

THE REBEL SPY: —OR, THE— KING'S VOLUNTEERS.

A Romance of the Siege of Boston.



BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

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THE REBEL SPY.

CHAPTER I.

MARION DAY—CAPTAIN GRAYSON—AN UNEXPECTED MOVEMENT.

IT was the 16th of June, 1775. Boston was filled with British troops, and invested by the continental army. All thought of a peaceable adjustment of the colonial difficulties had been abandoned. The moment of reconciliation (without an appeal to arms) had passed. The patriots were firm and hopeful, trusting their cause in the hands of the God of battles; while the royalists were arrogant, self-reliant, and insolent. Tories were honored and protected, as much as whigs were feared, despised and insulted.

Among those who were friendly to the royal cause, few were more zealous and earnest than Mr. William Day. He was a gentleman by birth and education; and had inherited a large fortune from his father. He occupied an elegant mansion on Summer street, and lived in a style of affluence and luxury surpassed by none of his neighbors. His family consisted of a wife and two children—a son and daughter. Edward

was twenty years of age, and Marion was but eighteen—a young lady of uncommon beauty.

Possessed of good sense, highly educated, and moving in the most accomplished circles, she was an object of much interest to all who knew her; especially to some of the officers of the royal army who had been so fortunate as to make her acquaintance, or to see her.

Marion Day was seated in the parlor. A shade of care and anxiety rested upon her brow. Her eyes had lost a portion of their vivacity, and her cheeks were delicately pale. The door was opened, and a visitor was announced by a servant. A man of about thirty years of age made his appearance. Marion arose and received him with cold politeness.

"I have called, Miss Day, to see your brother," said he, with some embarrassment of manner.

"I will speak to him," replied Marion, advancing towards the door.

"Nay, fair Marion, do not leave me. I am in no particular haste to see Edward, and I would say a few words to *you*," he rejoined.

"Speak on, Mr. Grayson—I am ready to hear you," returned Marion, resuming her seat.

"I was about to approach you, Miss Day, upon a delicate subject; but the cold and formal manner in which you receive me, discourages me at the outset," added Grayson.

"Have you any news to tell me in relation to the movements of his majesty's troops, and the continental army, Mr. Grayson?" asked Marion, in the same cold, distant manner.

"It is not on that subject I would speak, Miss Day; but to oblige, I will give you what information I may happen to possess in regard to the progress of events. It will please you to hear, doubtless, that we have succeeded in forming a new company, to be called the King's Volunteers."

"All Tories, I suppose, and citizens of Boston?" remarked Marion.

"They are, and they have honored me with the command. Your brother has been chosen first lieutenant by a unanimous vote."

"Indeed! then I see before me Captain Grayson, of the King's Volunteers."

"I have that distinguished honor," said Grayson, bowing complacently.

"And you will fight the rebels?"

"I shall, undoubtedly."

"But how, and where, will you fight them? Boston is at this very moment in a state of siege, and the ten thousand troops under General Gage cannot move a single step into the country."

"I am well aware, Miss Day, that the rebels affect to hold us besieged, but the idea is preposterously absurd. Remember that we have not a few undisciplined troops, but the flower of the British army; and we could disperse our vaunting foes almost any morning before sipping our coffee."

"Then I advise you to do it, by all means, and not waste so much time and treasure in

building fortifications, and parading up and down these peaceable streets," retorted Marion, with a smile.

"I hope you do not sympathize with these deluded people, fair lady?"

"Do you mean the British troops?"

"No: I mean the *rebels*."

"Some persons might possibly imagine that the colonists are *not* a deluded people."

"I should regret it, if any sensible individual should differ with me. By the way, I would remark that a young man was arrested last night, acting in the capacity of a spy. He has been condemned to be shot, and the sentence will be carried into effect to-morrow morning."

"O, how cruel are the usages of war!" exclaimed Marion, with much feeling. "How does he bear his fate?"

"Well, I must say that he is a bold young fellow. He conducts himself like a gentleman and a soldier. I think he will die very well."

"Good heavens, sir! how can you speak of it so calmly? Is there not always something solemn and awful in the idea of death—especially a death by violence?"

"There is something unpleasant in the subject, I will admit; but it is a fitting punishment for a spy."

"But have you no influence to save this unfortunate young man?"

"And why should I desire to save him?"

"A strange question for you to ask, Mr. Grayson. Is not sympathy a noble and generous attribute, and is not mercy its chosen companion?"

"In times of peace, gentle Marion, it may be so; but war teaches a sterner policy. The young man referred to has been taken as a spy, and as such he will be dealt with. But a truce to this ungenial theme. Permit me to approach a subject in which I am more interested."

"I will not hear you, Mr. Grayson," said Marion, firmly.

"Not hear me! Nay, I entreat, I humbly implore you to listen. Your angelic beauty,

your charming manners and good sense have won my heart. How have I offended—why do you treat me with such freezing coldness? Tell me how I may gain your esteem?"

"Mr. Grayson (Captain Grayson, I suppose I should call you now), I will deal fairly and plainly with you. By becoming a man of honor—by aiding the cause of justice and truth, you may win my friendship; but *no more than that*. On this subject my mind is fixed, and I do most earnestly assure you that it cannot be changed. Speak to me no more in relation to this matter. Believe that I have spoken my mind truly, and that the subject is decided forever," replied Marion, firmly, yet gently.

Grayson arose to his feet and stood like one awaking from some pleasant dream, to learn that it was *only* a dream.

"Miss Day, you will drive me distracted!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "I had not expected this cruel treatment; I had not imagined for a moment that one so angelic in form, feature and disposition, could utter such words."

"You wrong me, sir," replied Marion, in a soothing tone. "There is not a heart in the world so mean that I would wound it wantonly. I have only uttered the words which duty bade me speak. We are not formed for each other. Our views and sympathies are different; they could not possibly be more widely dissimilar. Cease then to think of me; go, and forget that such a being as Marion Day exists."

"Why then, let me ask, have you encouraged me to hope? Why have you smiled on me from day to day, and treated me with kindness?"

"What a question for a human being endowed with reason to ask? We should smile on every creature that God has made, and treat them with kindness. I have never encouraged you to hope for my love; on the contrary, I have always shunned you as much as common politeness would allow. Let us cease to speak upon a theme so painful to us both."

"It is possible that you may wish to forget this subject; but I do not, and shall never seek

to. I feel that I can never abandon the hope, however remote it may be, of winning a being so fair and so gifted. No, I cannot—I will not!"

At that moment the parlor door was thrown open, and Edward Day entered. Perceiving the agitation visible on the countenances of his sister and Grayson, he paused and looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"Good morning, Edward," said the latter, recovering himself, and extending his hand, with a smile. "I have good news for you. You have been chosen first lieutenant of the King's Volunteers. You will make a fine looking officer."

"I thank the volunteers for the honor they would confer upon me, but I shall not accept," replied Edward.

"Not accept!" exclaimed Grayson, astonished beyond the power of expression. "What mean you, Edward Day?"

"If I fight at all, Mr. Grayson, it will be on the side of down-trodden humanity. All true men will sympathize with the continental army," continued Edward, firmly.

"I believe you are all going mad here!" cried Grayson. "Is it possible that you too have turned *rebel*?"

"Do not call them *rebels*, Mr. Grayson; that term is offensive to me. I have kept silent long enough; I can do so no longer. I must speak out whatever the consequences may be. I am, and have ever been, a patriot; and such I hope to live and die." Mr. Day now entered the room.

"Mr. Day," said Grayson, with some agitation of manner, "your son rejects the honor that has been conferred upon him by the volunteers."

"Rejects!" exclaimed Mr. Day.

"Yes, sir, he rejects! I congratulate you upon your son; he is a *rebel*," replied Grayson, ironically.

"Is this true, Edward?" asked Mr. Day, looking fixedly at his son.

"It is true that I reject the appointment," replied Edward.

"How, sir! how dare you reject without consulting me!" retorted his father, with much spirit.

"I declined the appointment from principle. With me it is a matter of conscience," said Edward, mildly.

"But I command you to accept the offer," continued his father, with increasing violence of manner.

"I most respectfully decline. If I fight, it will be yonder where the smoke of the camp fires of the continental army is seen rising," added Edward.

"Now may heaven grant me patience!" cried Mr. Day. "I am your father. I have a right to direct your actions."

"May some well sped bullet strike me dead when I so far forget myself as to raise a hand against the colonists!" exclaimed Edward, fervently.

"I regret that I have lived to hear a son of mine utter such a traitorous speech. I will cast you off—I will disinherit you—I will drive you forth from my house as God drove forth the first murderer, to be a wanderer and a vagabond upon the earth!" exclaimed Mr. Day, wild with passion.

"God knows that I should feel and regret a father's curse most bitterly; but so it must be. I entertain different ideas of right and wrong from your own; and before the sun has arisen again, I shall be within the American lines, ready to do battle for the cause of humanity and justice. Yes, I will fight for my country—God knows I will fight."

"Then you are no longer my son. I disinherit you; I will cut you off without a shilling. Leave my house, go forth a beggar and an outcast, and with a father's curse—"

"Nay, father, curse him not, for he is thy child—thy flesh and thy blood!" exclaimed Marion, laying her hand upon her father's upraised arm.

"I forgive you," said Edward, sadly. Then turning to Marion, he added: "It may be long

ere we meet again, dear sister, for I go to fight the battles of my country. May heaven preserve pure and unsullied the noble sentiments with which it has inspired you. Be ever the good, angelic being that you are now, and have been." Edward pressed his fair sister to his bosom and kissed her tenderly.

"What would you do?" asked Mrs. Day, who had entered soon after her husband.

"Adieu, mother," said Edward, and hastily quitting the house, he mounted a horse, which a servant was holding by the bridle at the door, gave him the rein, and dashed off at full speed towards Boston Neck.

The parties instantly ran into the street to watch his extraordinary movements.

"You have driven our boy from us," said Mrs. Day, reproachfully, to her husband.

"Let him go; I care not. The curses of a father will follow him in his mad career," replied Mr. Day.

"And so will the blessings of a mother," returned Mrs. Day, fervently.

"And the approval of Heaven," added Marion, in a low voice. "Look!" she continued, with energy. "He approaches the fortifications on the Neck, without abating his speed."

"The challenge of the sentinel will be likely to stop him," said Grayson, with a meaning sneer.

"No, no! he does not stop, nor falter in his course!" exclaimed Marion. "His noble steed dashes on faster and faster. See! he nears the advance guard; a sentinel raises his firelock; he reins his horse suddenly upon him—rides him down, and dashes on like the wind. And now Heaven preserve him! they fire upon him—the fire streams along the whole line of the advance guard. He will fall, he will perish!"

"No, he does not fall," rejoined Grayson, quickly. "He still sits in his saddle, and seems unharmed by the leaden shower. What a dare-devil boy! A fine officer for the king's volunteers have we lost. In two minutes he will be within the lines of the rebel army. That mad-cap is born to break a rope."

"He is safe! he is safe!" exclaimed Marion,

as she saw him turn in his saddle, and wave his hat triumphantly.

"A daring feat! a daring feat!" said Mr. Day; "but I would not have shed a single tear had they shot him dead!"

"Husband," said Mrs. Day, solemnly, "may God forgive you for that speech."

"I love my king and my country—and I hate a rebel, though he be my own son," replied Mr. Day, bitterly.

"And does not our brave Edward love his

country also? And has not that love just compelled him to forsake his home and friends, and to look death in the face?" replied Mrs. Day.

"Are you all rebels and traitors? Have ye all forsaken me!" exclaimed the tory.

"I shall never forsake my husband," rejoined Mrs. Day, quietly. "Ties strengthened by thirty years' companionship, shall not be weakened by a mere difference of opinion; if a difference of opinion really exists."

CHAPTER II.

THE REBEL SPY.

MARION DAY retired to her chamber, much affected by the incident of the morning. The bold flight of her brother to the American army, the declaration of Grayson, and the fact that a brave young man was about to be sacrificed for a crime which was probably wholly imaginary, all served to agitate her.

"Please, ma'am, here's a paper that I found after Mr. Grayson left the house."

Marion raised her eyes languidly towards the speaker, whose well-known voice she had recognized as that of a faithful servant, who was ever ready and willing to make any sacrifice for her mistress.

"What is it, Alice?"

"That's what I don't know, ma'am, I'm sure."

"Let me read it." Marion took the paper from Alice, and read as follows:

"Head Quarters, June 15th, 1775.

"This may certify that the sergeant of the guard, and the sentinels on duty, are hereby ordered to admit the bearer to the person now under sentence of death, without question, at

any and all times that he may wish to avail himself of this permission.

"(Signed) THOMAS GAGE."

"This pass was undoubtedly given to Grayson, who probably expected to wring some information that would be useful, from the unfortunate young man," said Marion, thoughtfully.

"Couldn't it be made of some service, ma'am, providin' you didn't want the Britishers to shoot him?" asked Alice.

"The idea is a happy one, and has already occurred to me. I am glad, Alice, that you are so kind and considerate, and have so little sympathy with the sanguinary scenes that are daily enacted in our streets."

"I'm a human cretur, mistress Marion, and though my talk and manners aint, perhaps, so polished and genteel-like as they might be, you'll always find my heart in the right place, and my hands ready to serve you to the last. I heard Mr. Grayson and your father talking about this spy, as they call him, and accordin' to what they said, I should think him a real prince in disguise."



The eccentric Davie Dixon challenged by an American officer.—See CHAPTER II, page 16.

"Alice, you are a good girl, and I thank you for your devotion to me. In regard to this young man, I do not know him, and never, to my knowledge, saw him; but in this case the claims of humanity are as strong as though I had known him from childhood. It is sufficient for me to know that a human being is in distress and danger, and has perilled his life in a cause which I love. I feel and know that the colonists are right, and the government wrong. Edward has had the same feeling. He has gone to join the ranks of the continental army, and I glory in his spirit. Yes," she added, enthusiastically, after a momentary pause—"I glory in his spirit."

"It does my heart good to hear you say so. If I was only a man, mistress Marion, you'd soon see me marching off to the *rat tat* of the drum, and the shrill shrieking of the fife, right towards the *bagnets* of the enemy."

While Alice was speaking, she marched across an imaginary battle-field, to the music of an imaginary drum and fife, and went through the pantomime of cutting down a whole platoon of British soldiers.

"Alice," resumed Marion, "I wish, by some means, to save the spy from death. Are you ready to assist, and incur some danger for the sake of saving the life of a fellow-creature?"

"I'm yours till death, and perhaps longer," said Alice, firmly.

"Then follow my directions implicitly, and do not fear the consequences. We have no time to lose. In taking this step, I solemnly declare before Heaven, that I am actuated by the purest, the holiest, the loftiest motives. Though but a feeble woman, I love my country; and should I do that which under other circumstances might seem unmaidenly, I know that He, whose very essence is liberty, will absolve me from all sin."

Leaving Marion to carry out her heroic plans, whatever they may be, we will turn our attention to other characters.

On the night of the 15th, two persons approached the water's edge at Lechmere's Point in Cambridge. One of those individuals wore

the uniform of a general of brigade, though his figure was mostly concealed by a large military over-coat; the other was dressed in the coarse garments of a common laborer.

"Sherwood," said the man in uniform, "I regret that I suggested this movement."

"For what reason, general?" asked the other.

"Because, upon reflection, I perceive that it will be attended with much danger."

"Do me not the injustice to suppose that I shrink from the peril to be incurred," replied Sherwood, proudly.

"I know that you are brave, rashly brave, my dear boy, and this very trait in your character may lead you into danger. The attempt is highly hazardous. You can scarcely hope to cross this bay in the face and eyes of an enemy, without being discovered. A single shot from the floating battery yonder would be sufficient to shatter your little craft in pieces, and thus destroy both you and your enterprise at a blow. And again; suppose, if you will, that you cross the bay and reach Barton's Point in safety, how will you land? or, if you effect a landing, how will you be able to pass the enemy's picket?"

"I have considered all these difficulties, General Putnam, and I am still resolved to go. The night, you observe, is quite dark. I shall make no noise in crossing, and this little boat is a small object to see on the water upon such a dark night; and a still smaller object for a mark for the enemy to fire at. I know well where the picket guard is posted, the number of men on duty, and what intervals of distance are between them. Having this knowledge, I must trust the rest to my own skill, the darkness of the night, and a careful providence. If I do return in safety, we may gain important intelligence; on the contrary, if I never return, just say that I did my duty, and perished in the service of my country."

"Remember, Sherwood, that if you are taken by the enemy while acting as a spy, we can do nothing to save you. According to the usages of war, they can put you to death before our eyes."

"I know it general, but I am firm. It is time for me to go. If I am successful, I will be with you before morning."

"Hark!" said the general. "I hear the sound of horse's hoofs. Some one comes this way at a fast gallop. Ho! who goes there?" exclaimed the general, drawing a pistol from his belt.

The horseman made no answer, but wheeling suddenly, reined up within a yard of the general.

"Speak! who in the fiend's name are you, what do you want, and how did you come here?" cried Putnam, impatiently, cocking his pistol.

"Well, now; that's a mighty heap o' questions to ask a chap all to once. I guess as how 'twould take a good three minutes to answer them ere three questions. A queer old covey, you be!"

"O, ho! it's our eccentric friend, Davie Dixon, who made his appearance at the American camp a few days ago," said Putnam, with a laugh.

"I glory in the name, old fire-eater. I'm an independant mounted ranger, and the defender of the continental Congress. My fightin' blood is up. I can lick my weight in wild cats. Where is the Britishers!" exclaimed Dixon, shaking his clenched hand towards the British lines.

And here we shall be obliged to pause a moment to describe a character so unique, who will occasionally act a part in the following tale.

Imagine, if you please, a man of about thirty years of age, six feet and three inches in his stockings, the outlines of whose figure present nothing but acute angles. The defender of the continental Congress was of that lank and lean configuration which makes a man of ordinary height look above the medium measurement. His cheek bones were prominent, and his cheeks sunken; while his nose was thin and sharp, mouth large, resembling a rent in the wall; and eyes small, deep-set, gray and restless. His hair, which was sufficiently luxuriant in growth, was of a light, flaxen hue, and hung in tangled disorder over his forehead, and down to his

shoulders. The general expression of his face was comical in the highest degree; but when taken in conjunction with the rest of his person, and the animal upon which he was mounted, together with some odd peculiarities of dress, Davie Dixon had not his compeer upon earth.

The steed which had the honor of bearing Davie Dixon to "the wars," and upon which he had bestowed the distinguished *soubriquet* of "Congress," was one of that class of animals that must be seen to be appreciated. He was apparently built upon the same principle that had been observed in the configuration of his master. "Congress" had an exceedingly long neck with scarcely any mane upon it; a sleepy looking head which was never raised above a level with his shoulders; a long and lank body, beautifully striped with ribs, which one could count at his leisure; together with a sharp back bone; and, to tell the truth, sharp bones everywhere there were bones; and to conclude, he possessed in a remarkable manner the same angular formation which characterized his rider. The latter carried a rusty "king's arm" of the largest description, which only left his hands long enough for him to take his food and sleep; and in fact, he slept with it by his side. A powder horn, and ball pouch to match, were suspended by a leathern string, the one under the right and the other under the left arm.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"I was at Lexington," resumed Dixon. "I hung like the reg'lar nightmare on the van of the British army. It'll be a long day afore they forgit me; for I sent perticerler death arter 'em in the shape of good half ounce balls."

"Did you ride 'Congress' upon that memorable day?" asked the general, with a smile.

"I hope you don't mean any disrespect to the fine sperited critter, gineral. I rode him, and no mistake, and he seemed to know jest as well as a human being that the red-coats were a little out o' their reck'nin' like."

"He looks as though he had been eating rail fence for the last few days," said Putnam.

"He's gineraly been blessed with a putty

good appetite, and is hearty to his meals, but he never eats no sich vegetable perductions as you jest mentioned."

Dixon paused, and looked at Sherwood attentively.

"Gineral, I'm afeared, as nigh as I can judge o' human natur, that this here chap's about to run his neck into some danger."

"Who told you of his intentions?" asked Putnam, quickly.

"Davie Dixon don't want no tellin'. He know's allers what's going on by instinct. Mind what ye're about, youngster, or the 'tarnal red coats 'll play ye some ugly tricks."

Davie paused and turned his horse's head towards the American lines, adding as he did so:

"I'll keep an eye on ye, my lad. There's some o' the real continental grit about ye. Come up, Congress." With these words the "independant ranger" jerked the reins and galloped away.

"What a singular being," said Sherwood, as he watched the receding figure of Dixon.

"He is one of those most eccentric beings to be met with about once in a century; but notwithstanding his peculiarities, I believe he has a good and generous heart," replied Putnam.

Sherwood Melville now stepped into the little boat, pushed it from the shore, and was soon gliding gently towards Barton's Point. The deep darkness of the night screened him from observation during his perilous passage across the bay. He landed without accident, and aided by his perfect knowledge of the locality, was fortunate enough to pass the enemy's picket without discovery. Elated with his success, without loss of time, Sherwood directed his footsteps towards Middle street, and entered a dwelling of respectable appearance, not far from Prince (at that period called Prince's street).

He was met on the threshold by a young lady of some sixteen summers, who embraced him with every demonstration of joy.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Sherwood!" she exclaimed.

"It is to me, also, fair sister. How is our mother?"

"She is quite well, but she will be better for seeing you," said a voice, and the next moment Sherwood Melville was cordially embraced by his mother, a lady a little past life's meridian.

"It makes my heart glad to see you, my dear boy. How did you enter the city and elude the sleepless vigilance of our enemies?" said Mrs. Melville.

"The darkness of the night befriended me," replied Sherwood. "How well Agnes is looking to-night."

"No compliments, brother. I always look well when you are with us. What may be your object in visiting Boston to-night? As my better judgment rises above the selfish joy of seeing you, I begin to comprehend something of the danger of your position. You are not unknown here. Many of our former friends and neighbors have turned Tories, and are now our most bitter enemies. They know that you have joined the continental army, and were they to see you here, your life, even, might pay the forfeit of your rashness," said Agnes, earnestly.

"I should have thought of this!" exclaimed Mrs. Melville. "In the joy of seeing you again, I have thought of nothing but my happiness. Dear Sherwood, you have done wrong in approaching us. Our oppressors and enemies are ever on the alert, and you can scarcely expect to return to the American lines in safety."

"But I wish to learn, with some degree of accuracy, the intentions of our enemies," said Sherwood.

"You come among us, then, as a —"

"Hush, Agnes! do not speak the word. Even these dumb walls may be suddenly gifted with ears to hear us!" said Mrs. Melville, quickly, holding up her finger warningly.

"Yes," replied Sherwood, in a voice suppressed almost to a whisper, "I do indeed come in the character you were about to name. But how can our enemies prove it, providing I should be discovered and made a prisoner? I have not a single paper upon my person to tell a story against me, and convict me of being what I am."

"Ah, my boy, do not rely upon that; the

very fact of your being found in a place in a state of siege, and within the lines of the enemy, will be quite enough to seal your fate."

"O, Sherwood! what will you do?" cried Agnes, much wrought upon by a sense of her brother's danger.

"Be calm, dear friends," answered the young man. "Hope for the best, and if the worst comes, let us try to bear it like Christians. Can you tell me anything in relation to the intentions of General Gage?"

"Colonel Marton was here to-day," remarked Mrs. Melville, looking at Agnes.

"What did he say?" asked Sherwood.

"Much that was not pleasant to Agnes, I fear," replied his mother.

"Was he impertinent, Agnes? Speak; tell me all. I may yet be able to chastise his insolence," continued Sherwood.

Agnes leaned her head upon Sherwood's shoulder and wept. The kind young man smoothed her dark hair with his hand, and gently wiped away her tears.

"He has persecuted my dear child with ceaseless protestations of love," resumed Mrs. Melville. "She has spoken her sentiments without reserve; but his pertinacity is wonderful. The steady refusals of Agnes only serve to stimulate him to renewed exertions. And to-day he used language which can only be construed into an attempt to intimidate by menaces."

"I regret to hear this," said Sherwood. "He is a man who has power to do much mischief, and so far as I can learn, is a person wholly devoid of principle, ready to perform any dishonest act to gratify his own brutal selfishness. You cannot be too much on your guard. Did he say anything in regard to the movements of the army?"

"He did," said Agnes. "He affirmed that the troops would soon occupy Bunker Hill; and that any two regiments in his majesty's service that could not beat in the field the whole force of the Massachusetts province, ought to be decimated. They are a mob," he added, "a mob"

* An English officer makes use of language like this, in a private letter.

without order or discipline, and very awkward at handling their arms."

"He spoke then, of taking possession of Charlestown Heights! The continental army will forestall them in that. As for his affecting to despise the American troops, the battle of Lexington should have taught him a more truthful lesson. But time is flying, I must away. If God prospers our cause, I trust we shall soon meet again."

"Before you leave us," rejoined Agnes, "I must not forget to mention a little incident which happened yesterday. I had occasion to go as far as Green Lane, where I was insulted by a soldier, and protected by a gallant young gentleman."

"Thank heaven, that you found a protector. The villanous soldier should have been severely punished. No brave man would insult a lady," returned Sherwood, with some warmth.

"He did not escape without punishment, I should judge," replied Agnes, with a smile. "He received a blow which felled him to the earth. My gallant protector walked with me to the door."

"A noble fellow, upon my word! Did you fall in love with him, gentle sister?" said Sherwood, archly.

The pretty face of Agnes grew suddenly as red as the red rose, and she placed her little hand over her brother's mouth.

"Fie, Sherwood; you seem to imagine that one of your sex has only to make his appearance under interesting circumstances, to take a woman's heart by storm. We are made of material less impressible, I assure you."

"Well, have it all your own way, my dear girl. But I hope you will not venture from the house often until these troublous times have passed. I shall see you again as soon as the fortunes of war will permit."

"Be careful, I entreat you, and not fall into the hands of the enemy," said Mrs. Melville, anxiously, "and do not visit us again until you can come in safety; for I tremble to think *what* may possibly be the consequences of this rash step."

CHAPTER III.

THE CAPTURE—THE RELEASE.

SHERWOOD took a tender leave of his mother and sister and sallied into the street. He had gone but a short distance before he was met by an officer of the royal army at the head of half a dozen soldiers. He was surrounded, and after a desperate resistance, overpowered and made a prisoner.

Since the battle of Lexington the prison on Queen street had been filled with human beings, and many other buildings had been used for the confinement of suspected persons and offenders generally. Sherwood was marched off to one of the buildings thus appropriated, and a strong guard placed over him.

It is not our design to dwell upon the feelings of Melville, upon finding himself thus suddenly deprived of liberty; they were of that bitter and gloomy kind which any man would experience under similar circumstances.

Upon the following day all the formalities of a martial trial were gone through with, and to his dismay, he was found guilty of being a spy upon the movements of the British army.

Sherwood was assured that he should be al-

lowed the honor of a soldier's death, and that was the only gleam of comfort he had received since the moment of his arrest; and that certainly, under the circumstances, could not be considered a very great comfort.

"It is hard to die so young," said Melville, as he paced nervously the room which served as his prison. "I had hoped to live to meet our foes in open field—to prove to them that a 'rebel' can fight. My sweet dream of glory and honor is fading away. To-morrow I die. The stars of my destiny would have it thus. But why should I shrink from my fate? Why murmur at the decrees of an inscrutable providence? He who gave me life has a right to take it from me. I wonder if men exist after death? My mother taught me that doctrine, and my heart assures me that it is so.

Perhaps after that strange ordeal, which we call death, has passed, I shall still be conscious of those who love me upon earth, and who mourn my untimely death. This sad news will break the heart of my mother. And poor Agnes will grieve until her fair cheeks lose their love-

liness. I would that the few remaining hours of my existence could be soothed by their presence. And yet it would cost me a severe pang. It would unman me to witness the despair of my poor heart-broken mother. O, the cruelty of our oppressors! Well, let me summon my strength; I need it all to meet my fate like a man. I will at least show them how an American 'rebel' can die."

The door of our hero's prison was opened by a sentinel on duty, and two persons were allowed to enter; one was a young lady closely veiled, and the other appeared to be a woman far advanced in years, who had a stooping figure, and walked with a cane.

Sherwood had expected to see in the visitors his mother and sister, and his disappointment was great at beholding two strangers.

"Be not surprised, sir," said the younger of the two females, throwing back her veil, and displaying features of inimitable beauty. "We are friends—at least friends to the noble cause which you have espoused."

"I doubt it not, lady," replied Sherwood, bowing respectfully.

"I have taken a bold step to save you, sir," continued the lady. "Accident, or providence, has favored my designs. I have gained (as you see) access to your prison, and in a few moments you may be at liberty. Nay, do not thank me; show your gratitude by changing garments with this woman without loss of time."

Before Sherwood had time to express his astonishment at what he had heard, the individual whom he had taken for an old woman, had thrown off a portion of her disguise, and now stood erect before him a comely female of about twenty-three, in whom we wish the kind reader to recognize Alice, the servant of Marion Day.

"If you do indeed feel grateful, lose no time, I implore you, but put on these garments; and with them assume the bent form and tottering step of old age!" exclaimed Marion, earnestly. "My faithful domestic will take your place, while you will pass in safety those who hold you in custody, and, if fortune favors us, in half an hour be beyond the reach of your enemies."

"And by doing this, shall I not compromise your safety, charming lady?" asked Sherwood.

"Not at all, I assure you," returned Marion.

"Believe me, fair lady, rather than be the cause of placing you in a position of danger; I would prefer to die a score of times," said Sherwood, gazing with an expression of admiration, which he did not strive to conceal, at the incomparable face of Marion.

"Don't stop to talk fine sentiments, sir!" exclaimed Alice, as she proceeded to force the garments upon him which she had just thrown off. "It's a shame for a nice young feller to be shot like a mad dog. You must live to fight the Britishers. And when you have a chance, give it to them hard, and don't forget a few extra blows for mistress Marion and me."

"Brave girl! do you not fear to take my place?"

"What in the name of natur should I be afraid of! Civilized nations don't very often kill defenceless females. And if they give me any of their 'lip,' if I don't give them as good as they send, they are welcome to the last word, that's all."

"I submit to your wishes," said Sherwood. "A few hours imprisonment will be all that can result from it, and then you will be set at liberty without farther punishment."

"That sounds like good common sense," responded Alice. "Now you begin to look like an old woman. Stoop a little more. Here, take the cane. Draw the bonnet over your face, and drop the veil; it's very thick, and if you stoop in this way, there'll be no danger of their seeing your face. I shall sit down and keep quiet till the red-coats find out that the game has escaped."

"I will remember you with the deepest gratitude," said Melville.

"And you must remember *her*, too," rejoined Alice, pointing to Marion, with admirable simplicity. The latter blushed until she was quite crimson, and dropped her veil.

"Believe me, young woman, the suggestion was not needed," returned Sherwood, warmly.

"Although I have looked upon her fair features but for a moment, they are so deeply impressed upon memory that they will never cease to linger there. Though I never should gaze upon the sweet face of your noble mistress again, it will remain imaged upon my soul forever."

"You're a nice young man; that sounds well," said Alice. "You're not a youngster to fear the *bagnets* of the enemy. But don't stop any longer; take mistress Marion's arm, and don't forget to stoop as you go."

"I am ready, lady, and if we fail in this attempt, remember that I shall think of you with equal gratitude to the last," said our hero.

"Bend a little more, sir," said Marion. "Lean on me, and leave all to my discretion. Alice, I will not forget you. Now we will go."

Sherwood obeyed the injunctions of his benefactress. The latter pushed open the door, both passed out and stood in a long entry, at the farther end of which was a sentinel. He stepped to one side as they advanced, and she addressed him in a low voice.

"Suffer no one to visit the prisoner within an hour. I am likely to obtain some important information from him, which will be of consequence to General Gage. I act by authority, as this paper has already assured you."

The sentinel touched his hat obsequiously, and Marion and Sherwood walked forward without hinderance, the latter stooping and assuming the tottering gait of an old woman, as he had been directed. As they proceeded, they passed an open door of a room which had recently been used as a guard-room, and within which were several soldiers talking loudly of the late stirring events. They looked at Marion as she passed, and she heard one of them remark:

"A splendid figure, upon my word!"

"I should like to take a peep under that veil," remarked another.

"What a clumsy old woman the charming creature is leading," observed a third. Marion shuddered, and felt a sense of inexpressible relief when she found herself in the street.

Another sentinel was posted at the door, who stared at Marion. She had purposely thrown

aside her veil to draw as much of his attention as possible, and keep him from noticing Sherwood.

"Courage, good mother," she said, in an agitated voice. "We shall soon reach the carriage." Sherwood, as he leaned upon the rounded arm of his benefactress, was conscious that she was trembling violently, and the danger of his position, and the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, made his own heart beat faster. They walked on a few yards towards a corner, where a covered carriage was in waiting, in charge of a servant.

"You must enter this," added Marion. "Do not display too much strength; take my hand—slowly—slowly—they may be observing us."

As Sherwood took the hand of the beautiful stranger, and leaned upon her as he entered the carriage with the affected decrepitude of old age, his emotions may not easily be described. He longed for an opportunity to express the gratitude and admiration he felt for her; to seal it, if occasion required, with his best blood.

He seated himself in the carriage, and Marion Day took her place beside him.

"This must be some sweet dream," said Sherwood, in a low voice. "I fear I shall awake soon and discover that I have been dreaming of an angel, who came and set me free."

"You confuse me with your gratitude," replied Marion, with a smile.

The driver mounted the box, and the vehicle rolled rapidly away.

"I shall soon confide you to the care of one who is a friend to the cause of liberty," added Marion. "He will take such steps for your security as he thinks best calculated to secure the same."

"I regret to change hands, lady. You will permit me to remember you, I trust, with a feeling of gratitude that nothing but death can obliterate. Your noble disinterestedness, your heroic courage, and, pardon me, your angelic beauty, combined, have already cast about me the chains of another though gentler thralldom," rejoined Sherwood, enthusiastically.

"I will attribute such expressions as these,

sir, to emotions which the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed are calculated to call up," replied Marion.

"Lady, I would forfeit my life rather than offend you!" exclaimed Sherwood, with emotion.

"You have not offended," replied Marion, gently.

"If my admiration of your character has been carried too far, attribute it to anything but a desire to take advantage of your condescension."

The carriage had been driven rapidly forward; it now stopped at the corner of Lynd street and Green Lane.

"Do we part here?" asked Sherwood.

"We do," said Marion.

"I have not words to express my emotions. I scarcely dare speak so boldly, but while Sherwood Melville lives, there will always be one true worshipper at the shrine of your goodness and beauty. Should I ultimately escape the present peril, I shall cherish as something sacred the hope that we may meet again. My fair benefactress, adieu."

Pressing the small, gloved hand of Marion Day to his lips, Sherwood stepped from the carriage. A tall man took him by the arm and

hurried him into the nearest dwelling, while the vehicle rolled quickly away.

"Who is it that thus interests himself in my safety?" asked Sherwood.

"Davie Dixon, the mounted ranger, the defender of the continental Congress, the terror of the red-coats and tories. Death to the 'tarnal critters," was the reply.

"Is it possible that this is you, Davie? How in the name of common sense did you get here?"

"You talk, stranger, jest as though there was places in the world where Davie Dixon couldn't go."

"I have thought so, I confess."

"That's a very natural error for young people to fall into; but you'll know me better afore the war is over."

"I do not doubt it."

"But we must not stand talking; your escape can't remain a secret long. The soldiers will be arter you like natural blood hounds. I must git you out o' harm's way as soon as possible. It's my 'pinion you wasn't born to die by British lead. You'll live to stand up side by side with me, and give blow for blow, and thrust for thrust. Come on."

CHAPTER IV.

COLONEL MARTON—THE PROMISE—ITS FULFILMENT.

AT the time of Sherwood's escape, Col. Marton and Grayson were together.

"I congratulate you, Captain Grayson," said the former, "upon your success in raising such a fine company. They are well worthy of being called the King's Volunteers."

"A sturdy set of fellows, colonel, and I think they will fight, providing our enemies over yonder do not run away, and deprive them of that pleasure," replied Grayson.

"You are lucky, Grayson, upon my word, to get the command of the volunteers. You stand in a fair way of promotion."

"I shall strive to do my duty, colonel."

"I learn that Edward Day, son of our staunch old friend, has been chosen first lieutenant."

"So he has, and rejected the office with scorn."

"The audacious puppy!"

"That is not all, colonel. I have just had the pleasure of seeing him perform one of the most dare-devil feats that I have yet witnessed. He deserted to the enemy—actually ran down the advance guard, under a heavy fire."

"Did he really reach the rebel camp in safety?"

"He did, most certainly."

"What did his father say?"

"Stormed like a madman."

"And what said his fair sister?"

"Well, she seemed glad of it."

"No!"

"Yes."

"That's very singular. When are you to be married to her?"

"That is what I am most anxious to know. I'll give any man a hundred pounds to tell me. The fact is, she refuses me altogether. I believe she's a rebel at heart."

"I hope not, for your sake, captain. She is very fair, I have heard."

"Beautiful as an angel."

"Possessed of uncommon abilities too, I understand?"

"She has a finely balanced mind, well stored with knowledge, and overflowing with graceful and sparkling thoughts. She is really a wonderful girl. But she baffles me at all points. I almost despair of success."

"Perseverance is an excellent virtue, Captain Grayson."

"Very true, but confidence should beget confidence. Tell me how you get along with Miss Melville?"

"Quite as indifferently as you do with Miss Day. The girl, in fact, despises me."

"That's unfortunate."

"It could not be worse. She is an unmitigated rebel; but I think the death of her brother will be likely to subdue her pride a little."

"Is there not some way by which you can make the unfortunate situation of the brother subserve your cause?"

"I have been thinking about it, and am now going to make the trial. I shall promise to save him, on condition that she will consent to marry me immediately."

"Would you indeed marry her, colonel?"

"Do you see anything verdant about my visual organs?" said the colonel, facetiously.

"Ho, ho! I understand; a kind of mock affair, an engagement, which will not be binding. Very good indeed! It takes you to do things up properly, colonel," replied Grayson, obsequiously.

"It is getting late in the day. I must hurry away to Melville's: Adieu."

Mrs. Melville and her daughter had just learned the sad news of Edward's arrest and condemnation. Both were victims to the most heart-rending grief.

"Dear mother," said Agnes, struggling to suppress her sorrow, "let us pray to God, and endeavor to bear this dreadful affliction with Christian calmness."

"Talk not of calmness to a mother, when her first-born is in danger," rejoined Mrs. Melville, in accents of bitterness. "The measure of my woes is indeed filled to the brim."

A gentle knock was heard at the door.

"That is Colonel Marton's knock!" exclaimed Agnes. "Perhaps Heaven has heard our petitions, and Sherwood may yet be saved."

"You find us cast down and sorely afflicted, Colonel Marton," said Mrs. Melville, as the officer entered.

"The cause of your grief I know but too well; but it is an event I have long foreseen," answered Colonel Marton, in a kind tone. "Alas, how many mothers," he resumed, "will be placed in the same terrible position on account of this unhappy and wicked rebellion. I blame those who have enticed your son away from duty and home, more than I blame him. I would to heaven that those arch traitors, Warren, Adams and Hancock, were in his place. Mrs. Melville, I sympathize with you, truly."

"Not so, colonel, if you wish any evil upon Warren, Adams or Hancock. As highly as a mother's heart dotes on her first-born, she would not have him change places with those gallant men. No, no; let my boy perish, instead of them, for they are our country's hope."

"Good heavens! what an atrocious woman!" exclaimed the colonel, thrown off his guard by this unexpected avowal. "Where did you learn such pernicious sentiments? No wonder the country is going mad, when women preach such doctrines."

"Have you, then, no idea of what it is to love liberty and equal rights? Did you never feel that your country was dear to you, and that tyranny was detestable?" replied Mrs. Melville, forgetting for a moment her grief.

"Pardon me; I have been too hasty," returned Marton. "But truly I cannot appreciate this devotion to liberty which you affect to have."

"It is quite useless to make the avowal, Colonel Marton. It is quite evident that you are a stranger to true patriotism. Liberty, in its real sense, is something you have never thought of," resumed Mrs. Melville.

"I will not bandy words with you upon this subject, madam; I came for another purpose; to offer you all the consolation and sympathy in my power; to assure you of my unwavering friendship."

"I am grateful, I am sure," answered Mrs. Melville. "Is there any hope?"

"None whatever, I fear."

"Then my poor boy must die; and so young too!"

"It seems destined to be thus."

"And have you no power to aid him?"

"I possess a little power, possibly."

"And will you not prove a generous enemy and save him?"

"If it be the wish of your daughter, Agnes, your son shall be restored to your arms," said the colonel, coolly.

"O, how can you doubt that such is my wish!" exclaimed Agnes. "I would willingly give my life for his."

"I do not ask your life, fair Agnes; I ask only your hand," replied Marton, throwing off the mask at once.

"What does he say, my mother?" asked Agnes, wildly.

"I hardly know, my child."

"I will repeat what I intended to say," continued the colonel. "Consent to wed me, and your brother shall be set at liberty, or at least, his life shall be spared. I have influence enough to save him. The conditions are not hard, certainly. There are many fair ladies in merry England who would gladly unite their destiny with mine."

"Colonel Marton, is it possible that you dare make such a proposition as this to my poor Agnes at this hour, and under such circumstances? I had believed that you were a man in whose soul there were yet remaining some latent sparks of honor; but how painfully I have been deceived," said Mrs. Melville.

"And is this the only condition on which you will save my brother?" asked Agnes, looking at Marton, like one who was not certain that she was in her right mind.

"My love for you, Miss Melville, forces me to this step," replied Marton, with affected humility. "If it appears mean and selfish, attribute it to my unhappy passion for one of the fairest and best of her sex."

"My boy would die rather than accept liberty on such terms," said Mrs. Melville, looking contemptuously at the colonel, who averted his eyes beneath her gaze. "Come, my child," she added, firmly, "dry your tears; weep no more. Show this monster that you still possess

the dignity of a woman, and the strength of virtue. This sacrifice I will not ask you to make, even to save our dear Sherwood."

"I am about to depart," resumed Marton. "Think once more on what I have said. Be not the destroyer of your brother. Overcome this silly aversion to one whose rank and station is so far above your own. Few ladies would consider it a sacrifice; but if it be indeed a sacrifice, will you not make it to save the life of one so dear to you?"

"I must save him, mother!" cried Agnes. "I must—I will make the sacrifice!"

"My dear girl, remember that Sherwood would scorn to ask it," rejoined her mother, frantically.

"Colonel Marton," gasped Agnes, "I consent—save Sherwood."

Overcome by her emotions, with a cry of agony, Agnes fell fainting to the floor. The colonel sprang forward to raise her in his arms; but Mrs. Melville anticipated the movement, and thrust him back indignantly.

"Leave us!" she cried, in thrilling accents. "You have her promise; it is enough. She will religiously fulfil it. May God soften your heart."

"The promise must be redeemed this very day," replied Marton. "The violence of my passion will not brook delay. I will go for the chaplain immediately."

"But why this cruel haste?" asked Mrs. Melville, as she used means to resuscitate her daughter. "If you have any human feeling, wait till to-morrow."

"I must be your son-in-law before the lapse of a single hour," said the colonel, peremptorily.

"Begone! leave my sight! your presence fills me with horror," returned Mrs. Melville, deeply agitated.

"I will obey you, my mother, that is shortly to be," returned Marton, with a mocking smile. Casting an admiring look at the still insensible form of Agnes, he left the house.

Agnes slowly recovered her consciousness.

She opened her tearful eyes and gazed languidly about the room.

"He has gone," said Mrs. Melville, in answer to the mute inquiry.

"Thank Heaven!" said Agnes. Mrs. Melville stepped to the window and looked into the street to hide her emotion.

"A young lady closely veiled is approaching the house!" she exclaimed. There was a gentle rap at the door. Mrs. Melville hastened to answer the summons. A young lady entered.

"Is this the residence of Mrs. Melville?" she asked, with some emotion.

"It is," replied Mrs. Melville.

"I have come to comfort you in the hour of your sorrow," added the visitor, throwing back her veil. Both Mrs. Melville and Agnes looked at her with admiration, for they had never seen a face more lovely.

"I am grateful to you, fair stranger," said Mrs. Melville. "Were a ray of comfort to be found on earth, I might expect to receive it from one whose very features bear the sweet impress of angelic beauty and purity."

Marion Day blushed and did not seem displeased at the high compliment which had been voluntarily paid her.

"It has been observed until it has become a proverb," added Mrs. Melville, "that misfortunes never come singly; this is surely so in our case."

"Speak to me freely," replied Marion, approaching Agnes and gently taking her passive hand. "What other calamity hangs over you, beside the loss of your son?"

"Alas, lady, events have followed each other with such fearful rapidity during the last few hours, that I scarcely know what to say. My daughter, whose hand you hold so gently, is about to sacrifice her own happiness to save Sherwood."

"What do I hear!" exclaimed Marion, with a start. "Will you speak more explicitly?"

"Young lady, your air and your sympathizing countenance invite confidence. I will tell you all. Among the officers of the royal army there is a Colonel Marton, who has long paid

court to Agnes, who regards him with unconquerable aversion. It would be paying him too great a compliment to suppose, for a moment, that his intentions have been very honorable. He has, like a man of no chivalry and honor, taken advantage of our present misfortunes. He has pledged his word to effect the release of Sherwood, my son, providing my daughter will consent to an immediate marriage."

"Unfeeling and unprincipled man!" exclaimed Marion, indignantly. "The sacrifice shall never be made. I thank God that it is in my power to prevent the consummation of this double villany."

"Your words inspire me with hope," said Agnes, pressing Marion's hand to her lips. "I feel that you come to bring us good news."

"I do indeed," replied our heroine, with a sweet smile.

"He comes—he comes with the chaplain!" shrieked Mrs. Melville, looking wildly down the street.

"Who comes?" asked Marion.

"Colonel Marton," replied Mrs. Melville.

"To consummate the marriage?" added Marion. "Let me have a look at them before they arrive." Our fair heroine looked a moment at the approaching figures. She drew back with a peculiar smile.

"Be pleased to leave the matter all to me," she resumed. "Not a hair of your son's head shall fall, and Agnes shall never be wedded to that detestable man. Secrete me somewhere; have you not a closet in the room?"

"Yes," said Agnes, "here is one. We will confide all to you. Enter; I will close the door."

"Remember," added Marion, as she entered the closet, "that your brother shall not suffer—that he does not need the assistance of Colonel Marton." Agnes closed the door, and as she did so, heard the steps of Marton and the chaplain.

With a trembling hand Mrs. Melville admitted and placed chairs for them.

"I have lost no time," said Marton. "I have come to claim the fulfilment of your daugh-

ter's promise. This reverend gentleman will perform the interesting ceremony."

"And what security are we to have that Sherwood will be released?" asked Mrs. Melville.

"The word of a British officer, madam," replied Marton, proudly.

"And is that *all*, colonel?" continued Mrs. Melville, sarcastically.

"Is it not *sufficient*, madam?"

"By no means, sir. The rite which you have come hither to perform cannot be consummated until my son comes with you," added the mother, firmly.

"How, madam!" exclaimed the colonel, insolently. "Do you not mean to fulfil your promise?"

"I have made no promise, sir."

"But your daughter has."

At this crisis, the colonel approached Agnes, and attempted to take her hand, but she drew from him with evident terror and unqualified disgust.

"Do not trifle with me," he continued, losing temper. "Do not keep this holy man waiting. Stand up and let the ceremony proceed, or by heaven, I will not save your brother from the fate he so richly merits."

"Save my boy first, colonel, and then there will be plenty of time to claim the fulfilment of the condition," said Mrs. Melville, with a smile.

"Odious woman!" cried Marton, angrily; "have you no natural feeling? Are you dead to the finer sensibilities of the heart?"

"You may justly suppose that I am destitute of natural affection, when I consent for you to wed my child," returned Mrs. Melville.

"Woman," said the chaplain, solemnly; "I came hither to pronounce a solemn and interesting ceremony. Do not trifle with my holy office. Young lady, arise: Colonel Marton, take her hand, and by virtue of my sacred calling, I will perform the marriage rite."

"Do not come nearer," said Agnes, retreating to the farthest corner of the apartment. "Do not lay your hand upon me—I will shriek for help."

"And where do you think help will come

from? Will your guardian angel appear?" asked Marton, scoffingly, at the same time seizing Agnes and forcing her towards the chaplain, who had arisen, and with book in hand, stood ready to perform the ceremony.

"O, yes, I am sure my guardian angel is near at such a moment as this!" replied Agnes, struggling to free herself.

The closet door was thrown open with the quickness of lightning. A figure presented itself which might well have been taken for a guardian angel. Marion made two or three steps forward with her veil down. Marton recoiled in speechless amazement, and the chaplain sympathized largely in his astonishment.

"I congratulate myself," said Marion, with charming grace and dignity, "that, if I may not act the part of an angel to this poor young girl, I may at least act the part of a friend, and save her from the power of a villain."

Marion paused, and advancing took the hand of Agnes. "Thank God, my friend, that you have been saved from dishonor. Colonel Marton has no power to save your brother, and *that* man is no chaplain. His name is Grayson—captain of the King's Volunteers!"

Mrs. Melville sank upon her knees, and with streaming eyes offered up silent thanksgiving to God. Agnes threw herself into the arms of her new friend, whom she was now ready to believe was really an angel in the disguise of a beautiful girl. Both Grayson and Marton were thunderstruck.

"Give yourself no farther trouble in relation to Mr. Sherwood Melville," added Marion. "He is at liberty."

"Fiends and fury!" exclaimed Marton, rushing from the dwelling, convulsed with passion.

"The devil's in the luck!" growled Grayson, and casting a look of singular meaning at Marion, he followed his accomplice in wickedness.

Our heroine lost no time in explaining the manner of Sherwood's escape, and the means by which she had learned of his residence and friends.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARCH—CHARLESTOWN HEIGHTS.

EDWARD DAY reached the American camp in safety, though his garments were perforated with bullets in many places. He was instantly conducted by the sergeant of the guard to the quarters of Gen. Ward at Cambridge.

"I am informed," said the chief in command, "that you performed a very bold action. Why did you leave the besieged town under such circumstances?"

"Because I hate tyranny and love liberty," replied Edward, calmly. "How could I stay when I saw the banners of my gallant countrymen flung out to the breeze?"

"Are you sure," continued the general, looking searchingly at Edward, "that your motives in putting yourself under the protection of the American flag are such as the loftiest patriotism would approve?"

"I can say with a clear conscience, sir, that they are. Only afford me an opportunity to meet the enemy, and my motives, I trust, you will no longer doubt," answered our hero, somewhat coldly.

"I admire your spirit, young gentleman. I

will see what can be done for you," said the general, in a more cordial tone. "What do our enemies say of us?"

"Everything that is base and cowardly, general. General Gage is terribly indignant at the idea of the town's being in a state of siege. 'The rebels,' he asserted a few days since, 'add insult to outrage; for, with a ridiculous parade of military arrangements, they affect to hold us besieged. But we will soon undeceive them. We will enlarge our quarters and penetrate into the country, scattering the raw militia like chaff before the wind.'"

"By my honor!" exclaimed the general, striking his hand energetically upon his sword hilt, "we will teach these haughty Britons that the continental army is not to be despised. What more do they say?"

"They talk of taking possession of Dorchester Heights and of Bunker Hill."

"So I have heard, but to-morrow morning will tell another story. What is your name, sir?"

"Edward Day."

THE REBEL SPY.

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"And your father is a—"

"Tory, general—I blush to say it."

"I will not forget you, young man. Sergeant Lewis, request General Putnam to come to my quarters."

In a few moments the celebrated general made his appearance.

"I confide this young man to your care, general," said the commander-in-chief. "You are doubtless already acquainted with his bold entry into the American camp. I would that we had more like him."

General Putnam shook hands with Edward, and taking him familiarly by the arm, led him from the quarters of General Ward.

"Are you ambitious, Mr. Day?" asked the general.

"I am ambitious only to meet the enemy. I care but little in what capacity, if it be as a private soldier."

"That's the kind of spirit I like. You'll do. I'll trust you out of my sight, which is more than I would some folks, had they come to us in the way you have; for I should fear they were going to play us a trick. Courage, sir; we'll have glorious fun to-morrow. One thousand strong will march to Bunker Hill to-night. When the sun of to-morrow arises, it will shine on an American redoubt, constructed in a single night, under the guns of the royal army. What do you think of that?"

"It makes my heart thrill with pleasure. I will not fail to be there. At what time will the detachment march?"

"The troops destined for that service will parade at six o'clock this evening, with all the entrenching tools that can be mustered and pressed into the service. Their destination is to be kept secret until after they have passed Charlestown Neck."

"Will they stand fire, general? Will they work beneath a storm of lead?"

"They will; and whoever lives to see the seventeenth of June, will bear witness that I have spoken the truth. But I must not forget to ask if you heard aught of a young man from our camp; of his having been arrested, or anything of that kind?"

"A fine looking and brave young fellow has been arrested, tried, and found guilty of the crime of being a spy."

"It makes my blood boil!" cried Putnam. "They will murder him, no doubt."

"Alas, there is no hope for him. He is fully committed to the power of the tyrants who lord it over us."

"Can we not send a flag of truce and make some disposition in his favor, think you?" asked the general, anxiously.

"No, sir; they have threatened to fire upon a flag of truce should one make its appearance, and they will do it. But even if the flag were respected, nothing could be done. He dies to-morrow, brave youth."

"I regret this. I cannot express how much I liked the boy. I hoped to fight side by side with him. May God tranquillize, and render calm and firm his last moments. It will break the heart of his poor mother."

"It makes me sad to think of it, general. Do you really believe there will be fighting to-morrow?"

"There can be no doubt about it. If they have any knowledge of the art of war, they will never suffer us to occupy such a commanding position as Bunker Hill, without a contest."

At six o'clock, the troops destined to take possession of Charlestown Heights paraded on Cambridge Common, under the command of Colonel Prescott, whose bravery has won for him an immortal fame, and placed his name in the annals of history never to be obliterated.

At the head of his detachment he set out for Charlestown, to carry out the orders of General Ward. Eager to distinguish himself, and to aid the cause of his countrymen, Edward Day proceeded to the hill with the detachment. Silently they took possession of the Heights, and after some deliberation, commenced throwing up the entrenchments.

Our hero accompanied Captain Maxwell to the lower part of the town to observe the motions of the enemy. It was a mild and beautiful night. The stars shone serenely in the heavens, looking softly down upon the untiring

labors of that band of devoted men. The Cerberus, the Lively, the Falcon, the Glasgow, and the Somerset, lay lazily upon the waters within gunshot.

A feeling of indignation filled the breast of Edward as he gazed upon the dark and grim outlines of the cannon that were pointed from the port holes.

"Such are the arguments that his majesty has made use of to convince his subjects that his policy is the best," said he; pacing to and fro near the old ferry. "Strange," he added, "that they do not discover the proximity of the American troops. I can almost fancy I hear the tread of the sentinel on the decks of the Falcon and the Lively."

At that moment, the cry of "All's well," came clearly over the waters. Edward laughed and said half aloud:

"Perhaps all is well; but I imagine not so well but it might be better."

It was now midnight. Edward paused suddenly in his walk and looked attentively towards Craigie's Bridge. He saw a small boat approaching the shore just above the town, and which, if it came from Boston, must have passed very near the Glasgow.

"Well, my young friend, I see you are resolved to make yourself useful," said a voice.

Edward looked up, and recognized the substantial figure of General Putnam.

"I see a small boat nearing the shore just above us, which will soon touch the point near School Hill," said Edward.

"A boat, did you say!" exclaimed the general. "It must have passed very near that man-of-war, yonder. Is it friend or foe? What do you think?"

"I am really at a loss to know."

"Are you armed?"

"I am."

"Let us hasten towards them, and learn what this portends."

Edward and the general walked rapidly towards the spot where the tiny boat was about to touch the shore.

"How silently the little cockle-shell moves

through the waters. What urges it onward, I wonder?" said Putnam, musingly.

"Some Yankee invention, I dare say, sir."

"Right, boy; the Yankees are famous for inventions. But how that little craft could leave Boston and land here without being blown out of the water, I don't know; unless we conclude that it comes from the enemy, and with their full approval," resumed the general.

"I can see a man in the boat," said Edward.

"It touches the shore," added Putnam.

"A tall man leaps out," said Edward.

"And another follows him. They come this way. Remain motionless."

The two stood perfectly still, and the men approached.

"Who goes there?" cried Putnam, cocking a heavy horse pistol, and springing towards the parties.

"The defender of the continental Congress—the mounted ranger. Where's the Britishers? Death to the 'tarnal critters!" said the voice of Davie Dixon. "Put up your shootin' stick, and tell us what you're here for, old wolf-killer?"

"Our friend Davie again, as I live; and, good heavens, Sherwood Melville! Bless your old heart, Davie!" exclaimed the general, throwing his strong arms about Sherwood, and embracing him most warmly. "This really gives me the greatest pleasure. You shall fight side by side with 'old Put' to-morrow, my boy."

"And that will be an honor that I did not expect a few hours ago."

"Davie, you're a fine fellow," said the general.

"Don't go for to givin' all the credit of this here business to me. I had a share in it, but I didn't do the whole of it, by no means."

"Who did then?" asked the general.

"A nateral born angel without wings," replied Davie. "One o' the most genteel critters that I ever set my eyes on—a reg'lar princess, if ever there was one."

"What does the harum-scarum fellow mean?" asked Putnam, turning to Sherwood.

"He means, my dear general, that I am indebted for my life and freedom, to one of the most lovely and heroic females that I ever beheld," replied Sherwood, enthusiastically.

"Then you are only released from one captivity to enter upon another," returned the officer, with a smile.

"Yes, I grant that I am enthralled," answered Sherwood, "but it is a thralldom that exalts and ennoble me. No man is degraded, sir, by loving a pure and noble woman. I own it without a blush; I glory in the confession; I acknowledge a love equalled only by my love of country. My dear friend, you should have seen the fair being who came to me when all earthly hope had faded; you should have looked upon the face and the divine figure which reflected the goodness and beauty of an angel; you should have heard the voice sweeter than notes of music."

"It's all over with you, Sherwood," retorted the general.

"You couldn't stand it yourself, sir," added Davie. "The floating battery of her dark eyes would have demolished the entrenchments of your heart in no time. I've never seen anything so lovely since Congress was a colt."

"Davie is rather too modest in his pretensions," said Sherwood. "Without his assistance, I might even now have been in the power of the enemy. He has rendered me a most important service, and I flatter myself that I shall know how to return the favor when opportunity presents. His courage in risking his life by venturing within the British lines, his ready tact in secreting me, and his ingenuity in escaping from the besieged town, will never be forgotten by me."

"I congratulate you both on your bravery and good luck; but I must not forget to make you acquainted with Edward Day, a young gentleman who made a regular stampede this morning, and passed the British out post at full speed under a running fire."

Edward and the other parties greeted each other with mutual expressions of pleasure.

"If you had been mounted on Congress it

would not have been strange that you gave the red-coats the slip; but, I confess it's raythur singular, seein' how you was mounted on a common anermal," observed Davie, seriously.

"Congress is the name of your horse, I should suppose," said Edward.

"It's evident you haven't been long among the *continentallers*, or you'd a had some knowledge of one of the most remarkable quadrupeds livin'," returned Davie.

"I shall take pleasure in hearing the particulars of your escape when we are at leisure," remarked the general. "Let us visit the men at work in the entrenchment."

The parties soon reached the spot now so famous in history! A thousand men were at work with untiring assiduity. Davie Dixon seized a shovel and leaped into the works.

"Here's my place till mornin'!" he exclaimed. "Some on us will find a restin'-place here afore to-morrow night, I dare say; but we shan't be the only ones who'll need a place in the airth to sleep our last sleep in. It's my opinion that every foot o' ground between here and Moulton's Point, and the ferry, will be covered with dead bodies afore the sun sets agin."

"To me your words are prophetic," said Putnam, sadly. "God help the right!" Sherwood and Edward followed the example of Dixon, and worked in the redoubt with right good will.

"How very remarkable," observed Edward, "that the men-of-war lying so near do not discover our proximity. I could almost imagine that the hand of the Almighty is stretched in protecting kindness over these devoted men."

"What you have said," replied Sherwood, in a subdued voice, "seems to me a solemn and impressive truth. It is not impious to believe that the eye of the God of battles is upon us at this moment, strengthening our hands and imparting courage to our hearts."

"That thought comforts and sustains me," said a gray-haired old man, who was laboring with all the zeal and efficiency of one in the prime of life.

"Who can conquer a people pervaded and influenced by one spirit, from the old man with

gray hairs to the youth who prides himself upon his curling-love-looks!" exclaimed Sherwood.

"Trust in heaven," added the old man, "and fight to the last, and this freshly moved earth will prove to us a bed of glory if we fall. I am getting old, young man, and I can desire nothing more honorable than to die here where I stand, defending the laws of eternal right and equity."

"You're a nat'ral trump!" cried Dixon, as he struck his shovel into the soil and threw out a large quantity of earth.

That eventful night passed away. The first light of morning revealed to the astonished Britons the works of the "rebel" army.

"There is a bustle on board the Lively," remarked Sherwood. "They have discovered us, and are putting a spring upon her cable."

At that moment a stream of fire and smoke belched from the sides of the Lively, and several balls fell inside of the works.

"Now we shall have it," said Edward. While he was speaking, a twenty-four pound ball passed between himself and Davie, and struck down a man a few feet in the rear.*

Several of the Americans dropped their trenching tools and looked at the disfigured body in speechless horror.

* Asa Pollard, of Billerica, of Stickney's company, Bridge's regiment. A subaltern informed Colonel Prescott, and asked what should be done. "Bury him," he was told. "What!" said the astonished officer, "without prayers?" A chaplain insisted on performing service over the first victim, and gathered many soldiers about him. Prescott ordered them to disperse. The chaplain again collected his audience, when the deceased was ordered to be buried.—*Sweet's History.*

In a moment the clear, ringing tones of Prescott were heard, and his tall, martial figure was seen upon the parapet.

"Don't mind the balls, my brave fellows. Let them waste their powder if they will. We do not fear them. Work a little longer, and we shall be prepared to give them a reception they will long remember."

"Three cheers for Colonel Prescott!" shouted Davie.

The word was caught up by those nearest and ran the whole length of the redoubt, and the ground shook beneath the prolonged cheering of the continental soldiers. While Dixon was swinging his hat, a shot from the Lively struck it and passed through the crown.

"Did you see that!" he cried triumphantly. "I can catch cannon balls in my hat!"

This quaint remark produced a general laugh, and restored in some measure the courage and cheerfulness of the men. Their equanimity was soon somewhat disturbed, however, by a twelve inch shell which fell within the entrenchments. Colonel Prescott was still upon the parapet, regardless of the fire of the enemy, and immediately shouted in a stentorian voice:

"Down upon the ground, every one of you!" They instantly fell flat upon the earth, and the shell burst without doing any injury. In a short time the firing from the Lively ceased, but was renewed again, after a brief interval, by all the ships, and by a six gun battery at Copps Hill.

Leaving these characters at work upon Charlestown Heights under a heavy fire, we will turn our attention to others interested in these memorable proceedings.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MURDER—CAPTAIN GRAYSON.

WHEN Colonel Marton left Grayson for the residence of Mrs. Melville, the latter walked towards the place where Sherwood was held in durance. Upon searching for the paper which was to gain him free admittance, he discovered, to his extreme mortification, that it was missing. He was not a little embarrassed, and communicated the fact to the sentinel, who stood with shouldered musket at the door.

"A lady has already gained admittance with a writing like that you describe," said the sentinel, touching his cap.

"A lady!" exclaimed the captain of the King's Volunteers.

"A lady, sir," reiterated the sentinel.

"Who was she, and what did she look like?" asked Grayson, hurriedly.

"She was very handsome, sir; a splendid figure, sir."

"Her face—how did that look?" continued Grayson.

"She threw back her veil just as she was passing with the old lady, sir, and I never saw a face so fair; it was loveliness itself."

"What old lady was it?"

"I don't know; I suspect, however, that it was the young fellow's mother. She was very old and decrepit, sir."

"His mother and sister, probably," said Grayson, to himself; "and yet this fellow's description reminds me of Marion Day. I must see the prisoner."

"I have no authority to admit any one without particular orders from Generals Gage or Howe."

"Very true," replied Grayson. "I will see them instantly."

The captain hurried away and returned after the lapse of half an hour with the requisite authority.

The room in which Sherwood had been imprisoned was quite dark, the windows having been closed up with boards, through the crevices of which the light streamed but faintly.

As Grayson entered, he saw the outlines of a human figure in a remote corner of the apartment.

"The commander-in-chief of his majesty's

forces has, in his extreme clemency, allowed me to visit you, young man, in order that you may make a clean breast and die with a clear conscience," said the captain.

Grayson made a momentary pause, but there was no rejoinder.

"Yes sir; you are allowed the privilege of confessing your crimes, before you expiate them by death. I am willing to hear all you may have to say respecting the condition of the rebel army."

Still there was no reply.

"What are the numbers of the rebels?" continued the captain.

The prisoner remained silent.

"Why don't you speak, sir? What means this obstinacy? Do you not wish to die like a Christian?"

As Grayson grew accustomed to the darkness, the person of the prisoner began to grow more distinctly defined. With dilated and astonished eyes, he approached him—and—and beheld the figure and face of a woman!

"How is this!" he cried. "A trick, by heavens! Woman, who are you?" he added, seizing her savagely by the arm.

"You're a gentleman, sir, a *regerler* gentleman, sir, to take hold of a lady in that way, sir!" said Alice, promptly, disengaging her arm, with a quick movement.

"It's Alice!" exclaimed Grayson, angrily; "and the prisoner has escaped. This is the work of Marion Day. You'll be hanged for this, young woman," he added, thinking to intimidate her.

"I couldn't die in a better cause, no how," replied Alice. "If the Britishers were bad enough to kill a female, I shouldn't die a tory, sir, by any means whatsoever."

"Keep your impudent tongue still, Miss Alice, and tell me all you know about this," added Grayson, in a milder tone.

"I shan't speak agin," said Alice, in a decided voice.

"You're a fiend!" exclaimed the captain, "and your mistress shall suffer for this."

"Shame on you, sir, to threaten a woman," returned Alice.

"Silence, termagant, or I may strike you! Ho! guards; this way, the prisoner has escaped." The consternation and confusion that followed, we will not pause to describe. Suffice it that General Gage ordered Alice to be released, and took no farther notice of the affair than ordering the sentinels under arrest.

But Grayson could not pass over the matter so easily. Upon reflection he finally concluded that he might turn the whole to his advantage; for, as the reader is aware, he was exceedingly desirous, by some means, to get Marion Day into his power enough to exercise a controlling influence upon her actions. Grayson was not a scrupulous man, and he cared but little in what way he accomplished his designs, provided he attained the object in view. The extraordinary beauty and attractions of Marion had proved too strong for him. We will not say that he truly loved her, because we doubt whether a truly bad man can truly love a pure and noble-minded girl, like our heroine.

Finding, to his great disappointment, that he had failed most signally to make a favorable impression upon the object of his passion, and that he could expect nothing from her favor, he resolved to seek out some ingenious expedient by which he could intimidate and awe her into a compliance with his wishes. While revolving this subject in his mind, what he so ardently longed for happened as follows:

During the afternoon while the events were transpiring to which we have just alluded, Mr. Day received the following note:

"Boston, June 16th, 1775.

"SIR,—Being reduced to great want by the unsettled and unhappy condition of the country, I am obliged to ask you for the small amount due me. I regret extremely that my poverty compels me to trouble you. I live at No. 10 Temple street. Shall I be so bold as to call for the money, or will you send it to me?"

"Yours respectfully, JAMES HILL."

To this epistle, Mr. Day sent the following:

"SIR,—In reply to your note I would say that I will pay you immediately. But do not

call at my house, for I allow no man to enter my dwelling who favors the rebel cause. I have already suffered enough by this accursed rebellion. My son has imbibed your detestable doctrines, and has gone over to the enemy's camp. I wish you, sir, to keep away from my residence, and, in fact, I do not wish to see you at all; for I might forget myself, and do something that I should greatly regret afterwards. I am not in a mood to be trifled with, I assure you, and will not be answerable for your safety if you venture to disregard my warning. I will send the twenty pounds to you to-night or to-morrow morning. Heartily hoping that all the whig leaders will be speedily hanged, I remain a true friend to the government. WILLIAM DAY."

This unfriendly note Mr. Day lost no time in forwarding to Mr. Hill. About eight o'clock the ensuing evening, the former was crossing the Common, when he unexpectedly met the latter near Valley Acre.

"I will pay you that money," said Mr. Day.

"I have a receipt in my pocket," replied Hill.

"I was going near your house and intended to send it in."

"Here are two ten pound notes," added Mr. Day. "This makes us square. It will be the last business transaction between us."

"I regret it very much," said Hill. "We have always got on well together."

"Until recently, sir," retorted Day. "I shall have no farther intercourse with the whigs; they are ruining the country; they have robbed me of my only son, and they will soon deluge the colony with blood."

"I hope they will fight bravely," returned Mr. Hill.

"Fight!" exclaimed Mr. Day, striking his cane violently upon the ground, "they can fight behind fences and trees, but they are too cowardly to meet the royal soldiery in the open field; they will run when it comes to that."

"I do not agree with you, Mr. Day. I believe they will display undaunted bravery when they meet the minions of King George," rejoined Hill, calmly.

"Begone, sir! how dare you insult the royal troops in my presence!" cried Day, raising his cane threateningly.

"I have labored for you in times past," answered Hill, "but I do not acknowledge that you have a right to control my actions."

"You will never die a natural death, sir," returned Day, and then walked on. In the course of half an hour he returned, passing over the same ground. When he reached the spot near where the twenty pounds had been paid, and where the above conversation had transpired, he saw a dark object lying upon the earth. Impelled by a strong curiosity he advanced towards it, and discovered the body of a man. It lay partly upon the right side with the face downward.

Mr. Day placed his hand upon the region of the heart; but it had ceased to beat. Much agitated by this unexpected discovery, he turned the face upward. The moonlight streamed down upon the impassive countenance, and revealed the features of James Hill! Mr. Day recoiled with an expression of unmitigated horror. All his bitterness of heart passed away when he beheld his former friend and neighbor, stiff and cold in the embraces of death. He regretted deeply that he had parted with him in anger, and would willingly have given much to blot the remembrance of their parting from his memory.

As he stood gazing at the fixed and rigid features of the dead, he saw a paper lying beside him, which had obviously fallen from his pocket. He secured it: it was the threatening and unfriendly note he had sent him that very day.

"Unfortunate circumstance!" exclaimed Mr. Day, much affected at what he beheld. "If this note should be found upon his body, it would naturally attach suspicion to me. As probably no one has seen it, I will keep it, and thus avert such a catastrophe." Mr. Day put the letter in his pocket, and then bent over him to learn the cause of his death. There was a dark line across the upper portion of his forehead as if made by a heavy blow with a club. There was also a wound in the chest, inflicted,

apparently, with a knife. A sanguinary stream was still flowing slowly from the fatal thrust.

"I fear I have been to blame in this matter," said Mr. Day, sorrowfully. "I should have sent him the money and saved him the trouble of going for it, as he undoubtedly was when I met him. What shall be done? I must hasten and make this known. And yet myself being the first to find the body seems rather awkward. I am half inclined to pass on, and leave the discovery of the murder to chance. The body cannot remain here long without being found. He certainly is quite gone, and medical skill can avail nothing. But this is dreadful, I think I'll pass on."

Looking once more at the pale and passionless face, Mr. Day resumed his way homeward, with a sad and agitated heart.

When he reached his dwelling he said nothing of what he had seen. Complaining of indisposition, he retired early. But he could not sleep. He saw before him, continually, the body of poor Hill; and if he was upon the eve of becoming unconscious, he was as often aroused by a sudden vision of those fixed and glassy eyes.

How Captain Grayson made this unfortunate occurrence subserve his wicked designs the reader will soon see.

Early on the 17th, the thunder of British cannon called the peaceable inhabitants of Boston, and the surrounding country, from their beds. Mr. Day arose, looking pale and haggard, and his agitation was observed by Marion.

"What does this heavy firing mean?" asked the former, anxiously.

"I do not know," replied Marion. "The American army must be making an attack upon the town."

"Nonsense, girl! the 'rebels' dare not attack the British troops," replied her father, somewhat ill-naturedly.

"But there is Captain Grayson," he added immediately. "He is parading his company directly in front of the house. Fine looking fellows, are they not, Marion? I must go and ask him what all this firing means."

Both Marion and her father hastened to a front window, and watched with interest the military evolutions of the King's Volunteers. The captain was not a little proud of his command, and hoped by this pompous display of his men, and of his authority, to make a favorable impression upon the tory's daughter.

"Attention, company!"

"He looks well in his regimentals," said Day. "See how they straighten up at the word of command, standing firm and steady, moving neither hand nor foot."

"To the left—*dress!*"

"Capital!" continued Marion's father. "A thorough bred soldier. I don't see how you can dislike him so."

"Shoulder arms!"

"Do you hear that?" said Day, admiringly.

"I see nothing wonderful in that, father; but there was something really brave and heroic in what Edward did yesterday."

"If you do not wish to offend me seriously, Marion, you will cease to speak of that disobedient and headstrong boy."

"I love him very much, father," replied Marion.

"There is the man that I wish you to love, Marion," said her father, in a low voice, pointing to the captain.

"I fear I shall have to disregard your wishes for once, father," answered Marion, mildly.

"Remember, girl, that I am decided upon this subject. It is my particular desire that you should favor the suit of Captain Grayson."

"Order arms:—*Rest!*" were the next orders that reached the ears of the spectators.

"He is coming in," resumed Mr. Day. "Receive him affably."

Grayson entered the room.

"What means all this firing, captain?" asked Mr. Day.

"The rebels have taken possession of Bunker Hill, and thrown up a redoubt under the very guns of the men-of-war and the batteries," he replied. "That cannonading which you hear, is to scare them away." Marion gently smiled.

"You smile at my last remark, Miss Day. May I be so bold as to ask why?"

"I was thinking what fine sport it would be for the King's Volunteers to march up the hill and dislodge the rebels."

Grayson colored slightly, and said he hoped soon to have that pleasure.

"By the way," he added, carelessly, "there was a dead body found at Valley Acre last night. You didn't hear of it, I suppose, Mr. Day?"

"Yes—no—that is, I did not hear about it," replied the latter, much embarrassed. "When did this dreadful thing happen?"

"Last night, sometime; very early in the evening, at any rate, for the body was hardly cold when they found it. His name was Hill; a man that I have heard you speak of, I believe."

"Yes; I knew him well. He used to be in my employ; but since he embraced the whig principles so warmly, there has been a coldness between us. But I am truly sorry to hear that this has happened. Has the murderer been arrested, or does suspicion rest upon any one?"

"The murderer has not been arrested, and I do not know that suspicion rests upon any person."

"He had some business transaction with you yesterday, did he not, father?" asked Marion.

"Yes," replied her father, hesitatingly; "that is, he sent me a note, begging me to pay him a small sum which I owed him."

"Did you pay him, father?"

"I did—yes—I think I did," stammered Mr. Day.

"At what time?" asked Grayson, fixing his eyes steadily upon him.

"I should think it was about eight o'clock," answered Day, with the same reluctance and agitation he had previously displayed.

"Just about the hour the murder was committed, as nearly as I can judge," resumed Grayson. "Your testimony will probably be required."

"I know nothing about it; my evidence would be entirely worthless, and throw no light

upon the dark transaction; and as he is a whig, the government will take but little trouble to look up the matter, and punish the murderer; for there is a plenty of work on hand now. But I must go and attend to my toilet, and get a look at what is going on at Charlestown Heights. Captain, I will leave you master of the field for a short time," and with a significant smile he left the room.

"Do me the favor to be seated, Miss Day; you never looked more fair," said the captain.

"Excuse me; I must not trespass on your precious time. You are impatient to meet the enemy, I know," said Marion, with affected seriousness.

"If you are my enemy, I acknowledge the truth of what you affirm, fair Marion."

"I would not be the innocent cause of detaining you a moment, captain. You must go where spurs are won—up yonder, on that hill!"

"Be less sarcastic. I have much to say to you."

"I decline hearing you," said Marion, rising to leave the apartment.

"Stay! you *must* hear!" replied Grayson, closing the door, and placing himself against it.

"What means this insolence, sir!" exclaimed our heroine, indignantly. "I will ring the bell, and our servants shall protect me from insult in my father's house. I have not forgotten the circumstances under which I last met you. You cannot suppose that you have risen in my estimation since that time," said Marion, coldly.

"My own memory is equally tenacious, Miss Day. You probably would not rise in the estimation of your venerable father if he knew something which I do in relation to the escape of Sherwood Melville," retorted Grayson. "Be self-possessed and quiet, Miss Day," he added. "I have that to say which you will never forget while life lasts. Frown, if you will; but frowns become not a face so divinely moulded. Scorn me with your lips; but scorn sits not well on lips so bewitching. Dart reproachful glances upon me with your eyes; but reproachful fires grace not such angelic orbs."

The captain paused, and then went on in a

voice frightful in its solemnity; for he had learned well the part he was to act.

"Last night at half past eight o'clock, I crossed the Common. It was not very dark; the moon was shining, and a few pale stars were glimmering. Objects were discernible at the distance of several rods. As I walked slowly on, I saw a man standing motionless directly in my path, a few paces beyond me. There was something singular in his attitude. I stopped and regarded him attentively. Some dark and strange looking object was lying at his feet. I moved softly toward it; the dark object was the body of a man. The figure which had first attracted my attention, held a heavy stick in his hand. He stooped, laid his hand upon the man's breast to see if the work was done—if the heart had ceased to beat time to the music of life. The examination seemed satisfactory. He then turned the ghastly face up towards the quiet skies, and marked if it bore any impression but that of death; if any lingering color upon his cheeks betokened life. This also appeared satisfactory; and as he gazed upon the pallid features of the dead, there was no softening of his heart, no pity traced upon his face. Again he bent over the body, and drew forth papers from the pockets. One paper he replaced in the pocket of his victim, another he put into his own! The assassin took one more look at his victim and then walked rapidly away.

"I hastened to the spot, and recognized in those icy, upturned features the face of James Hill!"

"There is something dreadful in all this!" exclaimed Marion, sinking into a chair, and trembling violently.

"Near the body of the murdered man I found this breast-pin. Did you ever see it before, Miss Day?"

"Good heavens! it is my father's!" cried Marion, wildly.

"It is," said Grayson. "I recognized him as he stood over the corpse; and the stick which was in his hand now stands in the entry. I marked it as I came in. I will produce it."

The captain opened the door and took the stick from its accustomed place. There was blood upon it!

"This is it. There is something upon it that is not pleasant, you observe, I perceive. But be calm; no person knows of this but you and myself. I learn that ill feeling has subsisted between the parties for some time. You probably noticed your father's agitation when I alluded to the circumstances a short time since. It could not have escaped your observation."

"O, this is horrible!" gasped Marion. "I cannot believe it. I will—I do reject it as false!"

"I know this is painful," resumed Grayson. "I know it will well nigh freeze you with horror; but you must know it; and it remains solely with you whether it shall remain a secret forever, or be heralded forth to the world."

"If you have any pity, I beg of you to leave me. Let me collect my scattered senses."

"But do you comprehend me? Do you fully understand what I have said, Miss Day?"

"I scarcely know what I have heard, or what I should understand; but I comprehend enough to make me the most wretched of beings," said Marion, pressing her hand wildly to her brow.

"Would you screen and save him?"

"If guilty, yes; but his guilt I do not yet admit. He is firm in his opinions, strong in his prejudices, violent in temper, but a bad man he is not."

"Justice has its claims, Miss Day. Shall my friendship for your father prompt me to disregard its voice? Reflect that it is my duty to lodge a complaint against him, and render in my evidence without regard to personal feelings."

"It requires no second sight to guess what will be the price demanded for your silence. I read already the unuttered words upon your lips," rejoined Marion.

"You are indeed a diviner, and I perceive that you comprehend me well. This small white hand is indeed the price of my silence; exorbitant, I grant; but the wild passion that consumes me makes me deaf to the voice of reason and soft pity. Pledge me your word,

and call Heaven to be your witness, that you suffer yourself to be entirely at my disposal, henceforth, and I will not drag that old man, with gray hairs, forth to a felon's grave. The dark secret shall remain within my heart, a sacred deposit—a life-long trust."

"Give me time—do not urge me now. Grant me a week—a single day, even. If you have any human compassion, you cannot refuse me this. I must have stronger proof of his guilt."

"Do you not perceive that that is wholly unnecessary? Is he not in my power, guilty or not guilty? Would not my testimony send him to the scaffold?" said Grayson.

"It is a plot—a wicked plot to carry out your own dishonorable designs. Your last words reveal still more plainly the blackness of your heart—the unmitigated depravity of your nature. The mask has indeed fallen from your features. I see the abyss before me; I look down with dizzy eye into its dreadful depths; ruin and dishonor are there."

"I am gratified that you have so true a sense of your position. I await your decision."

"To-day I will not give it. A day longer, at least, will I be mistress of my own actions."

"And I may not be so lenient to-morrow. To-day I offer you honorable wedlock."

"And you can offer nothing more revolting to-morrow. That which you darkly hint at would be the most merciful fate of the two; for I might hope that you would tire of me at length, and cast me off; and that event I should hail with joy."

"A bitter retort, Miss Day, but I care not. The thought of controlling you in any manner (whether considered as most merciful or most revolting by you), gives me such pleasure, that I heed not the danger of the measures that lead me to undisputed possession of the prize I have coveted so long, and which has well nigh made me mad. Adorable Marion, I would attempt the pass of Al-Sirat itself, to call you mine, though the flaming river of hell rolls its seething billows below."

"Go, sir!" said Marion, rising, and recovering a portion of her self-possession. "My

answer I cannot give you to-day; to-morrow you shall hear it from my own lips. Do not attempt to move me; were you to drag the whole of us to death, I would make you no other answer."

"Let it be so," replied Grayson, after a moment's reflection. "You can imagine yourself a free agent for the next twenty-four hours. But if you value your father's peace of mind, do not permit him to mistrust that you know aught of the transactions of last night. To have full confirmation of my words, you have only to question him in a common-place way about the murder, and observe his emotions."

Marion waved her hand towards the door and made no reply.

"Hark!" said the captain. "The roar of yonder cannon calls me away. I go to the field. Gentle Marion, adieu."

Bowing with mock obsequiousness, and with a smile of triumph upon his face, Grayson relieved Miss Day of his presence.

Instead of giving unbridled license to her grief, she strove to regain her composure, and look at things with calmness and fortitude. That her father was in the power of Grayson, she could not doubt, but that he was guilty of the deed she did not believe; though she could not but acknowledge that he had betrayed much agitation when she had alluded to the death of Hill.

Another question now arose in her mind: Should she speak of this subject to her mother? She decided that it would be best not to, as it would only tend to make her unhappy without subserving any possible good.

Grayson had spoken of a paper which her father had taken from the person of the deceased; she resolved to see if any such proof of his guilt could be found.

Arranging her disordered hair, and wiping from her face all traces of recent tears, she ascended softly to her father's chamber. Instead of arranging his dress, as he had declared was his intention, he had thrown himself upon the bed, and despite the incessant roar of artillery, had sunk into a troubled sleep.

With trembling limbs his fair daughter approached and bent fondly over him as he reposed.

"Could a guilty man sleep thus soundly?" she said to herself. And then raising her swimming eyes to heaven, she added:

"Heaven knows he is innocent."

As Marion grew calmer she observed that he wore the same vest which he had worn the day previously. A folded paper protruded from one of the pockets. Calling up all her resolution, she drew it forth; it bore the impress of bloody fingers.

Marion did not cry out, nor falter in her purpose; but opened the paper with nervous haste. It was the identical note which he had written and sent to the unfortunate Hill. The heroic girl read it with more firmness than might have been expected under the circumstances. Its unfriendly and even threatening tone moved her not a little; if it was not proof, it was at least evidence against him, and showed her to what extent he was now in the complete power of Grayson.

When she had finished its perusal, she put her hand again into the ample pocket and found

the receipt which Hill had given him for the twenty pounds; that also was discolored with blood. She now remembered that her father had but twenty pounds about his person on the sixteenth, for she had heard him make a remark to that effect. Upon opening his pocket-book, she was greatly amazed to find that sum still in his possession. How then could he have paid James Hill?

Replacing the articles as she had found them, she kissed the pale brow of her parent, and glided from the room. She had at first resolved to destroy the letter, but upon second thought she foresaw that he would miss it, which would make him very uneasy, and probably he would destroy it himself.

She now remembered that his cane was a sword cane; she went and examined it. Upon drawing forth the sword, the point bore visible traces of blood. It had evidently been wiped, though but imperfectly freed from its sanguinary stains. A glass of water was standing upon the table; she wet her handkerchief in it, and effectually accomplished what had been so poorly done by some other hand.

CHAPTER VII.

DOCTOR MONTAGUE—MORE PLOTTING.

COLONEL MARTON was deeply mortified at the failure of his plans in regard to Agnes Melville, and left the house highly indignant, and by no means disposed to abandon the pursuit. After walking for a time in the open air to give his excited feelings an opportunity to regain their wonted level, he returned to his quarters.

He had not been seated long, when Doctor Montague, an intimate friend of the colonel's, and a well-known tory, made his appearance. It is not necessary to our purpose to describe particularly the personal appearance of this disciple of Esculapius. He was a man of thirty, with a portly person, a rubicund face, much natural good humor, and, apparently, considerable pedantry. He was disposed, like many of his profession, to bring professional technicalities into common conversation rather too freely, though usually in an apt and well meaning way. Farther insight into his character the reader must excuse us from giving at this time, save what may be gathered from the following conversation.

"Colonel, your *facial muscles* indicate ill humor. Some derangement of the mental system?" said the doctor, with characteristic coolness.

"That's my affair," retorted the colonel, tartly.

"*Hum*, rather *bilious*," said the doctor. "Something sedative is required."

"Doctor, I am in bad humor. Things have not gone to suit me."

"Some love affair—an affection of the heart?"

"Correct, for once in your life, my learned Galen," rejoined Marton.

"The complaint has taken an unfavorable turn; the remedies employed have not proved efficacious, and in short have only served to aggravate the disease."

"Your diagnosis is very good, so far; but what does it all amount to, as long as you cannot minister to a mind diseased?"

"If you expect any relief from my skill, you must confide in me unreservedly. I must know the origin and progress of the disorder, whether

it be chronic or acute, and how much the symptoms inconvenience you; that is, if your suffer greatly from the attack."

Marton was silent a moment, in which he appeared to be debating some question of expediency in his mind. At length he aroused himself, and gave his hand frankly to Doctor Montague.

"I will confide in you fully, my dear sir. I am madly in love, and my passion meets with no grateful return."

"What is the name of your fair enslaver?"

"Agnes Melville."

"You surprise me, colonel," said the doctor, with a start.

"Do you know her?"

"I have just come from Melville's, sir."

"You?"

"Exactly."

"Professionally?"

"Yes; I am not violently in love yet."

"But who is ill?"

"Mrs. Melville."

"What ails her?"

"Well, I should say there had been some undue excitement of the nervous system. There seems to be a tendency to *hysteria*, together with—"

"Then she is really under your treatment?" exclaimed Marton.

"Nothing can be *more* real, I assure you."

"Swear to me that you do not love Agnes."

"I am not conscious of any uneasiness about the *pericardium*," said the doctor, with professional gravity.

"Do you feel disposed to be my friend?"

"I must confess, colonel, that I do feel decided *symptoms* of friendship," replied the doctor, looking searchingly at the colonel.

"In the first place, you must know, doctor, that I cannot expect to obtain Agnes Melville by fair means. I may say without exaggeration, that she literally shrinks from me with unfeigned terror; and this unfounded repugnance I find it impossible to overcome."

"You must resort to a *ruse de guerre*."

"I have tried that once and it failed; though

it came very near succeeding, and I think it would have been quite successful, if her brother had not made his escape."

"I guess at the plot; you tried to make his release the price of her hand?" said Montague, carelessly.

"Most true, and when I went after my friend the chaplain, I learned, to my dismay, that the prisoner had escaped. I hurried back, but found the tables completely turned. The young lady who had, I suspect, been instrumental in young Melville's escape, was there to thwart me most effectually. I retired from the field beaten at every point."

"She consented to your proposal when she thought her brother's safety depended upon it?"

"She did."

"Then you are probably anxious to get him into your power again?"

"That is the very thing I wish to accomplish, and I think with your aid I can do it."

"I shall listen with interest to your proposal."

"The rebel spy is strongly attached to his mother and sister. Now if they were sick, or in danger, would it not be rational to suppose, if he were notified of the fact, that he would risk his life to see them?"

"I presume we may safely *prognosticate* such an event," said the doctor.

"Believing his mother or sister to be near death, he would attempt by some means, or in some disguise, to enter the town; and as he has done it once successfully, he might again."

"But are you sure, colonel, that he has escaped from the city? He must assuredly be concealed somewhere within its precincts."

"That is probably the case; but I am rather inclined to the opinion that he will contrive to reach the rebel camp before the sun rises again. Let this be as it may; if he is in the town of Boston, there are enough to keep him apprised of the condition of his mother and sister. If he eludes the vigilance of the outpost, and reaches the rebel lines, we can still continue to advise him of his mother's dangerous illness, and of her desire to embrace her first-born before she

goes the way of all the earth. A prisoner may be exchanged; for instance, who would willingly bear the tidings."

"Very good, but very villainous," said the doctor, coolly.

"And shall be made very profitable to the friend who assists me," added Marton. "You are skilful, doctor, in use of drugs and medicaments of all kinds. You doubtless know of some medicine that would produce a sudden sinking of the vital energies—a general and alarming prostration of the powers of life, without producing death."

Doctor Montague hesitated and seemed a little nervous.

"I do," he said at length, with a slight change of color.

"During one of those alarming prostrations, were you to signify your willingness to forward a letter to her rebel son, the fair daughter would lose no time in writing one."

"That appears no more than reasonable, colonel."

"After that event, the house should be constantly watched, and no person should enter it without my knowledge. If his filial feelings preponderate over all other considerations, he will certainly throw himself into my power; and then I shall possess a most powerful instrument for controlling the actions of the too fair yet incorrigible Agnes."

"Your plan is well laid, and if you experience no softening of that strong muscle called the heart, it must succeed."

"No danger of that, doctor. May I rely upon you?"

"You may, undoubtedly."

"Take this purse, my friend, and remember that it is but a tithe of what you shall receive, if all goes on as I wish."

"Nay, colonel, keep your money until after the service is rendered. It's a poor pay-master, they say, that pays before his work is done."

"As you will; it matters not to me. Prove my friend, and you shall be entitled to my warmest friendship, and any reward you may please to name."

"Very good; reckon upon my aid. I will produce the sudden prostration—the sinking of the vital energies—the difficult respiration—the feeble pulsations at the wrist—the lazy motions of the heart—coldness of the extremities, and that startling pallidness that heralds the approach of dissolution. Leave it all to me. Pour me another glass of wine, if you please. Let us drink the health of the fair Agnes Melville."

The health of Agnes was drunk, and then Doctor Montague took leave of the colonel.

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

SHERWOOD MELVILLE and Edward Day were in the redoubt at Bunker Hill. It was now one o'clock. They had witnessed the embarkation of the grenadiers and light-infantry at Long Wharf and the North Battery, and their brilliant landing at Moulton's Point. With veteran promptness and regularity, the British troops formed into three lines and remained at rest, while General Howe reconnoitered the American works.

It was indeed an imposing scene. Thousands of spectators were gathering upon all the surrounding heights, and upon the tops of houses, to witness the grand conflict.

The artillery redoubled its roar from floating batteries and the shipping, and the bright arms of the British veterans gleamed gloriously in the rays of the meridian sun.

"It is a stirring scene," observed Sherwood.

"And one that will long be remembered," returned Edward. "Those troops present a noble front, and are thoroughly disciplined, while our poor fellows, many of them, never went through a regular drill in their lives."

"But they will fight for their homes, their wives, their children, and their sweethearts," said Sherwood.

"Do you not see that the arrangements of General Howe are admirable. The Lively and the Falcon are sweeping the low grounds in front of Breed's Hill. The Somerset and two floating batteries at the ferry, and the battery on Copp's Hill, are playing incessantly upon our works. The Glasgow frigate and the Symmetry transport are anchored higher up the river, and rake the Neck with their balls."

"Our troops stand the fire very well though," remarked Sherwood.

"Yes, but there will be hot work here soon."

"I know it, and I am glad the time draws near. One thing I would say to you before we meet yonder troops," continued Sherwood. "From the first moment of our meeting I have felt for you a brotherly regard. Promise me, that should I fall in the fight, and you survive, that you will make some inquiries, should opportunity ever offer, in relation to the gentle being that saved my life. Should you ever meet

her, assure her that I thought of her to the last."

"I will do so, should you fall; but I trust you will yet have a chance to tell her yourself. What was her name?"

"I do not know; I did not think to ask. Her beauty and goodness bewildered me."

"Does not Davie Dixon know her?"

"No better than myself. A whig friend by the name of Hill secreted him after he had reached the town in the same manner I had done. Knowing that Hill was a patriot, this charming girl, it would seem, had informed him of the plan for my release, and Dixon had assisted without knowing the name of the lady."

"I am acquainted with Mr. Hill," replied Edward. "I have often heard him express his opinions freely in regard to political matters. It was fortunate that your fair benefactress found so able an ally."

"I have two dear friends in yonder town, that I cannot help thinking of at this eventful moment—a mother and sister," added Sherwood.

"The former is a model of female heroism, and the latter fair and amiable. For the life of me, I cannot but think of their lonely and unprotected situation. And this is not all that makes me uneasy. The beauty of Agnes has already attracted the attention of a British officer, and that circumstance makes me tremble for her safety."

"I sympathize with you, truly," said Edward. "But see," he immediately added, "the barges of the enemy are returning to Boston for reinforcements."

"And it is full time," added Sherwood, "for our expected reinforcements from Cambridge to arrive."

"Look, there is Dr. Warren. He leaps into the redoubt with a musket in his hand. He is a host within himself. The men cheer him to the very echo. Noble fellow!"

"And there comes 'old Put,' as the men call him. He seems ubiquitous. See! he gallops the whole length of the lines, regardless of the severe cannonade. He rides up to Prescott who stands calmly upon the parapet. They

confer earnestly together. Heaven shield him—a cannon ball strikes at his feet. They stand unmoved, and seem unconscious of the fact. Who can conquer a people who have such brave leaders?"

At three o'clock the barges returned with reinforcements, making in all three thousand troops, the flower of the British army. They formed at the old Battery and Mardlin's shipyard, and marched towards the American works; and did not join the troops at Moulton's Point.

That fatal march up the hill is well known. In two divisions, one under General Howe, and the other under General Pigot, they moved steadily forward. The royal bands played a lively march, and the heavy columns of Old England presented an imposing front to the continental army.

"Steady, men! steady!" shouted Prescott. "Reserve your fire until the word is given. Keep cool—fire low!"

"Come up, Congress! Give it to the 'tarnal critters!" cried a well-known voice. Both Sherwood and Edward looked up in surprise, and saw Davie Dixon approaching at a gallop, upon his favorite steed, with his long, rusty musket in his hand, and evidently impatient for the fight.

"Come into the redoubt!" shouted Sherwood.

"I never fight under kiver," replied Dixon, pulling up Congress with a jerk. "I'm agoin' to meet 'em in open field, and show 'em what Yankee grit is. I'm a mounted ranger, and the defender of human rights."

"You'll be shot down if you venture farther," continued Sherwood, earnestly.

"Go it, Congress!" shouted Davie, and the thin, angular looking beast put his nose to the ground and galloped the whole length of the American lines at an extraordinary speed, while six, twelve and twenty-four pounders were tearing up the earth around him in every direction. In a short time he came back again unharmed.

"What a strange genius!" exclaimed General Putnam, who happened to be near Sherwood at that moment. "He seems to care nothing about cannon balls."

"And who would imagine that bony looking horse could get over the ground with such speed?" remarked Edward. "But it is not a bad thing he is doing, though. It will encourage the men, and make them care less for the enemy's large guns."

"Here's the place for Congress and I," said Davie, reining up near a tree which stood in an angle of the redoubt. "The critters are a com-in', shoulder to shoulder, firm and steady. *Jehosaphat!* how bright their shootin' sticks are. Congress hold up your head, and look at the enemy."

Obedient to his master's wish, Congress raised his head higher than the oldest inhabitant remembered having seen it before.

The officers now encouraged the men, and directed them to be particular about reserving their fire.

On came the devoted ranks of Old England, doomed men, who were to finish the march of life that day upon the soil of Bunker Hill; men who held the provincials in contempt, and looked forward to an easy victory.

The tall form of Prescott still towered upon the parapet, and his voice rang along the lines like the tones of a trumpet.

"Let them come, my brave boys!" Follow my directions, and but few of them will return." At that moment the brave Putnam leaped from the redoubt, and running along the parapet, kicked up the guns of some of the soldiers who were about to fire.

"I will cut down the first man who fires without the orders of General Prescott!" he shouted, in tones of thunder.

An almost breathless silence now reigned in the redoubt. The regular tread of the enemy could now be heard.

"Steady, Congress, steady!" said Davie. "Keep your eye on the enemy."

"Cool, upon my word," observed Edward, with a laugh.

"Fellow soldiers! there are our enemies. Remember the wrongs we have suffered at their hands. Ready, aim, FIRE!"

A stream of smoke, flame and death leaped

from the American lines. The front ranks of the enemy wavered and sank down almost to a man, and others coming up shared their fate.

"Hurra for the continental Congress! aim at the red-coats!" shouted Davie Dixon, loading and firing with great rapidity.

Being no longer able to stand the destructive fire of the Americans, the British troops retreated in disorder, which event was hailed with exulting cheers by the patriots.

We need not dwell upon a scene the details of which are so generally known. The firing of Charlestown, the second formation of the royal troops, and their second repulse speedily followed. The hillside so recently green with grass, was now slippery with blood, and literally covered with dead bodies.

Sherwood and Edward fought side by side, and cheered and encouraged the men by their words and example. Their hearts swelled with pride and joy when they saw the English veterans flying before their fire.

"Perhaps," said Sherwood to himself, as he looked towards the town of Boston, and saw the house tops covered with human beings, "perhaps my fair benefactress watches the fortunes of the battle, and sees all these stirring events."

He was right. Marion and her father had ascended to the roof of a dwelling favorable for the purpose, and with powerful glasses observed with anxious hearts all the movements of the combatants.

"And my excellent mother and Agnes are doubtless watching this terrible struggle," he added. "Every discharge of cannon and musketry will make them tremble for my safety. But it is a glorious day for the friends of liberty."

Charlestown was now in a blaze, having been set on fire by a shell at the commencement of the action. Vast columns of smoke went wheeling up into the skies, hanging like an immense funeral pall over the devoted town. Lurid flames ran wildly from street to street, involving all in general ruin, and, added to the movements of the troops, the roar of cannon and musketry, and other accompaniments of the battle, presented one of the grandest scenes imaginable.

"They do honor to the service," said Mr. Day to Marion, as he watched the first march up the hill.

"Do you suppose they will dislodge them, father?" asked Marion.

"Can you doubt it? I should not be surprised if they took possession of the Heights without firing a gun. See, they are almost at the works now, and the rebels have not discharged a single piece from the redoubt.

While Mr. Day was speaking the Americans sent forth a stream of death, prostrating whole ranks of the British troops.

"Look!" exclaimed Marion, seizing her father's arm nervously. "Cannot the Americans fight? Do you not see the columns of the royal army waver and give ground? Do you not see them falling like leaves in autumn, before the well directed fire of those whom they have affected to despise? Deceive yourself no longer, my dear father. Confess that the patriots are brave."

Mr. Day made no immediate reply, but trembled violently as he gazed at the scene of conflict.

"Good heavens!" he cried at length. "The British are actually retreating in great disorder. It is disgraceful—shockingly disgraceful!"

"But do you not observe that the field is literally covered with the dead, and wounded, and dying? And those fine looking officers who went so gallantly to the attack: where are they now?"

"Picked off by those accursed marksmen—murdered—killed—and left in heaps!" rejoined Mr. Day, painfully excited.

"Do you remember, father, that Edward is there?"

"Don't speak of him, daughter: I beg of you not to speak of him," returned her father.

An exclamation of surprise from some one at her side caused Marion to look around. Agnes Melville stood near her, watching the events of the battle. Our heroine instantly approached and took her hand in a kind and affectionate manner.

"I am truly glad to meet you," she remarked. "What a dreadful day!"

"Yes," said Agnes, "terrible indeed to those who have friends there. I hope you have not suffered for assisting Sherwood to escape?" she added, in a lower tone.

"I have not yet, certainly. And Alice returned to me, safe and sound, rejoicing in what she had done."

"I can never express to you, Miss Day, the gratitude I feel. You have saved the life of Sherwood, and me from a fate worse than death."

"The troops are going up the hill again," said Mr. Day.

The two young ladies, with their arms closely interlaced, now directed their attention exclusively to the movements of the combatants. They saw them beaten back the second time with greater loss than before, with emotions which it would be in vain to attempt to describe.

When they went to the attack the third time, they had lost their contempt of the enemy, and needed to be forced forward by the officers, who pricked them with their swords.

"They approach the redoubt—they receive the fire of the Americans—the columns waver—the officers urge and cheer them on—they reach the entrenchments!" exclaimed Marion.

"I see a figure that looks like *his*," she added. "He stands upon the parapet, and now the smoke and dust hide him from my sight, and the fight thickens about the spot where he stood."

"Who do you mean?" asked Agnes, quickly.

"Your brother," she said, with a blush.

"Perhaps it was Prescott," answered Agnes.

"He has a noble figure."*

Marion made no reply.

* The tall, commanding form of Prescott was observed by General Gage, as he was reconnoitering the Americans through his glass, who inquired of Councillor Willard, near him, "Who the person was who appeared to command?" Willard recognized his brother-in-law. "Will he fight?" again inquired Gage. "Yes, sir; he is an old soldier, and will fight as long as a drop of blood remains in his veins!" "The works must be carried," was the reply.—*Siege of Boston.*

"The scene is indeed grand and terrific," continued Agnes. "See the flames shooting up from the burning town; it looks like a sea of fire. And now the combatants are indiscriminately mixed together; you cannot distinguish friend from foe."

"The redoubt is carried!" cried Mr. Day. "The Americans fly. Hurra, for the chivalry of Old England!"

"But it is more like a defeat than a victory," said Marion, in a low voice.

"Upon my honor! you are right, young lady," said an individual, who, amid the excitement of the animated scene, had not been noticed.

Marion looked at the speaker, but made no answer.

"They are making work for us professional men," he added.

"Yes," said Agnes, timidly.

"How is Mrs. Melville, to-day?" he asked.

"She appears to be gaining a little, doctor."

"I am truly glad to hear it. If anything

should happen—if she should suddenly relapse, lose no time in apprising me of the circumstance."

"You are very good, Dr. Montague. I will not fail to follow your directions."

"I feel an extraordinary interest in her case," rejoined the doctor. "She suffers from one of those nervous, fluctuating diseases which arise from a constitution naturally delicate. I shall exert myself to the utmost to keep her from sinking."

"I am sure I shall be very grateful," murmured Agnes.

Dr. Montague bowed, and while pretending to look towards the hill, examined the figures of the two young ladies. His eyes rested admiringly upon the gracefully rounded shoulders, the elegantly turned ankle, the unexceptionable waist, and the incomparable symmetry of the whole outline.

"Splendid creatures!" he muttered, and continued to watch the maidens until they left the spot.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

It was the 18th of June. The roar of cannon had not ceased. Clouds of smoke still hung over the smouldering ruins of Charlestown. A picket guard of two hundred men had been stationed at the Neck, another at Moulton's Point, and at the old ferry. Houseless women and children were seen running in all directions, fearfully excited with the horrors of the day. The dead were being buried by hundreds in holes hollowed for the purpose; while the wounded and dying were being conveyed from the field in carts and vehicles of every description. Never before was such a Sabbath day witnessed at Massachusetts Bay.

Sherwood Melville had been separated from Edward during the fight after the enemy had entered the redoubt. He fought bravely, and was among the last to leave the works. So dense was the smoke and dust that it was with great difficulty that he could distinguish friend from foe. As he passed out of the entrenchments, fighting his way through the ranks of the British troops who had partially succeeded in surrounding them, he encountered an officer

whose face did not seem unfamiliar, and who made a furious attack upon him with his sword, and called out to his men to make him a prisoner at any hazards.

Sherwood parried his thrust with his musket, and aiming a blow at him with all his force, was so fortunate as to strike him down. But the enemy closed up around him, and he certainly would have captured him, had not Davie Dixon suddenly come to his assistance.

"Go it, Congress!" he shouted, at the top of his voice. The thin and bony animal seemed suddenly possessed of the spirit of some fighting devil; he reared, struck with his fore feet, kicked, snorted and bit at the common enemy, while his master laid about him with his musket, clearing a space around Sherwood in an incredibly short space of time. But for this fortunate interposition, our hero would have been taken. He returned with the rest to Cambridge, where we again resume our story.

Fatigued with his recent exertions he threw himself down and slept when he had reached the American camp, regardless of the din of cannon,

and the bursting of shells which were occasionally thrown within the lines. It was an hour unfavorable to rest, but he had done his duty, and "tired nature" had need of the "sweet restorer."

He awoke in the morning greatly refreshed. Around him, still sleeping, lay many of those who had worked all the night previous, and fought at the hill. Great numbers were wounded, and all were covered with the smoke and dust of battle. It was in vain that Sherwood searched for Edward; he could not be found.

From General Putnam he learned what had taken place during the night. Nothing of any importance had transpired; but they were in momentary expectation that the British troops would attack Cambridge. Sherwood, anxious for the fate of his new friend, walked nervously from tent to tent, beholding in each some direful memento of war. Discouraged at length, he sat down upon a gun, at the left wing of the army, not far from Plowed Hill.

He relapsed into a reverie, which neither the thunder of the Glasgow's guns nor the busy hum and bustle around him could disturb. Gentle reader, he was thinking of Marion Day.

It was now near noon. Sherwood aroused himself a little from the spell which had been on him for the last hour. Some intoxicated soldiers were approaching, heaping many abusive epithets upon a lad which one of them was dragging along by the arm in no gentle manner.

"Come on, sir," said the soldier, roughly. "We'll see what the general will say to such a fellow."

"What has the boy done?" asked Sherwood, ever keenly alive to the misfortunes of others.

"Why, bless your simple heart, sir, he's a spy," replied the soldier, with a drunken swagger.

"He certainly does not look like a spy," said Sherwood, looking at the trembling lad.

"You can't tell nothing by looks now-a-days, mister. This smooth-faced little rascal is directly from the enemy's camp. How did he pass a picket guard of two hundred strong, unless he was sent?"

"Why he probably got a pass from the general," replied our hero. "That lad is too young, and his face, what I can see of it, too frank and honest in its expression, to be engaged in such an enterprise. Pray, my good fellow, use him more tenderly. My lad, what have you to say?"

The boy endeavored to collect himself, and appear unconcerned; but it was easy to see that he was thoroughly frightened.

"Good sir," he answered, with considerable assurance, "you have judged me rightly, and these well-meaning men have mistaken my character and purpose. I have friends in the American camp, and General Gage was kind enough to give me a pass; this explains why you see me here."

"Your ingenuous manner convinces me that you speak the truth. My good friends, I will be responsible for this youth," said Sherwood.

"He's no true man," muttered the soldier, as he reluctantly relinquished the boy's arm and pursued his way with his companions.

"Come here, my lad," resumed Sherwood. "Sit down upon this gun-carriage and rest yourself."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then rather reluctantly complied, still trembling and agitated, and with his cap pulled low over his forehead.

"The horrors you have witnessed this day have nearly unnerved you. Try to compose yourself."

"Yes, such a destruction of human life appals me. I have met hundreds of the wounded, on my way hither," replied the lad, with a shudder.

Sherwood turned and regarded the boy attentively. His voice did not sound wholly strange to him.

"Cease to think of what you have witnessed. Calm yourself. I will be your protector—your cicerone, if you wish it. Take my arm and lean on me; you are tired, I perceive. I will conduct you to your friends."

The youth arose and timidly placed his arm within Sherwood's.

"Fie, my boy! have more courage; you

tremble like a woman. You would make but a chicken-hearted soldier," he added.

"Pardon me, and do not judge hastily," he answered, with a smile. "I shall recover from the shock presently. But be good enough to tell me how you could go to sleep upon that gun, and all this noise going on around you."

"I was not asleep," said Sherwood. "I was thinking."

"Of what were you thinking?"

"I am not sure that it would be best to tell you."

"And why not?"

"I was thinking of an angel, boy."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the youth. "I never saw one in my life."

Sherwood smiled at the simplicity of his companion.

"I have been more fortunate than you, then."

"You have actually seen one, sir?"

"I have."

"Do tell me how he looked?"

"He! it was not a he—it was a female."

"A female angel!"

"Silly boy! I mean a beautiful woman."

"O, how stupid I am. I never heard women called angels before. I suppose you called her so because she was pretty?"

"Not simply because she was surpassingly lovely, good youth, but because she was superlatively good also. She saved my life. And since that time her fair image has not been absent from my mind for a moment; it is ever present with me—in sleeping, dreaming, or waking. Boy, I worship her; but why should I talk thus to you; you are yet too young to know aught of love." While Sherwood was speaking, the arm of the youth trembled violently in his.

"Not quite so bad as that, sir. One of my cousins is in love, and she makes me her confidant."

"She's rather indiscreet, I should say," returned Sherwood.

"She entertains a different opinion. But will you please tell me what it is to love?"

"It is an emotion that cannot be perfectly described. It is a sentiment often talked of, and often profaned. If you would love truly, you must imagine that the object of your adoration is entirely worthy of your homage. She must realize your conceptions of a perfect woman. Such is the being that has thrown that gentle spell over my spirit, which shall prove as enduring as the spirit itself."

"Could you love a woman that was not fair?"

"The beloved object always appears fair to him in whom she has inspired the tender sentiment."

"How very strange that people will so delude themselves!"

"Why so?"

"Because woman is no divinity; she is but dust and ashes like the rest of mankind."

"What singular notions for a mere youth to indulge in; but I can pardon you, for you never saw the gentle being who engrosses all my thoughts."

"I suppose it would be very improper for me to ask the name of your divinity, as you call her?"

"Upon that subject I cannot enlighten you. I do not know her name; it's a pretty one, I have no doubt. But you are trembling again, my good youth. A chicken-hearted fellow, upon my word."

The lad made no answer.

"Who are you seeking in the American camp?" asked Sherwood, glancing once more, with an inquisitive eye, at his companion, whose symmetrical figure seemed to attract his admiration.

"Edward Day," replied the youth, with some embarrassment of manner.

"I have been in search of him for some time without success. He is a friend of mine."

"I fear he is among the slain!" exclaimed the youth, with much emotion.

"I trust not," said our hero, somewhat surprised at the change in his young friend's deportment. At that instant a horseman approached the parties. It was General Putnam.

"Have you heard anything of Mr. Day, general?" inquired Sherwood.

"I have not; I fear he was killed in the redoubt."

When the youth heard these words he shrieked loudly, and would have fallen had our hero not caught him in his arms.

"Poor fellow," he said, and carried his now insensible burden into the nearest tent. Depositing him gently upon a soldier's blanket, he removed his cap. Long, silken ringlets fell loosely down upon the shoulders; a brow of spotless purity, a fair face and neck, and the swelling outlines of the bosom, told the sex of the unconscious one.

Sherwood gazed at the fair creature whose head rested upon his arm, with unspeakable emotions; for he recognized his unknown benefactress. That he experienced sensations of tumultuous pleasure, we cannot doubt; but there came a chilling thought to mar his sudden happiness. The woman that he supported in his arms loved Edward Day. Had he not sufficient proof of it? Had not her agitation, and her relapse into insensibility, proved her interest in his new friend?

Marion came gradually back to a consciousness of her situation. A deep and crimson blush mantled her face and enhanced a beauty which was sufficiently bewildering before.

"You have discovered my sex," she said, faintly. "But I do assure you, Mr. Melville, that no unworthy motive induced me to this step. Edward Day is my only brother."

Sherwood felt that a great load was lifted from his heart.

"Do not believe for an instant, Miss Day, that I could attribute to you any motives but the noblest and purest. I can well imagine that a solicitude for the safety of an only brother might tempt a nature like yours to dare danger and insult. Reassure yourself. Your brother could not be more anxious for your safety and honor than the person who now addresses you."

"I am very grateful," said Marion.

"While ignorant of your sex and identity, I gave utterance to words that may have been

deeply offensive. Here, on my knees, I beg you to forgive me; but though I hazard your displeasure a second time, I do earnestly and sincerely declare that I did not express a thousandth part of the love which your excellence of heart, purity of mind, and beauty of person have inspired. I may never, perchance, have the opportunity of speaking to you again on this subject, and I cannot refrain from expressing my sentiments with freedom. I owe you my life. What should I have been to-day, had it not been for you? I should have passed that dread and terrible ordeal which all men instinctively shrink from. A mother and sister would have wept for me. But it is not gratitude alone that I feel; the sentiment that you have inspired is far stronger—the strongest that can sway the heart of a human being. I should have loved you when first beholding you, even had you not saved my life. To win my heart, you had only to appear. I see that this theme displeases you. You turn from me, perhaps with disgust. You think me ungenerous to speak thus at a moment like this—to take advantage of your lonely and unprotected situation. But I call heaven to witness that you are as safe, and as much respected and beloved here, and in the guise you are now in, as you would be in your father's house."

Marion Day arose with dignity, but not with the air of one offended. Sherwood respectfully tendered her a cloak, which she wrapped closely about her person.

"That your views are honorable, and your love of that pure and exalted kind that woman should desire, I doubt not," she said, kindly, "but I must be frank with you. I will not trust myself to confess how much my heart is pleased and flattered by your preference; it were perhaps unmaidenly to own that it pleads for you. I were not a woman not to be moved by your eloquence. It pains my whole nature to aver that there are barriers between us that can never be overstepped."

"What do I hear!" exclaimed Sherwood. "Retract those cruel words. Say that there is a remote possibility that you may be to me all that I desire."

"I can extend to you no such assurance. Stifle your regrets. Cease to think of one who can be nothing to you."

"Tell me the worst—confess that your affections are already engaged, if such be the truth."

"Such is not the case; but a cruel web of circumstances has thrown me into the power of another. I can no longer control my own actions. I have become what I shudder to confess—a mere machine—a slave—a creature to minister to the caprices of one unworthy any claims to humanity. Cease then to address me upon this painful theme. I honor—I respect, and—and perhaps I do even more. After saying so much at this, I feel that honor will compel you to silence."

Sherwood had knelt at her feet while she was speaking, and kissed the little hand which she did not withdraw, and dropped tears upon it. Her own voice trembled, and her bosom was agitated with strong emotions. Her face had never appeared more angelic to Sherwood.

"Your words and manner assure me that you are the victim of some cruel plot. I will not cease to think of you—I will not give you up. I will attempt to fathom the mystery that hangs over you, and makes you the creature of another's will. I devote my life to this task," he rejoined, his handsome face glowing with love.

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"Devote your life to your country; she needs you," replied Marion.

"I will devote myself to both you and my country."

"I do wrong," answered Marion, "in forgetting for a moment, the true object of my journey hither in this uncomely guise. You must be aware that the feeling that prompted me to dare all the horrors I have witnessed this day, could not have been a common one."

"I am not insensible of it. I will leave no means untried to discover the fate of your brother. Repose here until I return. No one will disturb you. I will make farther inquiries."

"I will remain," said Marion. "Your assurances are sufficient to make me feel safe."

"You do me honor. Cease to feel so painfully embarrassed in those garments. Believe that you are fully understood and appreciated."

Marion again expressed her gratitude at such generosity, and Sherwood left her.

When, after the lapse of an hour, he returned, he was strongly of the opinion that the object of their mutual solicitude had been taken prisoner at the redoubt.

Somewhat comforted by the assurances of Sherwood, she set out on her return to Boston, Sherwood accompanying her beyond the American advance guard, where they separated.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARREST.

WITH the permission of the indulgent reader, we will now follow the fortunes of Agnes Melville. While the scenes we have been attempting to describe were transpiring at Cambridge, she was seated at the bedside of her mother, who was still feeble. We scarcely need say that they were painfully anxious to learn the fate of Sherwood—if he had survived the battle—if he were wounded or captured. Thinking it possible that some opportunity might present itself for sending him a few lines expressive of her fears for his safety, of her mother's health, and the condition of affairs in the town, she wrote the following epistle.

"Boston, June 18, 1775.

"DEAR SHERWOOD,—Extreme anxiety to hear what has been your fate induces me to write these lines, in hopes, if you are living, they may reach you; and if you have perished, that they may fall into the hands of some friend who will kindly forward us such particulars as may have come within his knowledge. Everything is in confusion here. Pale and anxious faces are seen hurrying from street to street, and scores of wounded men are hourly carried

by our dwelling. The British troops are completely dispirited. They begin, at last, to respect the enemies which they have so long held in contempt. You may possibly entertain fears that they will march to Cambridge—and that another great battle will ensue; but such will not be the case. The troops are so dreadfully cut up by the conflict of yesterday, that they are in no condition to act on the offensive. They actually fear an attack from the Americans; and if they can keep possession of Boston, they will be fully satisfied, without attempting to carry the war out of town. Though but a woman, little versed in the arts of war, I think that time will prove that my conclusions are just. Our mother is quite ill. Her nervous system received a severe shock on the sixteenth. I will not write the particulars of that eventful day, not knowing that these lines will ever meet your eye; but should they be so fortunate as to reach you, endeavor by some means, without exposing yourself to danger, to advise us of your safety. Begging God's blessing upon a cause so just as ours, I remain,

"Your affectionate sister,

AGNES."

THE REBEL SPY.

Miss Melville folded, sealed, and directed this letter, and laid it upon the table. Before she had arisen from her seat, the door was unceremoniously opened and a British officer entered. He bowed stiffly, and said:

"Miss Melville, I have come by the orders of a superior officer to arrest and put you under some restraint; as you are strongly suspected of holding treasonable correspondence with the rebels."

Agnes instinctively stretched out her hand to take the letter upon the table; but the officer anticipated the movement, arrested her arm by a gentle grasp, and quickly put the missive in his pocket.

"Pardon me," he added, respectfully; "I am obeying orders. But, believe me, lady, I would have preferred, had my feelings been consulted, that some other person had performed this, to me, disagreeable duty. The rebellion has now assumed such a dangerous aspect, that our general deems it his duty to adopt more prompt and stringent measures than heretofore."

"Who has accused me of conveying important intelligence to the American camp?" asked Agnes.

"I am permitted to answer no questions, Miss Melville; but I own that it would give me pleasure to. Will you oblige me by making yourself ready to accompany me?"

"But tell me, sir, since you have the air and bearing of a gentleman, how am I to leave my sick mother?"

"You perceive, young lady, that I am placed in an embarrassing position," replied the officer (who was young and handsome), bowing. "Were I to follow the dictates of my own heart, you should command, I would obey; but the usages of war have placed me in a situation where gallantry must be dispensed with."

"And humanity, also, you might have added, sir, I presume," rejoined Agnes, with dignity.

"Miss Melville, you do me injustice. I protest that what I am doing is against every dictate of my heart!" exclaimed the officer, really distressed.

"Then show me a little mercy. Do not take me from the bedside of a sick and suffering mother. Let a guard be placed over me, if you will. Station your soldiers about the dwelling in such a manner as to cut off all communication with the street, but I appeal to your honor and humanity as a man, not to tear me from one who needs all my attention, upon a charge so groundless."

"You move me. I cannot witness your distress without emotion. I will leave my men here, and hasten to my superior officer, to ask the favor you desire. I will pledge to him my word that you will not attempt to escape."

"I have wronged you, sir. I perceive that you may justly claim the title of gentleman. I am guilty of no crime, and therefore you may rest assured that I shall not attempt to escape."

The officer immediately withdrew, and returned in a short time with the gratifying intelligence that by the intercession of Colonel Marton, her request had been granted. Accordingly two soldiers were left to guard the fair prisoner, and to prevent her from communicating with any one without especial orders.

Thankful that she had not been committed to prison, she hastened to inform her mother of all that had happened.

"We may thank Colonel Marton for this service," said Mrs. Melville, when she had heard her daughter to the end. "We seem to be wholly in the power of that wicked man. Heaven knows what may result from his machinations. Attracted by your beauty, urged on by his own depraved nature, favored by his rank and position, and circumstances generally, what may we not apprehend that is dreadful?"

"The clouds of misfortune indeed seem to gather over our heads; but we must not weakly yield to despair. Let us do all in our power to bear up under our sorrows, and when we have exerted ourselves to the utmost, we may safely look to a higher power for help," said Agnes, struggling to appear calm before her mother.

Mrs. Melville looked compassionately at her daughter.

"My poor Agnes," she added, gently. "God

forbid that I should murmur. It is for you only that my heart is anxious. I see you patient and uncomplaining, striving with heroic fortitude to appear unconscious of the danger that menaces you. But the truth cannot and must not be disguised. It is but too evident that you are to be kept a prisoner here until the designs of Marton are accomplished. This is no longer for you a place of safety. Even the sanctity of a mother's presence cannot save you. You must not remain here—you must escape to the American camp."

"But that cannot be, mother. The house is closely guarded. Look towards the window and you will see a sentinel pass it at measured intervals. You are sick, and I could not leave you were the danger ten times as great."

"You might sacrifice your life for a parent, Agnes, but not your honor; such a sacrifice I would not accept; death would be far preferable. I will arise from this bed and walk about, to show you that I am quite strong again."

Despite her daughter's tender remonstrances, Mrs. Melville arose, dressed herself, and really appeared better. But this apparent convalescence lasted but a short time; before the expiration of an hour, she was forced to take her bed again. Towards evening she sank into a gentle repose, and Agnes was able to leave her for a time and attend to her other duties.

A gentle rap at the door attracted her attention. With an unsteady hand she lifted the latch, and the polite officer who had previously visited her, placed a letter (the seal of which was broken) in her hand. She opened it, and read the following lines:

"MISS MELVILLE,—A letter was forwarded to the American camp, this day (by the agency of a prisoner who was exchanged), directed to Sherwood Melville. It is my painful duty to inform you that he fell while fighting bravely on Charlestown Heights yesterday.

"(Signed) ISRAEL PUTNAM."

A film gathered over the eyes of Agnes. The paper dropped from her hand. With a

suppressed cry she sank into a chair, overwhelmed with the weight of this new calamity. Tears at length came to her relief, and she suffered them to fall unchecked.

While paying this sorrowful tribute to the memory of Sherwood, she was not conscious that the door had been softly opened, nor was she aroused from the first deep agony of her grief until she saw Colonel Marton standing before her.

"Pardon this intrusion," said he, respectfully. "I have come to say that your letter to your brother was forwarded by an exchanged prisoner, a few lines only having been effaced by the orders of the general."

"I have the answer," replied Agnes, with a fresh burst of grief.

"I can guess but too well its purport," added Marton. "Those tears assure me that he has perished in an unhappy cause."

"We differ in opinion on that point," said Agnes, with more calmness.

"We do, unfortunately," rejoined Marton.

"Be good enough to leave me, Colonel Marton. I would be alone with my grief," she added.

"I will leave you soon, Miss Melville," returned Marton, with more deference than he had yet manifested towards her; "but not until I have apologized for my past rudeness. Promise me that you will try to forget that I resorted to deception in order to make you mine?"

"I will endeavor to," answered Agnes, surprised at the turn the conversation was taking, at that moment.

"I deeply repent my rashness and folly. Let what I am now about to say prove my sincerity. Your brother is no more, and your mother's wasting form admonishes you that soon you will be without a protector. Allow me to offer you honorable wedlock, in order that I may be your lawful protector for life. Excuse, dear Agnes, the abruptness of this overture, but the deep remorse that I feel for my past error, forces me to hasten to make all the reparation in my power."

While the colonel was speaking, his voice

trembled with agitation. He covered his face with his hands, and knelt at the feet of Agnes.

"Arise, sir!" she said, energetically. "You can no longer deceive me. The contempt which I feel for you is momentarily increasing. Believe me, I am not so simple as to be moved by affected penitence. Hasten to relieve me of your presence, and you will do me the greatest of favors."

"Do I then sue in vain? Have I indeed sinned past forgiveness!" exclaimed Marton.

"I scorn to answer! Will you go, sir?" retorted Agnes, with increasing vehemence.

"Know then, foolish girl, that you are in my power!" cried the colonel, springing to his feet.

"Do you see those soldiers? they are under my authority. You cannot leave this place without permission. No chain of circumstances which you could possibly imagine, could commit your destinies more fully to my control. I am of high rank in the army. You are (not without reason) suspected of holding treasonable correspondence with the enemy. I can enhance the coloring of this supposed crime, or I can lessen it, as I may choose. A guard is placed over you—your natural protector is dead—your mother will soon follow him, and you will be left alone. I can come and go at all hours. What then remains for you but submission?"

"Your perfidy is without parallel, but it does not astonish me. From you I expect neither honor, justice, truth nor mercy," replied Agnes.

"You may expect me at any hour!" retorted the colonel.

Agnes trembled at the fearful signification of these words. They showed her how much she was in the power of this man.

"You are agitated, Miss Melville," he added, with a mocking laugh. "Pray compose yourself. Imagine that I cannot at any time intrude upon the sanctity of your chamber. Suppose that the sleep of innocence will not be broken?"

Terror deprived Agnes of the power of replying to this unfeeling sarcasm. Footsteps were now heard, and immediately Dr. Montague made his appearance; the sentinels having been previously instructed to allow him to

enter the house. He appeared surprised at seeing the colonel there; and the grief and agitation of Agnes seemed to astonish him still more.

He looked sternly at Marton, and then made inquiries respecting his patient's health, and the cause of her own sorrow; while the colonel bowed with affected politeness and withdrew.

Agnes answered his questions as well as her perturbed state of mind would admit.

"You can consider yourself little less than a prisoner at present," he remarked, thoughtfully. Then he added quickly, with a smile, "You must be a very dangerous person. The colonel has good reasons, doubtless, for these extraordinary cautions?"

"I believe I am innocent of the charges preferred against me," she answered.

"I should say you are, so far as I can judge of the symptoms of the case," returned the doctor. "Be kind enough to show me the letter which announced your brother's death."

Agnes placed the note in his hand. He ran his eyes over it and returned it quietly.

"If I were in your place, I should indulge in the hope that there is some mistake about this matter," he said, calmly.

"If I dared to hope it were not true!" exclaimed Agnes, looking earnestly at the doctor.

"Hope will suit your case as well as anything," he returned, with professional gravity.

"I prescribe large doses of it."

The doctor took a pinch of snuff, and went on:

"Have you told your mother about this news?"

"I have not; she is sleeping."

"Perhaps it would be as well to say nothing about it. It wouldn't do her any good."

"My dear sir, you inspire me with hopes, which—"

"Your case requires it. Follow my directions. Make no one your confidant, and see what will come of it. Should you be ill in the night, or should anything happen, scream as loud as you can; it will be the best exercise you can take. When your mother wakes, give her some of this."

The doctor placed a bottle of cordial in the hand of Miss Melville, and left the house.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PLOT THICKENS—DR. MONTAGUE.

ON the morning after the battle, anxiety for the safety of Edward had induced Marion Day to apply to General Gage for a pass to the American lines, which she obtained without difficulty, having frankly stated her object. Alice forcibly represented to her mistress that to go in her own attire would be only to expose herself to rudeness and insult; for the streets were full of soldiers. Upon reflection, with considerable reluctance she assumed the garments not legitimately her own; and the reader is already acquainted with the result of her visit to Cambridge.

She had started with a determination to acquaint him with all the details of her situation in regard to Grayson, in hopes to be benefited by his advice.

This design was frustrated, as we have seen; and she returned home with a desponding heart. But the heaviest blow yet awaited her.

"O, mistress Marion, you must be calm, indeed you must!" were the first words of the faithful Alice, as she entered the house.

"What has happened?" exclaimed Marion. "He's innocent—I'm sure he's innocent," continued Alice, weeping. A terrible suspicion crossed the mind of Marion.

"Tell me without delay what has happened?" said she, taking Alice nervously by the arm.

"O, ma'am, they've taken him to prison," sobbed Alice.

"My father?"

"Yes, mistress, some savage looking men came and dragged him away."

"Did they accuse him of murder?" asked Marion, with pale cheek and tearful eyes.

"They said he had killed Mr. Hill, who was found dead on the Common night before last."

"And how does mother bear this new misfortune?"

"She's gone to bed, sick. I do believe it'll kill her quite. It's a terrible thing, ma'am, a terrible thing."

"Has Captain Grayson been here?" continued Marion.

"He came soon after you went away."

"Did he inquire for me?"

"Inquire for you! I guess you'd thought so, ma'am, if you'd heard him. When I told him you were out, he was terribly excited, and walked the floor *dreadful*. It really frightened me to see him so spiteful like. And what made him look worse, was a great black and blue mark right over his eyes, just as though somebody had give him a blow with something hard."

"Did he mention the battle?"

"I heard him say to your father that they had all been dreadfully taken in about the rebels. He said they fought like regular demons; and then he straddled out awful kinder spiteful, holding up his long *weepon*, which kept jinglin', jinglin' all the time, and then he slammed the door just as though he meant to pull it down. I felt *erzactly* as though I wanted to take him by the nose and *tweak* it. And I know of a feller as would do it for him if he was only here."

"Who is it?" asked Marion, impelled by that desperation which makes drowning persons catch at hairs.

"O, he's not hereabouts, ma'am. He shouldered his bagnet, and took up his weepens in defence of the continental Congress, long ago. He's a mounted ranger, ma'am—a regerlar trump of the old school, as Doctor Montague says."

"Have you seen him lately?"

"I suppose I might as well make a clean breast of it, as the parson says, and confess what I know. It was he as helped you about gitting that young man away from the Britishers. He was the same man you saw when he got out of the carriage at Green Lane."

"Is he a shrewd and cunning fellow, Alice, and bold withal?"

"Them are the qualities as he prides himself the most on. He hasn't his equal nowhere in this country, ma'am."

"Do you think there is any way of communicating with him?"

"I'll think of it, mistress Marion."

"Do so; and now I will go and see mother a moment; then I will call at Mrs. Melville's."

"But you haven't told me nothing about young master Edward?"

"He was, as nearly as I can learn, captured at the redoubt."

"Everything goes against us, I'm sure!" exclaimed Alice. "What'll come next, I wonder?"

"It's too true, Alice; but let us keep up good courage, and try to meet our misfortunes with firmness."

Marion now visited her mother's chamber, and found her in great distress of mind. She wisely refrained from communicating, at that time, the news of Edward's captivity. Having consoled her as much as was in her power, under such depressing circumstances, she walked to Mrs. Melville's in order to give them the intelligence of Sherwood's safety, which she knew would be very acceptable. She reached the house at the same moment Doctor Montague was leaving it.

"You feel surprised, no doubt," he observed, in a friendly voice, "to see a guard placed before your friend's door?"

"I certainly do," replied Marion. "Will you be good enough to explain to me the meaning of what I behold?"

"It is one of the results of war," he answered, smiling. "Your fair friend is suspected of holding treasonable communication with the rebels."

"Who has preferred such a charge against Miss Melville?"

"I believe Colonel Marton first discovered that she was dangerous to his majesty's cause!"

"Infamous man!" exclaimed our heroine.

"Very boldly expressed," said the doctor.

"Are you a friend to this family?" continued Marion.

"I am; and at an hour like this they need friends. Agnes has just received news of her brother's death."

"How, and by whom?"

"She received it, it would seem, by an exchange prisoner, and it bears the signature of General Putnam. The missive states that he fell in the redoubt, yesterday, while fighting bravely."

"Do you believe this report?"

"I acknowledge that I do not."

"I know it to be untrue."

"That does not surprise me."

"One more question, doctor," added Marion.

"Do you pretend to be ignorant of the real purposes of Colonel Marton?"

"I do not; I know his intentions well; but as you value the safety of your friend, keep this confession a secret. If it should reach his ears, I should become powerless to aid her. Friends are nearer than she believes. Vice, in this case, shall not triumph over virtue."

"Your words inspire me with hope and courage," replied Marion.

"And your pale cheeks and tearful eyes assure me that you have need of both."

"I have indeed."

"Miss Day," resumed Doctor Montague, in a low voice, "I know of your father's imprisonment, and what has led to that unhappy event. Do not fear. God will raise up friends for him where he least expects to find them."

"Do you know Grayson?"

"I know him well, fair Marion. A more consummate villain never walked the earth; that is, if we except Colonel Marton. You need expect no mercy from his hands. But heed not his threats, make no promises, and do not suffer yourself to be controlled either by menaces or persuasions."

"Then you know the circumstances in which I have been placed!" exclaimed Marion.

"Yes, all is known to me," replied the doctor, mildly.

"And have you good reason for advising me as you do?"

"The very best."

"You promise to be my friend!"

"I promise nothing. Confide in me no farther than I prove worthy of confidence. Should you ever meet me with Grayson, or Marton, remember, if you address me, that I am a tory, and the friend of both."

"I will. I feel assured that I am speaking with one who will take no pleasure in my misfortunes."

"I trust that your confidence is not misplaced;

but time, which puts all things to the test, will test my friendship also. Your brother is among the prisoners taken on the Heights of Charlestown. I have seen him."

"And what do you think will be his fate?"

"He will be exchanged, doubtless."

"And my father?"

"Let us hope for the best, Miss Day."

While conversing with Marion, Doctor Montague had laid aside that professional affectation which had characterized him during his interviews with Colonel Marton; he had spoken in a calm, yet earnest and friendly manner.

"Report says that you favor the royal cause?" observed Marion, timidly.

"I am willing to encourage the idea," he answered, thoughtfully. "Yes, I am a true servant of his majesty, I suppose; but if I am not, he must not blame me for it. One thing is certain—the Americans *can* and *will* fight. I believe that there is in every human soul an innate love of liberty."

"But see," he added, changing the subject abruptly, "it is quite dark. It is time for you to return. I will follow you at a short distance to see that no insult is offered you."

Marion gratefully accepted this kind offer and walked towards home. She reached Long Acre without interruption, when she saw a man approaching from the opposite direction. She needed not a second glance to recognize the figure of Grayson. Wishing by all means to avoid a person whose presence was now so disagreeable to her, she turned to retrace her steps and go down School street which she had just passed. But her design was instantly frustrated, for the captain had seen her. In a moment he was by her side.

"So, Miss Day, you wish to avoid me!" he exclaimed.

"I desire nothing more fervently. Instinct, if nothing else, teaches us to fly from the serpent that lies in our path," replied Marion, resuming her way homeward.

"You have flattered yourself," answered Grayson, "that I dared not fulfil my menaces."

Now you perceive that you were wrong. To-

night your father sleeps in a prison. But it is not yet too late to save him. Consent to my proposal, and not a hair of his head shall suffer."

"I reject your base overtures with a scorn that I find it impossible to embody in words," replied Marion.

"Then I solemnly protest that I will persecute you until your heart breaks, or until it relents. I tell you, Marion Day, that I will leave no means untried to conquer and subdue your proud spirit. I have the power to convict your father of a capital offence, and I will assuredly do it. And if this is not enough, I will have your brother Edward hanged, also, for a deserter."

"I feel that Heaven will punish such wickedness," said Marion. "Edward is not a deserter; he never espoused your cause."

"Do you remember the manner in which he left us? Do you imagine he would have been chosen first lieutenant of the King's Volunteers, if he had not expressed some sympathy for the government. I shall attempt to prove that he is a deserter, and I have already met with such success that I know I shall accomplish my purpose. So you must understand that *two* lives instead of one are depending upon your decision."

"Is it possible that there is a human heart so depraved!" exclaimed Marion.

"I wait your final answer," added Grayson, unmoved.

"And you dare talk thus in the face of heaven—when a just God hears every word you utter?"

"Maledictions on your puritanical notions! Say yes, or no."

"Imagine that I have said no a thousand times."

Carried away by his anger, Grayson caught her by the arm, and shook her roughly, employing words which had never before fallen on the chaste ears of Marion. At that moment when our heroine was ready to faint with terror, a stout figure approached Grayson precipitately from the rear, and grasping a heavy cane in

both hands, aimed a tremendous blow at his head; it took effect, and Marion's persecutor measured his length upon the ground.

"It is a case that requires prompt and active remedies," said Dr. Montague, coolly. Taking Marion by the arm, he hurried her forward.

"Yield nothing—promise nothing," he added.

"Your kindness—"

"Never mind that; follow my directions, and I may still be able to effect a cure. But never mention my name; do not allow Grayson to know who dealt him his last medicine."

Montague held up his walking stick triumphantly.

"It's a purely vegetable production," he went on to say, "but it suits his case. Nothing in the *Materia Medica* could be better. It's the pure *Zanthoxylum Fraxineum* (Prickly Ash). He requires it in allopathic doses."

"Permit me to thank you, good doctor—"

"Keep quiet—don't despair—comfort your mother, and trust the rest to Providence," interrupted the doctor.

"Believe me I will—"

But Montague did not suffer her to finish the sentence.

"You will be a good girl, I have no doubt. But you must cease this weeping. The *conjunctiva* is already infected, and it would be ungrateful for you to add *ophthalmia* to your other troubles. If you were as fair as the angels, crying would destroy your beauty."

With many words of encouragement kindly spoken, Doctor Montague parted with Marion at the door of her father's residence.

On the following morning, Captain Grayson visited Edward in prison. The day previous, for some reason not by him understood, he had been removed to a separate cell and put in irons.

"Not forgetting our former intimacy, I have made you a friendly call," said Grayson, with a smile.

"You are very good," said Edward, drily.

"I am truly sorry to see you in this condition. I could not have imagined such a thing

a few weeks ago, when you were so friendly to the royal cause," continued the captain.

"Pardon me, sir; I was never friendly to your cause," answered the young man.

"Unfortunate boy!" exclaimed Grayson.

"It was a rash, a fatal step when you left us."

"I differ from you in opinion," said Edward.

"When you deserted the volunteers, you went to aid a cause which is now crushed and lost past redemption. The rebellion received its deathblow on Bunker Hill. The poor deluded colonists are returning to their homes dispirited and heartily ashamed of their late lawless conduct."

"You jest!" cried Edward.

"Not at all. We made a great slaughter among them after you were taken; and indeed the American army, as they pompously called it, may be said to be completely dispersed. We drove them before us like a flock of sheep, quite into the country."

"I cannot believe it, sir," replied Edward.

"But I wander from the subject uppermost in my thoughts. I came hither to make known to you the dangerous position in which you are placed. I suppose you are fully aware that desertion is a crime that meets with the severest punishment."

"Certainly, Grayson. I know that death is the fate of the deserter, a doom richly merited; but what has that to do with me?"

"Is it possible," replied the captain, solemnly, "that you are not aware that you will be tried by a court martial for the crime of desertion? Do you mean to say that you are ignorant of this fact?"

"I do say that I am wholly ignorant of such an unjust design," retorted Edward, astonished beyond measure. "You, sir, can vouch for my innocence."

"No, sir! unfortunately I shall be one of the principal witnesses against you."

"You?"

"It is too true, my young friend," said Grayson, with a sigh.

"Do you call me a deserter, sir?" asked Edward, indignantly.

"I am forced to do so, but it pains me, I assure you."

"If my hands were at liberty, I would knock you down!"

"No doubt; but you see they are in *darbies*."

"A very fortunate thing for you."

"Be calm, my dear Edward. Let us look at the case in all its bearings. A drum head court martial will find you guilty of desertion; the consequence will be that you will be shot some fine day, which would be very unpleasant. It so happens, by a singular chance, that it is in my power to convict or save you. As all men are a little selfish, I unhappily partake of the same weakness. If I save your life, it will be to advance my own interest."

"Go on," said Edward.

"You are not ignorant of the fact that I have long admired your fair sister Marion?"

"Thank fortune she has never admired *you*!" exclaimed Edward.

"The remark is very just. I cannot affirm that she loves me as I do her; but I trust she will learn that amiable trait of character after a time. Use all your influence to make her Mrs. Grayson, and I will save you from the consequences of desertion. Now you perceive where I am, and what is required of you in the delicate position in which you are placed. Do not speak suddenly; take a little time."

"Is that all you have to say?" asked the prisoner, with a smile.

"No; it is but a trifle more than half. Your respected male progenitor is placed in circumstances very similar to your own. He has a very encouraging prospect of entering a more exalted state of existence in a short time. In other words, it is very probable that your respected father will *pull hemp* in the last stages of his useful life."

"What mean you, scoundrel!" cried Edward, darting a furious look at Grayson.

"That Mr. William Day is at present an inhabitant of this very prison, charged with the crime of murder."

"I know not whether to believe you!"

"I will call the jailor, if you desire me."

"My father a murderer! It is false. He is the soul of honor."

"It appears that for some political differences with Mr. James Hill, he went into a violent passion, and ended by knocking him down and stabbing him with a sword cane."

"And who witnessed this?"

"Your humble servant," said Grayson, bowing with much gravity.

"Grayson," continued Edward, earnestly. "if you have a single claim to humanity, tell me truly, if this alleged crime has a shadow of proof?"

"It can be proved to the jury beyond a doubt."

"This is worst of all."

"It is still in my power to save him. The conditions are already known to you."

"And you can really save us both?"

"I can."

"And you make my sister's hand and happiness the price of our release?"

"I do."

"No other will satisfy?"

"Decidedly not."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"To write such a letter as I shall dictate to Marion."

"I consent. Take these irons from my wrists, and order writing materials immediately. My father must be saved."

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear Edward."

The captain opened the door and called to the jailor, who instantly appeared and removed the irons from Edward's hands. Pen, ink and paper were then produced and laid before him.

"Leave us, and return in ten minutes," said Grayson, to the turnkey.

Edward looked steadily at the pen and paper until the steps of the jailor ceased to be heard in the corridor without. His eyes were flashing, and his breast heaving with emotion. Sweeping away the writing materials with his arm, he sprang suddenly upon the captain, who sat eyeing him very coolly. In an instant his nervous

fingers were clenched with iron rigidity upon his neckcloth. With a quick movement he threw him upon the floor, placed his knee upon his chest, and took a turn in his cravat.

"Do not attempt to cry out," said Edward, in a husky voice. "If you do, as sure as I am a living man, I will kill you with—your own sword. I am dangerous—I am wild—I am a madman—I am not responsible for my acts. If you had not freed my hands, I should have suffocated with passion."

Grayson struggled frantically, but vainly. The veins swelled up like whip cords upon his forehead; his cheeks became purple, his eyes grew fixed and staring, and a hollow death-like sound came from his throat. Edward relaxed his grasp a little that he might breathe more freely, and hear and understand what he had to say.

"You thought, did you, that I would become a villain, to save my life. But you have deceived yourself; I prefer death to dishonor. You imagined that I would sell my sister to a scoundrel, to escape a fate I do not merit. You have outraged my feelings beyond forgiveness, but I will spare your miserable life. What you ask, in your bare-faced impudence, is too much, even, to pay for a father's life. He richly deserves to die who would sell his daughter, or sister, to dishonor; and what would it be but the rankest dishonor to wed her to a wretch like you!"

While Edward was speaking, he drew the captain's sword from its sheath, and still retaining his grasp upon his throat, commenced chastising him with the flat side.

"It is the most honorable punishment you merit," he added. "You deserve to be beaten through the world with the flat side of your own sword. I will not spare my strength. I will mete out such justice as you can bear without expiring beneath the punishment."

Grayson writhed, struggled, and suffered intense corporeal pain. Edward's blows descended with terrible vehemence upon every part of his person. The weapon, being a heavy one, could not fail to inflict the desired amount of suffering, which was occasionally enhanced by

the substitution of the back for the flat side. Before the expiration of the ten minutes, our hero had nearly exhausted himself with his efforts.

"Now I am ready to be shot for a deserter!" he exclaimed, as he relaxed his hold upon the captain, and arose to his feet.

But the latter remained lying upon the floor, smarting with pain, and livid with rage and strangulation. Edward broke his sword and threw it from him.

"Now go and do your worst," he added, as the turnkey re-appeared.

"I have punished a villain," he continued, in answer to the jailor's look of surprise, "but bear witness that I have not attempted to escape. He offered me a gross insult, and I have retaliated by administering corporal chastisement. Take him away; I would not see him more."

The turnkey assisted Grayson to arise and leave the cell; but in a short time returned and placed Edward in double irons.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

AFTER Dr. Montague had left Marion, he walked directly to the quarters of Colonel Marton.

"You are a man full of ingenious devices," said the former. "Such wonderful perseverance must certainly meet with some reward."

"You allude to Agnes Melville, no doubt, doctor," he answered, with much sang froid.

"How can you ask?"

"Well, I am doing the best I can. How did she appear when you left her?"

"Very miserable indeed. The news of Sherwood's death grieved her deeply."

"It was rather a cruel deception, but I wish her to think herself wholly unprotected."

"Such really seems to be the case at present. She is, in fact, wholly in your power."

"I know it; but her dislike increases momentarily. I hope you spoke a good word for me, doctor."

"I never forget my duty, colonel. But what if she should learn that the report is false?"

"How can she, my dear sir! Is she not under restraint? All communication with her friends is strictly forbidden. I shall probably visit her, in a friendly way, before the rosy morn appears! Eh, doctor!"

"You are not a person to lose an opportunity, I see."

"Here is some excellent old port; drink to my success. By-the-way, I must not forget to say that General Gage desires your services, having frequently heard of your skill."

"Explain."

"The rebels (with more courtesy than might have been expected) have sent word to the general that he was at liberty to send his own surgeons to dress the wounds of the prisoners which they have taken, among whom are several British officers of rank. The regular surgeons of the army have as much business as they can attend to here at present, and you have been mentioned to General Gage, as a suitable person to go to the rebel camp and see that the wounded be suitably cared for in a professional way. Will you perform this duty?"

Doctor Montague hesitated a moment, and appeared lost in reflection.

"I will," he answered, at length. "But I require two assistants such as I may choose."

"You shall have them. Written passports shall be ready for you in the morning. If you have an opportunity to assist me any, I know you are the man to do it. Tell young Mel-

ville, if you should meet him, just what you think will subserve my purposes the best."

"Trust me, colonel; I know what your case requires. Believe me, I will not be idle. Strange that the girl does not like a man so highly favored by capricious nature as yourself. A fine martial figure—a noble expression—a good address—and a mind sparkling with wit and humor."

"Ah, doctor, you flatter me."

"I'll be hanged if I wish to," replied Montague, rather equivocally. "Let us drink success to the deserving, colonel."

They touched glasses.

"Success to the deserving," repeated Marton, and drank off the wine at a single draught. The conversation grew more lively. The colonel drank large quantities of wine, and ere long gave evidence of being tipsy.

"Help me to get that young scamp of a Melville into my power—that's—that's a good fellow!" he exclaimed, with drunken hesitancy. "I say, doc-doctor, this here wine is cap-capital—but rath-rather too-too strong."

Marton's head sank upon his breast, and in a few moments he was breathing very hard.

"My fine lad, you wont be likely to know anything till morning," muttered the doctor, as he looked at him attentively, and felt his pulse. "A little knowledge of drugs, I hope, will do some good, in this case. Hallo! Tom, come and put your master to bed!"

A servant appeared, and with Montague's assistance, Marton was comfortably laid aside for the night.

"May Heaven forgive that man's sins," said the latter to himself, as he walked slowly away.

Early on the morning of the 19th of June, three persons approached the ferry-way at Hudson's Point. The eldest of the trio was Dr. Montague. His companions were students in medicine. One of them was very tall and very thin in person; the other about the average stature, and much more personable than his fellow student. These two individuals were to act in the capacity of assistant surgeons, and, like the doctor, were duly provided with passports.

General Gage had already informed General Ward that his kind offer was accepted, and a surgeon would be sent to see that the wounds of the captive officers and privates were properly dressed. A barge was waiting at the ferry in charge of a midshipman. Montague and his assistants stepped in, the men settled back upon their oars, and the boat shot out into Charles River, and in ten minutes touched at Moulton's Point. A walk of half an hour took them to the American camp, where they were received with much courtesy.

General Ward, and the doctor, had a long interview; but whatever the subject of their conversation was, it was kept a profound secret. As for the prisoners, they, in fact, needed no better attendance than they already had. The humanity of the Americans was equalled only by their bravery. The skill of the provincial surgeons was in no respect inferior to that of the *saw-bones* of the royal army. Having satisfied himself that he had little or nothing to do in a professional way, Montague lost no time in finding Sherwood.

"I am a friend to virtue, beauty, truth, and justice," said the doctor, taking Sherwood's arm within his own. "No matter whether I am friendly to your cause or not; that does not concern my present purpose. But however much I may sympathize with the suffering and the wronged, I cannot act openly to relieve them. Policy points out a course which ultimately will not be without its results. My blood may boil with indignation, but I am obliged to keep down its hot pulsations. The time has now arrived when bold hands and willing hearts must be ready to save the good and the fair from the power of remorseless villains. There is some risk to be incurred, but it must be incurred were the peril ten times as imminent. You and Dixon must go to Boston."

"Is Agnes in danger?" asked Sherwood.

"The word *danger* does not express a hundredth part of the horrors of her situation. She is in the power of Colonel Marton."

"I have feared this!" cried Sherwood. "Not

a day has passed that I have not trembled for her safety."

"There is another, also, in whom, I believe, you feel an interest, who is also equally persecuted. I mean your gentle benefactress."

"I will fly to her aid. To save her from sorrow and shame, I would barter my life."

Dr. Montague, in a clear and distinct manner now related what had occurred at Boston, not forgetting to describe minutely the condition of Edward Day and his father, and the part which Grayson was playing in the unjust proceedings. Everything in connection with the parties in whom the kind reader is interested, was made known.

The indignation which this veritable relation aroused in the bosom of our hero will not admit of description, and it required all the habitual coolness and self-control of the doctor to prevent him from committing some rash and daring act. To know that two beings so dear to him as Agnes and Marion, were so cruelly persecuted by such men as Grayson and Marton, nearly drove him mad.

"Find your friend, Davie Dixon," resumed the doctor. "He must hear all this, and from what I have learned of his character, he will be the very man to assist you."

"He is shrewd, and can be safely relied upon," said Sherwood. "And here he comes."

"Come up, Congress! Eyes front!" said the object of those remarks, as he galloped up to our hero, musket in hand.

"Friend Dixon, I am glad to see you. We were just speaking of you," added Sherwood.

"He's allers near when you're talkin' about him," said Davie, alluding to the old proverb. "Hold up your head, Congress. Fire away, boy."

The facts already stated were circumstantially rehearsed to Dixon, who listened with marked impatience, frequently interrupting by calling upon some benevolent person to come and "hold him," to keep him from doing some mischief to the "tarnal critters." When he had heard all, he flourished his musket and caused Congress to execute some desperate evolutions, which he

was thought incapable of performing, admonishing him all the while to "hold up his head, to keep his eyes on the enemy, to face the music," etc., terms only understood by the quadruped himself.

"The two assistants which accompanied me have been chosen with especial reference to a plan of mine, for getting you safely into the besieged town," added the doctor. "One of them, you observe probably, is very tall in person, and resembles your friend Dixon not a little; the other is about your size and age. Both of these young men have passports which will allow them to return to the town at any time. You can change clothes with them, take said passports, pass without difficulty the British sentries, and be rowed over the river Charles in one of the royal barges. What do you think of that?"

"I think the plan is feasible, and I owe you—"

"Nothing," interrupted the doctor.

"Eternal gratitude!" said Davie. "Congress, face the music."

"How shall we get the passports?" asked Sherwood.

"Take them by force," said Montague.

"Perhaps they won't be so much surprised as you might imagine. Entice them to your tent; cause them to drink freely, and get the passports in the best way you can. It is possible that they may become drunken, and lose all memory of events. They carry their passports in their vest pockets."

"Whatever your political views may be," said Sherwood, with a smile, "you are at least a gentleman and a humane man. Your head is somewhat older and cooler than mine, and I shall follow your counsel."

We will not dwell upon the events that immediately followed. Just after dark the ensuing night, two persons, supposed to be assistant surgeons to Dr. Montague, were rowed across Charles River in a barge. Their passports appeared to be in due form, and their appearance excited no suspicion.

The friendly assurances of Montague had,

in a great measure, assuaged the grief of Agnes Melville. She no longer wept for Sherwood, firmly believing that the letter announcing his death was a forgery. But night and darkness brought with them fears of another nature. The threats of Marton were still ringing in her ears. Guarded by armed men, the creatures of her persecutor, doubtless, no avenue of escape left open, a sick mother near, claiming all her attention, herself a weak and defenceless girl, she had indeed ample cause for disquietude.

Happily the night passed without interruption, for the senses of Marton were paralyzed by a powerful narcotic, and it was broad daylight when he opened his eyes. It may well be supposed that Agnes would be harassed by the same fears upon the following night.

"I feel better, and you must try and get some sleep," said Mrs. Melville. Agnes replied that she was not weary and needed no rest.

"Not weary, my dear! your eyes tell a different tale," replied Mrs. Melville. "Lay aside your fears; retire to your chamber, and remember that God himself keeps watch of the innocent. Where is your faith, my child? Have you forgotten that your Heavenly Father slumbereth not? A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice. A bruised reed he will not break."

"Mother, I will obey you," said Agnes, with a trusting smile. We are commanded to cast our care upon him, for he careth for us."

"He has cared for me many years," resumed Mrs. Melville; "and he will not forsake me now I am growing old. Go and sleep the sleep of innocence."

Agnes went to her chamber, but did not retire. A sense of her unprotected situation kept her wakeful and anxious. She was about to lie down without undressing, leaving her lamp still burning on the table, when she thought she heard the street door open softly. It was not the work of her imagination. She heard the door close as gently as it had been opened. All was still for a moment; then the sound of footsteps reached her ears; they crossed the floor, and now they were upon the stairs.

Agnes stood paralyzed with fear. The blood forsook her face and neck, leaving her pale as a marble statue. She had only strength to clasp her hands and raise her eyes to heaven in a mute appeal for assistance, since all earthly help was denied. She was in that attitude when Colonel Marton made his appearance, holding in his hand a dark lantern.

"I have come," he said, in a low tone, and closed the door.

Agnes appeared neither to see nor hear him. Marton paused and gazed at her. The calm and almost holy expression of her face, together with the mute terror which her whole attitude expressed, awed him. It was some moments before he could break the spell which her appearance had cast over him.

"Miss Melville," added Marton.

Agnes did not heed him. The cold, designing, wicked man of the world felt abashed in the presence of a pure woman, whom he was conscious he had wronged.

"Dear Agnes," continued the colonel.

Agnes recoiled suddenly, and waved him back with her hand.

"It is useless to struggle with fate," resumed Marton. "My plans have been well matured and deeply laid. I have approached step by step toward my object, until it is within my grasp, and I have only to stretch forth my hand and take it."

Agnes still pointed to the door without reply.

"Some men, it may be possible, might be moved at the sight of your mute agony of spirit; but not so with me. The contemplation of your matchless beauty of person, and the consciousness that your soul is enshrined in a temple of purity, more than rewards me for the exertions I have made to procure a moment like this. Agnes, we are alone. Were you to look from your window, you would see that even the stars shine faintly to-night."

"Go, or I will cry out," said Agnes.

"The silver moon sheds a softer effulgence. There breathes a breath of happiness through the air. There is joy in being near you. I approach you as the devotee approaches the shrine

of his visible deity. My heart beats with transport. I stretch forth my hands. O, Agnes, Agnes!"

Agnes screamed.

There was a rapid movement without; the door was burst open and shivered at a blow, and the tall figure of Davie Dixon formed a third party in the room.

"Face the music!" cried Davie, seizing Marton by the collar and shaking him violently. "Eyes front! Look at the enemy!" he added, each exclamation being accompanied by a blow upon the face with his flat hand that made the colonel's jaws rattle, and produced an unpleasant roaring sound in his ears.

"How do the stars look now? Happy, ain't ye? Heart beats with transports, don't it? Perhaps you don't know me; I'm the defender of the continental Congress, and human rights generally. You've come to the wrong shop to talk about moonshine, sir. Taking advantage of that genteel little angel, were ye? Down on your knees! Hold up your head! Face the music!"

During this outburst of indignation, Dixon did not cease to shake the colonel, and to strike him blows that threatened to demolish his face entirely. This exercise he continued for some minutes. Agnes, overjoyed at this sudden revulsion in her favor, sunk into a chair and indulged in the luxury of tears—a sure relief when the heart is full.

When Dixon had punished Marton to his satisfaction, he kicked him down stairs, while his friendly admonitions to "face the music, and look at the enemy," still rang in his ears. At the foot of the stairs new misfortunes awaited the colonel. A man stood there with cocked pistols, and near him lay the two sentinels bound hand and foot.

"You are a prisoner," said Sherwood; "attempt no resistance. Your plots are overthrown, and the innocent have found protection

at a moment when least expected. Enter that closet."

The colonel sullenly obeyed. Sherwood locked him in and put the key in his pocket.

"Go down," said Dixon to Agnes. "Perhaps there's somebody below who'd like to look at you."

Miss Melville lost no time in acting upon this suggestion, and was most agreeably surprised at thus unexpectedly meeting her brother. He embraced her tenderly, and spoke many words of encouragement. Mrs. Melville seemed to gather new strength from his presence, and professed herself quite restored to health.

"Let us hasten to leave this place," said Sherwood, when each had recovered a portion of their self-possession. "This dwelling can no longer be a place of safety for you."

"But where shall we go?" asked Agnes.

He pointed towards the closet, and the now powerless sentinels, saying in a lower voice:

"Remember that other ears are listening. A place of safety is already prepared for you. Trust it all to me and my friend."

"I am ready," replied Mrs. Melville. "The more speedily we can leave the scene of so much suffering the better."

"Right, ma'am; this is no place for you," said Davie.

"What will you do with these men?" asked Mrs. Melville.

"Leave them where they are. When the sergeant of the guard comes to relieve them from duty, their situation will be discovered. The worthy colonel will be obliged to remain a close prisoner for two hours. Let us hope that before the expiration of that time, we shall be beyond his reach."

Taking such indispensable articles as they could conveniently carry, the parties were now ready to depart. Mrs. Melville took her son's arm, and Agnes Davie Dixon's, and walked away as rapidly as possible.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VISIT TO THE PRISON—PROSPECT OF ESCAPE.

DR. MONTAGUE being in the confidence of several of the British officers, it was easy for him to obtain access to Edward Day. Having procured permission to visit him in prison and matured his plans, on the day following the scene of the last chapter, he was ushered into the cell of the prisoner. They had always been on excellent terms, and the doctor was not a little grieved to see him reduced to such a condition.

"I regret to see you wearing those heavy chains," said Montague. "How much more convenient it would be if you could slip them off and on at your pleasure."

"Very true, my good friend; but I can scarcely expect such a favor," replied Edward, with a sorrowful shake of the head.

"Hold up your hands," resumed the doctor.

Montague took a small saw from a case of instruments which he had brought with him, and in a few moments the handcuffs were in such a condition as to be removed by the prisoner, or resumed at will.

"I shall leave this saw," continued the doc-

tor, "and if you are so disposed, you can try its edge upon those iron grates. When the handcuffs are inconvenient, you can lay them aside; but be sure to have them on when the turnkey makes his visits."

"Doctor, I thank you for this proof of your good-will, with all my heart!" exclaimed Edward.

"The saw you must secrete somewhere during the day, and use it mostly in the night. Your time is short, and you must improve it. Two hours labor with this implement will enable you to remove a bar. If you should think it prudent to work any before night, be careful to make choice of such time as would be free from interruption. To deaden the sound which you will naturally make, wrap your handkerchief about the instrument in this way. If the night should prove favorable, some friends will be ready to assist you to scale the prison fence."

Edward expressed his gratitude in eloquent terms.

Having made such suggestions as the case seemed to require, the doctor left the prison,

while a ray of hope once more gladdened the heart of the prisoner. He beheld before him a prospect of escape, and resolved to leave no means untried to baffle the purposes of Grayson.

Soon after the departure of Montague, Edward was visited by Marion, she having with some difficulty obtained that privilege. She made known to him the difficulties of her situation in as brief and distinct a manner as possible.

"What an unhappy fortune is mine!" he exclaimed. "I behold you surrounded with danger without the power to aid you."

"Tell me one thing without reserve: is it in the power of Grayson to convict you of the crime of desertion?"

"I fear that he may be able to do so. If it be in the power of designing knavery to accomplish my ruin, he will succeed."

"The possibility of such an event fills me with horror," said Marion.

"I beg you not to think of it. But let me ask before I forget it, if Dr. Montague is not a singular man?"

"He puzzles me not a little. He is a problem which I cannot solve. I believe there is a deep undercurrent in his character with which we are not acquainted. How such a man can be friendly to the royal cause, I cannot imagine. I have been most agreeably disappointed in him."

"I confess as much, Marion. I have not appreciated the man. Now I begin to know him better. Let us be very careful not to compromise him. In regard to our father, we will trust that his innocence will be proved on trial. Such wickedness as has been displayed by Grayson, cannot ultimately be successful. A kind Providence will befriend the cause of justice."

"When will your fate be decided?"

"Soon, no doubt; but they have plenty of business on hand at present. The battle of Bunker Hill has made a great deal of work for them. When their hurry and consternation has in some measure abated, they will attend to me. If I cannot escape before that time, my situation will indeed be critical; but I will not anticipate.

I will even try to content myself with hoping for the best. It is for you, Marion, that I fear."

"Cease to perplex yourself for my safety. The same hand that has been stretched out over me from childhood, will not forsake me now, when my natural protectors have been taken from me by the machinations of a wicked man. This faith cheers and sustains me. I cannot—I will not lose my confidence in God. I feel that the time will come when we shall be reunited and happy."

"Thanks, gentle sister, for the example you set me. In this dark hour I begin to see your true character, and to prize you as I ought. It is adversity that proves the worth of friendship; and may I yet live to say how sweet are its uses."

"Ah, Edward, your noble sentiments endear you still more to me. We will each strive to do our duty; more we cannot do."

When Marion had left him, Edward examined the gratings of his prison. By means of the saw he was quite sure that the bars could be removed. It not being the usual hour of the turnkey's visit, he commenced operations at once. The action of the instrument upon the iron made more noise than he had anticipated; and he concluded to discontinue his efforts until night. But even that seemed an unfavorable time; for it is generally the case that the hours of night are the most quiet of the twenty-four.

While he paused irresolute, he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Hastily concealing the saw beneath his mattress, he resumed his handcuffs.

The key grated harshly in the lock, the door swung open, and Grayson entered. His face bore unequivocal evidence of the punishment which he had received, being discolored and bruised.

"I have come to tell you that I have not forgotten you," he said, casting a malignant glance at the prisoner, and speaking in a voice of concentrated fury. "The day of trial approaches; I will make you feel my power. The indignity which you have offered me, has aroused all the faculties of my soul to vengeance. You

will not be able to escape; death looks you steadily in the face. You are a doomed man, and I shall be the cause of your destruction."

"Should you fulfil your threats," replied Edward, "the conviction that Marion knows your true character would smooth down the ruggedness of death."

"Do not tempt me to run you through with my sword!" retorted Grayson. "What I have already suffered at your hands has stung me to madness. Do not provoke me farther."

"I perceive that you have procured a new sword," added Edward, contemptuously.

Grayson drew his sword partly from its sheath, thrust it into its place again, and with low breathed imprecations strode from the cell.

It is now time that we should look after Mr. Day, the father of our hero. Although he had entertained some vague fears that he might be suspected of some agency in the death of Hill, he had not seriously apprehended any danger of an arrest. The blow fell upon him with overwhelming force, though he knew not from whence it came. That Grayson had been instrumental in his arrest, he did not imagine. Soon after his imprisonment the latter had visited him, an event which cheered the heart of the unsuspecting old man not a little.

"This is very kind and considerate on your part," he said, pressing the captain's hand warmly. "Many professed friends forget their neighbors, in the day of adversity."

Grayson had marked out, in his own mind, the course he was to pursue, and replied with much apparent sincerity:

"My old friend, it pains me past expression to see you reduced to this dreadful condition. I am overwhelmed with sorrow and grief."

"Let the thought that I am innocent console you," replied Mr. Day.

"Heaven knows how hard I have striven to think so," cried the captain, clasping his hands, and looking upward.

"And have you not succeeded?" asked Mr. Day, with a look of real anguish.

"Sir, do not force me to answer you."

"I swear to you that I am innocent!" exclaimed Day.

"If you knew the dreadful alternative to which I am reduced, I know you would pity me."

"Is it possible that you believe me guilty?" asked the prisoner, in a low voice.

"Between the hours of eight and nine, on the sixteenth of June, I crossed the Common," returned Grayson.

"Well!"

"I saw a man standing over a dead body; I saw him stoop and take papers from the dead man's pockets. The moon was shining, and I had a chance to observe him well. Need I say more?"

The old man buried his face in his hands and looked the impersonation of despair.

"I am placed in a dreadful situation," he said, at length. "Even my best friend believes me a murderer; that I laid in wait like a midnight assassin and slew my neighbor in cool blood. Captain Grayson, do you not know me better?"

"I thought I knew you to be an honorable man."

"But you no longer think so. I understand?"

"However much I may have disliked the unfortunate Hill as a man, or however much I may have detested his political views, I did not and could not have wished him such a fate. He has left a wife and children, who, perhaps, will soon feel the want of his care, and suffer for the common necessities of life."

"I deeply regret his fate," replied Day.

"And you cannot pity his wife and helpless offspring more sincerely than I do."

"You are the father of Marion," added the captain. "Alas, that of all men living, I should be condemned to convict you of the crime of murder."

"And shall you indeed bear witness against me?" asked the prisoner, with a slight tremor of the voice, while his chin quivered, and his cheeks grew more deathlike in their paleness.

"To that dreadful necessity I am indeed reduced. I am the only eye-witness to the murder."

"Grayson," said Day, sternly, "have I not already declared my innocence? You could not have witnessed that which never transpired."

"I shall appear in court; but they may tear me in pieces with wild horses, before I will testify a word against you!" cried Grayson.

"Calm yourself, captain. Listen to me patiently. I am guiltless in this matter. It were hard, methinks, to convict an innocent man of murder."

"Nay, sir, do not persist in this. I am a witness, I tell you, to the deed. Your protestations wound me more than your silence. I will leave the country in order not to be the means of your destruction; but I would take Marion with me. Give me a writing expressive of your wishes on this subject, and in twenty-four hours, if nothing unforeseen prevents, I will be beyond the requirements of the unforgiving law; your child also will have a protector. No person appearing against you, you will be acquitted; for bare suspicion will not hang a man. I will forfeit my name—my rank in the army, and all that has hitherto been my ambition to attain in a military point of view."

"I appreciate your motives, but an innocent man does not wish to allow for a single moment the possibility of being guilty."

"It is your only chance."

"I regret it, but Marion shall be yours, she is worthy of you."

"I have not told you all; your son Edward is among the prisoners taken at Bunker Hill. He is to be treated as a deserter, as a kind of wholesome lesson to others. General Gage thinks that something of the-kind is required."

A most painful expression passed over the face of Mr. Day. For a time he remained silent.

"I had thought," he said, at length, "that I had stifled the voice of nature in regard to that unhappy boy; but I find it is not so. Nature is not so easily set at defiance. My heart still turns with something of its former fondness towards the offspring of its love. My poor, poor boy!"

Grayson sighed.

"And, as if cruel fate feared that my cup was not full, I am obliged to appear against him also."

"Where will this end!" exclaimed the old man, in tones of deepest anguish. "Every hope is being rudely torn from me. I have not a prop left to support me in my trials. Every drop of comfort is emptied from the cup of my existence. Nothing remains to me. I have only to say my prayers, and die."

"You have one friend left," said Grayson, feelingly.

"Take my Marion, and be to her a good, kind husband," added Day. "She has been tenderly reared; she never knew a want which has not been gratified. Let it be your care to make her happy. I will give you a letter to her."

Writing material was placed before Mr. Day, and he wrote the following lines.

"Boston, June 20th, 1775.

"MY DEAR MARION,—Misfortunes which I did not and could not anticipate, have nearly overwhelmed me; but the consciousness of innocence supports me still. Captain Grayson has told me all. I know the danger which menaces myself and Edward. I conjure you by all that you love, to pursue the course I am about to point out to you. I know Grayson's character well. He is a high-minded and noble man; at least, I esteem him as such, although he entertains doubts of my innocence. I am anxious that you should have a lawful protector. Become the wife of the captain, and be governed by him. He has resolved to wed you, and leave the country immediately, and forego rank, honor, and all the glory he expected to win in this war, for the purpose of saving Edward and myself. He is deeply afflicted at the thought of testifying against his old friend and the father of Marion.

"How generous in this conduct. I begin to feel that I have never truly known the man. He has so many high qualities of character! Your mother will attend to all the preliminaries of the ceremony, and I do enjoin it on her in the most earnest manner, to see that all my

wishes are fully carried out. As a dutiful wife and mother, she cannot oppose me in a matter upon which so much is pending. A man was never placed in a more embarrassing and painful position than the captain at this very moment. The very idea of appearing against us in court, seems to lacerate his heart beyond measure. It is rarely that one finds so much sensibility and manliness combined.

"In conclusion, let me say, as you value my life and happiness; as you value the life of Edward; as you value paternal authority, and all that is sacred to the soul, do not refuse to comply with my wishes. Praying for you and your mother, daily and hourly, I remain

"Your affectionate father,

"WILLIAM DAY."

"This kindness, and the many compliments you are pleased to pay me, really overcomes me!" exclaimed the captain, after reading the letter. "This is good—excellent—with the one exception, that it places too high an estimate upon my character."

"Not so, sir. I begin, as I have said, to know you better—to appreciate you, as you in justice deserve to be appreciated."

"In the event that your fair daughter refuses to listen to this earnest, and I may say, touching request, what course shall I pursue?"

"But she cannot refuse such an appeal; especially when her father's life is in danger; and not mine only, but Edward's. How fortunate it is that we have fallen into the hands of such a man."

"I think she will refuse."

"She cannot be so ungrateful."

"I differ with you. I think she can be. She has never yet favored my suit."

"A sense of what is depending upon her acquiescence will do away with all her former scruples."

"Suppose, for a moment, that such should not be the case. Would it be justifiable in me to resort to any little *ruse*, or subterfuge, to accomplish a purpose so desirable, for the happiness of all of us?"

"I certainly do not wish to sacrifice the happiness of my child; but I am quite assured that she will love you after you are comfortably married, and she has an opportunity to know your noble qualities of heart and mind. Influenced by such feelings as these, I have no hesitation in saying that a *ruse* would not be morally wrong. The nature of the affair I leave to yourself, knowing you to be a man of honor. My blessing will go with you wherever you go."

Promising to visit him again, and obtain permission for his wife and daughter to see him, Grayson took his leave of the deluded old man. How often is it that an honest soul confides in the professions of a villain, who neither has the will nor ability (or, if he has the latter, has not the former,) to fulfil the expectations he has raised.

With a lightened heart the old man paced up and down his narrow cell, and congratulated himself on the possession of such a friend.

Extremely mortified at his recent defeat and punishment, Grayson had conceived another plan for the consummation of his base purposes, which he meant should serve him, even if all others seemed likely to fail. By following him to the residence of Mr. Day, and listening to a conversation which ensued between him and Mrs. Day, we shall get some glimpses of his real designs.

Mrs. Day was a well meaning woman, but not characterized by that strength of mind which distinguished her daughter. Knowing this to be the case, he hoped to make her the agent of consummating his villainous schemes. He expressed in appropriate terms to Marion's mother the regret he felt for her situation, and assured her he would do all in his power to assist her.

These professions she received with some surprise. Marion had said some things in her presence not very flattering to him; for she had not yet deemed it prudent to relate all she knew of the captain, or of the power which he possessed over her father. She had withheld this knowledge because she feared it would render her mother still more wretched. The captain was very glad to perceive that his character had not

been displayed to Mrs. Day in its true light. He proceeded to communicate the fact that he had just visited her husband; and would shortly obtain permission for her to do so. This information, and offers like this, raised Grayson in her estimation not a little, and she was soon ready to believe him the honest and faithful friend he professed to be. He led her on step by step in the most artful manner, until he reached the point which was favorable to his designs, and then produced the letter which he had received from her husband.

"This," he said, after reading it in a very serious style, "is the honest expression of your husband's sentiments. You perceive by this, that I shall have an important though very painful part to act in the trial of your husband, and son. I was, most unfortunately, placed in a position, in regard to the former, which made me cognizant of what I would give worlds if I had not witnessed. The law, with relentless hand, would wrest my secret from me; but I am resolved to thwart its requirements. As a reward for the loss of my rank in the army, and other advantages which I should secure by remaining, I ask the hand of your daughter. Let her accompany me into other lands, and I am content to go; if she refuses, I must stay."

"You have spoken to Marion on this subject, I believe?" remarked Mrs. Day.

"I have; I find no favor in her eyes, neither can I expect any. She understands me entirely. I wonder that she has not already deprived me of your good opinion. But I will not reproach her; I love too well to bestow upon her one ungentle word. She calls what I propose, selling herself to dishonor, and is ready to believe me a real monster. She will thus represent the case to you; and I do beg of you, lady, not to be influenced against me. I cannot live without her; she is my sun, my sky, my star, my life. When she is gone from me forever, and there shall be no hope of her return, there will be no music for me in the song of birds, or in the thousand voices of nature; no sweetness in the breath of spring, or in the odors of every fragrant thing on earth. The

morning will be hailed without pleasure, and the evening greeted without joy. O, say, lady, that you will listen to me; that you will be my friend; that you will soften the heart of Marion; or at least that her aversion will not cause you to become my enemy. You see in what esteem your husband holds me; you know that I am called a man of honor."

As the captain went on, his tone and manner grew pathetic. He gracefully knelt at her feet, took her unresisting hand, pressed it to his lips, and even appeared to weep.

Mrs. Day was much moved. Whatever prejudices she might have entertained against the captain, passed completely from her mind. She felt only pity and admiration for the fine-looking man at her feet, and mingled with that pity was another consideration outweighing all other things. Her husband and son must be saved at all hazards; and the man before her—the humble and respectful suppliant—had power to avert their impending doom; and he was willing to do it, if her daughter would consent to share his voluntary exile. What reasons more powerful than those which pleaded for him in her bosom! She resolved to aid him, to soften down what she now considered the unjust prejudices of Marion.

"Dear madam," continued the captain, "your kind heart softens. You contemplate my misery with compassion; you are ready to assist me. I have not reckoned too much upon your goodness. How can I express my gratitude! I will still continue at your feet. I will maintain this humble attitude until I hear from your own lips that you will not learn to despise me when you hear the accusing words of Marion. I do protest I am not the wicked man she professes to believe me to be. I am open as the day; I scorn to conceal my purposes, as much as disdain to stoop to meanness. I am not, I never was a plotting man. I am ready at any moment to sacrifice all my hopes of promotion in the British army for the sake of wedding that cruel girl. O, Mrs. Day, I shall go distracted; I cannot longer remain calm and tranquil. The sight of so much loveliness bewilders me.

When I see her fair face, and divine figure, I forget all else; name, fame, honor. Lady, do you not pity me?"

It is impossible to describe the consummate art with which Grayson played his part. He brought to his aid language, oratory, and acting.

"I will—I promise to aid you!" exclaimed Mrs. Day, completely unnerved and carried away with the captain's eloquence. "As Mr. Day has already given his consent, and even enjoined it upon me to assist you, I think I may do so without scruple."

"You are aware, lady, that all ordinary means will fail. We must resort to something a little out of the common course. But to use Scripture phrase, what we do must be done quickly. Time is flying; the day of trial cannot be far off. Human life is at stake."

"Lose no time, then; proceed at once to tell me what you propose. I will hear you to the end without impatience: only speak to the point."

"Your merest wish shall be to me as a command. I hasten to obey. I have, dear madam, your husband's consent to accomplish the object under consideration, by resorting to a *ruse*, or something of that nature, if ordinary means fail. I have a clerical friend who has a singular gift; it is the gift of *fascination*."

"I have heard that the snake sometimes fascinates the bird," said Mrs. Day.

"The comparison conveys the idea I wish you to understand, but is not felicitous in all respects. But to resume, the serpent *does* sometimes fascinate the bird. It is a wonderful faculty that is possessed by that reptile. My friend has a similar power, but his power is over the human subject. In appearance he is much like other men; yet the expression of the face, and the formation of the eye, seem to be different. He has a good address, has been a great traveller, knows something of the habits of all nations, is easy and graceful in conversation, and above all, a good Christian—a peculiarity which I know will be pleasing to you. I will now speak of his strange gift. He has sharp and piercing eyes, and still there is a

deep dreaminess in their depths. He fixes them upon the person he desires to influence; but he does not cease to converse. His conversation grows more agreeable, and flows on without effort, fresh, brilliant, and sparkling. The subject is interested, chained, bewildered, and cannot and wishes not to break the spell. The eyes of the enchanter grow more bright and dazzling, until they seem like stars set in a sky of fleecy clouds. The subject loses sight of the man; she sees only those glowing orbs; she listens only to notes of soft music. She loses her individuality, and becomes personified in the will of the fascinator, and obeys the impulse of his unuttered thought."

"And you propose to try this man's power upon Marion? Is there not something terrible in it? Does it not continually remind you of the serpent and the poor bird? O, there is something in the idea that makes me shudder."

"Because it is strange and new to you. There is nothing terrible about it. It appears to me a very interesting science—if it be a science."

"And you say this is a good man?"

"Decidedly evangelical in his character."

"In what manner do you propose to introduce him into our house without exciting the suspicions of Marion?"

"Your husband's arrest has really made you quite ill, and you need a spiritual adviser. Mr. Santon is just the man. He can be with you often for this purpose, and his presence excite no suspicion. When she is once fully under his control, the great difficulty will be passed; she will no longer have the power to oppose our mutual wishes. We will join hands, and Mr. Santon, being a clergyman, shall unite us. Then with my precious treasure, my darling wife, I will seek some rural retreat, and bid adieu to the 'pomp and circumstance of war' forever. No one appearing against our friends, they will be set at liberty; Marion will soon reconcile herself to her lot, and in a little time will be content and happy."

"Your plan appears reasonable, as you represent it; yet there is something repulsive in

it. I cannot divest my mind of a certain feeling of repugnance and fear when I think of the strange gift which your friend possesses."

"Remember your husband and son," said Grayson.

"I consent; how can I do otherwise? Let him come."

"I am grateful for this kindness; but would it not be well to say nothing to your daughter in relation to the subject of this conversation?"

"I will think of the expediency of so doing. Perhaps it will be the best policy to act upon your suggestions."

"Be sure to have her present when Mr. Santon visits you. You will soon learn whether he possesses any real power over the human will, by that species of fascination which I have attempted to describe. I think it will be best to say nothing of the letter; it would only serve to awaken a more decided spirit of opposition."

Everything being arranged to the satisfaction of Grayson, he left Mrs. Day, very well pleased with his success, promising to call on Mr. Santon on the way to his quarters, and inform him of the part he was to act in the innocent ruse, and that Mrs. Day desired him to call at his earliest convenience.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW CHARACTER—MORE PLOTTING—THE MARRIAGE.

MARION had made several attempts to visit her father in prison, but had always failed to obtain permission of the proper authorities. The reason of her failure to procure that favor was attributed (and justly) to Grayson, who had taken good care to prevent such an event; as she might make representations that would influence her father, and frustrate his views.

When she returned from her visit to her brother, she was surprised upon entering her mother's chamber to find a stranger there. Her mother introduced him as a Mr. Santon, a man of eminent piety, who, hearing of her misfortunes, had called to offer her the consolations of his holy faith.

There was something so singular in the appearance of the man, that Marion could not help noticing him particularly. He had reached, probably, the age of thirty-five. His figure, though not wanting in height, was far from robust, and his carriage was not erect but slightly stooping. His features were the most remark-

able. His complexion was very dark, his eyes restless and penetrating. The lower portion of the face was covered with a thick black beard, which he had the habit of stroking with his hand. His hair was short, curly and coarse. In conversation he had the power of making himself very agreeable, though he might have been deemed egotistical.

Marion sat down and listened to him with an interest she had rarely felt in the conversation of a clerical man. He talked of religious subjects, of other countries and nations, of men and manners, and grew more warm and free, easy and eloquent, as he proceeded. Marion thought she would go several times, but still lingered to hear him. She grew uneasy, arose and sat down again. As Santon became more interested in his subject, he drew his chair nearer to her, and directed his conversation more particularly towards her. She was conscious (for a moment) only of the speaker, and saw only his flashing eyes. Emotions, new and strange, had birth in her mind. Pleasing fancies went flit-

ting through the brain. A dreamy pleasure pervaded her being. She experienced a lucidity of thought hitherto unknown. A soft, luminous mist gathered before her and seemed to enter her forehead. She appeared to be floating in an atmosphere of ether. A revolution took place. A feeling of unutterable horror and fear swept through her frame. She would have cried out, but could not; she would have arisen from her seat; she would have passed her hand over her burning eyes, but was powerless to do so. The perspiration appeared in great drops upon her forehead; while her blood, as it went coursing through her veins, chilled her like ice. All objects were fading from her vision, and yet she appeared to be all sight, all hearing, all thought, all sensation. The physical appeared to be disappearing, while the spiritual was becoming more real, apparent, tangible. She called up all her strength to shake off that icy spell; vain attempt! Her dread and suffering increased, and she believed herself on the point of falling from her chair, like one frozen with horror, when the door was opened and Alice made her appearance.

The spell was broken. She moved; she was herself again; she recovered the use of her faculties; she looked joyfully at Alice, and was ready to fall at her feet, and bless her for her timely appearance. Santon was still talking. Marion blushed deeply, appeared confused, pained, bewildered. Begging to be excused, she arose and left the room.

She ran to her own chamber, filled with a nameless terror, an overwhelming consciousness that she had escaped some terrible calamity. She sank on her knees, bowed her head, and prayed fervently; then arose trembling in every limb and threw herself upon the bed. She became more calm; a sort of stupor followed, and she finally relapsed into a heavy and troubled sleep, which was crowded with disagreeable dreams and strange phantasies, unknown before.

A few days after the disappearance of Mrs. Melville and her daughter, an old man might

have been seen asking alms from door to door. He was well stricken in years, and leaned upon a staff. His figure was bowed, and his strength feeble. Hairs whitened by age and suffering, fell upon his brow and seemed to bear reliable testimony to the assertion that he was "past labor."

The war had already reduced many (and among them those who had been reputed wealthy) to poverty, and it was not a strange sight to see a beggar in the streets. The old man told the same tale at many a back door, and peered into many a kitchen, took many a cold lunch with the servants, and we may add asked them many questions.

He passed into Green Lane, and then into Lyna street in pursuit of charitable people. He entered a gate and stood before a door of a low, wooden house. He knocked with his staff, and a young woman came in answer to his summons. He professed to be weary and hungry. Struck by his venerable aspect, the domestic allowed him to enter the kitchen unquestioned. He seated himself, and told his tale of sorrow and want. While he was speaking, a young lady entered the room, listened a moment; then placing a small piece of silver coin in his hand, hastily withdrew; it was Agnes Melville. The eyes of the mendicant sparkled with pleasure, and when Agnes disappeared he was expressing his gratitude in eloquent terms, and invoking heaven's choicest blessings upon her. He ate sparingly of food that was placed before him, grew less talkative, and soon took his staff and went his way.

The reader will remember that we left Agnes and her friends in the street, seeking a place of safety. It being a late hour at night, they saw but few people abroad, and reached Lyna street, the place selected for their retreat, without any apparent observation. They found the house formerly occupied by Mr. Hill, open to receive them. Certain apartments were appropriated to the use of Agnes and her mother, where they were to remain completely shut out from observation.

They were not to venture forth upon any con-

sideration, or allow themselves to be seen by any person not an inmate of the family. Sherwood and Dixon were to be concealed about the premises until the fate of Mr. Day and Edward was decided, or they had assisted them to escape. There was much danger in the execution of a resolution like this, for they were well aware that the malignity of Marton and Grayson would leave no means untried to discover their hiding-place, and retaliate upon them in the severest manner; hence the greatest caution was necessary to secure their safety.

If they failed to accomplish their worthy object, they believed they still had the means of escaping to the American camp. The assistant surgeons, having been previously instructed by Dr. Montague, had not returned, consequently the deception had not been discovered; therefore when Sherwood and Dixon wished to join the continental army, the doctor would procure their passports from General Gage, in the same way that he had done in relation to the assistants. Yet it was highly necessary, in order that this might be accomplished safely, that what they contemplated doing, should be done without delay.

The anxiety which all experienced in this critical emergency, the indulgent reader will imagine. Each passing day brought with it increasing danger. That Colonel Marton had good reason to believe them within the precincts of the town, there could be no doubt. That he had most powerful incentives to discover them was equally certain. His proud and arrogant nature had been deeply mortified, as well as exasperated by the treatment which he had received on the night he had flattered himself would witness his triumph over Agnes. His unmanly scheme had been frustrated, on what he imagined the eve of its consummation. The manner in which he had been discovered by the relief guard had transpired, and subjected him to considerable rallying and ridicule among his brother officers; a state of things which had no tendency to mollify his anger.

The colonel's honor had also suffered some, in certain quarters, on account of this transac-

tion, which did not seem fully understood by his friends. The colonel and the captain of the King's Volunteers could truly sympathize with each other in their misfortunes. They met often and confided in each other fully. They had many interviews, and resolved to aid each other as much as possible in the furtherance of their mutual designs. To find Agnes and her brother, was the first step that Marton desired to take towards the gratification of those revengeful feelings which his want of success, and the punishment he had received, had called into being. So that he now had two leading motives in the prosecution of the search—the possession of Agnes, and the destruction of Sherwood and Dixon, though the latter was not personally known to him.

The reader will now be able to form some just idea of the peril which hung over our friends, and the necessity of their remaining closely concealed from human observation. In those troublous times, and under those circumstances, it was impossible in all cases to discriminate friend from foe.

Agnes and her mother seldom left the apartments which had been assigned them. On the occasion to which we have alluded, the former had entered the room without being conscious that any person was present not belonging to the house. When she saw an old and poverty stricken man, and heard him relating the story of his penury and sorrow, she forgot her own danger and thought only of him.

After depositing her trifling offering in his hand, she hastened to her own chamber, regretting the many evils which always follow in the track of war.

"You appear thoughtful, my child," said Mrs. Melville.

"I have just seen an object of charity which excited my pity," she replied.

"I hope you have not suffered yourself to be seen," added Mrs. Melville, quickly.

"Only by a poor old man," said Agnes.

"Have you so soon forgotten Sherwood's advice?" returned her mother.

"Assuredly not; but what danger can be

apprehended from a feeble old man, who can with difficulty drag himself from door to door? Should we close our hearts against the claims of gentle compassion because we are placed in circumstances of danger? O, no! Let us endeavor to forget our own misfortunes in relieving as much as in our power the miseries of others. It is but little that we can do; yet even that little may do much good, and be acceptable in the sight of heaven."

"Selfishness," answered Mrs. Melville, taking her daughter's hand in hers, "is no part of my nature. I am keenly alive to the sufferings of others; but we are commanded to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves; and in our situation, no advice could be more appropriate. We are beset by danger on every hand. Your own safety and the life of Sherwood and the brave man who is with him, depend upon our discretion. Let us not give them occasion to regret coming to our aid. We should do well to remember that every person who enters this dwelling, may be in the employ of our enemies. When the place of our retreat is once discovered by our enemies, adieu to all thoughts of safety. You would be torn from my arms, to become what I dare not think of; while my boy would receive no mercy from our pitiless oppressors. His bravery would excite no admiration, his youth no compassion, his innocence no remorse."

"I am too much the creature of impulse," replied Agnes, more thoughtfully. "I may have acted imprudently; in future I will strive to be more discreet. I will inform Sherwood of what has taken place, though it does seem unreasonable to expect any danger from an old man who asks charity from door to door, and can have no motive to bring misfortune upon those who befriend him."

Agnes descended a flight of steps to the basement of the dwelling. She struck lightly upon the floor with her foot, and soon a trap door of small size was cautiously lifted.

"Has anything happened?" asked Sherwood.

"Nothing of importance," replied Agnes. "Let me descend."

Miss Melville now descended a flight of steps and found herself in an apartment, the walls of which excluded all light from without. It was faintly illuminated by a small lamp which was placed upon the floor. Two chairs, a mattress, a few books, a brace of horse pistols, a pair of duelling pistols, and a sword, were the only articles the room contained.

"What a dark place," said Agnes.

"It's lighter now since you've come down," said Davie, gallantly.

"I believe you would be quite as gallant in love as in battle," added Agnes, smiling.

"In battle I allers calklate to face the music," returned Davie.

"And that queer horse, Congress, I have heard Sherwood say, partakes of the same spirit," said Agnes.

"He's a critter as knows how to hold up his head and look at the enemy. When the case requires, he is a beast as can straighten up."

"Well, my dear girl," said Sherwood, "what would you say to me?"

"Why, really nothing at all of consequence. I went to the kitchen a short time ago, not knowing that any person was there not composing one of the family; but a beggar was present. Affected by the story of his sufferings, I approached him, and put a small piece of money in his hand. Mother thinks I was imprudent in showing myself, and thought it best for me to inform you of the circumstance which really seems very unimportant to me."

"It is not easy to know how much importance to attach to such a circumstance. Time only can prove whether the event is one of real consequence or not. I regret, however, that you suffered yourself to be seen by him," replied her brother.

"Since you regret it, I do," returned Agnes.

"Colonel Marton will unquestionably cause every portion of the town to be searched in order to find us; and what have you or myself to hope from his mercy?"

At the mention of Marton's name, Agnes grew pale and trembled. The horrors of that dreadful night when she seemed abandoned by

heaven, were recalled with fearful vividness. She clasped her brother's arm, and involuntarily cast her eyes about the room, as if expecting that the figure of her persecutor would rise up before her.

"Cease to tremble and afflict yourself with imaginary terrors," said Sherwood, tenderly. "Nothing dreadful can happen while you are here, and I am near you."

"I know it! I know it!" exclaimed Agnes, still trembling. "And yet I am so foolish as to feel a sense of imminent danger; a danger which you seem to have no power to avert. The image of that man is ever before me. I cannot, even in sleep, forget him. He pursues me in dreams, and I awake terrified and miserable. Perhaps I do wrong to mention it. I know I ought to be grateful for protection hitherto, and try to bear up with firmness under our trials; but I cannot divest myself of this horror of Marton. He is like a phantom, which, evoked by some neophyte, cannot be laid, but haunts the unhappy exorciser perpetually."

"Such feelings are natural, yet I would advise you to struggle with all your strength to overcome them. While our retreat remains undiscovered, we are comparatively safe. Gratitude to one whom I love with every faculty of my soul, induces me to stay here and dare every danger."

"And that one whom you love is Marion Day—the fairest of her sex," said Agnes, more cheerfully.

"True, my dear girl; and you have as much reason to love her as myself."

"I have; she saved your life, and my honor. I pray for her welfare nightly, before I close my eyes in sleep. It were shame to desert her brother in the hour of danger, though I know of no means by which you can save him. I will not attempt to dissuade you from making an effort, but I will entreat you to be careful of your own safety."

Having given the reader some idea of the situation of these parties, we once more return to Captain Grayson. He had waited with the greatest impatience the return of Santon from

Mr. Day's. He drank much wine, paced his room, and cursed the tardiness of his accomplice many times. At last (and it seemed an age to Grayson) he made his appearance.

"What success?" he immediately asked.

"As good as I could have wished, better than I might have anticipated for the first trial. A lovely creature indeed." And Santon appeared lost in thought.

"Did you succeed in affecting her in the manner you have spoken of?"

"My triumph was complete. That wonderful condition, resembling in many respects the phenomena of somnambulism, was produced. I succeeded in attracting her attention; I drew away her thoughts; caused her to lose sight of her own individuality; to lose sight of herself; to hear, to see, to be conscious of me only. I saw her struggle with the unknown power; I saw her tremble and grow pale. I knew at what instant the temporary light and joy gave place to uneasiness and horror; I read in her swimming eyes the history of the nameless dread which was freezing up her blood. While she sat there, like the fascinated bird that approaches the serpent's mouth without the power to resist the impulse that urges it to destruction, she resembled something purely spiritual—angelic, I might perhaps say. The cheeks were pale, the lips slightly parted, the eyes glowing with a soft light, while the heavy lids trembled above them, as if desiring to close, but fearing to obey."

"What next?"

"The servant came in; the charm was broken, and she appeared ready to weep with joy. I tried my power no farther. Blushing deeply, and not knowing what had affected her so strangely, she arose and withdrew. To-morrow your wish can be accomplished. I have arranged it with the too credulous mother. I shall visit her again at a given hour. Madam Day will be careful to have Marion present. When I have succeeded in fascinating her, and her individuality is lost, and she knows and obeys only the motions of my own will, then will be the moment to sacrifice her to your brutality."

"What?" asked Grayson, tartly.

"Brutality," replied Santon, with a sneer.

"Satan rebuking sin," said Grayson, shrugging his shoulders.

"When all is ready for you to appear, I will raise one of the front windows of the chamber, and wave my handkerchief, and you will, of course, take the best of care to be near."

"And do you really believe that you can control the volitions of human beings and compel them to act contrary to what they would in the normal condition?" asked the captain, seriously.

"I know that I have that singular faculty."

"But Marion Day has a strong mind. I have scarcely dared to hope that she could be brought under the influence of your power. If you succeed, I will give you five hundred pounds."

"It is a bargain. Marion Day shall be yours; I promise it. Rely upon me. But Grayson, villain as I know myself to be, I do feel something like remorse in sacrificing such a divine piece of workmanship."

"I presume it is the first time, then, that you ever experienced such an emotion. I shall be ready; and may some friendly demon help you. I shall be the happiest, the most fortunate of men. How slow the time will pass. How many hours are there between this and to-morrow? I must seek forgetfulness in wine—the only drug that can drown the stings of conscience, and render us agreeably unconscious of the flight of time."

"What a pleasant task will be mine," added Santon, with the same sneering expression, "to unite two persons so admirably calculated for each other! So much congeniality—so much reciprocity of sentiment!"

"You are pleased to be sarcastic; but I care not. Sneer on, if you will; but devil or man, only serve me, and I will reward you."

"Devil or man! Good! that suits me! I am flattered, complimented, honored. Go on, captain."

Santon ceased, and an expression truly satanic was seen upon his face. His eyes flashed and sparkled with an unnatural light. A smile which seemed to mock and set at defiance all

mankind, played about his thin lips. There was something in his face that appeared to laugh at all the claims of humanity, and to declare boldly that he lived and cared for himself alone. If he served others, he did it in his own way, and to please himself, and despised them while he assisted them to attain their ends.

Grayson involuntarily drew back. Santon smiled more bitterly, and then with a slight wave of the hand, walked away, leaving the captain half bewildered, and scarcely conscious of what he was doing.

When Marion awoke from the sleep into which she had fallen, she was strongly disposed to doubt the reality of what she had experienced. She felt inclined to attribute all those strange sensations to the imagination alone. Of that power possessed by Santon, and common enough in our day, she had no knowledge. The faculty of controlling the volitions of another person by the force of the will, had scarcely been recognized among mankind, and had it been known, would doubtless have been classed among the forbidden arts. Demonology would probably have been the softest term applied to the phenomena of magnetism. The puritanical notions of our ancestors would have caused them to shrink with horror from the mysterious influences and developments of that strange science.

And we are not quite sure that such feelings are not proper, and such a verdict just. Marion reasoned with herself; and though reason assured her that she had experienced nothing out of the common order, she could not divest herself of a sensation of dread in connection with Santon. She shuddered when she thought of him, and most ardently hoped that she might never see him again. She knew, by intuition, that his visits would be productive of no good. At first, she resolved to avoid him and to dissuade her mother to have him discontinue his visits, if he came again. But when he repeated his visit the following day she had a sudden revulsion of feeling in regard to the subject; she resolved to enter the room boldly and learn whether the same sensations would be produced.

When she reached the door of her mother's

chamber, her courage failed. She turned from the threshold with an emotion of terror wholly undefinable. Soon her mother sent for her, and she reluctantly obeyed the summons. Santon scarcely noticed her when she entered. His manner had changed somewhat since his first visit. He spoke in a soft and subdued voice, and was much less presuming and egotistical. He appeared, in fact, more like one who sought advice than one who came to give it. If he pronounced the name of his Maker, it was spoken as though he feared to profane it.

Marion was agreeably surprised at beholding this favorable change. Her fears vanished. She seated herself and listened attentively, and soon with interest. What had she to fear from a man so pious, so humble, so devoted to heaven? Nothing; she smiled at her former fears. But her mother appeared more unhappy than usual. She sighed often, shed tears, and fixed her eyes upon her compassionately.

The musical tones of Santon again had their effect upon Marion; but his unpretending manner, subdued and even submissive, disarmed her of her former terrors. A pleasing calmness stole over her senses. Complaisance gave place to delight; an ecstasy which she had never felt took possession of her. Again did she seem to become all hearing, all sight, all thought, all sensation, but in a degree immeasurably surpassing all that she had experienced before. She had no longer the will or the power to control her own faculties. Santon arose, smiling, and approached her. He pressed his hand lightly upon her forehead, and passed it slowly down over her eyes. The lids fell upon the gentle orbs, a convulsive movement shook her slight person, and sighing deeply, she clasped her hands meekly upon her breast.

Again Santon touched her eyes; they opened calmly, and she raised them towards heaven. A light almost divine in its sweetness was reflected from her countenance. A soft and delicate paleness succeeded the rosy carnation of the cheeks. A serene smile came to her lips, and she seemed more a being of heaven than earth.

Mrs. Day held up her hands in mute wonder. A superstitious feeling crept over her. She began to regret what she had done, and to feel that she was sacrificing her child. But she thought of her husband's danger, and of Edward, and truly believed that it was her duty to save them thus.

"What are your emotions?" asked Santon. "I have ceased to exist within myself. I experience only those sentiments which you desire me to feel," replied Marion.

"You are calm and happy?" added Santon. "I think I am," returned Marion.

"What sentiments do you entertain towards your fellow-creatures?"

"Love, fidelity, and truth."

"Is there any human being towards whom you do not entertain these sentiments?"

Marion did not immediately reply.

"I think not," she said, at length.

"Do you know Captain Grayson?"

"I do."

"Do you love him?"

A convulsive movement passed over the figure of Marion. She shivered as one suffering from a sudden chill. She replied slowly, and with difficulty, still shivering:

"I believe I do."

"For heaven's sake, desist!" exclaimed Mrs. Day, seized with a sudden remorse at hearing sentiments so unusual from the lips of one who was all truth and goodness. "There is something awful in those answers," she added, turning from her daughter with a feeling of terror which she could not disguise. Santon again passed his hand over Marion's eyes.

"I desire you to love the man I have mentioned," he continued.

Marion breathed hard, and appeared no longer happy. She lifted her hands toward her head and then let them fall again.

"I shall try to obey you," she said, with an effort which was evidently painful.

Santon now stepped to the window, raised it and looked out. Before the expiration of two minutes, steps were heard upon the stairs, and Grayson entered. He looked hurriedly at

Marion, whose whole manner had now changed. The moment she had heard his footsteps, those slight convulsive movements assumed the form of real convulsions. Santon strove to calm her.

"I desire you to be calm. Fear nothing. Read my will, and obey. Mr. Grayson is here. He is my friend. Arise to your feet."

Marion sighed. Large drops of perspiration appeared upon her brow. Although she was passive, and still followed the dictates of the controlling will, she could with difficulty stand upon her feet. Grayson approached and took her hand. She recoiled and drew it away. Santon then took it, placed it within Grayson's and held it there a moment.

"I wish this man to be your husband," he continued. "You have confessed that you love him. Shall I proceed to pronounce the marriage ceremony?"

Marion was fearfully convulsed, and breathed like one in the first stages of suffocation.

"She consents," added Santon. "There is no need of delay. I will perform the marriage ceremony."

"In pity spare her!" sobbed Mrs. Day, who had entirely lost her self-possession, and was hardly conscious of what was going forward.

In a clear and distinct voice, Santon proceeded to pronounce the ceremony. When the proper response was required, no sound came from the ashy lips of Marion. She inclined her head slightly, and then went into strong convulsions.

Mrs. Day could no longer control her fears for her daughter's life; she sprang forward, caught her in her arms, and laid her upon her own bed.

"Go," said Santon to the captain; "she is yours, but your presence will not contribute to her restoration."

"Without kissing the bride?" he asked.

"Begone, I tell you!" added Santon, angrily.

"You are monsters! you have killed my child!" cried Mrs. Day, frantically.

"She will recover. Cease to doubt; tranquillize your fears," said Santon.

"Why have I lived to see my Marion die before my eyes! Where is Alice? Ring the bell."

"You sent the servant away," replied Santon.

Mrs. Day rang the bell violently. Alice had just returned, and immediately answered the summons in person. The moment she entered the room, Santon lost all control over his subject. She was more violently convulsed, and the alarming symptoms increased. The habitual self-possession of the operator seemed to be forsaking him.

"This is your work!" cried Alice, angrily. And without farther remark, and despite the remonstrances of Santon, she took her beloved mistress in her arms, and carried her to her chamber. The mother followed, weeping and uttering the most bitter self-reproaches.

"Don't presume to step your foot over this threshold!" exclaimed Alice, as Santon was about to enter. The fascinator paused irresolute. The faithful domestic laid her mistress upon the bed, shut the door and locked it.

"O, that a mother should allow her own blessed daughter to be bewitched by that black demon," she added, looking reproachfully at Mrs. Day.

"Don't, Alice," sobbed the now thoroughly repentant woman. "You make me despise myself."

"You ought to despise yourself; I would if I were you. Just look at her! See what you have done," continued Alice.

"I have killed her!" said Mrs. Day.

"I saw Grayson go out of the house; what was he here for?"

Mrs. Day made no answer.

"Speak, woman!" screamed Alice, taking her by the arm and shaking her in no gentle manner.

"It was to save them, Alice; yes, it was to save them."

"What was?" added Alice, tightening her grasp upon Mrs. Day's arm.

"The marriage," groaned the unhappy woman.

"What marriage!" shrieked Alice. Mrs. Day could not speak; she had only strength to point at her unfortunate child.

"Hers?" asked Alice, painfully excited and indignant.

Mrs. Day inclined her head, and covered her face with her hands.

"You are a wretch of a woman!" screamed Alice, flinging her arm from her with a force that made the relenting mother fall to the floor. "You had better have died than have done this. O, you will be punished for such monstrous wickedness! Don't think I'll pity you, ma'am, for I won't!"

Santon had departed; Alice ran hastily down stairs and despatched a lad for Dr. Montague. He came, and pronounced the case wholly of a nervous character. The hints of Alice, and the distress of Mrs. Day, made him aware that something uncommon had taken place, in which Grayson had been concerned. He prescribed such remedies as appeared the most likely to soothe and quiet her nervous system, and she grew more tranquil. He asked but few questions in regard to the cause of Marion's illness, resolving to learn all from her when she was sufficiently restored to converse. Before he left the house, he addressed Mrs. Day, as follows:

"You may imagine that Captain Grayson has some influence over the fortunes of your husband. Allow me to assure you that he has

not that power to convict him of a heinous crime that he assumes to possess. Comfort yourself with this assurance. Trust in the Being who dispenses impartial justice. Let me repeat what I have said to one whose name I will not mention. Yield nothing to the demand of Grayson. Treat his bare-faced assertions as idle words. Do not suffer him to poison the air of your once happy home with his presence. Cease to regard with complacency the author of your present wretchedness. Soon the mask will fall, and the man stand revealed in all his deformity of heart."

The power of articulation forsook Mrs. Day. She could only look at the doctor in mute surprise. She had sacrificed her daughter to one who had no power to do what he had represented. Her bosom was lacerated with the keenest and most pitiless remorse. She repented with deep sincerity her own weakness and credulity, when it was too late to repair the mischief she had done. But she did not yet comprehend the character of Grayson; nor did she exactly know why she feared him, or regretted what had taken place. She believed Montague a man of truth and integrity, and therefore supposed that what he had said was entitled to much consideration.

Promising to repeat his visit early on the following morning, the doctor gave some farther directions to Alice and departed.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ESCAPE—THE TABLES TURNED.

EDWARD DAY had improved some portions of the time, such as were most favorable to his purpose, in working at the bars of his prison with the instrument which had been placed in his hands. The fear of discovery had prevented him from continuing his operations long at a time; and as more than one bar had to be removed before his escape could be effected, his progress was necessarily slow. As the work went on, he carefully removed all the dust which it occasioned, and filled up the cuts which he had made with the saw, with bits of bread, made to resemble the iron in color as much as possible, by rubbing them upon the rusty bars.

Upon the day in which the scene described in our last chapter transpired, Edward's task was nearly completed. Two bars had been so far severed at each end, that a few minutes' application of the saw would remove them. He now only waited a favorable opportunity for escape. To leave the prison would not be difficult, but to scale the walls of the court would not be easy, if he were not assisted by friends from the outside. He scarcely knew what course to pursue. A

premature movement would frustrate all, and render hope of escape out of the question. Dr. Montague had spoken of those who would be ready to help him scale the walls; but on that point he had not been definite. What then should he do?

This important question was more speedily answered than he had anticipated. To his unspeakable satisfaction, Montague came again, at the very time his advice was most needed.

"Lose no time in telling me what you have accomplished," said the doctor, hurriedly.

"The bars are nearly ready for removal," replied Edward.

That is good news. Between the hours of twelve and one, some friends will be in the rear of the prison, prepared with ropes which they will throw over the walls of the court, to aid you when you have effected your escape from the prison. Be perfectly cool and you will succeed. If fortune is propitious, I hope to shake hands with you in a place of safety before the expiration of twenty-four hours," said Montague.

"Stay one moment, doctor; speak to me of Marion and the rest of my friends."

"Things are going badly. Your charming sister is very miserable, and your mother completely bewildered. Grayson is plotting, Marton aids him, and unparalleled knavery seems to be the order of the day. I feel that I cannot wear the mask much longer. A crisis is approaching, and there will soon be a change, for better or for worse. When I look upon the face of your fair sister, knowing as I do all the mischief that threatens her, all the villainous schemes that have been concocted for her ruin, it is with difficulty that I can contain myself, or keep my resentment within bounds. But I will bide my time. We shall be even with them yet—I know we shall, my boy. Courage—courage!"

"You will forgive me, I know, if I venture to repeat the old saying, 'that a friend in need is a friend indeed.' Your disinterested conduct makes me feel most sensibly the truth of the adage," said Edward.

Time, upon which important events are pending, always appears to fly on lazy wings. Minutes extend themselves to the length of hours; hours assume the weariness of days, and days appear to be interminable; even seconds become periods irksome for their tardiness in joining the past. Edward suffered all the agony of impatience. Did he hear a step in the corridor, he trembled and grew pale; the turnkey or some one might be coming to interrupt his plans. He was not a coward, or a timid man, but the fear that some unforeseen event might frustrate his intentions, had a controlling influence over an organization naturally sensitive. Life is sweet to all; but he had more than one motive for wishing to escape. Not only was he desirous to thwart Grayson's schemes, and evade the danger which threatened his own existence, but to save Marion, in some way, from the ruffianism of her persecutor, and from the grief which his imprisonment naturally caused her and his mother.

The extreme wretchedness of Edward as he paced up and down his narrow cell, may not be

readily imagined. Though he had parted from his father with anger on his part, he did not forget his duties to him as a parent, and his cruel arrest for a crime of which he was sure he was not guilty, pained him to the very heart.

"How much will my escape lighten the sorrows of my mother and sister," he said to himself. "And how much," he added, "will it mortify Grayson."

"It grows darker," he continued. "As the night advances, a deeper obscurity falls upon my prison. No intruding beams of moonlight come stealing in at the grated window. The stars cannot glimmer through the overhanging clouds. Friendly moon, propitious stars! ye speak to me of hope. Stride on, old man, Time. Crowd your minutes and hours more rapidly into the past. Befriend me now, dame Fortune, if you forsake me hereafter."

Impenetrable darkness reigned in the cell of the prisoner. The voices of those in adjoining cells ceased to be heard. Steps no longer echoed along the corridors. It was past the hour when the turnkey made his visits. It was the hour of midnight. Edward had laid off his handcuffs. He now stood by the grated window with the saw in his hand. A few strokes were needed to finish the work. He drew the serrated edge of the instrument across the iron. It made a harsh and dissonant sound, which struck terror to the heart of Edward. The saw had never sounded so loudly before. He desisted and stood in breathless silence, in the momentary expectation of hearing the footsteps of the turnkey. He heard nothing save at intervals a faint murmur in a distant cell, or the low wailings of a gentle wind. To proceed might be dangerous, to delay might be fatal. He wrapped those portions of the implement not in actual contact with the iron, in his handkerchief. He recommenced his labors. The dissonance was less harsh, but still sufficiently so to put him in great fear. He worked with caution, and paused momentarily in the expectation of discovery. His hands trembled with excitement. He felt large drops of perspiration upon his brow. One end of a bar was severed. He

laid down the saw, grasped it and wrenched it away; but the aperture was not yet sufficiently wide to admit his body.

As he drew nearer the accomplishment of his object, his trepidation increased. The softest sound that reached his ears filled him with indescribable apprehensions. The noise of his own labors worked up his imagination to the highest pitch. The second bar was cut through. Edward's bosom throbbed with hope and joy. He wrenched away the last bar with all the strength which these emotions could impart. The space was large enough. Offering a silent prayer for success, he attempted the passage from the prison to the court. The aperture easily admitted his body. In less than a minute he stood upon the ground. But the high walls of the court still presented an obstacle. If the friends of which mention had been made were not there, he might well despair of escape. He approached the last barrier between himself and liberty; he knocked upon it softly; it was answered from the outside; a pause followed; a rope was thrown over; he seized it, drew himself up, reached the top, leaped down; two men took him by the arms and hurried him away without speaking.

They walked some distance in silence, choosing the most unfrequented streets. They entered a dwelling, closed, locked the door, and struck a light. Sherwood Melville and Davie Dixon stood revealed; and congratulations were exchanged with an earnestness which admitted of no doubt concerning their sincerity. While the parties were conversing in regard to the best course to be pursued in relation to their future safety, Agnes entered the room. The moment her eyes rested upon Edward, she blushed and appeared confused, while the other was equally disconcerted.

"My sister, Mr. Day, of whom you have heard me speak," said Sherwood.

"I think I have had the happiness of seeing her before," replied Edward, advancing towards Agnes.

"You have," said Agnes, coloring deeply. "You rendered me an important service. I take this opportunity to thank you for your gallantry."

While she was speaking, she gracefully offered her hand to Edward, who took it respectfully, held it a moment in his own, and bowed, much embarrassed all the while.

"This is strange, I must confess," added Sherwood, with a smile. "I never knew that you had met."

"It was once my good fortune to save Miss Melville from the rudeness of an intoxicated soldier," replied Edward. "I have ever regarded that moment as the happiest in my life."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Sherwood.

"Face the music!" said Davie. "Eyes front!"

Edward cast a furtive glance at Miss Melville; her face was rather too red to be gazed at without annoyance; so Edward kindly looked down at her feet, which happened to be two of the smallest imaginable.

Sherwood laughed and Dixon said something about "lookin' at the enemy."

"You have escaped from prison," added Sherwood, in a whisper, "but I see you are likely to be captured again immediately."

Edward smiled, but prudently remained silent, though evidently considerably abashed.

"You were calm enough at Bunker Hill," said Davie.

"Brave as the bravest," continued Sherwood. "And now let us go below to our hiding-place. Agnes shall be our jailor, and I hope you won't try to escape."

"If I am to be your jailor," replied Agnes, archly, "I shall have you put under restraint. To your cell, sir. Davie, 'fettlers and warder' for this fellow."

"Face the music," said Davie, pushing Sherwood along by the shoulders. And the parties went to the place of their concealment in the best of spirits.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUCCESS OF GRAYSON'S VILLANY.

MARION DAY grew more tranquil, and before morning slept with tolerable composure. The nervous crisis had passed, and left the system much enfeebled. Though she appeared to rest with a calmness approximating to healthful slumbers, her mind had by no means resumed its wonted composure. The most disagreeable fancies intruded themselves upon her dreams. Imagination, with fearful activity, was busy in calling up visionary terrors, which could be surpassed in horror only by the reality. The image of Grayson pursued her in all her mental vagaries. It was in vain that she attempted to elude him; he was ever present and ever dreadful. She fled, and sighing, breathed a name she had seldom spoken. Who was in her thoughts? What noble form stepped forth from the crowd of dark phantoms that surrounded her, to snatch her from destruction?

She must not think of him, for she has a vague and indistinct recollection that something has transpired which will render it a crime to cherish his memory. In all her dreamy vagaries, there

was one idea of which she could not divest herself; the idea of a marriage which had taken place somewhere, and under some circumstances not well understood, or but imperfectly remembered.

This single fancy made her the most miserable of all.

It was late on the following morning when she awoke from sleep. She arose upon her elbow and looked inquiringly around the room. The faithful Alice was sitting beside her bed.

"Where am I?" asked Marion.

"Here in your own chamber where you ought to be, my dear Marion," said Alice, soothingly.

"Something has happened; what is it, Alice?" continued Marion, passing her hand slowly over her eyes.

Alice began to sob.

"Speak, my friend," added Marion, gently.

"I fear you are not strong enough to hear it," replied Alice.

"I am sure that something dreadful has taken place; but I do not remember exactly what.

I now recollect that that man they call Santon was here," replied Marion, with a shudder.

"You'd better call him *Satan*, mistress Marion, and done with it," added Alice.

"A strange influence came over me; I was calm and even happy," resumed Marion. "I recall it distinctly. But those emotions passed away. I suffered—suffered horribly—and could not struggle with my fate. Come nearer, Alice; you seem my only safeguard."

"I won't leave you, my darlin'," said Alice. "Nobody shall come near you, or do anything for you but me."

"I hear some one coming up the stairs!" exclaimed Marion, grasping the hand of Alice, nervously. "Who can it be? What can he want?" In a moment the door was pushed open and Grayson walked in.

"They told me you were sick—very ill—near dying, and I have come to see you," he cried, pausing in the middle of the room. "They would have kept me from you—the wretches—they told me I should agitate, destroy you; but I heeded them not. My life, my love, my wife, look upon one who would give his life to save you!"

"What does that man say?" asked Marion, clinging more closely to Alice, and shivering with horror. "His presence chills me; I am cold."

"I am your husband, dear angel—your best and only friend—the preserver of your brother—the adorer of your person. I come with news. Listen; turn those gentle orbs towards me; cease to be terrified at my presence. Your brother lives—has escaped—is free, and all through my agency. Do you not hear—do you not comprehend? do you not behold your husband at your feet?"

"Husband—wife," repeated Marion, slowly, looking wildly at Alice. "This man is mad."

"If I am, your beauty has made me so; but mad, I am not. I am in truth your husband. Recall your scattered senses; it was only last night; you married me by your own free will; by heaven, it is true."

Marion looked inquiringly at Alice again.

"I remember," she said, faintly, "that something dreadful transpired; that I was made wretched for life; that a man called Santon, was here."

"Call it not something dreadful; it was the happiest moment of my existence. You gave me your hand without being twice asked; you stood up beside me; you spoke the fitting vows," answered Grayson.

"Alice, open the windows; give me air; I am suffocating!" exclaimed Marion. Grayson fell upon his knees, and raised his hands in earnest entreaty.

"Go, sir," added Marion, suddenly recovering herself somewhat. "Leave my chamber. If you have indeed consummated your atrocious villany, allow me a few hours to myself; but it cannot be true. Heaven has not so far forsaken me as to accord me such a fate."

"Do you hear my mistress!" cried Alice. "She commands you to leave her chamber. How dare you come here, sir?"

"This is the chamber of my wife," rejoined the captain, in a calm voice. "I have come to watch over her illness; to minister to her slightest wants; to be her slave."

"You have come to be what you always were; a monster of wickedness!" retorted Alice. "You have brought ruin upon this family; it has never prospered since your figure darkened the door."

"I have proved my friendship," replied Grayson. "Edward is at liberty. It was my act that set him free; does this appear like the work of an enemy? O, Alice, you wrong your best friend."

"If he's at liberty, it's by no good will of yours; so march; there's the door."

"Mrs. Grayson," said the captain, turning to Marion, with a smile of peculiar meaning; but before he could proceed with the sentence, he was interrupted by a piercing shriek from Marion.

"Mrs. Grayson," he resumed, "for so you will be called in future, I shall comply in some measure with your request; but you will do me the kindness to remember that the place for the

devoted husband is beside the couch of his sick wife; her chamber is a spot ever open to his visits. Divest yourself of those silly prejudices. Yield gracefully to your destiny. You are legally mine—mine in the sight of God, and soon will be such in the sight of the world. Be reasonable. I will be a kind and indulgent husband. All your wishes shall be gratified, and even your *whims* and *caprices*. When you are sufficiently recovered, I shall assume that authority over you which the law accords me. You will see me daily."

"Leave me—I will think—I will reason—I will struggle to—" Marion could not finish the sentence. She pressed her white hand to her head and became unconscious.

Alice seized the captain by the shoulders, pushed him violently from the chamber, threw his hat after him and closed the door. Her attentions soon restored Marion to life and animation.

"Request my mother to come to me," she articulated, in a voice nearly inaudible. Alice obeyed, and Mrs. Day appeared, looking like a criminal, and afraid to meet the gaze of her daughter.

"Mother," said Marion, speaking with great difficulty, and in a low tone, "were you a witness of what I am told took place last night?"

"I was," replied her mother, averting her face.

"It is true, then, that this is all real?" she continued.

"It is, and I feel that you cannot forgive me. But I thought I was acting for the best, and according to your father's wishes. Here is a letter which Mr. Grayson received from him. Read it, and try to forgive me."

With a tremulous hand Marion took the letter which her mother held out. A mist went swimming before her eyes, and it was with difficulty that she could distinguish one word from another. She paused more than once in its perusal; but finished it at length.

"The vile hypocrisy of that man!" she exclaimed. "Mother, you do not know half his baseness. Had my father been acquainted with

his true character, he would have suffered a score of deaths, rather than have written this unfortunate letter. Who caused him to be imprisoned? Who falsely accused him? Grayson. Who is most active to procure the condemnation of Edward? Who would have dared to call him a deserter but him?"

"He has assisted Edward to escape," said Mrs. Day.

"Believe it not, mother. If my brother is at liberty, it is not by any agency of Grayson's. Some other hand has been put forth; his only brings unhappiness and misery. Trust him not; he deceives most when he seems most sincere. To compel me to a union which every faculty of my soul instinctively shrunk from, he has brought ruin upon us."

Overcome by her feelings, Marion paused.

"You judge him too severely, child," said Mrs. Day.

"Santon, it appears, is a clergyman?" added Marion.

"He is," replied her mother.

"This man, then, has a legal right to control my actions?" resumed our heroine. "Tell me, mother, did I really assent to this odious marriage?"

"You did—you did!" answered Mrs. Day, in a subdued voice.

"I can't believe it, ma'am," said Alice. "It isn't like her at all, and I should have to see it with my own eyes, and hear it with my own ears first."

"You do not, you cannot know the wretchedness to which you have sold me," continued Marion. "From this moment I bid adieu to all hopes of happiness which the future has hitherto held out. I resign those anticipations natural to the hearts of the youthful, and in so doing stifle the last regrets which a broken heart may feel. If this great sacrifice could have saved a father or a brother, it might have been made with less repugnance and wretchedness than I now experience; but I am sure that I accomplish no such thing."

"You tell me that I am married; I do not know; I doubt whether a contract made under

such circumstances would be legal; though if I uttered the proper responses before witnesses, it might be difficult and even impossible to prove that I did not act according to the dictates of my will and judgment. If I believed in demonopathy, I should say that some demon had taken possession of me, to assist that bad man in carrying out his designs."

"You'd be obliged to have more on 'em than Mary Magdelene, ma'am, to do that," said Alice, promptly. "One demon would not have been strong enough to make you stand up and throw yourself away upon the *wickedest* and most *despicablest* wretch as walks the earth. If he was a husband of mine, I'd pour hot lead in his ear; that's what I'd do, ma'am!"

"Since I am so much forsaken by heaven as to be placed in the power of this man, I suppose that it is my duty to obey without offering useless resistance. What avails the faint flutterings of the bird when it becomes involved in the meshes of the fowler's net; its feeble wings cannot break a single thread. It may struggle, exhaust itself, and break its heart with no other effect than to hasten its fate. Leave me, mother; I must endeavor to gain strength to sustain me in the resolution I have taken."

"You were always a good, dutiful, considerate creature," said Mrs. Day. "I know you'll do all you can to keep up the credit of the family. It would be a dreadful thing to have one of its members executed."

Alice curled her lip contemptuously as Mrs. Day passed slowly from the room.

"Do not blame her, good Alice. I fear her mind is unsettled. Our misfortunes have proved too much for her," said Marion.

"I must say, mistress, that you are rather too angelic. O, you're too easy with 'em; that's what's you are!" exclaimed the domestic.

"When Dr. Montague visits me," rejoined Marion, "say nothing about what has happened. Although I have done no wrong that I am responsible for, yet I shall feel like a criminal before him."

"Just as you like, certainly. If you will

throw yourself away, it's all the same to me," answered Alice, reproachfully.

"Come here, Alice," said her mistress, gently. Marion placed her arms softly about Alice's neck, and kissed her cheek. This tenderness seemed to render her more miserable, and set her to weeping violently.

"I wish Davie had been here, ma'am; or even that handsome young fellow you helped out of prison."

Marion sighed.

"Davie would make 'em face the music, ma'am."

"Regrets are useless now, Alice."

"But resistance ain't. Why, people resisted the Post Bill, but that wasn't nothin' to this. Define your position, ma'am; say I *wont*, and abide by it; set down your foot and don't take it up. If he comes and says, 'you're my wife,' hold up your head, and declare boldly that you don't train in that company. Say it like this: 'I don't belong to the King's Volunteers, sir.' Then *point* towards the door and say, 'shoulder arms—double quick time—*march!* face the music!'"

"You mean well, Alice; but you do not quite understand my feelings. Will you bring me some coffee?"

When Dr. Montague visited his fair patient, he was agreeably surprised at the favorable change which had taken place. He found her much calmer than he had anticipated, and thought it prudent not to agitate her with questions. Freedom from excitement and rest, he recommended as the best means of restoring her to her usual health.

It was near the hour of noon, when a man of venerable aspect was shown into the parlor by Alice. His figure was somewhat bowed, and his temples covered with gray hair.

"I wish to see your mistress," he said, as soon as he entered the apartment.

"If you mean Miss Day, she's ill and cannot receive company, sir," replied Alice.

"Beg of her to allow me one moment's interview. Tell her that I have seen her brother, and would speak of him," added the stranger.

"If you bring any news of Mr. Edward, she'll be glad to see you, I've no doubt. I'll go to her at once." Alice left the room; ten minutes elapsed before she returned.

"She's been quite sick, sir, but you can walk up to her chamber. I hope you bring good news, for all has gone wrong here lately."

Without making any reply, the stranger was conducted to the chamber of Marion. She had arisen and sat in an easy chair, enveloped in a graceful morning gown. She was looking very pale and anxious. The visitor paused on the very threshold of the door, and bowed low.

Marion motioned him to enter and be seated.

"Pardon me, fair lady, for seeking to intrude myself into your sick chamber. Your pale cheeks assure me that you have been very ill."

Marion started and changed color. The voice of the stranger thrilled to her heart.

"You mentioned my brother, I believe, sir."

"I did. He has escaped from prison, and his place of concealment yet remains a secret."

"Heaven be praised!" she exclaimed.

"He is with friends who will never desert him," continued the visitor.

Those tones again! how strangely they fell upon the ear of Marion.

"Lady," he resumed, "there is something I must say which you alone must hear." Alice withdrew, but by her mistress's order remained near the door.

The stranger passed his hand hastily to his face and head, tore away a gray wig and false whiskers, and revealed to the eyes of Marion, the features of a young gentleman of about twenty-two.

"Mr. Melville!" exclaimed Marion. "This is indeed imprudent. Why have you come here? What strange madness has tempted you to incur such a risk!"

"It is that gentle madness, lady, with which your goodness and beauty have infected me," answered Sherwood. "I have come because I could not stay away; because I wished to look upon you once more; to repeat the story of my love; to kneel at your feet."

"Nay, sir, this must not be. Lose not a moment's time; resume your disguise, and hasten hence. There is danger here. You know not what you say or do, or to whom you speak!" cried Marion, in tones of touching earnestness.

"Lady," resumed Sherwood, "there is no human heart so cold and hard that it loves not something. There is no creature upon earth that does not turn with fondness towards some object. Life without some sweet affection would be but a leafless desert; an earth without a sun; a sea without one white sail to break its monotony. Condemn me not for loving; reproach me not, because my heart owns the power of your beauty."

"You distress and embarrass me, sir, beyond measure," replied Marion, raising her hands to her forehead, and pressing it tightly.

"It is true, then; too true that I have failed to awaken in your gentle bosom one tender sentiment," returned Sherwood, sadly. "O, this is misery indeed!"

"You have *not* failed to touch my heart," replied Marion, with singular calmness. "Of all men living, *you* would have been my choice."

"Dear Marion," said Sherwood, taking her hand, "this frank avowal makes me hope in spite of myself. To feel that I am remembered with kindness by you, will indeed be a pleasant thought."

"We must meet no more, sir. To-day, we part forever. I know you are a man of honor; I feel sure that you will keep the secret which I have confessed," added Miss Day, vainly striving to suppress her emotions.

"Explain this terrible mystery! Speak! pity my impatience!" cried Sherwood, still holding the small white hand.

"Spare me, I beg of you! I am very, very miserable," and Marion wept.

"Who is this Grayson, whom your brother has mentioned? What is he to you?"

"He is my *husband*!" said Marion, in a whisper which fell like the knell of death upon the ears of Melville.

He dropped Marion's hand; he recoiled a few steps, looked wildly into her face, threw himself at her feet, caught her hand, kissed it and pressed it to his forehead.

"Fair divinity that I have worshipped; gentle star whose hallowed light I have gazed at for a moment; sweet being whom my every thought has followed; dear angel whose goodness has charmed me like a spell; fairest, best of your sex, farewell. In whatever land I may wander, on whatever sea my bark may float, whatever changes time and the vicissitudes of fortune may make, I will still cherish you in my soul's most secret places as my idol, my pure ideal, my divinity still."

Marion's tears fell fast; it was the most bitter moment of her existence. She looked sadly at Sherwood. Her lips refused to speak. He drew her towards him; he held her in his arms; he pressed her to his heart; he called her endearing names; he pressed his lips to hers; it was the first, and was to be the last time.

Suddenly Marion disengaged herself. She pushed her lover from her, trembling with emotion.

"This is not as it should be. I forget my position. Leave me. Attend to your own safety, and remember that we must meet no more."

"One question before we separate forever. Why did you consent to unite yourself to one so obnoxious to you—one whom you shrink from with such evident terror?"

"That I cannot answer. There is something so strange about it, that it overwhelms and confounds me. More I cannot tell you. If you indeed love me, go, and endanger your life no longer by remaining here."

"I obey you. I depart the most unhappy of men. May your guardian angel be the brightest in the galaxy of heaven. For the last time, farewell."

Sherwood caught his hat, rushed precipitately down stairs, and in a moment was in the street.

"What a handsome young man!" exclaimed Alice, who had stood near the door, and heard nearly all that had passed between the parties. "If I were you, ma'am, I'd run away with him, in spite of fate. He reminds me of Davie; I'm sure he does; so tall and generous like, and talks so nice. Here's a note a boy brought while you was talkin'."

"Open and read it; I have not the strength or inclination," said her mistress, who had scarcely the power to speak in an intelligible voice. Alice opened and read as follows:

"Boston, June 29th, 1775.

"MY DEAR MARION,—If your health shall be sufficiently restored, I shall do myself the pleasure to call for you, with a carriage, to-morrow. Sincerely hoping that you will endeavor to reconcile yourself to your lot, I remain,

"Your loving husband,

"GEORGE GRAYSON."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DENOUEMENT.

WHEN Sherwood left the house, in his excitement he had forgotten his disguise, nor was he sensible of this oversight until he had reached Valley Acre. Danger, despair, death, all had faded from his mind; the beautiful Marion only occupied his thoughts. He heard only her thrilling tones; he saw only her peerless face, and her figure of unsurpassed excellence. Her loveliness bewildered him; her goodness won his respect; her grief penetrated him to the heart.

Sherwood dashed on, reckless of his own safety, vowing that justice should overtake Grayson, and his sins be visited upon his head.

Steps echoed in his ears; he was conscious that he was not alone. He looked up mechanically; a British soldier was regarding him attentively. For the first time the conviction that he had not resumed his disguise since he had thrown it off at Mr. Day's, occurred to him. He thought of the danger to which he was ex-

posing his companions, and reproached himself for his imprudence.

The soldier approached, still scanning him closely. Sherwood cast a furtive glance at his face; he had seen it before. But where—under what circumstances? At the door of his prison—he had passed the man, leaning upon the arm of Marion Day; it was the sentinel. Sherwood walked boldly on. The man sprang forward and seized him by the collar. It was a critical moment; there was no time to be lost; he was in a public place where a score of persons might pass in a moment. To suffer himself to be captured, would be to ruin himself, and perhaps his friends.

Sherwood was a man of powerful frame, and possessed of much personal strength. He acted quickly, and as the emergency required. He aimed a blow with his fist at the assailant; it fell with tremendous force upon his forehead; his hands relaxed their vigorous grasp, and he

fell senseless and stunned at Sherwood's feet.—The rebel spy did not pause for him to recover; but ran as fast as he was able. Fortunately this scene had no witnesses, and our hero reached his hiding-place in safety.

Agnes met him upon the threshold, pale and breathless.

Good heavens, Sherwood!" she exclaimed. "What have you done? Where is your disguise? What imprudence is this?"

"Be calm, my dear Agnes. Nothing very serious has happened; at least, I hope not, for your sake. I was recognized by a soldier. He seized me; I knocked him down, and fled without being pursued."

"You are terribly excited—your eyes look wild and glaring, and your whole manner is changed," continued Agnes.

Sherwood took his sister by the hand and led her to the apartment which had proved thus far a secure retreat.

Edward and Davie sprang up in alarm, when he appeared, looking so wild and haggard.

"Sit down, my friends, and I will explain all," he said.

"But first you had better read this note," said Agnes. "It was brought soon after your departure, by a little girl."

Our hero tore open the paper and read:

"Boston, June 29th, 1775.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Your retreat has been discovered. I spent the evening with Marton, and heard the whole from him. Persons in various disguises have been seeking you and your friends ever since your mother and sister left their residence. A man in the guise of a beggar traced you out at last. To-night, men in his employ will silently surround the house where you are all concealed; the doors will be forced, and you will be thrown into the power of Marton. I need not say that your sister Agnes is the object which the colonel has in view; he vows, also, to revenge the insult which he believes his honor received on the night when you so opportunely appeared to baffle his wicked designs.

"You will naturally ask, what shall we do? Whither shall we fly? Where shall we find

safety? Who will befriend us? Who will shield the gentle Agnes from wrong? *I will.* Trust everything to me. Remain where you are. It shall be mine to frustrate the diabolical wickedness of your enemies. I am in their confidence. I will crush them down, *down* into the dust. They have played deeply; they have plotted cunningly, but I have counter-plotted more cunningly. Let us see who will prove the winner. I have just learned something that causes my blood to boil with indignation, and hastens the explosion of the mine which I have laid. My plans are verging rapidly to their consummation. Calms follow storms; day succeeds to night, sunshine to clouds. All things have their *crises*. There is for all things a time. Let this truth comfort and inspire you with hope. Does the darkness of despair settle down over you? A sun shall arise to dispel its blackness. Does the storm threaten to engulf you? The calm that follows shall be the more tranquil.

"Stay where you are. If you see shadowy forms in the darkness, heed them not; they shall be my care. Does Agnes sigh and tremble? Tell her she is safe. The breath of Marton shall never sully her purity. He, who in the munificence of his kindness numbers the hairs of her head, has not forsaken her; and her angel beholds ever the face of her Father.

"Bidding you to be hopeful and happy, I remain

Yours truly,

"HENRY MONTAGUE."

Sherwood handed this singular letter to Edward, who read it aloud. The parties looked at each other in silent amazement. What did these assurances mean? Not one of them knew; therefore the question remained unanswered.

"I have something strange and incomprehensible to tell you," said Sherwood; "something that strikes me dumb with wonder. Edward, I have knelt at your fair sister's feet, and have spoken impassioned words of love."

"And did she prove unkind?" asked Edward, earnestly, and with an observable tremor of the voice.

"She is *married*," replied Sherwood, with forced composure.

Edward Day leaped from his seat with an exclamation of indescribable surprise. He looked a moment at Sherwood, and said, in a husky voice, "You are mad."

"I solemnly aver that she told me so with her own lips, not three quarters of an hour since," added our hero.

"Explain! when, how, to whom?" cried Edward.

"To George Grayson, Captain of the King's Volunteers," said Sherwood, struggling manfully with his feelings.

"The man least worthy of her!" exclaimed Edward. "I had rather have heard of her death. I will go to her at once; I will fathom this mystery. Do not attempt to detain me."

"Stay!" said Sherwood. "This is folly. You will bring destruction upon us all; though I care not for myself; but there are those who look to me for protection."

"Don't go," added Davie, taking Edward by the arm. "Dr. Montague wants you to stay, and it would be kind of ungrateful like to do different. He's a man as knows what he's about, and can face the music."

"Your advice is good," replied Edward, after a moment's reflection. "But I assure you all that I cannot delay the investigation of this matter after to-morrow."

"The time shall come when you shall look at the enemy," said Davie, solemnly.

The morning of the thirtieth of June dawned clear and bright. The radiant sun gilded the roofs and steeples with a pleasant light. Despite the ravages of war and the dilapidated appearance of the town, an air of cheerfulness seemed to diffuse itself spontaneously through its streets and lanes.

Marion had arisen, dressed herself with her usual care, and descended to the parlor. Her cheeks had lost their soft carnation; but not their beauty. Her step was less elastic, and her manner more languid than usual. Every look and action witnessed that a struggle was going on within her.

She gazed out upon the sunshine and brightness. Several acres of ground covered with

delightful verdure was spread out before her, and upon which she had often looked with pleasure; but the contemplation of nature now produced no pleasurable emotions. She sighed, and ceased to look at the scene. At that moment the sound of wheels was heard in rapid motion. Marion shuddered, and appeared on the eve of fainting.

A carriage drew up at the door, and two persons alighted. Scarcely a moment elapsed, before Alice, with evident reluctance ushered in Captain Grayson and Colonel Marton.

Our heroine had endeavored to fortify her mind for this ordeal, but now found that she had succeeded but indifferently.

"I am glad, my dear Marion," said Grayson, blandly, "to see you so much improved. Mrs. Grayson, suffer me to introduce you to my friend, Colonel Marton; Colonel Marton, my wife."

"This is mockery," replied Marion, with dignity. "In the sight of heaven, I am not your wife."

"But in the sight of the law, my dear."

"There is a possibility of that; but I am by no means certain. I feel that I cannot be responsible for anything that I might have said or done, while under the influence of that bad man whom you had for a coadjutor in this dishonorable business. I declare to you that I regard you with the deepest repugnance, with unconquerable aversion. I couple your name with all that is mean and contemptible, all that is regarded with abhorrence among mankind. If you indeed have any claims upon me, after hearing such words from my own lips, you must be willing to release me from them."

"You mistake my disposition entirely, my good little wife. No earthly consideration could induce me to such a foolish step," answered Grayson.

"Indeed, Mrs. Grayson, you should endeavor to overcome this absurd prejudice," said Marton.

"Sir!" replied Marion, with a look of contempt.

* A spot at that time called Acosta's Pasture, situated on Summer street.

"The captain is an excellent man—a very excellent man," resumed Marton, much abashed.

"You are the only one as thinks so!" exclaimed Alice, who was with difficulty trying to appear indifferent to this scene.

"I have come to give you an airing in my carriage," added the captain.

"Take an airing yourself, sir!" said Alice.

"I hope you will protect me from the impertinence of your servants, Mrs. Grayson," resumed the captain. "Miss, leave the room."

"There sits the woman as commands here, sir. I don't stir a step—not a single step without her orders. I shall face the music, sir!" cried Alice, bridling up.

"Face the devil!" exclaimed Grayson, angrily.

"That's what I'm doin', sir," returned Alice, looking unflinchingly at the captain.

"Captain Grayson, I appeal to you as a man of honor, will you release me from any engagement which might have been entered into while I was unconscious of my acts?" asked Marion, firmly.

"I positively assure you that I will not."

"And if I refuse to acknowledge the authority thus usurped, what will you do?"

"Compel you to be reasonable, as the law is on my side. Will you put on your bonnet and shawl?"

"Not to-day; give me until to-morrow to reflect," remonstrated Marion.

"Not an hour will I give you. Alice, bring your mistress's things."

"Sir, I've defined my position. I stand here and I can't be moved. You may consider me a fixture, sir."

"Indeed!"

"And my mistress is a fixture, too."

"Is it possible!"

"We are all fixtures, sir."

"I can't wait."

"If she attempts to go, I will hold her, sir. I will seize her by the waist and cry murder—murder, as loud as I can scream."

"You will?"

"I've got good lungs, I tell you."

"You're a vixen! You'll lose your place, I foresee. I shan't keep you, depend on it."

"If I was a colored woman, sir, you shouldn't keep me. I'd be the servant of servants, sir, afore I'd wait upon you. 'Twould disgrace my family, sir. If Davie was here, sir, he'd throw you out of that winder, sir!"

"Your bonnet and shawl!" said Grayson, authoritatively.

"Don't you stir," resumed Alice.

"Your daughter refuses to obey me, madam," continued Grayson, to Mrs. Day, who had just entered the room. "To-morrow, my evidence will be required against your husband."

Mrs. Day began to weep, but said nothing. At that juncture another arrival took place. The door opened, and Dr. Montague entered. Grayson immediately introduced him to Marion, as his wife.

"When did this marriage take place?" asked the doctor.

"Day before yesterday," said the captain.

"What witnesses have you?"

"Mrs. Day, and the clergyman who officiated."

"And she refuses to yield to your authority?"

"She does."

"It is unaccountable," added the doctor, calmly.

"It is indeed," responded the captain.

"You will enforce your rights, of course?" resumed Montague.

"I shall be obliged to; but being the friend and protector of the family, it will grieve me to take such a step."

"No doubt," said the doctor. "Perhaps you had better send for the clergyman, and have the affair settled on the spot."

"Your advice is good," answered Grayson. "Colonel Marton, will you oblige me by taking my carriage and going for the Rev. Mr. Santon?"

An awkward silence reigned for some fifteen minutes. Marion, with her face buried in her handkerchief, wept unceasingly, and her mother followed her example. Not so with Alice. She still remained a "fixture" in the middle of the

room, her arms folded, her face suffused with anger, and her eyes flashing indignantly.

"I thought better things of you, Dr. Montague," she said, spitefully, as Santon appeared.

"You married Miss Day and Captain Grayson?" said Dr. Montague.

"I did," replied Santon.

"She gave the proper responses?"

"She did."

"You consider her his lawfully wedded wife?"

"I do."

"The case seems to be very plain," added the doctor. "Mrs. Grayson, you will be obliged to confess the authority of your husband."

"I have resolved to do so, and no person knows what an effort it cost me; but my courage fails; the task is beyond my strength. I cannot reconcile myself to my fate."

"Perhaps your friend, the clergyman, can exert some influence upon her mind," resumed the doctor. "Can you not employ some strong arguments to convince her of her duty?" he added, turning to Santon.

Marion shuddered with horror.

"O, take away that fearful man!" she cried, in an agony of terror.

"I think I might," said Santon, piously, fixing his serpent gaze upon Marion.

"Wait one moment," said Montague. "I have thought of another expedient which may succeed in bringing your wife to a sense of her duty." While the doctor was speaking, there was a burst of music in the street. Captain Grayson, and the others looked out and beheld, to their surprise, the King's Volunteers parading in front of the house.

"What means this?" exclaimed the captain.

"A pleasant surprise, captain; they wish to pay you a compliment, doubtless."

A large and splendid carriage now drew up to the door. The music immediately ceased, and the King's Volunteers formed two lines between the vehicle and the door of Mr. Day's residence. Several persons then alighted; but who they were could not be distinctly seen.

The parlor door was thrown open, and the

following persons entered: Mr. Day and Edward, Sherwood Melville, Davie Dixon, Mrs. Melville and Agnes. A man followed them wrapped in a light cloak, which was drawn up over his face in a manner to conceal it from view.

Captain Grayson and Colonel Marton looked at each other in alarm, and attempted to leave the apartment.

"Stay!" cried Dr. Montague, "and hear what remains to be said. Captain Grayson, your consummate hypocrisy, your unheard of villany, is unmasked. Behold before you the victims of your wicked and unmanly scheming. You turn pale and tremble at hearing these words from one whom you believed your accomplice in villany, and your friend Marton winces beneath my words. I have not sufficient power over human language to tell you how much I despise such despicable meanness, horrible malignity, and cold-blooded atrocity. You are scoundrels, both. I have watched you in all your devious windings and turnings, in all your criminal duplicity, and stand here to witness against you. The measure of your sins is full and running over. Here must your career end.

"This fair young creature is *not* your wife, Captain Grayson, as *you* know, as *I* know, and as *that* man can testify (pointing at Santon). He is not a clergyman. The only thing he can claim is *infamy*, which you can both go and share together like brothers. The marriage was no marriage at all; and the lady is free. This is not half. You caused her father to be accused of a crime of which he was not guilty. And why? To gain an ascendancy (which an honest man would scorn to possess, or use) over this angel of purity and beauty. A few days ago, I was called to dress the wounds of one who received a gunshot wound at Bunker Hill. He had something on his conscience which he wished to free himself of. He confessed the murder of James Hill. He had witnessed the payment of the money by Mr. Day, and was tempted to kill him in order to possess it. Before he had time to rifle the dead man's pockets, he heard

footsteps and fled. Mr. Day was on his return home. He saw a dark object upon the ground. It was the body of Hill. He bent over it to see if life was extinct. You, Captain Grayson, saw him in this position, and conceived the horrible scheme which you have attempted to carry out. Heaven has frustrated your plans. Justice stands up and confronts you. Edward Day was taken at Bunker Hill. You were not content; you were anxious to increase your power over Marion. Desertion was a crime punishable with death. You resolved to make this imaginary crime subserve your purpose. He was not guilty, as you were well aware; but that mattered not. You could render Marion and her mother more wretched by this ingenious device. That failed; the prisoner escaped. He is here. Look upon the father, the son, the mother, the daughter; you have wronged them all past the power of reparation. The story of their wrongs has been told to one in authority. He has acted humanely, generously, Marton is your accomplice. He has sought the ruin of another innocent and worthy family. He persecuted a friendless girl. He took advantage of his position to oppress her and make her wretched. He would have destroyed one most dear to her by the ties of blood. All failed; you both were thwarted; God is just."

Dr. Montague ceased, and the man in the cloak stepped forward.

"You are rogues, both," he said, slowly.

"And who are you?" exclaimed Grayson.

The man threw off his cloak and hat, crying in a voice like a trumpet:

"I am Thomas Gage, Captain General of his Majesty's troops in America. I deprive you both of your command, in the service of King George. He who oppresses women, and has no respect for innocence and virtue, is not worthy to wear the sword. Give yours to me. I will bestow them on those more true and loyal—more honest and brave. Tear off those badges upon your shoulders."

Burning with shame, rage, and disappointment, Grayson and Marton gave up their swords, and the insignia of their rank in the British Army.

"Gentlemen," added the general, "I will give you passports to the American camp, and to all others of this company, save these three (pointing at Grayson, Marton and Santon), who esteem it a favor."

"Before you go, general, I would introduce one more person to this company," said Montague.

The general bowed assent. The doctor stepped to the window, and tapped upon the glass. Steps were heard approaching. A tall man opened the door and stepped in. A cry of astonishment escaped the lips of all. The tomb had given up its dead—James Hill stood before them!

Dr. Montague spoke again.

"Mr. Hill was found at Valley Acre, at about nine o'clock on the evening of the sixteenth of June. The body evinced no signs of life; I pronounced him dead and attended him home. By the earnest solicitations of his wife, I used the means usually resorted to in such cases, for his resuscitation. Contrary to my expectations, I was successful. I walked directly to Captain Grayson's quarters. I was already deeply in his confidence. He sat down and told me the plan he had just formed, and how he would make the tragical fate of Hill subserve his purpose. I kept my *secret*. I told him nothing of the resuscitation. I attended to his wounds daily, until he was fully restored as you see him now. I have kept him concealed—I have waited my time—my satisfaction is complete."

Marton and Grayson were now permitted to withdraw. With bowed heads, biting their lips with vexation and shame, they left the apartment. The moment they reached the door, the *Volunteers* gave three groans, and the band struck up the "Rogue's March," and played it in fine style. The infamous pair crept into their carriage and drove away furiously—humbled and disgraced men.

Santon followed on foot, Davie Dixon helping him, with his *foot*, to get a *fair start*, exhorting him earnestly to "face the music." The trio soon after disappeared from that por-

tion of the country, and were never seen there afterward.

General Gage in the most bland and graceful manner congratulated the company on the successful termination of their grievances; and expressed a wish that Marion Day and Sherwood Melville might shortly be united.

Dr. Montague was thanked and caressed to his heart's content; but in the conviction that he had "done to others as he would that others should do unto him," he found his most ample and fitting reward.

Passports were procured, and all the parties worthy of the reader's interest, went over to the American camp.

The same day that the British troops evacuated Boston, Marion Day and the Rebel Spy, Agnes Melville and Edward, were happily wedded. It was a joyful occasion, not only for them, but for the American army, and the townspeople; the latter having become heartily tired of being shut up in the town, and prevented, by military law, from holding any communication with the country.

It was a day of general rejoicing; but to the fortunate lovers, such a day as we will not attempt to describe. Davie Dixon followed the example of his friends, soon after, and married Alice. Their courtship had been a long one,

having known each other before the breaking out of the colonial difficulties. Dixon was the first to enter the besieged town after the British left it. He rode "Congress" on that memorable occasion, and was heard to say more than once:

"Eyes front! look at the inemy; face the music," &c.

Dr. Montague always remained a firm friend of the parties; not till some time after, did they discover that he was a true friend of the revolution. During the siege, he had kept up a correspondence with the American commander, and had frequently rendered essential service.

The *King's Volunteers*, many of them, went with the British troops. The few that remained behind became the supporters of the patriot cause. The fair Marion, and the gentle Agnes, never regretted their choice; they made their husbands the happiest of men, and considered themselves the most fortunate of wives.

Mr. Day, though he could not fully agree with his brave son-in-law on all points, ceased to find fault with the whigs, and thought it was very possible they might be right in their opposition to the ministry.

Thanking the kind reader for his indulgent attention, the author takes leave of the REBEL SPY and the KING'S VOLUNTEERS.

THE END.