

Two Girls
of
Old New Jersey



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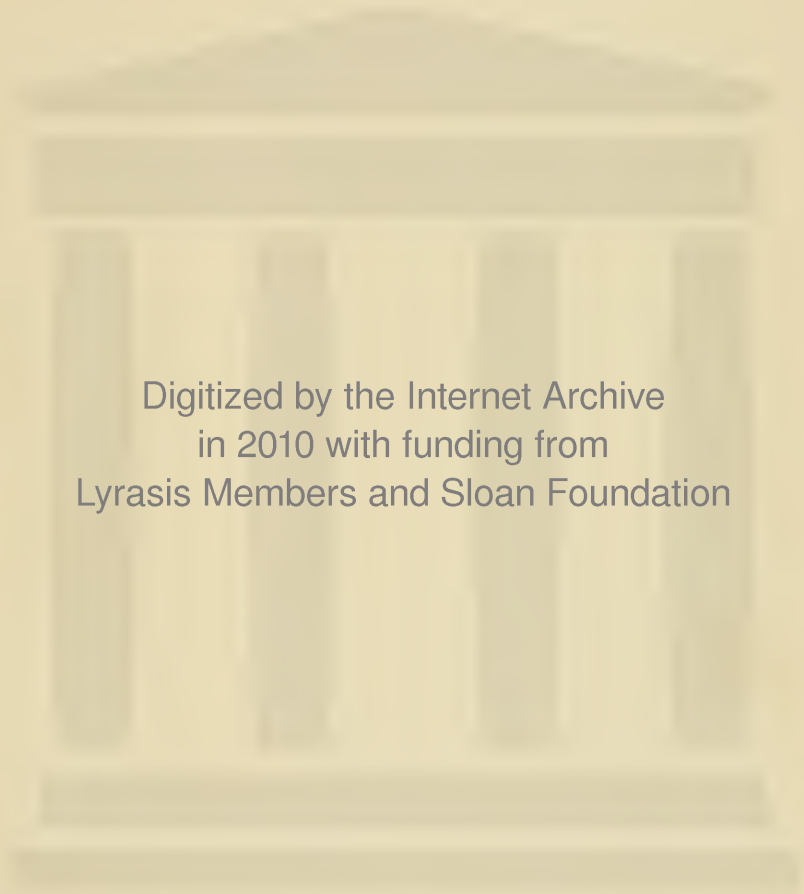
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TWO GIRLS OF OLD NEW JERSEY



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“TELL HIM, RAB, SHE COULD BUT SHE DOES NOT KNOW AS SHE
WOULD’ ”—Page 172

TWO GIRLS OF OLD NEW JERSEY

A School-Girl Story of '76

BY

AGNES CARR SAGE

*Author of "A Little Daughter of the Revolution," "A Little
Colonial Dame," etc.*

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN BLACK-AND-WHITE BY

DOUGLAS JOHN CONNAH

*"On fame's bright roll thy name is found,
Jersey land, my Jersey land!
Thine every rood is hallowed ground,
Jersey land, my Jersey land!
At Trenton and on Princeton's field,
On Monmouth's plain, with valor steeled,
Thy sons their lives for freedom sealed,
Jersey land, my Jersey land!"*
—ANON.

NEW YORK

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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September, 1912

TO
ALL YOUNG GIRLS
OF NEW JERSEY, IN GENERAL,
AND
TO ONE IN PARTICULAR,
MARIAN CAROL SAGE,
THIS HALF-TRUE STORY
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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TWO GIRLS OF OLD NEW JERSEY

Two Girls of Old New Jersey

CHAPTER I

THE VAN GUILDER FARM

“ These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spencer’s rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy :
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
Of knights, but not of the round table.”

THE warm, bright summer of 1774 was drawing to a close. Already the leaves on the trees were tinged with the rich tints of autumn, crimson and russet and gold, while the shores of the winding Hackensack — that river of many bends — were fringed with velvety cattails and fragrant with the delicious odor of wild grapes, just mellowing into juicy ripeness.

Beside the highway, leading from the compact little village of thirty houses, past the Van Guilder farm, there also nodded a few sprays of goldenrod, which are ever September’s faithful couriers.

It was these which called forth surprised exclamations from two blithe young maidens who came skipping out from the old stone homestead with crow-stepped gables and, baskets in hand, went speeding up the Kinderkamack road in quest of blackberries, now hanging in luscious clusters upon their thorny stems.

“ Most dearly do I love the gay, yellow wands,” cried the shorter of the pair, “and a bunch of them I always keep in my dormer room until they are as dry and brown as Marm Venus’s hands. Many a time and oft, too, have Jan and I used them to play at ‘King Midas’ pretending that a touch of the flower sceptre would turn everything into gold.”

"Ay, they be pretty enough *blumies*," assented her companion carelessly, "but not so over pleased am I to see them this year ; for they remind me that the long vacation is nearly ended and my rare fine visit with you drawing to a close."

"It is true," sighed bonny Katrina Van Guilder, "and sorry, sorry will we be to have you leave us. But, Tempe, you must come again, when once more the school-books are laid aside."

"That will I right gladly," laughed Temperance Wick, a well grown girl of thirteen. "It may be, though, Trina, that we shall meet before that time. When your good father returns from Philadelphia, I mean to renew my pleadings that he send you this winter to the Misses Burnham's school at Trenton, where my dull wits are being polished. Would you not like it, dear heart?"

"I think so. I know I would like to learn to work at cross-stitch and dance an Allemande and Devonshire minuet as you do ; but much I fear I should half die of homesickness away from the moeder and Jan."

"Oh, that would soon pass off."

"Maybe so ; but, O Tempe, look ! Look at the berries ! They are as thick as the plums in a St. Nicholas pudding."

For the next fifteen minutes, then, hands and mouths were too busy for much conversation. Quickly the birch-bark baskets were filled to overflowing and sunbonnets were about to be pressed into the service, to hold the woodland spoils, when a loud outcry was heard in the distance and both damsels turned to see a boy of about fourteen, bare of head and flushed of face, rushing wildly across the fields in their direction while in his wake came two negro slaves very slowly, bearing a heavy burden between them.

"Why, it is Jan !" exclaimed Katrina, turning pale. "Some misfortune must have happened !" and off she flew to meet her brother, who was now within ear-shot.

"Dire news, dire news," he shrieked. "The redskins have been up to their deviltry once again !"

"Ah, no, say not so," cried his sister aghast. "Surely, none of our friendly Hackensacs or Delawares would work the father an injury !"

"No, they would not. But the Lenape from over Hudson River way have no such scruples. A party of them rode by this



“ ‘LOOK AT THE BERRIES! THEY ARE AS THICK AS THE PLUMS IN A ST. NICHOLAS PUDDING’ ”—Page 2

morning and, while the men and I were harvesting the Indian corn in the upper meadow, they entered our paddock, caught the black mare and made off with her at a spanking pace. The thievish devils! It is a sore loss and what is more, it leaves her colt, which is only two days old, alone and motherless."

"Oh, the poor little horsekin!" almost sobbed Temperance, who dearly loved animals. "Is that he which the field hands are carrying?"

"Yes, but it is scarce worth their while. He has small chance of life without his natural nourishment."

Certainly it was a most forlorn scrap of horseflesh which the slaves now deposited on the grass beside the girls and which turned its pathetic dark eyes mournfully upon them, meanwhile uttering little moans of distress and hunger. Tempe kneeled down and kissed the small rough head, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"We will take it home, anyway, and see what can be done," decided Katrina. "Mayhap the moeder can feed it from a bottle, as they do babies. Come, Quack and Claus, shoulder your load and let us lose no time."

In procession, then, the orphaned colt was borne to the great Van Guilder barn and laid upon a bed of sweet scented hay, while the hearty, wholesome housemother came bustling out, in short gown and petticoat, and worked over him for more than an hour, surrounded by a sympathetic crowd of negroes and children. It was all, however, of no avail. The bottle of warm, sweetened cow's milk he would not so much as look at, but weakly turned away his pretty, gazelle-like head, closed his eyes and seemed about to die.

"It is no use," declared the dame, at last. "I can do no more. But vexed enough will Roeliff be, when he comes to his home and finds the high bred mare and the little one both departed."

Katrina wept aloud, but Temperance whispered: "Please, then, Mistress Van Guilder, may I try what I can do? Once I saw my mother revive a wee, new-born lamb and it might chance that her method would succeed now."

"Oh, *ja, ja!*¹ Do what you will. Naught can hurt the

¹ Yes.

creature now and no more time can I spare from my butter-making." Away, then, the busy woman hurried back to her dairy, feeling that her four-footed patient was doomed, but still leaving it to the young visitor's gentle ministrations.

"Quick, Wyntie, fetch me a bowl," called Tempe to a small mulatto at her elbow, and her bidding being speedily obeyed, she poured the milk from the bottle into the open receptacle and, dipping her rosy fingers in the liquid, held them to the forlorn little animal's mouth.

At first he paid no attention, only gasped and moved uneasily, while they feared every breath would be his last.

"Not wuth bodderin' ober, leetle missy; fur all he's good fur now is his hide an' taller," said old Claus sententiously. "Run along to your dinner an' let de pore beast go in peace."

But the girl shook her head. She fancied the closed eyelid had opened a trifle and she persevered. Presently, the soft nose began to snuff gingerly, a thrill ran down the tiny frame and, slipping her fingers betwixt the colt's jaws, she was rewarded by a slight sucking motion. Thinking it might be only fancy, she made no sign but kept on dipping her hand again and again in the warm milk until, at the end of five minutes, there was no longer any doubt. The glaze was passing from the dull eyes and the small creature was imbibing greedily.

"Oh, come, come, Katty," she almost screamed in her delight. "See how the baby horse is drinking. He will live! I just know he will live now!"

"Tanks to you, den, Missy Tempe, tanks to you," chuckled Quack, cutting a pigeon wing on the barn floor and then scuttling off to announce the glad fact to the household in general and his mother, Marm Venus, in particular.

"Humph," grunted that wiseacre of a crone, who set up for a seer among the negroes and was overflowing with signs and superstitions. "I jest knowed dat mare was gwine to be stole or somethin' ebil happen. Knowed it when dat triflin' Wyntie flung de sweepin's in de fire.

“ ‘ Burn up dust,
Bring ye wuss ’

ebery libin' time. I wigged dat nigger well, too, an' wus mighty keerful to make a cross in de dough I wus a-kneadin'. But fur dat, de leetle critter would hab gone too, an' been buried under de peach tree afore night."

"Very well, Aunt Venus," laughed Tempe, when the old woman's words were repeated to her. "Between us both, though, we will pull him through all right. You keep up the hokey pokey business and I'll look after the commissary department."

Religiously, too, the "little horse doctor in petticoats" — as Jan dubbed her — kept her word, tending her four-footed patient with most loving care and going through the slow feeding process morning, noon and night; so that by the time Roeliff Van Guilder returned from his trip to the City of Brotherly Love, the colt was able to stand and caper about on its long, lanky legs and was as promising a young equine as one would wish to see.

Before this occurred, however, a fierce September storm swept over the peaceful farming valley and the young folks were housed for three days, while a cheery fire of hickory logs was kept constantly burning in the living-room, to drive off the damp chill which presaged the advent of the "season of falling leaves." Around this glowing "heart" of the home, too, the family loved to gather as soon as the shadows fell.

"Now, then, is it time to think of the wool and the flax spinning," announced thrifty Vrouw Van Guilder, bringing out the "great wheel," little wheel, distaff and spindle; and, while without the wind and rain were striving for the mastery, within there was a picture of happy, homely industry, when —

" The boys dressed the flax, the girls spun the tow,
The music of mother's footwheel was not slow;
The flax on the bended pine distaff was spread,
With squash shell of water to moisten the thread."

Katrina and her buxom elder sister Marta were quite expert spinners and weavers, while Temperance assisted them by winding the white warp on the spools and setting them on the scarns. Dame Van Guilder made the big wheel hum merrily and even

Tiny, the roly-poly six-year-old baby of the household, could skein the yarn on a clock-reel and fill the quills for the weaving of bedspreads.

Meanwhile Jan, with the assistance of the black boy Quack, manufactured brooms of peeled birch or, with their jack-knives, whittled out rough and crude but very useful articles for the house and farm, such as butter-paddles, cheese hoops, pigbins, trenchers and box-traps.

"It is thus I earn most of my pocket money," explained Jan to Tempe, when she was admiring his dexterity. "The housewives used to pay a shilling apiece for good 'Indian brooms,' as they are called, but now the squaws bring them round and sell for ninepence and a drink of cider. We cannot, therefore, ask as much as formerly, though it takes three evenings to peel and tie a large brush, beside the cutting down of the young birch tree. I hope to make more next month, however, by gathering beech-nuts. Paulus Demarest, the shopkeeper, pays a dollar a bushel for them and I am saving up for a new shotgun with which to shoot rabbits."

"Or, perhaps, it will be higher game you will be aiming at," laughed Tempe, as she met her white teeth in a yellow pippin. "My father says if the trouble the king's men are having with the bean-eaters of Boston should spread throughout the country, we may be shooting redcoats before we know it."

"Oh, whisht! whisht! my child!" cried the hostess. "Speak not lightly of such a dreadful thing. As a small wench, I saw something of the distress and devastation which the French and Indians wrought among our settlers during the last war, and the very thought of battle and bloodshed sends my heart tumbling right down into my quilted slippers."

"But, my mother," spoke up Katrina earnestly, "should a conflict ever really come, I know which side I would be on."

"And which is that, sweetheart?"

"Oh, that of the country, of the colony! Never, never, could I go against my birth-land, for any king upon his throne."

" ' Oh, Jersey Blue !
With eyes so true ! ' "

chanted Tempe, while Jan and Marta snickered, but the wise vrouw remarked mildly,—“ Much difference of opinion is there bound to be on that score. We are as a daughter to the Old Country and always is it hard to cut loose from a mother's apron strings. I pray all disputes may be settled by words and not blows.”

“ To hear the moeder talk, no one would dream she was a descendant of that Penelope Van Princis who, being shipwrecked at Sandy Hook, and having her young husband murdered, began her life in this country in a hollow tree,” said Jan. “ She was a brave one, forsooth, and lived for months in an Indian wigwam, with squaws and papooses, before she found her way to New Amsterdam, where she married our great grandfather, Richard Stout, who was an Old England man and one of the founders of Middletown. That village, too, she saved from destruction by the red men, ere she died, which was not until she was a hundred and ten years old, in spite of the wounds and scars of which she was rarely proud.”

“ Tush, tush, saucy splutterkin,” exclaimed Mistress Van Guilder. “ Though I relish not warfare, I am a Middletown Stout and, also, as stout by nature as I once was by name.”

“ And by figure, likewise,” put in Marta slyly.

At which the good dame pretended to box all their ears and, then, catching up a turkey wing, began vigorously to brush the hearth, while she called to the colored boy :

“ Run, Quack, for the *blaw-mock*¹ and puff the fire that it may burn brightly while we eat, for the table is spread and I see Wyntie coming from the kitchen with the boiled beef and buck-wheat pudding.”

“ I know, too, that Tempe's favorite soft waffles are to follow after,” cried Katrina joyously, as all gladly laid aside their work and gathered around the bountiful board.

¹ Bellows.

CHAPTER II

THE BOND-SERVANT

“ A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven.”

—*Wordsworth.*

ALARGE, lithe-limbed bay horse, sixteen hands high, trotted briskly over the rough, red, New Jersey roads, drawing a spring-wagon of particularly fine appearance for those early days and one of which the owner was rarely proud. This owner was well-to-do Roeliff Van Guilder and he was now driving himself, although a slave, as black as the ace of spades, occupied the seat back of him and by his side sat a youth, so sad of countenance and dejected in attitude, that he seemed a blot on the beauty of the fair evening, when the whole world was washed bright and clean by the late great storm. The golden sunshine of the day had tempered the first touch of frost in the air, and behind them, against the roseate, sunset sky, the hills were half hidden by a bewitching veil of hazy, blue mist.

“ Muddy enough are the highways now,” remarked Mynheer. “ But soon the sun and wind will put that to rights, and not overmuch does Rosencrantz mind the ruts and hummocks. A vera goot horse is Rosencrantz, but not so fine as my high bred black mare. There is a beast for you! She comes of pure, blooded stock and many a silver dollar does her offspring bring in the market-place. Know’st thou aught of horses, my boy?” And he turned a kindly eye upon the young fellow at his side.

“ Aye, sir,” replied the lad, though without animation. “ My uncle’s paddock, in Devonshire, was as well known to me as my own home, and more than one colt have I broken there.”

“ Thy father’s brother?”



“‘KNOW’S THOU AUGHT OF HORSES, MY BOY?’”—Page 8

"Yes, but he, too, has passed away, or I should not be here," and something like a sob choked the youth's utterance.

"There, there, fret not thyself! It is not well to dwell too much on bygones! And five years will soon wing themselves away. Then, Willem, you will be your own master once again. In the meantime, we shall try to make the days of servitude not too hard."

"You are good, more than good, and I shall endeavor to make myself of use to you; for sorry, indeed, would have been my fate, if I had fallen in with a harsh taskmaster."

"Not a doubt have I of your good intentions. When in thy face I looked, I knew thou could'st be trusted, even before the captain told me of the honorable manner in which thou came forward and offered to be sold, to pay thy father's debt."

"The name of Tuttle has ever been an honest one, sir. I could do no less. But I pray you, sir, be not affronted, if at times I lack cheerfulness and am downcast. Not, at once, can I forget my dear, wise father, or that dreadful night funeral, when they cast him into the depths of the sea."

"The Angel Time must be thy consoler; and he likely rests as peacefully beneath the blue waves as beneath the green sod. At the last day, too, the Good Book says the sea will give up its dead, as well as the earth."

"Aye, so the preacher on shipboard told me; but it brought little comfort."

"It ought so to do; but, now, away with darksome thoughts, for yonder are the lights of Hackensack and ere long the *gude vrouw* and the children will be giving us the hand of welcome."

In the flower-beds around the Van Guilder homestead, the blossoms had nearly disappeared or were dry and shrivelled. Hollyhocks and sunflowers hung their heads and black Quack was engaged in cutting down and trimming the lilacs, syringas and other shrubs, in anticipation of their "long winter's nap." Meanwhile, he relieved the monotony of his task by surreptitious bites at a huge chunk of hot gingerbread, filched from the pan when Marm Venus's back was turned and hidden in the pocket

of the "crocus" apron which protected his suit of striped cotton, known as "cheridary."

" Roll, roll, roll, Jordan, roll !
I'se gwine home to Glory,
Roll, Jordan, roll ! "

He sang piously, between mouthfuls, as he clipped away, looking as innocent as a young bronze Samuel.

But "conscience makes cowards of us all," and he started guiltily, when Wyntie, in a clean frock and with her wool braided in tight little knots all over her head, came skipping down the path and, while her beads of eyes twinkled mischievously, chanted in his ear, —

" ' As I went up Salt Lake,
I met a little rattlesnake,
He e't so much of ginger cake,
It made his little belly ache.' "

" Imp o' Satan, what mean you by dat ? " demanded Quack angrily, turning upon her.

" Nuffin, 'cept mebbe rattlesnake round yere an' de rope-end make somefin ache, sure 'nuff, ef Marm Venus git wind ob de pickin's an' stealin's."

" Who gwine tell her ? "

" I is, 'lest you kin catch me ! " And, taking to her heels, off the small witch flew, calling back tauntingly, —

" Fire on de mountain, fire on de sea,
Clumsy Quack can't catch me ! "

With a bellow, the colored boy started in pursuit, but hither and thither, like a will-o'-the-wisp, fluttered Wyntie's tow skirt, around the garden, through the barn-yard, across the apple orchard and over into the neighboring meadowland, so swiftly and lightly, that finally the boy tumbled flat into a pile of corn husks from sheer exhaustion, and lay there gasping for breath.

" Law, splutterkin, what a snail you is ! And now I s'pose I'se obleeged to tell Marm Venus you stole de cake, though I 'low I

is monstrous sorry to do it," said the little torment, drawing down her mouth and trying to look sorrowful.

"You wouldn't, Wyntie, sure you wouldn't! Don't ye know what Massa Jan say ob telltales?"

"Tattle-tale, Tattle-tale!
Only fit to duck in de pail!"

"But I said I would, if you couldn't catch me; and not to would be a lie," persisted the girl.

Quack, uncertain whether she was in earnest or not, heaved a great sigh but, the next moment perceiving what promised to be a reprieve, at least, approaching, sprang to his feet, shouting joyfully, — "Oh, look, look, Wyntie, what comes over yonder hill! It's Rosey and de Boss or I'll eat angle worms! And, see! he's sure brung a city coon wid him, from Philadelphia."

"Dat's de truf. But who think you is de young gemman on de front seat? Ach, but de missus will be full ob gladness and I must run and tell her at once."

Off again, then, flew the dusky sprite and, ere Roeliff Van Guilder reached his own gate, the whole family was assembled in the porch to meet him: and in the ensuing excitement, Quack's misdemeanor was completely forgotten.

"Welcome to thy home, Roeliff, and thank God thou hast made the long journey in safety," said Vrouw Van Guilder.

"Welcome, welcome, dearest fader," cried Marta, Katrina and Tiny, throwing their arms around his neck; while Temperance came in for her share of the parental kisses that followed and the slaves chorused: "Welcome, welcome, Boss," in the background.

"Here, too, are others to ask the hand of friendship," said the good man, when the first hubbub had subsided. "Claus, this is our new field hand, Yombo, whom you will take to the kitchen and see he has a hearty supper of boiled beef, mush and milk, and coffee. And this, Penelope, is another helper, Willem Tuttle, who fell in my way and for whom I desire a cordial home-coming."

But there was not much cordiality in the wife's surprised glance, as she nodded to the youth, in spite of the graceful way in which he doffed his shabby hat and the shapely head, covered by wavy masses of chestnut hair he thus exposed to view, while she thought: "Can Roeliff have been so mad as to purchase a bond-servant, when well he knows my prejudice against them!" All she said, for the nonce, however, was,—"Hasten, Marta, and mix for thy fader a tumbler of arrack and Barbadoes rum. Parched and dry must his throat be, after his long drive! Forget not, too, to sour it with a dash of lime juice. As for you, Jan, you can conduct this Willem to the little room off the hay-loft, in the barn."

It was from the window of that humble apartment, then, that William Tuttle first viewed the great bouwerie destined to be his home for several eventful years. A pleasant enough sight, truly, but oblivious to the attractive picture of woods and rolling meadow-land, he rebelled fiercely, in bitterness of soul and anguish of spirit. Stretching his arms, he cried aloud:

"I am a slave! a slave! A bond-servant, — not much better than those black imps down yonder! Oh, never, never, did I think to fall as low as this; and never can I sing again, —

" ' Rule Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never will be slaves ! ' "

Ha, ha ! Never will be slaves ! But I am a Briton and I am a slave ! That, too, in a so-called Land of Freedom ! "

Then, flinging himself upon the pallet bed in the corner, the lad gave full vent to his overpowering grief.

In Colonial days, when hewers of wood, tillers of the soil and, likewise, instructors for the young were in sore demand, redemptioners, or "term-slaves" were by no means uncommon. They were of two kinds, "indented servants" and "free-willers," the latter being those who, having no money, but who wished to emigrate from the Old Country, agreed with the captain of the ship to allow themselves to be sold for a limited term of years, in order to pay their passage and any other expenses that might be incurred.

To this class belonged Horace Tuttle, the father of William, a gentleman with far more Latin and Greek stored away in his head than he ever had pounds in his pockets ; a one time college professor, who had sunk lower and lower in the pedagogue line, until the few pupils who remained scarce sufficed to put bread and cheese in the mouths of himself and son, and who — finding his health failing — determined, as a final resort and for the sake of his boy, to seek better fortune in the new land across the water.

Scraping together enough to pay William's passage, he pledged himself for his own, hoping to be sent to the Virginia Colony, where schoolmasters were often sought for the large plantations and where he thought the warmer climate might drive away his cough and the hectic flush from his cheek. Indeed, the very first week at sea he seemed to take on fresh life and strength, but it was of short duration. A severe cold, contracted during a heavy storm, soon laid him low and, one month before the staunch ship *Hector* anchored in the Pennsylvania port, he breathed his last, his dying words being, —

“Never forget, Billy boy, that you were born a gentleman, and a gentleman must be ‘*sans peur et sans reproche.*’”

“‘Without fear and without reproach!’”

Those were the words that rang in young William's ears night and day and, — when the captain, furious at the loss of his “cargo,” stamped around and swore at the “old rascal who had cheated him by dying and whose carcass wasn't worth as much as a neat's, for that could be sold for its hide and tallow,” — made him go and offer himself as a “free-willer,” to be disposed of, until he was twenty-one, in his father's place.

No wonder his young heart was sore within him, but through it all he was conscious of a feeling of thankfulness that the genial Dutch farmer had been guided to the wharf at Philadelphia, when he was put up for sale and that he had fallen into such kindly hands.

“Though not particularly pleased did the madam look,” he thought, “and I do hope they won't make me bunk and eat with the negroes.”

It was something of this story that Heer Van Guilder, after being rested and refreshed, was at that very time relating to his

affronted wife, in the retirement of their cheerful bedchamber. But not before she had aired her annoyance at having a "redemptioneer" forced upon her.

"For, oft and again, — as you very well know, Roeliff, — I have declared that a bond-servant I would not have. No white slaves for me! And of the slum and scum of the Mother Country are these 'indented men,' often taken from the jails and prisons and from lowest haunts of vice! Thieves and cutthroats many of them have proved. Who knows but this rapscallion may fetch fever into our healthy household, or rob and murder us in our sleeping benches some fine night!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Now, Penelope, your imagination, forsooth, is running away with your good sense! But for his sad countenance, he is as comely and straightforward appearing youngster as ever I set eyes on. And, in matter of fact, his passage was paid all the way out in the ship *Hector*."

"Pray, then, what is he doing here as a servant?"

"To settle his dead father's indebtedness; but hearken to the story, as Captain Cutliff told it me, and as I gathered it from Willem himself."

Quick of temper but soft of heart was Penelope Van Guilder, and, during her husband's recital, her eye gradually softened, her lip quivered and, at the close, her sympathies had gone completely out to the orphan in the barn. "What a dastardly brute that captain must be, to so have spoken of the departed and before his son, too! Very commendable, then, was it for him to offer himself, since there was no obligation so to do."

"Only the obligation of honor!"

"True! Well, let us hope you have not thrown away your good dollars for a miscreant, and to-morrow I will have the attic room cleared out for him."

"But where is he to eat? It is not fitting that he take his meals with the colored folk."

"No. To-night Quack shall carry him his food and I will take the matter into consideration. But there goes the supper horn, so let us descend without delay, or the quail and scalloped oysters will be cold."

CHAPTER III

NONE-SO-PRETTY'S

“ Let your gown be a sacque,
Blew, yellow or green,
And frizzle your elbows
With ruffles sixteen.”

—1774 *Fashions*.

“ **D**AR, pox me, ef I didn't jest know strangers wuz a-head-in' dis way,” grumbled Marm Venus, as she settled each brown and smoking quail in a nest of green parsley on the great pewter platter. “ Fur when I opened de door dis mornin', ef dar wasn't dat ole white cock a-crowin' on de door-step, as ef he wanted to bust his gullet ; an' tree times dis bressed day has I dropped my dish-rag. Sure signs bofe of 'em ! But what de boss wants of more folkses on de place, to cook fur an' clean up arter, I can't see.”

“ An', mudder,” put in Quack, “ de white splutterkin, in de hay-loft, am a slave coon same as us, 'cept de color. He gwine look arter de hosses an' cut de corn wid Claus an' me.”

“ Pore white scum, hey !” cried the cook. “ Well, no use hev I fur sech trash ! De vrouw, too, is ob de same mind an' I sartainly is s'prised at Baas Van Guilder. But here, Wyntie, be off wid dese birds an' jest mark how de wind is a-blowin' betwixt de massa an' missus.”

The little handmaiden, however, could see naught but smiles and happy faces around the table in the spacious living-room, where wife and children were all eager to hear the husband and father's recital of his visit to the City of Brotherly Love ; for, in those days, a trip from home was an event to be recalled and lived over in memory for months afterwards.

“ My start back was delayed by the storm,” he said, “ but the journey was easily made in five days. We came by the stage wagon to Trenton, where I had left Rosencrantz and the cart,

they having been kindly cared for by my old Quaker friend, Abraham Hunt, and where we put up, over night, at Stacy Potts' tavern."

"Ah, yes, I know them both," said Tempe. "Prudence Hunt and Tabitha Potts are both day pupils at the Misses Burnham's school and oft do I visit them in their homes."

"So? Well, nice-spoken, well-mannered wenches they seem to be! I had some converse with Potts' daughter and found she had a nimble wit of her own."

"But what about Philadelphia?" interposed Dame Van Guilder, impatiently. "Did'st thou see Madam Gresham and Mistress Vanderbreck; and hast thou fulfilled all the commissions I charged thee with? Much I hope thou hast not forgotten the Dutch paduasoy for my Sunday gown, cloaks and prunella shoes for the girls and a piece of Hum-Hum to make up for the servants."

"Ay, vrouw, I believe I have them all and something more beside. Madam Gresham graciously did the buying for me, since my time was greatly taken up by the business that called me thither and in seeking a strong black man for the farm work. It was in looking for him on the wharf that I fell in with the English lad. My mind, too, has been sorely distracted by the political talk on all sides. Men are rarely wrought up, I can tell you; and in the city is now convened a 'congress' for the express purpose of drawing up a petition to King George and his parliament."

"Is it so? And who, pray, are the leaders?"

"One Peyton Randolph of Virginia is presiding; and Patrick Henry — whom they tell me has the silver tongue of a god — made the chief address. Very reasonable in its demands it was, too. Then, in the assembly are John and Samuel Adams, from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and a military chap named George Washington, who, if reports lie not, will soon be leading them all; for people say he has a way that is most convincing."

"Or, mayhap, — as Venus would tell you — his second toe is longer than his great toe," laughed Marta. "Such, she declares, are sure to rule."

“Never, then, will Jan be king or president,” chuckled Katrina. “For worn out am I darning the holes his big toe makes in his yarn stockings. But, fader dear, did'st thou see any of these great men with thine own eyes?”

“That I did. In the street I stood and saw them all file out of Carpenter's Hall. It was a monstrous uplifting sight!”

“That it must have been,” quoth the good housemother; “but now, Roeliff, if you have finished your glass of Hollands, let us fetch in the box and take a peep at the ‘none-so-pretty’s’ you have brought from the metropolis.”

“Oh, yes, yes!” chorused the young folks.

“Ay, we will do so, just as soon as I have smoked one pipeful of tobacco.”

“Meanwhile, then, mine moeder,” said Katrina, in a low-voiced aside, “may I not take the poor stranger lad his supper and afterwards bring him in to sit in the ‘chimbly-corner’? For right frosty is it turning and the barn is cold.”

“Ach, I do not know about that! Quack can serve him well enough; and I have not yet made up my mind how to treat him.”

“You could not be aught but kind; and more friendly will it seem if I go with a cheering word. So downcast did he look that it made my heart-strings twitch.”

“Have thy way, then, daughter,” finally consented the dame, though somewhat reluctantly; and, ere long, it seemed to the homesick boy that a flaxen-haired angel suddenly appeared before him and ministered to both body and mind. For as he satisfied his appetite with the savory viands, she chattered away until smiles crept about his sad lips and, to his own surprise, he found himself actually laughing. After some persuasion, too, she ended by conducting him into the family circle of warmth and comfort, where an iron-bound chest now stood in the centre of the clean, sanded floor, from which the father was drawing forth rich silken and woollen fabrics, gay cottons and gewgaws and distributing them to children and servants, all of whom were gathered round, in an eager, excited group.

“Come, come, Trina, as good is it as a Christmas stocking!” exclaimed Tempe, waving a silver bodkin and then thrusting it

through her massive, dusky braids. "Even I have not been forgotten in the gift-bringing."

"I should think few could forget her, who had once seen her," whispered William to his conductress, with a glance of admiration at the young brunette's sparkling eyes and animated countenance.

"No, they could not, for Temperance Wick is more than comely, is she not?" replied Katrina heartily, and determined to repeat the compliment to her friend before they slept.

But, at that moment, Tiny was clamoring for her to look at her red morocco shoes with paper soles, and little silk "love-hood"; and Jan was strutting about in high boots, brandishing a Barlow jack-knife, with sharp, burnished blades, that had long been one of his keen boyish desires.

"See, also, my so beautiful '*steemkirk*,'" cried Marta, holding up a fine embroidered muslin scarf, "and my church girdle and hair-pegs! But what hast thou brought for Katty, fader?"

"In faith, I thought her 'none-so-pretty' the finest of the lot. It is a quilted petticoat of 'watchet blue' stuff, and this soft Tabby tippet. Dost thou like them, Puss?"

"Oh, they are lofely, lofely, mine fader! As proud as a peacock shall I feel when I walk in them to the kirk."

"I think all are pleased," said Dame Van Guilder, "unless it be myself. The cloaks are good and the shoes and slippers; but Madam Gresham must think me a fine city lady like herself, to choose for me lilac satin for a sacque and puce colored damask for a petticoat; while, pray, what may this be?" And she held up a bonnet affair of thin green silk shirred on whalebones.

"That, my dear, is a 'calash' and Madam Gresham bade me tell you it was the most modish thing in head-gear. A fashion direct from London. She wears one, as well as a turban of gauze, and a hoop-skirt. Mistress Vanderbreck, too, wished me to say that the girls must be sure and have frills on their sleeves this winter."

"Gadsbodikins! Heaven preserve me from any such heathenish toggery! But, Willem,"—turning to the much-amused lad in the corner—"you come straight from England! Tell me,

have you ever seen an outlandish monstrosity like this worn there?"

"Many of them, madam," replied the youth. "And I have heard it said they were invented by the Duchess of Bedford."

"There, Vrouw Van Guilder," laughed Temperance, "you surely can't refuse to wear what the nobility favors! All the wives, too, will soon be following in your wake."

"That is likely the truth, since most women resemble foolish sheep," but she looked appeased, as she laid the calash aside.

In the meantime, generous Mynheer was hauling forth presents for the servants, and they soon trooped away, with their arms full, to gloat over their leather clogs, fustian hats, callimanco gowns and fuzzy jackets of swanskin.

"A vera goot baas is he and not so stingy as most Dutchmen," they assured Yombo, who only grinned and showed his teeth like white china.

"I, too, have my bit of spruceness, as well as the rest of you," chuckled Heer Van Guilder, when the cloud of black faces, in the background, had evaporated. "It is this,—an 'umbrilloe,' an article for keeping off the rain which has recently come into vogue. Very useful did I find it during the big storm. Like walking under a roof was it." And he opened and shut a flat sort of a parachute, with very few ribs.

"'Twill be a curiosity in this village," said Jan, when the umbrella had been well examined. "Much, too, do I wish a shower would come up, that under it I might walk down to the Green. Fine sport would it be to see the gossips' heads popping out of the windows and, mayhap, even the Dominie standing still in the road, to stare and wonder."

"Chut, chut, silly pate! You will not make a 'raree show' of yourself for the eyes of Hackensack," declared the thrifty dame. "This 'umbrilloe' goes not out on week-days. It is to be kept for Sundays and holidays."

"Which I'll be bound will all be fair weather days," sighed Jan, with a comical look at William, whose spirits were rapidly rising in the wholesome, healthy atmosphere of the Van Guilder farm.

So joyous, then, was all the evening, that no one would mar

it by telling the master of the theft of the black mare. For, as his "*gude vrouw*" said, "Time enough will it be in the morning; and better can all things be borne in the light of day than beneath the dark wing of night."

When, however, Temperance and Katrina were tucked away in their feather-bed, the latter told her friend of the English boy's words. "And he looked at you," she continued, "he looked as the *Voorlezer* looks at Marta."

"Very rude, then, was that!" scoffed Tempe. "And not at all do I feel flattered by having a bond-slave make sheep's eyes at me! Quickly, though, will I teach him his place."

"Ach, talk not so, for I know he meant not to be unmannerly. I am sorry I repeated the compliment, since you take it thus. Very different is he from most redemptioners, and that I can see already. His way of speaking is so—so gentle. The softest that ever I heard." But Katrina's voice came drowsily and, ere long, both maidens were floating away on the billows of sleep.

CHAPTER IV

RABICANO

“ In the golden reign of Charlemagne the king,
The three and thirtieth year, or thereabout,
Young Eginardus, bred about the court,

* * * * *

Had thence by slow degrees ascended up ; —
First page, then pensioner, lastly the king's knight.”

—*Tuckerman.*

SWEET and dreamless is the slumber of youth, but the sun god had scarce shown his bright face above the Palisades on the following morning, before Temperance Wick's eyes were wide awake and she was springing lightly out from behind the bed-curtains.

“For right is it that the poor beastie should have his breakfast good and early,” she thought, as she hurried into her clothes, wrapped a wadded cloak about her and softly stole down-stairs and out to the “slave kitchen,” which stood apart from the house, where she wheedled Venus into heating for her a skeel of sweetened milk.

“Gwine be ructions here dis day, missy, an' ye mark mine words,” remarked the old crone, as she poured the liquid into the shallow, wooden receptacle. “All de night hes Wenus ben a-dreamin' ob fire an' sure as preachin' somebody gwine to be mad enuff to bite ten-penny nails.”

“Hope it won't be me, and I believe you know pretty well who the enraged one is like to be, you old humbug!” laughed the girl, taking up the dish, while Pretzel, the little bow-legged, yellow mongrel who ran in a wire cylinder to turn the roasting-spit, begged for a share of the morning meal ; and Sancho Panza, the mild-eyed, russet-hued shepherd-dog, barked a greeting and conducted her down the path.

The small horse knew her well by this time and scrambled awkwardly up on its long, lanky legs, whinnying a welcome as she entered the big stable. The sound, too, aroused the occupant of the room above, and, peeping down from the hay-loft, William Tuttle was astonished at the sight of the young lady playing nurse to the ungainly colt and feeding him with her own rosy fingers.

"Truly she must have a good heart, as well as a bonny face," he said to himself, and, five minutes later, Tempe heard over her shoulder, "Can I not do that for you, miss?"

"My thanks to you, but I prefer to tend my pet myself, and you had best be about your own tasks! The barn floor is still unswept." There was much of scorn, likewise, in the glance the maiden cast at the bond-boy, she not having forgotten her declaration to Katrina to teach him to "know his place." Nothing now, though, could be more deferential than the lad's manner, and, as even the smallest woman is not insensible to flattery, when he said: "Pardon! I only thought such work not fitting for such pretty hands," her countenance relaxed and she answered more softly, —

"I do it because it is my fancy so to do; since it was I saved the beast's life."

"So?"

And so courteous was the one word that, ere long, she was relating the story of the Indian raid which had left it motherless.

"It was a cruel shame, truly," sympathized William, "and sad marauders must those red men be, though greatly would I like to see one. But have you named the little one?"

"No, I have not. They tell me he will be as dark as the mare which was called 'Black Sal.' Not a light spot has he upon him, except a few white hairs in his tail."

"Oh, then, why not name him Rabicano?"

"And why Rabicano, pray?" asked Tempe, now deeply interested.

"Because that means 'a horse with a dark tail but some white hairs.'"

"How know you that?"

"Many times have I read it in one of my poor, dead father's

books. Quite a goodly library had he!" and the shadow of the past again saddened the youth's expressive features, which, though he knew it not, carried him a step further in the girl's liking.

"Was there ever an animal so called?"

"A fictitious one. It was the name of Astolpho's horse in *Orlando Furioso*. A most wondrous beast, too, it was; for its dam was Fire, its sire Wind, and it fed on unearthly food."

"Lack-a-mercy! That sounds like a legend of kobolds and fairies!"

"It is a tale of chivalry, for Astolpho was an English knight who fought under Charlemagne against the Saracens."

"Ah, me! You talk more learned than the schoolmaster! And no such pretty yarns does Miss Minerva Burnham teach to us at Trenton."

"Perhaps they would not be altogether suitable for young ladies; but they are vastly diverting; for Astolpho had most marvellous adventures, being carried on the back of a whale, changed into a myrtle, and even descended into the infernal regions."

"To the bad place, mean you?" asked Tempe, in an awe-struck whisper.

"Yes;" and William could not resist a smile at her frightened look.

"Well, verily I should love to read that tale! Who made it up?"

"'Twas written by one Ariosto, and is a poem—an epic poem."

"At any rate I am obliged to you for telling it me, and the dear, little horsekin shall be named Rabicano, if Heer Van Guilder so agrees. It is far grander sounding than 'Black Sal,' or 'Grizzle,' yonder;" and she nodded towards a gray filly. "I shall, though, have to call him Rab, for short."

"How came the bay with so fine a cognomen as Rosen-crantz?"

"Oh, the Voorleezer, who is keeping company with Marta, named it. He said it was a name out of one of Master William Shakespeare's plays."

"So it is."

"You have read those, also?"

"Most certainly."

"Gemini! But you could hold your own with Dr. Peter Wilson, the teacher of the new, fine academy! Never did I hear of a redemptioner who had so much book knowledge."

"My father was once a college professor and well versed in Latin and Greek as well as English."

"And your mother?"

"Much higher born than he; but disowned by her family on account of her marriage. She died, though, when I was too young to remember her."

"How came you, then, so low down in the world?"

"Ah! Great Britain is a hard place in which to coin brains into shillings and pence; so you see me here, a slave — and friendless in a strange land."

"Not friendless! No never! Last night you affronted me, but now I know you better, I shall be your friend, — always, if so you will let me call myself;" and the impulsive girl thrust her soft hand into the youth's rough palm.

A flood of crimson suffused his cheek and brow, but he grasped the little fingers warmly and it was at that moment that William Tuttle — English born and bond-servant though he was — swore allegiance, in his heart, to his adopted country and to Temperance Wick.

They were presently interrupted, however, by an uproar from the house and across the garden came the master of the place swearing and stamping with rage, the queue at the back of his head fairly quivering with anger.

"He has heard of the theft of Black Sal," whispered the maiden, and she nearly doubled up with merriment, as the irate farmer, like a whirlwind of wrath, went spinning around the great barn, inspecting each stall and shouting: "*Donder und blitzen!* Enough is it to make a man's choler rise! The pizen thieves and duyvils! After the way I have treated 'em, too. No longer, though, need they come to the Van Guilder farm for corn and cider."

"Yet I dare wager he'll be giving them to some squaw to-

morrow," chuckled Tempe, under her breath. "Like Sancho, Mynheer's growl is a deal worse than his snap."

"*Christus!* I would not have lost that mare for one thousand cob dollars! And the foal, too, — that must be as good as dead."

Surprise, however, brought him to an abrupt halt when he came to the colt and in silence he examined it minutely, pulling open its jaws and feeling its back and limbs. Suddenly he threw back his head and roared: "Haw, haw, haw! By St. Nicholas, the critter is as sound as a nut; and the vrouw says it was that whiffet of a gal pulled him through! Come hither, hussy, and let me give you a few thank words."

Laughing heartily, Tempe obeyed, saying, — "No thanks do I want, Mynheer; for better do I love the beasties than my Catechism."

"That I warrant; but much will I like to reward thee."

"As if my beautiful hair-bodkin, from Philadelphia, was not sufficient! It may be, though, good sir, that I shall have a request to whisper in your ear before I leave."

"Well, if it be not too unreasonable, it is as good as granted; but now the sun is high in the heavens, so be off to your *supaan* and milk, while I have a word with Willem here."

Over the mush, then, Temperance waxed eloquent regarding the newcomer. "Why, the Dominie himself talks no better," she declared, "and I should not wonder if he could read Latin as well as the schoolmaster."

"It might be, then, he could sometimes give me a bit of help with my Virgil," put in Jan. "Dumber am I in that than in anything, Dr. Wilson says."

"The most important of all, too, will it be when you go to the College of New Jersey," said his mother. "From what you tell us, Tempe, it would seem it is a rare bird that Roeliff has unwittingly caught in his net."

"He is; and a shame it is to keep him outside with the curs and coons."

"True; and this decides me! At our own board shall he, henceforth, eat his food; and in the 'chimbly-corner,' when the day's work is done, he and Jan can have a crack at the classics together."

“Good, good, *mijn moeder!*” cried Katrina, clapping her hands. “Much I hope, too, that he will repeat to us some of the fables he knows,—such as he told to Tempe.”

“No doubt he will, when the long nights come. But now, Jan, be off and catch Pretzel—who knows it is Saturday as well as we do and is hiding himself away—for it is time the Sunday fowls were a-roasting; and I have yet to skim the sour cream for the churning.”

Saturday was always the busiest day of the week on the farm, for Sabbath preparations had all to be made before sundown and when, an hour later, Temperance and William chanced to meet in the kitchen, the little bow-legged dog was mournfully treading in his cage, causing the chickens on the spit before the fire to whirl merrily; while Wyntie was churning vigorously, at the same time chanting, over and over, an old charm insisted upon by the cook.

“Come, butter come,
Come, butter come,
Peter’s at the gate,
Waiting for a patty cake!”

“Stirs up de yaller specks an’ brungs ’em quick,” explained the negress. Then, with an oracular nod at the girl,—“What I tell ye, missy?”

“‘Dream ob fire,
Sure to be ire!’

an’ de *baas* was mad, sure enuff, wasn’t he?”

“Yes, Aunt Venus; but I wish you would predict a few pleasant things.”

“Dem kind don’t trow deir shadders as long before as de bad ones.”

“That I fancy is what all fortune-tellers and prophets have believed,” said William. “But, Miss Temperance, it is a right good turn you have done me! I have just had converse with the mistress and she tells me I am to be considered as one of the family. This will make the five years of my servitude much easier.”

“It will, indeed; and glad shall I be to think of it when I am far away.”

“You are not going soon?”

“Within forty-eight hours. On Monday my father comes to take me home to Morristown and, in a fortnight, I return to school.”

“Then I have found a friend only to lose her almost immediately,” sighed the lad, as he picked up the iron-bound bucket he was to fill at the well.

A little later, though, when Tempe rejoined Katrina in the dormer room, the latter cried teasingly, — “Ho, ho, Miss Change-Coat, much do I admire the way you make indentured servants ‘know their place’!”

But all Temperance vouchsafed was, “It is a girl’s privilege to alter her mind.”

CHAPTER V

THE CHURCH ON THE GREEN

“ The Old Stone Church, time-worn and gray,
Survives, though since its natal day
Two hundred years have passed away.”

—*F. De Haes Jannes.*

ON the very site it occupies to-day, — though as a smaller and plainer edifice — stood the old Dutch Church of New Barbadoes one hundred and fifty years ago. Close to the Green it stood, not far from the rippling river and within a stone's throw of the Colonial Court House and jail, the pillory and whipping-post, as though to show that Religion, if not Mercy, should sometimes temper Justice. Around it and the verdant Common clustered the low, rough stone, white-pointed houses of the village proper; while closer still nestled the hamlet of the dead, where the early settlers were laid to their long, dreamless sleep.

Thither, on Sabbath morning, came the good people from miles on either side; from Saddle River and Polifly; from Cherry Hill and English Neighborhood; some on foot and some on horseback, and many in the great covered wagons used for carrying the farm products to the New York market, twelve miles away. Truly worthy folk, most of them, descended from honest, industrious Holland and Huguenot stock and who, although almost within the sound of the busy city's hum, had curiously escaped its distracting, disturbing influence; and clung, more or less, to the primitive customs of Fatherland.

Most of them arrived early, for this was the grand social meeting of the week, on the church steps, in the churchyard and around the horse sheds in the rear of the sanctuary. Now came the exchange of gossip and recipes betwixt the thrifty housewives, while their husbands talked of the crops and price of cattle; and

the swains made shy advances to the buxom damsels, who were gay as tulips in their Sabbath finery.

On the particular autumnal Sunday of which we write, the Van Guilder family elected to walk the mile and a half which lay between the farm and the village and William went with them, his eyes and ears open to the novelty of his new life. Very fine, too, did Katrina feel in her "watchet blue" petticoat and soft silk tippet, which attracted much attention from the maids and matrons they met along the road. "For glad are we to see the latest mode," said they.

"But these are nothing to the moeder's new-fangled bonnet and flowered satin," responded the girl to an inquisitive dame, known as "Charlotte-in-the-field" who hailed her from her pasture land and insisted upon turning her round and round and inspecting her from head to foot.

"Hum! There must be plenty of dollars to throw away in your household; but tell thy mother I will be up to-night for a sight of the finery."

"Which is funny," whispered Temperance to William, "since she never wears anything to the kirk but a quilted hood and wadded long cloak."

"*Guten morgen*, Roeliff. Glad am I to see you back," cried Mynheer Peter Zabriskie, the leading man of the community, stepping forth from his big stone house, fronting on the Green and directly opposite Campbell's tavern, on the other side of the square. Warmly, too, he shook Heer Van Guilder's hand. "Is there aught stirring in the Quaker City?"

"Ay, indeed. The merchants' minds are vastly disturbed and there is much click clack on both sides. Ten minutes have we before the service, so come over with me to the inn. I want a few words with you and Archibald."

Meanwhile, the rest of the family joined the group gathered about the church door, and tongues ran nimbly, until the bell summoned them within the sanctuary, where the men sat on one side and the women on the other, while the negroes occupied an upper gallery.

Much loved and respected was Dominie Goetschius, and almost as much so the young Voorleezer, or clerk, who led the

singing. Tall and slim was this youth with the long, narrow face and high cheek bones of the typical Hollander ; and as he struck his tuning fork and sang :

“ My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch,
To spy the dawning day,”

he gazed straight at the Van Guilder pew, as though paying his devotions to the goddess of his heart in rhythmical psalmody.

Curiously reverent, though, was his manner of reading the Scriptures, in a musical, singsong tone, and accurately he turned the hour-glass which marked the length of the discourse, delivered by the little, black-gowned minister, in the Holland tongue ; one moment thundering forth anathemas and the next moving his hearers to tears by his pathos. So severe, too, was his aspect in the pulpit, that an Episcopal clergyman once said to him, — “ It always seems to me, when I hear you preach, that the law must have been given in the Dutch language.”

To which the witty Dominie replied : “ Very likely ; and all ways have I thought that the English must have been the language in which the serpent spoke to our mother in Paradise.”

But Lennard Terheun, the clerk, was not the only one who bowed at pretty Marta's shrine, for not only was she a belle of the township, but her father was the owner of many acres of fertile land, much cattle and stock, and had a goodly nest-egg laid away.

So, when the contribution bag, on the end of a long pole, had been passed around and the last hymn sung, there was a bevy of beaux at the door to greet her as she went out, and conspicuous among them were Cornelius Van Valen eager to engage her for the Thursday night singing school ; and big, bronzed Jack Berry, with his bold, black eyes, to beg that he might see her home from the corn-husking soon to be held at the Van Winckles' of Old Bridge. By which it will be seen that the Voorleezer had his rivals and was by no means sure of his coy lady-love.

“ Though much better do I like Lennard than any of them,”

Katrina confided to her friend on the way home. "A wicked look, too, do I think that Jack Berry has, under his long lashes."

"He is rarely handsome, nevertheless," said Temperance.

"Yes, but creepy do I feel when he comes near me, and I wonder Marta lets him wait upon her."

"Mayhap it is to make the Voorleezer jealous. Charlotte Berry says Marta is a sad coquette."

"Then it is an untruth she speaks. My sister is not. But a girl must treat all alike, until she makes up her mind."

"There, Trina, flare not up! I, myself, wish to be a coquette. It is the flirty girls who have the sport."

"And is that what you learn from the Misses Burnham? By the way, Tempe, have you asked the fader about my going to the school at Trenton?"

"Not yet, but I shall this very night. When he has had his dinner and Sabbath nap, then will I speak to him. For oft have I heard my mother say, — 'Make no requests of a man when he is hungry or tired.'"

In pursuance of this plan, then, when after supper Heer Van Guilder was comfortably ensconced beside a fresh log fire, which had been started in the best front room, in anticipation of "court-ing night," as Sunday was always considered; and as he was gaz-ing with never failing pride at the blue and white Dutch chimney setting, where —

" Round the mantelpiece
Glisten Scripture files,

* * * * *

Painting David's flight,
Fair Bathsheba's smiles,"

the sensible little maid crept to his side and, taking his pudgy, fat hand in hers, whispered: "What a fine, pleasant apartment this is, Mynheer, with that beautiful wainscot of red cedar, the big mahogany high-boy and those ball-footed chairs!"

"Yes, it is; and from Holland the furniture and tiles were brought over. But soon will Marta be turning us out of here. When the silly, love-sick splutterkins arrive, we shall have to go." And the genial farmer chuckled gleefully.

"Such a delightful holiday, too, as I have had!" continued Temperance. "Sore and sorry shall I be to leave."

"Much, likewise, will we miss you, sweetheart, but right is it that the book-learning be attended to."

"Ay, and it is of that I wish to speak. Dost thou remember that I told you I had a request to make before I departed? Well, it is that you will send Katrina to Trenton and let her share with me in the Misses Burnham's instruction. Rarely accomplished English women are they and, 'tis said, there is no better school for girls in all the 'Jarsies.'"

"Which is not saying overmuch! But nay, nay, not yet a while. The moeder and I would have to turn the idea over many times in our mind before we decided to let our dear child go so far from home."

"But, good sir, do you not wish her to have a more genteel education than she can get in Hackensack?"

"The new brick institute will do her well enough for a year or so, since Peter Wilson is a man of parts, if he is a Scotchman. But, Tempe, I confess you have put a maggot in my head that is like to keep working. Perchance, then, I shall say 'yes' next fall; for at that time, if Jan be sufficiently advanced in his studies, he will be going to the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, and far better satisfied would I feel to have her in Trenton, if her brother was but a few hours away."

"Oh, dear!" pouted Temperance. "I suppose I shall have to be content with that, but greatly had I set my heart on having Trina with me this term."

"It is a disappointing world, my child! But it may be I have a drop of consolation for you. How would you like to have the black colt you saved from an untimely death?"

The girl could hardly believe her ears. "Do you mean for my own?" she gasped.

"For your very own."

"Oh, Mynheer, Mynheer! Nothing on all this earth could I so desire as Rabicano!"

"Then he is yours. For two years we will keep him here and have him well trained; after which he shall be sent to you."

"Oh, thank you; thank you. Nothing has ever made me so

glad!" and throwing her arms around his neck, the impulsive lass imprinted a dozen kisses upon the donor's cheek before she danced away, chanting, "Rabicano is mine! Rabicano is mine! Mine forevermore!"

But, at that moment, a loud rap on the brass knocker announced the coming of Marta's visitors and Heer Van Guilder, also, had to beat a retreat.

This proved to be the *Voorleezer* who, to his delight, was able to secure ten blissful minutes alone with the blonde belle before the arrival of two Van Valen boys. They, too, were shortly followed by Jack Berry, when all four sat up stiff and straight in the ball-footed chairs; scrutinized the blue and white china Davids and Solomons, and Jonah and his whale; made an occasional commonplace comment on the weather, the harvest, or the "doings" in the village; and scowled at each other; while Marta only smiled, twisted her long flaxen braid and looked sweet.

With Jack came his aunt, the inquisitive "Charlotte-in-the-field"; but she joined the family circle in the living-room and other neighbors, likewise, dropping in for a view of the fashions; Tempe's last evening at the farm sped socially away, while crullers and cider circulated generously. And, the following noontime, her father, on his way home from New York, stopped to take her with him.

The parting between the two girls was a tearful one, though Temperance whispered: "Cheer up, Trina dear! For, in another twelvemonth, you are like to be with me at Trenton."

The English lad, too, looked downcast enough as he bade his friend "good-bye."

"Take monstrous good care of Rab," were her farewell words; and William's response sounded almost like a vow, as he said:

"That I will; and Rabicano shall be groomed and trained as well as Astolpho's coal-black steed."

CHAPTER VI

AN EASTER VISIT

'Tis Easter morn in the new world,
The Dutch land down by the sea,
And forth in the early dawning
Come the children, full of glee —
Fair Lena, and Hilda and Hensel,
And wee Max, sturdy and bold,
Eager to join in the Easter fray,
With eggs of silver and gold.

TEMPERANCE'S departure seemed to leave a great gap in the household, for even the slaves missed her bright face and merry chatter. But, ere long, the children were back at school in the village, while their elders had their hands full with the autumn work. William assisted the farmer and his men in harvesting the Indian corn and rye, sawing wood, and in gathering and sorting the apples from the orchard, when the small ones were sent to the horse-press to be made into cider, and the larger stored away in a frost-proof cellar under the house. With him, however, the care of the colt always came first and never was animal better fed and groomed than little Rabicano.

Meanwhile, within doors, Marta and her mother, with the assistance of Venus and Wyntie, were preserving and pickling from morning till night, until the pantry shelves were filled with jars of peaches, pears and plums, apple-butter and a variety of jams and jellies. As soon, too, as this was completed, came the "candle-dipping," when tapers for a whole year had to be moulded of tallow and wax, the very finest of all being made from the berries of the bayberry, which grew in such profusion over the countryside.

With the first snow, too, the "wood frolic," as it was termed,

was in order, when the male members of the old Dutch church turned out, in a body, to cut and draw the Dominie's supply of fire-wood. Vigorously they worked together, and, to the cheery music of sleigh-bells, the line of laden sledges wended its way to the parsonage where, at nightfall, all the laborers sat down to a bountiful repast, provided by their wives and daughters. This year, however, the annual custom was saddened by the sudden death, in November, of good Dominie Goetschius, deeply regretted and mourned by his people; so it was his colleague, Dominie Kuypers of Schraalenburg, who was now the beneficiary of their kindly labors.

But there were many evenings when the bond-boy gave Jan much valuable assistance with his studies and the two lads bending over their books, in the firelight, was a pleasing sight to Heer Van Guilder and his bustling mate.

"A marvellous store of knowledge has Willem in his pate for one so young; and almost sure will he make our son's entrance into college," often remarked the latter, and, when at New Year, she brought forth the bag of Spanish silver dollars, from which each child drew his, or her, New Year gift, William had his bright coin with the rest.

Throughout the country, and especially in the eastern colonies, ran an undercurrent of discontent, while rumors of war rumbled in the distance; but in the secluded Dutch settlement the winter sped quietly and pleasantly, enlivened by apple-paring bees, quilting parties—when the young men came for supper and the evening was given up to games and dancing,—corn-poppings, sleigh-rides to some distant town; and every week the popular singing-school, held in the institute, where the sharps and flats, rung from the tuning-fork, often mingled with trills and crescendoes inspired by little King Cupid.

It was about this time that Katrina entered her teens and seemed to grow taller and bonnier every day. So well, too, did she acquit herself at the academy, her father declared she deserved a treat and should go to spend the Easter holiday with his old friends, the Ganzevoorts of New York, for there the Knickerbockers made a great deal of the "*Paas*" festival, as they called it.

There were, likewise, many nose-gays of spring posies and it was a bunch of violets that Philip chose for me, saying 'they just matched my eyes,' and I pinned them in my bodice. We stayed there over an hour watching the girls and boys from Hoboken and Pavonia dance to the jig and reel tunes played by a band of negro fiddlers while some splutterkins tooted on horns and matched each other at pitch and toss.

"It was here, in the market-place, that most of the lads exchanged their shillings for eggs, and soon off we all trooped to the 'Parade,' where Yannety, Peggy and I sat under a tree on the edge of the green, while the *Paas* rout raged. Oh, but it was sport! Eggs smashing eggs, until all the grass was covered with them and you could have heard the shouts and cheers at the extreme end of the Battery. In the finish, too, Hans Ganzevoort was pronounced the *Paas* Day King and he strutted about, as proud as a turkey cock, with his trophies — a string of bright shells — hung around his neck.

"It chanced, also, that, as we were watching the fight, a couple of British officers, looking monstrous fine in their scarlet coats and gold lace, sauntered up and one — a Lieutenant Asgill — recognized Philip, he having stopped at his home in Burlington, and shook him cordially by the hand. 'And how is your good mother?' he inquired right pleasantly. Then turning to his companion remarked: 'If all Friends were like Mrs. Morris, we would all be converted and go to meeting instead of the established church.'

"Captain Harcourt — for so he was presented to us — only laughed and, as Hans just then came up, said: 'So you are the conquering hero of this fanciful mock conflict! I wonder if you would have acquitted yourself as well if you had been with the Yankees of the eastern colonies last week!'

"'And pray, sir, what have they been up to?' asked Hans.

"'Oh, not much! Only trying to pepper the king's men with a little rabbit shot. Silly donkeys that they are!'

"'Dost thee mean that there have been blows exchanged near Boston?' put in Philip.

"'Not at Boston, but reports, which came by post-express this morning, say there was a trifling brush at Lexington and

Concord and much will the participants regret it. Gage will soon cook the rascally rebels' goose for them.'

" 'Mighty pluckily, though, they seem to have fought from behind trees and fences,' added Lieutenant Asgill, 'and Pitcairn certainly had not the "excursion of amusement" that he anticipated. But, of course, the uprising will quickly be put down. It was not so entertaining as this Easter battle, which has diverted us mightily. And, now, whither are you, young folks, off to?'

" 'To the Bayard Bowery, sir,' replied Yannety. 'For it is there we always have our *Paas* dance.'

" 'Delightful! Would I were a youngster again and could foot it with you pretty Holland girls! Who, King *Paas*, is to be your royal partner?'

" 'Katrina Van Guilder, if she will so honor me,' answered Hans, making me a low bow, at which the officers appeared highly amused and Captain Harcourt chucked me under the chin in a way I thought quite unmannerly, saying, — 'I applaud your choice, Master Ganzevoort, and see you have an eye for a trim ankle and a comely face!'

" Ah, Tempe, I could feel the blushes running up to my forehead but I had to give Hans the ribbon out of my cap, for a favor, and lead the way with him, hand in hand. Much rather, though, would I have had Philip, who fell to Peggy's share.

" A rare, royal frolic we had, however, though the thought of warfare troubled me somewhat, and the more so, when I found the whole town talking about the eastern news and saying that, — 'It would, mayhap, be the match to fire the mine, for most unfriendly was the feeling growing against Great Britain.' Methinks, too, the conflict was more serious than the red-coated officers wished to acknowledge, for I overheard Mynheer Ganzevoort tell Heer Bayard that it was reported that sixty-five of the British had been killed, one hundred and eighty wounded and twenty-eight taken prisoner.

" O dear, dear Tempe! Pray that this war cloud spread not over the land, for far worse would it be to fight our neighbors and friends, those of our own blood and tongue, than the copper-skinned savages of the forest!

"All and everything, though, was forgotten, when mine host was so good as to take us to the play-house in John Street, to see 'Colin and Phoebe,' which I verily believe must be the finest drama that ever was writ. Never had I been to a theatre before, but surely plays are the most enchanting things in all the world! I completely forgot that I was little Trina Van Guilder and just lived and breathed with the heroine of the piece. Sadly, too, did they rally and quiz me, when I could not help crying over her woes and nearly shouted for joy when the last act made everybody as happy as dolls. I wish I could witness a play every week.

"Another day we all went to a turtle feast, on the East River. In the afternoon we went to drink tea and to fish, and monstrous pleasant it was. Philip Morris drove Yannety and me, in an Italian chaise, which is the modish vehicle in the city now, and much he told us of his home and family. It seems he lives with his widowed mother and a younger brother, in the old Franklin mansion at Burlington, and he entertained us girls by relating the pranks he and his mates were, oftentimes, up to and how, when afraid of the birch rod, they were wont to hide away in a dark, secret place back of Mistress Morris's linen closet, the entrance to which is so small and narrow they call it the 'Auger Hole.'

"But a bit of a Tory is Philip and thinks we have no right to set up ourselves against 'the powers that be,' as he terms the king and parliament. I waxed quite hot while arguing with him and was well laughed at by Yannety when he said: 'Thee is surely a zealous partisan, Katrina! But thee and the colonies may be sorry for such treason when the hard knocks come!'

"'Two, though, can knock as well as one,' I retorted. 'And, whate'er betide, I shall always be a true American.'

"Over the turtle feast, however, we became quite amicable and we returned by way of the Kissing Bridge. The following morning my visit came to an end and sorry was I to say 'good-bye,' though it was pleasant to see the home faces and all were glad to have me back.

"William, especially, seemed rarely pleased and, Tempe, you cannot imagine how like one of the family he has become! Very helpful is he to the fader, on the farm, and to Jan in the

book study. He is devoted, too, to Rabicano, who thrives finely and can now caper around the pasture with the other horses. It appears as though Marta and the Voorleezer were not so good friends as formerly and more often does Jack Berry come to the house. I like it not. Neither does the moeder.

“Dr. Wilson speaks many praise words of Jan and tells us he has made wondrous progress in his Latin, so, ere long, he will go to Princeton for his examination, although Dominie Kuypers says it is to the new Queen’s College at Brunswick he should be sent, since that is under the Holland Classis. But the fader likes one that has been longer established.

“We shall hope to see you when the sweet corn and the melons are ripe ; and almost settled is it that I am to join you in October, at the Trenton school.

“I kiss your lips.

“Your loving

“KATRINA.”

CHAPTER VII

TRAINING DAY

“ Just out of the clamor of war's alarms
Lay in tranquil quiet the Jersey farms ;
And all the produce in barn and shed
By the boys and girls was harvested.”

—*E. A. Hunter.*

THE bloody June of 1775 had nearly winged itself into the past ; but in the sunny New Jersey valley it was a sweet and peaceful June of sunshine and roses and “ Pinkster bloom,” — the bewitching wild azalea, which edged meadow and marshland with a radiant, roseate glow.

Soft, too, blew the perfumed breeze and from far and near country folk came riding into Hackensack, for it was general training day, and Jan and William, with other lads of under eighteen, gathered in envious groups to watch the men drawn up on the Green, to be put through a series of military evolutions by a short, stocky, little train-band captain, so puffed up with importance that it seemed as if he must burst his blue uniform, turned up with red ; while the drum and fife played “ The White Cockade.”

“ Wish I was old enough to carry a musket and go in for drilling,” remarked young Van Guilder. “ Not only for the fun, but for the fine supper they have after. Um-m-m ! but I hear Archie Campbell is to give 'em a rousing spread this year.”

“ I would like to train because it would make me feel like a soldier,” said William. “ Do you suppose they will let me in the company when I have reached the required age ? ”

“ That they won't,” put in a burly youth, pointing scornfully at the speaker. “ Our militia wants no miserable, thieving bond-slave in its band ! ”

William started forward, with reddened cheek and clenched

fist, but in another moment had, by a mighty effort, controlled himself. "For not for four more years must I forget that I am a servant," he thought bitterly.

The next instant, however, Jan had taken up the cudgels in his defense and crying, — "Shame on you, Simon Tenpenny!" implanted a stinging box on the boy's ear and away they went, rolling on the ground, in a rough and tumble fight.

William attempted to separate them, but in vain; while the rest of the group cheered them on, some betting on Jan and some on Simon.

Both, therefore, were pretty well thumped and black and blue spots were rising when a tall figure came striding down the street and, catching the wranglers by their coat collars, shook them like a couple of puppies.

"See here, young fighting cocks, none of that!" exclaimed Jack Berry, though his black eyes twinkled with merriment. "What do you mean by thus disturbing the peace on training day? It would serve you right if I turned you over to the *schout* and had you clapped in the stocks. What is it all about, anyway?"

"It is about William Tuttle," replied Jan sturdily. "To mine fader he is indentured and is my friend, as well; so the sneering finger I will not have stuck out at him."

"Just for a black-pudding of a redemptioner he shut up my eye with his fist," snivelled Simon.

"Well, then," said Jack, "save your knocks until they are more needed. From the city I have come and there be rumors of a bigger battle than the April one at turbulent Boston town. It is the king's men who are the victors now, though, and Charlestown is burned to ashes."

These words, spoken out loud, quickly brought a crowd around him. "What's that, Jack?" shouted Peter Zabriskie who — having passed the age of twoscore and five — was now a veteran. "And, pray, why are you not training with the rest?"

"Because I have more important business to attend to," replied the young giant somewhat insolently. "What I said was that the regulars have had a glorious revenge on Breed's Hill and a goodly bunch of the rebel leaders have been slain."

"The *duyvel* they have!" ejaculated the Dutchman. "Then who is to take command?"

"Oh, Prescott and enough other Yankees are left to keep the trouble bubbling a while longer, though they are bound to eat 'humble pie' at last. I did hear, likewise, that that Virginia upstart, George Washington, had been made commander-in-chief of the rag-tag troop, and that he was on his way to Cambridge."

"I like not your manner of speaking, Jack," said the older man severely. "Surely no Jarsey Berry would grovel to any monarch on his throne!"

"Oh, la, la! We are free lances, forsooth, but also do we like to be on the winning side!" laughed the youth. "But, now, I have a better tryst to keep than a military one; so good-day to ye all!" and away he sauntered, up the village street, under the elms so grand and green in their rich June foliage.

"Attention! Dress!"

"Shoulder firelocks!"

"Present arms!"

"To the right face!"

"March!"

The little train-band captain's commands exploded from his puffy lips like pops from a pop-gun and briskly, with more or less confusion, the review went on. But all were eager to finish and discuss the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, which now, long since, has become a great historic event — a defeat that was better for the cause than a victory.

Not that these simple village folk appreciated this. They were interested in a way, but Boston was very far off, and when seated around the bountiful board spread for them by "mine host" of the popular tavern, salted shad and roast shoat became, for the nonce, of more moment than British oppression, and peach brandy and metheglin than gunpowder and muskets, while the conversation drifted to things nearer home.

"So, Neighbor Roeliff, I hear you are thinkin' of sendin' Jan to college!" remarked old Farmer Tenpenny, as he shovelled up green peas on his knife.

"*Ja*. I have my ambitions and I wish that mine son have

more book-learning than fell to my share," replied Heer Van Guilder.

"A waste of goot money, Roeliff, a waste of goot money, to thus throw it away on a young scalawag who kicks up an uproar in the street and blackens my Simon's eye, as he did to-day."

"From what I hear, Simon deserved it; and Jan had his bruises as well."

"Very like, for boys will be boys! But the Bible and figgers are all I want my children to know. Take my advice, neighbor, and keep Jan at the seedin' and ploughin'."

"Perhaps then, sir, you will be getting one of the new-fangled wrought iron ploughs that has been recently invented by a Jerseyman named Newbold," put in the Voorleezer, from the opposite side of the table.

"I have heard of that, Lennard," responded the progressive Hollander, "and have thought to look into it. Ofttimes it has seemed to me we ought to have something better than our home-made ploughs and mould-boards for turning up the earth."

"Chut, man! Nonsense! Cast iron would pizen the soil and ruin the crops, as sure as clams are clippers," cried old Tenpenny, and so agreed most of the farmers around the board.

The Voorleezer only laughed, but he appeared in a hurry to end his meal and when rum, Hollands and sweet waters had been set forth by the hospitable Archie Campbell, he left his fellow diners and took the same road traversed earlier by big Jack Berry.

The men all being away in the village, Mistress Van Guilder, soon after the noonday dinner, arrayed herself in a fresh sacque and flowered petticoat and with knitting pins in hand and a goose quill knitting sheath at her side, sallied out to sit on a neighboring porch and have what she termed a "*klapperne*" with her friends. For no women ever enjoyed a "dish of gossip" more than the Dutch *vrouws* of "ye olden tyme."

Meanwhile, Katrina hied her to her favorite spot, a group of willows on the river bank. Old and hoary were these ancient trees, although the long, drooping sprays, almost sweeping the

invented
or 20 years



“‘AND SO YOU WILL NOT WEAR THE RING OF GOLD I HAVE FETCHED FROM TOWN?’ ”—Page 44

surface of the stream, were as graceful and feathery green as when Oretaney, chief of the Hackensacs, led his braves to the lowlands where "the silent waters meet."

So twisted and gnarled, though, were the knotted limbs, that they formed what the little maid called her "elbow chair"; and to this she easily climbed by means of a rustic bench which William had built beneath, and sat, supported on all sides, a branch for her feet, and overhead a glorious roof of leafy verdure that completely shut out the hot summer sun.

"Now can I read, once again, some of Tempe's letter," she thought as she took from her side-bag of patchwork a closely-written packet, received the night before.

"Full of regret am I," wrote her correspondent, "that, this year, I cannot be with you in the long holiday; but to a young 'leech' has my sister become betrothed and in September will they be married. Therefore mommy and I will have our hands full with the fallals and furbelows and getting ready for the wedding, when I am to be the bride-maiden.

"Margaret is so happy that she sings from cock crow to sun-down, for the doctor is an old playfellow of hers and less than a mile from the homestead is dad-da building her a house to live in. Vastly, too, do I like my brother that is to be.

"There is, then, not much chance, Trina dear, that we shall meet until you come to Trenton, where you know I shall welcome you with whoops of joy to the 'Yellow Ark,' for by that name the Burnham school is often known, as the bricks are painted a bright buff color. But, now, I must tell you somewhat of the school-madams and misses you will find here.

"There are three madams, as you are aware, and head of the seminary is Miss Minerva, who is as dignified and elegant as her namesake in the mythology. She can almost transfix one with her gray eye, when one has been unruly. Miss Sally is but the shadow and echo of Miss Minerva, a smaller copy, who repeats what she says and fairly hangs on her words for her opinion. These two teach us the book studies, but it is Miss Madeline — their half-sister — who instructs us in music, dancing and the fine arts.

"Oh, Trina, she is the most lovely, graceful creature that ever you saw! quite young, with long curls each side of her head, and melting dark eyes. All the girls adore her and so will you, when you see her curtsy and languish, and hear her play upon the harpsichord and guitar. She has just taught me the minuet glide and I am to step it at the wedding, with a Morristown gallant, before all the wedding guests.

"There are many day pupils, but only about a dozen who live in the house. Four of us occupy a dormitory together, but one of my roommates leaves at the end of the year, so you are to have her place. I think you will fancy good-natured, red-haired Kitty Clyde; and you cannot help loving little Susan Boudinot who is only eight years old, but who is the most captivating child, and as full of fun and mischief as a chestnut is of meat. I can hear her from the window where I am writing, playing at Quaker Meeting with some of the younger scholars; and you would laugh at the way she drawls out, in her whimsical little voice, exactly like Prudence Hunt's grandmother, — 'My de-ar friends, I've been a-thinking, and a-thinking, and a-thinking; I see the blinking and the winking; pennyroyal tea is very good for a cold!'

"There! Miss Minerva has heard her, too, and has sent Mary Ludwig — our general factotum — to fetch her in; and, I warrant, Sue will go without butter on her bread, at supper, for her sauciness.

"I trust I have not wearied you with this lengthy scrawl which must now come to an end, as it is time for my lesson in cross-stitch, and my sampler grows but slowly.

"With monstrous interest did I read of your visit to the Ganzevoorts. Susan Boudinot knows Philip Morris, for her home, too, is at Burlington. Of course the Misses Burnham are all Tories, likewise, for they were born in Old England.

"My respects to all the household, not forgetting William Tuttle, who surely dropped into clover when your good father found him on the quay at Philadelphia. A pat and a kiss, too, for my so dear Rabicano."

For the tenth time Katrina reread these paragraphs, but the

day was sultry and, towards the close, a pleasant drowsiness stole over her, her sunny head fell back against the tree trunk, her eyelids drooped and, lulled by the twitter of birds and the rippling water, she was soon fast asleep. She dreamed, too, of being carried off by Temperance, in a great Noah's Ark, together with the black colt, Sancho Panza, and the little mongrel Pretzel who bore, in his mouth, a loin of beef filched from the training day feast.

CHAPTER VIII

UNDER THE WILLOWS

“ To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin' ;
Mebbe to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.”

—*Lowell.*

“ **A**ND so you will not wear the ring of gold I have fetched from town ? ”

These words sifted through Katrina's dreams ; she moved uneasily and opened her eyes. Overhead a baby breeze swayed the graceful willow boughs and in the fields beyond the insects hummed in ecstasy over the heat they loved. But, above these summer sounds, a girl's voice sounded distinctly.

“ Oh, no, Jack ; I dare not. Never would the moeder permit it.”

“ It is Marta,” thought the little maid in the tree top, and raising herself, she quietly parted the branches and peeped below. Sure enough ! On the rustic bench sat her sister, while close to her blond head bent young Berry's handsome dark one.

The next words were whispered too low for her to hear, but then the ardent swain said, half angrily, half tenderly, “ Well, then, jufvrouw, if you will not wear my favor, will you, at least, ride with me to the strawberry frolic, near Espatin, to-morrow ? Red and ripe now is the fruit in the Mordavis meadow and fine eating and sport is expected.”

But again the maiden shook her flaxen head. “ That I cannot, for already have I accepted one escort and refused another. Then, too, I thought it was with Fytje Vreeland you were to ride ? ”

“ To perdition with flighty Fytje ! Never did I think of such

a thing! But, pray, who is it that is to have the honor of your company on the morrow?"

"Lennard asked me four days since and to-night he will be coming, after training, to tell me if he has procured a horse."

"Zounds, bodikins! So it is for him you flout me! Flout a Berry of Bergen for a miserable, psalm-singing clerk, who hasn't even a nag to carry him over the ground!"

"Ah, but he will have," laughed Marta. "When Mauritius Goetschius returns from the council at Burlington, Lennard is to use his mare whenever he likes, and it may be Mauritius will be back this evening."

"The old dead Dominie's son, hey? Well, they are all of a piece and unfriends am I with both."

"But you will not be unfriendly with me, your long-time friend and schoolmate, will you, Jack?"

"Aye, that will I, if always you give the right hand to that interfering Voorleezer and the left to me. He shall rue it, likewise," and, in an exceedingly bad temper, the irate lover tramped away in the direction of New Bridge while the country belle sat and watched him out of sight, chuckling in her sleeve.

Up above, too, something besides the "little leafy hands" of the old tree clapped its palms together and Katrina almost shouted, — "Good! good! mine sister!" But just as she remembered that she ought to make her presence known, far down the road she spied Lennard Terheun coming swiftly in their direction, and girlish curiosity kept her still in the "elbow chair," until the young man had taken Jack's place on the bench beside the pretty Dutch girl, who gave him a glance of shy welcome out of her big brown eyes, which were not unlike those of a calf.

"All right, is it, Marta!" he cried, his genial countenance alight with pleasure. "Mauritius is back and is more than glad to loan me his steed, which is a fine spirited one. You, I suppose, will ride Grizzle and rare junketing will we all have at the 'Hill' to-morrow."

"Mayhap," replied the coquette, nonchalantly. "But if Mauritius had failed you, I do not lack for company. Samuel Van Valen would fain be my escort, and Jack Berry has just been

here, storming with rage because I would not break my promise to you, and go with him."

Lennard's face fell. "My claims I will resign, if it is his society you prefer," he said gravely.

"Oh, no. 'The early bird doth get the worm,' and I am the little grub that is like to be gobbled up betwixt you," laughed Marta.

"Say rather the tender butterfly, to be cared for and cherished," and the fervor in the young Voorleezer's tone touched Katrina's heart, if it did not that of her sister.

"Listen, too, sweetheart. Something more have I to say, and this have I brought to beg that you will accept it, just for remembrance." With which words he drew forth a handkerchief tied in a curious knot, at sight of which Marta hung her head and blushed becomingly.

"You know our dear, Dutch custom," continued the young man — "a custom that means much or little, as the maiden wills, and as says the motto on the kerchief;" and from some lettering on the square of linen he read aloud in the Holland tongue, — "Being in love does no harm, if love finds its recompense in love; but if love has ceased, all labor is in vain. Praise God." "Within I have tied a shilling piece and happy will be the day for me when thou canst find it in thine heart to untie the marriage knot and take the money out. Canst thou do it now, sweetheart?"

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed the girl, covering her face with her hands. "Contented enough am I as I am; and never do I wish to marry!"

"It might chance you would, some time, change your mind! Until then, I can wait. To-morrow, or ten years hence, if you send to me the empty handkerchief, I will understand and hasten to you, though it were from the furthest bounds of the earth," and to Katrina's delight Marta took the gift and tucked it in her bosom, although all she said was, —

"The shilling is like to rust away inside the knot, if it waits for me to untie it. But see, the sun is down and the *schemerlicht*¹ is gathering round about us. We must turn our faces homeward."

¹Shadow-light or gloaming.

Slowly, then, the pair arose and sauntered towards the Van Guilder farm, while the small listener slipped down from her perch and followed at a discreet distance, thinking reproachfully, — “What a sad, naughty eavesdropper I have been, but it was vastly interesting! To my sister, though, must I confess it before I go to my bed.” Which she did, and was forced to hearken to some pretty sharp words from the coy belle who, however, could not help laughing and forgiving the roguish penitent, when she threw her arms around her neck, whispering, — “I am sorry, and I am glad! For do, Marta dear, untie the marriage knot and let me be a bride-maiden before Tempe!”

“No better husband could the master’s daughter have than the young Voorleezer,” thought William Tuttle, as he saw the couple part at the gate, for he was excellent friends with the clerk, who often helped him with his studies, even as he assisted Jan, and with an amused smile on his face he stopped to watch them, as little Tiny came dancing up and pressed into the hands of each what she called a “rosy-cake,” concocted of rose leaves sprinkled with powdered maple sugar and cinnamon, and carefully wrapped in a nasturtium leaf.

“You must eat them all up,” she lisped, “for only do I give them to those I love best.”

Glad, too, was the bond-servant to see that they pleased the child by swallowing the floral powders; but, an hour later, when he had finished milking and was carrying the foaming pails to the dairy, he was surprised by the sight of Jack Berry standing under a sycamore tree, without the grounds, in close converse with the black boy, Quack.

CHAPTER IX

A RUNAWAY

“ There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon.”

—*Wordsworth.*

FRESH and sweet as a Pinkster flower looked comely Marta, in her dark blue riding josey and with her hair carefully braided and pomatumed back with orange butter, as she leaned over the lower half of the divided front door, on the afternoon of the strawberry frolic, waiting for Lennard Terheun and gaily waving her hand to the young folks who passed on horseback, all bound in the same direction.

“ No right has Len to be so late,” she thought; but, just then, Tiny called from the gate, — “ Here comes the Voorleezer now, for well I know Heer Goetschius' big roan, — it takes such long strides over the ground.”

“ Run, then, dearie, and tell Quack to bring out Grizzle,” directed the maiden, and she was all ready, with a basket of cakes and cream on her arm, when the great horse galloped up and its rider leaped lightly to the block before the house.

“ But, bless my soul, it is not Lennard at all! 'Tis Sam Van Valen!” she exclaimed in amazement, as the newcomer approached, somewhat shamefacedly doffing his hat.

“ Pardon, jufvrouw,” he faltered, “ but most suddenly has the Voorleezer been summoned away; summoned to Schraalenburg, to conduct a funeral, as Dominie Walmoldus Kuypers is abroad from home and there was no one else. Sore disappointed was he, but he asked me to take his place and to say that ‘naught, whatever, but his duty would have kept him from your side.’ I trust you will not regret the exchange overmuch, since what is his loss is my gain.”

“ Ach, no; for one splutterkin is as good as another! But



“GREAT HEAVENS! IT MUST BE THE VOORLEEZER!”—Page 54

step in, Sam, and moisten your throat with a noggin of spruce beer before we start."

Nothing loth, the young man accepted this invitation, so nobody was visible when Quack brought round Grizzle and he stood holding both horses, when the youthful couple emerged from the house, while, at the same instant, Jack Berry rode by with Fytje Vreeland, whose black orbs snapped with triumph as she nodded to Marta and whipped her steed to a faster canter.

Sam fancied that Jack started at sight of him and made a movement as if to halt before being obliged to follow his companion; but, in another moment, he was swinging his fair lady into her saddle and prepared to leap into his own.

"Look out, boss, he some frisky!" warned Quack, as the stalwart youth bestrode the roan.

"Frisky! I should think he was!" cried Marta, as the animal suddenly gave a wild spring, almost dislodging his rider; pawed the air with his fore-feet; snorted and started on a dead run up the road, leaving her pale with terror and gasping,—"Oh, Sam will be thrown! Thrown and killed, without a doubt!"

So, also, it appeared to the unfortunate equestrian, who tried in vain to stop the frightened creature as it dashed on and on; past the drooping willows and rustic bench; past neat farmhouses, where children rushed out to stare and dogs to bark; and past field after field of rich, ripening grain. More and more crazed, too, the beast seemed to become.

In an upper pasture belonging to Farmer Van Guilder, pretty, little Rabicano was verily "living in clover" that summer, and thither William had gone on this particular day to put him through his paces and train him in the way a well-bred horse should go. This Rabicano resented, but, by means of a sweet lump of maple sugar, he succeeded in keeping him still long enough to slip a bridle on his slender neck and then, springing on his bare back, clung like a leech and attempted to curb him with his strong, young arms, as the astonished beast rushed madly about the paddock.

They were quite near the outer fence and the small steed was just beginning to realize that he had found his master, when

the sound of loud, pounding hoofs set him off in a fresh frenzy, while William, turning his head, beheld the big roan speeding up the road, though half concealed by a cloud of dust.

"Great heavens! It must be the Voorleezer!" he ejaculated, and the colt was more astounded by such a sharp thump on the flank that, before he knew it, he had given a vaulting leap in the air which landed him and his rider on the other side of the rails and they were making straight for the runaway.

With a mighty effort, the bond-boy endeavored to seize the crazed animal by the bit, as it swept by, but missed it and was only just in time to catch young Van Valen, as a sudden swerve threw him over the horse's head, and break his fall to the ground. As it was, the force of the body tumbling into his arms knocked him off the colt's back and both came down together, though fortunately on a grassy bank, while Rabicano kicked up his little heels and made off, elate with freedom.

"Zounds, bodikins!" sputtered the Dutchman, when he had recovered his breath, being nearly choked with dust and rage, "but that was a ride! And but for you, lad, I would likely have had my brains dashed out against the stones."

"What set him off?" asked William.

"That I know not. At starting, he was as mild and playful as a kitten. Never did I dream he was such a *duyvel*. I wonder Mauritius keeps the brute!"

"There must have been some cause for his action. Sit here and pull yourself together, while I go in search of the rascal, as well as the little one."

So saying, William proceeded to catch Rabicano and secure him in the paddock, and then followed in the wake of the miscreant, whom he found half a mile further on calmly cropping grass by the wayside and looking as innocent as though the thought of a wild caper had never entered his equine mind.

Meanwhile, Sam was waxing more and more wroth as he sat on the greensward, rubbing a shoulder that had been lamed by the fall; and his feelings could scarce be expressed in words, when William appeared riding the roan, which trotted along as quietly and peaceably as possible.

"Well, is it I am such a donder-head that I know not how to

ride a strange nag!" he finally managed to mutter. "I, who have been brought up with stock ever since I wore a monkey-jacket! By St. Nick, I would like to get to the bottom of this!"

"It may be I have done so," laughed William, holding up the shell of a hickory-nut. "See what I discovered under the saddle."

"A kiskitomas nut!" ejaculated Sam, now quite aghast.

"Ay, and every time you bounced, it cut more and more into the poor beast, making him mad with pain. The moment you were off, he was relieved and quieted down."

"I see. But who in thunder could have put it there?"

"Ah, that we have yet to discover; but come, jump up behind and let us gallop back before Marta has cried her pretty eyes out, thinking you have had your neck broken."

"A fine figure, too, I shall cut in those same pretty eyes, while too late is it to go to the frolic," growled the aggrieved swain, as he cautiously obeyed.

Still, both he and William had their suspicions, especially when, on reaching the farm, Quack was nowhere to be found. "Fled from the wrath to come, most likely," said the young man; "but he shall have his day of reckoning yet."

He forebore, however, from telling Marta the real reason of the runaway, and quite won Vrouw Van Guilder's heart by allowing her to rub his shoulder with old-fashioned Kiersted Ointment and fuss over him like a motherly, clucking hen, while he basked in the sunshine of the girl's sympathetic glances.

The following morning, though, Marm Venus's harum-scarum "hopeful" had his reckoning.

He was in the barn engaged in "niggering the corn," as it was termed, — that is pounding samp in an Indian mortar formed of a huge block of wood hollowed out — when Wyntie came rushing in, her eyes like saucers, and crying, — "O Quack, Quack! What hes yer ben up to now? Fur here comes Baas Van Valen wid a big hosswhip in his han' an' is a-askin' fur you!"

"O lor, Wyntie! Whereber shall I run!" exclaimed the boy, dropping the pestle and preparing to take flight; but before he had gone three steps, he was confronted by Sam, while in the background appeared the young Voorleezer.

"Not so fast, my fine fellow," shouted the former, and then the

little black rascal experienced the worst half hour he had ever known, as they put him through what now might be called the "third degree."

At first he stoutly denied frightening the horse. "Nebor seed no kiskey-thomas nut! Nebor put it anywhar! Mus' hab drap dere off a tree," he declared sullenly.

"But nonsense is that," said his questioner, "and, mayhap, a few lashes of this whip will refresh your memory."

"Ach, no, do not dat! Ow! ouch!" and Quack skipped with pain as the lash curled about his bare ankles. "Naught wus it but a bit ob sport! an' nebor did I mean no harm!"

"So you do admit putting the nutshell under the saddle?" asked Lennard Terheun.

"Wall, mebbe I did let it drap in dar," sniffed Quack, squirming like an eel; "jest accidental ye see an' to please de young Mynheer."

"Mynheer! What Mynheer?"

"Ach, dat I ain't gwine to tell! Don't ax me, gemmans, I beg, fur he say he flay me alive an' trow me in de lockup ef eber I breave a word about him." And the thoroughly scared youngster burst into wild tears.

"And I'll flay you twice over if you don't speak out! You black pudding, you!" roared Sam, cracking his whip. "What did this fine Mynheer give you for doing the mischief?"

"He don't gib me nuffin."

"Oh, yes he did. Now, what was it?" emphasizing the question with another snap of the lash.

"Ow, ki yi! Ah, baas, fur de lub ob heaben, stop! He gib me a handful ob pennies an' sixpences."

"Where are they?"

"Mos' ob dem losted playin' Hull Gull, las' night."

"You miserable little gamester! What will your friend say to that?"

"Who? Heer Berry?" And then, realizing that he had, inadvertently, revealed his secret, the negro stopped, turning ashy gray.

"By the pigs of St. Christopher, this is a pretty how-de-do! Whatever was Jack Berry's object? Did he tell you?"

“ Oh, nuffin ; nuffin but a leetle fun ! Baas Berry a mighty tricksome gemman, an' he say, — ‘ It do de Voorleezer good to shake him up a bit ; mebbe shake some ob de psalm-singin' out ob him. ’ ”

At this Lennard's face flushed, while Sam cried : “ Yes, by quieting him forevermore ! Dough-head, a great mind have I to whip you within an inch of your life ! ”

But here young Terheun interposed. “ No, Van Valen,” he said. “ The lad is not so much to blame as one better born ; but for Marta's sake no to-do must be made about it. Think how the gossips' tongues would clack ! I am not killed ; neither are you ; so let us drop the matter and speak naught about it abroad. ” And to this, after five minutes of arguing, Sam finally agreed, greatly to the relief of naughty Quack.

All through the summer, then, Jufvrouw Van Guilder rode and danced and walked with the three rivals most impartially, and not even Katrina could decide which she favored most, while, throughout the township, the war talk waxed louder and louder, dividing friends, neighbors, and even families, as some espoused the cause of the king and some that of the colonies.

And in August, Farmer Roeliff was seized with a sharp attack of rheumatism, which made him still more loth to part with his children. Still, he would not stand in the way of their education, though often he said : “ Never, Jan, could I spare you at harvest time, were it not for Willem, who is becoming my ‘ right hand. ’ ”

Therefore, when again the woods donned their autumnal livery of crimson and gold, two trunks, covered with deerskin and studded with brass nails, were carefully packed, and old Venus, bringing two stags' horns, begged that “ leetle massa an' missy would wear 'em round deir necks on de long journey to keep off de ebil eye ! ”

In a shower of tears and good wishes, then, Jan and Katrina left the old rooftree, the one for Princeton and the other for the Burnham school.

CHAPTER X

BOARDING-SCHOOL

“ Lonely were the streets of Trenton,
Trenton town by the Delaware ! ”

—*H. W. Herbert.*

THE compact, little triangular town of Trenton was always redolent of Quaker thrift and cleanliness, while late blooming honeysuckle and other vines transformed the pent-roofed porches into bowers of verdure ; but the rows of brick and frame houses, as much alike “ as the faces of sisters should be,” seemed strange and somewhat repellent to young Katrina Van Guilder when, in the ruddy glow of an October sunset, the great coach known as the “ Flying Wagon,” in which she had been travelling for two days from New York, rattled across the bridge spanning the Assanpink Creek and up over the cobblestones, and under the drooping elms and catalpas of the tiny city. Jan had been obliged to bid her a homesick *adieu* at a point near Princeton and she had come the last ten miles of her journey beneath the motherly wing of a sweet-faced “ Friend,” who wiped away her tears with her own fine linen handkerchief and tried to console her with a bright red apple from her bag of drab silk.

But now even this transient companion had been dropped at a neat farmhouse in the suburbs, so only one small, mournful passenger, tightly clutching her father’s Philadelphia “ umbrillo,” stepped from the coach when, with a grand flourish and a loud blast of the horn, the four horses drew up at Potts’ tavern in King¹ Street.

Landlord Stacy flung wide the door and rushed forth, bowing obsequiously, while at an upper window appeared a dark head in a white cap, but the trembling little maid had only eyes for a

¹ Now Warren.

tall, angular personage in brown, who stepped forward saying, — “If I am not mistaken, this is Miss Van Guilder from New Barbadoes?”

“Yes, it is, madam,” replied Katrina dropping a profound curtsy, and much impressed by the formal title applied to her.

“Well, I am Mistress Burnham of Burnham Hall. Did your luggage come with you?”

The awed lassie pointed out her modest hair trunk, which a hostler was taking down from the back of the stage, while “mine host” of the inn begged them to enter for a few moments’ rest and refreshment.

“Not to-night, thank you, Mr. Potts,” said Miss Minerva. “It is nigh the hour of our evening repast and my sister will be expecting us. If you will see that the young lady’s chattels are transported to the Hall, we will walk on ahead. Come, child.” And, leaving the genial-faced little Quaker nodding assent and scraping nearly to the ground, Katrina was hurried away.

It was but a short distance to the rambling, buff-hued mansion and few words were exchanged on the way; but it was a vast relief to the young stranger, almost hovering on the verge of tears, when from the arched gateway darted a familiar figure and Tempe Wick’s arms were around her neck, while Tempe’s vibrant voice cried: “Welcome, welcome, sweetheart! To see you at the Yellow Ark seems almost too good to be true!”

But Miss Minerva’s stern tones interposed, — “Temperance, you forget yourself! Such excitement is most ungentle! How often have I told you that ‘repose is the acme of refinement’?”

“More times, I think, than I have fingers and toes,” laughed the irrepressible girl, but she and Trina contented themselves with holding hands in silence until the door was reached and a miniature reproduction of the head of the school appeared on the porch.

“This, sister, is our new pupil, Miss Catherine Van Guilder of Hackensack; and this, Catherine, is Miss Sally. We greet you cordially to our midst and trust our relations will ever be friendly and satisfactory.”

“Yes, we greet you cordially and trust relations will ever be friendly and satisfactory,” echoed the smaller lady, extending a

bony hand ; and then Katrina was ushered into a long, low apartment, with deep window-seats, filled with heavy English furniture upholstered in black haircloth, while a Scotch carpet covered the floor ; bookcases filled in the niches on each side of the fireplace and from the wall beamed the stolid portraits of the king and queen of Great Britain.

Here her name, age and acquirements were recorded in a huge register and then she was permitted to retire, with Temperance, to her dormitory and prepare for supper.

“How strange the English of my name, — Catherine, — sounds to mine ears ! And, O Tempe ! How I dread the eyes of all those girls levelled upon me !” exclaimed the little maid, as she finished washing off the dust of travel and making herself tidy.

“Not so very formidable are they, then,” said Temperance leading the way, while as they entered the “refectory,” as it was termed, a shrill, childish voice chanted overhead, —

“ Who is this with flaxen hair ?
 Hope she'll like the Burnham fare !
 Pop-robins and milk and barberry sass'
 Is all they give a Burnham lass ! ”

which created a laugh and broke the ice on the spot.

“It is that imp of a Susan Boudinot,” whispered Tempe, “but she better not let Miss Sally hear her.”

“No danger,” chuckled that merry wight, sliding down the balusters and pushing her whimsical little face in between them. “For she and the ‘Dragon’ have gone out to tea and dear Miss Madeline is presiding to-night.”

Sure enough, a graceful and youthful figure graced the head of the long table and, as her friend had predicted, Katrina at once lost her heart to the fair, high-bred looking girl, who laid a soft white hand on her head and greeted her with an entrancing smile and sweet, cordial words, before turning to administer a gentle reproof to naughty Sue.

Kitty Clyde and others, also, offered friendly palms and even the rough, rather masculine maid who waited on the pupils nodded genially and suggested : “Ye do be lookin' peaked afther your long jaunt, so I'll jest fetch ye in a snack of cold meat and a



"CLUTCHING HER FATHER'S 'UMBRILLO' SHE STEPPED FROM THE COACH"—Page 58

cup of cocoa," for which the hungry young traveller was profoundly thankful.

"Molly Ludwig is a good soul," remarked Kitty, "and has a bit of her Irish mother's brogue, as well as her warm Irish heart, although her father is a German farmer over in Pennsylvania."

"Miss Minerva calls her 'the man of the house,'" put in one of the other girls. "For she is strong as a mule, as you will know when you see her help Cuffy Cockroach carry up your trunk."

"Yes, and she's going to marry a barber," shrilled small Susan.

"You see you will soon know us all and all the school gossip," laughed Temperance, but she was glad to get Katrina off to bed early for a cozy, confidential chat. "For I have a hundred questions to ask you," she declared, "and a hundred things to tell about Margaret's wedding and all the sport I had there."

So the Hackensack girl was launched into academic life, just as Jan, ten miles away, was unpacking his trunk and arranging his Lares and Penates — namely his books, rifle, knives and knickknacks — in a corner of famous old Nassau Hall, and eagerly scanning the hundred and more fellow students there lodged with him, wondering who, among all that mass of strangers, would ever be his friends and chums.

He had an interview with the president, the great Dr. Wither- spoon, and was almost tongue-tied with awe, being more over- powered by the austere Scotchman than even his sister had been by Miss Minerva.

In the purple twilight, then, he wandered off towards Stony Brook and followed the stream to a large, picturesque grist-mill, where the water rushing over a dam kept the stone wheels turning merrily.

He felt lonely and sick at heart. What would he not give for one peep at the firelit living-room of the dear, old Dutch home- stead at Hackensack and the loving folk therein; and to hear William Tuttle's cheery "Now, Jan, for a crack at the old dry- as-dusts!" Or even Sancho Panza's deep baying at the moon. What he considered most unmanly salt drops burned his eyes and he was bravely whistling "Yankee Doodle" to keep up his spirits, when he nearly ran into a youth of about his own age

who, with a book in his hand, suddenly arose from a rock on the edge of the rivulet.

"Your pardon, sir, I beg," he exclaimed, stepping hastily backward. "In this shadow-light I failed to observe you."

"It is naught," replied the stranger, while he brushed the dirt from the skirt of his coat, which was of Quaker cut. "But, it may be, thee is a newcomer like myself! Knowing no one, I sought the company of 'The Old English Baron,' and a very taking tale it is," holding up the volume as he spoke.

"Never have I read it, but glad am I to exchange a word with somebody," cried Jan. "For not until this night did I ever realize that one could be so lonesome in a crowd."

"The worst sort of loneliness! So if thee is returning to the college, we might bear each other company."

"Right willingly!"

"It would be well, too, if we knew each other's names," said the young Friend. "Mine is Philip Morris."

His companion stopped short in the road. "Not Philip Morris of Burlington?"

"Aye. The very same."

"Then it must be you know mine sister! Did you not, last spring, meet Katrina Van Guilder at the Ganzevoorts' in New York City?"

"Verily I did. But can it be thou art the Brother Jan of whom she had so much to say?"

"That I am! Johannes Petrus Van Guilder, at your service! From Trina, too, I parted less than five hours ago, she being now at a school in Trenton."

"Famous!"

"It is so! But cracky! Isn't this the rarest, fine coincidence that ever was!" And, delighted beyond measure, the two freshmen shook hands and then marched back to old Nassau, arm in arm, while, before twenty-four hours had elapsed, they had made arrangements to room together, with a small Philadelphia chap, nicknamed the "White Mouse," from his silvery light hair and pink-rimmed eyes, to make the third in their pleasant square chamber giving on the campus.

CHAPTER XI

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

“ In praise of old Nassau, my boys,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
Her sons shall give, while they shall live,
Three cheers for old Nassau ! ”

—*H. P. Peck.*

THE change to school life and school routine was, in the beginning, extremely irksome to our little Hackensack maid accustomed, as she was, to the freedom of the country ; but gradually she fell into the regular round and acquitted herself fairly well in the studies which would seem absurdly simple to a girl in her teens to-day.

Penmanship was made a great deal of and elegant expression in letter writing, and this was under the personal jurisdiction of Miss Minerva, — as well as the class in English history, when she took particular pains to vaunt the “divine right of kings,” and to impress upon the young minds that “the powers that be are ordained of God ; therefore their liege sovereign could do no wrong.”

None dared dispute her, but there were always doubtful raising of eyebrows and shaking of heads when she got on her favorite theme.

Reading, spelling, a little grammar and the first principles of arithmetic, as expounded by Miss Sally, completed the literary course ; but embroidery, music and lessons in dancing occupied many hours, these accomplishments being considered more important for the maidens of the eighteenth century than the cultivation of the mind. To the Quaker scholars these were debarred, with the exception of fine needlework ; but Katrina felt highly elated when she commenced to practice on the spinet, delighted Miss Madeline by the graceful dignity with which she soon made her

curtseys and trod a *Minuet de Cour*; while tambour work particularly appealed to her and she sedulously set herself to learning the various intricate stitches done on lace,— the net being first sewed on paper and the design pricked out with a pin. “For,” she said, “my very great desire is to make a so beautiful collar for the moeder and a wedding veil for Marta.”

Temperance and she were always congenial and her sweet, sunny disposition quickly made her a favorite with both her companions and teachers. Among the day pupils she became most fond of the two blithe young Friends, Prudence Hunt and Tabitha Potts, and took a strong fancy to Caroline Cox, a pretty, rather dressy English girl, all of whom frequently invited her to their homes, and gave her many good times outside of the Yellow Ark.

The soft, lovely Indian summer, then, found her well and happy and she wrote to Jan :

“ I am growing more and more contented every day and if I can only copy some of dear Miss Madeline’s charm of manner and speech, thou wilt some time be rarely proud of thine sister. The youngest Miss Burnham is as good as she is comely but, I think, not so joyous as she should be and oft I wonder if it is not because Miss Minerva and Miss Sally watch her with such Argus eyes. They are very well born and monstrous high do they hold themselves, so will not hear of her going to the weekly assemblies, the candy-pullings or corn-poppings, of which there are a great plenty in the town. No! Only a decorous tea-drinking or syllabub party is permitted their sister—to whom, however, they are vastly devoted,—and, then, she goes in a ‘chair’ curtained in from curious eyes. Surely, though, a young lady, not much older than Marta, wants to dance with somebody besides clumsy girls and to have a bit of sport such as our Dutch belles enjoy. Many an evening I have caught her crying over the adventures and love-woes of ‘Evelina’ or ‘Alonzo and Melissa,’ when she ought to be having some of her own.

“ Oft, though, do I see the gallants casting side glances at her in church, for, Jan, after one trial with Prudence Hunt of the Friends’ Meeting House, when I sat in the gallery and twiddled my thumbs for a whole hour before any one spoke, I decided to

attend the English Church, as Tempe does. Very fine is the Episcopal 'St. Michael's,' but Dr. Panton's sermons are like the pattering of an April shower beside our Dominie's Holland thundering. But much do I love the service and the organ music.

"In the congregation frequently appears a scarlet coat and rumors of war still float through the air, while some take one side and some the other. The peace-loving Friends hold tight their tongues and say naught, but my heart burns within me when my teachers talk of 'the wickedness of the rebellious colonies in setting up themselves against "The Solomon of Great Britain,"' as Miss Minerva calls King George.

"The bell has rung for 'study hour' and 'Perry's Spelling Book' is staring me in the face, so I must draw to a close. Naught have I heard from you since we parted on the stage-coach, so pray send me a line when you can find some one to fetch it, as postage is so high. Susan Boudinot's father is to bear this. I trust thou art as happy at Princeton as is

"Thine sister,

"TRINA."

Only a few days later the bonny lass received an answer to her epistle and came dancing out into the garden, where the scholars were at play during the long recess. "Oh, girls, girls!" she cried. "A letter have I from Princeton and whom think you my brother has met and whom is his roommate?"

"George Washington, at least, I should say from thy excitement," laughed Tabitha Potts.

"Or the Prince of Wales," suggested Caroline Cox.

"Tut, tut, jingle-brains!" put in Temperance. "Don't overshoot the mark! I guess Hans Ganzevoort."

"You are the warmest, since he is his friend. It is Philip Morris, whom I met last *Paas* and went to the merrymaking with on the Bowling Green."

"Quaker Phil!" exclaimed wee Sue. "Not such a none-such, then, is he that you should make a to-do over it! While he is a Tory to boot."

"No matter; he is far more civil than most young splutter-

kins." Then, as the girls tittered at her Dutch expression, — "But come, Tempe, let us leave these sauce-pates to their game of 'Green Gravel' and go for a chat in the bower, while I read you what Jan says."

With arms around each other's waists, then, the two chums sauntered down a straight, box-bordered path to an arbor covered with a grape-vine, which was romantically dubbed "the bower."

On the way they passed the huge wood-pile and were surprised to discover behind it a moving figure that proved to be Molly Ludwig in short, quilted petticoat and loose sacque, who, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows, was busily dipping long lengths of woollen homespun in a tub of indigo dye.

"Good gracious, Moll, what ever are you doing there?" they ejaculated.

"Hist, my dearies," she whispered, "or ye'll be havin' the madam down on me."

"But what are you doing?"

"Nothin' much. Jest a bit of a favor fur Jack Hayes an' me country. Ye see Johnnie is thinkin' of jinin' a new regiment that is fittin' out an' this is to be made into uniforms fur the min. But hould your whist, darlints, or Miss Nervy will be givin' me my walkin' ticket on the spot."

"Trust us," said Katrina, while Tempe exclaimed: "Blue homespun! Poor fellows, they will look like jays beside those gorgeous British cockatoos in red and gold!"

"No matter fur that, if their inside is only as true blue as their outside. I've a German name, but the rale ould Irish fightin' spirit an' I only wish I was a man so I could shoulder a musket an' be off to the war to-morrer," and, as she bent over the tub, the eccentric creature softly hummed:

"Come, Philander, let us be a-marchin'!"

"A fine figure of a soldier you'd make, Molly," chuckled the girls, as they passed on.

"Vastly pleased is Jan with college life," said Katrina, when they were comfortably seated in the shady arbor. "But he was as homesick as I until he fell in with Philip Morris, on the bank

of Stony Brook, and they gave each other the clasp of friendship. Now they and one he calls the 'White Mouse' are as chummy as puppies. They room together and have joined the same society. List what he has writ —

“ ‘Nassau Hall is the finest building that ever I saw, with a refectory, a chapel and a library of 1,200 books. But Dr. Witherspoon is enough to freeze the blood in your veins, though he makes a first-rate president and, they tell me, is espousing the American cause as warmly as if he had been born on this side of the Atlantic. He demands much respect and no student can keep his hat on within ten rods of his highness, nor within five rods of a tutor. We, therefore, are pulling off our caps most of the time. A monstrous grand country seat, too, has he without the town on Rocky Hill, known as “Tusculum.” We have numerous lectures, but there is leisure for ball and quoits and “pitch and toss” on the campus, while Philip has induced the “Mouse” and me to become members of the Clisosophic Society, which started as the Well-Meaning Club, where we have famous debates. He wishes to be recalled to your memory and when the river is frozen over, we will try and skate to Trenton for a peep at you and Tempe Wick.

“ ‘William Tuttle has sent me a letter by post-rider in which he says the father’s rheumatism is no better. He seldom leaves the farm, so Peter Zabriskie often comes to play at Tick-Tack ¹ with him, in the chimney corner. Meanwhile the *huys-moeder* and many other Hackensack vrouws are busy spinning “bounty-coats” for the soldiers, as the provincial congress has made a demand for thirteen thousand warm garments.’ ”

“No doubt such as Molly is dyeing,” interposed Temperance.

“Yes,” responded the reader and then continued —

“ ‘I told Philip of that and quite stiff and cocky was he, declaring, — “It was all foolishness, for the little spitfire of a war would all be crushed out before next Pinkster.” Not so, though, think some of the other fellows, nor Dr. Witherspoon either.

“ ‘Well, let us hope it comes not our way !

“ ‘With affection,

“ ‘JAN.’ ”

¹ A kind of backgammon played with men and pegs.

“It is the same everywhere,” sighed Tempe, her bright face unusually downcast. “The great men of the nation, college boys and even homely Molly and her little barber! All taking sides, one way or another, just as we play at ‘London Bridge is Falling Down,’ and one party is bound to pull the other over.”

CHAPTER XII

THE SCHOOLGIRLS' "NIGHTCAP" SPREAD

"Friendship unlocks her genial springs,
And Harmony her lyre now strings,
While Plenty spreads her copious hoard,
And piles and crowns the festive board!"

"OH, dearly do I love those Conestoga wagons, with their jingling bells and bright ribbons!"

It was Katrina who uttered this exclamation, leaning from the window of Tabitha Potts' tidy little bedroom, where she was spending the afternoon with her friend, to watch the great express carts, covered with white hempen cloth and drawn by seven gaily-bedecked horses, which came merrily rattling down King Street.

"Aye, they do make a rare show," responded the young Quakeress. "And see! One is drawing up at the inn here! 'Tis likely fetching my father some goods from the city."

"Yes, for Cuffy Cockroach has gone out to help unload."

This same Cuffy Cockroach was a character of the town, — a big, black Guinea-coast negro, distinguished by the carriage of an African prince and the manners of a Chesterfield, while he delighted to interlard his conversation with high-sounding words — more or less correctly pronounced — acquired during years of slavery in the service of a wealthy British refugee who, at his death, rewarded his faithful body-servant by willing him his freedom, together with a modest legacy.

Now Cuffy lived in comfort but added to his income by hiring out to the Trenton Friends, who were principled against owning slaves for "domesticals," as they termed them, but were extremely glad, at times, to pay liberally for the assistance the well-trained man could render. He was always in demand for large social functions and, between engagements, often "lent a hand"

at Stacy Potts' popular tavern. He possessed the strength of a Samson and now appeared swinging a big, strong basket—evidently of Indian manufacture—by the handle, as easily as though it was but a feather's weight.

"What is it thee has there, Cuffy?" called Tabitha curiously.

The black man showed his teeth in a broad grin. "Sumfin fur sumpody at de Yaller Ark. An' ef Cockroach ain't bifusticated, it do belong to de very samest young leddy as is convergin' wid you at dis bressed minute," and slowly he spelled out from the tag attached :

*"Jufvrouw Katrina Van Guilder.
Mistress Burnham's School.
Trenton Town, in New Jarsey."*

"For me!" cried Trina. "Why, whatever can it be? Such a monstrous huge whisket, too!"

"Mayhap thy home folks have sent thee a treat," suggested Tabitha.

"O Tibby, if it should be! And truly, I believe it is, for the morrow is my birthday, when I shall complete my fourteenth year. Let us run down and make sure."

No sooner said than done and the two lassies fairly skipped for joy at finding they were correct and the hamper had, indeed, come from the Hackensack farm and was filled with home-made dainties.

"Ach, but it will be good to taste a Dutch *koeckje* once again! And you, girls, shall all do likewise," declared the happy recipient.

"Can't de ole man transportate de receptacle to leetle missy's domiciliary?" inquired the courtly negro.

"Surely you may, Cuffy, and your pockets I will fill with doughnuts. But now, Tibby dear, I am so curious, I shall have to go home. Come early to-morrow for a trial of the moeder's cooking." And, lightly as the soft April breeze that brushed her cheek, the little maid hastened back to the school.

Katrina had now been six months beneath the Misses Burnham's tuition and in pleasant monotony the half year had glided

by, broken only by a New Year visit from Jan and Philip at the beginning of eventful 1776.

Both boys elected to spend their brief holiday at Trenton and, putting up at Stacy Potts' hostelry, enjoyed many a jolly frolic with Katrina and Tempe and their particular friends, — skating "High Dutch" on the Assanpink Creek; paying sundry calls on the "Pye Woman," for gilded gingerbread, tarts and other "baker's meats," as they were called; and making very merry at taffy-pullings and corn-poppings, given by Prudence Hunt and Caroline Cox, who took warmly to the manly young collegians.

But when their praises were sung, Temperance Wick would always add: "Yes, they be fine lads enough! But if William Tuttle had half their advantages, he would overtop every mother's son at Princeton."

"Better, then, do I fancy Phil's civility and composure," said Katrina, and mighty efforts she made to acquire the "repose of manner" which Miss Minerva so advocated as "the mark of a lady."

There was very little repose about her, however, on this spring afternoon, when she burst in upon Kitty Clyde and Tempe in their dormitory and, ere long, all three were eagerly exploring the depths of the generous basket. There were a few summer clothes on top, but these were carelessly cast aside as, diving below, they drew forth "the doughty doughnut, the tender *olykocck*, the crisp and crumbling cruller," as well as "izer cookies," head-cheese, *rolliches* made of beef and, best of all, a big, frosted pound cake, bearing the favored daughter's initials and age in sugar, colored with beet juice.

"Bless me," cried Kitty, "never did I see so elegant a birthday basket!"

"Nor I," gurgled Tempe, with her mouth full.

"I want all in the house to share it," said Katrina. "Do you think we could have a spread?"

"'Tis doubtful if our prim 'Head' would permit it," replied Kitty, "or, if she did, she would want to preside and be a wet blanket on the feast, making us mind our P's and Q's and drink the health of his chinless majesty, King George, the Third."

"That is so," agreed Tempe. "But, oh! wouldn't it be fun to have a 'nightcap spread' up here in our own room? The girls from the other dormitories might sneak in and we'd put out the light if we heard any one coming."

"Gemini, but that would be sport!" almost screamed Kitty, doubling up with merriment. "But Miss Minerva has the ears of a lynx and Miss Sally is always prowling round in her quilted slippers."

"Hullo, what are you sly-boots up to?" and in popped little Susan Boudinot. "Oh, give me a cruller! Who is talking of Miss Sally prowling? Well, she won't prowl to-morrow night, for she and the 'Dragon' (as she disrespectfully dubbed the head teacher) are bidden to play at *picquet* and vaunt 'our de-ar king and queen' at Lady Castleman's, for I heard her tell Cuffy Cockroach to order them a coach, as they must go in modish style when they visit royalist folk who are cousins, twice removed, to the nobility."

"Tut, tut, saucy tongue! But your news is capital," and Tempe fairly hugged Katrina in her delight. "Miss Madeline buries herself in a book and pays little heed after she thinks we are safe and sound in our poplar wood beds. So I warrant we can have our nightcap feast with small chance of being found out."

As all schoolgirls know, it is the danger of discovery and disgrace that gives the spice to secret frolics and it was just the same a century and more ago, as human nature does not change with the times. The following day, then, whispering conclaves were very much in order and if Miss Minerva had been on her usual guard, she might have noted the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" that passed betwixt the pupils, even under her very nose, in the history class. But, as it chanced, her mind, for the nonce, was more engrossed with the lute-string gowns and lace lappets in which she and Miss Sally were to appear at Lady Castleman's than even with the "royal line of Great Britain"; so they escaped her observation and Katrina's fourteenth birthday rippled smoothly into the past.

"Too bad is it, Prudence, that you and Tibby and Caroline cannot be in at the spread," she said to Abraham Hunt's daugh-

ter. "But a nice packet of goodies have I made up for each of you."

"Yes, once in a blue moon it pays to be a 'boarder,'" put in Temperance. "But I must have a finger in this birthday pie, since it was my suggestion! I want to supply the drinkables, if only I knew how to get them. You know we are never allowed outside the grounds, except on half holidays."

"I will get what thee wants," offered Tabitha.

"Oh, thank you, Tibby dear! Then pray take my purse and buy us some bottles of spruce beer and ginger pop! They will wash down the rolliches and fried cakes finely."

"That will I right gladly! But how shall I get them to thee?"

"Oh, hide them behind the laylock bushes yonder, after dark, and we will devise some way to smuggle them into the house."

In hungry anticipation and little tremors of nervous delight and fear, then, the girls looked forward to the evening until, at "early candle-light" — the fashionable hour for all entertainments in those simple days — the Misses Burnham, resplendent in their middle-aged finery, rolled away in the ponderous coach.

"Now, young ladies, be very amenable and obedient to Miss Madeline!" was Miss Minerva's parting injunction and Miss Sally echoed: "Yes, very amenable and obedient!" ere she flitted, like a shadow, in her sister's wake, within the carriage. And truly did the school do itself proud that night, studying quietly, and the instant the hands of the tall grandfather's clock pointed to half-past eight, filing sedately up-stairs without a murmur.

"Never did I know the pupils so well behaved! They are dear girls, after all!" thought gentle Madeline Burnham when, having bolted and barred the front door, she sought her own chamber, donned a loose white negligee and settled down to the enjoyment of a new novel; while in the back kitchen Mary Ludwig and her little barber were "keeping company" together.

"Hip, hip, hooray! Now for the spread!" shouted Tempe, when she and her three roommates were safe in their dormitory. "Run in, Kitty, and tell the other girls to get into their night-caps and double gowns, but not to dare to venture in here until

they hear a scratching, like a rat, on the partition between! That will be the signal when all is ready."

Meanwhile, Katrina had drawn out the bedroom table of red walnut, covered it with a clean towel and was setting thereon her cold meats and sweeties, with the fine birthday cake in the centre, gaily decorated with stiff little bunches of white and yellow flowers known as "maritoffles."

"It looks just beautiful! Doesn't it, girls!" she exclaimed. "And now, Tempe, where are your spruce beer and ginger pop?"

In an instant little Miss Wick struck a tragic attitude and clutched her raven locks. "Lack-a-day, Trina!" she cried, "if I haven't gone and clean forgotten the drinkables! And, if Tib kept her word, they are still lying out there under the laylocks!"

"Oh! What a pity!"

"Aye, for there they will have to stay until morning," declared blunt Kitty Clyde, as she tied the strings of her nightcap.

"No, that they won't!" piped small Susan Boudinot. "I am monstrous fond of ginger pop and I'm going after it."

"Never could you unbar the great front door without being heard," said Katrina.

"No, but couldn't I climb out of the window and swing myself down from the roof of the porch?"

"Aye, and break your naughty neck," laughed Tempe. "But, oh girls, I have an idea! Sue is so little and light, why couldn't we let her down in the Indian whiskeet and draw her up again?"

"We could, if we had a rope," grunted practical Kitty.

"How about knotting our linen sheets together? Say, chick, would you be affrighted?"

"Not a bit of it." And the mischievous sprite was the most eager of the four for the escapade.

In trembling silence, the coverings were stripped from the beds and fastened together with the strongest knots they could pull with fingers and teeth. They extinguished the candle and only the rays of the moon, sailing high in the heavens, illumined the slender form of the child as she stepped into the basket.

All at once, "tramp, tramp, tramp," came heavy footsteps along the peaceful street and the stentorian tones of the "rattle-watch" chanted: "Nine o'clock and a fine, fair night!"

"We must wait until he is out of sight," whispered Tempe, and they could almost hear their hearts beat ere the slow tread died away in the distance.

"Now, delay no longer," urged Susan and merrily she waved her hand as her companions lifted her frail car over the window ledge and began letting out the sheets. Down, down, down! and all gave a sigh of relief when they felt the basket touch *terra firma* and in the moonlight could discern the tiny figure scampering across the lawn.

For what seemed an age — though it could scarce have been five minutes — the trio above waited until they heard a low call from beneath, "It's all right! Hoist away!" and could begin to pull in the improvised line.

"Gemini! But it's powerful heavier than it was when it was run out!" groaned Kitty Clyde.

With might and main, though, they tugged and strained and were just making a final grand effort, when Katrina, who was leaning out to watch the ascent, turned a white, scared face over her shoulder, gasping, — "Gracious goodness, girls! I verily fear a knot is slipping!"

The words had hardly passed her lips when the sheets parted so suddenly as to send all three tumbling back on the floor; a wild terrified scream from poor little Sue rent the air and, as a loud crash sounded on the stone pathway below, they clasped each other, sobbing frantically, — "Oh, she is dead! She is dead! And it is we who have killed her!"

CHAPTER XIII

MISS MADELINE

“ I remember, I remember an old garden gay and trim ;
And the fountain in the centre, with its gleaming marble rim ;
There were rows of stately lilies, winding walks where roses grew,
And a dragon at each corner, fashioned from the hedge of yew.
It was called ‘ My Lady’s Garden ’ ! and the maiden fair and tall
Who was wont to walk within it, I remember best of all.”

—*Helen M. Burnside.*

DEEPLY absorbed in the woes of “ Lady Julia Mandeville,” Madeline Burnham was oblivious to all else, until Susan’s shriek of terror and the crash without brought her suddenly out of the land of romance into the very prosaic and startling present.

These were followed by a loud and imperious rapping on the brass knocker and a confusion down-stairs, for Mary Ludwig, with more alacrity than her mistress, hastened to unbar the great front door and, before she could open it, Katrina was at her heels. Pale and wild-eyed, the latter waited until the heavy portal swung back and there appeared on the threshold a tall, soldierly figure bearing in his arms poor little Sue who lay limp and still, with her face buried in the folds of his dark cloak, when she almost screamed : “ Oh, is it she is killed ! Killed outright ! ” while gasps and sobs sounded from a nightcapped chorus hanging over the balusters.

“ Girls ! Molly ! What is the meaning of this ? ” exclaimed Miss Madeline’s stern young voice, and to the stranger gazing upward, the graceful form in flowing white draperies, her dusky hair falling loose upon her shoulders and carrying a little “ Betty ” lamp of Grecian shape, appeared like some priestess from the Temple of Vesta, as she seemed to float down the broad staircase.



"DOWN, DOWN, DOWN"—Page 75

"What is the meaning of this?" she repeated. "And pray, sir, why do you disturb our household at this unseemly hour?"

"Oh, Miss Madeline, it — it was our fault," stammered Katrina, trembling, but honest and courageous. "We wanted to have a bit of sport — and — and Sue is — is —"

"As right as a trivet," cried that naughty elf sitting bolt upright on the couch where the officer had placed her. "But, oh, Tempe! The ginger pop is all smashed and lost!"

"Never mind the pop, since the child is safe," laughed Temperance, who had joined the group in the hall. But the next moment she was weeping again and hugging the small creature, so great was the reaction and the relief. Meanwhile, Susan's rescuer had doffed his hat and was bowing low to Miss Madeline.

"Pardon the intrusion, madam," he said, "but Fortune favored me and I chanced to be on the spot in the nick of time to catch the little maid as she fell from the basket and prevent her being dashed to pieces on the stones beneath your window."

"Good heavens! Can this be so? Well, sir, then you certainly have my most heartfelt thanks, in which I know my sisters would join. Sore affronted, though, will they be at the pupils' misdemeanor."

"Just a bit of girlish mischief!" And the gentleman's cultured tones were most conciliating. "I trust, too, that you will not consider me officious if I implore pardon for them. Have we not all been young and prankish ourselves? Overlook it this time, sweet mistress, and I warrant they will never be so venturesome again. Pray, too, may I not call on the morrow to inquire how the child stands the shock?"

"We are not in the habit, sir, of receiving gentlemen to whom we have not been formally presented." But there was a half smile about the young schoolmistress's lips.

"Oh, but I can present him," suddenly put in Katrina. "This is Lieutenant Asgill, Miss Madeline Burnham."

"Of the 16th British Light Dragoons," added the officer, bowing almost to the floor. "But, bless me! Surely the Fates are propitious, since I find so winsome an introducer in this unlikely place! Where on earth have you ever seen me before, my little miss?"

"With Philip Morris, on the Parade at New York. You and Captain Harcourt were watching the Easter egg fight."

"Truly, yes! Just after the battle of Lexington! There, madam, you have my credentials. May I not, now, have the honor of paying my respects to you and your sisters?"

"No doubt my sisters will be pleased to welcome one of the 'Queen's Own.'" ¹

"Thank you and now good-night. Only think on mercy and forgive the miscreants who have been sufficiently punished by their fright." Then the door closed and he was gone.

"Isn't he elegant and as handsome as the Adonis in the mythology!" whispered Sue to Tempe. "And I warrant Miss Madeline thinks so, too."

Whether or no this supposition was correct, the escapade was made very light of and, what was more, the girls were permitted to have their spread after all and the teacher, herself, came in to taste the birthday cake and to dose Susan with *sal volatile*, she being a trifle nervous and hysterical after her aerial trip.

Not until an hour later, when alone in her own room, did it occur to Madeline Burnham to wonder how Lieutenant Asgill chanced to be within the school grounds at the propitious moment. "For surely he had no right there," she thought, "and, if I ever know him well enough, I shall ask him."

It was not Charles Asgill's fault if she did not soon know him well enough. He appeared the very next afternoon and, ere long, even Miss Minerva succumbed to his charm of manner and the fact that he was a well-born member of the "Queen's Own." Before, then, the June roses were pouring forth their mid-summer incense, the blithe young soldier had become a frequent visitor at Burnham Hall and many a gloaming found him wandering with fair Madeline in the spacious garden which was very prim but quaintly attractive with its fountain, its borders of box and its rows of stately white lilies.

The schoolgirls were in ecstasies. "Our lieutenant," as they called the British officer, was as worthy of their dear Miss Madeline as any Tory could be. He had a rich, baritone voice and often Tempe and Katrina and Kitty would tiptoe down behind

¹ The name by which these dragons were known.

the "bower" to listen to the duets the young couple sang together. "God Save the King" and "Tell Me Where is Fancy Bred" floated out harmoniously on the soft air, but their favorite was "*Pauvre Madelon*," and our small heroine declared it brought the tears to her eyes when her teacher gently touched her guitar and trilled :

" Could you to battle march away
 And leave me here complaining,
 I'm sure 'twould break my heart to stay
 When you were gone campaigning.
Ah, non, non, non, pauvre Madelon
 Would never quit her Rover !
Ah, non, non, non, pauvre Madelon
 Would go with you all the world over ! "

Then the masculine refrain, —

" Cheer, cheer, you shall not grieve,
 A soldier true you'll find me,
 I could not have the heart to leave
 My little girl behind me."

And both voices mingled in the closing stanza, —

" Then let the world jog as it will,
 Let hollow friends forsake us,
 We both shall be as happy still
 As love and war can make us."

Like one of the opening rosebuds, too, sweet Madeline blushed and bloomed into richer beauty every day, for living a romance is even more exciting than reading it ; and it was in the bower that Charles Asgill told her how he had been attracted by her high-bred daintiness, at St. Michael's church, and it was but for a glimpse of her shadow on the curtain that he had stolen into the garden on that April night and, from his hiding-place behind a syringa bush, had witnessed small Susan's desperate venture and darted forward just in time to save her from its consequences.

" It was sadly rash and rude," said his lady. " But — but — I forgive you."

“Arrah, thin, an’ I’m glad the swate young mistress has some one to amuse her at last,” remarked Molly Ludwig to her friend and crony, Jinny Waglum, as they sat together in the tidy little parlor of the True American Inn on Mill Hill, which was kept by Mrs. Waglum’s brother-in-law, Jonathan Richmond. “I don’t stomach redcoats over much, but he is the best that iver I knew an’ a foine pictur in his yaller buckskin breeches an’ the scarlet coat with white facin’s.”

“Poppinjays, every one of ’em,” sniffed Mistress Jinny. “I wouldn’t trade my old man or your Johnnie Hays, in their blue homespuns, for a hull kerridge load of ’em.”

“Well, anyway, my Jacky can’t turn a tune like Leftenant Asgill,” laughed good-natured Molly as, at that moment, a rollicking voice was heard in the tap-room trolling forth with great vigor, but decidedly off the key —

“ They call me honest Harry O,
Molly I will marry O ;
In spite of Nell
Or Isabelle,
I’ll follow my own vagary O !

“ With my rigdom, jigdom, arry O,
I love little Molly O,
In spite of Nell
Or Isabelle,
I’ll follow my own vagary O ! ”

“ And when are you going to marry him, Moll ? ” asked Jinny, joining in the applause called forth outside by this effort.

“ Oh, I dunno ! Mebbe when the colonies git up spunk enough to cut loose from Mammy England’s apron-strings, which Miss Nervy sez they niver will do, in spite of their buff an’ brag.”

“ Well, so brother Jonathan talks, but I tell him ‘ wait and see.’ There are plenty of weather-cocks — specially Quakers — blowing fust this way and then that ; but back of it all is a good streak of true blue, dyed in the wool, and it’s goin’ to make the reds know it yit.”

CHAPTER XIV

PEACE AND WAR

“A little Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,
Before an ancient mirror stood and viewed her form within.
She wore a gown of sober gray, a cap demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat and trim.
Her bonnet too was gray and stiff, its only line of grace
Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred round her rosy face.”

—*Anon.*

WHILE the little garden idyl of the last chapter was still in embryo, but beginning to interest the boarding scholars at the “Yellow Ark,” and when Miss Sally was vigorously dosing the girls with the universal spring medicine—rhubarb and molasses—which was forced down healthy children’s throats, the day pupils who, also, attended the plain Meeting House at Montgomery and Hanover Streets, were having new gray frocks made and otherwise preparing for the great annual event of Quakerdom—namely the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia which took place every May and to which orthodox Friends flocked from far and near.

“I have ventured to run a tuck in my skirt,” confided Tabitha Potts to Prudence Hunt. “Though much I hope Aunt Peace and Aunt Mercy will not observe it,”—for the landlord’s motherless daughter was kept a sharp eye upon by his two maiden sisters, who dwelt next door. “Vastly, too, do I desire one of those fine, white beaver hats tied down with cords, but they will not hear of it and say those who wear them are but ‘Half-Quakers.’”

“List,” sighed Prudence under her breath, “and mention it not! But sometimes I almost wish I was a ‘Half-Quaker,’ for I have a most ungodly fondness for bright colors. Anyway, I

have sewed a ruffle of lace inside my scoop, though grandmother will wear naught but one of pasteboard covered with silk, declaring that even a 'whalebone bonnet' is worldly."

"How funny that seems," laughed Katrina, who overheard the conversation. "And a hat would show off your lovely curly hair finely, Tibby! It appears to me, however, that you little gray doves think as much of dress as we gayer birds."

"The city Friends have richer garb than we wear," said Prudence, "and a girl likes to look her best when she goes abroad. Some of the Philadelphia Society, too, have carpets on their floors and pictures on their walls."

"Cracky! How Aunt Peace's head would wag at that!" exclaimed Tabitha. "She says she wishes even the grass and trees were drab and will have nothing in her flower beds but southern wood and dusty miller."

Still, the fresh little Quakeresses were very sweet and dainty, with linen safeguards tied over their neat gowns, when, on a dull, cloudy day, they set out on their trip to the city of Penn. Being a half holiday, Tempe and Katrina went to see them off and found many others gathered in the market-place to watch the "gray procession," some in chariots or chaises, which they modestly called "conveniences," and more on horseback, that being the popular mode of travel in those days.

"Looks as though you would have the usual wet weather for your jaunt, Stacy," remarked a stocky, jolly-faced individual, as he deftly swung Tabitha into the pillion behind her father.

"Ay, Friend Huddy, I fear so," sighed the little innkeeper. "It seems as though even the clouds liked to match our sober apparel at Yearly Meeting time."

"Rarely, then, must they suit my good, orthodox aunts," laughed Tibby, slyly.

"Better than it does you, I warrant," chuckled the stranger. "Does the 'Discipline' forbid you, comely wenches, to wear posies? Never mind, you are pretty enough without them to turn the heads of the young brotherly lovers, but mind! don't be casting sheeps' eyes at those saucy military chaps in red and gold!"

"Are there many now in Philadelphia?" asked Mr. Potts.

"I hear not so many as heretofore. Numbers have gone to join Howe at New York, but there is much red-hot Tory talk even down at my home in Monmouth County, and we are getting up a company of militiamen, of which I am to be captain, to protect ourselves, if the worst comes."

"Alack and alas! Verily, these be troublous days!" and the Quaker looked very grave as he whipped up his nag, while Tabitha blew a kiss from the tips of her rosy fingers as she called back, — "Fare thee well, *Captain Huddy*."

"Captain Huddy, forsooth!" roared the jolly gentleman, turning to Katrina and Tempe, who were waving "good-bye" to their schoolmates, and offering them a handful of lollypops. "Sounds good, doesn't it? But what a gay little imp of a Quaker that girl is! Reminds me of my own lass, though Martha would raise a sad coil if deprived of her gewgaws and folderols. Bless my soul, if she didn't make me promise to fetch her from Philadelphia a fine silver riding-mask and the very latest thing in patch-boxes!"

"Are you, too, Mr. Huddy, going to Yearly Meeting?" asked Tempe, with a twinkle in her eye, for she and the newcomer were old friends.

"Cat's paw! No. A pretty figure I'd cut among the shad-breasted brethren! But I am bound for another kind of meeting and methinks even the 'beehive bunnits' will be in a flutter when next I pass through Trenton."

"Oh, why?" exclaimed Katrina curiously, but he would not tell her, although he walked with the two as far as Burnham Hall, entertaining them on the way with amusing jokes and stories, of which he had an inexhaustible fund.

As they approached the gate, Lieutenant Asgill came out and greeted the little maids most courteously.

"Who, now, may that be?" inquired the captain, darting a keen and rather admiring glance at the handsome young dragoon.

"A friend of Miss Madeline Burnham's who belongs to the British crack cavalry corps," explained Temperance, while Katrina added: "And the very nicest redcoat that ever wore a gold button."

"He looks it," declared the genial Jerseyman, but little he dreamed of the sad part he was, unwittingly, to play in the gallant young officer's curious life-story.

"Quaker Week" sped, as predicted, in fog and showers, with only occasional outbursts of sunshine, but the worthy Friends returned much "refreshed," as they termed it, by their religious outing. "For, thou knowest, Yearly Meeting is not all preaching and pondering," Prudence Hunt told the girls. "Betwixt sessions there is much discourse with strangers and walking under the shade trees, while on Fourth Day we were bidden to a tea-drinking at Friend Freeman's."

"But was aught said in meeting about the differences between the king and the colonies?" asked Katrina.

"Ay. We were implored not to depart from our peaceful principles nor to take any part whatever in the political matters now being stirred up. My father, likewise, though his heart is with the insurgents here, says that 'we Friends have had much prosperity and enjoyment of our rights under the king's government and a change might be for the worse.'"

"Nevertheless, the whole town savored of warfare," put in Tabitha. "Great boats — called gondolas — are being built for defense of the river and committees are going from house to house, collecting firearms, warm blankets, tent coverings, cooking utensils and anything that will serve the provincial troops."

"It is true," sighed Prudence, "and glad was I to be out of it. Burlington seemed like a 'haven of rest' after the turmoil of the bigger city."

"Oh, did you stop at Burlington?"

"Aye. We baited our horses there and Mistress Morris, who was in our company, pressed us so hard that grandmother and I stayed the night with her. Philip, of course, was not at home, but little Jonathan showed me all the sights of the place. 'Tis a fine, large domiciliary in which she dwells, on Green Bank."

"I would like to see it, but 'tis not probable I ever shall," said Katrina, as they obeyed the bell which summoned them to books and study.

Thus, while Peace and War touched in the divided Jerseys, the conflict abroad had drifted towards the Canadian frontier, for the Americans, enraged at King George's action in hiring twenty thousand Germans to assist him, invaded Canada and were battling valiantly, under Benedict Arnold, to keep Sir Guy Carleton out of New York.

But, in the early summer of 1776, Lord Howe prepared for an expedition against the metropolis itself and Washington, leaving Boston, moved thence to defend it, establishing himself on the Heights of Brooklyn, while the British troops frowned defiance from Staten Island.

Now, then, was Miss Minerva's season of elation. Loudly she vaunted every Tory victory and laughed at the "homespun crew" who could hope to defeat the "flower of English chivalry."

"It makes my blood boil to hear her crow thus," cried Katrina, almost in tears as, one sultry July day towards the close of the session, the pupils flocked out into the garden at the noonday hour.

"But she is right," said Caroline Cox, tossing her head. "They haven't a ghost of a show against the king's trained men and, if wise, will eat 'humble pie' and apologize before it is too late."

"Mayhap their leaders will thus advise ere long," quoth Prudence Hunt. "But, look thee! Who is that coming this way, swinging his hat and shouting aloud?"

"Gemini! If it isn't Friend Huddy!" exclaimed Tabitha Potts. "The jolly 'Fire-eater,' as father calls him! Let us run to the gate and ask him what has happened."

It was a very animated group of "bread and butter school-girls," then, that awaited the captain when, with flushed face and eyes almost popping out with excitement, he called: "Holloa, lasses! Great tidings! The Congress has voted for a Declaration of Independence and never did I hearken to sweeter music than when that old State House bell rang out, — 'Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof,' as is graven on its brazen sides. Yesterday, too, I heard Thomas Jefferson's noble words read in the open and am now on my way home to Colt's Neck, to keep the ball rolling in Monmouth."

"Glory, glory! Hip, hip, hooray!" shrilled a voice in the background and there was Molly Ludwig dancing a jig like a crazy creature.

"Hush that to-do, nizzy," snapped Caroline, giving the girl a push, as she marched off with her nose in the air.

With the habit of repression, taught by their Quaker creed, Tabitha and Prudence held their peace, but Katrina, Tempe and little Susan hugged each other from sheer delight and boasted: "Ah, ha! You see how we apologize to 'Farmer George' and his tax-making ministers!" and it was on each of these three that the hot Whig captain pinned a rosette of black ribbon with a white button in the centre, which had been chosen as the Federal breast-knot or cockade.

These, however, they were obliged to carefully conceal from their teachers, and it was not until she was home again for the midsummer holiday, at the dear Dutch farm in the Hackensack valley, that Katrina ventured to openly wear the black "rose," of which she was rarely proud.

CHAPTER XV

THE RED CAMLET CLOAK

“ To arms once more, our heroines,
Sedition lives, and order dies ;
To peace and ease then bid adieu,
And dash to the mountains, Jersey Blue! ”

—*College song of eighteenth century.*

WITH cordial rejoicing were Jan and Katrina welcomed home again and great satisfaction did the whole family feel in their growth and improvement. They found the father better in health, but quite dependent upon William Tuttle who, practically, ran the farm and kept a keen oversight on the slaves.

The English lad was now eighteen and a fine, well-developed youth. Proudly he exhibited Rabicano for their inspection and declared: “ There is no handsomer bit of horseflesh in all New Barbadoes, while he is spirited and yet as gentle as a fawn! ” Often, too, he persuaded Trina to don a linen safeguard and ride him. “ For,” he said, “ he must become accustomed to the long skirt before he goes to Miss Tempe.”

Together, then, the two young folks had many a glorious gallop during the summer, although they frequently met parties of troopers on the highway and an anxious feeling of unrest was abroad in the air.

All Bergen was in a state of defense under Lord Stirling and he was fortifying the county at Paulus Hook and along the Hudson. Companies of militia were drilling in every town and hamlet or marching away to join the Continental army. Hackensack was almost within ear-shot of the battle at the junction of the North and East Rivers and when, in September, the British captured New York, excitement ran riot and many who had been on the fence dropped back on the Tory side and renewed their

allegiance to the king. Among these was Jack Berry, for which Marta flouted him openly and then went home and nearly cried her eyes out.

"'Tis incomprehensible," sighed Heer Van Guilder. "For staunch and true are all the other Berrys of Bergen, and Charlotte says she will cut him off with a shilling."

"He cannot hold a bayberry dip to Lennard Terheun," said Trina, "and so some time you will know, mine sister. Verily, I believe Jack has bewitched you with his big black eyes. If he were like 'our lieutenant' I could understand it."

Meanwhile, the negroes were in a panic of fear and Marm Venus's old gray pate shook woefully as she predicted "battle and murder and sudden death" until Yombo's teeth chattered in his head and Quack and Wyntie turned ashy with terror.

"How do you feel about it, William?" asked Jan of the bond-boy. "If you were free, would you fight with your countrymen?"

"Never," and the lad's eyes flashed. "Not so kind has the mother land been to me and mine! Like a second father, too, has thy parent been to me, and already I love this new world of my adoption and would lay down my life for her, rather than for George the Third."

"Good!" And like brothers the boys clasped palms. "But you must not leave the bouwerie until I am at home to stay."

"Everything is in such an upstir, it might be wiser for the children to remain with us this winter," suggested Heer Van Guilder, when the goldenrod was again bordering the roadside; but his "gude vrouw" did not agree.

"No," said she. "This is their study age and, in truth, I believe they will be safer in Trenton and Princeton than here, with marauders riding over the country and we only protected from the British at New York by Fort Washington and Fort Constitution yonder."

"Well, have thy way, then," coincided the easy-going farmer.

"Since, too, I cannot enter the city," continued the dame, "I shall send a note to Miss Minerva Burnham and request that she purchase for our daughter the thick, warm cloak which she so much needs."



"PANTING AND EXHAUSTED, SHE BURIED HER FACE IN HER
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So, with the fall of the leaf, Katrina and Jan returned to their respective halls of learning, but found both school and college greatly reduced in numbers. Kitty Clyde was gone, but Tempe was there and Susan Boudinot, while Prudence and Tabitha still came each day. Caroline Cox, however, declared her lesson days were over and had bloomed out into an extremely dressy young lady with an enormous hoop skirt and her hair piled up a foot above her head, powdered and adorned with feathers and aigrets.

"Often, too," laughed Tibby, "when I visit her, she persuadeth me to try on her gowns, on the sly, and let her put up my curly mop in modish style. It is rare fun, but if Aunt Peace and Aunt Mercy could see me, they would swoon away on the spot."

Long before this, Lieutenant Asgill had gone to join his regiment at New York, but several other British officers still lingered in Trenton and, among these, Katrina recognized Captain Harcourt who, likewise, occasionally called at Burnham Hall.

"Though I believe Miss Madeline only receives him because he brings news of 'our dear lieutenant,'" sharp little Susan confided to the girls. "And before Charles Asgill went away she made for him a monstrous beautiful watch-paper in papyrotamia."

"Oh, what was the design?" asked Tempe, much interested.

"It was cut from embossed silver paper and on this she painted two turtle-doves, surrounded by a wreath of forget-me-nots."

"How sweet! Did you see it?"

"Yes. I chanced to go to her room while she was putting the finishing touches to it and she blushed like a peony when I praised it."

With all these English military men, then, enlivening the quiet town, Miss Minerva decided that her idolized half-sister must do credit to her birth and breeding. Therefore, when in November she made her periodical shopping trip to the metropolis, upon her memorandum were written many articles of apparel for that young lady, as well as the warm winter cloak which Mistress Van Guilder had requested her to purchase.

She was absent a week and the day after her return, Katrina was summoned to the sedate parlor to try on the garment selected

for her. She almost screamed, too, with delight when Miss Burnham produced a handsome cape of rich scarlet cloth, with a hood, and lined with white brocade.

"This is called a 'Cardinal,'" said the principal, "and it cost a pretty penny in these high-priced times! But it is of the very best camlet and your mother bade me buy one of good material that would wear well and be of service."

"Thank you," murmured the girl, respectfully dropping a curtsey. "It is beautiful and I am vastly pleased with it."

Like a picture of Red Riding Hood, too, did she look when the head-piece was drawn over her sunny hair and all her companions admired it as much as she did.

With joyous pride, then, she arrayed herself in the new cloak on the following Sunday, when she was to attend St. Michael's church, accompanied only by Miss Madeline, the two elder sisters being confined to the house by severe colds. With pleasure, too, during the service, she fingered the smooth cloth and turned over the rich lining.

There was a goodly congregation and, as they passed out after the sermon, a group of officers stood at the door, trig and trim in their gay uniforms, three-cornered hats and well-polished black boots. Every one greeted the bonny schoolmistress with a low obeisance, while a young subaltern exclaimed in a stage whisper, "By St. George and the dragon! The little one is almost as pretty as the elder!"

"To be sure she is, Pinkney," cried Captain Harcourt, "for this is the small Dutch belle of the Bowling Green!" Then, stepping forward and lifting his *chapeau*, said, "Good-day, Miss Katrina. Asgill told me you were here at school and may I claim an old acquaintance? Glad, too, am I to see you are of our kidney and wear the king's color!"

Instantly, as though stricken to the heart, the girl turned deathly pale, but sparks seemed to fairly scintillate from her blue eyes. "I did not think of that," she ejaculated under her breath. Then, shivering as if from a sudden chill and exclaiming—"But I am not; and never, never will I wear the bloody British red again!" tore off the cloak and tossed it from her.

Quite aghast, Miss Madeline cried: "Fie, fie, child! Be not

so unmannerly!" while the officers laughed and Captain Harcourt added fuel to the flame by saying—"Pardon, *mademoiselle!* I knew not I was stirring up a spitfire of a Yankee by my compliment. Thank heaven, our English maids are not so hot-tempered!"

Sobbing and half blinded by rage, Katrina was hurried home by her perplexed and indignant teacher, who could not understand why a few words should so transform the usually gentle and tractable girl into a small fury. The wind was raw and keen, so she insisted upon wrapping the cardinal about her charge, but at the gate the little lass broke away, freed herself from its folds and, running around the house, with one quick movement flung the beautiful camlet cloak directly into Molly's tub of indigo dye which stood outside of the kitchen entrance. Then, panting and exhausted, she sank upon the step and buried her face in her hands.

Even to herself the sudden uprising of feeling—an overpowering wave of patriotism and of rebellion against the oppressors of her country—was incomprehensible and, in the reaction, her head reeled and she felt as though half stupefied.

How long she sat there she never knew, but was roused by hearing one of the schoolgirls exclaim,—“Cracky! If she hasn't gone and spoiled her fine, new cloak so it will not be fit to wear!” while Tempe's hand was laid on her head and Tempe's anxious voice asked: “What is it, Trina dear? Is it you have a fever coming on?”

At the same moment Miss Madeline was saying to her sisters, “I verily believe the child has taken leave of her senses; for never before have I seen her so wrought up.”

Miss Minerva, red of eye and nose from her influenza, as well as stern of visage, was a rather terrible object to encounter when Katrina was, finally, brought into her presence and most icily she demanded an explanation of the Sabbath proceedings, while Miss Sally sat by, uttering little squeaky “ohs!” and “ahs!” of dismay.

But now the brave Dutch girl as suddenly regained her composure as she had lost it and answered quite calmly, “It means, madam, that it is against the principles of me and mine to wear

the color of my birth land's enemies, or to let any one think I am on England's side."

"And pray, miss, who are you to thus set up yourself against your elders and betters? It is most presumptuous, as well as wickedly extravagant, to ruin the beautiful and expensive wrap I selected for you. Now you may retire to the garret and remain there, with only bread and water for your meals, until I decide upon a suitable punishment."

"Very well, madam," and with a low curtsey, but head held high in the air, the culprit withdrew.

The Burnham Hall attic was a spacious though somewhat dreary place, lined with chests and trunks and cast-off garments, but quite warm, as it was built around the great, central chimney; while fitted in the heavy rafters were adjustable poles where the wash was hung to dry in cold or wet weather.

Creeping up the steep stairs, then, our small heroine made herself as comfortable as possible on a pile of patchwork quilts in one corner, beginning now to feel weak and very, very hungry as the savory odors of the Sunday dinner floated up from below.

"Oh, dear, how good that roasting fowl does smell," she sighed, and the slices of dry rye bread and glass of water that were brought her went but a little way towards satisfying her healthy young appetite.

Nobody came near her during the afternoon and, although she dozed some, the time seemed interminable, while, as the shadows fell, the clothing against the wall took on distorted and terrifying shapes to her excited imagination.

For supper, the bread and water diet was repeated and she was just on the verge of a panic, by giving way to her fancy that the innocent gowns and feathered bonnets were Indians and assassins preparing to spring forth upon her, when the light of a lantern illumined the rafters and a heavy step sounded on the ladder-like staircase.

In another moment Mary Ludwig's cheerful countenance put all fearsome objects to flight and she was ready to fall on the good creature's neck when she saw what she had brought.

"Ach, thin, no gинуine slip of a patriot is goin' to starve while Molly has a bit an' sup," quoth the whole-souled Irish-German,

as she set down a tray on which was arranged a dainty little repast of cold turkey, hot biscuits, preserved pears and rich milk. "Now, don't cry, but fall to and I warrant you'll feel considerable stiffer in the upper lip when you git through."

And Katrina was nothing loath to obey.

"Have I been very, very bad?" she asked, when the last morsel had disappeared.

"Wall, not from my way o' thinkin'," replied the maid. "I think it wus foine. But I wish ye could see the rid cape now! I fished it out of the tub, an' it's all in spots and circles an' of sech a quare bluish puce color, it would make a shoat laugh."

"Well, anyway, it is not the king's scarlet!"

"That it ain't! But I'm afeared it's bound to make you blush a rosy rid purty often, ef it is a sort o' Jarsey blue."

And poor Katrina thought the same when, the following day, after a night on a cot in the attic and comforted only by the faint beam from Molly's lantern which she left behind, she again confronted Miss Minerva and heard her sentence.

In her hand the principal held the camlet cloak, now bereft of all its royal gloss and beauty, of an ugly purplish blue tint, spotted, streaked and speckled. "Behold the result of your fit of temper!" she said sternly and, it must be confessed, somewhat vindictively. "Certain, too, am I that your parents would not wish me to waste more gold in replacing it. Therefore, Catherine, for the remainder of the winter you must wear this cape as it is, whenever you go abroad; and if it excites ridicule, remember you are only receiving your just deserts for such naughtiness and almost treason."

"Yes, madam, I believe that is right," agreed the girl so quietly that it nearly took her teacher's breath away; and bravely, too, she wore the disfigured garment, though often forced to hear a titter as she passed along the street. But Temperance put a stop to the schoolgirls' scornful remarks by saying,— "Isn't she a dear, courageous little American! Three cheers for Miss Jersey Blue!" which Susan, at least, gave with a will.

Ere long, too, more serious and important happenings drove all minor matters from the minds of both teachers and pupils at the Yellow Ark.

CHAPTER XVI

AMIDST WAR'S ALARMS

“Beneath this grand old rooftree, boy,
Your country's father came
To fight the fight which gave to you
A country and a name;
And to him gathered all the brave,
A small but gallant band,
Who dared to ask that Liberty
Should reign throughout the land.”

—*D. A. W.*

“**W**ILLEM, I wish you would take the seed corn to Edmund Kingsland that I promised him,” said Farmer Van Guilder, one day in November. “He says my grain is the best anywhere around here.”

“I will do so right willingly, sir,” responded William, who was always glad of an opportunity to ride Rabicano. “He lives in that big mansion on the Hackensack road, does he not?”

“Yes, about two miles beyond the copper mines.”

“Well, then, I will go this very afternoon,” and, shortly after the noon dinner, the black colt was summoned from the field by a low whistle he knew well and came with a joyful whinny at his master's call. With the yellow ears slung from the saddle, they set gaily forth for the great manor-house which, even at that time, had nearly completed its first century.

It was one of those halcyon, dreamy, autumn days to which the early settlers gave the name of “Indian summer.” A misty, blue haze half obscured hill and valley and the pleasant sort of melancholy peculiar to the season stole over the boy, as he cantered gently through the village and out onto the country road.

“How still it is and how peace seems to brood above this fair land,” he thought. “And yet, just over yonder, two rival armies



“ ‘ACH, THIN, NO GINUINE SLIP OF A PATRIOT IS GOIN’ TO STARVE WHILE
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stand, like wild beasts, ready to spring and eager for each other's blood! I cannot but think, too, that, ere long, they will invade New Jersey and this is but the calm before the storm."

On reaching the old mansion, he found Mr. Kingsland absent from home, but Cato, his colored body-servant who was devoted to his master, received him civilly, took Heer Van Guilder's message and insisted upon setting forth refreshment for both man and beast.

"Fur wroth enuff is Marse Kingsland ef we is not hospitable," he said. "He eben feeds de scouts dat is allays now skirmishin' round hereabouts. I tells him dey is spies but he only laffs an' sez, 'A square meal neber hurt friend or foe.'"

"Mayhap he is right, but I saw no one on my way over," replied William, as he mounted for the homeward ride. "Well, my respects to your master and thanks for your civility. Get up, Rab! I am going to try a short cut through the woods going back."

With this in mind, then, he soon turned from the beaten track into a woodland path that ran beneath grand old trees which must have dated from the forest primeval. Squirrels scampered over the branches and birds twittered gleefully, but there was no other sound until he had ridden several miles. Then he came to a clearing, the trees became thinner and presently he was surprised by hearing voices just beyond.

"We must have reached the crossroads, Rab," he exclaimed and, sure enough, as they rode out into the open, William found himself at a place where four paths met, and there, too, stood a group of horsemen, all of whom wore cocked hats and long, dark riding cloaks which, however, could not entirely conceal the buff and blue of the Continental uniform.

They appeared puzzled and, as the bond-boy appeared, the tallest and most imposing of the party, a man of about forty-five, called, in a soft, Southern voice, — "Holloa, young sir, are you acquainted with this vicinity?"

"Aye, sir," he replied, "for my home is not far from here," drawing rein as he spoke.

"Then, perhaps you will be so courteous as to point out the road to Hackensack and, likewise, direct us how to reach the

ferry across the river. We have lost our bearings completely and were becoming more confused every moment."

"Glad am I, then, that I chanced hither!" and the lad doffed his fustian cap with as much grace as his interlocutor. "By taking this right hand road and riding due east you will come to the Crossing-Place, while I, myself, am bound for the town and can guide you directly there."

"Capital!" cried the officer. "Then, Greene, you and Paine return to the Fort and the rest of us will accept this bright youth's offer. Keep a strict guard and fail not to let me know if the enemy makes any move whatsoever."

"Trust me for that, general! And thee, too, must be wary as a fox!" saying which, one of rather Quaker mien, in spite of his uniform, beckoned to his aide-de-camp, whipped up his horse and was quickly out of sight. Meanwhile, the remainder followed in William's wake, the first speaker riding beside him and asking many questions as to the lay of the land and the sentiments of the people of New Barbadoes.

As they neared the village, however, he again came to a pause and said: "It is yonder we desire to find accommodation for a few days. Do you know, my lad, if such can be found at the inn there?"

"I fear not, for 'tis full to overflowing and there be as many Tories there as Whigs. But, sir, almost sure am I that Mr. Peter Zabriskie would be proud to open his doors to loyal Americans who wear the buff and blue, for there is no truer patriot than he this side of the Palisades."

"Thanks, thanks! Then will you add to the service you have already rendered by riding forward and asking this worthy Hollander if he can put up General Washington and his staff for a short time?"

"What! Your Excellency!" Scarcely could William believe his ears. This the commander-in-chief! And he had chatted with him as familiarly as with Heer Van Guilder! Overcome, then, with confusion, he could only blush and bow and race Rabicano forward to fulfill the commission.

That evening, then, George Washington's headquarters were within Mynheer Zabriskie's comfortable home while, across the

Green, Archie Campbell and his underlings streamed back and forth with covered dishes and foaming tankards for the great man's meal.

At the same hour, too, William Tuttle, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, was recounting at the farmhouse supper table his woodland encounter. "And never, never, have I seen so attractive a personage," he concluded. "Nor one with so soft and persuasive a voice, though his aspect is that of a Jove. I would not like to feel his displeasure. His smile, though, is like sunshine on the mountainside and his parting words to me were, — 'If I can ever be of service to you, my boy, hesitate not to let me know. And now I must give you one piece of advice! Keep that fine bit of horseflesh you are riding out of sight. For, unfortunately, the army brings many in its train who do not stop at thievery and outlawry.'"

"Wise words, too, those were!" cried the farmer, "and much I wish the nag was with his young mistress!"

"Why not send him for a Christmas gift?" suggested Vrouw Van Guilder.

"A good thought, if I could see the way to do so in these upset times."

"I will take him," put in William, eagerly.

"Very well, we will see! But only God knows what may happen before the New Year!"

The presence of the commander-in-chief in their midst naturally created a stir among the inhabitants of the quiet village and many a wavering youth succumbed to his impressive personality and laid down the plough for the flint and firelock.

"Most compelling, too, do I feel the call to take up arms for my country," Lennard Terheun confided to Marta, and all began to realize that war was, indeed, creeping to their very doorsteps.

Excitement, then, reached its climax when, one raw, rainy evening just at twilight, little Tiny, her eyes like saucers, came rushing into the living-room — now all aglow with rosy firelight — screaming, — "They are coming! They are coming! All the soldiers from Fort Constitution and Fort Washington!"

"How know you that?" demanded her mother, catching her by the shoulders and shaking her in her amazement.

"Why, between the drops I ran up to the Willows for one turn in the rope swing that William put up for me and I was just 'letting the old cat die,' when tearing down the road came Jack Berry on his bay mare and he pulled up long enough to shout, 'Run, sis, run! For here comes Georgie and Quaker Greene, with all their rag-tag and bobtail troops over the Old Bridge.' At which I took to my heels and scurried home like a rabbit. Hark! Canst thou not hear the drum and fife?"

Too true! And, hurrying to porch and windows, the whole family watched the poor patriots as they trailed past, two abreast, making but a sorry show in their faded and tattered garments, some wrapped in blankets and some without a shoe for their feet as they tramped through the mud.

"Ach, but it makes mine heart ache!" almost sobbed the kindly vrouw, as the warmth and comfort within seemed to make even more pitiful the state of the wet and shivering men without. "Come, girls, fetch your knitting-pins! We must knit night and day to cover those cold, bare toes."

"What means it? What brings the troops to Hackensack?" inquired the old Dutch women in querulous, frightened tones.

"Why, donder-head, don't you know it is a skedaddle?" sneered Jack Berry to his Aunt Charlotte, when she put the questions to him. "The king's men, too, will likely be here to-morrow."

He spoke only too truly, for the next night half the population gathered on the dock to see the beacon fires of the British camp flashing brightly on the opposite side of the river.

That evening, too, the Voorleezer visited Jufvrouw Van Guilder, whom he found alone by the blazing hickory logs, busy with her hand-reel. He wore the antiquated uniform of the train-band and carried himself with a martial air.

"Well, Marta dear," he said, "I have come to tell you that my mind is, at last, made up. On the morrow our town militia will follow Washington and I am going with them."

"O Lennard!" and he fancied the girl's lip quivered.

"Shall you care?"

"Of course. None of my friends do I send gladsomely to battle."

"I think it is my duty."

"That is so; but what will the new Dominie do without you?"

"Dominie Romeyn bade me 'Go, and Godspeed!' But, sweetheart, one thing more do I wish of thee besides farewell! Wilt thou not, before we leave, untie the marriage-knot and give to me the handkerchief that I may wear it over mine heart? 'Twill be a talisman to inspire me with rare strength and courage."

But, like unto the renowned "lady from over the Rhine" the coy maiden again "shook her flaxen head and civilly answered '*nein*.'" Then, sobbing: "I cannot! ach, I cannot!" dropped her work and escaped from the room.

When she recovered sufficiently to return she found her lover gone, but on her hand-reel appeared, roughly cut with a jack-knife, the initials "M. V. G." and "L. T." and below the much loved Holland word "*Gedachtenis*" — "In remembrance."

"Oh, that I, too, were able to give my small help to the righteous cause," thought William Tuttle bitterly and he ventured very early into the village on the morning of departure for one more glimpse of the noble Virginian who had taken such a powerful hold upon his boyish fancy. He saw him enter the tavern and, creeping after, heard him say to the landlord who brought him a mug of wine and water, "'Tis no use, my friend, for us to give fight to the enemy here. The Hessians are with them and their greater numbers would quickly overpower us. No, the only thing is to retreat beyond the Delaware and await reinforcements."

"Alack, alack! And what shall we do!" ejaculated the inn-keeper, the tears streaming down his face. "Tell me, general, what ought I to do? I have a family of small children and a little property here; shall I leave them?"

"No, Mr. Campbell," and kindly the commander shook the unhappy publican's hand. "Stay by your family and *keep neutral*. Good-bye."

Then, as he turned aside, his glance fell upon William and his countenance lightened. "Ah, if it is not my manly young guide! Howdy, boy! Why do you not join us? America wants all her strong arms and loyal hearts."

"If I only could," stammered the lad, while a blush of shame flushed his cheek. "But — but — I — I am an indentured servant and my master needs me."

"Then without doubt your place is here! But cheer up! The days of freedom cannot be far distant!"

"So oft do I tell myself. Meanwhile, Your Excellency, you said ——"

"What did I say? Is there aught I can do for you?"

"Aye, if you would be so kind. It is a pass I wish. A pass that might help me to get to Trenton town before the close of the year."

"You shall have it, though, with Lord Howe and the German troopers headed in that direction, I fear it will be of small service to you." Then, bidding Archibald Campbell fetch quill and paper, he wrote a few lines and handed them to the youth. "There is the passport for what it is worth." And, without waiting for thanks, he wrapped his long, gray cloak about him and was gone.

An hour later, William, with all the Van Guilders and half the village folk, waved "farewell" to the home company which so courageously followed General Greene's distressed regiments to what seemed more likely death than glory. Even Farmer Tenpenny's burly son Simon was there among other country bumpkins, with Major Lennard Terheun at their head. All, too, marched proudly; and valiantly their voices rang out in the "Marching Chant of the New Jersey Militia."

"I love with all my heart
The independent part.

"To obey the Parliament
My conscience won't consent.

"I never can abide
To fight on England's side.

“ I pray that God may bless
The great and grand Congress.

“ This is my mind and heart
Tho' none should take my part.

* * * * *

“ Of this opinion I
Resolve to live and die.”

“ Live and die ! ” The words in the Voorleezer's clear baritone struck Marta's ears. She reddened, paled and burst into a flood of tears, while that night she sobbed and moaned far into the “ wee sma' hours.”

Oh, foolish, fickle little Marta !

Before evening, too, the British had taken possession of the village and the negroes were screaming with terror at the “ monkey-faced, hairy debbils,” as they stigmatized the Hessians who covered the Green, looking fierce enough in their whiskers and mustachios and brass caps, while they rendered “ night hideous ” with their metal kettledrums. Nor was any chicken roost or larder safe from their depredations, as they plundered the countryside, in quest of provisions.

CHAPTER XVII

THE YELLOW ARK IS BESIEGED

“ And she stood in the soldiers’ midst, I ween,
The daintiest thing they e’er had seen !
She swept their gaze with her eyes most sweet,
And patted her little slippered feet.”

—*Virginia W. Cloud.*

THE winter set in unusually early and Washington made his escape beyond the Delaware just before the river was frozen over, thus stopping the advance of the enemy. But there was a flutter in the Quaker dove-cotes of Trenton when, suddenly, in the cold and bleak December, the Hessian hirelings swooped down upon the quiet town and demanded food and lodging for fifteen hundred men, while St. Michael’s church and many other places were turned into stables for their horses.

Wrapped in her defaced blue cloak, Katrina had ventured down to the market-place on an errand for Miss Sally, when she first heard the roll of the kettledrums which the boys declared said : “ Plunder ! plunder ! plun-plun-plun-der ! ” and hurrying home as fast as her feet would carry her along the icy streets, was astonished enough to behold, on the porch of Burnham Hall, two rotund and hairy-faced figures who wore the German uniform, while in the doorway stood Miss Minerva, her hands thrown up and a look of horror on her high-bred, rather masculine features.

“ Dis iss mein blace ver I wants to sleep und eat und drink,” stammered one of the foreigners in his broken English, and the other nodded grunting : “ Yah, yah ! Dis looks to pe de pestest blace.”

“ But you cannot, you cannot,” almost screamed Miss Minerva.

"This is a Young Ladies' Seminary, where men are not admitted."

"Dod iss no matter! De *mädchens* ve no mind! Ve likes 'em!" and an inane grin distorted the officer's pudgy countenance. "For our men, a blace ve mus' haf. In de name of de King of Great Pritain ve demands it an' ve takes it, vether or no."

"Alas, what shall we do!" wailed Miss Sally, in the background, as the Germans began rudely to push their way in and, afterwards, Katrina often wondered what the outcome would have been if, at that instant, a huge steed had not dashed up to the gate, while along the garden walk flashed a scarlet coat and glittering brass helmet and Charles Asgill's familiar voice cried:

"Holloa, Von Heiser, what are you doing here? These are our quarters."

"*Nein, nein.* Ve vants dis blace," protested the Hessian major.

"But you can't have it. Behold an order from Rahl, himself, directing Harcourt's Dragoons to occupy Burnham Hall. You are to join the colonel at Potts' tavern. Now, be off with you! Vamoose! March!" And, grunting and sputtering, the disgruntled hirelings obeyed, while the young Englishman removed his helmet and bowing to Miss Minerva, said, with a laugh,—

"It is too bad, Miss Burnham, but 'tis the fate of war! There be few houses in Trenton that will not be forced to open their doors to us rough fellows and I fancied you would prefer Harcourt and myself and some of our cracksmen to those aliens. At least, we do not spread the butter on our bread with our thumbs, as Knyphausen does."

"Ah, yes, yes, you are very kind!" gasped the poor woman, quite bewildered. "But — but it is not seemly that I should admit any gentlemen in among my pupils. What will their parents say?"

"They can scarce blame you, since you cannot help yourself. For really, madam, we shall have to come whether you consent or not."

"Then do it gracefully, sister," whispered Miss Madeline who had glided up behind her. "The girls can retire to the attic and

give up their dormitories. You are welcome, lieutenant, to the little we have to offer."

"Thanks! But 'tis no longer lieutenant. Since I had a hand in capturing the rascal Lee at Vealtown, and carrying him off, in his dressing-gown and slippers, to the Sugar House at New York, I have been Captain Asgill, at your service." And, again, the horsehair plume on his helmet swept the floor.

"I congratulate you," and Madeline Burnham's sweet eyes shone with a proud, happy light, while her sister said: "Very well, then, captain! Since it must be so, bring your dragoons hither. It will, indeed, be better than having those ungenteel foreigners."

That night, then, the schoolgirls were huddled away in cots and trundle-beds under the eaves, and down-stairs, within the precise, scholastic walls, sacred to "maiden meditation" and frolicsome youth, smoking and drinking had replaced the fine art of needlework and the tinkling "spinet with its thin, metallic thrills." The men, too, played at loo and quadrille, and, until the early hours, could be heard crying "spadille," "basto" and "matador."

Miss Minerva went about with compressed lips and stern countenance and knew not whether to resent it or not when mischievous Tempe, on bidding her "good-night," remarked: "How rejoiced, madam, you must feel, to be able to do something for the de-ar king and his cause, by thus entertaining the loyal Tory legion."

As time passed, however, all — except, perhaps, Molly Ludwig — became more reconciled and, occasionally, in the early evening, the ladies were persuaded by Harcourt — who was now a colonel — and some of the superior officers, to join them at the card table, for the two elder sisters dearly loved a game of picquet and the youngest liked the society there.

Not so pleasing, though, was this to some of the more youthful dragoons who played for high stakes and were apt to come to hot words. They felt it a restraint, and, one night, when the dispute was unusually sharp, forgot their company, overleaped the bounds and almost came to blows.

"Zounds, sir, what mean you by such cheater?"

"'Twas no cheater, man! The game is mine."

"But I saw you slip a card with mine own eyes!"

"'Tis a lie, sir!"

"A lie! By the Lord Harry, you shall eat those words, sir!"

These were the excited utterances which attracted the group nearest the fire and Colonel Harcourt turned angrily.

"Hold, gentlemen! What mean you by such quarrelling? Pray keep those camp manners for the mess room and bring them not into the presence of ladies."

"S'death, sir! 'Tis all ladies can expect when they intrude where they do not belong!" retorted one of the belligerents.

"Shame! For shame, Pinkney!"

In an instant the apartment was in an uproar and Captain Asgill, white with rage, drew his sabre and would have struck the speaker across the mouth had not a soft hand been laid on his arm and Madeline's gentle voice murmured: "O Charles, do not fight on *this* night!"

With a mighty effort he restrained himself, but sneered scornfully, — "Cur! Yet you call yourself a gentleman and a British soldier! Methinks your proper place is with the Hessians yonder. But understand — and I am sure Harcourt will uphold me — there is to be no more gaming beneath the roof of these gentlewomen."

"Then, forsooth, it is time we betook ourselves elsewhere! Come, Blake, we will settle our difficulty outside." And, scowling wrathfully, the youthful guardsman strode from the room, followed by three others.

"The blood is hot and quick to rise in razorless youngsters of twenty," laughed the colonel apologetically, but Captain Asgill still fumed.

"They deserve to be court-martialed for behavior unbecoming an officer," he growled but, again, the youngest Miss Burnham interfered.

"It was unmannerly, certainly," she said. "But please think no more about it. We must have nothing but pleasant memories of this evening."

"And why this evening in particular?" inquired the colonel who had overheard the low aside.

"Because," replied Charles Asgill, "it is one of joy to us both. Two hours ago this fair lady plighted her troth to a most unworthy, though loyal, subject of King George."

"What! To you, captain?" shouted his friend.

"Bless my soul!" squeaked Miss Sally; Miss Minerva gasped; and bonny Madeline, herself, could only blush and dimple and whisper, half reproachfully, —

"Ah, Charles! I thought it was to be a secret!"

"Nay, dear heart, I want the whole world to know."

"Hooray!" cried Colonel Harcourt. "This is rare news and we must celebrate! Call down that little blue rebel and the rest of the lasses, Mistress Burnham, and let us toast this happy combination of Mars and Cupid!"

So, to the amazement of the girls, at the close of the study hour they were actually summoned to the parlor and each was given a very tiny glass of metheglin — which name meant "perfect love" — in which to drink the health of their much beloved teacher and Susan's gallant preserver.

"Truly I believe the world is turning upside down and Miss Minerva has experienced a change of heart," quoth Tempe, as they climbed back to the garret. "But isn't Miss Madeline the sweetest thing you ever saw to-night?"

"Yes," agreed Katrina. "She looked like a goddess among all those rough men, with the color coming and going in her cheeks and her eyes just running over with happiness."

CHAPTER XVIII

CHRISTMAS EVE

“ 'Tis night along the Delaware—
 'Tis merry Christmas night,
And all the holiday may share :
The Hessian ranks throw off their care,
 And Trenton rings right merrily
 With strangest warrior-minstrelsy :

* * * * *

 Fill high the can !
 Fill high the can !
The toast — the toast be Fatherland !”

— *Thomas Ward.*

A FAMOUS housekeeper was Miss Sally Burnham of Burnham Hall and her plum puddings—made from an old English recipe—were noted far and wide. So, in spite of military intrusion, pounds of raisins were stoned, citron was chopped and most delicious spicy odors pervaded the Yellow Ark, at the approach of the weird Christmas-tide of 1776. But, on the morning of the 24th, the little woman's brow wore a doleful pucker as she surveyed the tempting display of brown, plum-studded balls.

“Never have they been better,” she sighed. “But it breaks my heart to give up a good old custom! For ten years I have never failed to send Lady Castleman her Christmas pudding, but, with all there is to do for these warlike gentlemen, Molly cannot possibly be spared to-day, while neither Cuffy Cockroach nor any other messenger can be had for love or money.”

Now Temperance Wick had a sort of protecting fondness for the tiny, timid lady and, overhearing the remark, at once offered to be her gift-bearer.

“Oh, thank you, my dear, but will it be safe for you, with all these foreigners parading around?” she protested feebly.

"Surely, Miss Sally! Do you think I need to be matronized to walk three squares? Tie up the pudding and I will be off with it at once." And the second Miss Burnham was too anxious to carry out her wish to make further objection.

In hood and cloak and pattens, then, Tempe set forth, but she had not been outside two minutes when she came running back, calling loudly for Katrina.

"What is it?" shouted down her friend from the top of the attic stairs. "I thought you were half-way to Lady Castleman's ere this."

"So, too, I would be, if I had not met a 'White Mouse' at the gate, inquiring for Miss Van Guilder."

"A mouse!" cried Trina. "Mean you it is Jan's college mate?"

"So I suspect, for he is as sleek and pink-eyed as any rodent that ever I saw. 'Tis like he brings some tidings from your brother. But—cracky! don't knock me over!" as Katrina made a mad rush past her for the front door.

There, sure enough, stood a very diminutive, blond youth, with small, sharp features, who delighted her by producing a three-cornered note. "From Johannes Van Guilder!" he announced. "And lucky are you to receive it, for a mighty pretty Jerry-Sneak trick I had to play to get out of Princeton, which is as full of redcoats as Trenton is of Hessians."

"Really!" cried Katrina. "Then, whatever are the students doing?"

"The best they can. But your letter will tell you."

"No doubt, and you have my grateful thanks for fetching it. But step in out of the cold and warm thyself at the log fire."

"No, I thank you. I have had a long skate down the river and am ready for the three B's — breakfast, bath and bed, that I hope to secure at the inn. So, *au revoir!*" and, with a wave of his cap, the sprite was gone.

"What a funny, mousy creature it is!" laughed Katrina as she sat down to enjoy her epistle which, however, was extremely brief.

"Mine sister," wrote Jan, "never did you dream of such a coil

as there is in this town and the Greek and the Latin have been quite driven out of our heads — instead of in — by the coming of Cornwallis and his troops, who have settled down to wait for the thawing of the ice in the Delaware, in order to get at George Washington and his men. Most people say this is the finish of the war, for the Continentals are bound to be starved and frozen out long before spring. My Lord Marquis certainly thinks so, for, after quartering his soldiers in Nassau Hall, Richard Stockton's big mansion and twenty other places, he betook himself back to New York and, we hear, is preparing to sail for England. Meanwhile, we undergraduates have to skirmish for food and lodging at night. Poor enough, too, it often is. Philip and I are growing heartily sick of it and, if our Quaker friend can secure a pass from the British officer in command here, — as he believes he can, — we intend making tracks for his home. In that case, we shall stop at Trenton and, if all is not well with you, will take you with us, as Morris assures me his mother would be charmed to receive you, and, thanks to Parson Odell, the Episcopal minister, the Hessians have been kept out of Burlington.

“The ‘White Mouse’ is a spry chap and slippery as an eel, so he will try and bear this to you. Keep up a good heart, Trina dear, and may Christmas see us together.

“Thine brother

“JAN.”

“Oh, if he only could come! But I am affrighted to think of him out in this bitter weather and in an enemy-beset country,” half sobbed the little maid, as she went to tell her companions the Princeton news.

In the meantime, Tempe, carefully carrying a napkin-covered dish, was slowly making her way over the ice-encrusted pavements towards the spacious residence of Lady Castleman. All seemed quiet — for it was the drill hour — and she was within a block of her destination, when suddenly around a corner appeared a very flushed and oily German trooper, who began to smirk and to twist his fierce black moustache, which was waxed to wonderful bristling points.

Startled, she attempted to hurry by him, but slipped and would

have fallen had not a huge, fat hand caught her, while a husky voice shouted in her ear, — “Ho, ho, leetle von! Iss it you vould tumble on your bretty nose! Nein, a bity vould dot pe!”

“My acknowledgments, sir,” responded Tempe, and would have hastened on, but the man stepped in front of her. “Not so fast, *fräulein*,” he chortled. “Von kiss I vants for safin’ you de tumble; und vat is dis you haf in de pig powl?” at the same moment tearing off the covering of the Christmas dainty.

“Be not uncivil, sir, for this is not for you!” exclaimed the now thoroughly frightened girl; but the Hessian only beamed good-naturedly and chuckled:

“Mein cracious! Vat a pig budding, und chock full ob blums! Ach, put it vould pe goot fur de fine supper ve has dis night. I dinks, mein chile, I muss dis confiscate, in de name ob his serene highness, King George ob England.”

“But that you shall not, for it would be stealing from your own, since the pudding belongs to red-hot Tories.” Then, as the soldier not only laid violent hands on the dish, but attempted to encircle her waist with his arm, the damsel screamed aloud, — “Help, help! Oh, help!”

Fortunately, her cry of distress reached the ears of an equestrian who, mounted on a handsome black horse, had just turned into King Street and, the next moment, a resounding blow sent the trooper sprawling in the snow while a tall, muscular youth cried, “Take that for your rudeness, you unmannerly lout!” He followed it up, too, by a kick that called forth a howl of pain from the prostrate figure, looking not unlike a mammoth black and yellow beetle floundering on the ground.

“Oh, but I am obliged to you!” ejaculated Temperance, in a spasm of gratitude.

“What was the miscreant ——” but there the lad paused with a look of incredulous amazement.

“Tempe Wick!”

“William! For it is William Tuttle, is it not?”

“To be sure! And here is Rabicano, waiting to be welcomed as a Christmas box from my good master.”

“What! Can this be Rab? This beauty the poor, scraggly, little, long-legged colt I used to feed! Oh, you darling!” And,



“‘TAKE THAT FOR YOUR RUDENESS!’”—Page 110

throwing her arms around the two-year-old's neck, the impulsive girl showered his graceful head with kisses, while, blubbering and gesticulating, the German picked himself up and ambled off, for William kept pointing at him an antiquated musket which, for years, had adorned the wall at the Van Guilder farm and was familiarly known as "Brown Bess."

"However in the world did you chance to be here and come riding up, in the nick of time, to play knight errant?" she, also, inquired laughingly, when her agitation had somewhat subsided and the trooper had disappeared towards the barracks.

"Why, first and foremost, I came to bring the horse from Mynheer and, likewise, to see how it fares with Katrina. Never, though, did I expect to find Trenton in the hands of the 'lobsters,' as they call them up Boston way. But whither were you going?"

"To Lady Castleman's, with this plum pudding that was the 'bone of contention.' 'Tis thither, too, that you shall now give me my first ride on Rabicano."

This was said with such a bewitching smile that the boy's heart went pit-a-pat and joyfully he lifted the blithe lassie onto the colt's back and sprang up behind.

It was thus, then, that Miss Sally's culinary triumph reached the English dame who came out, herself, to see the bonny young pair and seemed much taken with their bright faces.

"When this foolish conflict is over, you must both come to call on me and become better acquainted," she called graciously, as they cantered off; and then William insisted upon Tempe riding back to Burnham Hall.

"Well, I will," she finally consented, "if you will promise not to stop even for a glimpse of Trina, but hasten as fast as you can to Abraham Hunt's and have him hide Rab in the darkest corner of his stable. Otherwise, we will have a pig of a Hessian captivating the horse, as that rascal would have done the pudding."

"But when, then, can I see you both?" asked the youth, disconsolately.

"To-morrow, if not before, for Prudence has invited us to dine with her. Though Quakers keep not Christmas, they like holiday feasting and Friend Hunt is 'all things to all men.'"

"'Tis a wise precaution at this time," commented young Tuttle, as he sped away, while, as Tempe entered the house, she was met by Susan Boudinot, fairly scintillating with excitement.

"What think you!" she cried gleefully. "Through 'my captain' (she always claimed Charles Asgill as her special property) the German Commander Rahl has bidden us all to witness the Christmas tree which his staff is to have to-night at Stacy Potts' tavern. Never have I seen such a thing and I can scarce wait for sundown."

"Silly! Well, I am not going to any fandango given by those robber hirelings!" and so said Katrina.

But before the twinkling stars shone forth, like Christmas tapers, in the deep blue sky, girlish curiosity had gotten the better of their indignation and they concluded to accompany their companions and teachers, "for," as they told each other, "it was the low-born troopers who did the plundering, and not the officers."

History saith that the retainers of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel — in spite of the bad name they earned in New Jersey — were, on the whole, "a kind, peaceable people, inveterately fond of smoking and pea coffee"; and on this frosty Christmas Eve the jolly countenances of Colonel Rahl, Count Donop, Major Von Heiser and the rest beamed like full moons as they welcomed their guests in Stacy Potts' sober little parlor now unwontedly adorned with boughs of pine and hemlock and bright-hued berries; while, on a table in the centre, appeared the festive evergreen, lighted by tallow dips and decorated with strips of gay paper, colored eggs and gaudy trinkets picked up here and there throughout the town.

"Oh, isn't it lovely!" screamed little Susan, in ecstasy; at which Count Donop chuckled:

"Lofely! Yah, it iss lofely! Nottings iss dere in all dis vorl like de so dear German Christmas tree."

Very pleasantly, too, they entertained the girls, presenting them with trifles from the festal spruce and pressing them to partake of the good cheer set out in an adjoining room; while the Hessian musicians played without and deep voices joined in singing songs of the "blue-eyed maids of Fatherland."

But there were other spectators beside the Burnham Hall party.

Captain Huddy was there, light-hearted and jovial and joking with the enemy. Caroline Cox flirted with a German lieutenant; and Stacy Potts, himself, flitted in and out, looking like a mute at a funeral; for well he knew the "raking over the coals" he would have the next day from orthodox Sister Mercy and Sister Peace.

Tabitha, however, thought it "rare fun" and before the school-girls left she drew them aside to secretly display a high and beautifully carved comb of rich tortoise-shell.

"It is the first ornament I ever owned," she whispered merrily. "Joshua Huddy gave it me, for he likes not lawn caps on young wenches and says 'this is to hold up my bonny brown hair.'"

"Come over to-morrow, then, Tib, and I will show you how," quoth Caroline. "And now, a Merry Christmas to one and all, for the clock is striking midnight!"

So, to the strains of the foreign band and harmonious greetings, Christmas Eve was merged into the Festival of the Nativity in that grim yester-year. Meanwhile, beyond the ice-floes of the Delaware, Washington and his brave little company of followers shivered in the keen, wintry blasts, but ever kept watch and ward and waited, patiently waited.

CHAPTER XIX

THE INTERRUPTED MERRYMAKING

“ Fires ablaze and candles bright,
Soldier and officer feasted that night.
The enemy? Safe, with a river between,
Black and deadly and fierce and keen ;
A river of ice and a blinding storm, —
So they made them merry and kept them warm.”

—*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*

“ **A** CH, but it seems good to see a home face once again !
'Tis the very best Santa Claus gift I could have !”
Thus exclaimed Katrina when, on Christmas morning, she clasped the hand of William Tuttle and cuddled up beside him in the living-room of Friend Hunt's comfortable home at one end of a row of brick buildings and adjoining the store where he had made for himself a moderate fortune.

“ Yes,” responded the lad, “ and a budget of messages have I brought to you.”

Merrily, then, their tongues ran, as he told of the perils of the way thither and reeled off the news of the farm and New Barbadoes township.

“ Marta has heard never a word from the Voorleezer since he marched away,” he said, “ and ‘ Jack the Regular ’ makes Heer Van Guilder wroth enough by coming to the house and sending presents of fruit and game.”

“ Who, pray, is Jack the Regular ?” asked the girl.

“ Oh, that is a nickname the village boys have given Jack Berry ; for he has donned the British uniform and claims to be a regularly commissioned captain in the king's service. Really, though, he only commands a company of cowboys who go about the country seeking what they can plunder and carry off.”

“ Ah, but a disgrace is that ! And just like these muffs of Hessians !”

“So we think! But Marta alternately smiles and frowns upon him. Your sister seems not to know her own mind. Sam Van Valen, too, is monstrous attentive in that quarter while, since the runaway, he hates Captain Jack as he does a rattlesnake.”

So they chatted on and never missed Tempe and Prudence who stole out to assist Grandma Hunt in setting the table. “For,” the little Quakeress told her friend, “the noonday dinner must be gotten out of the way right early, as father has bidden Commander Rahl and the other German officers to sup here to-night.”

“Alack, yes, and more’s the pity!” sighed the grandmother. “It is not seemly that my son should thus consort with those heretical foreigners!”

“But ’tis wisdom,” laughed Prudence. “Father knows it is well to keep in with the ‘powers that be,’ and we are as good as conquered.”

“Mayhap not, then!” retorted Tempe, with spirit. “There is a lot of ‘never say die’ in the Virginian across the Delaware!”

“The tenets of our faith are all for non-resistance and I cannot hold with those who think it right to kill a fellow-mortal!” and the gentle old lady shook her head as vigorously as she did the salt-shaker, with which she was seasoning a savory dish.

Nor did she regain her accustomed composure all throughout the meal and when, in the early afternoon, the roll of drums and shrill of fife announced that the invaders were parading the town, she retired to her own chamber and perused Penn’s “Sandy Foundations Shaken,” feeling, indeed, that her little world was rocking under her feet.

Not so the young folks. They, gleefully, stationed themselves at the front windows, which gave upon the market-place, and watched the three regiments of Aspach, Lossberg and Rahl go marching past, in full regalia, with detachments of the Yagers and light horse, kettledrums beating merrily and colors flying, — while they concluded with a review directly in front of the house.

“’Tis a pretty way to celebrate the glad Yule!” commented

Tempe. "But I wish they did not look so sure of victory!" And she was more displeased when the hautboys played "Confusion to all rebels!"

"They are certainly a contrast to the poor Continentals who passed through Hackensack," said William.

"I wonder where Jan and Philip are," put in Katrina. "They must have left Princeton ere this and it is beginning to snow."

"A heavy storm, too, it promises to be," remarked their host, who entered at that moment.

A large, rosy man was Abraham Hunt, dressed always in a shad-breasted coat, small clothes and lengthy, flapping waistcoat of drab broadcloth, adorned with horn buttons, while his dark silk hose and low shoes were without buckles of either paste or silver. His long hair, brushed straight back, was crowned by a broad beaver hat and he carried a gold-headed cane whenever he went from home.

An extremely hospitable as well as canny Friend, too, was he, and, on this Christmas night, appeared a most genial gentleman as he bowed in his military guests, saying cordially, — "How dost thee do! I am glad to see thee!"

"Goot! goot! mooch more tan goot!" grunted Colonel Rahl, as they sat down to the highly polished mahogany table, set in the centre of the clean, well-sanded floor and covered with rich silver and Delft ware. Wax tapers burned brightly in candlestick and sconce; and Cuffy Cockroach, resplendent as a cockatoo in crimson plush jacket, yellow trousers and green turban, passed the green turtle soup, oysters, boned turkey, roast pig, venison and a delicious assortment of home-made pastry and sweets; while, at the head of the board, the Quaker filled the glasses from a huge Chelsea punch-bowl, with a silver mounted cocoanut ladle.

Meanwhile, the girls and William peeped through the key-holes, amused as much by General Knyphausen's bad table manners as by Colonel Rahl's funny stories, and when the men, full to repletion, adjourned to the front apartment and the card table, enjoyed a very jolly time over the remains of the feast.

Not a morsel of it, though, could Grandma Hunt be induced to taste and she walked the upper hall, wringing her hands and

wailing, "Naught but evil can come of such worldly doings! Naught but evil, whatsoever! So, too, wilt thee find it, before long!"

"Now, I'll tell thee what we will do," said Prudence when plum cake and syllabub had pretty well disappeared. "There is a big closet to the living-room which, likewise, has a door into the corridor. Let us hide in there and hearken to the fun, — that Count Donop and Colonel Rahl are so droll!"

No sooner said than done and they shook with silent laughter over the jokes and broken English of the foreign

"Crew,
Deep engaged in Lanctie Loo,"

while, without, the storm raged with more and more violence, the wind howling weirdly and the sleet beating a "devil's tattoo" upon the window-panes.

Suddenly, above the roar of the tempest and the merriment within, a loud, imperious rapping sounded on the brass knocker of the front entrance and, presently, Cuffy appeared, bearing a note upon a silver salver which he presented to the commander with a courtly bow and the remark, "I suttently am sorry to discombobberate Your Excellency, but dis yere hab jes ben lefted by a moughty elegant British orderly who sez it is mostest importunate an' requested dat it be delibered widout delayment, suh."

"All right, mein man!" responded Colonel Rahl, whose deal it was. But he waited to play out the hand before opening the communication.

"Christus, vat is dis!" he then cried, springing to his feet so abruptly as to overturn his chair. "Vashington's mens hab crossed ze riber an' are marching on Drenton! Quick, ve must away!"

"Nonsense," grumbled Knyphausen testily. "I, mineself, haf vord dot dose vellers haf neider shoes nor blankets, und die mit de cold und de hunger. Dey vill not cross de ice an' if dey do, ve makes dem brisoners."

"Den apout it ve must pe!" retorted Rahl and, seizing their

hats and cloaks, the officers all took "French leave," without even a "good-night" or thanks for their host, who sat staring stupidly after them, until his mother glided in, and shaking him by the arm, exclaimed reproachfully, — "There, Abraham, what did'st I tell thee! The curse has fallen upon this ungodly frivolity and a mercy will it be if we are permitted to see the morning light on the morrow!"

At this dire prophecy the girls screamed; Cuffy Cockroach turned a ghastly green; and only William laughed and answered courageously, — "Have no such fears, madam! Washington comes to fight men and not females."

CHAPTER XX

AN EXCITING YULETIDE

“ Frantic the cries : ‘ Turn out ! Turn out ! The foes ! ’
The drums are rattling, trumpets crash the alarm.
The outposts fly and wildly fire below
From upper windows of each captured foe.”

—*Sara W. Drummond.*

“ **T**ANTARA ! tan-ta-ra ! tan-ta-ra-ra ! ” sounded the bugles, heard even above the wild spirits of the wind, and joining with the beating of drums to call “ To arms, to arms ! ” all down the village street. Then the crack of musketry followed, merging into platoon firing and, finally, to the horror of the alarmed inhabitants, came a deafening roar of artillery as Forest’s and Knox’s batteries opened fire.

“ Oh, isn’t it awful ! ” gasped Prudence and, covering their ears, the girls sat, with blanched faces, all during the short, sharp, little battle, which lasted only thirty-five minutes, yet, at the close, three dozen Hessians had been slain, against two Continentals, and nearly a thousand men taken prisoners. Among these last was the German band which, on Christmas night, had played so merrily “ Confusion to all rebels. ” Six months later, too, these same musicians furnished the music at a Philadelphia dinner given by Congress to celebrate the first anniversary of American independence.

Almost as awe-inspiring, also, was the dead silence which suddenly succeeded the din and racket of warfare. It was a stillness that could be felt, and William declared his intention of going out to see what had transpired. But Grandma Hunt held him back. “ Nay, boy, ” she said. “ ’Tis a calm that may bode more trouble and thy master would not wish to have thee shot down here in the market-place. ”

Indeed, to so high a tension were all nerves strung, that everybody jumped when, again, a loud rapping sounded on the

knocker and a commanding voice shouted: "Open! Open at once, I say!"

"Go to the door, Cuffy," ordered Abraham Hunt, but the negro held back, his muscle and manners being infinitely greater than his courage.

"No, no, suh," he protested. "I belongs to myself an' I don't want a bullet hole in dis ole brack hide! Cockroach not ready to play de jew's-harp in de heabenly kingdom yet a while!"

"Chicken-hearted fool!" And the Quaker scowled angrily as he strode past the trembling darkey and threw wide the portal himself. But he fell back with an ejaculation of dismay as in darted Captain Huddy, his eyes nearly popping out with excitement and bearing, in his arms, the slender form of a young girl, whose long, loosened locks swept his shoulder and from whose head drops of blood fell upon the neat, sanded floor.

"Merciful heavens! It is Tibby!" shrieked Katrina. "Is it she is sadly hurt?"

"Only a scalp wound, I think," replied the kindly Monmouth man, as he carried the senseless maiden to the soft, white bed to which Mistress Hunt conducted him. "She will soon come to;" and, sure enough, ere long Tabitha opened her eyes and began to laugh and cry hysterically.

Very gently, then, the old Quakeress bound up the cut, which did not prove serious, and soothed her until she was able to recount connectedly how she chanced to be out in that storm of snow and bullets.

"Thee see I had been spending the evening with Caroline Cox," she sobbed, "and she had been dressing my hair like hers, so as to show off the fine gift given me by Joshua Huddy. It was vastly becoming and we were just laughing and prinking before the looking-glass, when the firing commenced and, knowing my father would be sore frightened about me, I started to make a run for home. The drifts, though, were so deep that I sank in up to my knees and, just beyond St. Michael's church, a ball whizzed by my head, knocking the comb from my hair and almost knocking my brains out as well. Over I tumbled in the snow and there, no doubt, would have perished, had not our good friend come that way and found me."

"Sho, sho! poor little lass!" muttered the captain, wiping his eyes.

"Mayhap it was a lesson thee needed for thy vanity," whispered grandma, who always improved the occasion.

"Mayhap it was," answered the girl quite humbly and, when the others had retired, buried her face in the pillow and wept herself to sleep.

After such a turbulent night, daylight found the family all, more or less, drowsy and ready to seek their couches, but the day was still young when Stacy Potts arrived, inquiring anxiously for his daughter.

"Thank the Lord," he exclaimed piously, when she was shown him, wrapped in peaceful slumber. "Methought her loss was to be the worst horror of this direful night! And now I want Cuffy Cockroach! Colonel Rahl was mortally wounded in the fray and, after surrendering his sword to Washington, was borne to my best chamber, where he lies nigh unto death. His one desire is for a word with the commander-in-chief of the American troops, who has his headquarters at the tavern on Mill Hill. Come, Cuff, I will write a message for thee to carry thither!"

But, again, the colored man shook his woolly topknot in refusal, and William spoke up eagerly.

"Let me be the messenger, sir. No fear have I and, it may be, I shall discover some acquaintances among the soldiers there." And half-distracted little Stacy was only too glad to accept.

"You must ride Rabicano, then," whispered Tempe, "for wearisome walking would it be in this slush."

"Since, too, it is so cold and thou hast no riding cloak, pray take my poor old 'Jersey blue,'" begged Katrina.

So, wrapped in the dyed cardinal and mounted on the familiar black horse, the bond-boy picked his way along the now almost deserted streets where, however, there were numerous ghastly evidences of bloodshed and carnage.

"Men must fight and women must mourn," quoth Grandmother Hunt as, with heavy hearts, they awaited his return, while her son went in and out, bringing scraps of news as to the state of things in the town.

Now it was that Lieutenant-Colonel Harcourt's light dragoons had left the Misses Burnham and their pupils in quiet possession of the Yellow Ark, the crack cavalry corps, together with five hundred Hessians, having escaped over the Assanpink and fled to Bordentown.

"Then I hope Miss Madeline's dear captain has gotten away safely," said Katrina, with a little sigh of relief. "But, oh! More than anything do I long to know the whereabouts of my brother and Philip Morris!"

The next report was that the American soldiers were burying the slain in the Presbyterian cemetery and that General Washington had been seen to enter Stacy Potts' hostelry.

"Doubtless, then, William Tuttle saw him and delivered the message," concluded Prudence, "and he is too great and magnanimous to refuse the wish of a dying enemy!" But, at that moment, Tabitha called her and she hastened to answer the summons.

She found the injured girl sitting up in bed, a red spot in either cheek and her eyes shining like diamonds. "Prue," she demanded, "give me the shears."

"For what does thee want them, Tibby?"

"No matter! Give me them at once!" And, forced by the stronger will, the little Quakeress obeyed. Then, gathering her beautiful and abundant hair into a thick twist, Tabitha, with one slash of the scissors, severed it from her head and the wealth of curls fell in a nut-brown shower around her.

"Oh, Tibby, Tibby, what hast thee done!" Prudence's cry was almost a wail, but her friend turned upon her quite fiercely, saying:

"The fine tortoise-shell comb which sent the bullet glancing off, instead of into my brains, has, likewise, set me to thinking! A vanity were my wavy locks and I loved to show them! But the Discipline is right concerning such worldly attire. Never, again, will I wear an ornament of any sort whatsoever and, henceforth, thee wilt see me in naught but the plain muslin cap and gown of Quaker drab!"

And she kept her word, becoming an example to all youthful members of the Trenton Society of Friends and the pride and de-

light of Aunt Mercy and Aunt Peace. "Yet," mused Prudence, as she swept up the soft strands of hair, "it was the fine comb that saved her life!"

It was nearly nightfall of that grim December Thursday before the bond-boy returned; but when he came he was in high spirits and leading Rabicano by the bridle while, on the horse's back, rode two very pale and weary travellers who were almost overwhelmed with embraces, welcomes and questions.

"To think, William, that you should have discovered Jan and Philip at the True American Inn!" cried Katrina, dancing for joy, when the first confusion had somewhat subsided. "But half spent do they look!"

"Wholly spent would we have been and, it may be, captivated as well, by a couple of Dutch hirelings who pretended to take us for spies," said Jan, "if it had not been for one plucky scrap of a woman — Mistress Jinny Waglum — who heard the scuffle and flew out with a *blaw-mock*."

"What dost thou suppose, too, the bellows was charged with?" laughed Philip.

"Gunpowder!"

"Water!"

"Neither, forsooth! But biting, red-hot cayenne! Ha, ha, ha!"

"This," continued Jan, "she puffed in the brutes' eyes. Gemini, how they did howl and swear! And their nags, which got a blast also, made off in a dancing fury, before you could say Peter Pumpernickle!"

"Aye," added Philip. "And then thee should'st have seen how kind she was later, conducting us through the storm to the tavern — where we were all during the battle — and warming us up with hot porridge and coffee."

"She was handing out coffee to Washington's men when I arrived," put in William. "And, oh, Trina! Fancy whom I found doing sentry duty on my way there! No other than the dear Voorleezer! In rags and tatters, but with the same bright, cheery smile. An officer, too, told me that he had shown himself one of the bravest soldiers in all the company."

"How so?"

“Why, at McConkey’s Ferry, General Washington wished twelve chaps to disguise themselves as farmers and go ahead to find out the lay of the land and the position of the British troops. It was a dangerous errand and only three would volunteer ; but Lennard Terheun was one of the three.”

“I knew it! I knew it! I knew he would walk right up to a cannon’s mouth, if need be! But tell me, William, did you see the commander-in-chief?”

“In faith yes, Katrina ; and he recognized me at once. No doubt he is now with Colonel Rahl ;” and at the mention of the jolly gentleman who had so recently joked and feasted in that very room, a shade of sadness descended upon the group, their chatter ceased and they sat with wet eyes, silently clasping each other’s hands.

The thoughts of all, too, reverted to the plain little bedchamber in Tabitha’s home where, ere the echoes of the Yuletide had entirely died away, George Washington bent over his fallen foe and received his last message for the wife and children far distant, across the blue sea, in the colonel’s much-loved Fatherland.

CHAPTER XXI

GREEN BANK

“ She welcomed us right graciously,
And then, quite at her ease,
She made the glancing needles fly
As nimbly as you please ;
And so we found that courtly dame
As busy as two bees.”

—*Charles D. Platt.*

“ **Y**E are truly welcome ; I am pleased to see thee !” These words, uttered in Mistress Morris’s softly modulated tones, fell on Katrina’s ears most soothingly when, ten days after the turbulent Christmas at Trenton, she and her friends entered the sweet, quiet home of the hospitable dame who, though a Tory at heart, kept neutral and scattered her benefactions on both sides.

The carrying away of prisoners across the Delaware, the coming and going of Continental soldiers and, still more, the report that all the British troops in New Jersey were being mobilized at Princeton, there to be joined by Cornwallis with reinforcements from New York, so frightened Jan that he insisted his sister and Tempe should go with him and Philip to Burlington. “ Where,” said the young Quaker, “ William can accompany us and where we will care for Rabicano until an opportunity offers to send him to Morristown.”

Therefore the girls returned to the Yellow Ark for permission to leave and to pack up some of their belongings in what was then called a “ snapsack,” to be slung from the saddle. They found Miss Minerva defiant and indignant, Miss Madeline tearful and fearful for the fate of her lover, and little Miss Sally on the

verge of a collapse from terror and horror at "the impudence of the rebel crew."

Their departure was delayed for several days, owing to a warm rain and thaw which rendered the roads almost impassable from mud but, suddenly, the wind veered to the northwest and they awoke one morning, early in the new year, to find everything frozen solid and the winter sun shining brightly.

"The boys will surely want to start to-day," remarked Tempe, as she peeped out at the iridescent hoar-frost which shimmered with all the hues of the prism and transformed even the prosaic little town into fairy-land.

"Faith an' they wull! An' Ginerol Washington hes got ahead of ye already! Stole away, like a weasel at the crack o' dawn!" So answered Mary Ludwig who, just then, appeared at the door of the dormitory, with a can of hot water; and it was followed by a burst of rollicking laughter at the astonished faces turned towards her in mute amazement. For the buxom maid was arrayed in a mongrel suit, consisting of a short petticoat, revealing heavy cowhide boots, and an artilleryman's coat; while covering her ruddy locks she wore a military cocked hat, adorned with a feather.

"Bless me, Moll, what are you rigged out that way for?" Susan Boudinot finally found voice to inquire.

"Bekase I'm not goin' to be outdone by that Jinny Waglum! Ivery inch of ground around here knows Jinny bettter than her Bible, an' when Ginerol Mercer suggested that she show thim some side tracks to Princeton, she lepped at the chance, like a cat on a mouse. When, thin, I see her a-ridin' off, proud as a peacock in a soldier's coat an' hat, at the head of the army, an' a-pintin' fur Sand Town an' Quaker bridge, I jist vowed I wouldn't be lift behind! So, afore noon, I'll be married to Johnnie Hayes an' we'll both be away to jine the Continentals, plaze God!"

"O Molly! What a funny idea!"

"Funny, is it? Well, I think it is foine, an' I might as wull be a hewer of wood an' drawer of water fur me counthry as for Miss Nervy!" and, as she tramped down-stairs, the eccentric creature again hummed:

“ Come, Philander, let us be a-marchin',
From the ranks there's no desartin' ;
Choose your own, your own true love,
See that you don't choose any other.
Now farewell, dear love, farewell !
We're all a-marchin', so farewell ! ”

Sure enough, Washington and his troops had stolen a march on the advancing British regulars and, the following day, the battle of Princeton was fought and won. But, before that, our young folks were safely housed at pleasant Green Bank, overlooking the “ softly gliding Delaware,” now a glare of ice.

“ Glad am I to have my boy and his friends beneath my roof-tree,” remarked the hostess, as they arose from the supper table. “ Though, in truth, none too harmonious is Burlington now ! Suspicion runneth rife and the Loyalists and Continentals are continually at strife.”

“ While thee helps both, dost thee not, mother mine ? ” said Philip, giving her hand a gentle squeeze.

“ Mayhap, madam, the secret chamber of which your son has told me will at this time prove of service,” suggested Katrina.

“ Oh, yes, mother, thee must show the girls the ‘ Auger Hole ’ ! ”

“ Some day I will,” but Tempe fancied Mistress Morris appeared a trifle confused, as she led the way, abruptly, out of the dining-room.

Forty-eight hours sped serenely and then William, having borrowed a horse, bade them “ good-bye ” and started on his homeward journey.

“ Keep your peepers peeled for Cowboys and Skinners,” was Jan's parting injunction. “ They are equally to be feared ! ”

“ Aye,” added Philip, “ and the American authorities here are keen after all Britishers ! Such a hue and cry as they are raising about Jonathan Odell, the good rector of the Church of England, and for whom my brother was named. He has escaped them so far, however.”

Meanwhile, Mistress Morris took a great fancy to the little maids, especially Katrina, and the three were very happy, knitting together every morning and, in the afternoons, going out

among the people of the town and assisting any in need ; for, ere long, squads of armed men descended upon the village and caused much trouble.

They were thus engaged with their needles and yarn one bright forenoon in mid-January, when small Jonathan came tumbling in declaring that, "A raft of people — nearly a thousand — were flocking to Gallows Hill, and that two American gunboats were slowly making their way, through the blocks of floating ice, up the river!" Scarcely, too, had he delivered himself of this news before he snatched up a spy-glass and dashed off for a better look at the "enemy," as he stigmatized them.

"Ah, but that was thoughtless of Jonathan!" cried his mother. "For everything lays us open to suspicion nowadays!"

She spoke only too truly for, in less than an hour, a skiff was seen to put off from one of the vessels and a posse of armed men made straight for the mansion on Green Bank. Trembling in every limb, but outwardly composed, the lady of the manor met them and when, in very strong language, they wanted to know who the "refugee" was, spying at them with a glass from behind a tree and who had, afterwards, entered that house, mildly assured them "it was only her son indulging a natural, boyish curiosity."

But half satisfied, the soldiers then insisted that "anyway there was some one hiding in the neighborhood," and demanded the key of an empty cottage near by, where they fancied he might be concealed.

"Bless me! I hope thee art not Hessians!" exclaimed the Quakeress, to gain time.

"Do we look like Hessians?" inquired one, roughly.

"Indeed I do not know."

"Did you ever see a Hessian?"

"Nay. Never in my life; but they are men and ye are men; so maybe Hessians for all I know. Certainly, I will go with thee to the vacant house; but, indeed, it was my little son — scarce ten years old — who spied upon thee and he meant no harm, whatsoever! He only wished to see the troops."

Calmly, then, she conducted them through the cottage but when, after searching the premises in vain, they took their de-

parture, she returned home white as her snowy kerchief and sank nearly fainting into her easy chair.

"Ach," cried Katrina, "she is swooning!"

"Quick, Philip! Run for burnt feathers and vinegar!" shrieked Tempe; while both Morris boys stood aghast at this unusual behavior on the part of their self-possessed parent. Ere long, however, she waved aside the remedies and sat upright.

"Be not alarmed," she gasped. "'Twas but a sudden qualm of faint-heartedness and I am better already! But, Philip, close the door and speak low; for the time has come when I must take thee, my children, into my confidence." Then, turning to Jan and the girls, she said: "I know thee art in sympathy with the colonists; but would'st thou betray an innocent and harmless person into their clutches?"

"Surely not," replied Katrina, her honest blue eyes flashing. "We are true Americans, but naught would make us betray our hostess or reveal any secret we might learn beneath her roof. That would be traitorous, indeed!" And so agreed the other two.

"Then listen! Concealed, at this very moment, in the 'Auger Hole,' is Parson Odell — as good a man and as loyal a subject to his king as ever trod God's earth. It was for old friendship's sake and to save his life that I hid him in the dark chamber.¹ There, known only to me, he has been for more than a fortnight; but I can stand the strain no longer. After dusk, Philip, thou must smuggle him out of the house and down to some of his other Tory friends in the town."

"Aye, mother. We'll get him off all right."

"And I will help you," said Jan. "For rarely kind have you all been to us, who are not of your kidney."

Temperance thought this deliciously exciting and both school-girls, at early candle-light, eagerly accompanied the gracious dame to her great linen closet, redolent of sweet clover and lavender, and helped her remove the piles of sheets and pillow-cases from before the entrance of the black but comfortable secret room. It was a pale, gaunt clergyman who issued forth, but dressed in a drab skirt and poke bonnet, he might have passed for a very demure woman Friend.

¹ A fact.

"But he will need a cloak," remarked Philip, "for it is raining and sleeting."

"Take mine," said Katrina, though she truly thought it the irony of fate, when the camlet cape, over which she had so striven for her Colonial principles, helped to disguise a red-hot Tory.

"But I would do as much for thee, dear child," whispered Mistress Morris, as she kissed her good-night.

Safely, then, the boys escorted the strange "Quaker lady" to his compatriots and, a little later, the Reverend Jonathan Odell succeeded in making his escape to the British stronghold at New York.

About this time, too, Washington and his army went into winter quarters among the New Jersey hills, not far from Tempe's home, and her mother and sister wrote her of the strange appearance of Morristown, now changed into barracks, and the gayety of its streets paraded by officers and soldiers, some with queues and some with wigs and some with love-locks long; some wearing cocked hats, and some round ones in which a feather was stuck *à la* Yankee Doodle; some with green coats, others with brown, and some sporting buckskin breeches, while many preferred black. The Jersey Blues from Essex County looked like jays, in frock coats and trousers of tow-cloth, dyed a bright azure by their wives and sweethearts; and New England men paled beside them, in their old-fashioned state uniforms, as antiquated as their full bottomed wigs and ancient firelocks; while, dashing hither and thither, were the generals and their staffs, clad in the regulation buff and blue.

As, with the removal of the troops, Trenton and Princeton relapsed into comparative calm, the girls and boys, in February, returned to their studies; but only for a brief period, as the summer of 1777 brought the education of Katrina and Tempe to a rather tame completion; while Heer Van Guilder's failing health made it expedient that Jan, also, should give up his college course and take his father's place on the farm. Indeed, Nassau Hall was sadly disorganized, and in a bad state of repair after having sheltered such roystering crowds of both British and American sons of Mars.

CHAPTER XXII

MARTA'S LOVERS

“ British troopers came
Ere another year,
With their coats aflame,
Mincing on their toes.
Daughter of the house
Gave them haughty cheer,
Laughed to scorn their vows —
Down the old house goes ! ”

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

IT was a depressed and care-beset township to which the young collegian and seminary girl returned, while no longer in the pleasant valley was heard “ the merry sound of music and of dance.” For situated so near New York and in the centre of warfare, Bergen and Passaic Counties were continually called upon to furnish provisions for both armies, to say naught of the raids made by the marauding Cowboys and Skinners, as the freebooters of the Tories and Colonists were respectively termed. Farms were pillaged and hundreds of heads of cattle, sheep and swine carried off, while as violent hands were laid on hen-houses, dairies and larders. The depreciation of the Continental money, also, added to the ills, so there was more of complaining than laughter in New Barbadoes.

“ Though, for some reason, we have escaped better than our neighbors,” Heer Van Guilder told his children. “ Many barns and hay-ricks have been fired, but ours still stand and only about a dozen sheep have we lost. ’Tis strange, but ’tis so.”

At this Marta smiled knowingly but kept her own counsel until alone with Katrina, when she confided to her under her breath, — “ Whisper it not to a single soul, little sister, but it is I who have, so far, saved the bouwery from depredation. Rare influence has Jack Berry with the British in this neighborhood

and, while he hopes to win my hand, he wards off the plunderers from our home."

"That Cowboy captain!" exclaimed the younger girl scornfully. "Surely thou canst not care for him!"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know!" half sobbed Marta. "Me he fascinates and always has, though well I am aware, in true worth, he cannot hold a rushlight to Sam Van Valen or— or —"

"The good, brave Lennard Terheun," supplemented Katrina.

"*Ja*. If he were but here, it might be different," and a dewy softness crept into the brown orbs of the fickle Dutch belle.

Meanwhile Jan set vigorously to work at the ploughing and harvesting, just as though he had never been away; for he was shocked by the change in his father during the past few months. "But when the cold days come," he said to William, "I hope we can again go on with the Latin and Greek;" for, in his heart, he was deeply disappointed at the termination of his college course.

"We will do what we can," responded the bond-boy, "but when I see those outlaws robbing farmhouses and orchards, I blush for my countrymen and fairly ache to shoulder a gun and help repel them."

"Well, perchance your chance will come, but mine never will!" sighed Jan, as he sharpened a scythe and called Yombo to accompany him to an upper meadow sown with "turkie-wheat."

"Come with me for a row on the river, Marta," said Katrina, one afternoon in September. "It is long since I tried my arms at the oars;" and, the other consenting, they were soon floating with the tide, which was running up stream, and playfully dabbling their hands in the limpid water of the Hackensack. Birds circled overhead; cattails nodded at them from the shore; turtles basked in the sunshine on rocks and logs; and, in a stretch of marsh-land, they caught sight of a stately heron, stalking about on its long legs, which surveyed them solemnly and then, spreading its great wings, soared away into the high grass to the westward.

"How lovely it is," remarked the smaller maiden, with a



“BLESS ME! I VERILY BELIEVE IT IS JOHN BERRY!”—Page 133

little chuckle of content. "If only man was as satisfactory as nature!"

"Some men are," replied her sister, somewhat enigmatically. And then, quite as irrelevantly, added: "I wonder where the Voorleezer is now!"

"I wonder! But look, look, Marta! Who is that coming round the bend?"

"It is an Indian canoe and an Indian is at the prow."

"Yes; but who is stretched out at full length in the bottom? Methought I saw a glitter of red and gold."

"Bless me," screamed Marta, the next moment, "I verily believe it is John Berry!" And, with a curious expression, she watched the light birch-bark skiff as it seemed to fairly spring over the water beneath the propelling paddle, wielded by the redskin.

As it neared them, the recumbent form raised itself and gaily shouted: "Ho, ho, jufvrouws! Well met!"

"But what is it you are doing here on the river?" asked Marta.

"Business, sweetheart, business! But now I mean to have a bit of pleasure first, for I want a word with you. Row in at yonder cove and we will draw up alongside."

Katrina was not pleased but she disliked to object and both girls plied the oars vigorously until the shore was reached. Then the captain leaped into the *Naiad* — as William had named their boat — and bade the Indian push off and wait.

"Shall I speak before thy sister, Marta?" were his first words.

"Ay. She is to be trusted."

"Well, then, the hour has arrived when it must be yes or no with you, my lady, without further dallying! 'Tis war to the knife betwixt Sam Van Valen and me and you must now choose between us. Speak but the consent to wed me to-morrow night and I will come and carry you off, in spite of shrieks and rifle shots from friend or foe!"

Like a young tigress, then, Katrina turned upon him. "No, Jack the Regular, she will not! Never would a Van Guilder marry one who wears that uniform, even if he was a 'regular' in truth and not only in name!"

"Adzooks, Miss Malapert! You had better clip that saucy

tongue of yours, else you and yours will rue the day you affronted a king's officer! Already is Sir Henry Clinton planning a big raid into New Jersey. From Schuylers' Ferry and Fort Constitution and Tappan are the soldiery hastening to *rendezvous* at New Bridge. The army needs rations and bare enough will the countryside be when they have passed by."

"Perhaps, then, it was you who informed his lordship of the richness of the crops in New Barbadoes!"

"Possibly!" replied the *soi disant* soldier, with a laugh and shrug of the shoulders, while Marta begged: "Oh, tush, Trina dear! Thou wilt only make more trouble for us all!"

"That is truth you are saying, Marta! And much trouble will I have in keeping the men from the well-stocked Van Guilder farm! Nor shall I try, unless it is the home of my wife that is to be protected."

"Oh, Jack, Jack! What a terrible position you place me in! How can I answer in one little minute?"

"Well, not so importunate will I be as that! I give you until cockcrow to-morrow morning. If at that time an orange ribbon flutters from the Willows I will come and claim my bride. If not, then—then—the dogs of war will be unloosed! Farewell!" After which melodramatic threat, he beckoned to the Indian, sprang into his canoe and disappeared without another word, leaving the girls gazing into each other's pallid faces aghast with horror.

"Scoundrel!" The younger's fist was clinched and her blue eyes flashed, just as they did on the memorable Sabbath when she discarded her scarlet cloak.

"Not altogether! And handsome is he, handsome as a god! Then, too, he—he—loves me!" For Marta was possessed by what, at this more enlightened period, we would call "hypnotism."

Almost in silence they rowed home and it was a wearisome and wakeful night that both passed. Katrina was up and dressed before the dawn, anxiously waiting and listening. At length she heard a step on the stairs and, following stealthily, beheld her sister tiptoeing across the wet grass in the direction of the Willows.

"She is going to hang the signal on the tree! She has decided to marry Jack," was her immediate conclusion and, as fast as her trembling limbs would bear her, she hastened in pursuit, being just in time to snatch the bright ribbon from the bough the instant after it was tied there.

"You shall not, Marta! You shall not!" she cried. "The father and mother would rather brave the worst than have you do this deed!"

"Alack, alas! Then we are lost!"

And reeling, the wrought-up maiden would have fallen to the ground had not a pair of strong arms caught her and, even through her semi-unconsciousness, she recognized Sam Van Valen.

Extremely grave and stern did he look. "I am here, at this early hour, to give you warning," he said, when she was sufficiently revived to be supported on the rustic seat. "Not only Jack the Regular and his Cowboys, but companies of troopers from New York are abroad for plunder. My barn was burned last night and Edmund Kingsland has been captured for making resistance, and carried off to the Sugar-House prison, in the city."

"Mr. Kingsland taken prisoner!"

"Ay, though, with a fowling piece in each hand, he defended his house right valiantly, threatening to shoot down the first man that entered. But what think you the enemy did?"

"I know not," said Katrina, all eyes and ears.

"Why, they seized his body-servant, Cato, and, placing him in front of them, bade Edmund 'fire away'! The coon, too, shouted: 'Let 'em shoot, massa, never mind me!' But rather than kill his faithful servant, he put up his arms and surrendered."

"Well, never have I known a negro like that! Cuffy Cockroach would have hidden under the bed and so, no doubt, would Quack! But are the Tories still at the manor-house?"

"To be sure. The Hessians have their quarters there and are sallying forth in quest of provender on every side. But, bless me! Marta is shivering as though in an ague fit! She should not be out in this dewy dampness."

Tenderly he assisted the silent, pale-cheeked damsel back to the farmhouse and before he left said, more cheerily than he felt,

to Katrina, — “Keep up a stiff upper lip, little Jersey Blue! I will see that a band of militia guards this house to-night, but” — and here his features were distorted by an angry scowl — “never will Sam Van Valen rest until Jack the Regular is caught and slain!”

CHAPTER XXIII

WILLIAM SHOULDERS "BROWN BESS"

"Born far beyond the ocean's roar,
He found his fatherland upon this shore ;
And every drop of ardent blood that ran
Through his great heart was true American.
He held no weak allegiance to a distant throne,
But made his new-found country's cause his own."

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

"Nigger, nigger, hoe potater,
Half past alligator ;
Fust man killed, a *nigger, boo !*"

THUS chanted elfish Wyntie, creeping up behind Quack, at work in the potato patch, and making him jump by shouting in his ear, "I 'low, too, youse gwine to be dat fust nigger!"

"Hi, yi! Mought as wull be kilted as scared or plagued to deff by you!" grunted the boy. "But what nonsense is you up to now, doughnut?"

"Nonsense, nuffin! 'Tis solemn, downright dismals! Fur de redcoatses is a-comin' to gobble up de meal an' de sheepses an' de critters; an' mebbe dey burn de roof ober our haids! Boss Van Valen brung de word hissef an' missus am in a stew for sure. Massa got a fit ob stillness on him; but young Jan an' English Billy air a-rubbin' up an' a-loadin' 'Brown Bess' an' de oder shootin' irons; an' your mammy am progonosticatin' jest awful!"

"What she done say?"

"Say she 'spichioned sumfin drefful a-comin', kase she dreamed ob snakes tree nights runnin'; an' she drap de salt bucket an' spill de salt all ober de floor; an' she heerd a whip-

poorwill singin' in de elm tree an' a dog howlin' at midnight. All ob which is de baddest sort o' signs! Den she whacked de cat fur settin' wid its back to de fire, an' whacked Yombo fur fetchin' a spade into de kitchen. Cracky! But she am raisin' ructions dis yere day!"

"Reckon, den, I better keep out ob de way!" snickered Quack.

"But you can't, fur de massa wants you dis bressed minute! He wants you to trot de hosses up to de copse wood an' hide 'em dar until de lobsters gits tru wid deir robbin' an' raidin'! He sez de nags jest got to be saved."

Before night, then, Rosencrantz, Grizzle and two colts were conveyed to a place of concealment. "They are all we can try to protect," said Heer Van Guilder sadly.

The girls were nervous and all were on the *qui vive* when, early in the evening, Sancho Panza's loud baying and the sharp "yap, yap, yap!" of little buff Pretzel announced the approach of a band of Cowboys, while the light of a fair harvest moon revealed a stalwart figure, on a bay steed, at their head and urging them on. Katrina took one peep and fell back crying: "Oh, Marta! It is Jack Berry and his crew, as sure as you live!"

She saw, also, the faithful watch-dog make a spring at the leader, but only to receive a bullet through his noble head and fall back motionless, while, in almost less time than it takes to tell, stable, dairy and hen-roost were rifled and cows, sheep and chickens hurried off.

The boys were for firing upon the intruders from the upper windows but Heer Van Guilder restrained them. "No," he said. "Your rabbit shot would be only like the patter of falling leaves and would but enrage them, without doing any good."

The negroes prayed and swore alternately; little Tiny sobbed in her mother's arms and all screamed when a burst of rosy light showed the great barn to be in flames.

"Mayhap the homestead will go next," groaned Marta. "And it will be our fault, Katrina!"

But before this happened there came the welcome sound of horses' hoofs at a rapid gallop and Sam Van Valen, with a squad

of minutemen, appeared upon the scene and, after a short, sharp conflict, put the marauders to rout.

"We were delayed by having to defend the Dominie's house from some of Clinton's troopers," Sam explained when, next morning, he and the family viewed the devastation that had been wrought. "And my chief regret is that I lost the chance of putting a rifle ball through the head of Jack the Regular!"

"As he did to poor, dear, old Sancho," said Katrina, her tears dropping fast on the shaggy coat of the faithful beast. "But tell me, Sam! If Jack had wished, could he have, really, prevented the British from coming to our farm?"

"No. He might have held back his Cowboys, but he has no influence whatever with the regulars, who laugh at his pretensions and will not recognize him as one of them. The redcoats from New York are bound to secure enough to furnish them with rations all next winter. 'Tis the fate of war and we must just grin and bear it!"

"Then not so wrong, after all, was I to tear down the orange ribbon," thought the half-remorseful little maid and she comforted her sister with Sam's assurance, when Marta moaned: "Oh, if I had married Jack, never would this have happened!"

"But well I knew," insisted Katrina, "that the father would far rather lose the barn than his daughter."

To a winter of distress and foreboding, then, quaint little old Hackensack settled down and, from the night of the raid, Heer Van Guilder grew rapidly more white and wan. Soon he was not able to leave his couch and, on New Year morning, he summoned William to his bedside.

"Dear lad," he said feebly, pressing his hand, "it was a goodly day for me when I fell in with you on the quay at Philadelphia! Faithfully and well hast thou served me and more than repaid all that I expended for thee. Now, what say'st thou to being my substitute in Washington's army? My days are numbered and Jan must stay by his mother and sisters, but I would depart to my forefathers happier if I felt I had done something for the cause. Tell me, wilt thou go?"

"Go! Oh, sir, it is what I have longed and prayed to do."

"Good! For you have passed your nineteenth birthday and

are, now, nearly a man! No more silver Spanish dollars are there in the mother's bag, but for your New Year gift I give to you your liberty. The last two years of bondage I shall remit, for as a free colonist, and not a redemptioner, must you put on the buff and blue."

"Free! Free!" William could scarce believe his ears. There was a lump in his throat as he tried to thank his benefactor, but a heavy burden seemed rolled from his heart and he lifted his head with a new sense of manhood. As in a dream, too, he moved and spoke when, in accordance with the law governing bond-servants, two suits of clothes — one a Continental uniform, — an axe, a hoe and seven bushels of Indian corn were bestowed upon him. To these, also, were now added the old firelock "Brown Bess," a tinder box and powder horn; while all drank his health in home-brewed cider.

"But not quite yet, my dear, adopted son, must thou leave us," whispered the housemother lovingly. "Not long will Roeliff be with us, — stay until he goes!"

So William remained until the kindly, generous-hearted Hollander "passed on" beyond the warfare and the fighting.

This occurred when the first bluebird had just heralded the return of spring and his last request was that he might be laid to rest in "the old Dutch style."

"What fashion is that?" William inquired, through his tears.

"Wait and see," said Katrina.

So, in spite of the hard times, the head of the Van Guilders lay in state in the *kamer*, or best room, of which he had been so proud; every mirror in the house was covered and scarce had the breath left his body before Venus was out at the straw beehives, informing the bees that "the master had gone on his long, long journey."

Through the village and to neighboring towns, too, went the *Ansprecker*, a veritable picture of woe in his coat and cloak, knickerbockers, long stockings, low shoes and gloves, all of sable hue; his white cravat and bands, and with a rosette and floating streamer of crape adorning his three-cornered black hat, as he bore invitations for the funeral to friends and kinsfolk.

From far and near, then, they came, for Roeliff Van Guilder

was highly respected and loved and his widow was ready to spend her last penny to do him honor.

So, as customary in more lavish days, pans of burial-cakes were baked and pipes of wine spiced, while for the men were, also, provided beer and tobacco and to each of the eight pall-bearers was given a pair of gloves, a mourning ring, a scarf, a handkerchief and a monkey-spoon of silver.

"Nothing, nothing is too good for the so dear fader!" sobbed his three daughters and "No, nothing!" echoed Jan.

An hour and a half funeral sermon was preached by Dominie Romeyn and then the good man was tenderly carried to the sunny graveyard beside the old Dutch church and laid beneath the myrtle and early violets, while on the stone that marked his resting-place was inscribed the Holland words — "*In den Heere outslapen!*" — Sleeping in the Lord.

One week later, William donned his new blue and buff uniform, packed his snapsack, shouldered "Brown Bess" and went to join a regiment forming at Acquackanonk — now Passaic. All wept to see him go; Pretzel's tiny bow-legs pattered after him until he was driven back; and blessings and good wishes speeded him on his way. He held his head high and the blood coursed like quicksilver through his veins. He was no longer a bond-servant, but a free man and a soldier.

The night, too, before he left, after he had retired to his attic chamber and was packing his last small belongings, a timid tap sounded on the door and, on opening it, he was surprised to behold Marta. Her eyes were downcast and her sweet face suffused with blushes.

"William — William," she stammered, "it may be, in your marching, you will chance to come across Lennard Terheun! If so, please give him this and tell him *I untied the knot myself!*" Saying which, she thrust something into his hand, turned and fled.

On examination he found the article to be a much-tumbled linen handkerchief, but the Dutch sentence printed thereon he was unable to decipher.

CHAPTER XXIV

NEWS OF OLD FRIENDS

“ Quickly leaped she to the cannon,
In her fallen husband’s place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady,
Fired it in the foeman’s face.
Flashed another ringing volley,
Roared another from the gun ;
‘ Boys, hurrah ! ’ cried gallant Molly,
‘ For the flag of Washington ! ’ ”

— *William Collins.*

IT was a heavy responsibility that had now fallen upon young Jan’s shoulders, but bravely he “ rose to the occasion,” ploughing and seeding and tilling the soil, in spite of discouragements, while, with the assistance of Claus and Yombo, he put up shacks for the horses and for the few cattle that were left. Meantime, his mother and the girls knitted and spun from morn till eve, but sadly, sadly did they miss the cheery, generous father and sadly did they miss William, from whom they were long in hearing, after the first brief line saying, — “ he had enlisted as a private and was training and drilling furiously.”

“ I wonder if he will never get some word to us ! ” sighed Katrina every morning, as the days lengthened into weeks and the weeks into months and Washington’s army was still enduring famine and discomfort in their winter quarters at Valley Forge, while the British, in their stronghold at Philadelphia, were revelling and holding high carnival, with dancing and gaming and the gay and renowned *Mischianza*, at which were seen some of whom we have heard before ; Captain Asgill and bonny Madeline Burnham appearing there as a Knight and Lady of the Blended Rose ; as well as Colonel Harcourt and Caroline

Cox, sporting the orange and black of the Burning Mountain. All, too, of these felt confident of a triumphant victory for the king until the long winter of the American commander's discontent was presently made "glorious summer" by a son of France. Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette, and his command joined him on the Jersey coast and, together, they fought and won the battle at Monmouth Court House.

Reports of this conflict dribbled through the countryside, finally reaching Hackensack, and added to their anxiety.

"For no doubt have I," said Jan, "but that the Acquackanonk regiment took part in the engagement."

One evening in late July, however, as he was milking their last and only heifer and Katrina was watering the flower beds before the doorway, two horsemen, very spick and span in buff and blue uniforms, came speeding up the road and drew rein at the gate while, courteously doffing his hat, the younger and handsomer of the pair inquired: "Pardon, fair gardener, but am I right in thinking this to be the Van Guilder farm?"

"Perfectly right, sir," answered the girl, making her best boarding-school curtsy, although she, also, darted a glance of apprehension at the newcomers, as they were in constant fear of invasion from both friend and foe.

The young man noticed this and laughed. "Have no misgivings, sweet mistress. We have no designs on the cows! Colonel Burr and I are but the bearers of a packet from Monmouth for one Dame Van Guilder."

"That is my mother, sir."

"Indeed! Well, she must be a happy woman to have so comely a daughter! But will you not give me a posy from your garden as postage?"

"If you wish it," and with graceful dignity the Dutch maiden plucked a few of her finest blossoms and bits of sweet herbs to exchange for the letter.

"'Rosemary, — that's for remembrance!'" quoted the debonair youth, as he fastened the tiny, pungent nosegay in his lapel. "And, in sooth, it will be long ere I can forget such rustic charms!" while his companion roared: "Odds fish,

Harry! You are a sad dog! But cease thy bantering, or thee wilt turn the damsel's head!"

"No fear of that! *Au revoir, mademoiselle!*"

Then, with low, sweeping bows, a flash of spurs and rattle of chains, they dashed away, leaving the astonished lass blushing to her sunny hair.

"By the jib moon, if that isn't Harry Lee! 'Light Horse Harry Lee!'" cried Jan, hurrying forward. "He is a Princeton man and I saw him once at commencement. There is no more gallant, daredevil officer in all the Continental army! He was always a leader at old Nassau and they say General Washington fairly dotes upon him."

"And the other I suspect is Col. Aaron Burr," said his sister, "for the gossips declare he is oft seen hereabouts and he comes to court the Widow Prevost."

"So? But what brought them hither?"

"To fetch a letter! A letter from William at last! So call the rest and we will enjoy it all together."

Then, in the cozy but contracted stoop, which was the old-fashioned apology for a piazza, by the midsummer afterglow of the setting sun, the worthy vrouw, to whom it was addressed, read aloud the epistle indited by her one time bond-servant.

*"Colt's Neck, Monmouth County,
State of New Jersey, July 15, 1778.*

"DEAR HOME FOLKS:

"I have writ the above out in full, for, do you know, we are now living in the 'United States of America' and not the American Colonies, as heretofore? For so it has been decided by Congress assembled and articles of confederation drawn up.

"Moreover, Katrina, from where do you think I am writing? Why, from the home of your old Trenton friend, Captain Huddy, who is a red-hot Whig, — a regular fire-eater, — and has brought a lot of trouble about his ears by his rash chatter. His heart, though, is as great as his hatred of the British and after the brush at Monmouth Court House — where a rifle ball stung me pretty severely in the left shoulder and where I was so foolish as to collapse from loss of blood — he fetched me here and has



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nursed me as if I was his own son. Never, too, is he weary of relating how he and his negro wench, Lucretia, once defended the house against some fifty or sixty Tories, led by a mulatto named Tye. Lucretia loaded the guns and Huddy fired so rapidly that the besiegers thought there was a whole garrison inside and took themselves off.

“Our Acquackanonk company quite prides itself upon having done yeoman service in the fight and won the commendation of the commander-in-chief by its valor; and I do not mind my wound, since Private Tuttle is to have the straps of a commissioned officer to cover the spot where the bullet went in. Glad enough, though, are we that we were not with Washington at Valley Forge, for the stories the men tell of the hardships there make shivers run up your back. A rare inspirer of courage is it, however, just to look at the Virginia general and, also, the French Marquis who has come over to help us whip the redcoats.

“The march down the Jersey coast was a very wearisome one, for the sun blazed like a fierce yellow eye in the heavens and its rays were scorching. Many fell, overcome, by the wayside. Once, when we were halting, a little drummer boy dropped like a log beside me. It was then I made a queer acquaintance, whom you may recognize.

“The men began shouting: ‘Moll, Moll! Where in thunder is Moll?’ and presently — laughing and joking and swearing — up hurried the oddest creature I have ever beheld. She looked like an artilleryman in petticoats and her ruddy locks stood out, like a halo, about her freckled face. But I thought her an angel when I saw the kindly way she cared for that poor little chap, while, from a big bucket she carried, she filled our canteens with sparkling, cold water that tasted like the nectar of the gods.

“It seems, in private life, she is Mistress John Hayes, the wife of a sergeant, but to the troopers she is ‘Molly Pitcher,’ a nickname given her because she is water-carrier for the soldiers; and, as one of them said: ‘We wouldn’t swap that little brown jug for a dozen silver tankards!’”

“Molly Ludwig! Dear old Moll!” fairly screamed Katrina, at this point. “But go on, mother, I am so interested!”

“ Well, a description of the battle I cannot give for, after the first firing began, it was just rush and roar and noise ! A great, mad hurly-burly ! But I felt carried away by excitement and as though I could tackle a whole battalion single handed. But I can tell what brave Molly did.

“ Her husband had charge of one of the guns and, devoting herself to him, she ran back and forth to a spring, bringing pitchers of water to keep him as fresh and cool as possible in the terrible heat. Suddenly, and before her very eyes, a bullet from the enemy whizzed through the air, struck Hayes and stretched him dead upon the ground. A passing officer ordered the cannon to be rolled aside, as there was no one to serve it, but, ere this could be done, Moll Pitcher sprang into the gunner’s place and began loading and firing with as much dexterity as he ever could have shown. There, too, plucky as a gamecock, she stayed, while the battle waged and fluctuated, one side being ahead and then the other. Three times we thought the day was lost, but at sundown the redcoats retreated.

“ Then you should have seen the officers and men crowding round Molly, with praise and congratulations, though she broke away and hastened off to hide the tears that would come, when all was over. For, in spite of her bluff and swagger, she is a warm-hearted soul and dearly loved her Johnny.

“ The next day I was in hospital, but they tell me General Greene conducted her, all covered with dirt and grime and black with powder as she was, to the commander-in-chief and told him what she had done. Then Washington shook her stained hand gratefully and, in defiance of all precedence, gave her the commission of sergeant and placed her name on the list of half-pay officers. Was not that an honor ? But it was not all ! Lafayette and his Frenchmen were so delighted with her heroism that they invited her to review their troops and, as she walked down the long line of soldiers, nearly every one tossed a piece of money into the old, dilapidated hat, with its drooping feather, that she held in her hand, while they shouted : ‘ Brava ! brava ! Capitaine Mol-lie ! ’

“ So it is as ‘ Captain Molly Pitcher ’ she is now known and she vows to stick to army life as long as she can revive the meanest gunner with a cup of cold water.”

“Ach, but she certainly is a rare one!” commented Dame Van Guilder.

“But it is exactly like her,” said Katrina. “For she was just so good to me when I was a prisoner in the attic.”

“For a fortnight, now, I have languished here at Colt’s Neck, but the flesh wound is healing finely — thanks to the ministrations of black Lucretia — and in another week I hope to rejoin the boys and get my epaulets. Naught whatever can I hear of the Voorleezer, though I have asked many who remember that he distinguished himself at both Trenton and Princeton. Could it be he has been captured, or perished at Valley Forge? Nobody knows how often I think of you all and long for the sight of a dear, familiar countenance! My respects to Miss Temperance, when you get any word to her, and say if we are ever sent to Morristown I shall hope to see her and Rabicano.

“Major Harry Lee, who is starting on scout duty along the Hudson, has agreed to take charge of this and deliver it, if possible.

“Your eternally grateful and affectionate

“WILLIAM TUTTLE.”

Again and again was this communication from the seat of war read and reread while the villagers who heard it remarked to one another, — “Always a wise head had the good Roeliff on his shoulders! And not so foolish, after all, was he to squander his pounds and pence on that English splutterkin of a redemptioner!”

CHAPTER XXV

JACK THE REGULAR

“ In the Bergen winter night,
When the hickory fire is roaring,
Flickering streams of ruddy light
On the folks before it pouring ;

* * * * *

Then they tell the story true,
To the children, hushed and eager,
How the bold Van Valen slew
On a time the Tory leaguer,
Jack the Regular.”

—*T. D. English.*

“ **E**VERY family, they say, has its black sheep, but, forsooth, surely Jack is the blackest Berry in all Bergen !” quoth Charlotte-in-the-Field, wagging her gray head dolefully and she wondered why the children laughed, while one roguish urchin shouted : “*Ja, vrouw !* And he is a Goose-Berry to boot !”

For although the main armies had drifted largely away from New Jersey to warfare in the south and on the western frontier, John Berry, while pretending to be a regular commissioned officer in the king’s service, continued his depredations, until he and his followers became such a terror to the neighborhood that the government offered a thousand pounds for his apprehension.

“ But it will take a rare sharp fox of a constable to catch that Berry weasel asleep,” chuckled Fytje Vreeland, who still retained her admiration for the handsome outlaw.

“ Not if Sam Van Valen holds the club,” retorted Katrina, who overheard the remark one night at singing-school, which was about all the amusement the young people now had, it being still held at the “Institute,” which, however, had been given the

name of the "Washington Academy," in honor of the distinguished commander.

"Maybe, then, your sister would not be so regretful!" sneered Fytje. "Easy is it for her to be off with the old love and on with the new!"

"It is an untruth you speak," began the younger girl, but a quarrel was averted by the precentor who, just then, struck his tuning-fork and started up a new patriotic song popular with them all; and to the air of "Hearts of Oak," they united in singing, with a vim, —

"Come, join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call,
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name, —
In Freedom we're born and like sons of the brave,
We'll never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive, if unable to save."

But one day, a week later, Wyntie, who had been down to Paulus Demarest's store with a basket of eggs to exchange for molasses, came scampering home, her big eyes rolling and her little woolly pigtails sticking out and fairly quivering with excitement.

"Hi, yi, Quack!" she shrieked, when within ear-shot of the house. "What you tink? Boss Van Valen done gone an' kilted Cap. Berry!"

"Shut up, you imp o' Satan," screamed Marm Venus, darting out from the slave-kitchen. "Don't ye let Missy Marta hear any sech dumb foolishsome lie as dat! Ain't ye got no sense in your addle pate?"

"It's de truf, dough," insisted the small darkey. "All de village folkses is jabberin' about it an' Missy Fytje Vreeland am havin' de high strikes in deir chicken yard."

"Bress my soul! But dat's what comes ob bein' so top-lofty an' a-wearin' youse hat so pernickety, turned up in front."

The child's news was confirmed, also, when Jan returned from

Old Bridge, to which he had driven with a load of hay that morning.

"It seems almost too good to be true," he said. "But as far as I could gather from Tommy Tenpenny, who is hostler at the Liberty tavern, Jack's Cowboys, together with a party of British regulars, had started out on another impress raid from the old blockhouse over yonder. They had only reached Liberty Pole,¹ however, when Van Valen, James Blauvelt and Captain Blanch's militia from Tappan, fell afoul of them and there was some right lively skirmishing."

"And did Sam shoot Jack?" asked Marta, white to the very lips.

"That, Tom didn't exactly know, as he was struck by a bullet at long range. But, anyway, shortly after, Sam and Jim found him hiding under a fallen tree mortally wounded. They raised their muskets to fire and put an end to him, when he fell to whimpering and praying and begging them so piteously not to kill him like a hyena, that they put up their arms. He then surrendered and bundling him into a cart, they started for Hackensack, but he died on the way hither."

"Alackaday, but a sad ending is that for a well-born Jarseyman, but a rare bad splutterkin!" sighed Vrouw Van Guilder. "And mine heart aches for Charlotte."

As might be expected, the capture and death of the renegade who had caused so much trouble created a veritable hurly-burly in the little county town and, perhaps, Marta Van Guilder was the only one who did not go to view the slain leaguer and follow him to his dishonored grave in an open lot. The evening after the funeral, Captain Sam Van Valen came to see her.

"Are there any hard feelings in thy heart towards me, Marta, for what I have done?" he asked.

"No, Sam," she replied. "But — but — I like not to think of it."

"His last words were for you. He said: 'Give mine love to Marta and tell her that oft have I been sorry for the revengeful raid made upon her home. Say to her, too, that of us three, Lennard Terheun was the only one worthy of her.'"

¹ Now Englewood.

“Ay,” sobbed the girl. “Ever was Lennard the bravest and the truest !”

“The duyvel he was ! But always are the departed the best ! Right, too, is it to speak well of them. The Voorleezer has not been heard from for more than two years, and beyond a doubt he has perished in prison or on the battle-field.”

Most bitterly was this spoken, but when young Van Valen left the farm, it was with downcast head and a heavy weight on his spirits, for well he knew all his hopes of winning the lady of his heart were at an end forever.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE MAN IN THE AUGER HOLE

“ That Jersey road ! ’Twas a sight to see !
The mire was up to a horse’s knee ;
As the British knew, when on yonder steep,
In their tents, they sank into peaceful sleep.”

—*Anon.*

IN the autumn, Lieutenant Tuttle paid a flying visit to the farm. Developed and bronzed by a year’s campaign in the southwest, he appeared much older than when he went away, but all the household viewed him with pride and hung upon his words as he related his story of “ most disastrous chances.”

“ For we not only fought the British, but the red-skinned savages of the forest,” he told them. “ And pretty well cut up are the Six Nations of Indians. Now, we are to be hutted for the winter at Morristown and, if men and provisions hold out, hope for even better success next season.”

“ Oh, then you will likely see Tempe,” cried Katrina, “ and can carry her my dear love and a host of messages besides ! So very long is it since we have met ! ”

“ I shall certainly make myself known to her,” replied the youthful soldier. “ But if she has grown into as much of a young lady as you have, Trina, perhaps she will regard with scorn a one-time bond-servant,” for ever did this rankle in his heart.

“ Tut, tut ! ” exclaimed Dame Van Guilder. “ Of not that sort is Temperance Wick ! In truth, too, you are now as free as any one and nearly of age, likewise ! Is not that so ? ”

“ Yes. I shall reach my majority next week.”

“ Good ! Then a little regale we must have ! ” And for the occasion she baked just such a cake as had graced the “ night-

cap spread " on Katrina's fourteenth birthday, but adorned with twenty-one pale green candles, made at home of sweet-scented bayberry wax.

"Better knit him warm wool stockings an' weave a goot heaby blanket dan all dose folderols," grunted old Venus; "fur neber has I see de breastbone ob de goose so thick as now, or de chipmunks a-gaderin' so many nutses. Means a turrible cold winter! Enuff to freeze all de spunk out ob de sojers on de hillsides!"

But William had those, also, packed away in his saddle-bags, when he bade the Van Guilders a grateful farewell and went to rejoin his regiment, while, ere long, he found the aged crone had spoken only too truly, for the frost and snow set in early and the winter of 1780 has gone down in history as one of the most severe on record.

In spite of it, however, William had never been so happy in all his life. For five years, in all his boyish dreams, there had floated before him the vision of a bright, gypsy face and merry black eyes, so it was with a keen feeling of satisfaction he discovered that the New Jersey companies were camped nigh to the great Wick farm.

"I shall see her, and I shall see Rab!" he thought joyfully; but, after all, when he did summon up sufficient courage to call at the low, old-fashioned homestead, he was almost tongue-tied before the tall, womanly maiden of eighteen, who was so unlike the little Trenton schoolgirl he remembered. Still, she greeted him cordially, asked a dozen questions in a minute and soon set him at his ease.

And, then, in came genial Henry Wick overflowing with hospitality. "While, I wager my best sow," he said, "that you are related to the Tuttlés who are our neighbors on the Jocky Hollow Road. They are Old England folk, like ourselves, and came over in the early part of this century."

"I have heard that some of my father's forebears migrated to the colonies," acknowledged William.

"To be sure!" and, before he knew it, the farmer had brought over a Deacon Tuttle and his son who accosted him as "cousin" and bade him always welcome to their bed and board.

"A new-found family and a sweetheart!" The words rang

like a glad refrain through the young officer's brain and it was the rose leaf on his cup of bliss when he was selected by Washington to be one of his body- or life-guards, a gallant company of two hundred and fifty picked men; although he regretted somewhat that this necessitated his removal from the outlying camp to one near the general's headquarters.

"But you can often gallop over here when off duty," Tempe said, at his expressing this regret to her. "And pleased shall I be to hear of the fine doings at His Excellency's and the people who come and go there."

So, on bitter cold nights, he frequently sat at the Wick fireside and entertained the sprightly girl, her mother and married sister — young Mistress Leddell — with descriptions of Lady Washington's homespun aprons and economical morning gowns made from ravellings of old chair covers; and of the dinners and receptions she and the general gave at the Ford Mansion to the famous men who flocked around them. He told of the German Baron Steuben, Kosciusko, Pulaski, gay "Light Horse Harry" Lee, "Mad Anthony" Wayne and Benedict Arnold who may have been even then contemplating treason against the host at whose board he sat.

"Often, too, does Elihu Boudinot come," he added. "And the chief and his wife make a great deal of little Susan who was with you at Burnham Hall, but who is now here with her doting father."

"Really!" exclaimed Tempe. "Well, some time I will go to see her and fetch her out to the farm."

Meanwhile, less than three miles away, a British brigade, under Clinton, was encamped, watching the American stronghold as a cat watches a mouse, and wondering, no doubt, at the building of "Fort Nonsense" on the heights above; for the wise leader, to keep his troopers out of idle mischief, set them to work erecting a fortification of earthworks which, if it did not defend them from cannon and bayonets, did inspire hopefulness and warded off discontent and despair during that long winter of freezing and famine.

"Lieutenant Tuttle!" The commander-in-chief glanced up from the desk at which he was writing, in the small office at the

west end of his headquarters. Then, as the young officer saluted, — "I have an errand of moment for you, that requires the strictest secrecy. I believe you can be trusted."

"Thank you, sir. I will endeavor to retain your confidence."

"Then you will bear these despatches to the assembly convened at Burlington. They brook of no delay, so start to-night. Are you well horsed?"

"Tolerably," replied William, for it was rather a lean and decrepid mare that had fallen to him in the distribution of horse-flesh.

"Well, here is a permit that will pass you through our lines, but you must keep a sharp lookout and dodge any of the enemy's scouts you may meet. Best avoid the Basking Ridge way, if possible. Remain over one day for a letter to be returned me, but report as soon as you are back. Do you understand?"

"Ay, Your Excellency!" And again saluting, he withdrew.

Nightfall, then, found the messenger equipped, mounted and ready for his long ride. A February thaw had transformed the pure snow into slush and water, making going sadly treacherous, but above the dark, blue heavens were spangled with brightest "platines of gold."

"Get up, old Nance! Do you think you can ever cover all those miles?" he remarked to his beast, as they trotted along the Jocky Hollow Road. "I wish, in faith, I had a better steed!"

The words had scarce escaped his lips when, suddenly, down went the mare's hoof in a deep hole; she struggled to regain her footing, slipped, floundered into a heavy drift and over went both horse and rider, rolling in the mire.

"By Jove, but this is an ominous set-out!" exclaimed William, as he hauled himself up and ruefully brushed the mud from his riding cloak and breeches. "But this is a worse coil," he cried when he saw that Nance limped painfully. "If the jade has not gone and lamed herself!"

Uncertain what to do, he led the hobbling creature for some half mile when, all at once, a twinkling candle beam, afar across fields, seemed to irradiate his mind with a brilliant idea.

"Perhaps Tempe would lend me Rabicano!" came like an inspiration. But no, the chief had commanded secrecy! Not even to her must he give an inkling of his errand. Still, mounting and hurrying the nag on as fast as her stumbling gait would allow, he made his way to the spacious barn at the rear of the Wick farmhouse. All was quiet and deserted! The family and hands were probably at supper. "Now heaven grant that the door be unlocked!" he prayed as he endeavored to push back the big, sliding portal. Hurrah! It gave at his touch and, stealing in, he whistled softly.

A familiar whinny answered him from one of the stalls and soon he was conducting Rabicano out under the starlight. It was but the work of a few moments, then, to transfer the saddle from Nance's back to that of his dear nursling and, carefully stabling the mare, he left her with this note hastily scribbled on a shingle and tied about her neck, — "I implore your pardon! But Rab is not stolen, only borrowed for the good of the cause. Unless the Fates prove unkind, he will be returned."

He would not even sign an initial and, putting his foot in the stirrup, quickly swung himself onto the black horse and was off and away, just as a lantern glimmered in the distance and a rough voice shouted: "Ho, ho! Who goes there? Stop, whoever you be!"

But there was no time to make reply and, like a bird, the gallant steed vaulted a fence and sped down the white road, while William encouraged him by saying: "Steady, dear lad! Steady! Now, show yourself worthy of your name. Fly, fly! As though your dam was, indeed, Fire and your sire Wind! And, at our journey's end, you shall have such a mess of oats as ne'er champed horse before."

The winter sun was high in the sky when he clattered through the streets of Burlington and delivered General Washington's despatches to the assembly and that accomplished, and having baited Rabicano, he sought food and rest for himself.

After three hours' sleep, however, he arose quite refreshed and determined to pay his respects to Mistress Morris at Green Bank.

The cheery old mansion looked much as he remembered it

three years before, but he was a trifle disconcerted by the sight of a sleigh and handsome span of bays tethered at the gate.

"Mayhap it is as well that I go to the back entrance," he thought, and was relieved when Philip opened the door. But the young Quaker failed to recognize him.

"Have you forgot William Tuttle of Hackensack?" he asked.

"No, forsooth! But, verily, thou hast changed beyond all recognition! Enter, I beg, for my mother will be pleased to welcome thee."

"Then she is within?"

"Ay. She has guests — Tory guests from Trenton — in the living-room."

"Ah, those I had better not meet!"

But at that instant, Mrs. Morris — "on hospitable thoughts intent" — came gliding out. "William Tuttle," she cried. "This is a surprise! And wearing the Yankee blue! But I am glad to see thee in any guise. Walk right in."

Then, as the lieutenant demurred, saying: "I would not like to be captured just now."

"Have no fears! A British officer is here, 'tis true; but he is a prisoner on parole and the others are only gentlewomen of Trenton." And, a moment later, William found himself bowing to Lady Castleman, Miss Madeline Burnham and Captain Asgill.

Cordially, too, the last named shook hands remarking: "On the neutral ground of sweet Mistress Morris's home, we can overlook the difference in our uniforms;" while the elder lady cried: "La, la! If it isn't the lad who saved my plum pudding! Well met, Lieutenant Tuttle! Often have I inquired about you, for a queer bee has been buzzing under my head-dress anent you, since I learned your father was a man of letters in Old England."

"I am honored, madam, by having your ladyship bestow a thought upon so humble a personage." And so deferential was his manner and so winning his smile that Miss Burnham whispered to Charles Asgill, — "Would you believe he could ever have been a bond-servant to a Dutch farmer?"

The conversation, then, naturally drifted to the war, though both military men were reserved, but when, after partaking of cakes and chocolate, the Trenton guests rose to depart, Lady

Castleman asked abruptly, — “Young man, do you remain long in Burlington?”

“No, madam. Scarce two days.”

“Then” — in her imperious way — “ride over to-morrow and drink tea with me. You may find it worth your while.”

“Thanks, your ladyship! But I have not drank a cup of tea since Lexington.”

“Fudge! Well, we will make it coffee then, only be sure and come. I fancy I have news that will astonish you. Now, promise!”

And, almost against his will, William consented, although he repented it ere the musical sleigh-bells had died away in the distance.

“Thou must sup with us,” said Philip when they were alone, and Mistress Morris, with a nervous little laugh, added: “Surely! And, perhaps, will render us a service also! It is strange, but when thou wast here before, a Tory lay hidden in the Auger Hole, — now, an officer of the rebel army is there concealed.”

“A Continental soldier!”

“Yes,” answered Philip. “For never can my mother turn the cold shoulder to friend or foe. Oft, too, does she go with physic and nourishment to the American gondolas on the river below, for much sickness has there been on those gunboats. It was there she came across this fellow — quite out of his head and burning up with fever — and, being taken by his refined appearance, insisted upon bringing him hither and putting him in the company chamber. For three days has he tossed on her best feather-bed, but when she heard these Tory folk were coming on a sleigh ride from Trenton, she feared discovery by their overhearing his incoherent ravings. Therefore, we hustled him into the secret room behind the linen closet.”

“Too close, though, is it there for him,” quoth the gentle Friend. “So, I pray thee will help us carry him back to his former apartment.”

“With pleasure, dear mistress!”

So, again, there was a visit by candle-light to the “Auger Hole” and very tenderly William and Philip lifted the poor, emaciated figure in their strong, young arms and bore him

into fresher air. Painfully he turned and twisted, muttering under his breath, but, as he was laid between the cool, lavender-scented sheets, he quieted down, a smile flitted across his wan features and presently he partly opened his eyes. When, too, William looked in his face, he started back, exclaiming :

“Merciful heavens ! It is Lennard Terheun — the Voorleezer !”

CHAPTER XXVII

LADY CASTLEMAN SURPRISES WILLIAM

“ Here’s to the peer, first in senate and field,
Whose actions to titles add grace, sir ;
Whose spirit undaunted would never yet yield
To a foe, to a pension or place, sir.
Gratitude here
Toasts to the peer
Who adds to his titles, The Brave Volunteer.”

—*Henry Archer.*

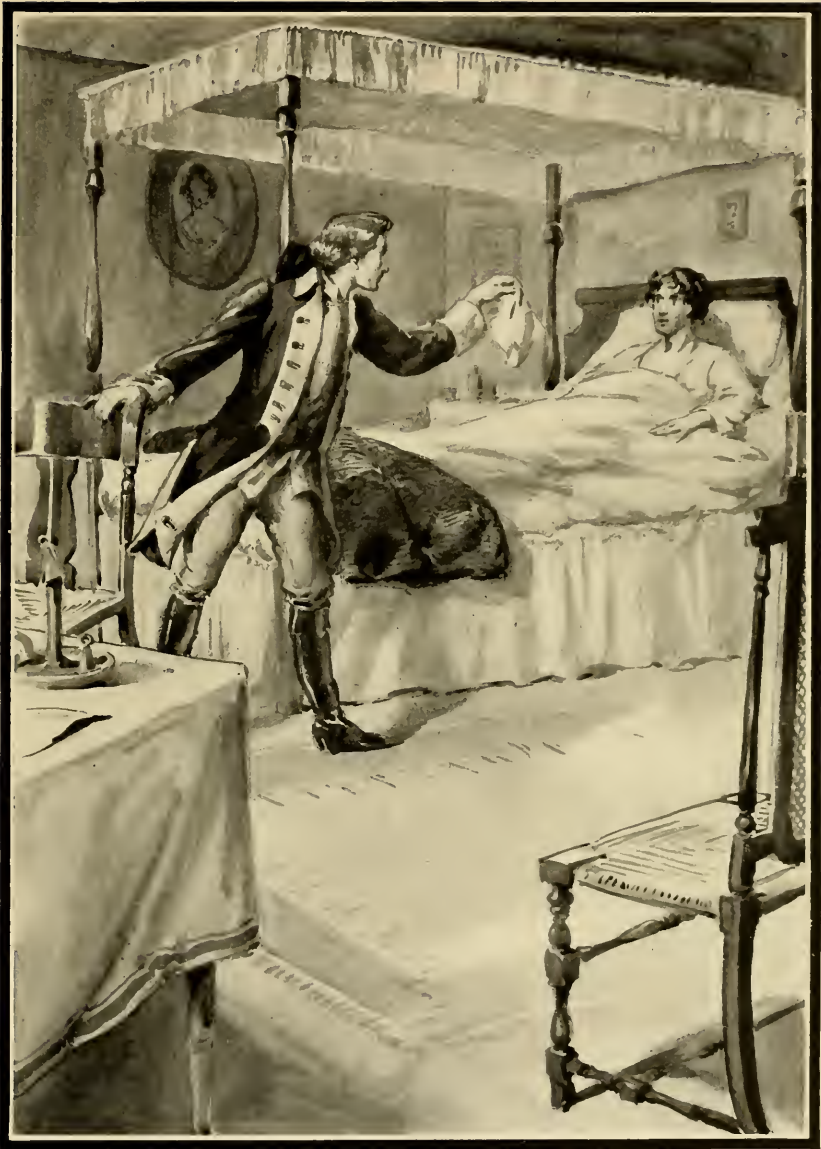
“ I FEAR the poor fellow is passing out of this world,” said Mrs. Morris, coming into the living-room, where the two young men were conversing beside the blazing hickory logs. “ His fever has subsided and delirium gone, but he is weak as an infant and lies in a stupor, only occasionally muttering a name and some foreign words that I do not understand.”

“ Then, dear mistress, let me share your vigil to-night,” cried William. “ My instructor and friend was Mr. Terheun, in the past, and, it may be, he would know me should he awake.”

So midnight found General Washington’s messenger in the sick chamber and anxiously watching the unconscious man, whose breath came slow and fitfully, as though each aspiration would be his last.

From time to time William would wet his parched lips or force a spoonful of nourishment between his teeth but, for the most part, he sat motionless by the patient’s side and towards morning, being overcome with drowsiness, fell into a doze.

Awaking with a start, he was surprised to find the light of dawn stealing through the window and to observe the invalid gazing at him with a look of intelligence in his wide-open eyes.



“LIST, VOORLEEZER! A MESSAGE HAVE I FOR YOU! A MESSAGE FROM MARTA!”—Page 161

“Where am I?” he feebly gasped. “In heaven?”

“Well, not quite that,” replied young Tuttle. “But in a right good spot.”

“It seems like paradise, after that awful prison,” murmured the man turning wearily on his pillow and, once more, he appeared sinking away.

“If he is not roused, he will certainly die,” thought the amateur nurse and, having administered a stimulant, he shook the invalid gently, whispering, “List, Voorleezer! A message have I for you! A message from Marta!” And, at this name, the big eyes again sprang open.

“Marta?”

“Aye. She bade me give you this handkerchief and tell you — do you comprehend? — tell you that she *untied the knot herself.*”

Tremulously, a claw-like hand was lifted and clutched the square of linen while a smile of rapture flitted across the pale, pinched features. Then, with the token under his cheek, he was soon sleeping as peacefully as a weary, worn-out child.

“Now, at least, he has something to live for,” concluded William and when, at sunrise, their hostess appeared, she exclaimed in amazement, — “Truly, a miracle hath been wrought! The crisis is past and, with careful nursing, he will soon be well!”

“The wind has changed and the roadway is frozen as hard as a rock,” remarked Philip, when he came in to breakfast. “Thee will have far better going, William, than yesterday.”

“Yes; but a fool was I to say I would ride to Trenton to-day. Half a mind, too, have I to give it up, for Rab should rest until time to start for Morristown and there is an old adage which says: ‘A bad promise, like a good cake, is better broken than kept.’”

“But poor morality is that and thee should’st be wary how thou holdest with such a proverb!” reproved the Quaker lady, gently, while her son said: “Thee need’st not take thy horse for the jaunt! I will drive thee over in the bob sleigh behind our white filly. Then, whilst thou art having thy confab with

Lady Castleman, I can pay some visits to Tabitha Potts and Prudence Hunt."

So it was arranged and, leaving Lennard Terheun in the kindly care of the benevolent Friend, they set forth before noon and, to the merry music of tinkling bells, soon traversed the distance betwixt the two towns.

"Meet me by four o'clock in the market-place," said William, as he alighted at the Castleman mansion, "for I must be back at Burlington and off again before the curfew rings!" And promising to be there promptly, Philip drove away.

It was Cuffy Cockroach, resplendent as ever in a scarlet turban, who opened the door and bowed him into a long apartment, filled with beautifully carved red walnut furniture and spindle-legged tables loaded with grotesque Chinese carvings, dragons and Oriental ornaments, where his feet sank in the heavy Smyrna rugs that covered the polished floor. Thick draperies at the windows, too, made it so dark that he did not, at first, perceive the stately English lady seated behind her tea-board while, when Cuffy had announced, with a flourish, "Mister Leftenant William Tuttle!" he suggested: "Will it not please your ladyship dat I illumniate de candelases in de candelobsters?" To which she nodded assent.

Nothing could be more gracious, though, than the way the "*grande dame*" received him and over the fragrant coffee, muffins and East India preserves, chatted agreeably of the doings in the little town. "For, of course, I know you must have been made pretty well acquainted with the Burnham Hall coterie by that small, spunky American, Katrina Van Guilder," she said. "The British red seemed to set her off as it would a bull or a turkey-cock!"

"Katrina is remarkably loyal, madam," responded William.

"Loyal! To what, pray? Not to her king, forsooth!"

"No, madam. But to her principles—her ideals! She dearly loves, too, Miss Madeline Burnham."

"Ah, yes, she is a sweet girl! There, too, is the prettiest little love-idyl for you! Never have I seen a pair better suited to each other than she and Captain Asgill. He is a noble fellow, also, and of a fine old English family. And that brings me to the

matter about which I wished to see you. Will you have more coffee?"

"No, I thank your ladyship, though it is a treat after the concoction of dried peas we have in camp."

"Well, then, we will come to business! Think me not intrusive, but can you tell me your mother's maiden name?"

"Certainly. She was the Lady Clarice Stafford."

"I thought as much!" And the old woman clapped her hands until the plume in her head-dress danced. "Wayward Clarice, who ran away and wedded her tutor! Well, young man, I congratulate you, for there is a fortune awaiting you on the other side of the ocean and a fair bride likewise."

Saying which, she drew forth a legal looking document and laid it on the table. "This is from my attorney in London, whom I requested to make inquiries. He informs me that your uncle, Sir Ralph Stafford, died last year leaving no son; and — to make a long story short — although the title and Stafford Court are entailed in the male line and go to another nephew, repenting of his treatment of his sister on his death-bed, he divided his large fortune and estates in Scotland between his only daughter — the Lady Cecil — and Clarice's boy, William Stafford Tuttle, provided — and now mark this — that he return to Great Britain, become a leal subject of King George and marry his cousin."

Scarce could the listener believe his ears. He — an alien and quondam bond-servant — heir to thousands of pounds! Words failed him and he sat as if stricken dumb, until Lady Castleman aroused him by crying, —

"Wake up, stupid! Have you no tongue for such a rare piece of news? And I brought you here to tell you this, in hopes that you will, without delay, discard that ridiculous rebel uniform and, again, avow allegiance to our beloved sovereign."

There was nothing dull, however, about the young man who now sprang to his feet with upraised arm and flashing eyes. "By Jupiter, no!" he exclaimed. "Never, never can I do that! I have cast in my lot with the land of my adoption and the cause of Liberty and to them will I be true; and — and (under his breath) to the girl I love!"

"But, then, Lady Cecil has it all!"

"She is welcome to it."

"Bless my soul, boy! Are you mad?" And for a quarter of an hour the old Tory argued, begged and pled, but failed to change the staunch young volunteer's mind.

"Although, dear madam, I thank you with all my heart," he concluded as he rose to depart. "For it is a satisfaction to know that my mother was recognized at the last. May I kiss your hand?"

He expected a rebuff and was surprised when the august dame's ring-laden fingers were extended to him, while she ejaculated: "Odds fish, 'tis a sad pity! You have the bearing of a lord and ought to be one! I admire, however, your spirit even if I am sorely disappointed." Something, also, like a tear glistened on her lashes as she bade him farewell.

At the door he turned and came back. "Your ladyship has been so kind," he faltered, "would you add one more favor to my indebtedness? Would you give me the lawyer's letter? It establishes my birthright, you know!"

Meekly, then, she placed the document in his hands, murmuring: "Aye, 'tis no use, whatever, now! God bless you, you poor, mistaken lad. May you never live to rue this day!" He bowed low, while the tapers in the candelabra seemed to shine through a mist, as Cuffy ushered him out, and his brain was in a whirl when he rejoined Philip in the market-place. Small heed, too, did he pay to his companion's conversation during the drive to Burlington, although the Quaker youth had much to retail.

"Pretty as a pink hath Prudence grown," he said, "and I hear an old Princeton student — a fellow whom Jan and I nicknamed the 'White Mouse' — is fluttering around that dove-cote. Coy glances, likewise, has Prue for him, but Grandma Hunt is vastly wrought up for fear she will 'marry out of meeting.' Unreasonable nonsense is that! For not always can broad-brims and poke bonnets be tied together."

"No, surely not," assented William, absently.

"As for me, I shall go where my heart dictates and not the Quaker elders. It seems strange, though, to see Tibby Potts changed into such a strict little Friend. Her former wild spirits are quite subdued and, just now, she is worrying about Joshua

Huddy of Monmouth, of whom she is monstrous fond. She fears the Tories down yonder will kill him, as always is he in hot water with them, and there has been some trouble over a royalist named White. Captain Huddy's militia, too, has been set to guard the salt-works at Tom's River and that shore duty is dangerous service. But there, Will! I verily believe thou art wool gathering and hast not heard a single word of my gossiping!"

"Pardon me, Phil, I am afraid my thoughts were far afield!" And, at that moment, they arrived at Green Bank and Mistress Morris came out to inform them that the Voorleezer continued to improve every hour.

The town clock struck nine as, having received the packet of papers from the assembly, the young officer, again in the saddle, turned his face towards Morrystown.

"Without fear and without reproach!" That was my father's motto," he thought, as he galloped over the frozen ground. "Surely, too, I should have had much to reproach myself with if I had renounced the cause I have sworn to serve and accepted my uncle's offer. And that lady cousin! Pox! There is but one maid in the world for me!" He felt, also, a thrill of satisfaction that there was no throb of fear in his heart as he penetrated further and further up the snowy, mountain way.

Slowly the hours sped, the path grew wilder and the stars disappeared overhead. Still they met no one and steadily the black horse plodded on until, just as the messenger was dreaming of the pleasant farmhouse beyond, he was startled by a dark figure blocking the road, while a hoarse voice shouted: "Halt!"

William thought it wisest to obey.

"Have ye the countersign?"

"No."

"Indeed! Your name?"

"William Tuttle."

"Where do you come from?"

"Burlington."

"Where to?"

"To join the army."

"Which army?"

"The loyal one, of course!"

"Humph, by that mean you the royal one?"

"That's as you take it."

"Hey, hey, sirrah, no parleying! I like not the tone of your answers." And, as the man turned to get a lantern swung from a low branch, the rider realized that, by some mischance, he had wandered nigh the outlying pickets of the British camp. Then a light was flashed in his face while, at the same instant, a rascally gust of wind blew back his riding cloak, revealing his suit of buff and blue.

"A spy! a spy!" The cry seemed to echo from hill to hill and, then, the sentry shouted: "Surrender! In the name of King George, ye are my prisoner!" raising his rifle as he spoke.

"Great heavens! If the secret despatches should fall into the enemy's hands or Tempe's pet be slain!" darted through William's brain. "But they shall not!"

And even while feeling for his own pistol, he made use of a trick he had once taught the colt in the Hackensack meadow. Making a clicking sound with his tongue, he drove his spurs sharply into Rabicano's sides, when, with a sudden movement, the knowing creature sprang high in the air, almost knocking down the guard, whirled around three times and bolted, while the bullet went wide of its mark.

There was no time to reload, but the English trooper, foaming with rage, dashed after the horse, and with the butt of his musket struck the messenger such a blow over the head that stars danced before his eyes; he fell forward, instinctively clasping Rab's neck and, then, knew no more.

On the porch of the Wick homestead, Temperance stood in the early morning. Her bright countenance was clouded and anxiously she scanned the white highway.

"It is strange, passing strange!" she murmured. "It is more than a week since William was here and Rab has been gone three nights! Mayhap I shall never behold my darling nag again! But hark! What is that? It sounds like horse's hoofs."

Sure enough! By shading her eyes, she discerned a rapidly

moving object at the crossroads and, ere long, gave a joyous shriek as the black steed trotted in at the gate. "But what is that on his back!" And her delight was changed to dismay as she recognized William, almost senseless but still clinging to the animal's neck.

Her cry brought Henry Wick and his wife running out and, together, they lifted down the limp lad and partially revived him. For, suddenly staggering to his feet, he attempted to search his pockets, muttering: "The chief — the papers — without delay!" and then with a dazed expression, started for the door. But, ere reaching it, he again collapsed and lost consciousness completely.

When, too, he once more awoke clear in mind, he was on a soft couch in a tidy dormer chamber and the sun was setting in the west. Then, as the events of the past night flooded upon him, he cried to Mistress Wick, who bent over him, — "Oh, — what — why have I been detained here? Could ye not know that my commission was one of importance! I must away, at once, to headquarters, with the despatches!"

"Tush, tush, make no such haste!" chided the good woman, "but trust to your friends. His Excellency has the packet with the big seal and here is the little orderly who delivered it." And, smiling at his amazement, she pushed forward a slim figure arrayed in William's own riding cloak and three-cornered hat.

"Tempe!"

"To be sure," replied that merry witch. "Do you think I would let you be disgraced if I could help it? And how General Washington did laugh at 'the messenger in petticoats' (for the servant announced me as 'Lieutenant Tuttle') and declared I must be trying to rival Molly Pitcher. But he was vastly civil afterwards and paid me, as well as you, some rare fine compliments. He bade me, too, inform you that you are forbidden to report for duty under a fortnight."

But she thought him wandering again, when he responded: "Bless your quick wit and courage! You are worth a dozen Lady Cecils!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

RAB PLAYS A PART

“Then the good steed’s rein she took
And his neck did kiss and stroke ;
Toll slowly !

Soft he neighed to answer her and then followed up the stair ;
For the love of her sweet look.”

—*Mrs. Browning.*

“**A** LUCKY misstep for Lieutenant Tuttle was it when that jade of a Nance put her foot in the mire-hole and he made an exchange of horses,” remarked Mrs. Wick, when William had returned to camp. “Only a smart critter like Rab would have thus borne him back to our door.”

“Yes,” replied her husband, “but a rare bit of impudence was it to enter my stable and help himself! Still I suppose he would say ‘all is fair in love and war’ and, if it stays at war, I will hold my tongue.”

“What do you mean by that, Henry?”

“Well, I fancy not his dangling round our Temperance as he does. He is a brave young chap and Heer Van Guilder, or some one else, has managed to drum good manners and considerable book knowledge into him! But, for all that, I cannot relish his having been a redemptioner from nobody knows where.”

“He claims that his father was a great student and a teacher.”

“That may be! But how about his mother? Never does he mention her.”

“I believe she died so long ago that he scarce remembers her. But fret not yourself, Henry, for soon now will Washington and his men be leaving and puppy love is short lived.”

“Now, if he was really one of the Jocky Hollow Tuttlés I should not mind, for they are first-rate stock,” and, still thinking on his daughter, the worthy farmer tramped off to the seeding

of his wheat field. For spring was again abroad in the land, flinging her mantle of charm over the mountainside.

The pet of the family at this period was young Mistress Leddell's only child—the fattest, rosiest, naughtiest, most bewitching scrap of a three-year-old that ever pulled the cat's tail or tumbled in the haymow. She had been making one of her frequent visits to "Granny"; but, on the second day, a wave of homesickness overcame the mite and, sitting on the door-step, she thumped a tattoo with her little red shoes and wailed for "Mamsie!"

"It is no use, Tempe," said Dame Wick. "You will have to take Polly home;" and the promise of a "horseback ride" so consoled the baby she was soon her bright, cherubic self again.

"Polly yide on Wab! Polly yip Wab!" she shouted gleefully and no queen on her palfrey was more elated than she, perched on the saddle in front of her young aunt. Away, then, they went, down the Mendham Road, to the Leddells' gray stone cottage and the lisping tongue kept up a continual chatter. "Polly yide horsey in the woad; mens walk in the gwass!" she announced.

"What men, darling?" asked Tempe.

"Sojer mens, — ober dere!" And a fat finger pointed to a woodland spot to the right.

"Oh, no, little dreaming duck, there are no men there! Only birds and squirrels."

"Ess, dey is," persisted the child. "Polly seed mens wid guns payin' peek-a-boo behind de twees!"

"Well, auntie doesn't see them; but never mind, for we are going to race now!" and, putting Rab to a canter, Polly was soon laughing and happy in her mother's arms.

"Stay for supper, Tempe, and the doctor will take you home after dark," urged her sister, but the girl shook her head. "No," she said, "not this evening. One of the maids is ill and mammy will need help in the dairy."

So while the sun was still high in the heavens, she remounted her steed and started back. Pussy willows swung their fuzzy catkins overhead; starry flowerets bestrewed the meadows and Primrose Brook babbled a cheery song of coming summer. "I

love May and am glad it is my birth month," thought the young equestrian, walking Rabicano that she might the longer enjoy the enchantment of nature.

A rude interruption was it, then, when, as she passed the woods, a squad of troopers, in dingy, ragged blue, made a rush from the thicket and surrounded her, while one seized her bridle rein.

"Git ye down, miss," he ordered tipsily. "Fine nags like this are sore needed in the army! I impress him fur the use of His Excellency's men!"

"For shame, Simon Tenpenny!" cried Temperance, recognizing the soldier as the Hackensack brawler. "Jerseymen should scorn to rob a well-known Whig!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the rough crew.

"But a Jarsey Whig should be willin' to do anything fur the cause. Better hand the beast over quiet, miss; fur we air bound to have him, by fair means or foul!"

"Well, of course, if I must I must!" conceded the girl, seeing resistance was of no avail but, at the same time, formulating a little ruse in her active brain.

"That's the sort of talk!"

"I am sorry, indeed, to part with my saddle horse," she continued, "but if you are resolved upon taking him, pray let me ask of you two favors! First, that you return him to me, if possible, and second, whether you return him or not, to treat him well?"

"Ay, miss! To that I give ye my word as a—a—gentleman an' a soldier," stammered Simon thickly, releasing the rein in order to lay his hand with drunken gallantry on his heart, but getting it rather lower down.

Then, quick as a wink, Tempe touched Rab with her whip and away he darted, like an arrow from the bow, leaving the ruffians open-mouthed with amazement; so it was a full minute ere they sufficiently recovered to discharge their muskets after her and start in pursuit.

The firing only made the steed go faster, while his young mistress whispered: "Fly, fly, dear Rab! Fly for your life! I will save you if I can!"

Up the long hill, then, they sped, in at the Wick gate and round the house.

"But they will be after me in a twinkling!" thought the canny maid so, instead of rushing to the barn, she dismounted and led the submissive animal up the steps, in at the kitchen door, down the hall and through the best parlor to a spare bedchamber on the first floor. A solid wooden shutter at the one window was quickly closed and, with a caress and low breathed, "Be good and still, darling boy!" she left her treasure there, in the dark.

As anticipated, the discomfited troopers soon appeared upon the scene and ransacked stable, hen-roost and all outbuildings, but not once did they think of searching the old homestead and, finally, took themselves off, cursing and crestfallen.

Tempe had a little jig all by herself when she saw them depart and, for three weeks, she kept Rabicano concealed, carrying him his hay and oats daily, while to no one without the house did she confide her equine secret.

Early in June, however, the regiments at Morristown struck camp; part moving towards West Point and part, under General Greene, going to Springfield, where a sharp and successful skirmish took place.

The morning before they started, William came to the Wick farm to say "good-bye." He sported a captain's epaulets and was jubilant over having been given command of a company of foot-guards. "Though we are like to see some desperate fighting in the south," he told Temperance.

Never, too, he thought had he seen the girl looking so winsome as she did in her fresh chintz gown, clocked stockings and low, buckled shoes, with pink ribbons tying her long black braids.

"Then we will venture to let poor Rab out to-day," she said. "You will want to see him before you go and he loves you as well as he does me." Merrily, too, the youth laughed when, at last, he heard how the Hackensack corporal and his men had been outwitted.

Together they freed the noble creature and conducted him to a green pasture where, half daft with joy, he capered about, kicking up his heels and running from one to the other to rub his

head caressingly against their shoulders, as Tempe sat on a turn-stile and William on the stump of a tree, a short distance off.

“Here, dear lad,” called the latter, holding out a bunch of clover, “munch this and then away to thy mistress and ask her if she could find it in her heart to reward a poor soldier with her hand, when all the hard knocks are over.”

“Tell him, Rab, she could, but she does not know as she would,” replied the girl, slipping a lump of sugar in the horse’s mouth.

“Ask her why, old fellow.”

“Say because — because not as she thinks think her parents.”

“And the why and wherefore? Is it because he was once bought and sold as a bond-servant?”

“Mayhap — mayhap! But oh, assure him that not so, not so at all feels the one he honors. High-born or low-born ’tis all the same to her.” And back and forth trotted the bonny steed as though he was, in truth, Cupid’s messenger.

“Plead my suit, then, with this, thou son of Fire! Possibly it might make some difference.” And taking from his pocket the lawyer’s letter to Lady Castleman, William placed it in the jaws of the intelligent beast who gingerly dropped it in Tempe’s lap.

In wonder she read the epistle and, at the end, arose, walked across the greensward and stood before her lover. “And you gave up all this for the cause of Liberty?” she inquired.

“For that and for the dream-wife of my boyhood. Sweet-heart, will not the blue blood of my mother wash out the stain of servitude?”

But what she answered Rabicano only knew.

Suffice it that Henry Wick gave them his blessing, so there was a ray of gladness mingled with the parting tears, and the youthful officer bravely hummed the chorus of a popular military refrain —

“A kiss, Sweet, a kiss, Sweet,
For the drums are beat along the street,
And we part, and know not when we meet,
With another kiss like this, Sweet,”

as he marched away to face the hardest period of that long, cruel war. For the next twelvemonth saw disaster after disaster follow in the train of the American arms, until they almost succumbed to the repeated defeats, especially in the southland, while at the north Continental money was scarce worth the paper on which it was printed. Sorrowfully, too, would the good farmer gaze at his daughter and talk to Deacon Tuttle of "our dear boy captain," wondering if he would ever return.

It was about this time, also, that a Quaker wooing was in progress in the valley of the Hackensack.

The return of Lennard Terheun to health and strength was slow but sure and, in the glad spring time, Philip conveyed him, by easy stages, back to his native village. There, at the Van Guilder farm, Marta soon completed the good work begun by the benevolent Friend of Green Bank. By degrees the horror of the dread prison was dispelled from his mind and the light of hope kindled in his heart, for Love and Happiness are rare physicians.

Meanwhile, young Morris lingered on, held by the magnet of a pair of blue eyes and a web of golden hair. Together, he and Katrina gathered the "Pinxter bloom" and sought the first violets and earliest berries. But when, one summer day, he followed her to the "elbow chair" in the old willow and whispered a few words in her ear, she shook her sunny head and said him "nay."

"For although a great liking have I for you, Philip," she said, "a Tory I cannot wed."

"I have borne no arms on either side," he argued.

"True, but for the government now in power are all your hopes and prayers and, though you and your mother have been wondrous kind and charitable to our miserable soldiers, too often have I seen the discontent that exists in a household where the family is divided on this question."

And nothing could shake her resolution.

CHAPTER XXIX

KATRINA TO TEMPE

“ A century and more sheds its dim and mellow rays
Over Revolution scenes and the deeds of other days,
But let us part the drapery, enter into Memory’s halls,
And gaze with reverent spirit at the pictures on her walls.”

—*Sarah M. Davy.*

“ *Hackensack in the Jerseys, June 7, 1782.*

“ MY DEAREST TEMPE :

“ Almost two years is it since William came dashing over from West Point, his face like a shining full moon, to announce his betrothal to you and tell the news given him by Lady Castleman. Always did I believe he was of gentle birth, but he is something better, besides ! It is nearly as long, too, since you were here, in September, for the wedding of Marta and Lennard and helped me to finish the fine tambour veil commenced so many months before at Burnham Hall ! It was a happy, quiet little marriage, was it not ? — in spite of the horrors around us ; and ever since both have been as blissful as butterflies, while the groom, being too weakly for the army, joined Major Mauritius Goetschius’ minutemen for the defense of Bergen.

“ But can you ever forget the funeral of Brigadier-General Poor, who died of a pernicious fever and was buried in the old churchyard ! Do you recall how we went to the Green to see the commander-in-chief, the French Marquis Lafayette and that lovely Harry Lee, who looked like a prince at the head of his light-horse company, all in such monstrous fine uniforms, with long black and scarlet feathers in their caps ? Oh, vastly do I admire the gallant Virginian major and am glad they have changed the name of Fort Constitution to Fort Lee. I heard him, myself, say that Enoch Poor was a ‘ rare brave general and deserved a



(CONRAD)

"YOUNG MORRIS LINGERED ON, HELD BY THE MAGNET OF A PAIR OF BLUE EYES!"—Page 173

monument ;¹ but as we could not give him that, we threw our black and white Liberty cockades, with the flowers, in his grave.

“It was shortly after this, too, that I nearly cried my eyes out over Arnold’s treason and the execution of the English spy, John Andre, just across the hills, at Tappan. Jan declares it was ‘a cruel necessity of war,’ but never can I believe it was right! He was only a tool of the villain who went scot free. Then he was so young and handsome and clever! Something, I fancy, like Miss Madeline’s lover. And, by the way! Did you know it was through the instigation of Captain Asgill that Lennard Terheun was released from the dreadful provost prison at Philadelphia? Being an inspector of the jail, he managed to have him included in an exchange of prisoners. But for that the Voorlezer would never have been my brother-in-law, for he left the cell worn to skin and bone and more ready for the potter’s field than for marching. That was why they put him on the gondola, where Mistress Morris found him.

“Folks say, though, that Andre’s death marked the ‘turn of the tide’ and, after that, Victory was more gracious to the Colonial troops. Forsooth, however, we had a bitter eighteen months, especially when the court-house and lock-up were destroyed by the Hessians and Archibald Campbell was routed out of a sick bed at dead of night and forced to walk miles through the cold and snow at the point of the bayonet. But, strange to relate, although he stood in two feet of water under the new bridge, before he could escape, it entirely cured his rheumatism and he has not had a twinge since. So sometimes good does come out of evil!

“Funny things happened, also, as when a party of raiders descended upon our house, demanding food. We had not overmuch, so the moeder had hidden away in the cellar three or four fat geese, a sack of meal and barrel of apples. On this she congratulated herself, when the redcoats plundered the poultry yard, corn-crib and dairy, and even took a batch of hot bread, just out of the oven. But as they were about retiring with their booty, a foolish old gander gave vent to a loud screech and kept up such

¹ A monument to General Poor, erected a hundred and twenty-five years later, now adorns the Hackensack Green.

a squawking and hissing that their place of concealment was discovered and goosey-gander and his mates carried off with the rest.

“The drollest part, though, was that one fellow stowed away the warm bread and rolls of butter together in a bag, and marched away with it slung across his shoulder. What was our delight, then, to see little rivulets of grease oozing forth and trickling down his spruce scarlet coat.

“‘Serve de robber right!’ chuckled Marm Venus. ‘I ’low I’d jess love to see him, like Mister Lot’s vrouw, conjured into a goot big, salty pillar ob butter!’

“How, my dear, you must have wearied for news when William was in the south, but it was glorious that he was at Yorktown, on the seventeenth of last October, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered his sword to Commander Washington — at least, General O’Hara surrendered it for him.

“I thought when the glad tidings came that the war was all over and peace would be, at once, proclaimed; but the British still linger in New York and there is much privateering on the coast. Yannety Ganzevoort rode out to the farm, when the sleighing was good, and she told me the city is now as dull and dismal as a protracted meeting and, for her part, she vastly preferred the dressing and dancing and play-acting they had under Sir Henry Clinton. Very sorry, too, will she be to have the English people driven out, as ’tis said they will be; but, oh! my heart just skips for joy when I think that our independence is secured!

“But for this I believe I should have swooned and died when I heard the last terrible cost they had to pay at Monmouth. That is the murder of dear, jolly Joshua Huddy! Yes, he was captured and hung because some of his militia shot a royalist prisoner who was trying to escape. The Tories were so furious that they hurried him off to the gallows without judge or jury, and pinned on his breast a slip of paper with these words writ thereon, — ‘Up goes Huddy for Philip White!’

“The patriotic, kindly captain! I cannot bear to think of it and Tabitha Potts is overwhelmed with grief. I have the saddest letter from her in which she says General Washington declares

the outrage calls for retaliation and he shall order the execution of a prisoner of war, to be selected by lot.

“ ‘And I cannot help hoping he will,’ adds Tibby. ‘Although “a life for a life” is against all principles of our society.’

“Well, we shall see!

“Mistress Morris has been very poorly of late and begs me to go and stay with her. If I do, I will pay you a visit first and then ride on to Burlington. And, oh! What a chat we will have!

“Prudence Hunt, I hear, is to be married ere long; and so is Fytje Vreeland — to Marta’s former swain, Sam Van Valen. A great *klapperne*, too, is there in the township over the wedding of Colonel Aaron Burr and the Widow Prevost at the Paramus church. He has been mixing warring and wooing in Bergen for five whole years.

“Indeed, the love-making seems to be in the air and even black Quack has pestered Wyntie until, at last, she says she is obliged to marry him to get rid of him, though she knows she will ‘plague him into a raging ague.’ Mayhap you, likewise, will be joining the line of matrons, if William soon returns.

“My respects to your honored father and mother and to Mrs. Leddell. I long to see that bewitching Polly and trust thou wilt shortly embrace

“Thy friend

“KATRINA.

“P. S. Philip promises to come over and escort me to Green Bank.”

CHAPTER XXX

HOW THE LOT WAS CAST

“ His gallus was three fence rails, pointin' up'ards to the sky ;
But Cap'n Huddy show'd 'em how a Jarsey boy could die.”

—*W. H. Fischer.*

“ Who suffers like the soldier,
Should reap renown as well —
Oh ! sure he should not be forgot,
Whose trials now I tell.”

—*T. Ward.*

“ **W**HISTLING girls and Merino sheep are the best property a farmer can keep ! ” Thus quoth Henry Wick one summer day, as a clear, merry whistle struck his ear and he turned to speak to his daughter coming across the greensward that divided the flower garden and barn-yard, her arms full of dog-roses and her face full of gladness.

“ Hullo, lass ; hast good news ? You look as cheery as an Easter morning sun ! ”

“ And I feel so,” responded Tempe, “ for Katrina is on her way hither and may be here this very day.”

“ So ! Well, I shall be pleased to have Roeliff's child beneath my roof ! But, bless me ! How your tongues will run ! Like a mill-clapper — rickety-rick ! rickety-rick ! ”

“ Tut, tut, dad ! Anyway, it is friendly clacking they will make,” called back the happy maid as, with a gay nod, she passed on to see if the “ Honey-Blob ” gooseberries were turning ripe.

So it was a warm welcome that awaited the Dutch girl when she arrived at sundown, riding the gray mare Grizzle, seated on a pillion behind old Claus who accompanied her. Her mother's green calash protected her head from dust, and the camlet cloak, of Trenton fame, hung from her shoulders.

"I fear, Tempe," she said, when the first furore of greeting was over, "that you will think my gowns monstrous antiquated and frumpish, but so little have King George's men left us that even homespun is at a premium. It was lucky, too, that Miss Minerva chose a good quality of cloth for this old cape, as I have had to wear it ever since, while it has been turned and returned and three times dipped in indigo dye."

"No matter is that whatsoever! We are all in the same boat and it is our dear Miss Jersey Blue we want and not her clothes." And again Temperance kissed her friend. "Susan Boudinot, too, is now here visiting a relative and is anticipating meeting you."

"I shall be glad to see her. Let us go to-morrow." This they did and small, brown Sue — now a lassie of fifteen — came often to the farm to talk over old school days with her former mates.

Katrina occupied the spare room where Rab had been hidden and nothing would do but she must be shown the spot where the soldiers attempted to carry him off and must, also, be conducted all over the ground where the American army had been encamped. Together, too, the three girls explored the surrounding country, on foot and on horseback, or gossiped in the shade of a venerable apple tree which shielded them with its verdant branches and showered down delicious, juicy, golden globes for their delectation.

"Surely this is the calm after the storm of war," remarked Katrina one afternoon, when she had been there a week, as they lay on the grass gazing dreamily up at the snowy clouds floating in a sea of azure overhead. "Such a rest is it, too, after the long strain of feeling we have had! I wish it could go on forever!"

"But nothing ever does," said Susan. "And, methinks, at this very moment I see the disturber advancing up the road."

"What nonsense is that, rattle-pate?" asked Tempe, lazily raising herself on her elbow. But the next instant she jumped up exclaiming: "As sure as you live, Trina, there is Philip Morris trotting this way!"

"But he was not to come for a fortnight!"

“And he needn't think he is going to whisk you off yet,” resented the hostess, while Susan resembled her old roguish self, as she drew down her lip and solemnly chanted :

“ Madam, I am come a-courting,
Hum, hum, heigho hum !
'Tis for pleasure, not for sporting,
Hum, hum, heigho hum ! ”

“ Be quiet, Sue, he will hear you ! ”

And Temperance went forward to meet the young Quaker who was soon shaking hands with them and explaining that, having been obliged to ride into Pennsylvania to consult some Friends on a matter of business, he had decided to return by way of Morristown in order to pay his respects to the Wicks and to have Miss Van Guilder set the day when he should come for her with the chaise. “For my mother loves thee like a daughter, Katrina,” he said, “and, since her illness, wearies for a sight of thee.” At which the girl blushed a becoming rosy red and little Miss Boudinot's merry eyes twinkled mischievously.

But if Trina was scarlet, Philip was deathly white, so all noticed it and when, after supper, they were once more seated beneath the apple tree, Tempe inquired : “Are you not well, Philip? You look pale and scarce touched a mouthful of food.”

“Yea, Temperance,” he answered, though with some hesitation. “I am well in body, but sore distraught in my mind. I have had a great shock.”

“Oh, what was that?” chorused the trio.

“It may be I should not mention it, but thee must all know it ere long! Of course thee hast heard of the justice meted out to Captain Joshua Huddy?”

“We heard of his cruel and unwarranted murder,” replied Tempe.

“That is just as thou considers it! Well, Monmouth County was, immediately, in arms and, to appease the shore men, Washington ordered that one of the British captives still held by the Continentals should be shot.”

"Yes, Tibby wrote me that," put in Katrina. "She said the unhappy one was to be chosen by lot."

"Just so! Well, three nights back I rested at Lancaster and there I fell in with Colonel Harcourt whom — thee must all remember — was once, with his staff, quartered at the Yellow Ark."

"Yes, yes!"

"He was one of thirteen prisoners on parole who were taken at Yorktown and who had been sent to Lancaster in order that one might be selected as the victim of retaliation. He appeared unnerved and begged that I would accompany him to a meeting to be held that evening in the Black Bear Tavern. I consented, without knowing its purport, and was astonished when I found several officers in buff and blue mingling with the scarlet coats and a guard of mounted dragoons stationed outside.

"I trembled in every limb, too, when Harcourt told me that the names of the thirteen prisoners were to be written on slips of paper and placed in a hat. Then in another hat were put thirteen other slips, all of them blank excepting one on which was inscribed the word 'Unfortunate.'"

"Oh, I should have run away!" ejaculated Sue.

"Two drummer boys were called in to do the drawing," continued Philip, "one from one hat and one from the other, at the same moment. Thee could'st have heard a pin drop, it was so still! The first name taken out was Lieutenant Pinkney, the next Colonel Harcourt, both having blanks; and the latter turned to me with a sigh of relief, and I gave him a grasp of sympathy, for I could not speak. Then came a number of names and blanks in quick succession. But, finally, one lad read off the fatal word 'Unfortunate' and the other drew the name of — of —"

"Ah! Who?" gasped the girls.

"*Captain Charles Asgill.*"

For an instant there was dead, horrified silence. Then Susan threw herself down sobbing: "No—no! Surely not our captain! Why, he saved my life!"

"And he released my brother-in-law from prison!" cried Katrina.

"And he is dear Miss Madeline's lover!" exclaimed Tempe. "Oh, it will break her heart!"

"Aye, I know all that and recalled it when the American in command summoned the leader of the dragoons and said: 'This gentleman, sir, is your prisoner.'

"Every man, too, in the room, I believe, was in tears, except Captain Asgill himself. He was perfectly calm, shook hands with all his brother officers, saying: 'It is the fate of war, comrades!' and walked away with a proud smile on his handsome countenance. It was the saddest thing I have ever seen."

"It was tragic!" almost screamed excitable Sue. "But can nothing be done? His Excellency is so good and noble, surely he will never carry out the sentence!"

"The people of Monmouth will demand it. They were devoted to Joshua Huddy."

"So were we," sighed Katrina, "but Captain Asgill was the best royalist that ever I saw! Oh, dear! oh, dear! Not always is revenge so very sweet!"

"It is a blessing poor Miss Sally was spared this," remarked Tempe, presently. "You know when Cornwallis surrendered she took to her bed and never got up again."

"Yes," nodded Susan. "But Miss Burnham will be more depressed than ever. I went to see her the last time I was in Trenton and Captain Asgill was there that day, with Miss Madeline. She was singing 'The Lass with the Delicate Air' and they were happy as dolls, looking forward to an early release of all prisoners, now peace is so near. I asked for 'Pauvre Madelon,' so they sang that for me and, when I came away, the dear lady put her arms around me and whispered: 'You must come to our wedding, little Sue!' Oh, it is awful! Awful!"

"It is. And yet we ought to be pretty well used to awful things now!" said Katrina somewhat bitterly.

With heavy hearts and in low tones, then, they discussed the mournful affair until the moon rose over the hills and Philip was forced to say "good-bye" and go to seek a night's lodging in the town.

CHAPTER XXXI

HIS EXCELLENCY

“ Tho' tears bedew the maiden's cheeks,
And storms hang round the mountain peaks,
'Tis glory calls, to love adieu,
Then dash to the mountains, Jersey Blue.
Jersey Blue, Jersey Blue,
And dash to the mountains, Jersey Blue.”

—*Gov. Richard Howell.*

THAT Captain Asgill's sad fate cast a shadow over the remainder of Katrina's visit was certain, but she remained several weeks longer and she and Temperance could not be altogether miserable when together. Prattling Polly, too, was a “well-spring of joy” and they romped with and made so much of the merry tot, her mother declared “she would be spoiled out of all control.”

On the day appointed, however, Philip arrived with the old-fashioned, wide, roomy chaise and as Susan was also going home at this time, Katrina begged she would ride with them. “I believe she wants me to play ‘gooseberry,’” chuckled that mischievous maid in Tempe's ear. “But they won't find me a ‘Honey-Blob,’ by any means !”

So she was tucked in between them, the Quaker youth being too polite to raise objections, although he looked a bit glum.

Then followed a month and more at Burlington, when Mistress Morris and her young guest became daily more attached to each other. “Sometimes I almost wish that Jonathan had been a girl,” the former once remarked. “A daughter would be such company for me.”

“Mayhap, when your sons marry, they will bring their wives here to live,” suggested Katrina, “and there are so many comely

faces to be seen in the Friends' Meeting House. Of course, you would not want them to 'wed out of meeting.'"

"Well, now, I don't know," and the dame darted a keen glance at the golden head bent low over her knitting. "Thou canst not always control the heart. Like the wind it goeth 'where it listeth!' Philip's college education has rather weaned him away from the plain life and he is very nigh to being what we term a 'Free Quaker.' My mother, too, was one of the world's people and a sweeter creature never lived."

"Ay, ay, madam," replied the lass, blushing. "Freedom is in the air!" And then she changed the subject.

It was not until just before her return home, however, that she forced herself to go to Trenton and call upon her old teachers. She sorely dreaded it and very desolate seemed the big, rambling "Yellow Ark," once wont to resound with youthful voices and gay, girlish nonsense. In "my lady's garden" the paths were overgrown with weeds and the flowers bloomed and drooped, untended and unplucked, while within the walls two women dwelt alone, in sorrowful loneliness.

Miss Burnham received her somewhat coldly, but she looked aged and broken. "Well, Catherine," she said, "no doubt you are glorying in the triumph of your American troops and their French allies—never giving a thought to the grief it carries in its train!"

"Oh, no, no, Miss Minerva!" cried the girl. "My heart aches for you and poor Miss Madeline."

At her sister's name, the woman's grim features worked and she caught her breath. "Madeline! Ah, yes, it is cruel, cruel to her! She was so happy! And she is all I have left; but she is slipping away from me! Madeline, who has been like my own child, ever since my stepmother placed her—a wee infant—in my arms! I have cherished her; toiled for her and worshiped her! Oh, my God! How I have worshiped her!" and Katrina could scarce believe it was the once stern "Dragon," who rocked herself back and forth in a perfect frenzy of despair.

"May I see her?" she finally managed to inquire, when the storm of feeling had somewhat subsided, and Miss Minerva nodded assent. "She is in her old room."

Like a wraith of the former blithe, bonny Madeline Burnham she lay on her white bed, but the dark orbs that gazed up at her visitor seemed fairly blazing in her pale face. With the ripple of a smile, though, she held out a thin hand and whispered: "It was good of you to come, Katrina!"

"I had to! I just had to come and assure you of my deep sympathy, dear Miss Madeline," sobbed the girl, shocked beyond expression, and the next minute they were mingling their tears together.

There was so little they could say, but after a while the crushed maiden told her that "Captain Asgill was now in the prison at Chatham, awaiting the day of execution."

"He has written me such a beautiful letter," she continued, "commencing '*Ma pauvre Madelon*'; bidding me not grieve too much for him and signing himself 'Thine for Time and Eternity, Charles.' Ere long, too, I believe I shall follow him and somewhere, perhaps in Venus — the planet of love — we will meet and be happy once again."

And Katrina could only kiss and fondle her and then tear herself away. But as she descended the familiar staircase, a new-born resolution surged up within her and when she once more faced Miss Minerva, it was with a flash of courage and determination in her blue eyes.

"Something must be done," she said. "Something, I am sure, can be done. His Excellency is not a monster to want to sacrifice two young lives! A petition should be sent him."

"And think you it has not been!" exclaimed Miss Burnham. "Not one, but many; and signed by Whigs as well as Tories! That is why the course of so-called justice has been delayed."

"Then I will go to him myself! I will tell him, with mine own lips, what a good, brave, noble gentleman Captain Asgill is, and of his dying sweetheart."

"What! Catherine Van Guilder! You — you — such a little spitfire of a rebel as you! You would go and plead for one who wore the British red?"

"Truly yes, madam! The war is at an end. We can afford to be generous to our foes — especially if they be our friends as well."

"Hum! 'Tis a kindly thought, but will be of no avail. Remember John Andre — that Flower of English Chivalry — whom they hung like a dog!"

"That is so. But Andre was a spy, in league with the traitor Arnold. Captain Charles Asgill is only the victim of chance — or mischance."

Dubiously the lady shook her head, but Katrina fancied there was a trifle more hope in her expression as she patted her shoulder at parting, and went with her to the door.

In a fever of excitement, then, our energetic heroine hastened back to Burlington and to see Susan Boudinot, enlisting her coöperation; and, near sundown, burst into the living-room at Green Bank, exclaiming: "Philip Morris, to-morrow Claus and Grizzle will be here for me; but you, too, must ride with us to Hackensack. And go prepared to remain there for a season and accompany Sue and me further on, — even to the Highlands of the Hudson."

Many are familiar with the small historic house on a hill above Newburgh, which is still pointed out and visited with reverent curiosity as the "Headquarters of Washington," where he lingered, within close call of New York, much of the year preceding the formal signing of the treaty of peace, at Paris, in 1783.

It was in one of those low, bright rooms that the commander-in-chief of the American troops sat, on a certain crisp fall day, gazing out upon the broad, majestic river below and musing, it would seem, somewhat sadly, from the grave expression on his noble features; while his hand rested upon a packet of papers on his desk.

They were petitions addressed to Congress in behalf of Charles Asgill; a letter from the French Ambassador, another from the King and Queen of France and one from a broken-hearted mother in England, all bearing the same purport; and they struck, like sledge-hammers, on the tender heart of the one to whom Light-Horse Harry Lee had lately given the title of "The Father of his Country."

That Congress had refused to countermand the young man's sentence he knew, for war is war and one of its laws is that if a

prisoner is unjustly killed by an enemy one of the captives held by the other side must give his life in retaliation. But he, likewise, knew that, in view of the approach of peace, Congress was weakening rapidly and one word from him could turn the tide of feeling in the victim's favor and, almost certainly, set him at liberty.

Should he say it?

Again and again he argued the pros and cons with himself, only to become more and more perplexed.

"O Lord of Justice and God of Battles," he murmured, "show me the right! Like thy servant of old, I desire a sign! For verily I know not what to do!"

The entrance of an orderly interrupted his meditation. "Captain Tuttle of the New Jersey Brigade would speak with Your Excellency," he said.

"Bid him enter!" And William, more bronzed and stalwart than ever, appeared and saluted hurriedly.

"Your pardon, sir," he said, "but may I ask that you will admit some very old friends of mine; and one of your own as well?"

"It is an untimely moment, captain, but at your request I will grant them a brief interview."

"Of course I know His Excellency will see me!" exclaimed a voice without and in darted a little figure that the general did, actually, receive with open arms.

"If it isn't that mischievous rattle-pate Sue Boudinot! Well, truly this is an honor I did not expect! But always have you taken advantage of my partiality for you and your worthy father."

"Ay, I know you like me and that is why I have ventured to bring hither my dear friend, Miss Katrina Van Guilder, and Mr. Philip Morris of Burlington. Forgive me if it is an intrusion."

"A fair face needs no apology," responded Washington gallantly, bowing low to Katrina and giving his hand to the young Quaker. For, at twenty, the Hackensack maiden was as fine a specimen of blooming womanhood as could be found in all the state named after the little isle across the sea.

"Ah, but she comes to beg thy clemency, dear general," added Susan. "Will you hear her?"

"Clemency! For whom, pray?"

"For the British prisoner, Your Excellency, — Captain Charles Asgill."

The commander started and frowned. But he hearkened courteously, while Katrina told of the charm of the young officer for all the pupils at Burnham Hall; of the manner in which he had saved Susan's life and thereby met and won his high-bred English *fiancée*. Of his beneficence to the Continental captive in the Philadelphia prison; of his bravery in battle and of the courageous way in which he met the fatal drawing at the Black Bear Tavern.

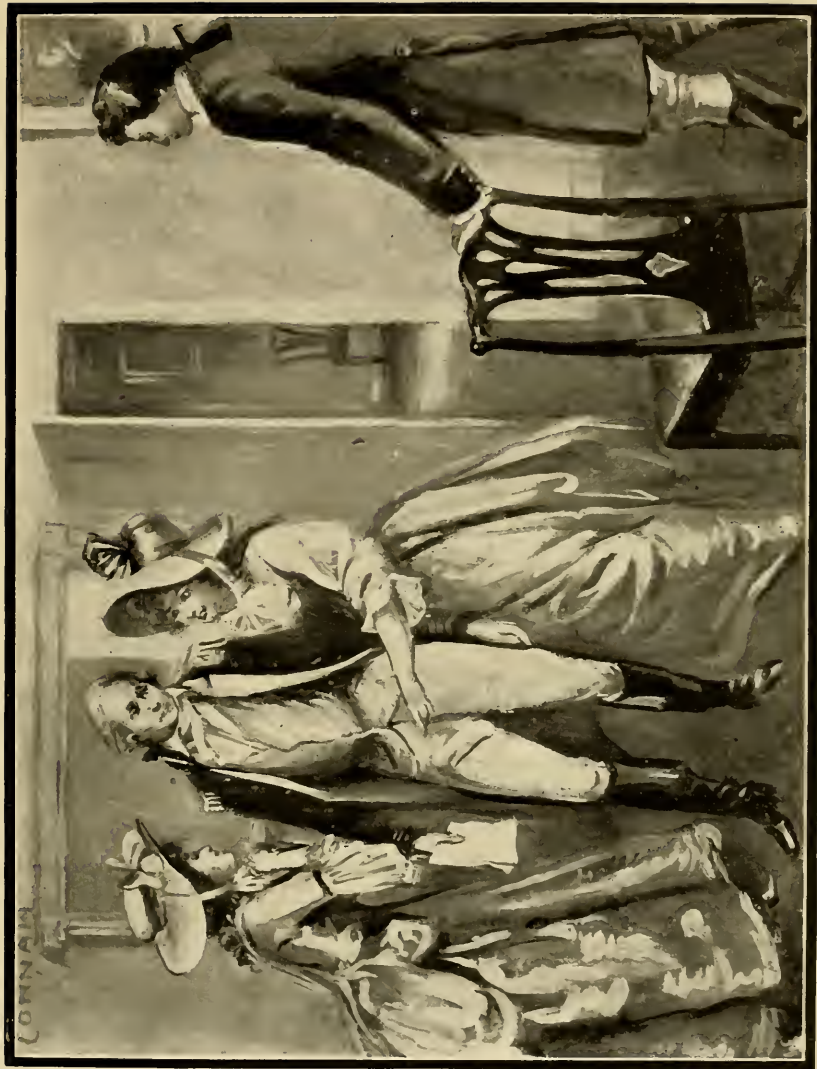
Her words were eloquent, but her sweet, expressive face was more so, when she concluded with, — "We are American girls, Your Excellency, and friends of Captain Huddy as well as Captain Asgill; and our hearts are all with the cause of liberty, even as our hands have knitted and woven and spun in order to clothe your poor soldiers; but we would not like to see such a stain upon our new banner — the stars and stripes which now float over our heads — as would be the execution of this innocent, but most unfortunate young man." She stopped suddenly, overcome with confusion.

"And so he once saved your life, little Sue, did he?" said the chief reflectively. "You, who often remind me of my dear Patsy Custis," his memory harking back to a beloved stepdaughter who had passed away in early youth. "Well, he is fortunate, at least, in having such gentle and earnest solicitors!" Turning aside, too, he muttered under his breath, — "It may be this is the sign for which I waited!" Then, as if not willing to give himself more time for consideration, he hastily wrote upon a sheet of parchment, inscribed below the characteristic "Geo^e Washington," folded, sealed and handed it to William.

"Captain Tuttle," he ordered, "see that this is despatched to Congress without delay. When the answer comes, perhaps you will, yourself, bear the prisoner's release to Chatham."

"With pleasure, Your Excellency!" And William could scarce restrain a grin when he remembered that Morristown and Tempe were but a few miles further on.

"But, sir, may I not be the one to inform Miss Madeline



“‘CLEMENCY! FOR THE BRITISH PRISONER, YOUR EXCELLENCY!’” — *Page 188*

Burnham of your prodigious kindness?" implored Susan and, smiling as he might have at a frisky kitten, the great man answered: "Certainly, my dear, but the chief credit is due this fair, loyal, young lady," with another bow to Katrina.

"And she shall have it, fear thee not," retorted the gay girl, while she was true to her word and when Charles Asgill and his dainty sweetheart met, face to face, in the old grape-covered "bower," the name that rose, with blessings, to their lips was that of Katrina Van Guilder.

But one more event was to crown that halcyon day!

Standing on the heights, near the "Headquarters," Philip and Katrina gazed enraptured at the lovely scene enrolled before them. Mountain height upon mountain height, covered with trees, resembled huge bouquets of brilliant flowers in their autumnal dress; dark green pines formed a fitting sentinel background and far, far beneath flowed the royal stream that bears the name of its discoverer.

"King of rivers and king of men!" remarked the young man. "Now do I understand Washington's marvellous influence over his followers. He is worthy to be the monarch of this new world — as they say he will be — and, were I not a Friend, I would at once swear allegiance to the American George rather than to the English one."

"A change of heart, Phil?" laughed Katrina. Then, sobering down, — "But never, never will His Excellency consent to be made king. His own mouth has said it. Rarely glad, though, am I to hear you say you have renounced the British lion and all his dictatorial ways."

"I really believe I have," he acknowledged. "But much do I wish for a queen to reign in my heart. Dost thou never want any sort of a sovereign again, little girl?"

A pause and then, with a shy glance, came the soft Dutch answer, — "*Ach, ja!* I want Philip — mine king!"

"Dost thou mean that, sweetheart?"

"Truly! For ever and always!"

"Oh, Katrina! Thou precious darling! My own true Jersey Blue!"

CHAPTER XXXII

AFTER SEVEN YEARS

“ 'Tis good ten years since Mercer fell,
Borne down at Princeton's fight ;
'Tis good ten years since hill and dell
With battle were alight ;
The Hessians have gone back to smoke
Their long Dutch pipes at home ;
The sword of war is bent and broke,
And peaceful days have come.”

—*Henry Morford.*

IT was the “ piping time of peace,” but once again the trim, trig, triangular little town of Trenton was agog with people! Bewigged, bequeued and beruffled gentlemen in velvet and broadcloth small clothes ; drab-hued Quakers, and dames and damsels in rich attire fluttered hither and yon, while an April sun shone fitfully, and across the bridge spanning the Assanpink, an imposing arch of laurel, evergreens and flowers attracted every eye.

It was to this point that the populace was surging, for here, where General George Washington had crossed on that auspicious Christmas night, twelve years before, President-elect Washington was to cross, on this spring day, during his triumphal progress to New York for the first inauguration. So above the floral tribute stood forth the date, “ December 26, 1776,” and this inscription, — “ The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters.”

“ But what means the sunflower ? ” inquired one citizen, pointing to a huge, dark-centred, yellow posy which nodded from the apex.

“ Why, sir, are you not versed in the language of Flora ? ” cried a blithe young matron. “ That signifies ‘ To you alone ! ’ ”

"A delicate compliment, truly! And you, Mistress Tuttle, I see have been better trained in the symbolic tongue than I."

"It was right here, at old Burnham Hall, that I learned it before the war. But pray excuse me, sir, for I spy a former schoolmate with whom I desire a few words," and off she tripped to call "Trina! Katrina Morris! Have you no greeting for old friends?"

"Temperance!"

And joyfully the two companions met. "I felt sure you would be here to-day!"

"Without a doubt! Not for twenty York shillings would I have missed it."

"And you have brought the little Penelope likewise! Hast thou a kiss, sweetheart, for Aunt Tempe?"

"Yeth," lisped the flaxen-haired mite, clinging to her mother's hand. "Pen has a tiss for thee and for General Wathington; but Pen tant thee."

"It is true! The dear little Quakeress is too small to see much in this crowd."

"No matter is that, for her father will soon be with us and he will hold her up."

"Can't ole Cuff elewate leetle missy?" asked a voice behind them and with an exclamation of "Cuffy Cockroach!" both recognized the now white-headed negro in a faded and tarnished uniform, discarded by some British regular. And, laughing gleefully, the child was swung up onto the black man's strong shoulder, high above the throng.

"And how, Cuffy, is the world treating you, now?" inquired Katrina, beaming at her wee daughter's delight.

"Tolerble, mum! Jest tolerble! Trenton ain't what it used to be, wid my Lady Castleman an' de Burnhamses an' all de English quality folk, who gib de fine routs an' ructions, gone ober seas. Nuffin now but Quaker weddin's an' tea-fights."

"Which, I warrant, are not so hilarious, but more harmonious than Abraham Hunt's famous Christmas supper before the battle!" chuckled Tempe. "If I remember right, Cockroach, you were not over eager to go and see His Excellency on that occasion!"

"No, mum, no, mum! I wasn't. Fur ef a bullet had shooted off Cuffy's haid, Cuff wouldn't hab seen His Excellency to-day."

And this there was, certainly, no gainsaying!

"There goes Prudence, this minute, with her little Albino husband," said Katrina; "but where, Tempe, is William?"

"He took Rab round to Stacy Potts' to be baited. The dear old nag is nearly fifteen years old and not so spry as he once was. Polly, too, went with him to change her gown in Tabitha's room, for she is one of the thirteen girls chosen to represent the thirteen states at the celebration. Yonder, though, she is coming now, with the others," as the crowd parted to let through a procession of maidens, all in snowy frocks and "celestial blue" sashes, with garlands on their heads.

"Bless my eyes, if I wouldn't believe it was Tempe Wick as I first knew her!" exclaimed Philip Morris who, just then, approached them. "How dost thee do, Miss Polly?"

"Fine! But I am not Polly Leddell to-day. I am 'New Jersey,'" laughed the leader of the white-robed band, pointing to the name across her breast; and she would have paused had not "Massachusetts" and "Pennsylvania" hurried her on.

Meanwhile, the prosperous-looking Quaker gentleman was greeting Mrs. Tuttle and saying, "Is it not too bad that Jan is not with us on this great occasion? He could not be induced to leave Mother Van Guilder and the spring planting. Said he would wait and attend the inauguration itself, at New York. Neither is Susan Boudinot here, as she is travelling abroad with her father."

"La, that is a pity!" responded Temperance. "But, Trina, there comes William to keep Phil company and I think it is quite time we left Penelope in their charge and went to join the choir with which we are to sing."

Away, then, they hastened to take their places in the long line of misses and matrons ranged on each side of the road and carrying baskets of sweet early blossoms.

Nor had they long to wait. A chime of bells and strain of martial music announced the approach of the renowned Virginian and his retinue. Cheers rent the air, but above all sounded a shrill "Huzza, huzza, hip, hip, hooray!" and a

grotesque figure, in artillery coat, hat and feather, appeared on a bank above the highway, waving madly.

"Well, I'll be flummuxed if it isn't Molly Pitcher!" ejaculated William, just as Tempe and Katrina were whispering "Molly Ludwig!" to each other.

"Some poor, crazy creature," decided most of the spectators, but their pity changed to enthusiasm when her name was passed from mouth to mouth and the president-elect, stopping his steed, leaned down and warmly shook the rough hand, courteously saluting "Sergeant Molly Pitcher."

The delay was brief and then the mounted escort galloped forward; Washington followed and just as he drew rein beneath the floral arch and uncovered his head, the feminine chorus burst forth, with clear voices, in an ode of welcome composed by the governor of the state.

Choir : " Welcome, mighty Chief, once more,
 Welcome to this grateful shore ;
 Now no mercenary foe
 Aims at thee the fatal blow,
Virgins : Aims at thee the fatal blow.
 Virgins fair
Matrons : and matrons grave,
Choir : These thy conquering arms did save,
 Build for thee triumphal bowers ;
Matrons : Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers,
Virgins : Strew our Hero's way with flowers."

Much affected, the noble object of all these attentions bowed his thanks and rode on over the tender blossoms which the maidens flung before him; bands played, cannon boomed and ovations resounded on all sides. Ere he departed, too, the hero of the hour found time to write this note of appreciation to the white-garbed singers and each one begged for a copy.

" *Trenton, April 21, 1789.*

"General Washington cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgment to the matrons and young ladies who received him in so novel and graceful a manner, at the

triumphal arch in Trenton, for the exquisite sensation he experienced in that affecting moment.

"The astonishing contrast between his former and actual situation at the spot, the elegant taste with which it was adorned for the present occasion, and the innocent appearance of the white-robed choir who met him with a gratulatory song, have made such impressions upon his remembrance as he assures them will never be effaced.

"G. WASHINGTON."

"Truly, this has been a day long to be remembered!" sighed Tempe, with satisfaction.

"Ay, the best day of my life!" cried enthusiastic Polly, "for, oh! what fun we 'States' have had with those Princeton students! Never did I see such a jolly, hungry crew! They pretty nearly cleaned the Pye Woman out and fairly stuffed us with compliments and cheese cakes."

"History repeats itself," laughed Philip Morris. "Dost thee recall, Katrina, the appetites that Jan and I developed in those New Year holidays we spent with you Burnham girls here in Trenton, and how many visits we paid to the bake shop?"

"That do I, indeed," replied his wife. "Always, too, have I heard that feeding an undergraduate was like filling a rat hole."

"Well, even in our mature age, I think we have done pretty good justice to Friend Stacy's most excellent cheer," put in William Tuttle, as he helped Temperance on with her riding cloak.

For they had just risen from a late dinner at the "City Hotel," to the dignity of which title "Potts' Tavern" had now arrived, and where Tabitha had insisted upon serving them herself, "For old times' sake," and that she might join in the reminiscent chatter of the friendly party. Not that she talked much, only occasionally putting in a word, for the sprightly Tibby of the Yellow Ark was now a very subdued, quiet woman, with a sad though rarely sweet countenance beneath her plain muslin cap; while, ever and anon, she would softly caress wee Pen's floss of yellow hair, or slip some fruit or goodie into the chubby fist. Reluctantly, too, she came to bid them "farewell,"

when Rabicano and his mate, as well as a big, comfortable carryall, were brought around for the journey back to Burlington and the Morris home at Green Bank, where the Tuttlés were, likewise, to rest over night.

The whole west was aflame with a golden sunset and in the heavens, deep red and pure white clouds mingled against a field of richest blue, while nigh the horizon peeped forth the evening star.

"It is like the flag of the free floating over us," whispered fanciful Polly, in a half awe-struck tone.

"Aye, dear girl, it is!" responded Katrina. "And vastly do we appreciate the peaceful days that now are ours!"

Then, with an affectionate kiss for Tabitha and cuddling her warm, sleepy baby in her arms, our brave, sweet Jersey maid followed her Quaker husband and together they rode away into the roseate afterglow up the "Primrose Path," which leads to love and happiness.



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