread or meat——"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Lynnford, springing from his chair much excited. "Is it possible! Why, what is the matter in your Commissariat department?"

"The commissaries, sir, are by no means equal to the execution of the office. I am convinced beyond a doubt that, unless some great and capital change take place at once in that line, this army must inevitably be reduced to one of these three things: starve, dissolve, or disperse in order to obtain subsistence in the best manner they can. The army subsists now on such provision as is brought in from day to day by our light parties. But will this answer? No, sir; three or four days of bad weather would prove our destruction."

"How unfortunate," said Lynnford, after a moment's pause, "how unfortunate that your Excellency should be so illy supported."

"With truth I can declare, that no man, in my opinion, ever had his measures more impeded than I have by every subordinate department of the army," said Washington, with much emotion.

"Your Excellency will have to exercise those high

powers with which you are clothed. The army must be kept together."

"I shall do so very unwillingly indeed. I cannot bring my mind to do so, unless in the very last extremity. The powers I do exercise, and must exercise, for the ordinary purposes of my command are viewed with great jealousy, very great jealousy, by the Members of Congress. Some of them even go so far as to charge me with ambitious designs against the liberties of the country."

"In the army—and I think among the people—the feelings are different," said Lynnford, seeing an opening for his favorite project. "We are of the old Roman opinion, that, in emergencies, one single leader is better than a hundred; and we would fain see your Excellency that single leader."

"No, sir, no!" exclaimed Washington quickly; "nothing of that kind for me. I have already more power than I wish; and more than I shall preserve a moment longer than the public service shall render it necessary."

"May I ask your Excellency," said Lynnford, after a short pause, "how many effective troops you have in camp?"

Washington looked around the room an instant before he answered:

"Eight thousand two hundred. And by the last return we have two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men in camp unfit for duty from want of clothing."

"From want of clothing!" exclaimed Lynnford.

"Some have no shoes; others have no breeches—at least none which they can decently wear—and are

obliged to wrap themselves in blankets; others have no blankets."

"No blankets! See here: there must be several dozen in this very room. Our German farmers generally are well supplied."

"But the blankets are not in camp, and they are not likely to get there very soon. These Germans are patriotic; they will fight for the cause; but they will not part with their property without the hard cash."

"And the hard cash our military chest cannot furnish."

As Lynnford spoke, he sprung on his feet and paced the floor rapidly once or twice, then resumed:

"Well, I must try what I can do. It is only the widow's mite; but it is something. General, I can command a thousand pounds: I give it willingly to buy blankets for the troops."

"Give! do you say give, Colonel Lynnford? Call it lend, and add it to the many thousands you have already lent the Congress."

"Give or lend, I scarcely care which. I have as much as I want without it—more, I may say. Your Excellency is acquainted with Solomon Isaakski, the Polish Jew, in Philadelphia. If you can communicate with him—as I suppose you can—he will honor my draft for the amount I mentioned."

"That in hard money will be of great service just now. The country will be obliged to you, indeed, Colonel Lynnford; very much obliged."

"My country has a right to my money as well as my services; particularly now when I can render her no other services. I fear it will be some time before I can take the field again."

"Six months at least, Dr. Jones reports."

"The surgeon don't know my constitution as well as I do myself. Half that time, or less, will see me at the head of a regiment, I hope."

Washington paused a moment in reflection, and said:

"Whenever you are fit for duty—and the sooner you are reported so, the better for the Service—I shall make you a proposition. However—but I may as well mention it now. Colonel Lynnford, I have recently been authorized to increase the number of my aids: if you are disposed to become one of my family, I shall be gratified."

"I thank your Excellency," replied Lynnford; "but my disposition is for service in the line. I am not, I frankly own, without the desire of distinction in my profession; and for it, the chances are few in the honorable position you propose."

"You are right, Colonel Lynnford, you are right. With your military experience, and your known merits as an officer, I ought not to withdraw you from the noble career before you—even for the purpose I had in my thoughts, which was to give myself the advantage of your private opinions."

"Your Excellency thinks too kindly of me," interposed Lynnford.

"The plan of continuing you in my family must be relinquished," resumed Washington; "and yet I feel some embarrassment in taking my measures to give the country the advantage of your services. I have no regiment to give you, Colonel Lynnford; nor is there likely to be any, even in the spring. But—but"—he hesitated an instant, as if for the next word—

"but I can give you a brigade;—that is, I can recommend you to Congress for a brigade," added he, blushing at his assumption of authority in the first expression.

Toby now entered, and, stirring up the fire, piled on fresh billets: a favorite employment of that worthy, particularly when his master did not desire interruption.

"That will do, Toby," said Lynnford sharply; "you will roast us to death."

"Bery cold, Massa Lynnford, bery cold indeed; dis Toby find him bery cold!"

"What, Toby, is that you?" interposed Washington.

"Oh, kie! Massa Washington! dis nigga bery glad to see him 'cellency," said Toby, showing his full front of ivory, and at the same time making a bow. "Is him 'cellency, Massa Washington, ready for de 'freshment?" continued he to his master.

"Yes, Toby, bring it in," said Lynnford.

In a few minutes the collation was arranged on a round table in front of the fire: a collation which did full justice to Toby's reputation as a caterer. In the centre stood the *piece de resistance*, a cold ham, flanked on one side by a cold roast chicken, and on the other by a brace of smoking-hot grilled partridges; while a dish of roasted potatoes, pickles of different kinds, a large comb of honey, butter, salt, and other condiments, filled up the intervals. The plates were only pewter, but the table-cloth was as white as snow. On a kind of sideboard was the second course: apples and pears and shellbarks and butternuts.

"I must concede, Colonel Lynnford," said the Com-

mander-in-chief, as he drew his chair up to the table, "that your housekeeping is better than my own. I could not set such a table as this, even if our good ally, the King of France, was to honor my quarters."

"Yet there is nothing here not supplied by this very farm; nothing but what every farmer in the land might set on his table. The purveying is the excellence; and it I owe to Toby."

"He! he! oh kie!" exclaimed Toby, laughing, and displaying his ivory. "Will him 'cellency, Massa Washin'ton, hab 'higlin or mulled cider?"

"I will taste the methiglin, Toby."

"Oh, golly! Massa Washin'ton, take care; him bery strong—strong as a bull!" exclaimed Toby, observing that the General, unacquainted with the deceitful character of the liquid, was taking a considerable draught. "Him cheat dis Toby once."

"I will take care of it, Toby," said Washington, with a smile. "I should not like it to cheat me."

"I never touch methiglin," interposed Lynnford; "it cheated me, as Toby says, once, when I was a boy. Our Germans have introduced it here—brought down I suppose, from their dark ages. Recollect, it was the drink of the northern gods in Walhalla, just as nectar was of the Greeks on Olympus."

"I was not aware it had so illustrious an origin," said Washington. "But where did you, Colonel Lynnford, acquire such learning as this? Much of your life must have been passed in the camp."

"I was a scholar before I became a soldier," replied Lynnford.

"Believe me, Colonel Lynnford," said Washington, after a short pause, "what I am going to ask is not

prompted by an impertinent desire to pry into other people's business, but from a friendly curiosity about a man whom I esteem. If you have no objection, I should like to hear a sketch of your adventures in foreign lands: if you have no objection, I mean."

"None whatever. Of course, however, my narrative is for your Excellency alone—strictly confidential," replied Lynnford.

In time, the "sacred hunger" was appeased; the substantial viands were removed and replaced by the fruit and nuts; the fire was duly stirred, and Toby dismissed from the apartment. Lynnford then commenced his narrative of "hair-breadth 'scapes," and, until late in the night, held his illustrious visitor deeply attentive.

And you are now a mere Colonel in the Continental service! A mere colonel!" exclaimed Washington, when the narrative was ended; at the same time rising from his chair, and grasping Lynnford warmly by the hand: "After all this, a mere colonel!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

TOBY AND HIS FIDDLE.

As Lynnford became "himself again," he bethought him of Toby's services in rescuing him from the grave, and that it was his duty to reward in some way the faithful negro. The least reward would be to emancipate, and in addition he resolved to add an annuity. To carry out these purposes, he prepared a formal instrument of writing.

All being duly settled in his own mind, he communicated his "philanthropic" intentions to the party principally concerned.

"Toby," said he one evening, a week after the Commander-in-chief's visit, "Toby!"

"Yes, Massa Lynnford."

"Toby, do you see this paper? It is yours; it makes you a free man."

"Oh, golly, Massa Lynnford, vat you mean?" exclaimed Toby, in a kind of fright.

"I mean that you are now free; this paper makes you free; I have set you free."

"Vy you do dat, Massa Lynnford? Vat dis nigga do, dat you make him free nigga?"

"Toby, you saved my life, and I wish to reward you."

"Oh kie, Massa Lynnford! de free nigga bery low;

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bery low indeed. De free nigga bery low; not 'spectable at all."

"Toby, you surprise me! Object to being free!"

"Vy, Massa Lynnford, dis nigga free already—better ner free! Him hab plenty eat, plenty drink, plenty put on him back—money in him pocket. Him hab good massa, bery good massa; 'spectable massa, bery 'spectable massa; gentleman for him massa—none of de low wite trash. Dis Toby hab all him want: him hab no care, no trouble, no save up money, no fear de poor-house; no git in poorhouse like de wite trash. Oh, Massa Lynnford, dis nigga hab all him want!"

"Don't you wish to be free, Toby?"

"Massa Lynnford! vill you 'low dis nigga to gib him 'pinion on dis affair?"

"Certainly, Toby."

"Den, Massa Lynnford, do not make dis Toby cross: him berry cross nigga sometimes. I tell-a you, Massa Lynnford, dis nigga better ner free nigga. Him lib on 'spectable plantation—big plantation—two hundred nigga plantation. Him hab all—plenty now; and ven him git old, den he hab a gray head and set under big tree, wid a cane in him hand, and be called 'Daddy Toby'—oh, dat nice, Massa Lynnford, to be called 'Daddy Toby!' And de oder niggas and de piccannies pull off de hat and say: 'Dat daddy Toby, de patriot, who fit for our liberties along mit ole Massa Lynnford.'"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Vy you laf at dis nigga, Massa Lynnford! vy you laf at dis nigga, Massa Lynnford! You make him cross."

"Don't get cross, Toby: go on with your picture of old Daddy Toby."

"He! he! dis nigga one fool!" said Toby, restored to good humor.

"Tell me more about Daddy Toby," continued Lynnford.

"Ole Daddy Toby git ole'er and ole'er: and den ole Massa Lynnford die; and den Daddy Toby tink about die, but him time not all quite come: an' de young Massa Lynnford come to Daddy Toby, an' him say: Daddy Toby, tell-a me all 'bout you ole massa: and Daddy Toby tell all 'bout him ole massa, and ven him tell, him cry—cry—cry, an' young Massa Lynnford cry too; an' daddy Toby cry; an' both cry."

"Toby, I'll burn this paper," said Lynnford, wiping a tear from his own cheek—for somehow or other his feelings were touched—"I'll burn this paper, and say nothing more about the matter. Here, put it into the fire."

Toby seized the paper with great alacrity and thrust it into the coals: then with the tongs continued poking it malignantly until it was reduced completely to cinders. The sight would have driven a patent abolitionist crazy; and it seemed to have some effect on Toby—though in a different way perhaps. Unable to restrain himself, and under respect for his master's presence—he sprung almost with a bound from the apartment into the outer room.

The Dutchman's family had just finished their supper, and the men were sitting about the fire. Acquainted as they now were with Toby's accomplishments, his sudden entrance—throwing a summerset over the table—followed by a wheel-race, his hands and feet the spokes, rapidly round the room—stopping for nothing—bounding over every thing, even

over the head of the *Madschen* who was spinning on the little wheel—his sudden entrance almost produced a family panic; and smothered cries—*der Teufel*—arose from several quarters. While in the full tide of successful gyration Toby espied the old fiddle, and halting instantly, seized this appropriate instrument of jubilation. With a bound he was on the top of the tall back of a chair, balanced as nobody else could have been, and scraping with the fiddle-bow. At first no sounds were heard—for the bow did not touch the fiddle, though he made all the motions of a player; and perhaps did play some tune, heard by his own fancy. But he soon began to play in earnest; and such playing never was heard on this earth; at least such was the opinion of the old Prussian, who to his dying day never admitted that it was Toby in actual person; being, as he firmly believed, *der Teufel* in disguise.

However, a calmer critic than the Prussian witnessed part of the performance with almost equal astonishment. Attracted by the sounds of the music, Lynnford opened the door and looked into the other apartment. Toby was perched, as we have mentioned, on the tall back of the chair; but every other person in the room was dancing, in a way—with a fury is perhaps the best expression—which the young officer had never witnessed: at least nowhere but in the entranced dances of the Dervishes, which in fact this strange family dance resembled. His opening the door, his entrance into the room, was entirely unnoticed. He stood on the threshold: looked on the strange scene. Some of them passed so near as almost to brush his person. He observed that their eyes were fixed wide open, their features set rigidly, their movements those

of persons under some involuntary but irresistible impulse, his thoughts recurred to tales of Eastern enchantment. The musician sat rigid and immovable, except the fingers and the bow arm; and the eyes were closed.

Lynnford now listened to the music. At first the impression was unpleasant; but soon it seemed as if something was drawing him into a current—gently at first, but as he got further and further from the shore moving him more and more rapidly. In philosophizing afterward, he thought, the music—the succession of sounds—chorded with his own feelings, touched some gladful reminiscences, and wakened them up; and carrying them onward, added them to other reminiscences, until a torrent of joy was accumulated. This was the best explanation he could ever give of the overwhelming joyfulness, the intoxication, passing that of wine, which he now felt. His impulse to some outer demonstration—a leap or a shout, or something of the kind—became almost irresistible. He had never danced in his life: but he could not say he would not have joined the others if a new turn had not been given to his feelings.

The music was gradually changed; slower and slower grew the measure, and at length it seemed to die away. But just as the last breath of the violin ceased, the harmony began faintly, and at first almost inaudibly, to swell again.

But how different were now the tones! How different the feelings now touched! The music grew louder: but it was slow and solemn and sad; every sorrow, which had ever been experienced—however long ago forgotten—seemed to be awakened afresh. Lynnford looked at the German family: the wonderful

dance had ceased, they were all seated, and some of them seemed in tears. The old Prussian afterward said, that he felt as if his father—who was dead many years—had just died: and he had to cry. The officer himself began to feel in the melting mood, but resolving not to acknowledge the infection, he turned hastily around, and closing the door after him, dashed into his own apartment. For some time strains of music, in broken and interrupted intervals, reached his ear, but the particular character—and the effect on those immediately under its influence—he did not care to ascertain.

There was much to reflect on in this strange affair, much to philosophize about. What a mystery: an ignorant negro, by some kind of instinct—for instinct it certainly was—to exercise the highest grade of musical art, (that grade possessed by so few,) to command thus potentially the feelings and emotions. Was it enchantment? Was it art? Lynnford asked himself the question more than once. Certainly it was one of those mysteries which nature, every day, exhibits, but which philosophy cannot fathom. The more the officer pondered over it, the less it was understood.

What a mystery! What a mystery is man! How little do we know of him! How little have we learned of him from all the discoveries of modern science! We have analyzed the elements—the air we breathe—the water that refreshes us—the earth we tread on; but not ourselves. Man remains to be analyzed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VALLEY FORGE IN 1778.

ON the advice of the surgeons, and from his own judgment, Lynnford confined himself cautiously for some time to his quarters. But about the middle of January he felt his strength sufficiently recruited to justify a more active life; and several matters required his attention.

In his hands he held a letter from the Commander-in-chief, recommending him for a brigade; and this recommendation ought to be presented to Congress at Yorktown. The noble estate on the James River which he had purchased immediately on his arrival in his native country, and never since looked on—he certainly ought now to visit. Even the encampment—near as it was—he had not yet seen.

His plans were soon settled: an excursion to the camp; a journey to Yorktown and the James River. First, the camp.

With no moderate jubilation Toby heard of the contemplated movements; particularly of the journey to the plantation. Though it was now afternoon, and the excursion was not to be until next day, he went immediately to the stables.

"Oh golly! ole gray, you see someting now," exclaimed he, giving the horse an extra rubbing down. "You see our big plantation on Jeems River! he! he!

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You laugh den! dat de plantation to talk bout! he! he! you laf, ole hoss! Corn dar! hominy dar! fat bacon dar! nigga gals dar!" Overcome by the images called up by his apostrophe, Toby began to dance and play his imaginary fiddle, and cut divers favorite anticks.

The next morning, before sunrise, the horse was harnessed and ready at the door.

"A 'spectable stablishment, Massa Lynnford," said Toby, when his master, duly equipped with cloak and mufflers, for the weather was cold, came out to take his seat in the vehicle.

"A berry 'spectable stablishment. Look at dat dar gray! him fus-rate hoss now! Look at he, Massa Lynnford! He! he! he!"

Lynnford was astonished at the improvement a few weeks rest, under Toby's horse-craft, had made in the appearance of the gray. Still more astonishing, however, had been his own improvement in strength under the old Prussian's roof. He could walk firmly; and when Toby approached to help him into the chair, he impatiently rejected his aid.

"He! he! Oh kie! Golly! de Tory-British hab to look out soon! Massa Lynnford soon be at 'em!" exclaimed Toby, taking the lines and following his master into the vehicle.

Two miles and a half, the distance from the old Prussian's house to the bridge, over the Schuylkill—which was called, for some reason that history has forgotten, "Sullivan's bridge"—were soon traveled. At the north end of the bridge a sentinel challenged the young officer, and receiving a satisfactory answer, permitted him to pass. At the other end was another sentinel,

and a few paces back was a strong picket. Announcing himself to the officer in command, Lynnford inquired the position of the different brigades, and the general topography of the encampment. A road on the right hand—the roads forked at the picket station—led to Head-Quarters, at the mouth of Valley Creek; a left hand road ran up the hill, and was the proper route to the body of the camp, particularly to the station of those friends whom he wished especially to visit—this road he selected. The road—and he had previously made the same observation in respect to the bridge—was under the guns of the redoubt, or rather small fort; which stood near the summit of the hill about the third of a mile back from the bridge.

The fort itself—which he soon approached—the route running close by it, was a star figure, with a shallow ditch, but high earthen ramparts, displaying the muzzles of several heavy cannon. Just beyond the fort there was a cross road, and he took, according to his direction, the left hand. This carried him along the crest of the hills, parallel with the river, though high above its bed. The prospect, wherever the woods were sufficiently cut away to afford an opening, was such that he frequently paused to examine it. The course of the stream for miles lay spread out before him, presenting a picture of hill and plain, wood, and cleared field, mingled with the bright gleam of water. The sun was shining; but ever and anon an occasional dark shadow of some passing cloud flitted rapidly over the scene.

At a short distance from the star-fort—too near perhaps in the case of a cannonade—Lynnford fell in with the quarters of Varnum's brigade of New England

troops. He stopped, and without getting out of the chair, glanced his eye over the first specimen of the encampment he had yet seen. A row of log huts extended on both sides of the road, their clap-board roofs, held on by pins and poles; mud, "chunking;" doors of rough split slabs in front; rude chimneys in the rear, of split sticks, daubed with clay, manifested that the pioneer architecture, which most of our population at that day were familiar with, had been transferred from the forest to the camp. A second row of huts, less numerous than the first, though generally larger, appeared about fifty paces in the rear; and from various indications were the quarters of the officers. This brigade, from its position, evidently had charge of the fort and bridge; and, as Lynnford afterward learned, also held the guard generally of the north side of the camp, which was protected by the river.

The young officer resumed his route, and proceeding about half a mile, approached the eastern line of the position: which being the front toward the enemy, and not covered by the river, was guarded by the main body of the army. The lines themselves were flanked by a square fort with earthen ramparts, near the river bank: from this fort, they ran along the crest of the hill, forming a sharp retiring angle with the river, until the hill ended in a rugged valley; beyond this valley was another hill—the point of which flanked the former, and on it the lines were continued, still bending more and more around, until their course became westward, and finally struck the Valley creek. In the rear of these lines, which were fortified in the manner already mentioned, were successively the quarters of the brigades: Muhlenburgh, Weedon, Pat-

terson, Larned, Glover, and on the second hill, Poor, Wayne, Scott, and Woodford. Several other brigades were quartered in the interior of the position, at points convenient either for supporting the front or protecting the rear on Valley Creek.

The road carried Lynnford to the quarters of the brigade nearest the river: Muhlenburgh's, to which he had once been attached; and in which he knew every commissioned officer and many of the private men. He was immediately recognized, and overwhelmed with gratulation in every degree of earnestness—from the cold nod of recognition to the energetic shake with both hands; and even to a hearty hug from an elderly major, who happened, early as it was, to be a little "how come you so." The officer was affected by these proofs of affectionate welcome, for there is no man who does not like to be remembered kindly by old comrades and friends; especially in the army, where every one's own risks and dangers allow him little room to lament separation from, or loss of, those whom he associates with.

In the midst of these congratulations, which had gathered quite a crowd about the chair, came up General Muhlenburg himself. Of course all gave way to the general; and after a warm salutation, Lynnford found himself so earnestly pressed, that, contrary to his original intention, he alighted—and leaving Toby in charge of the establishment, accompanied "*Teufel Piet*" to his quarters.

The camp of this brigade—like all the others—displayed a row of huts in front for the men; with those for the officers some distance in the rear. Each hut—as Lynnford ascertained as he walked along—was

fourteen feet by sixteen; and was intended to accommodate twelve non-commissioned officers and privates. The commissioned officers of every two companies had a hut together. There was a hut for the staff of every regiment, and another for the field-officers; one for the staff of the brigade, and one for General Muhlenburgh himself: the brigadier being the lowest officer who had a separate hut.

"*Setzen Sie sich*—sit you down"—said the general, at first in German, then in English, when they had passed his threshold. A rough seat, however, for an invalid."

Truly said; for the stool which he placed for his visitor was only a rude slab of wood, hewn flat on one side, with three legs driven into holes on the round side—but it was near the fire; and Lynnford, who, without previously feeling it, was chilled through, felt the kindly influence. At the same time his eye took an inventory of the hut. There were three other stools like the primitive article he sat on; a small keg, turned on end, and evidently used for a seat, though also, as he soon learned, employed "a double debt to pay," by holding the general's "apple-jack;" a large chest, also doing duty as seat and cupboard, and for diverse other purposes. There was a large table, made of a pine plank, two feet wide—a real plank, actually sawn; but to lessen the vanity of this sawn plank, its legs, like those of the stools, were mere sticks thrust into augur holes. On the right of the fire, along the wall, stood a bunk, covered over by a noble bear-skin—an excellent bed, if well filled up underneath with straw. Close by the fireplace hung a curious iron lamp, suspended by a light chain, with a sharp

spike at the end, which could be driven into a log or forced between the stones of a chimney back, and thus allowed the light to be moved about as convenience required.

Lynnford observed that the hut was tight, and would be warm whenever the door was closed; but as there were no windows—glass being beyond the means even of a general officer—it was not often that circumstance could occur.

This inspection was made while the general was extracting certain "apple-jack" from the keg, and placing it in a small pewter flagon, together with two pewter cups, on the table. At the word, "*Wasser! Frishes, Wasser!*" uttered sharply by *Teufel Piet*, an old soldier—a Hessian deserter, who acted as servant-of-all-work—started up from a nook of the hut, where he had been unnoticed, and brought forward a large wooden noggin of water. Lynnford poured out a small quantity of the "apple-jack" and a very large quantity of the water; a proportion which was reversed by his host: and they drank—"Washington!"

"This is refreshing!" said Muhlenburgh, emptying his cup. "After all, 'apple-jack' is better and wholesomer than your foreign brandies and wines: if I had my way, we would drink none of them."

Lynnford, though he hated "apple-jack," and rather liked a glass of generous wine—this was before temperance was discovered, remember—did not contradict his old general. A miscellaneous talk ensued; and an hour had passed before Lynnford bethought him how many things he had to see within a short time; and arose to take his leave. It was a quarter of an hour more, however, before he could get away.

"What a history *Teufel Piet's* would be! what a romance!" mused Lynnford, as he walked toward the quarters of the private men. What a romance, truly, if the incidents of his early life could be recovered! A Pennsylvanian by birth; then a student in a German university; then a rebel against the tyranny of scholastic discipline; then a private dragoon in a Hessian regiment. Rescued from the Hessian uniform by a strange accident, and restored to his family, we find him placed in the pulpit by his father—the head of the Lutheran church in America. Next, an emigrant to the central valley of Virginia, he builds up there a high character and extensive influence. And when the rebellion broke out, he threw off the gown—which was probably not his vocation—donned the uniform; raised a regiment; became a most gallant officer. The filling up of this sketch would make a romance of real life.

As Lynnford approached the front line of huts he met a private soldier, who had once belonged to his own regiment, and whom he knew well. The soldier made the military salute, and was passing on—

"Ha! old comrade!" said the officer, grasping the man heartily by the hand—a movement rather inconsistent with military etiquette we admit, but Lynnford was a man as well as an officer—"whither so fast?"

"I have overstaid my time," said the soldier, "and am waited for."

"I will not detain you, but rather walk along. I wish to know how my old friends get on?"

"How we get on!" exclaimed the man in some confusion. "How we get on! Come with me, then."

Followed by Lynnford, the soldier entered a hut, close by. As soon as he appeared in the door there arose a din of exclamations:

"Ho! Tom Devereux! what kept you so long! I want my breeches." "My coat!"—exclaimed another voice—"I am waiting for it to go on duty!" "My shoes!" "My cap!" "My stock!"

"Hush!" said the soldier; "here is Colonel Lynnford: don't make fools of yourselves!"

Lynnford took one glance around.

It was a picture not easily forgotten. The hut itself seemed carelessly put together; and in many places both roof and sides gave free entrance to the elements. Along the sides appeared two stages of rough sleeping bunks, one above the other; with straw on them, neither fresh nor clean, and knapsacks, soiled and mashed, apparently used for pillows. Several muskets, belts and cartridge-boxes were disposed about as chance afforded conveniency. In a hearth opposite the door was a fire; but the flame burned low, and the coals were dull and half extinguished. Huddled close over the fire—as if to catch every breath of its warmth—were several men, sitting on stools of plank or rough logs; while others were lying on the bunks.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Lynnford, "can these be Continental soldiers! my gallant comrades of the old Virginia line!"

One man had on a shirt and breeches, but torn and ragged, and his white skin appeared through divers holes and rents. A second had breeches, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, like a Roman toga. A third had the blanket; but the breeches might well

be doubted; for he held himself so crouched that nothing of them appeared. Another had a ragged coat, breeches—at least the remnant of what had once been breeches—stockings and shoes: he was evidently the dandy of the mess. Several were lying on the bunks, wrapped in blankets, whether from sickness or modesty did not exactly appear.

On the whole, such a scene of squalor, filth and ragged wretchedness, Lynnford had never imagined.

The group at the fire started up as the officer entered; and something like a pack of cards was hastily thrust aside.

"How is this, comrades? How have you come to this destitution?" said Lynnford, scarcely knowing whether he should laugh or cry, so ludicrous yet so pitiful was the sight.

"The fortunes of war," said one, laughing. "We are practicing as scarecrows for the corn-fields next summer," said another. "I've lent my coat to Tom Devereux," said a third. "And I my breeches." "And I my shoes."

"How many have you in the mess?" asked Lynnford, taking a seat on the side of a bunk.

"Ten here now; two are away in the hospital."

"How many can you turn out for duty?"

"We have one complete suit of uniform—there it is now on Tom Devereux; three pairs of shoes—such as they are; five breeches, two coats, seven shirts, and eight blankets."

"Among nine men!" exclaimed Lynnford, and burst into a hearty laugh; in which most of the soldiers joined.

"But, Tom Devereux,"—interposed one of the

mess—"my time is come; duty calls: strip." In five minutes the unfortunate Tom Devereux—who had been, when Lynnford met him, rather a spruce soldier—was reduced almost to the primitive state; and ensconced in his blanket, was stretched on a bunk.

"The ups and downs of life, Colonel Lynnford"—said one of the mess, pointing to Tom with a laugh.

"You are merry over your misery at all events," said Lynnford; "how do you keep up your spirits?"

"On hope—hope of better times"—replied a man who had hitherto been silent—"confidence in our general; confidence that he will bring us through the sufferings of this winter."

"If he were to resign; if Congress were to choose another commander-in-chief in his place; what then?" asked Lynnford, touching a point then agitated among some of the higher officers.

"Congress choose another commander-in-chief in his place! What then?" exclaimed the soldier, in utter astonishment, repeating Lynnford's words—"what then? I'll tell you what then, Colonel Lynnford, and you may tell it to Congress. This army will fall to pieces like a rope of sand. What keeps us together now but confidence in Washington? Look at us—the privates—naked, starving, perishing by every kind of suffering! Look at our officers, almost as badly off; utterly unable to live on their pay: forced to resign or starve. But look at Congress! a set of old grannies, sitting by their comfortable firesides in broadcloth, utterly regardless of us who fight the battles of the country! What confidence have we in Congress? None, sir, none! But

in Washington—in Washington, sir! Why, sir, as long as Washington does not despair, we will not."

"Is this the general feeling?" interposed Lynnford. "How are the soldiers of the northern army, who have recently joined you?"

"They feel as we do," replied the soldier.

Lynnford paused an instant: reflected. The soldiers were evidently of the right mind for his project; but, instead of broaching it, as he was half inclined to do, he said:

"My good friends, your situation is very bad—intolerable. I am going to Yorktown, and will make the strongest representations to Congress. Meanwhile, here is a trifle—ten guineas—not much, but all the cash I have. Lay it out prudently, and it will provide you some necessary articles. Ha! here is another guinea yet. Send it to the sutler's, and drink Washington's health." The effect was electrical.

"Ten guineas!" "Ten guineas!" "Huzza for Washington!" "Huzza for Lynnford!" with various other shouts, arose; while some crowded around the officer, and in silence grasped his hand. Before the storm of feeling had subsided Lynnford quietly slipped away, and left the mess of the ragged but undaunted soldiery.

Colonel Lynnford walked slowly along the line of huts, stopping to speak with some acquaintance, officer, or private. Shaking hands with one; exchanging kind inquiries with another; looking occasionally into the huts, inspecting as closely as he could the condition of the soldiers. Few messes were, in fact, as badly off as that which he had first visited; and the huts were generally better. But, on the whole, such was

the destitution and misery everywhere displayed; such, at the same time, the unflinching devotion to the Continental cause, that he scarcely knew which to wonder at most—the amount of their suffering or the extent of their patriotism. One point he felt sure of—a nobler army had never been embodied under any standard. Such an army as this to be almost dispersed and disbanded from the want of supplies! Supplies which ought to have been poured on them by the people whom they defended! At the thought, Lynnford boiled over with indignation.

But at length he returned to his vehicle, and resumed his progress. The quarters of the four other brigades on the first hill were successively visited and found to resemble, in their general arrangement, those of Muhlenburgh's. He did not cross the valley; but having, as he thought, a sufficient idea of the whole encampment, he resolved to hasten toward Head-Quarters.

The house—a modest stone house—in which the Commander-in-chief resided, stood near the mouth of Valley Creek—still stands we might perhaps say—for it stood there a few years since. Lynnford was most cordially received by the general, and very graciously by "Lady Washington,"—as she was called in the language of those times—who was then on a visit to the camp.

Having dined with Washington, and had an hour's confidential talk, Lynnford retired, and late in the evening returned to his quarters.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONGRESS AT YORKTOWN—COLONEL LYNNFORD AND CHARLES THOMSON.

ONE week after Lynnford's visit to camp he was in Yorktown. That petty village, eighty miles from Philadelphia, and ten beyond the Susquehanna, was now the seat of the Continental government. Of course the "train attendant"—members of Congress, clerks, officers, civil and military, commissaries, &c., the suitors for claims due or favors expected, which thronged the place, rendered comfortable accommodations scarce. Every body, however, took lodgers; and after some delay, through Toby's genius, aided by the hard cash, decent quarters were found.

The young officer expected to finish his business in a few days, and resume his journey southward. He was not acquainted with a single member of Congress, and knew nothing of the mode of addressing that body. All he knew was, that he had the recommendation of the Commander-in-chief; and that no man could whisper a word against his own fitness for the commission he sought.

The first afternoon of his arrival he felt too much fatigued to move; and, with a comfortable room and a good fire, he took his "ease in his own inn." Toby, however, busy as usual, spying out the land, discovered various particulars; among others, that the Secretary

of Congress, Charles Thomson, lodged at that very house, together with several members, and General Conway with one of his aids. This intelligence Lynnford resolved at once to turn to account.

At the supper hour he left his room and joined the company in the parlor. As soon as he entered, General Conway, who was standing before the fire, rushed up to him, and seized his hand with as much warmth as if they had been long separated brothers, though their acquaintance was really slight.

"My dear Lynnford, I rejoice to see you again! Gentlemen—Colonel Lynnford, the real hero of the battle of Germantown; Mr. Thomson, my friend Colonel Lynnford!"

Thus this accomplished "man of society" continued to introduce Lynnford to each of the company with the gracefulness of a Frenchman and with Hibernian warmth—to both of which races he might be said to belong. Lynnford knew that all was "false and hollow;" despised the man; held him for an unprincipled adventurer, whose selfish intrigues were hatching dissension between Congress and the army, and endangering the Continental cause: yet he felt the charm; and his unfriendliness, if it did not totally vanish, was greatly softened. The conversation soon became general. Conway was the life of the company; now telling some amusing anecdote; now passing a compliment so gracefully that the most modest need not blush; or, if occasionally he felt it too highly spiced, he imputed it to the impulse of an over frank disposition.

Lynnford, a man of action rather than of words, had but little of the "small change of conversation;" he could harangue perhaps, but he could not talk; and

he remained silent the most of the time. When the company arose from the table, and were separating to their various evening avocations, he addressed the "Secretary," and asked if he could spare a few minutes for some particular business.

"Will half an hour be enough, Colonel Lynnford? that much I can spare," replied the Secretary, with a bow.

"Certainly," said Lynnford.

"Do not forget our engagement, Mr. Thomson," interposed Conway.

"At nine o'clock, General Conway, I will be in my office—now, Colonel Lynnford, I will accompany you to your room.

Lynnford's room was small, but through Toby's skill it was already arranged to suit his master's habits and tastes. A small table stood before the fire with writing implements and a few books; for never in camp or on a journey, could he bring himself to be entirely without these unfailing friends. Two large candles burnt brightly on the table, and an excellent fire was on the hearth. As the gentlemen entered, Toby, with one of his best bows, quietly retired outside the door, which he carefully shut.

The Secretary sat down on the chair which Lynnford placed for him beside the table, but was immediately struck by the books, and without speaking, took one of them up—it was a French work on castigation.

"You speak French, Colonel Lynnford?"

"Yes, sir. I once resided in France."

"But what is this?" exclaimed the Secretary, taking up another book—"a Greek classic, *Homeri Odyssea*—do you read this?"

"Why not? I taught the Classics once."

"You?" exclaimed the Secretary; and raising his eyes took a deliberate survey of the officer from head to foot; then, after a moment's silence continued—"I am happy to have made your acquaintance, Colonel Lynnford. Your gallantry I have often heard of—your patriotism—and your loans to Government have done signal service; but I did not dream of your being like myself—an ex-pedagogue. We will be better acquainted hereafter. How long do you remain here?"

"Only till my business be arranged."

"Ha! yes, sir; we must think of business at present—what is it, Colonel Lynnford?"

"This letter will explain."

The Secretary took the letter handed to him by the officer, and read aloud—

"Head-Quarters, 15th January, 1778.

"TO THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS:

"Sir:—This will be delivered to you by Colonel Charles Lynnford, of the Virginia line. The gallant conduct of this officer at Brandywine and Germantown, and his distinguished services on many occasions, entitle him to the particular notice of Congress. He has served from the beginning of the war, and previously had acquired skill in arms and military science by service abroad. I may further add, that he possesses a degree of modesty not always found in those who have performed brilliant actions.

"It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I recommend it to Congress to grant Colonel Lynnford the commission of Brigadier-General—a reward due to his merit;

and which, at the same time, from his skill and fitness, will essentially promote the public interests.

"I have the honor to be,

"Your obedient servant,

"G. WASHINGTON."

The Secretary read the letter deliberately through and paused.

Lynnford added: "I wish to ask you, Mr. Thomson, how I am to proceed; how I am to lay this letter properly before Congress."

"He ought to have the commission," said the Secretary, rather musing to himself than answering Lynnford's question. "He must have it; his merits entitle him to it; and yet"—he paused an instant, and then addressed Lynnford directly. "Colonel Lynnford, I will speak frankly with you: in former times, that recommendation would have secured you the commission—I cannot answer for it now. The fact is, there is now a majority of Congress hostile to the Commander-in-chief—a majority willing to elevate another in his place."

"I have heard of some such design," interposed Lynnford, "but scarcely believed it serious, much less entertained by a majority of Congress."

"It is so, nevertheless; by a decided majority."

"But why—why is this?" exclaimed Lynnford, excited. "Why do not you, sir—you, whose influence is said to be very great, often all-powerful—why do not you defeat this detestable plot?"

"Why do I not defeat this plot!" replied the Secretary, calmly; "why—but because it is no plot, but a wise measure, planned for the public good by some of the best men of the Continent."

"Is it possible you think so!" exclaimed Lynnford; "you, whose name is synonymous with truth and sincerity; whose word even our enemies dare not discredit: you, Charles Thomson!"

The Secretary smiled at the vehemence of the young officer, though not insensible to the compliments paid himself—which, however, was only fact—the most implicit confidence being placed, by friend and foe, in the veracity of Charles Thomson—then answered as quietly as before:

"Be calm, Colonel Lynnford: there is no cause for excitement. I do think so. I do think the public interests require another commander-in-chief in the place of George Washington. My reasons I will give you: the reasons of those who think in this matter as I do. I am not a military man; I cannot judge of military matters, except from results, and on the opinions of those skilled in military science. As to results, Washington has not been a successful general. His career is but a history of lost battles. He lost Long Island; he lost Brandywine; he lost Germantown; and, besides, has lost many battles of less account. As to opinions, I have consulted some of the most experienced officers we have; and they impute the loss of those battles to Washington's want of skill"—

"Who? who?" exclaimed Lynnford, interrupting the Secretary rather rudely; but he could restrain himself no longer.

"Their opinions have been given confidentially, and their names cannot be mentioned," replied the Secretary, as calmly as before; "but take my assurance that they are men of unquestionable military skill"—

"But are their motives unquestionable?" exclaimed Lynnford, again interrupting the Secretary. "Are you sure of their motives? The men whom I suppose concerned in this plot have strong motives to misrepresent."

"Whom do you suspect?" said the Secretary.

"The foreign officers in our service; the men who came to this country with overweening opinions of the superiority of every thing European; and each persuaded that of course he would be chosen the generalissimo of the rebels. Finding here men of native birth so presumptuous as to outrank them, they are boiling over with disappointment, envy, and detraction. Why, sir, those men, under the present circumstances, would decry Hannibal or Frederick!"

"But the officers I refer to are not all of foreign birth."

"General Lee is, and Gates himself is; and Conway is; and others of inferior rank. There is but one native officer whom I suspect, and of him I am not certain: that is General Mifflin. But his opinion, sir, in the army—where every man is rated on his merits—counts nothing, whatever it may be worth here. He is a mere 'carpet knight,' who owes promotion to Congressional influence rather than services in the field. What services has he ever rendered? On what field has his name been heard?"

"His services may not have been reported," replied the Secretary. "He is not a favorite with Washington; and there is too much reason to believe that a spirit of favoritism rules over the official reports."

"Favoritism is easily alleged by men who lack merit to perform worthy exploits. If General Mifflin

alleges that he has been passed over in the official reports on every occasion when he did any thing worthy of being mentioned, he is—he is—I will not mince words—he is a liar.” Lynnford rose up under great excitement.

“Keep cool,” said the Secretary, in his calm, even mood. “It does not appear—at least I have not said—that General Mifflin has any part in this matter. Let us discuss the general subject. It is alleged that a spirit of favoritism governs the Commander-in-chief to the great detriment of the Service.”

“Which I flatly deny,” interposed Lynnford, who could not contain himself an instant under any imputation on Washington.

“Keep cool!” repeated the Secretary, with a grave smile: “you are too hot-headed for a sober discussion. Of this favoritism many instances have been mentioned to me.”

“All of which I undertake to disprove, if you will mention the occasions.”

“I will do so; but this is not the time: we are now examining general grounds. General Washington is cold and reserved, and distant and haughty—chills and repels those whom he might conciliate to the cause and win. Do you not think so yourself, Colonel Lynnford?”

“Mr. Thomson,” replied Lynnford, “you judge Washington by the wrong standard. You judge him as if he was one of us—the men of every-day life. He is not: he is one of the exalted few who at rare intervals appear on the earth—men in race, but endowed with many attributes of some higher nature. We who approach him closely know this, feel this.

We love him, trust him, obey him; reverence him, I may say; yet we do not expect him to be familiar: we would be almost shocked by his familiarity.”

“You are enthusiastic, sir,” interposed the Secretary—such as you picture him, Washington should be a sovereign prince; unlimited in power to govern men for their own good.”

“Truly said,” replied Lynnford. “A people governed by Washington would be blest. But that can never be; he is too modest, and too republican, if I may use the term, to accept a crown if it were offered to him.”

“I doubt it—I would not like to tempt him. Few—none, I may say—have resisted the glittering lure.”

“He would, I know,” replied Lynnford—who had in his thoughts a recent conversation with Washington, when the same sentiments were advanced which, at the close of the war, repelled the army, ready to make him any thing he chose to name—then there was a short silence, which Lynnford broke: “Whom would Congress select in the place of Washington, if I may ask the question?”

“I ought not answer, perhaps, to you who are so Washington mad,” replied the Secretary; “but I am a frank man. If we change, it will be—the successful general instead of the unsuccessful! the conqueror at Saratoga for the vanquished at Brandywine!”

“Is it possible!” exclaimed Lynnford. “Can you regard General Gates as a substitute for Washington! on the eclat of a single victory, and nothing else!”

“For the reasons I have given, and many others, a

majority in Congress so think; and if a vote were taken this moment, would so decide."

"I cannot doubt your word; and yet"—Lynnford sprung on his feet, and paced the room rapidly once or twice—"and yet, if this be so, the rebellion is over. I may as well break my sword!" As he spoke, he seized up the weapon, and began to draw it from its scabbard.

"Stay!" exclaimed the Secretary, losing entirely his impassive manner, springing to his feet, and laying his hand on Lynnford's arm. "What means this?"

"It means that we cannot carry on the war with Gates for commander-in-chief. It means that I throw up my commission the instant he is appointed."

"You!" exclaimed the Secretary, roused by the earnest manner, as much as by the words of the young officer. "You will? Are your feelings shared by others?"

"Only by every commissioned officer whose services are worth having—only by every private in the ranks. Why, sir, your army is held together solely by the attachment to Washington—by confidence in him—by the belief that he can lead us through our trials and hardships! Supercede him, and despair will supplant confidence—hope will vanish! Supercede him, and in one day you will have no army!"

"You are in earnest? You believe what you say? I see it," interposed the Secretary, rapidly. "If it be so, what a precipice we have approached—oh, what a precipice!"

"Inquire for yourselves—send trusty emissaries to the army—if such be not found the feeling."

"It shall be done," interrupted the Secretary, now

again calm—"the vote shall be postponed. This very night the day for calling up the measure was to be settled; but it must be postponed; it shall be postponed." And then, after a short pause, he continued: "Good evening, Colonel Lynnford—I have an engagement—I will see you again to-morrow." With these words the Secretary hastily left the room.

Lynnford, overcome by excitement, too great for his weakened health, immediately sunk down on a chair, supported himself an instant, and fell heavily. Before he reached the floor he was caught by Toby, and laid gently on the bed. For near an hour he was in a kind of a swoon, almost unconscious; and afterward he remained for some time "scarce half a man." Could he have known the impression on the Secretary of his words—his manner—his earnestness—how soft would have been his rest that night.

Secretary Thomson was one of the most accomplished men of his day; in learning, "by a long interval first;" for probity and moral purity, the most unquestioned of all the revolutionary statesmen; in patriotism and disinterested devotion to the Continental cause, acknowledgedly inferior to none. Yet he and Washington were not friends: the cause—the history of their mutual dislike—history has not handed down. Possibly it began with the movement to supercede the Commander-in-chief. Before, we cannot trace it; afterward, it appears often during the war; and subsequently, down to the last time they met on earth, at the triumphal entrance of the first President into Philadelphia, when a public slight was put on the distinguished Secretary.

From Secretary Thomson's official situation—from his character—from his circumstances, as a man of fortune—his influence with Congress was always great; greater on the whole than that of any one individual. To gain him was, therefore, the first move of the cabal against Washington; and by the arts in which an adroit adventurer was skilled—by misrepresentations and downright lies—by facts speciously colored—they succeeded. But his conversation with Lynnford shook somewhat his faith in them and his own opinions. If not convinced, he doubted. From doubt, he proceeded to investigate, and by investigation he discovered the tissue of intrigue woven around him.

At the moment Secretary Thomson doubted, the anti-Washington movement paused; as he fell back, it receded; when he withdrew, it fell to the ground.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CONWAY CABAL.

WHEN the Secretary left Colonel Lynnford's apartment, he hastily threw on a cloak and hurried to his office.

The man of the present day, who views the numerous public buildings at the present seat of Government, will scarcely believe, that all the "Departments" were contained in one room of a small frame-house at Yorktown; while Secretary Thomson, in his sole person, represented the "heads" of all those Departments, and, with the aid of a single clerk, performed all their duties; such, nevertheless, was the case.

The office of the Secretary was on the "Diamond," a short distance from his lodgings, and a minute's walk brought him to the door.

He paused an instant there—to collect his thoughts perhaps—for a change was on him—a change since he had seen those whom he expected to meet; his mind was troubled and unsettled. He entered. In the office he found, in addition to his clerk and General Conway, seven persons, all members of Congress. Shall we mention their names? They were patriots, true and devoted to their country, though duped into a movement which would have ruined it; and they afterward bitterly repented their delusion. In the

Journals of Congress the votes appear "by ballot," and those who voted with the "Conway Cabal" cannot be distinguished. The obscure records from which our knowledge is derived, will never be seen by the public. Why should we publish their names? Why should we lacerate their descendants who have "high mark" in the "Great Republic?" Suffice it, that they represented the North, the Middle, and the South—then the three divisions; and that their voice was "potential" in Congress.

The members and General Conway were sitting around an office table—Conway, as usual, talking rapidly; but when the Secretary entered, and, gravely saluting the company, took his seat at the head of the "Council Board," he paused. At a sign, and the words "Relieved for the night," the clerk took up his hat and retired. A short silence ensued, broken by Conway—

"As I was saying before Mr. Thomson entered, the enemy were strongly posted behind a small stream."

And from this beginning he continued a marvelous account of some of his own European exploits. The man was a great braggart, certainly; but he was an artist, and could paint to the life. His tales were always interesting. You forgot the egotism in the excitement of the narrative. And besides, his manner was off-hand, full of naive blunders: what would have seemed bragging in anybody else, in him passed for natural frankness. Generally, a braggart is a coward—but Conway was not; generally, a braggart raises a phantom which nobody believes in, except sometimes himself—yet Conway's character for a time was unquestioned; the fictitious value he gave himself passed generally current.

On this occasion he talked so fast that for half an hour at least there was not an instant's pause. When he stopped—to breathe perhaps—the Secretary, who had been long watching an opportunity, thrust in a word:

"But, general, your narrative is so interesting, you make us forget our business."

"Oh, yes!" said Conway, "I forgot: I am an off-hand Irishman, you know, and was run away with by my thoughts. What was I telling? Ha! I recollect. An affair in which I was an actor! I do declare, gentlemen, I will break myself of this habit. I beg, as a favor, whenever I begin to talk about myself some one will stop me: it looks so much like bragging. Every man thinks of himself, I suppose; but we Hibernians have such a habit of speaking out our thoughts, we never stop to consider what we ought to keep to ourselves. However, I will try to do better next time! Business! you say, Mr. Thomson; business! well, let us to business. We agreed, I think, at our last meeting, to bring forward speedily the important measure we contemplate; and now our object is to agree on the day. Is it not so, gentlemen?"

"Yes!"—was uttered by several.

"What day will you fix?" resumed Conway, who seemed to consider himself as entitled to lead off: "the sooner the better. The new commander-in-chief will require time to make his arrangements for the next campaign. We may seriously embarrass him by longer delay. What day will you fix? To-morrow? If you say so, gentlemen, some of us may as well draw up the formal resolutions: then we can settle who is to move them, and who to second."

"Not quite so fast," interposed the Secretary, who had hitherto been looking unusually grave; "this evening I have had a conversation with Colonel Lynnford of the Virginia line. He protests in the strongest terms against the change of generals; even goes so far as to avow his determination, in case it take place, to resign; and assures me that most if not all the officers will do the same—"

"But you did not believe him?—you did not believe him?" vehemently interrupted Conway.

"I did not altogether," resumed the Secretary. "I thought him carried away by his feelings. But when an officer of his character speaks as confidently as he does, the matter requires inquiry. For one, I shall not be willing to take another step until this point be ascertained."

"Is it possible, Mr. Thomson? Is it possible, gentlemen!" exclaimed Conway, in his excitement springing up from the chair, "you can be shaken in your purposes by the talk of one man! Who is this Colonel Lynnford but one of those pets who bask under the wings of favoritism! Who is this Colonel Lynnford but one of those very parasites whose favor disgusts meritorious officers and paralyzes the army? What else is he, I say?"

"You answered the question yourself, last night, General Conway!" interposed the Secretary, in a sarcastic tone.

"Mere politeness: the empty compliments with which we gild our social intercourse!" replied Conway. "But the facts. Why is this court favorite here? As a spy, I fear! As an emissary of Wash-

ington, sent purposely to misrepresent the feelings of the army!"

"There you do him injustice," interrupted the Secretary. "His real business here is to ask for a brigade, on Washington's letter of recommendation."

"And his evidence in favor of his own patron, you will receive! you will act on! you will allow to dash our councils!" exclaimed Conway.

"You are too hot and heady, General Conway," answered the Secretary. "I do not propose acting on his evidence, but inquiring into his facts. If it be as he alleges; if the officers will resign; our measures, however salutary we may have thought them, will assuredly end the rebellion—though not exactly as we wish. But give us reasons against postponing and inquiring; reasons in favor of immediate action. We shall listen with every disposition to be convinced."

"Reasons against postponing!" exclaimed Conway. "Is it asking me to prove a negative, you are? Oh, no! Excuse me, Mr. Thomson; excuse me from attempting any thing so much against the rules of evidence! But if it is reasons for removing Washington and appointing Gates, I have them at your service."

"No! no!" interposed one of the members of Congress: "that point has been considered enough. Now we wish to settle whether to postpone our movement until we ascertain the sentiments of the army. I think we ought."

"And I!"—"And I!"—"And I!"—were exclamations from every quarter.

"Where am I?" exclaimed Conway; "where am I? The leaders of the American revolt were known over the world for more than Roman inflexibility.

Are these the men? These men who change their purposes at every idle breath! Oh! no! no! it cannot be! you do not vacillate! your purpose is not changed! You do not mean to continue a weak general, surrounded by bad counselors, at the head of your army! You do not wish your noble army to be daunted by rash battles—to be melted down by useless marches—to be irretrievably ruined by ill-judged winter-quarters! No! no! I know you do not!"

"That is not the question, General Conway," said the Secretary, somewhat impatiently, interrupting the speech, which from his acquaintance with Conway he knew was coming. "It is merely of postponement. On that point we are unanimous—if I heard aright. Is it not so, gentlemen?"

"It is!"—was repeated by every voice.

"But, gentlemen! gentlemen, hear me!" Conway continued exclaiming for some time, amid reiterated exclamations from the members that the point was settled. In some considerable confusion the "caucus"—if we may apply that term so long before its introduction—broke up; and the members dispersed.

General Conway left the office of the Secretary with his hot and vehement temperament boiling over from excitement. It was late at night, yet he paced the street for some time, cooling himself down to the point of calm reflection. The structure—we may see it in its true light, though he did not—the structure of envy, hatred and revenge, built so laboriously, by so much intrigue, misrepresentation, and slander, seemed "like the baseless fabric of a dream." The contemplation was not very agreeable; but he went to work

at once—like an indefatigable spider—to repair the broken meshes of his web.

Many schemes were considered and rejected. On one point, however, his mind was made up: to blame the whole affair on Lynnford; to exact strict payment of the debt; to disappoint him of the commission he sought; to put him entirely out of the way of giving further trouble. When his determination on this point was settled, he returned to his lodgings, to begin to carry it out at once.

The aid whom we have mentioned was a young French officer, a Lieutenant De la Roche, who was seeking service in the Continental army, and meanwhile acted as General Conway's aide. This evening he was waiting up, as usual, for his general—and Conway immediately addressed him, in French, which we shall translate into English.

"My friend, you are a good pistol shot, I think?"

"As good as any in Paris, I flatter myself."

"Would you object to exchanging a shot in lieu of a friend, who is peculiarly situated just now, and cannot go out himself, but will do you the same good turn on another occasion?"

"Certainly not, my general; particularly if you are that friend."

"You observed a young officer here this evening—a Colonel Lynnford?"

"Yes, my general."

"He is here to cross my plans, in the great matter you know of—he must be put out of the way. Can you manage, to-morrow morning, to pick a quarrel with him—and get yourself challenged? It is not necessary

to do more than wound him badly; that will prevent his meddling."

"But what if I kill him? Bullets are sometimes uncertain."

"It cannot be helped. Accidents will happen?"

"*Eh bien.* Consider it done, my general."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PLOT AGAINST COLONEL LYNNFORD'S LIFE.

THE next morning Lynnford had regained his ordinary health of body, but not his ordinary composure of spirit. The movement against the Commander-in-chief, of which his knowledge previously had been vague and uncertain, rose before him the instant he awoke. His whole conversation with Secretary Thomson came up, without his volition perhaps, and passed in review exactly as every word had been said: the details brightened, and his own impression strengthened, by the fresh activity imparted by morning to all the faculties. Again and again, over and over again, the terrible development, word after word, returned. "It will drive me mad!" at length he exclaimed, and sprang out of bed.

The cool water of his morning ablution calmed him a little, and he could now control his thoughts. What ought to be done? What should he do, what could he do, to counteract the plot against the Commander-in-chief! The Continental cause—the cause to which he, with so many others, had devoted "his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor"—was at stake. If Washington were removed, the army would certainly be disorganized. If Congress acted at all—if a formal vote for removal were attempted, though not carried out,

dissension and disunion would ensue. The cause would be wrecked on the same rock with many other abortive rebellions. The subject was too important for hasty decision; yet an immediate decision was necessary. His measures, some measures, must be taken at once.

While he was considering the matter, Toby entered the room to make the fire; expressing much astonishment at finding his master up so long before his usual time. A thought instantly struck Lynnford, and he instantaneously carried it out

"Toby!"

"Yes, Massa Lynnford."

"Can you buy a saddle in this town—immediately, I mean?"

"Sartin sure, Massa Lynnford, 'mediately—soon as dis boy make him fire."

"Immediately, Toby. Never mind the fire: I'll make the fire myself."

"He! he! Massa Lynnford—not 'spectable for gen'leman to make him own fire," responded Toby—who raked out the hickory coals, and with great celerity built a fire.

"Now, Toby," resumed Lynnford, "buy the saddle."

"Wat den, Massa Lynnford?"

"Then, Toby, come to me and get some letters I shall write; then take the letters to Valley Forge, as fast as you can. Then, remember—though you may as well remember it from the first—to say not a word about the matter to any body."

"He! he! Massa Lynnford; dis nigga tell eb'ry body whar him gwine; him gwine down to ole Virginy; he! he!"

"I'll warrant, Toby, you'll not let slip an opportunity for a good big lie."

"Golly, Massa Lynnford, dis nigga neber lie; him only invent facts for him massa's interest: dat not lying, sartin sure!"

"Go along, Toby, and get the saddle," said Lynnford, laughing in spite of his serious mood. As soon as Toby was gone he sat down to write. A letter to Colonel Hamilton detailed exactly the whole conversation with Secretary Thomson. Another of like import was directed to the chaplain of the Pennsylvania line. Both were urged to procure letters to members of Congress, from as many officers as possible, without an instant's delay.

Before the letters were finished Toby returned.

"You are quick, Toby," said Lynnford, looking up from his writing-desk in surprise. "Now get ready to start, while I finish this letter."

"He! he! Massa Lynnford, dis feller ready now. How many miles far off dis Valley Forge?"

"About sixty, I think."

"Den Toby not get dar' much 'fore night."

"I should think not, Toby," said Lynnford, smiling.

"He! he! Massa Lynnford. Dis nigga ride ole Grey thirty miles, den rattle him cash"—as he spoke he imitated the action—"and get anoder hoss. Oh kie! him get to Valley Forge, right away at once!" said Toby, ending with a kind of a caper to represent urging a horse along.

"This letter," said Lynnford, "with the big seal, is for Colonel Hamilton; and this, with the little seal, for Dr. Jones—remember, Toby."

"Oh kie! Yes, Massa Lynnford," replied Toby, and

departed on his mission; but as soon as he was out of his master's sight, he threw a grand summerset, and continued the same amusement all the way to the stable; much edifying the spectators—if any there were.

By writing those letters, Lynnford's thoughts became more settled, and with a mind comparatively composed he prepared to leave his apartment. Just then there was a slight tap at the door, and the Secretary entered.

"In the excitement of our conversation last evening," said he, taking Lynnford's hand, warmly—"I forgot your letter of recommendation; if you intrust it to me, I will have it properly laid before Congress."

"I thank you, Mr. Thomson," replied Lynnford; "but I shall not present that letter now, under present circumstances. While it is uncertain whether I can hold my old commission, I shall not seek for a new."

"With your feelings, Colonel Lynnford, perhaps you are right; at all events you act generously. Still, I may inform you that we have postponed the matter we were talking about, until we ascertain whether your information is well-founded."

"You have! you have!" exclaimed Lynnford, vehemently. "Then the country is saved; but may I ask, did General Conway assent to a postponement?"

"Do not ask the question," answered the Secretary; "if I know any thing, it must be of course confidentially. But come; it is our breakfast hour."

Lynnford and the Secretary joined the company which was assembled in the parlor, waiting for breakfast. Conway ran to meet Lynnford at the door, grasped his hand affectionately in both his own, and

by his whole manner manifested the utmost friendliness. It was noticed by the Secretary—a frank and sincere man—fully aware of the man's real feelings. From that moment Conway's character, in the opinion of the Secretary, was settled; that moment was "the beginning of the end"—Conway's disgrace, within three months afterward, by a unanimous vote of Congress. The young colonel received the flattering attentions of the general officer with a solemn gravity, which was noticed by several. His hand was withdrawn as quickly as possible: he turned away in the midst of a compliment, and spoke to some one else. A look passed between Conway and his aide: the latter immediately addressed Lynnford.

"Is Monsieur aware," said he in French, "that Monsieur's manner is uncourteous toward General Conway? Monsieur has put a slight on that distinguished officer, which he may not choose to notice from one so inferior in rank, but which his aide-de-camp cannot pass by. Does Monsieur understand my question?"

Lynnford was astonished at being thus addressed: turned round full face to the Frenchman; saw a slightly formed young man, with exceedingly black hair, black whiskers, and black eyes, gazing fiercely up at him. His first impulse was to laugh; but after a moment's hesitation, he gave one look—if the aide had known his history it would have been understood—and turned away on his heel. The French lieutenant boiled over with wrath at this contemptuous treatment; but before some plan of resentment could be thought of, the breakfast was announced.

Lynnford's place at the table fell next to the Secre-

tary; and, soon engaged deeply in a literary talk with this new friend, he for some time took little notice of any thing else. But his attention was at length drawn by a somewhat noisy discussion, among the rest of the company, of a theme—then not unusual—of the relative merits of Washington and Gates. At first he listened in silence; even made up his mind, on no account, to be drawn into the dispute: but the advocates of Washington, fewer in number and less ardent, were browbeat by their opponents. This he could not long bear: his temperament, by nature fiery, though usually, through the excellent training of early life, under good control, broke completely loose at an abusive tirade against Washington which Conway poured out with his usual vehemence. In his mid course, Lynnford broke suddenly on him with a voice still louder than his own—defended and eulogized the Commander-in-chief—assailed General Conway himself in terms which men in civilized society often think of one another but rarely utter: terms which could not but be resented “among gentlemen.” Before Conway could retort, young De la Roche, who knew English sufficiently to understand the substance of what was said, arose from his place at the table, approached Lynnford, and in the coolest manner possible, spoke:

“Monsieur has put insult on my general. What Monsieur has said is a lie. Monsieur is a liar!”

When he began to speak, Lynnford turned in his seat partly round toward him; and as the last word was uttered, dealt him a quick stroke with the back of his open hand on the face. It was not meant for a hard blow, yet the Frenchman staggered back, and the blood trickled from his nose.

“Children and jack-a-napes,” said Lynnford, “I always chastise on the spot: to gentlemen,” continued he, looking at Conway, “I offer the ordinary satisfaction.”

The bloody nose was a great mortification, and very much lessened the self-esteem of the young hero—as would be the case with any other young hero—bloody noses not elevating a man much in the temple of honor; but what could he do? Nothing but retire to his room and make copious use of cold water.

Lynnford knew well what he might now expect—to be “called out.” In fact he struck the blow with that very object: under the language used toward himself he was obliged to “call out” the young aide, unless by a more intolerable insult he drove the other party to take the first step.

When the company separated, which they did immediately—breaking up in some confusion—Colonel Lynnford retired to his room, and quietly awaited events. On the subject of the “duello” he had no particular scruples. “The usages among gentlemen”—a code of social intercourse which he recognized as law—required him to fight—fight in certain prescribed cases; and when those cases arose, as now, he thought no more of it than of exposing his life on the field of battle. His principles were very, very wrong; but “men of the world” felt thus in his day, and I am sorry to say, feel thus in ours. He was more troubled by the want of a second. About ten o'clock, a gentleman was announced, and with a very formal bow, a tall, middle-aged person entered the apartment.

“Colonel Lynnford, I presume?”

"Yes, sir—pray be seated."

"I have the honor, sir, to be the bearer of a note from General Mifflin."

Lynnford took the note, an unsealed one, and read:

"SIR:

"I have been informed, that in a conversation this morning, you made assertions which might be construed into an imputation on my veracity. Under the circumstances I am obliged to demand an explanation of your meaning; and whether you intended to impeach my character for truth?

"My friend, Mr. Bolton, who waits on you with this note, will receive any communication you may make on the subject.

"Your obedient humble servant,

"THOMAS MIFFLIN."

"Mr. Bolton," said Lynnford, rising and taking his visitor by the hand, "I am very happy to have the honor of your acquaintance."

The visitor arose also, and stiffly took the hand offered to him.

"I must confess," resumed Lynnford, when they were again seated, after considerable bowing, "that I am at a loss to comprehend this message from General Mifflin. I do not think I have mentioned his name to-day. Possibly I may have done so in the heat of a discussion—if so, I have forgotten the circumstances and the words. I do not think your friend ought to remember what I myself have forgotten—what was spoken, if spoken at all, unreflectingly—what," added he, after a moment's thought, resolved to go the utmost length

toward conciliation—"I am heartily sorry for. Is this explanation satisfactory?"

"Will you be so good, Colonel Lynnford, as to commit your explanation to writing," replied Mr. Bolton, with great formality.

Lynnford took up the note and began to read it over again, in order to make his explanation correspond as much as possible to his terms.

"Ha!" said he, pausing, "here is an unfortunate word, which I did not take notice of before. Your friend *demands* an explanation. A demand is a threat; and a gentleman, as you are aware, Mr. Bolton, cannot act under a threat; can do nothing—not even what is right—on compulsion. Can you relieve me from this little difficulty? I do think such a trifle ought not to thwart an amicable arrangement. Can you suggest nothing?"

"It is not for us to make suggestions in this matter," replied Mr. Bolton, stiffly.

"Then I will make a suggestion myself. You can withdraw your note: you can substitute the word *request*, for the word *demand*. If this is done I can offer an explanation which I think will be satisfactory."

"That would be a novel course," replied the other, after a moment of hesitation.

"Nevertheless it is perfectly *en regle*. If the object of your friend is merely to guard his honor, to obtain a proper explanation of what might be construed to impeach it, you surely ought not to put it out of my power to make an explanation. If his object is a fight at all events; by preventing an explanation, he can have it—folly as it is, while we have public enemies to fledge our valor on. I shall not baulk his wishes."

"I will submit your suggestion to my friend," replied Mr. Bolton: "but what friend of yours am I referred to in case this affair go further?"

"In half an hour I will send a friend to wait on you, Mr. Bolton. Where do you lodge?"

"At Mrs. Alcorn's in 'the Diamond,'" replied Mr. Bolton, at the same time rising from his chair, and beginning a series of formal bows. "I have the honor to wish you good-morning, Colonel Lynnford."

"Martinet! cold-blooded martinet!" exclaimed Lynnford, as soon as he was alone; "with such a second, this affair cannot end amicably."

In fact, though Lynnford did not know it then, a hostile termination was inevitable. The whole affair was under Conway's management; he was resolved to get rid of Lynnford at all events; and not satisfied with the chance from De la Roche, he fomented this second quarrel—would have fomented half a dozen more if he had deemed it necessary.

Scarcely had the formal Mr. Bolton left the house, before another gentleman was announced. "The little Frenchman's friend," thought Lynnford—"a fight is of course—the shorter work we make of the arrangements the better." The conjecture was right.

The "gentleman" who now entered, was a short, thick-set fellow, with an amazing quantity of black hair on every part of the face where hair is accustomed to grow, and a fierce, though sneaking look—a professed "fire-eater" and fighting bully—a "friend" of Conway's, though not often admitted among gentlemen; being suspected of unfair practices both at the card-table and on the "field of honor." If Lynnford had known his real character he would probably have

said: "Tell Lieutenant De la Roche to send a gentleman when he deals with me," and have turned the blackguard out of the room. As it was, the young officer felt thoroughly disgusted.

The fellow addressed Lynnford rudely, and without the courtesies emphatically practiced on such occasions. Lynnford read the "message"—which breathed war *à l'outrance*; and seeing it was a case for scant courtesy, informed the Frenchman's "friend" that he should hear from him in an hour, and dismissed him.

"Two affairs in one day!" exclaimed Lynnford; "however, it cannot be helped. But a second! Where is my second? I must search the town." He threw on his cloak and went out. As it happened, General Cadwalader was passing along the street. "There is the man!" thought Lynnford—"cool, experienced, brave"—and immediately, though he was scarcely acquainted, accosted Cadwalader.

"General Cadwalader," said he, "I am particularly in need of a friend just now. In a quarrel with Conway and his set, I have received two messages this morning. If you will be so kind as to act as my friend in these affairs, I shall be very much obliged. My acquaintance with you, I know, is too slight to ask this favor—but"

"Do not mention it, Colonel Lynnford," interrupted General Cadwalader. "I would be at your service in any similar affair, but with 'Conway's Cabal' I consider the quarrel in a measure as my own."

Lynnford explained all the circumstances as they walked together toward his lodgings, and after they reached them.

"The affair with Mifflin," added he, "may be arranged; that with the Frenchman cannot."

"Have you ever been out before, Colonel Lynnford?" asked Cadwalader. "I know your character for bravery in the field; but without practice with the pistol, the bravest soldier may be shot down by a mere poltroon."

"Not for several years," answered Lynnford, with a peculiar smile, which might have been interpreted—nor likely to be called out soon again by any one who knows me; "but I have some practice with the pistol. Judge for yourself, general." As he spoke, he took a pair of finely-finished steel-barreled pistols from the table where they were lying, covered up by some papers; looked at the priming; then threw up a window-sash.

"General, you see those two chickens in the yard? How far off are they?"

"Fifteen or twenty paces."

"You see their heads—well!"

At the instant both pistols, one in each hand, were discharged, and the chickens sprung up, shot exactly through their heads.

"Is it possible," exclaimed Cadwalader in astonishment, "that pistol practice can be so perfect!"

"It is partly an art," replied Lynnford; "partly a gift of nature. But now that you are satisfied on this point, let us to business. I put myself entirely into your hands; but if you do not object, I should wish the appointment with the Frenchman to-morrow at full daylight: that with Mifflin an hour afterward."

"Both in one day?"

"Yes."

General Cadwalader subsequently made the arrangements in both cases conformably to Lynnford's wishes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

COLONEL LYNNFORD FIGHTS A DUEL WITH GENERAL MIFFLIN.

THE next morning, half an hour before day, General Cadwalader was at Lynnford's quarters.

"So early, general," said Lynnford, who had just arisen himself.

"First on the ground always," replied Cadwalader, "when it is the call of honor. We have a mile or more to the field."

"General," said Lynnford, after a moment's silence, "I have learned some matters since I saw you yesterday, which I ought to have known sooner. That fellow—the young Frenchman's second—is a mere bravo; utterly unworthy to associate with gentlemen. I owe you an humble apology for bringing you into his company. He is represented as capable of any villainy; not only of obtaining unfair advantages on the ground, but of perpetrating assassination itself."

"I thought as much from his looks and his low manners. But it is too late now to do any thing but go through our parts with the best grace we can. That young De la Roche is said to be an admirable shot; and I should tremble for you, if I had not seen your practice."

"A good shot?—then the quickest man sends the first bullet."

"What pistols have you?"

"These fine cut-steel, and these duelling: both are good. My hand is equally used to either; if any difference, the cut-steel, being lighter, are better for quick fire. Take both along; they are already loaded; but you can draw the loads of the pair you fix on: the other pair keep by you loaded—for your security and mine. On no account assent to my using any other pistols. If the Frenchman choose, let him use his own."

"It is time to set out," said Cadwalader, looking at his watch.

They threw on their cloaks and left the house.

"This way, general," said Lynnford, leading him toward a horse and chair, which stood near the house, in charge of a servant; "my debility compels me to ride. Besides," added he with a laugh, "perhaps I may need it to come back in."

It was a clear cold morning; the stars were shining with that almost supernatural brightness which generally forebodes a storm. The morning star, high up in the heavens, showed that dawn was at hand; and in fact, a small blush of red already tinged the East.

"This beautiful morning, this invigorating air—those brilliant stars—should exhilarate any one," said Lynnford, as they took their seats—"yet I feel sad—very sad. General Cadwalader, do you believe in presentiments—presentiments of coming events? I do not—yet last night I had a dream which has left an impression. It was a strange, sad dream. I will tell it to you:—

"We went to the field, just as we are going now.

I killed the Frenchman, though I did not intend to do so. Then I met Mifflin: twice I spared him. He insisted—or rather Conway, who was in the background, insisted—on a third shot. I fell shot, as it seemed, through the head. Then I felt myself sinking through total darkness, a long way, till at last a glimmer of light appeared. Then I was ferried over a dark, gloomy river, and entered regions which I recognized perfectly, from the description, as Virgil's *acherontia arva*. Beyond, I found myself in an immense temple of black marble, before a grim judge, and was called up for trial. Numerous witnesses testified against me, until I was struck dumb by the amount of my own misdeeds. The judge cried out in a terrible voice: 'What good can you show? What good have you done on earth?' The voice was so terrible, that I awoke. It is folly, I know; yet I have a strong impression that I shall fall, just as I fell in my dream. I have been engaged often with weapons of every kind, in every kind of combat; yet I never had this feeling before. Strange that I feel so now! Folly!"

"It will not weaken your aim, I hope," interposed Cadwalader.

"Why should it? If death were positively certain at eight o'clock this morning, it would not shake a nerve. Why should it? Why the probability? And yet, if there is a life beyond the present, as I think I believe—you believe it yourself—do you not, general?"

"Certainly I do; most firmly."

"We are fools, then—all fools—rushing, as we do, blindly into the future, without inquiring where we are going. For my part, I believe but I do not realize.

My belief is an airy nothing. I cannot realize a future life. I cannot realize! Oh God!" exclaimed he, in great earnestness—changing at once his tone and manner, to the perfect astonishment of General Cadwalader: "Why cannot I realize a future life! Why do I rush unprepared into thy awful presence! Why do I not realize that I must give an account of the deeds done in the body!"

At this moment, perhaps, the angel of mercy hovered over the young officer. One breath more—one prayer—and the "oil of reconciliation" would have been poured on his heart; but it was not uttered—the angel passed him by—it may be for years—it may be forever.

After a silence of some minutes, Cadwalader, who was not unmoved by Lynnford's feelings, spoke:

"These presentiments are, as you say, all folly; yet it is right always to be prepared for the worst. However, a truce to presentiments now. We are as near the ground as our vehicle can get."

They alighted; secured their horse; traversed a piece of wood; found themselves in a small valley, concealed from the road.

"First on the ground!" exclaimed Cadwalader, with considerable satisfaction.

"Day is breaking fast," added Lynnford; "we shall not wait long. Ha! I see them approaching; but there are three. They stop among the trees. They are talking earnestly. What does it mean?"

If Lynnford could have heard the conversation, his question would have been answered in a way to move somewhat his bile.

"I must stop here," said the third person—General Conway himself; though so muffled up in a cap and cloak, that it was difficult to recognize him. "I am only a spectator, and have no business on the ground. One word, however. This is not the case of a mere ceremonious exchange of bullets, remember, Mr.—" (the name of the Frenchman's second, to whom this was addressed, is omitted in the documents on which our narrative is founded;) "there can be no explanation after an ineffectual fire—no apology."

"Apology!" exclaimed the Frenchman, interrupting Conway, fiercely, while the blood flushed over his swarthy features—"apology for a blow to a French gentleman! There can be but one apology—the death of the aggressor!"

"Of course, my friend," resumed Conway, now speaking to Lieutenant De la Roche, "your second will make his arrangements to give no advantage against you, of ground or otherwise."

"Bah!" said De la Roche, complacently. "These *canaille* Yankees may use the *fusil* against the forest deer or a red Indian—but the pistol, or any other gentlemanly weapon. Bah! I am almost ashamed to shoot down that dolt yonder without giving him advantages."

"Take care, my friend. Colonel Lynnford has been abroad; at least I judge so from his speaking French. He may not be the mere dolt you suppose," replied Conway.

"Abroad or not, he knows nothing of the usages among gentlemen, or he would not have given a blow—and of course nothing of the use of gentlemanly weapons—the pistol or small-sword. Bah! the bumpkin.

If he had not given a blow, I could not bring myself to do more than disable him. But a blow! I cannot spare him. My general, I cannot spare him. Do not ask me now to do so!"

"I do not interfere," replied Conway; then turning to the black-muzzled, ruffian-looking second, addressed him: "Can you get our friend the first shot? He may as well have it."

"Certainly, sir. We will toss up for the word. I shall get it of course."

"Why, of course?" interposed Conway.

"Ha! ha! excuse my telling even you, general. I have sworn never to tell that secret," replied the second, with one of those peculiar chuckles which convey so much meaning—to one who understands.

If he had told it—the young Frenchman certainly—Conway probably—would have dispensed with his further services. We will reveal his secret. He had two silver half-crowns: one with "heads" on both sides; the other, in like manner, with "tails." When a coin was called for, he had these ready in his hand, and cried "heads" or "tails," making the movement of tossing, but retaining the coin. If his opponent cried "heads," he threw up the "tails" coin; if "tails," the other.

"I get the word of course," resumed he. "Now, M. De la Roche, remember what I tell you. I shall give 'one'—'two,'—very slowly, with a long interval between; but 'three' will be said very quickly after 'two.' If you remember this, you are sure of the fire: for your opponent, expecting a long interval, will not be ready. In fact, I shall call 'three' so quickly that you may fire immediately after you hear 'two.'"

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed De la Roche, turning fiercely on his second. "This proposal to me! You forget that I am a gentleman! General Conway, will you take his place as my friend?"

Conway exchanged a look of intelligence with the second, which told him plainly enough he did not altogether disapprove of the arrangement, but must pacify De la Roche; then answered:

"Under present circumstances, it is impossible for me to appear openly in this matter, without ruining important public measures. If you cannot go on the ground with your present arrangements, the meeting may be postponed. You may apologize to the other side for the trouble you have given, and"—

"No! Never! I will go on the ground at all events!" exclaimed the Frenchman, interrupting General Conway; and resolved to carry out a plan which struck him at the instant.

With this exclamation he strode forward immediately, without looking or appearing to care whether he was followed by anybody or not. The second, however, accompanied him—Conway remaining in the wood.

It was now full daylight, and Lynnford and his "friend" were considerably impatient of the strange delay. The young Frenchman approached, and utterly regardless of his second, whom he did not at all notice, spoke, with a formal but very graceful bow:

"It is not *en regle*, I know, what I am doing; but the man who was recommended as my second on this occasion, turns out a base scoundrel, with whom I can have nothing to do. I am therefore here without a

friend. Will you, sir"—speaking to Cadwalader—"be so good as to act alone in this matter?"

"It is a very delicate position," replied Cadwalader.

"You are a man of honor, sir," replied the Frenchman, "and I can trust you. It is but to measure the ground, load the arms, and give the word."

"But who will vouch for the fairness of the proceedings in case of accident—to you; you, who are without a friend or witness on the ground?"

The Frenchman smiled—a smile of confidence—which Lynnford understood and was a little provoked by—and answered: "Your character, sir; well known among gentlemen, in the army and out."

"Before I answer," replied Cadwalader, "I should like to know your reasons for discarding your late second."

The Frenchman gave them in detail; but before he had quite finished, Lynnford, interrupting him, exclaimed, turning to the ruffian, who stood near, astounded by the course of things, and, in spite of his impudence, not a little abashed:

"You made this proposal? It would have been murder. Any advantage taken over an opponent on the field of honor is downright murder. You are a murderer in intention certainly. I ought to shoot you down where you stand; but, defend yourself—defend yourself! You have arms in your hands—defend yourself!"

While Lynnford was speaking he took up a pistol, and stood an instant, his eye glaring on the scoundrel. The fellow had also a pistol in his hand, and made an irresolute effort to raise it; but he quailed, and, hesitating a moment, turned around and ran.

"Ha! a coward, too!" cried Lynnford: "go; but take with you a felon's mark"—at the same time touching off his pistol.

The scoundrel fell.

"You have killed him!" exclaimed Cadwalader.

"No," said Lynnford; "only made a hole in his right ear; but the bullet of course grazed his head and stunned him for an instant."

So it was; for he speedily arose and continued his flight.

"Put the sea between us," cried Lynnford. "If ever I set eyes on you again, I'll shoot you like a wolf."

Cadwalader and the Frenchman were astonished by the fierce decision of the young officer, and the latter opened his eyes at his skill in "a gentlemanly weapon." When this by-play of indignation was over, Lynnford turned to Lieutenant De la Roche and addressed him:

"Monsieur," said he, bowing courteously, "I mistook your character. You are a man of honor and a gentleman. I am sorry that I gave you a blow; very sorry. Is there any apology which I can make?"

"A blow! A blow! Remember, it was a blow!" replied the Frenchman sternly.

"But remember," said Lynnford, "that you gave the first affront. The word you used—the lie—is as intolerable to us of English blood as the blow is to you."

"I am heartily sorry I spoke that word. I retract it; I apologize."

"Enough: the explanation is sufficient. That matter is settled. We may be friends," said Lynnford, extending his hand.

"Yes," replied the Frenchman, taking Lynnford's hand, "that matter is settled. Words may atone for words—but a blow, Monsieur!—a blow!" dropping the hand he held. "Words cannot do away a blow—an apology cannot settle it."

"What can?"

"Blood! only blood! We must meet, Monsieur. I bear you no enmity now; but we must meet. I am sorry for it; but we must meet."

"I also am sorry for it; but since it must be, it must. I will give you the meeting. Not now, however; not until we can act *en regle*. Not until you can procure a second."

"*Eh bien*," said the young Frenchman, and was turning away.

"One minute," said Lynnford—"one minute. Was General Conway present, and did he hear that scoundrel propose his base arrangement?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Did he express any indignation?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur. That is a matter between my general and myself," said the aide, coloring, and hesitating in his answer, but evidently struck by the thought suggested. It worked. The connection between General Conway and the young Frenchman was of no long duration.

"And now," said Cadwalader, as soon as Lieutenant De la Roche left the ground, and they were alone, "what of your dream?"

"The catastrophe may be only postponed. But I am chilly. I wish that martinet would make haste," answered Lynnford.

"It wants a half hour of the time for our second

appointment: he will certainly be here to the minute. There is a farm-house not far off, along the road, let us warm ourselves meanwhile."

They carried out this purpose; but when they regained the ground, it was two minutes after the time, and their opponents were already there.

"We have waited for you, gentlemen," said Mr. Bolton, solemnly, with a very stiff bow; the principals, at the same time, exchanging a formal salutation. "We have waited for you, gentlemen!" repeated he, in a tone which showed that he considered himself as much aggrieved by the delay.

"Only two minutes!" replied Cadwalader, looking at his watch.

"Long enough to have justified our leaving the ground, if we stood on our strict rights," said Bolton.

"Since time is so precious," said Cadwalader, a little provoked, "let us lose no more of it."

"We are at your service, sir," replied Mr. Bolton, with a low bow; "allow me to introduce Dr. Maffet, our surgeon," pointing to a tall, lank man, who stood by with a case under his arm. "You are not provided with a surgeon, sir?—at least I don't observe any."

"No, sir."

"The affair goes on, sir?" said Mr. Bolton, walking to one side with General Cadwalader. "No apology? No explanation?"

"None, sir, unless the inadmissible word be withdrawn."

"That cannot be done, sir. My friend has committed his honor to my hands, and I cannot agree to withdraw his message."

"But for the mere purpose of altering it."

"For no purpose whatsoever."

"Stupid fool!" was the word rising to Cadwalader's lips, but he suppressed it, and quietly said: "Then—then our arrangements may as well proceed."

"Certainly, sir."

The arrangements were now entered on. First the pistols were examined and re-examined; and finally selected and then loaded; though not until Mr. Bolton had scrutinized almost every single grain of powder, and passed the bullets through such an inspection as never bullets underwent before. Next for the ground. It was a pretty place; very pretty for exchanging a shot. The bottom of the valley afforded about an acre of perfectly level ground; then the hills sloped gently upward all around, except at the wood, and nowhere else was there a tree, a stump, or stone. The sun stood exactly over the wood. There was but one position which men of sense could possibly select. Still Mr. Bolton could not make up his mind. Cadwalader repeated over and over again—

"The only position here is across the valley; the background is precisely alike; not a mark to give either side advantage; the light and shadow even."

Still Mr. Bolton could not make up his mind,

Meanwhile, the condition of the principals was—there is but one word to express it, and Lynnford himself felt its truth—was something foolish. If they had been enraged at one another they might have amused themselves nursing their wrath; but standing there as they did—though in mortal arbitrement—merely on the difference between "demand" and "request," they had very little of that gentle nursling to console themselves with;

and having nothing better to think about, it could not but strike them, that in risking their lives for such a stake, they were a pair of fools. The worst of the matter was, they were obliged to behave belligerently, that is, to look as sternly dignified as possible, and not to exchange a word, except through their seconds.

The surgeon, to pass the time—or to have his tools ready—opened his mahogany case; spread divers horrible-looking instruments out on his cloak; rubbed the rust off them very deliberately, one by one; then returned them as deliberately to the mahogany case, and locked it securely. But he almost immediately applied his key, and began to take out his instruments again; not all, however, but a select few—such as are usually wanted for extracting bullets or amputating a limb; these he contemplated very affectionately: one truculent little saw, in particular, which seemed a prime favorite. The surgical instruments constantly before his eyes, soon affected General Mifflin's nerves—not used like his opponent to such agreeable contemplations—and he became fidgetty and restless. Fortunately for him, his second at length made up his mind.

The ground being settled, the distance—twelve paces—was next agreed on, and measured—after considerable discussion, and any number of bows. Then came the word, which was tossed up for, and won by Mr. Bolton.

The principals were duly placed, and the pistols handed to them. Now came the crowning point of Mr. Bolton's aspirations—the giving the word in a regular duel; beyond which, in his eyes, earth had no glories. After communicating the arrangement—to

fire as quickly as they chose, after the word "three," he took his post, looking as grim and savage as Giant Despair himself.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"Ready!" answered both, turning their side fronts toward each other, and standing upright, with their pistols down at their sides.

"One!" said Mr. Bolton, and paused, to protract as long as possible his gratification.

"Two!" A still longer pause: during which Lynnford stood in great perplexity. What should he do? To hurt his opponent was not in his thoughts. But what should he do? A hair tail caught his eye; and it struck him that the cue, though a highly important and cherished member of General Mifflin's personality, would not feel a bullet. At that instant he heard the final word—"three!"

From habit, he raised his hand instantaneously; but observing that his opponent was much slower, he withheld his fire until the other's pistol was almost up. Then he touched his trigger. The result was exactly as he anticipated. The cue fell, cut off in the middle; while General Mifflin, startled by a bullet so near his head, and having his hand on the trigger, involuntarily delivered a random shot.

General Cadwalader smiled at this catastrophe of the cue; but composing his features immediately to a gravity befitting Mr. Bolton's grimness, advanced and spoke:

"This affair has gone far enough, I presume, and may end here. A dispute on a punctilio need never go beyond a single exchange of shots. Do you not agree with me, Mr. Bolton?"

"Is your friend ready to make an apology?" replied Mr. Bolton, with a profound bow.

"If you withdraw your message, and substitute 'request' for 'demand': otherwise not."

"That cannot be done."

"General Mifflin"—said Cadwalader—breaking through the usual etiquette—"I appeal to you. Do you wish this affair to go on?"

"I am in the hands of my second," replied Mifflin.

"General Cadwalader," interposed Lynnford, "let them have another shot—since they insist on it."

The parties were again placed, and went through precisely the same tedious formalities. Lynnford had half a mind to hit his opponent's pistol, and knock it out of his hand; but fearing that the bullet might glance and do mischief, he repeated his former experiment. This time the rest of the cue was cut off, close to Mifflin's head; and his fire again drawn at random. Cadwalader renewed his proposition, that the affair had gone far enough, and received precisely the same answer. Then he spoke in a decided tone:

"Gentlemen, this affair shall get no further; it must end here."

"Not without an apology!" replied Mr. Bolton.

"Yes—absolutely. Twice has Colonel Lynnford spared your principal, and I will not consent to a third shot."

"Spared my principal!" repeated Mr. Bolton. "What evidence is there?"

"My word!" thundered Cadwalader. "I now withdraw my friend from the ground; and if you, Mr. Bolton, or you, General Mifflin, have aught against my

proceeding, I am responsible, and will answer to either of you. Good-morning, gentlemen."

Cadwalader and Lynnford immediately left the ground. Mifflin looked ruefully at the fragments of his cue scattered about; Bolton felt his dignity very much impaired; the surgeon had lost an opportunity of improving his surgical science: but all submitted to necessity, and after some little delay followed the example of their opponents.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VISIT FROM CHARLES THOMSON.—NEWS FROM HOME.

It was ten o'clock when Lynnford reached his lodging. Excited by the events of the morning; fatigued by exertions far beyond his strength; chilled by the cold morning air, his system gave way, and he was scarcely able to throw himself on his bed. After some time he attempted to arise, but was utterly unable. A stranger in the house, and without his own servant, he remained for some hours alone and neglected: his feelings such as none but one who has been in a similar situation can imagine.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, General Cadwalader called, and discovered the condition of his new friend.

"Weakness, general, weakness!" said Lynnford, cheerfully; being in fact delighted at the sight of a human being. "I set the machinery to work too soon, and must let it rest awhile. But will you be so good as to inform my landlady of the state of affairs? I want a servant to make up my fire, and I have a host of other wants. I am sorry to trouble you—but—"

Before he had concluded, Cadwalader was gone; and in a short time returned, followed by a servant, with the landlady herself, who was full of apologies; protesting that she did not know, &c. &c. The fire

was soon made up, and other things done for the comfort of the young officer.

"Now"—said Lynnford, when they had the room again to themselves—"general, I must talk with you. I have already mentioned that my quarrels arose out of Conway's plot against the Commander-in-chief. Your feelings on this point agree with my own. Is it not so?"

"Certainly," answered Cadwalader: "in fact, my business in Yorktown now is to track that plot—in order to baffle it, if possible."

"How fortunate!" exclaimed Lynnford; and then went on to give Cadwalader a full account of all he had discovered, and what he had done.

"That postponement," said Cadwalader, when the narrative was ended, "will effect all we wish. The officers of the army are hostile to Conway, and their remonstrances will pour in daily. Congress must give way. How they have been duped by his intrigues I cannot imagine."

"Have you ever heard him talk?"

"Often: but never without being thoroughly disgusted."

"What disgusts you imposes on many. There is genius in bragging. Some men can pass themselves off for as good, or as wise, or as brave as they wish. Such is Conway. He has persuaded the members of Congress that he is not only the best general but the bravest man in the world."

"He will be found out."

"Certainly. The braggart's reputation is a bubble—blown up by his own lips—and must soon burst."

"Ha!" said Cadwalader, laughing at the figure.

After some further conversation, General Cadwalader took his leave. The hours dragged along heavily with Lynnford, but night at length arrived. How he wished to see some face besides the servant who came occasionally to attend him! How nervous he became; how he worried, how impatient at his situation! How often he exclaimed—"What a child I am!" Toward eight o'clock Secretary Thomson came into his room, and very kindly inquired how he felt; then took a seat and began to talk.

"Is your wound bad?" inquired he at length. "Where were you hit?"

"Wound! hit!" exclaimed Lynnford in surprise.

"Why, yes," replied the Secretary, smiling; "but I suppose the etiquette is not to refer to such matters. I do it, however, with the best feelings."

"Still I am in the dark."

"You keep your bed from a wound received in a duel with Lieutenant De la Roche? Do you not? It is so reported."

"Madame Rumor publishes strange news," said Lynnford, "but if she will come and examine my person she will find no fresh wounds, though many an old cicatrice. The fact is, I fatigued myself this morning, and have a relapse into my old debility."

"But you were out with Lieutenant De la Roche, and also with General Mifflin?"

"True, but received no wounds, and gave none," replied Lynnford, and followed his reply with a general account of both affairs. As a comment, the Secretary delivered a lecture against duelling, and Lynnford defended the practice. The Secretary reiterated and illustrated his arguments; and had the better of the

discussion; though "much could be said on both sides." Lynnford, driven from the main question, took his stand on public opinion; which obliges a gentleman—especially of the army—to fight, or brands him as a coward. The Secretary assaulted this last defense and vigorously demolished it; and the officer acknowledged himself worsted—a rare instance of magnanimity.

This little dispute did Lynnford good; cheered up his spirits; even relieved somewhat his feeling of bodily debility. The next subject discussed was General Conway, and his enmity to the Commander-in-chief.

"I should like to know," inquired Lynnford, "why Congress elected Conway a Major-General in December last, and Inspector-General of the Army, against the positive objections and earnest remonstrance of the Commander-in-chief?"

"General Conway's reputation for military skill was very high: in fact, many members rated him far above Washington; and imputed the objections against him to envy, jealousy, and fear of being supplanted."

"Washington jealous of Conway! That was a brilliant idea!" interposed Lynnford,

"Many thought so then; still think so. But some members voted for Conway in order to mortify Washington, and induce him to resign; and make an opening for the hero of Saratoga."

"Another question," said Lynnford. "Why did Congress give Conway the credit of extraordinary military skill? Have any battles been won by his skill? or where did you find the evidence of his skill?"

"I have been considering that very point since my

conversation with you," replied the Secretary, "and I frankly own I cannot find any evidence—"

"Except in his own words," interposed Lynnford. "His battles have been won with the tongue: in the use of which I grant he has extraordinary skill. Yet—he is brave, I think. He is a skillful parade officer, I know; possessing that kind of skill in maneuvering troops which long service teaches; but this is all. To rate him with Washington is one step beyond the ridiculous."

"Now I will ask a question," said the Secretary. "Why does Washington dislike Conway so much?"

"Because he has found him out. When you know him as well as Washington does, you will like him as little; perhaps less. Washington dislikes him because he dislikes every thing base and dishonorable. When Conway first came into the service, he tried every art—some of them exceedingly base—to persuade the Commander-in-chief that General Conway was the first officer of the age; and to induce him to puff him up as such above all our native officers. Washington, who had no evidence but his own words, refused to gratify him. On that account Conway became an inveterate enemy, and by every mean art—misrepresentation, slander, intrigue—has endeavored to injure the Commander-in-chief."

For more than an hour longer the conversation continued. Lynnford now mentioning facts, now advancing arguments to show the true character of the master-spirit in the intrigue against Washington. When the Secretary took his leave at a late hour—he almost saw Conway as he really was.

Some time after Mr. Thomson had left the room,

Lynnford heard the door slowly open, and a step enter. The candles were extinguished, and the low fire smouldering on the hearth scarcely cast a glimmer of light.

"Who is there?" asked Lynnford, in a quiet voice; and no answer being returned, repeated in a loud, quick tone, "Who is there?—speak!" Then after a pause—during which he drew from under his pillow one of the pistols which, from long habits of caution, he always kept at hand. He repeated: "Who is there? Speak! speak, or I fire!" The sharp click of his pistol, as he cocked it, could be heard through the room. He had raised himself on one elbow, but at first could see no one, intently as he looked. Directly a fitful gleam of light shot up from the fire, and he saw the faint outline of a figure gliding into the darkest corner of the room. "Speak!" he repeated—"speak, or I fire! One! two! three!" Still he held his fire almost a minute—revolving the possibility of any one being there with any but evil intentions—and then touched the trigger. As the lurid blaze flashed for an instant from the muzzle of his pistol, he saw a stout man crouched down in the corner, and at the same moment heard a groan; and immediately heard—for it was now dark again, and he could no longer see—a heavy fall, as if a person had sprung up, and fallen on the floor.

The house was alarmed. Persons in every variety of night-costume—some with lights in their hands, some without—came running into the room. They found Lynnford sitting up in bed, a cocked pistol in his hand, while another, with open pan, lay on the bed-cover. Near the middle of the room, stretched out

dead, but still holding a large Spanish knife clinched in his hand, lay—the hairy ruffian with the earmark.

"Ha!" exclaimed Lynnford, when the light shone on the face—"so speedily! I knew I would have to to shoot him some time!"

Lieutenant De la Roche, who had entered with the others, now stepped forward, and in the best English he could muster, which was just enough to render his French unintelligible—interpreted, however, to some extent, by Secretary Thomson—explained the ruffian's position toward Lynnford. The murderous intent was now beyond question. The body was removed to an out-house; and the next day received its sentence in the verdict of a coroner's inquest: "Killed in an attempt to murder Colonel Lynnford."

The company now remembered that they were not exactly in full dress, and dispersed; except the landlady, who was much afflicted lest the blood spilt on her floor might *spook* the house, and was inconsolable until Lynnford promised her a *douceur* of five guineas—and except the Secretary, who remained for a purpose which he explained as soon as the landlady retired.

"My young friend," said he, "you have been wonderfully preserved. Had you been asleep when that assassin entered your room, you would have awakened—in another world. Do you not feel thankful—ought you not to render thanks to God for your preservation?"

"Perhaps I ought," replied Lynnford. "I hardly know. But it has not been my habit."

"Begin now."

"Frankly speaking," replied Lynnford, "I do not know how. I do not think I ever thanked God—ever prayed."

"I will teach you," said the pious Secretary; and kneeling down by the bedside, returned thanks, and prayed so heartily, that Lynnford felt unusual impressions.

"Now," said the young officer, when the Secretary ended, "I will meditate on these matters."

The Secretary took his leave—having sown a seed. But it belongs not to our present narrative to trace out those impressions.

The night was now far spent. Lynnford fell asleep and did not awake until broad daylight. The first object that met his eyes was his faithful negro.

"Why, Toby!" exclaimed he joyfully, "when did you return?"

"In de night, Massa Lynnford. Oh, golly! Massa Lynnford, dis nigga right cross!"

"What's the matter, Toby?"

"Wat for, Massa Lynnford, you send dis nigga 'way and mos' quite git killed youself? Vy you do dis, Massa Lynnford? Dis nigga hab de right to git killed fust, Massa Lynnford! fust afore youself, Massa Lynnford! You know dat! Vy you send him 'way?" exclaimed Toby, who had got some jumbled-up account of what had happened.

Lynnford found it difficult to reconcile Toby to the grievance of being out of the way of being killed before his master, which he insisted was his right.

The letters brought from Valley Forge were of the most encouraging character. Several officers—in fact all who could get leave—also spoke of a visit to

Yorktown, in person. The whole army was in a ferment.

To increase Lynnford's satisfaction he found himself almost able to leave his bed; though on deliberation, he resolved to postpone this achievement. A few days, however, renewed his strength completely. His first visit was to the Hall of Congress.

That celebrated body—the revolutionary Congress—to which the rebels, throughout the struggle, paid implicit obedience; thereby securing union, strength, and ultimate success, and escaping the dissensions on which so many rebellions have been wrecked—the Congress, which was then the supreme Government of the Colonies, sat, without pomp or circumstance, in the humble court-house at Yorktown. The building, which stood in the "Diamond," has long since disappeared—more's the pity: it should have been preserved as a memorial of the early days of the Republic, to preach humility to the present generation.

Lynnford watched the proceedings for some time, and scrutinized the members. The men who signed the "Declaration" were no longer there, being scattered in various capacities; some governors of Colonies; some officers of the army; some commissioners abroad.

If those great men were still in this Hall, thought Lynnford, how little of those petty jealousies which embarrass Washington, would we see. He was astonished also by the small number, not exceeding twenty-four, in attendance.

While he was considering these various matters, he heard his own name mentioned. A member on the floor was informing the House, that he held in his

hand a letter, recommending Colonel Lynnford to the favor of Congress for the commission of Brigadier. Lynnford now recollected that he had been at length persuaded to put his recommendations into the Secretary's hands, and blushing, thought at first of retiring, but delayed. Another member moved to refer the subject to a committee of three; which motion was seconded by another member, and being put by the President, Mr. Laurens, was carried. The President nominated the committee on the spot: the mover, the seconder, and a third man, the member who presented the letter.

All this was a mystery to Lynnford, and for all that he knew his affair was now in train. In truth, however, the "mover" and the "seconder" were Conway's friends, at his dictation putting themselves forward in order to get on the committee; where, being a majority, they could keep the business as long as they pleased: smother it entirely if they saw fit.

This state of affairs Lynnford soon found out. Day after day he expected to hear something, but in vain. He spoke to the Secretary, and the Secretary spoke to the committee; but the "press of other business was too great." Thus he waited and waited, until the middle of February. He had the consolation, however, and a great one it was, of exposing Conway every day, and of finding his influence on the decline. Soon, no one talked of superceding the Commander-in-chief. Soon the only question was, how to get rid of the arch-intriguer himself. The opportunity did not come during Lynnford's residence in Yorktown: nor until some months afterward. Meanwhile there was no personal intercourse between Conway and his "friend,

Colonel Lynnford." The former left the boarding-house the day after the attempt on Lynnford's life, which led the young officer, in some of his uncharitable moments, to entertain rather dark suspicions—unfounded perhaps. Every day almost he gave Conway sufficient grounds for calling him out; branding him everywhere as a liar and braggart; but for some reason, never explained, no notice was taken.

Affairs were in this state, Lynnford chewing the bitter pill of "hope postponed," when he received a letter, forwarded from Valley Forge, which made him shake like a leaf; fortunately he was alone in his room.

It was directed:—

"TO CHARLES HAZLEWOOD, ESQ.,
CARE OF COLONEL LYNNFORD,
VALLEY FORGE."

He held it a moment in his hand, and then, though not directed to himself, he, with trembling fingers, broke the seal. It read:

"Philadelphia, February 1st., 1778.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—

"Your sister disappeared mysteriously, one week ago to-day. Every search after her has been fruitless.

"She left my house about dark, and has not since been seen. A small boy, however, has been found, who states, that on that evening he saw a lady hurried by two men into a carriage, which immediately drove rapidly away.

"Your father feels deeply, but preserves his usual

calm exterior. Your mother is almost frantic. Under the circumstances, your presence—if not absolutely impossible—is of the utmost importance. You will come immediately! Will you not?"

"Your friend,

"CATHERINE SELWYN."

"The first of February, and this the fifteenth!" exclaimed Lynnford, springing up from his seat. "I must go immediately!"

His arrangements were made immediately. Toby must set off the next day for the plantation. He himself would—what he would do—or rather what he did do—requires some preliminary explanation.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ABDUCTION OF ELLEN HAZLEWOOD, AND HER MOCK MARRIAGE.

THE reconciliation of Catherine Selwyn with her English lover, Sir Charles Aston, took place, as we have seen, just before the battle of Germantown. At the time, her heart had been almost equally balanced between him and her old playmate, Charles Hazlewood; that is, she hardly knew which she loved best: a state of feeling inadmissible certainly in a novel, but perfectly natural in a veracious history like this—drawn from authentic documents and from true legends. The romantic incident of the estrangement, so strangely brought about, so long continued, was perhaps the casting weight in favor of Sir Charles. But the decision being once made, all other feelings gave way, and his would have been soon the only image.

In the few days spent with him, her character seemed entirely changed; rather, the false character she had assumed had entirely vanished. She was still sprightly and brilliant; perhaps in a slight degree too "smart;" but her manners were sobered down, and there was not left a spark of coquetry. A shade of sadness might at times be detected, as if she felt—as was really the case—shame and sorrow for her career of revenge and folly.

Whether a permanent union with Sir Charles would

have been happy—whether her loftier ambition, more fiery temperament, more romantic disposition, would have been permanently satisfied—we cannot say. The chance of the experiment was denied by the fall of her lover within a week. Feeling the anguish of widowhood, she put on its trappings and went into full mourning. Many tears were shed over the memory of the high-minded and gallant dead. But Time did his duty with her—as with others—and her grief gradually abated.

About six weeks after the battle she was sitting alone, musing away the evening twilight, when a letter was brought to her by a servant. The direction was written feebly and irregularly, and the hand seemed strange. She broke it open, and imperfect as the light was, could recognize at the bottom the name CHARLES HAZLEWOOD.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, letting the letter fall from her hands. "Charles Hazlewood!"

A train of reminiscences crowded on her, and it was some time before she could command herself. But at length she took up the letter, ordered a light, and read:

"DEAR FRIEND:

"I would have written at an earlier day to express my sympathy with you, but I was disabled myself by a severe wound.

"You weep! and I—I can mingle my tears with yours! None knew better than myself the worth of our departed friend. None will longer mourn his loss.

"Your friend,

"CHARLES HAZLEWOOD."

While reading, Catherine's tears flowed freely, in memory of the dead and in sympathy with the living. Whether Charles Hazlewood intended it or not, nothing could have served better than this short note to recall his image, clothed in favorable, indeed tender reminiscences. Just enough was said: not a word of love—which, under her present circumstances, might have shocked her sensibility; yet every word showed his sympathy with her, and excited her's with him—a state of feeling which is the foundation of all love. Certain it is, that thereafter her thoughts dwelt frequently on Charles Hazlewood; on their sweet intercourse in childhood; on his long absence and return; on the deep passion for herself, evidently felt though never told; on his strange, eventful history. Sometimes her fancy saw him a young boy, her playmate, sharing her childish amusements, or her girlish lessons; then he was a gallant cavalier, in the gorgeous arms and garments of the Orient, charging at the head of his Circassian chivalry; then again he appeared—but this sight her feelings always revolted at—in the garb and character of a "Friend." At times she called up her recent conversations with him—always forgetting, if possible his Quaker garb—she dwelt on his generous sentiments, his powerful language, his almost universal knowledge, his tone of conscious superiority, before which men higher in apparent rank inevitably quailed.

These spells of musing often ended in the exclamation: "He is indeed a man!" Ten to one on Charles Hazlewood's chances! If his love has survived his bitter disappointment; if he is not held back by pride or sensibility—that lady's heart will be assuredly his.

It did survive. He had continued—in spite of himself—to love Catherine while she was affianced to his friend. Even now he continued to love her, despite of his firmest resolutions. Yes, his mind—never to renew his suit, never even to see her again until he could see her with indifference—was irrevocably fixed. The note he wrote her was in all sincerity—at least he thought it so—an expression of mere sympathy.

Catherine was not aware of his intentions, or she might perhaps have better guarded the avenues of her own heart. To increase her danger, her constant companion—the friend who sympathized with her in all her griefs and trials—was Charles Hazlewood's sister. What talk so natural with Ellen Hazlewood as talk of her own brother—that brother whom she so loved, and whose absence she so lamented! Every day the friends met; and every day the absent brother was talked of. Thus dangerous conversation was added to dangerous meditation.

These daily conversations continued until Ellen so strangely disappeared. No person was more indefatigable in endeavoring to trace her lost friend than Catherine. Some suggested an elopement; but Catherine, who was acquainted with Ellen's little secrets, knew better. The only person who had ever made the slightest impression on Ellen was Walter Robinson; and him, since the discovery of his real character, she feared and avoided—having struggled against her own heart, and by the strength of principle subdued it, though not without impaired health and broken spirits. Catherine thought from the first that Ellen had been kidnapped, on account of her fortune, by some of the British officers, not a few of whom, judg-

ing from their ordinary conduct, were capable of violence; and she enforced her opinion with such zeal that it was generally believed. The facts of the abduction—which we give here, though they were not known for some time afterward—showed that she was right.

Ellen Hazlewood was walking hurriedly homeward in the evening dusk. For some time she had observed two men in large cloaks following her, while a carriage, driven along the street, kept even pace. There was nothing, however, to rouse particular suspicion. At length the men seemed passing, one on each side, as is not unusual; but when close beside her, one suddenly threw his cloak completely over her, while the other placed his hand on her mouth. The movement was so quick that she could not utter a single cry. Almost as quickly she was lifted into the carriage—the men springing in after her—and driven rapidly away. At first she struggled, but the strong arms about her rendered her efforts fruitless; and when she attempted to shriek, a handkerchief was drawn tightly over her mouth.

"What a vixen it is!" said one of the men: "if she struggles so in the colonel's arms, she'll be a hard bargain."

"Pooh!" replied the other: "the colonel, like myself, is a handsome man, and you are not. Let me hold her."

Ellen was handed over to the other, who spoke kindly; assured her no harm was intended—

"Only to be married to a handsome man!"

The young girl, having recovered some little self-possession, no longer struggled, but from time to time

gave an involuntary sob. After an hour's driving—that time at least to her—the carriage stopped, and she was lifted out. One glance, before the cloak was thrown over her, showed her a large mansion in the country. She was carried into the house; up a flight of stairs; through several apartments; then found herself gently laid on a bed. The next instant she heard a door closed. For some time, she lay still, but feeling herself at liberty, she at length threw off the cloak in which she had been wrapped, and looked around—with perfect astonishment.

The apartment in which she found herself was handsomely lighted up by a number of wax candles in silver sconces around the walls; and the furniture exceeded in magnificence any thing she had ever beheld. Every article of luxury and convenience known to the best houses, and many with which she was not acquainted, were there. She sprung to the floor; her feet sunk deep into the rich carpet. She walked across the room; her image was reflected and doubled in mirrors. She opened a massive wardrobe: splendid dresses met her eyes. There stood a richly furnished toilette; there a sumptuous couch; there a gorgeous arm-chair.

Bewildered by the scene, she stood an instant; then struck by a sudden thought, she rushed to what she supposed a window covered by heavy folds of damask. A window it proved to be, when she raised the curtains, but it was securely planked up. Then she tried the door: it was locked. In terror she rushed about the room several times, as if to find an outlet; then threw herself on the bed and burst into tears.

It may be that she was watched, for shortly after-

wards, the heavy lock of the door turned, and some one entered. She did not look up, nor take any notice until she heard herself addressed.

"Will Miss Hazlewood have refreshments? The house and every thing about it is at her service."

Ellen was now roused, and beheld standing near the bed a hideously ugly old woman: if woman that was which had nothing of the sex but the female apparel, and many signs of being a man in disguise; as Ellen instantly supposed.

"Where am I?" exclaimed she, starting in afright.

"His honor the colonel will tell you."

"Who is the colonel?" asked Ellen, though scarcely able to speak.

"He will tell you himself."

"When can I see him? Tell him I would see him at once."

"To-morrow: not till to-morrow. But will you have no refreshments? We have dainties here; dainties long prepared for our beautiful mistress; dainties—"

"Nothing from you! nothing here!" interposed the young girl, covering up her face. "Go! leave me!"

The attendant muttered something, which was not intelligible to Ellen, and left the apartment.

That night was a night of horrors. She would doze and start up in afright; then fall partly asleep again, and again start up. But at length she thought of that "Rock of Refuge," everywhere present, to which she had been taught in every time of trouble to fly. She kneeled down by the bedside and prayed for direction and strength. At once her perplexities and fears vanished. She was no longer afraid. She felt sure,

she knew, that whatever dangers surrounded her, she was safe. Calm and composed she laid herself on the bed, dressed as she was, and slept soundly.

When she awoke many hours had passed, and it was broad daylight—in the external world; but her chamber, from which day was quite shut out, was, still, as on the previous evening, illuminated by the soft light of wax. The equivocal attendant was bustling about; supplying fresh candles; arranging the fire; doing many things to furnish an excuse, perhaps, for remaining in the room. As soon as she—or he—observed Ellen to be awake, she spoke:

"His honor has arrived. Will Miss see him now, or breakfast first?"

"Now, at once," answered she, after a moment's reflection. The servant immediately retired. Ellen arose; committed herself to the protection of her heavenly Father; then, with wonderful calmness, seated herself in a chair. She was a weak girl, she knew; but she felt no fear. Her Protector was strong. Steps were heard approaching; nearer and nearer; at length at the very door. The bolt was drawn back. Her heart beat quickly an instant and was calm. The door opened.

"Walter Robinson!" she exclaimed, in a voice where indignation struggled with sorrow.

The young Tory officer rushed forward, and threw himself at her feet.

"Forgive me, Ellen, forgive me!" he cried, in tones so penitent, or so well feigned, that it sounded like despair itself.

"Walter Robinson, restore me to my home," she replied, calmly.

"I am mad! I am out of my head! I cannot live without you! Forbidden to see you; unable to exchange one word—in my utter despair and desperation I have done what I have. I did it for the sole purpose of one interview; for the sole purpose of once more pleading my cause. Ellen Hazlewood, I loved you! How much I loved you—still love you—this last desperate act of madness shows. And you—you owned your love; you professed to love me; you became my affianced wife! Was this all false? Was it all a lie? Did you never love me? Ellen, did you ever love me?"

He paused for her answer.

"Walter Robinson, I did," she answered in a low voice, struggling with emotion.

"You did!" As he spoke he partly arose, and gently attempted to take her hand, which she withdrew. "And that love is entirely gone?—entirely, do you say, Ellen?"

"Walter Robinson, this is cruel," interposed she, rising from her chair—"unmanly. My reasons for changing my relation with you were given fully by my mother and afterward by myself. That I felt—that I suffered—I do not deny. You know it well." Her voice became tremulous, and for a minute she could not proceed. "But—Walter Robinson—we can never be united."

"Hear me, Ellen! Hear me; only hear me! I am too agitated now to plead my cause, but in some cooler moment hear me!" exclaimed he: sprung to his feet, and in great apparent agitation rushed from the room.

Ellen remained alone that day. The next morning

Walter Robinson again visited her, and by every art tried to shake her resolution: but in vain. His visits were repeated for several successive days. At length his manner toward her began to change. He showed himself in his true character—a profligate libertine in love with a beautiful woman. He attempted liberties with her, which were repelled with quiet dignity at first; and, as he became more daring, with bitter indignation. Finally, he informed her that she could never leave that chamber but as his wife.

Several weeks thus elapsed. One afternoon he told her that he had fixed their wedding-day. It was to be that very evening; the parson would arrive, and the company assemble at eight o'clock; she must dress herself in her wedding-clothes, which were in the wardrobe.

"Never!" she indignantly replied.

"Then your gentle lady's maid must dress you—by force," he answered, with a laugh.

He then left her. She fell on her knees and prayed for support, and felt strong and secure of being delivered, even yet. On reflection afterward, she felt such disgust at the thought of being touched by her attendant, that she put on a white satin dress and other gay apparel.

At the hour mentioned, Walter Robinson, in full uniform, entered the apartment, followed by the attendant and another woman—if a woman—whom Ellen had never seen; both gaudily dressed.

"Ha!" said he, "ready! Your bridemaids are come for you."

These curious bridemaids took hold of the young girl under each arm, and led, or rather carried her

down stairs, and ushered her into a large parlor. Several persons were present; some other females, a number of officers in uniform, and a clergyman in full canonicals. The clergyman immediately commenced the marriage ceremony, according to the Service of the Church of England. Ellen appealed to him; informed him of the violence used toward her; but not the slightest attention was paid by him or any body else to a word she said. The service went on; Walter Robinson made his response, and forced a ring on her finger. When it came to her response, her indignant "No!" was drowned by a universal "Yes!" from the whole company. The ceremony was over, and she was led back to her chamber.

The clergyman signed a certificate, which was corroborated by the signature of twelve witnesses, that, on the twenty-first day of February, 1778, Walter Robinson and Ellen Hazlewood were duly married. The legal proof appeared complete; the marriage could be proved in any court; yet, in fact, as afterward was shown, the clergyman was—Robinson's myrmidon, Jack Preston, dressed in "gown and band"—the ladies were common troopers in female apparel—the "officers in uniform" were his profligate associates.

After the "marriage" ceremony, the company sat down to a sumptuous wedding supper, followed by a regular carouse, in which the "ladies" forgot the sensibilities of the sex, and the clergyman lost entirely the dignity of the cloth. Colonel Robinson, however, stayed but a few minutes; and after a toast to the "fair bride"—drank with most uproarious honors—retired.

When Ellen was led back to her chamber, she dropped into an arm-chair, more dead than alive. Her "bridemaids" left her, and in a short time Robinson entered. For some minutes he gazed on her without a word.

"Ellen!" he at length said. She returned no answer; but her heart cried aloud for protection to Him who, even in her desperate strait, was able to guard her.

"Ellen, you are now my wife; further resistance will be foolish and useless."

While speaking, he took her hand.

At this instant the sounds of tumult—rushing feet—pistol shots—fierce oaths—caught his ear, and he paused to listen. The interruption—the cause of it—is so important as to require a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XL.

THE PAWNBROKER'S DISCOVERY.

IN February, 1778, a few days before the mock-wedding, our old friend, the "young Quaker," was again seen in the streets of Philadelphia. He was dressed almost as at his first appearance; but his look was paler, his walk slower, and his movements feebler. Wherever he had spent the intermediate time, it had evidently not much improved his health.

Besides his apparent ill health, he looked, just now, out of humor. In fact, he had been searching the town for some clue to his lost sister; and now, after another day of useless exertion, was returning wearied. Suddenly his looks brightened up at the sight of a farmer approaching with a market-wallet on his shoulders. It was our old acquaintance, Mark Bartle.

"Ha, Mark!" said the young Quaker; "well met. I was thinking of thee. Any success?"

"None, not a clue," replied Mark; "but of one thing I'm sure—she's not in this town. The quarters of every officer here have been inspected. Yes, I've inspected 'em myself; and she's not here. I'm sure o' it."

"Where then, Mark? Where then? It is very strange. I've thought of calling on our old friend

Isaakski, for his advice; perhaps he may suggest something."

"The Jews sartainly git hold of many secrets," replied Mark, musing.

"Come, then. Besides, he may as well cash a draft."

The Quaker and his companion soon reached the house of the old Jew, at the place we have described in Water-street. But it was now open, and displayed all the signs of a flourishing pawnbroker's establishment.

A spry-looking young man, with that Hebrew physiognomy which no one ever mistakes, very modily dressed—not the habit of pawnbrokers' clerks in those days—received them at the door with smiles and bows.

"Vat vill de shentlemens vish?" said he, looking at the wallet on Mark Bartle's back, and calculating perhaps the value of the goods it could hold.

"I wish to see Mr. Isaakski," replied the Quaker.

"He ish very much bishy; ish it bishness? I ish his clark."

"I have business; and besides, I wish to see him as a friend. My business is to get this draft cashed," said the Quaker, taking a draft from his pocket-book, and handing it to the clerk.

The young Jew read the draft through, repeating aloud the name of the drawer—"Charles Lynnford"—and retired to see, as he said, Mr. Isaakski. Directly a voice in the back room was heard repeating:

"Two hundred pounds! one large sum! one verish large sum! Vere can I git two hundred pounds? Charles Lynnford! one verish goot name! one verish

goot name! De monies muss be found. Who has dis bill, Soloman?"

"One youngsh Quaker."

"I'll see 'im."

Forth issued the old Jew from his private den, as short, as fat, and as round as ever. At the sight of Charles Hazlewood he was surprised, and evidently pleased; and opening the door into the entry where Charles had been standing, shook him heartily by the hand, and invited him into the *sanctum*.

"And you knows Colonel Lynnford?" said the Jew.

"Slightly," answered Charles, while Mark Bartle gave a curious grin.

"I hab never saw 'im," said the Jew, "and never shall, vile de British is here. He ish very rish man, very rish man."

After some general conversation, the Quaker explained his troubles, and asked the advice of the old Jew. Mr. Isaakski arose, walked away, returned again, counted down the two hundred pounds in gold, and then spoke:

"Ha! dat settles de toughts; de monies settles de toughts. I see now vat to do. You muss interest mine clark, Soloman. He knowsh all dat happensh; he cansh find all out. Here, Soloman!" added he, in a louder voice. Solomon instantly appeared in the back office, and Mr. Isaakski spoke some words in Hebrew-German, of which Charles Hazlewood only heard—"Gojein, but trust him as one of the Beni-Israel."

"Can you see me this evening at my house in Pine-

street?" said the clerk to the young Quaker. "I may have some information for you."

"Certainly."

Charles Hazlewood talked a little longer with his old friend, and with a promise to call again soon, "out of business hours," retired.

Never was man more impatient than the young Quaker for the hour of an appointment. But it came at last. Accompanied by Mark Bartle, he hastened to the place designated. Here, to his great astonishment, he found a pawnbroker's establishment far more extensive than Mr. Isaakski's—(who, as we have said, only kept his to cover his real character)—with two clerks busily engaged. Solomon—the master here, though merely the clerk for his wealthy patron, Isaakski—observed the young Quaker at once, and led him through a maze of warerooms, all filled with goods, to a small private office; having, however, previously motioned Mark Bartle to remain behind.

"I can trust you, Mr. Hazlewood," said he, giving the Quaker a seat, and sitting down himself. "Mine patron vouches for you: otherwise I couldn't deal mit you. I knows vere your shister ish, an' I kin—"

"Are you in earnest?" exclaimed Charles Hazlewood, springing from his seat. "Are you in earnest? Take me to her instantly!"

"Pashense," said the Jew. "Sit down an' be coolsh. If I wash to take you to hers now, you would losh her alshtogeder, an' losh your own life in de bargain. Besides, dere vill be loshes. I shall losh much monish; I shall losh one varish goot cushtomers. Vat vill you give? How mush monish?"

"Once for all, name your terms!" said the Quaker

angrily, forgetting the "plain" language, as he had done before.

"Fifty poundsh in hand; two hundredsh ven de job ish done."

"Very well. Here are fifty guineas down," said the Quaker, handing him a rouleau; "and the two hundred when you earn them."

"Vary vell; now to bishness. You knows Major Robinson—Colonel Robinson, now?"

"Yes."

"Vary vell. Hish mens ish a band of robbers, an' he ish de shief. Dey robsh in de town, an' dey robsh in de countrish."

"I suspected as much."

"Vary vell. Vat dey rob ish bought by one friend of mine,"—himself in fact—"and ven it is in de countrish it is deposhited at one big grand old countrish manshionsh, near de littish rivers, till it ish brought in here. Vary vell. Some time, not long time ago, ve sold very fine furnishings for one shambers o' dat manshionish: for de colonel's wedding-shamber, dey told us. Vary vell. Den you shister carried off! I knows de mens, and de driver of de cosh."

"You knew all this and kept it concealed!" exclaimed the Quaker indignantly.

"Vy not? ve no naver betrays a job—onless for monish! Ve not foolsh."

"Where is the house?" asked the Quaker, controlling his wrath.

"One minit. You don't know yet, an' you can't know until you promish not to reveal one word I tell you to de British police; an' no naver to mention mine name in de bishness."

"I promise," answered the Quaker.

"Vary vell. De house ish in de woods, jest outside de British lines near de Schwillkills. I vill send a mans to guide you dere—by night—venever you vill. But de house ish vell guarded."

"To-morrow night send a man, just after dusk, to wait for me at the corner of Vine-street and Third," said the Quaker impatiently, springing up and preparing to go.

"Vary vell."

The Quaker and his companion left the house; and on the way Mark was made acquainted with the general facts communicated by the Jew.

"I know that house; I've been there several times. It's close shut up, yet there are always people about it. I've tried to sell 'em marketing; but they never buy," said Mark.

"Now, Mark," resumed the Quaker, after a short pause, "I must put your zeal and activity to the test; you have never failed me, and will not now."

"Try me, Colonel—Mr. Hazlewood, I mean."

"Can you find Captain M'Lane?"

"I should think so. I am to meet him at day-light to-morrow with intelligence."

"Lucky! How many men has he with him?"

"About sixty."

"Quite enough. You can explain how my sister is in the hands of the Tory marauders, and where she is. Ask him to attempt her rescue to-morrow night. Tell him his best route to avoid patrols will be across the Schuylkill at the ford below the Falls; then approach the house as silently as possible, it being close to the

Royal lines, which completely surround it; then wait till nine o'clock, and—if I am not there—act."

"Captain M'Lane will be delighted at such an enterprise," exclaimed Mark exultingly.

The Quaker and the farmer now separated

CHAPTER XLI.

THE RESCUE—M'LANE'S LIGHT-HORSE.

THE following day Charles Hazlewood remained, till evening, at rest, husbanding his reduced strength. But soon after dark, he placed a pair of pistols in his pocket, took his trusty hickory staff in his hand, and left the house. At the point agreed on, he saw a man, whom he recognized as a Jew, and exchanging a word, found it to be his guide. A carriage—which he had provided in the neighborhood—now drew up; but his guide declined to enter with him, for the reason, as he said, that his presence on the box was necessary in order to give the pass-words through the lines.

After the lapse of some time, they reached the "lines" of redoubts and pickets, which the Royal forces had thrown up, after the Battle of Germantown, from the Delaware to the Schuylkill; and Charles Hazlewood heard the challenge of the sentinels, the whispered answer of his guide, and felt, after some delay, that they were again in motion. At what point the "lines" were passed is not mentioned in our documents; but about a mile from it, they were suddenly stopped by the challenge of another sentinel, who did not recognize the password given by the Jew.

"How ish dat?" whispered he back to Charles
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Hazlewood. "A shentlenel here! an' he don't know de wort! How ish dis?"

"I'll soon know," replied Charles, and alighting to speak to the sentinel, found it was, as he anticipated, Captain M'Lane's guard, already stationed. On a proper explanation being made, the carriage was allowed to proceed. About fifty yards further they fell in with a body of some thirty men, and observed the house itself not far in advance. M'Lane himself now stepped up and accosted them.

"But, Hazlewood," said M'Lane, "who is this young lady? Not your sister. You have no sister in Philadelphia."

"Sister, or not," replied Hazlewood, "she is a lady in distress, held imprisoned against her will in this house."

"Enough; more than enough," replied M'Lane. "I don't pry into secrets."

"Have you reconnoitred the house?" inquired Hazlewood.

"Thoroughly. I find it a massive stone building, with heavy shutters, all closed, and very strong doors. There are sounds of revelry inside, as if many persons are carousing. In the stables are twelve horses: very good ones."

"The picked horses of Robinson's troop, I warrant," interposed Hazlewood: "some of your men might as well get them out; ready for a quick retreat if necessary. Those horses will pay for the expedition anyhow."

"Twelve horses implies twelve men inside," said M'Lane: "we must calculate on that number. But how are we to get in? The house is a strong one."

"You know something about that house," interposed Hazlewood, addressing his guide. "Are the doors very strong?"

"It ish de deposhit of all de plunder from de countrish plashes," replied the guide. "Many much valuable goots inshide."

"That will be good news for my boys," interrupted M'Lane.

"Ant," continued the guide, "de doorsh be vary shtrong, mit plankst an' barricades. But knock—one! two! tree! four! five! first time: den shtop and knock one! Den de doorsh be opened."

"Ha!" said M'Lane, "there's some sense in that. If we undertake to force our way, the British posts will take the alarm before we get in. Now for business," added he, after a pause. "Hazlewood, you are non-combatant, and have no duty. Lieutenant Wilcox, pick me out fifteen good men for a rush—and ten more to support Lieutenant Price. You command the main guard toward the city. If there is an alarm in that direction, stand your ground against all odds until we are out of the house. Now, gentlemen, we are ready."

"But where is my post?" added a tall man, who, unperceived by M'Lane or Hazlewood, had joined the group.

"Yours!" exclaimed M'Lane, in surprise, "who are you? Dr. Jones's voice—but he cannot be here!"

"Why not?" replied the chaplain. "Why not? I was riding across the country, when I heard of this wild-goose adventure of yours; and as I thought you might need a surgeon, I fell in the rear of the troop."

But, mark me: I am here only in my surgical capacity."

"Then your post is with friend Hazlewood, who, like yourself, is a non-combatant," said M'Lane, and immediately advanced toward the door of the house. His fifteen picked men followed, and with the instinct of discipline, though no orders were given, they fell into regular order—a section of three, almost abreast of their commandant—the others following in sections of four. M'Lane stood an instant on the door-step, saw that all were ready for the rush, then knocked in the manner directed. A long pause ensued, and the door was not opened.

"Repeatsh, ant louter; dey trinket so hard dey can't hear," whispered the guide, creeping up to the door for an instant, but immediately slinking away again.

M'Lane knocked again—now with the hilt of his sword. There was another pause, as long as the first; but just as he was losing his patience footsteps approached.

Bars were heard falling, bolts creaking back, a heavy key grating. The door began to move. Instantly it was dashed wide open, and in rushed M'Lane and his men. The garrison that appeared was an old woman, who was thrown down either by their rush or by her own top-heaviness; and another woman, who stood in the door of a side apartment, looking into the central hall, and immediately disappeared when the front door was burst open.

"Halt!" said M'Lane, and proceeded alone to the door, through which gleamed a brilliant light.

At one glance into the apartment he shouted: "Advance! Quick step!"—and yet the sight was one

which he never could recall to mind without laughing. The company were scrambling away from a splendidly set table, and tumbling over one another in ludicrous confusion. There were officers in uniform, ladies in full dress, and one clergyman in canonicals; yet all were seizing arms—such as were at hand—and preparing for defense.

M'Lane's men rushed in, and a fierce though short contest ensued. The Tories were surprised, imperfectly armed, and half drunk, yet defended themselves well. The women fought like men; and the last man conquered was the clergyman. In fact, he was a stout, tall man; and, getting into a corner of the room, defended himself with a most unclerical skill: several men going down wounded under the powerful stroke of his sword. But the chaplain, indignant at the scandal to the cloth, or at the impudent valor of a Tory, seized a bottle from the table, and hurled it so skillfully that it struck his Church-of-England brother full on the temple and felled him at once. The Tories asked for no quarter; and none being asked, none was given: no unfrequent case between partisan corps of that period. But several of them, lying still and quiet among those really dead, afterward got up and lived many a year—to boast, perhaps, of their Revolutionary services. The tall clergyman, however, was really killed; and on inspection turned out to be Jack Preston. The ladies also, who had so well imitated the glories of their Amazonian prototypes, were inspected by some curious persons among the victors, and without much scrutiny found out to be men in women's clothes.

While the latter part of this melee was enacting,

Hazlewood, M'Lane, and several of the men, commenced the search of the house—lighting themselves with some of the candles from the supper table. A broad flight of stairs led from the grand hall of the mansion to an almost similar hall above, and upward they rushed. In the upper hall they met Walter Robinson, who, having been at length roused by the horrible din below, had foreborne his purposes, and was hurrying to the scene of action.

"Ha!" cried M'Lane, "traitor! villain! robber! Well met at last!"

"Well met indeed!" exclaimed Robinson—who, to do him justice, preserved in this desperate strait the most undaunted coolness—"with such odds in your favor that you are perfectly safe!"

"I never sought odds against any man," said M'Lane, "and will not take them against even you. Stand back, my men, and do not interfere. Hazlewood, see fair play."

Both were strong men, the Tory stronger as well as taller, but the other more active; and their arms were the same, a somewhat heavy cut-and-thrust sword: so that the match was not unequal. This seemed felt on both sides; for, though evidently actuated by the bitterest enmity, they approached each other with caution, their swords at guard, each warily watching the other, and keeping himself well under cover. M'Lane's soldiers fell back, and holding candles in their hands, lighted up the hall in a manner not a little picturesque.

For several minutes the combatants stood thus, ready to strike, and occasionally making feints, but neither willing to venture the first regular assault.

Meanwhile a number of other persons, among them the chaplain, joined the spectators. That martial functionary, greatly as he approved of "defensive war in a just cause," had a great abhorrence of the duel in any form or manner, and instantly entertained scruples that the present combat savored mightily of the illegal and immoral kind. He could not quite settle the point, and was revolving it in his mind, when his conscience was set at ease by an unexpected incident. One of the more recently-arrived soldiers, indignant at a Tory being allowed to live unnecessarily a single instant, drew a pistol, and shot Walter Robinson through the head.

"Who fired that shot?" exclaimed M'Lane in anger.

"I did, sir," answered the soldier, stepping forward, in expectation probably of receiving reward for a good deed.

"How dared you violate my orders?" said M'Lane.

"Your orders! What orders?" exclaimed the soldier in sincere astonishment. "I never yet heard of your giving orders to spare a Tory."

"The man is right there," interposed the chaplain; "he heard of no such orders; nor did I. And besides, you were fighting an immoral duel, which it was every man's duty to prevent."

This unexpected turn, and a burst of laughter from the whole party, instantly assuaged M'Lane's anger. But during the discussion, the last breath of the Tory partisan had passed away: the gay, accomplished profligate was—dead!

At this unexpected end of his cousin, so dreadfully because so suddenly brought about, Hazlewood—al-

though the event was inevitable, and, standing as they did toward each other, might have been necessary from his own hand—stood perfectly aghast. But it was for an instant only. The thought of his sister came up, and with feelings of gratified vengeance it may be, certainly of relief, he turned away to resume the search which had been thus interrupted.

A few steps brought him to a door, opening from the hall, but closed and locked, though the key was not removed. He turned the bolt and entered. A blaze of light flashed forth, and he was for a moment dazzled by it, and by the strange magnificence of the apartment—the same we have already described: Ellen Hazlewood's prison. But he saw no one at first. Looking more particularly, he observed, partly hidden by a piece of furniture, a prostrate female figure, in the attitude of one thrown down in utter desolation of heart, or dead. He sprung forward; the features were partially hidden by the arm, but from the figure, from the part of the face he saw it was—his sister.

"Ellen!" he exclaimed, throwing himself on his knees at her side, and raising her in his arms, "Ellen!" then, after a long pause, during which his very breath was suspended, he added: "Fainted only," and burst into tears: the softening reaction of his overstrained feelings.

The men who had followed him, at a motion from M'Lane, withdrew, except the chaplain, who instantly stepped forward in his medical character. The usual restoratives were applied, at first without success; but when hope seemed almost bankrupt, the young girl

showed signs of returning animation, and at length opened her eyes.

"My brother!" she exclaimed, clasping him around the neck, and fainted again: but unconscious as she was, her convulsive clasp was retained. The restoratives were again resorted to: now with almost immediate success.

"My brother!" she again exclaimed.

But there was no time for the expression of feelings on her strange rescue—providential she always regarded it—from worse than death. M'Lane returned to announce that an alarm was given in the direction of the British lines, and he must immediately withdraw from the dangerous neighborhood; that the best of the plunder was already packed; and the rest he meant to burn, together with the house itself. The few preparations for departure were hurriedly made, and Ellen left the chamber, supported by her brother and the chaplain. Just outside the door was a small dark stream, and from inattention her foot dipped into it; at the same instant her eyes fell on a dead body, and recognized it—Walter Robinson's blood—Walter Robinson's corpse! With a shriek she attempted to throw herself on the body, but was held back, and immediately again fainted. It was now manifest how much she had loved that man. Her horror of his wickedness, and her just indignation, vanished at his death; his utter unworthiness was forgotten; she remembered only, or rather she felt only, that he was the only man on earth whom she had loved or could ever love.

But the chaplain seized her in his arms, and followed by her brother, who was too feeble and too

much overcome by his feelings to do more than support himself, hurried her, unconscious as she was, to the carriage. Charles Hazlewood entered with her; the guide sprung on the box; the carriage drove rapidly away. In a few minutes, but not until they were at some distance, a blaze of light showed that the robbers' den was on fire; and, at the same time, served as a signal that the bold cavalier had retired safely from his perilous enterprise. It was also the funeral pyre of the profligate Tory officer.

CHAPTER XLII.

CHARLES HAZLEWOOD'S RETURN—THE DENOUEMENT.

FOR some months after the rescue of Ellen Hazlewood, no events occurred materially important to the course of our narrative—to the personal portions of our narrative. As respects general events, the whole winter and spring of the British occupation were rich in romantic incidents. The adventures of Allan M'Lane, alone, would furnish materials for two volumes at least. And the Meschianza could not have justice done it in less than a hundred pages. But these collateral affairs do not fall within our present purpose; though hereafter perhaps we may write some of their legends.

The "British in Philadelphia," the period we intended to illustrate rather than describe, extends to the middle of June, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight.

During the intermediate times we do not find the slightest allusion anywhere, either in our documents or legends, to the "young Quaker," Charles Hazlewood. Colonel Lynnford lived at his plantation, on James river, recruiting his health—besides studying rural economy and his negro feudatories. In the spring he was strong enough to return to active service: though the committee of Congress had not yet been able to report on his business.

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Catherine Selwyn was very much surprised at the sudden disappearance of Charles Hazlewood after his sister's rescue, without a single visit or token of not having forgotten her. Her life was quiet and retired. Seeing no company, and participating in none of the gayeties of the memorable winter—not even in the Meschianza—her occupation was "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," among which Charles Hazlewood was frequently called up.

Ellen Hazlewood lived "sad days of hope bereft." No longer the blooming girl of our earlier narrative: a pale, sad victim of man's worthlessness. Walter Robinson dead was, in her thoughts, far different from Walter Robinson living; or from what he ever could have been. Her resolutions respecting him were softened by his death. His profligacy was seen through the medium of charity and mercy, and re-awakened love. It was a strange chapter in the mysteries of the heart; but a fact nevertheless. His terrible fate and his death restored his image to that place which, living, he never could have regained.

On the more public scene—"the British in Philadelphia" were, meanwhile, perpetrating achievements to render their occupation of the rebel metropolis a grand addition to their national glory. They marched several times ten or twelve miles right among the rebel population, and—returned in perfect safety! Nay, on one occasion—the attempt to surprise La Fayette at Barren Hill—they reached fourteen miles from the Delaware—and were actually within seven miles of the rebel army at Valley Forge. Such too was the terror inspired by their arms, or their superior numbers, that the rebels never ventured to attack the

long line of fortifications extending more than two miles between the two rivers, and protecting them perfectly from any attempt at another Germantown surprise.

But still more of glory. Throughout the wide circuit, immediately adjacent to the city, they succeeded, by the sorties of their light troops, in burning down the country seats, destroying entirely the fences, ruining the orchards and gardens, and wasting the farm-houses and farm-buildings; committing such havoc, and impressing such wholesome terror, that the memory is not lost, even now, by the third and fourth generation. Still more, with a courage beyond praise, they threatened to burn to the ground Germantown, Frankford, and the other suburban villages, tainted with rebellion;—though this threat, from “that humanity which always distinguishes British soldiers,” they forbore to execute.

Another stone in the monument of glory was their devoted attention to those branches of martial science which refine and polish the soldier, and improve the morals and discipline of an army. In the festivities, fetes, suppers, balls, galas, and theatricals of the officers,—with similar achievements of a lower grade among the privates—they excelled perhaps any troops since the famous winter-quarters at Capua. True, the good burghers of Philadelphia complained considerably of them. Wives and daughters were said to be debauched; sons demoralized at the gambling table, and pillaged; warehouses broken into and robbed by the privates, we suppose; and countless such grievancees sustained; but the complainants were *meri Hibernici*—mere colonists. The capstone of glory, however, was the Mes-

chianza;—the fête given by the field-officers to General Howe on his surrendering the command of the army to General Clinton, and retiring to enjoy his laurels in England: a fête described as the most splendid ever “given by an army to its general,” and certainly unrivaled by any thing before or since witnessed in Philadelphia. Certainly no general ever better merited a fête on retiring from command.

While the troops were thus usefully and gloriously occupied, time passed away. The spring opened. An army of twenty odd thousand men was found to be too large a garrison for a single city, even though the “metropolis of the revolted Colonies,” and yet with a less number that metropolis could not be held. The matter was considered by the authorities, and to their great surprise it was discovered, that the “metropolis” must be given up. A bitter conclusion after their announcement of the end of the rebellion. It was an inevitable measure, however. Some have attributed it to fear of the French fleet; but a surer cause was, the necessity of abandoning an untenable position.

For some time the intention was carefully concealed, but it crept out among the higher officers, and at length was whispered abroad. The army officers and privates began to think of removing their goods and chattels, amazingly increased by a winter's occupation of a rich city. The Tories felt flurried at the prospects before them; banishment from their native city, and certain ruin. Vessels were chartered, and the loading of them commenced. People generally got ready for whatever might happen. But the strongest signs of the times were given by those pru-

dent citizens—not a few of whom might be found—who had only discovered their own torypism a few days before the British entered the city, and now to their own perfect astonishment found out that it was altogether a mistake, and that they had been all along, at heart, good Whigs.

At last, as the season advanced, the heavy stores of the army were removed to vessels on the river. The departure now seemed very near; but the day, even if settled by the authorities, still remained generally unknown: nor was it understood whether the army was to retire by land or use their numerous fleet. These points remained in doubt until the seventeenth day of June, when it was announced that next day the army, "lightly equipped," was to march by land to New York; while the baggage—*impedimenti*—was to be transported by sea. The bustle of preparation through the remainder of that day was such as may be imagined.

But the eighteenth of June—the last day of the occupation, and in reference to our narrative as well as to the memorable fact—the end of "the British in Philadelphia," arrived. At the earliest dawn the Royal flag was struck—in silence and in sorrow; for relinquishing the "metropolis of the colonies" was felt by the troops, and far more by the loyal citizens, to be the beginning of the end—the end of hope and of British rule in the Colonies. So indeed it was. If they could not hold that city now, how could they hope to regain it? How could they hope to subdue the rebellion? That moment settled the opinion of many a prudent Colonist who had wavered in doubt and fear, but now took his stand on the side of the

rebels. After the British abandoned Philadelphia, the Rebellion might safely be called "the Revolution."

At dawn of June the eighteenth, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight, the British flag floated for the last time over Philadelphia: the last time a foreign flag has floated there, or ever will there float! The flag was struck; the Royal troops marched to the Delaware, embarked in numerous boats, and regiment after regiment landed on the Jersey shore. So complete were the arrangements, so prompt the movements, that before the sun was two hours high, the last British soldier had quit the Pennsylvania soil: excepting, however, divers officers—who overslept themselves; and divers soldiers—who embraced the attractive opportunity of deserting the royal ranks.

With the striking of the Royal flag, which had "flouted the breeze" over Philadelphia for nine memorable months, our "narrative" ends. But our personal incidents require a few last words: even though we may rob them from the "opening scene of a future 'narrative.'"

When the Royal troops abandoned the city, the good burghers were for some hours in considerable embarrassment. The Tories, of course chap-fallen, were calculating the extent of retaliation they must undergo. The Whigs, correspondingly elated, were as yet unsettled about future measures. All was confusion. The streets were thronged with men and women, hastening about to gossip over events and to ask counsel of the "knowing ones."

From the crowd in the streets some two hours after meridian, we single out for notice a party of four per-

sons. In front walked, side by side, a stout elderly Quaker and a small, fashionably-dressed "man of the world." The one, our friend Caleb Hazlewood: the other, our "gentleman of the old school," George Selwyn.

"I tell you, friend Hazlewood," the little gentleman was saying, "we shall use our success with moderation. True it is—we Whigs—"

"We Whigs!" interposed Caleb Hazlewood, in a tone and with a smile which said a volume.

Close behind came two young ladies. The one, in deep widow's weeds: the other, a Quakeress. The latter was so pale and thin, that, without a second look, you could not recognize Ellen Hazlewood. The other was Catherine Selwyn. They walked arm in arm, earnestly engaged in conversation.

In front of the Coffee-house the party was suddenly startled by an alarm, which no one could at first explain. Then came various cries: "The rebels!" shouted some, from old habit, and forgetting that it was a word which had passed away. "The Continental Army!" "Captain M'Lane!" came shouted from other quarters. Very soon the hasty tramp of horse was heard. Then a cloud of dust came rolling along; and, bursting out of it, appeared Allan M'Lane, at the head of his light cavalry. It was that chivalrous soldier—the last who had left the city—the first to enter it now. But he dashed on toward the Delaware without pausing.

Directly afterward appeared another small body of horsemen, in different uniforms; officers of various grades, with a small escort of Lee's dragoons. The officer in front rode a prime Virginia horse, and was

in every respect magnificently equipped. Behind him followed a black servant, well mounted and well armed. The officer rode slowly, lessening his pace for a halt at the Coffee-house.

Something in the party we have mentioned caught his eye, and he cast on it one eager glance: then sprung from his horse, and rushed up to Ellen Hazlewood. She started back in affright.

"Ellen! Sister! Do you not know me?" exclaimed the officer, drawing his arm around her.

"Charles! My brother!"

"Charles Hazlewood!" said the little gentleman, in a tone, for him, wonderfully excited.

"Colonel Lynnford, you mean," added the officer, with a smile, taking Mr. Selwyn cordially by the hand. The "young Quaker" stood confessed as Colonel Lynnford, of the Virginia line of the Continental army.

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