





A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION



John L. Humphrey

"DOFFING HIS CHAPEAU, HE MADE HER A SWEEPING BOW."—Page 106.

A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION

A Story of the Boys and Girls of '76

BY

AGNES CARR SAGE

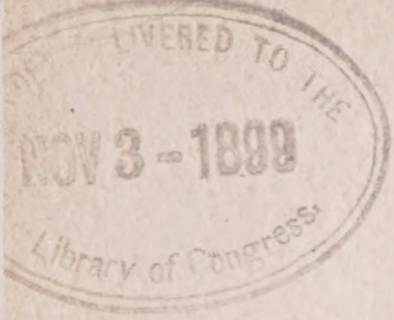
Author of "A Little Colonial Dame," "The Jolly Ten," Etc.

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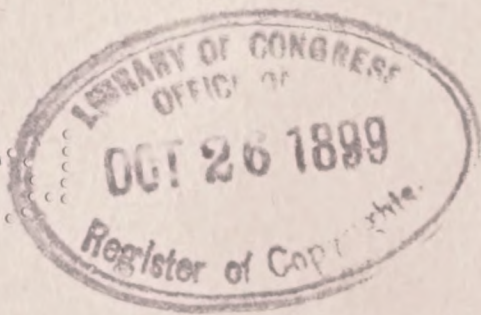


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TO
ALL BOYS AND GIRLS
WHO ARE
DESCENDED FROM THE HEROES
OF
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,
THIS LITTLE TALE OF
THE TIMES THAT TRIED EVEN
CHILDREN'S SOULS,
IS LOYALLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

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A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING.

“Thanksgiving’s roast turkey was a bird of good size,
While she filled in all chinks with her puddings and pies.”

FATHER TIME’S RECEPTION.

A FAIR Indian Summer day, in the year of our Lord, 1773, was drawing to a glorious purple and golden close and the farewell rays of the setting sun shed a rosy and fairylike radiance even over Pudding Lane, a neat but modest thoroughfare of Old Boston.

It had been an unusually mild Autumn—Summer still lingered as though loath to depart and the grass in the trim courtyards before the white, wooden houses was still green, while the evening air felt balmy and pleasant to young Betty Melville swinging on the third gate in the row and gazing eagerly down the street.

A pretty little girl was Betty, with wilful, golden curls peeping out from beneath her “musk-melon” hood, and soft brown eyes that easily overflowed at the sight of sorrow and suffering and as readily danced with mirth at the least bit of fun or mischief. When, too, she flung back her butternut-coloured cloak, a most dainty little figure was revealed, enveloped though it was in a high-necked and long-sleeved “tire” or pinafore of blue homespun.

“How long they are! What can be detaining them?” she murmured more than once as she swung back and forth, while the gate hinges creaked ominously. At length, however, her watch was rewarded and, as two boys of about ten and twelve years appeared around the corner, she scampered down the street to meet them. “Did you get all the things, Win?” she called, as she approached. “The hickory nuts and dried plums and some of the real Liberty tea?”

“Aye, aye, every single thing, I believe,” replied the shorter of the lads, holding aloft several parcels. “The nuts and plums I bought at Ben Thompson’s shop, but he was entirely out of red-root. It seems it is in monstrous demand, for folks like it better than sage or catnip or raspberry leaves. So down we went to Mr. Campbell at the Salutation Tavern. He was very kind and let me have a whole half-pound as soon as he heard how ailing the mother is.”

“I am so glad, for it will be a change from the spearmint and bea-balm tea she has been drinking so long,” said Betty. “But pah! nasty, bitter herbs they are everyone of ’em,” and she screwed her small features into a wry grimace at the remembrance.

“Just so thinks my poor, old granny,” laughed Joe Lovering, the elder of the youths. “How, too, she does fume and fret for a cup of real Hyson! She says that liberty is a miserable sort of thing which robs an old woman of her only drop of comfort.”

“But, Joe, then she cannot be a true patriot,” exclaimed Winthrop Melville indignantly. “For there is not a loyal lady in Boston, who has not pledged herself to stop drinking China tea, until the King’s ministers over the water see fit to remove the three-pence duty on it, as they have had to do on glass and paper. Father explained it all to Betty



Edith L. Humphrey.

"BETTY MELVILLE SWINGING ON THE THIRD GATE IN THE ROW."—Page 1.



and me, and as for mother—I believe she would die of the headache before she would take a taste of Congo.”

“So would my mother,” said Joe, “But Granny Lovering was born in old England and still thinks the King can do no wrong. Sometimes, I fancy, she even looks on mammy and me as rebels. But she is a good old soul and I love her dearly.”

“Our mother has Tory relations also,” put in Betty. “Very grand folks who live in New York. Last year they sent her a beautiful flowered gown of imported twisted damask. She looks monstrous fine in it. But you will see for yourself, to-morrow, when you come to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us.”

“You may bet your last farthing I shall be on hand,” snickered Joe.

“You had better, lad, you had better,” roared Winthrop. “For there is to be such a turkey! It has been fattening for a month and is puffed out like a Drum-Major. For a week, too, have I been kept busy pounding spices in the mortar and crushing and sifting the rock-salt for seasoning.”

“While I believe I must have stoned bushels of raisins and cut up pounds and pounds of citron, and candied orange-peel,” declared Betty, who was an old little body for her seven years. “But I don’t care now that the pies are made. You ought to see them—mince pies and pumpkin pies and cranberry pies and green currant pies, and one enormous Marlborough-pudding pie! All set out in rows on the pantry shelves. There are enough to last until Spring and oh, how good they do smell! It makes my mouth water to look at ’em.”

“And our mouths will do something more than water to-morrow,” giggled Winthrop, “But see, Betty, mother is beckoning to us from the window. Father must be at home

and Mehitable has the supper on the table. Good-night, Joe! We will see you and Mercy in the morning."

During the night the wind veered round to the north, there was a sudden fall in temperature, and Thanksgiving dawned clear but cold.

"We must have a fire in the front-room," declared Thomas Melville and he early summoned Winthrop to assist in bringing in the big hickory logs and piling them in the deep fireplace, all ready to light on their return from church. Meanwhile, Mehitable, the family "help" (she would have fiercely resented being called a servant) was bustling about, getting her turkey and chicken pie safely located in the great brick oven, before following her mistress and the children to the Old South Meeting House where was gathered the cream of Boston Puritans, and where no voice rose higher in the psalm singing, than did that of Mehitable Sparhawk. A Yankee of the Yankees was she and some of the naughty boys used to say she threatened to drown the bass viol in the gallery, when old Sol Baxter set the tune of "St. Martins" with his pitch-pipe and the choir sang:

"Let children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger days we saw,
And which our fathers told."

A sharp eye, too, did she keep on Betty and Winthrop, and a bony, warning finger was shaken threateningly did they venture the breath of a whisper during the long prayer or fidgetted throughout the sermon. To-day, too, Parson Bacon's prayers were more lengthy than usual and so was his sermon, dwelling, as he did, on sundry weighty matters that were disturbing men's minds and stating his political views in a more free and secular manner than was deemed seemly on the Sabbath. But the youth of the congregation was upheld by a thought of the feast that was to follow,

mother as mine," said Winthrop, kissing her slender hand ; while Betty cried : " I do not believe even the Governor's lady looks half so fine."

Only Mehitable was grave, and slammed down the plates on the dinner table as she muttered, " Some folks is drefful blind. Can't they see that that bodice hangs on her like a meal-sack ! Sartain sure the ways of Providence air drefful hard to understand."

But it was a truly happy party gathered around the blazing logs in the front room, when the Loverings arrived ; Mrs. Lovering neatly clad in her widow's weeds and with nine-year-old Mercy hanging on her arm like a gay little work-bag ; while Joe tenderly helped his grandmother up the steps and ensconced her in a comfortable armchair.

" Glad to see you, neighbours, glad to see you," cried Thomas Melville cordially, shaking hands all round, and then hastened off down cellar to draw great pitchers of foaming cider in which they later drank everybody's health, and wealth and prosperity to the Commonwealth.

But first, full justice had to be done to the Thanksgiving turkey, the savory chicken pasty, the long array of vegetables, the Indian pudding, and all the other evidences of Mehitable's culinary skill, while that hand maiden occupied a seat at the lower end of the board and dished out the edibles with a heavy and bountiful hand.

" How was it, Mrs. Lovering, that we did not see you at the Old South, this morning ?" enquired the host as he plunged his knife into the plump fowl. " You missed a fine discourse."

" I expect so," replied that lady. " But mother wanted me to go with her to the Hollis Street Church where we really belong. She thinks there is no one like Mather Byles ; but as his views and mine do not always agree, I often wander off to the other meeting."

“Well, was the witty parson as pungent as ever?”

“That he was,” cackled Granny. “You ought to have heard his hits at the tea caddies filled with nauseous yarbs. ‘Verily,’ said he, ‘I think the Liberty cads be worse than the Liberty lads.’”

“By which I suppose he meant the Sons of Liberty of whom I happen to be one,” exclaimed Mr. Melville flushing angrily, seeing which his wife hurried to make a diversion by asking, “Have you tried the red-root Dame? No? Well then you must. Mehitable, pour a cup of the Jersey tea for our guest.”

This the old lady condescended to taste, but in very small sips. “It is better than catnip,” she acknowledged. “But I am always hungering and thirsting for a drop of the real article. I would have it, too, if Roxanna was not so set in her ways.”

“Of course I am in this,” said her daughter-in-law, “for I was one of those who pledged my word to give up the Chinese herb, until the tax be removed.”

“But they tell me there be plenty of untaxed stuff smuggled in from Holland.”

“We ought to scorn to buy that,” said Thomas Melville.

“Oh, yes, it is all very well for you men-folks to talk, when you can go down to the Green Dragon and cheer the cockles of your heart with a glass of grog or cider. But it is different with us poor old women; while, when I was young, like Mercy and Betty here, I was taught that God and the King could do no wrong.”

“Ah, it is a poor sort of a Whig, mother, you are anyway,” laughed Mrs. Lovering good-naturedly. “It was lucky for poor granny that my dear, dead husband—who was a sea captain—fetched several chests of fine Bohea from foreign parts. That lasted until a month ago, but now it is gone, I cannot reconcile it with my conscience to

let any tea, at present bought and sold, come within my doors."

"I think you are in the right," agreed Mrs. Melville.

But the dame still grumbled on. "All fiddlesticks is that! And everybody is not so particular. It is three years since that ridiculous paper was signed and few there be that stick to it. Now there's Mistress Pearson, as good a Whig as any of ye, and last week she told me that she constantly purchased smuggled tea and made it in a *coffee-pot* without a soul being the wiser."

"Then she ought to blush to tell it;" broke out Mehitable explosively, while small Mercy asked in astonishment, "But, granny, if she was a signer, do you think that was quite honest?"

"You bet it wasn't," shouted Winthrop, and only his mother's hand on his shoulder restrained him, while she said with a smile,—“Come friends, do not let our Thanksgiving dinner become too spicy over this disputed point, or it may spoil the flavour of my pumpkin pie, of which I am extremely proud. By the way, too, I wanted to ask you, Dame Lovering, if you remembered old Deacon Pepper of Plymouth?"

"To be sure I do, and many a Thanksgiving day have I sat at his table." And, being thus tactfully switched off on another track, the old lady was soon in her glory, relating how Deacon Pepper always made a point of having five grains of parched corn placed beside each plate at the Harvest Home feast, in remembrance of the privations endured by the Pilgrim Fathers when food ran low, and five kernels was the daily ration doled out to each starving colonist.

"I am glad I did not live then," sighed Betty contentedly, as she took a large bite out of a frosted cake.

"But later, when the wild geese and turkeys came, the

boys must have had a jolly time, shooting with their fowling pieces," said Joe.

So, after all, the holiday dinner concluded in peace and harmony and early candle light still found the older people recalling past days in Old England and New England, beside the hickory fire ; while the children cracked nuts, munched apples and played at Blind Man's Buff, Puss in the Corner, Roast Beef behind your Back, and Come Philander.

CHAPTER II.

FLY SPARHAWK.

“Wall no ! I can’t tell you whar he lives,
Becase he don’t live you see,
Leastways he’s got out of the habit
Of livin’ like you and me.”

JOHN HAY.

THE boys and girls were resting after one warm and exciting game, and Mercy was reeling off conundrums for the edification of Winthrop and Joe, when Betty, who had stepped out for a drink of water, came rushing back, exclaiming : “ O, Win, Fly Sparhawk is in the kitchen with Mehitable. He has walked way over from Roxbury, and she is giving him some dinner.”

“ Goody ! goody ! Now we will have sport ! ” cried Winthrop, “ Come on, Joe ; come, Mercy ! We’ll get Fly to do the Wry Mouth Family for us. He is jolly at that and it would make a horn bug laugh to see his funny faces.”

With a rush then, the whole quartet burst into the big sanded back room, where was seated a long, lank individual in brown homespun, a huge mug of cider raised to his lips and before him a plate heaped with turkey bones, mashed potatoes, gravy, and cranberry sauce. “ Hello, Fly ! Hello ! ” They shouted uproariously. “ We’re monstrous glad to see you.”

“ Wal, naow,” drawled the visitor, “ that’s what I thought. I’m real glad to see you young uns and I sort of calculated you’d be tickled with a sight o’ me. So I strolled over from

Roxbury this arternoon to find out haow you was all keepin' Thanksgivin'. All the way, too, I kep' a smellin' Hitty's fowl a roastin' and her pies a bakin'. Beats all for pies, doos my Sister Hitty, an' that I always allows."

"Now, Fliakim, you shut up," put in Mehitable, "your nose is long, but 'taint long enough to snuff victuals three miles off! I never did hold with lyin', even in fun."

"See here, Mehitable, thar's no need to take a feller up so drefful quick! You dunno' haow the gnawin's of hunger doos sharpen the senses, an' I swan I did smell turkey though mebbe 't warn't yourn. The truth is, I hevn't tasted a morsel sense half-past six breckfuss an' I ben a standin' a full hour daown on the wharf watchin' three ships a sailin' up the harbour. Awful purty sight! But air off salt water doos make one feel sort o' empty an' sinkin' inside."

"Then, for pity's sake do fall to and fill up, 'stead o' chinnin' so much," snapped Miss Sparhawk who, brisk and energetic herself, had small patience with her lazy, easy-going brother whose motto was "never do to-day, what you can possibly put off till to-morrow."

"Bless me, ef she ain't a spinner!" ejaculated Fliakim, half admiringly, and pausing with his mug suspended in mid-air, "I don't believe Hitty would give a feller time to draw his last breath, she'd be in sech a desperate hurry to hev' him die an' be done with it."

"Then I pray I won't hev to watch you peg out," retorted Mehitable. "You'd be sure to hev so many last words the undertaker would be round with his bill before you were dead." Although all the time, she was busily engaged cutting generous slices of mince, apple, and pumpkin pie and piling them on a pewter plate, for the object of her raillery.

"It's lucky for me Mehitable's bark is so much wuss'n her bite," chuckled the good-natured rustic, plunging into the dainties. "Naow, conversation at meals is real healthy an'

I like to let digestion dew her perfect work as it were. Why, my sister's internal machinery must whiz raound faster'n a wind-mill."

"I wish, then, some part of you would whiz! You're Fly by name, but that's all the fly round there is to you, Brother Slow-coach!"

"Oh no, 'taint, Hitty, no 'taint! I'm a Butterfly, I am—specially when buckwheats air plentiful—an' I gayly flit from flower to flower. If, too, like the butterflies I 'toil not, neither do I spin' I guess I'm abaout as well off. Then, last week, when I hed a cold I was a Hoarse-fly an' no mistake!" And the countryman cackled gleefully at his own wit, the children all joining in like a musical chorus.

But Mehitable only sniffed contemptuously and flounced off into the buttery, muttering—"And the busy bees who 'improve each shining hour,' must forever be sharing their honey with the shiftless flies."

And, truly, the energetic New England woman had reason to thus bitterly carry on the metaphor. From his early teens, Fliakim had been something of a thorn in his sister's side, on account of his distaste for steady work and fondness for wandering through the woods and fields with his gun,—or spending whole days sitting on a fence, whistling and whittling a stick. He dwelt alone with his dog, a pet squirrel and a decrepit owl, in a tumble-down shanty, on the outskirts of Roxbury and only did enough odd jobs to keep soul and body together and furnish him with tobacco, while Mehitable supplied his raiment and came to the rescue when he got into a tight place, as he occasionally did.

Yet he was a merry, taking creature, always ready with a joke or a story, a perfect "news letter" for gossip, and the best marksman in all the country round. There were few houses where he was not welcome and all children adored him, for no one could mend broken toys, rig boats, snare

birds and trap rabbits like this indolent but clever good-for-nothing.

"But, Fly, what vessels were those that were coming up the bay?" enquired Joe, when the laugh had subsided; for the boy had inherited a taste for salt water and was always interested in ships and seafaring news; "Were they India-men?"

"Ay, three Injymen! The *Eleanor*, the *Dartmouth* an' a brig named the *Beaver*.* They drapped anchor at Griffin's Wharf, but a sailor daown yonder told me he'd wager a shillin' they'd never land their cargoes in this ere port."

"Why not?" asked Mercy.

"'Cause Missy, it is all China tea they hev on board an' tea ain't what you might call a pop'lar beverage in Boston jest naow. Some folks say Governor Hutchinson will be obleeged to send them crafts back whar they come from."

"Like whipped curs with their tails between their legs," snickered Winthrop.

"Jess so, jess so," assented Fliakim, taking a nip of cheese. "An' long as 't isn't 'baccy, I dunno as I keer. But, speakin' of curs reminds me! I wanted to ax, Win, haow you'd like to hev a dorg?"

"First rate," responded the lad heartily, while Betty clapped her hands and jumped for joy.

"Wal I've got abaout the cutest lettle Newfoundland pup you ever sot your peepers on. He come to me in the way o' trade. That is, I swapped a fox skin for him an a jug o' 'lasses. But my old yaller Spider don't take to the critter an' one brute is enuff for me anyway. So, I jest thought

* A slight license as to date has been taken here, as the tea ships really arrived on Sunday, Nov. 29.

I'd fotch him over here, ef you cared to hev' him an' Mis' Melville hed no objections."

"Of course I want him," cried Winthrop, "and I'm sure mammy will consent, for only the other day, I heard her telling my father that we ought to have a watch-dog, there are so many negroes and half-breed Indians hanging round."

"All right. Then I'll bring him the next time I come. An' naow," pushing back his chair, "I believe I am purty well wadded. Thank ye all kindly for the best dinner I've tasted this year."

"Then, dear Fly, if you are through, won't you tell us about the Wry Mouth Family?" pleaded Betty, cuddling confidingly up to his side.

He promptly lifted her onto his knee.

"What's that! Tell you about the Wry Mouth Family? Why, lordy massy, yes. To be sure I will. Fly Sparhawk ain't the man to refuse, when sech a sweet leetle lady axes him so purty. So, draw up, chillen, draw up an' listen to the tale of that unfortinet family, all but one of whom were born with crooked mouths."

And presently peals of merriment issued from the kitchen, as the youngsters went off into convulsions of laughter at the wonderful contortions of the story-teller's features, when he pretended to blow out a candle with distorted and twisted lips.

So merry, indeed, were the sounds that floated into the front room that ere long, out came Thomas Melville to see what the fun was about and seated himself on the high backed settle in the chimney-corner. "Very good, Fly, very good," he said, when the story was concluded. Then to draw the fellow out—remarked,—“Though I don't suppose such a family ever existed. I never meet any queer Wry Mouths, do you, Fliakim?”

“Wal, no sir, not exactly, but a year or so back I fell in

with some folks who lived over Medford way an' their names were most as outlandish as Mary Jane's an' Sally Ann's mouths."

"Oh, do tell us about them," pleaded Mercy.

"Wal, I chanced over thar one day, long abaout sun-down, an' feelin' a trifle thirsty stopped at a haouse, whar a hull passel o' chillen was tearin' raound the yard, to ax for a sup o' milk. A woman came to the door an' invited me in quite hospitable. 'Set daown,' sed she, 'Opedildoc fotch a cheer for the stranger. Deuteronomy, you run out an' milk the caow; an' Gerrymander dew stop that yawpin'."

"I thanked her an' set daown while she went to the winder an' shouted 'Dandelion Bellamy, ef you don't quit pesterin' Hypothenuse, I'll come out thar an' whollop you. Jest as I expected, Baby Lobelia hes been woke up. Run quick Golconda, an' rock her off to sleep agin.'"

"Excuse me, remarked I, but your boys an' gals appear to hev ruther uncommon names.

"'Yes, they hev,' sez she, 'an' we're real proud of it. My husband an' I wus downright tired of the usual everyday names so we sot to work an' picked out jest the most genteel and finest soundin' ones we could find for our offspring, to sort o' bolster up their last name which is Snooks. Hannibal Duplicate an' Westminster Catechism hev gone into taown but—'

"At that moment a little red-headed thing come runnin' in a snivellin' an' cryin'.

"'Bless me, Eglantine Aconitum, what's the matter naow?' exclaimed the mother. 'O ma,' sobbed the child 'we was playin' Injuns, an' when Perehelion scalped Convolvulus an' me, he pulled our hair jest awful. Then the twins, Ecclesiasticus an' Revelations, got on fire an' Synopsis Parallelogram is a throwin' water on 'em.'"

“Good heavens what a rigmarole!” roared Joe, nearly rolling off his seat with laughter.

“But did you ever get your milk?” asked Betty who always liked a story to be fully completed.

“Oh, bless you, yes,” chuckled Fly. “I hed my milk an’ I faound out that it was giv’ by a caow called Wintergreen Regina.”

“Ha, ha, ha! That certainly was the cap sheaf,” said Thomas Melville.

But at that moment a sharp rapping sounded on the outer door and Mehitable going to open it, returned and announced:

“Young Master Revere.”

“Ah, Paul, is that you?” cried the host going out into the hall. “Come in, come in and try a mug of my sweet cider.”

“No, not to-night, thank you, Mr. Melville,” replied the stripling. “I only stopped with a message from Dr. Warren. He would like a word with you at the Green Dragon if you could make it convenient to step down there a moment.”

“To be sure I can, and will go with you at once,” agreed Thomas, seizing his three-cornered hat.

“Is it about the tea ships?” whispered Winthrop who had crept out after his father; and Paul nodded assent as they hurried off into the darkness of the November night.

“It is time, too, that I was movin’ along,” drawled Fliakim rising and stretching his long limbs. “Be nigh on to ten when I git hum naow. Good-bye, Hitty,—good-bye, Win,—good-night all. I’ll try and fotch the pup over next week, ef I ain’t too tarnal busy.” And he, likewise, ambled off toward Roxbury, just as the watch on his round chanted, “Eight o’clock and All’s Well!”

But Thomas Melville was out very late that night and the next day this circular was spread far and wide in Boston, Charlestown, and Cambridge—

“ The worst of plagues, the detested tea shipped for this port by the East India Company, has arrived. The hour of destruction or manly opposition to the machinations of tyranny stares you in the face. Every friend to his country, to himself, and posterity, is now called upon to meet at Faneuil Hall, at 9 o'clock this day, at which time the bells will ring, to make a united resistance to this last, worst and most destructive measure of administration.”

CHAPTER III.

A VISIT TO MISS QUINCY.

“Look not on her with eyes of scorn,
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ah! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name.
And still to the three hill'd rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown.”

O. W. HOLMES.

It was nearly three weeks after Thanksgiving when, one half-holiday, Betty and Mercy sat together in one of the upper rooms of the Melville house. The latter was doing her daily stint, knitting on a long blue yarn stocking, while her friend pricked her fingers over a most gorgeous sampler that was both the pride and despair of her youthful heart.

“For I believe I have picked out and put back every stitch about a dozen times,” she sighed, as she held up the long square of yellow-brown canvas, around three sides of which ran a wreath of fruit, flowers and such birds as never were on sea or land, closely worked in cross stitch, while below appeared a wonderful attempt at a landscape, the trees, buildings and beasts all being wrought in many coloured silks.

“But I think it will be very fine if it ever is finished,” she continued.

“It will be lovely,” agreed Mercy heartily. “How much more is there to do?”

“Only a horse's head in this corner and to put the verse in the centre,”

“What is that to be?”

“This one,” and Betty recited glibly,

“Elizabeth Melville is my name ;
America my nation ;
Massachusetts is my State,
And Christ is my Salvation !”

“Isn't that nice?”

“Beautiful !”

“And if I do it well, mother says she will have it framed and hung in the best room.”

“Really ! Well, I should think you would be monstrous proud to see it there. But who can that be?” For the wonted stillness of Pudding Lane was broken by the rattle of wheels coming down the street.

Both little girls flew to the small-paned window and there, drawing up at the gate, was Miss Dorothy Quincy in a new fangled chaise, driving herself, while beside her on the high seat was perched another young lady dressed in the extreme fashion of the day.

“Oh, maybe she has come for me, as she promised,” exclaimed Betty, jumping up and down in her excitement, “And I hope she will ask you, too, Mercy.”

Just then Miss Dorothy spied the children and beckoned them to come down to the bird-cage-like porch before the front door, which they hastened to do.

“Well, little folks,” she called, “Miss Coffin and I are here to carry you both off for the afternoon, if you can manage to squeeze into this new but narrow equipage of mine, which, I vow, is more modish than roomy. So run and ask your mothers and hurry into your cloaks and hoods, for my nag does not greatly fancy standing.”

“We will be ready in a trice,” cried Mercy, scampering off to be made tidy, while Mehitable—who was peeping and listening in the background—went fussing round like a hen

with its head cut off, pulling out Betty's Sunday-go-to-meeting gown of blue damask flowered with red, a clean crisp white tucker and her best cloak and hood of scarlet broad-cloth trimmed with sable fur.

"For the child must do us credit when she goes abroad, and we don't want those high cock-a-lorums a-turnin' up their noses at her," she remarked to her mistress.

"I hardly think there is much danger of that," said Mrs. Melville, as she looked into her daughter's bonny little countenance and smoothed her sunny curls.

"Good-bye, sweetie, be very amiable and mannerly."

"Yes, dear mother."

And presently the two happy little maids were driving off with the gay girls to the Quincy mansion in Summer Street, where everything to them was like a step into wonderland, from the tall negro in livery, who ushered them in, to the rich Turkey carpets on the floor and the mirrors and portraits on the wall.

"It is like walking on a feather bed," whispered Betty to Mercy, as their feet sank deep in the thick soft pile.

"Now, Alida Coffin, you must help me entertain my young guests," said Miss Dorothy to her friend when they had all laid aside their outer garments. "So please fetch the big book of plates from the library and lay it on this table, while I go and tell Cæsar to make some sangaree and bring us a plate of cheese cakes."

Miss Coffin was not so beautiful as Miss Quincy, but she was bright and lively and the children were charmed with her, when she turned the pages and explained the pictures in the great book, which was almost worth its weight in gold. "For I have been to many of those foreign places," she said.

"Oh, how Joe would like to see these," cried Mercy. "He is wild about travel and is forever poring over 'The World Displayds.'"

“And what, pray, is ‘The World Displayds’?” asked the gay Alida.

“Why, don’t you know!” exclaimed Miss Dorothy. “It is the quaintest book, published in twenty diminutive volumes, and with the most execrable wood cuts.”

“Joe Lovering likes it because of the pictures of ships,” put in Betty. “Winthrop wants to go to college—but Joe means to be a sailor and he knows every vessel that comes into the harbour.”

“Ah! then what does Master Joe think of the *Eleanor* and the *Dartmouth*?” laughed pretty Dorothy with a roguish glance at Alida Coffin.

“He says they are good strong crafts,” replied Mercy, “but hopes they will be sent back where they belong.”

“Or all the tea given to the fishes,” added small Betty, nodding her yellow head gravely.

“Bless me! Even the children are catching the infection!” Then to further draw them out, the hostess continued—“So this clever Joe does not approve of landing the cargoes here?”

“No ma’am, and only last night, granny offered him a guinea if he would buy her a pound of China tea on the sly and he refused.”

“More fool he!” sneered Alida. “This ridiculous tempest in a teapot is hard on the old women!”

“But you see, Lidy, how strong the feeling is, when for a principle a little boy could stand out against such a temptation; I, too, you know content myself with *Hyperion*.”

“Fiddlesticks! As if King George and his ministers were not wiser than we! And, Dorothy, you were not a’ways such a rampant Whig. It is John Hancock who is putting these treasonable ideas into your foolish pate.”

“My father says Mr. Hancock is a man of sense,” remarked Betty soberly, at which the two belles looked amused

and the little tiff ended in a laugh. But the wee maid wondered what could be so funny and why Miss Dorothy, blushing to her love-locks, caught her up and kissed her, exclaiming: "You are the dearest and oldest mite in all the world, Betty Melville!"

Then dancing off to the spinet, the lively girl sat down and played a rollicking air—while, throwing back her graceful head, she sang,—

"My name was Robert Kidd,
And so wickedly I did
God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed, as I sailed."

following it up with *Yankee Doodle* and *Cruel Barbara Allen*.

Mercy and Betty were enchanted, for a musical instrument was a rare curiosity to them, and they kept good-humoured Miss Quincy playing and singing until black Cæsar appeared with a silver tray and passed around dainty little cakes and thin glasses of a sweet and pleasant beverage.

Before they had finished, too, who should drop in but John Hancock and another gallant of the town, who took the small maidens on their knees and made much of them, while the fair Dorothy ordered a stronger punch than she had served to her youthful visitors.

"Winsome little women, as ever I saw; are they not?" remarked the first swain, in an aside to Alida Coffin.

"Yes and rebels after your own heart, John," laughed that young lady saucily. "You will be pleased to know this one has been taught that you are a man of sense. I am sure I should never have suspected it, you talk such nonsense to me."

"*Merci, mademoiselle!*" And the young man bowed low. "My profoundest respects, too, to Miss Betty," mak-

ing a still lower obeisance, "But you look sober, little one! What are you thinking about?"

"I was only wondering," said the child, "if you had made your mark yet. Father said you were bound to make it. Have you, sir; have you made it, and was it a very big, black one such as we get in school, when we are bad?"

A ripple of laughter went round the circle, but John Hancock kept his face straight and answered quite seriously—"It was a tolerably black mark that I made this afternoon, when I signed a petition to his Excellency the Governor."

And then the subject dropped as a servant came in to light the wax candles in the glittering sconces, and it was time for Betty and Mercy to go home, attended by Cæsar to their own doors. But as the former said "good-night," she flung her arms around Miss Quincy's neck and whispered in her ear, "I love you, dear Miss Dorothy; and I love Mr. John Hancock, too."

Winthrop—as well as the rest of the family—was eager to hear all his sister had to tell regarding her visit, and kept her glib little tongue running like a trip-hammer. "For I have had a stupid enough holiday," he said. "I felt so sure that Fly would fetch the dog to-day that I did not go skating and then he never came. He promised it in a week and now it is nearly three since he was here."

"Well, if you had known him as long as I hev," put in Mehitable, "you'd know waitin' for Fliakim Sparhawk is like waitin' for the millenium. Never comes when expected."

And Winthrop, thinking her about right, declared his intention of walking over to Roxbury the next day and bringing back the pup himself.



"I WAS ONLY WONDERING . . . IF YOU HAD MADE YOUR
MARK YET."—Page 24.

CHAPTER IV.

A CUP OF TEA.

“Farewell the tea-board with its gaudy equipage
Of cups and saucers, cream-bucket, sugar-tongs,
The pretty tea-chest lately stored
With Hyson, Congou, and best double fine.

* * * * *

Because I am taught (and I believe it true)
Its use will *fasten slavish chains upon my country*
To reign triumphant in America.”

THE Lovering's house was almost a counterpart of the Melville's, having two stories in front and with a "lean-to" roof reaching groundward in the rear, while a latticed porch, with seats on each side, afforded a pleasant lounging place for summer evenings. Even the tidy little parlour was furnished in much the same manner, with a stuff-covered sofa and high straight-backed chairs of cherry wood, with griffin feet terminating in a long claw grasping a ball. A tall clock ticked away the flight of time in one corner, and beneath a looking-glass, shrouded in white muslin, appeared a spindle-legged mahogany tea-table, now diverted from its original purpose to hold the heavy family Bible and an assortment of shells and pieces of coral brought home by Captain Lovering from some of his voyages. Within the blue-tiled fireplace stood brass andirons, while beside it rested tongs and shovel of the same glittering metal, and all of dazzling brightness. A few rugs upon the floor also added a touch of comfort, as well as several modestly

framed pictures upon the wall. But this primly neat apartment was religiously kept for "best," and the family much preferred the warm, cosy living-room at the back, where the mother had her work table and low rocker, the children their books and playthings, and Dame Lovering her favourite splint-bottomed arm chair in the chimney corner.

It was here, then, that all were gathered that Wednesday night after the Quincy visit, while Mercy—like Betty—chatted gayly of her afternoon's pleasuring, to which even the aged woman listened with open ears. She displayed a deep interest in Miss Coffin.

"For I knew her grandmother well, rarely well," she said. "Madam Davenant and I came over in the same ship from the mother country, and lived near neighbours in Plymouth for three years or more. It is many a day since I saw Barbara Davenant, but I mind hearing that her daughter did not live very long after she married one of the New Hampshire Coffins, and that Madam had the bringing up of her grandchild, Alida. I warrant, too, that she has made a true Loyalist of her, as well as a good Church of England woman. The Davenants were all Episcopalians, and had more money than the Loverings—so we have drifted apart, but we were fine friends in the good old times."

"Miss Alida is nice, and funny," declared Mercy, "but I like Miss Dorothy better."

"And you say she thought this foolish tea tiff was hard on old women? The dearie! Well, she be right there!" and when presently her daughter-in-law was called out of the room, she beckoned Joe slyly to her side. "See here, Joey, lad," she whispered in her most wheedling tone, "I won't ask ye again to buy me a taste of Hyson, but will ye go up to-morrow to Madam Davenant and just borrow a few ounces of the rare stuff? She is sure to have it, and will not begrudge a trifle to her old friend Mary."

“O, granny, I would not like to do that,” exclaimed the boy, drawing back, “and I am certain mother would be angry.”

“Roxanna shall never know it, for I will brew it myself when she is away. And listen, lovey, if you will get your old grandam a cup of tea, I care not from where, you shall have your grandfather’s watch,” and diving into the patchwork pocket hung at her side, the old lady drew forth the clumsy silver “turnip,” which had ever been the desire of the lad’s heart, and dangled it coaxingly before his eyes.

A gigantic temptation that! And for a moment Joe hesitated. It was such a little thing to do, and he really loved and was sorry for the trembling, eager old crone. But this small patriot was a true chip of the Puritan mother-block, while when but a wee laddie of five he had been carried on his father’s shoulder to the Common there to see the fireworks and illumination in honour of the repeal of the Stamp Act, and had shouted with infantile delight at the rockets and bee hives and wriggling, blazing serpents.

Then, only three years before, in 1770, he and Winthrop had both been among the five hundred boys gathered beneath the Liberty Tree to attend the funeral of their schoolmate, young Christopher Snider, who was killed in a political riot and vaunted far and near as “the first martyr to the noble cause,” and had followed the little hero of eleven summers to his last resting-place at Copp’s Hill, all of which had made a deep impression on their youthful minds. So, when Dame Lovering again pleaded “Do, Joey boy, do! for I am all weak and shaky inside for a drop of the Chinese herb,” he answered kindly, but firmly, “No, granny, no. Please don’t ask me, for I can’t, I can’t. I can neither beg from a Tory, nor buy taxed tea in the public shops.”

“Then it’s a hard-hearted, unnatural grandson you are!” screamed the old lady, turning pale with rage, “and you

may give up all hopes of ever owning the watch, for I shall keep it and will it to your Cousin Digby."

"I can't help it," sighed Joe, sadly. "And I am just longing to please you, but I cannot go against my principles."

It was, however, a right disconsolate urchin who crept up to bed at nine o'clock, and a few salt tears wet his pillow, although Mercy tip-toed into his tiny dormer chamber to whisper sympathisingly, "I don't see how you could hold out so, brother, but I think you were grand to do it."

Thursday, December 16th, was ushered in by clouds and a raw, easterly wind; while, when the pupils of the Latin School were dismissed, a fine, drizzly rain was falling.

"Did you say, Win, that you were going over to Roxbury, to see Fly and get your pup?" enquired Joe, as he met Winthrop on the steps of the famous old seat of learning in School Street.

"Yes, I did mean to. But it's so wet, guess I'll wait for a pleasanter day."

"You had better," cried a third youth, who came running up at the instant, "for Harrison Otis says there is a big rumpus in the town and a crowd is hurrying down to Funnel Hall.* Let us go, too, and see what the fun's about."

"All right, Saltonstall! We're with you," and the trio were quickly on their way to Faneuil Market, the great room above which witnessed such stirring scenes during the Revolution thus winning for itself the name of the "Cradle of Liberty."

But as they came within sight of the many-windowed, high-towered building, they beheld a mass of men pouring from its doors.

* A common name for Faneuil Hall in the olden time.

"What can that mean?" they asked in surprise.

"Only that old Funnel isn't big enough to hold the maniacs," sneered a bystander, "and they are adjourning to the Old South."

"But what's it all about, anyway?" exclaimed Edward Saltonstall. "Oh, there is John Rowe! He will tell us. Hello, John, what is every man's tongue wagging so about?"

"Tea," replied the fellow shortly. Then pausing to shake the rain from his hat he explained, "the folks want the tea-ships despatched back to England and a petition has been sent to Governor Hutchinson—who is out at his country place—requesting a pass, without which they cannot sail. Some think he may refuse to give it and all are waiting to see, while Quincy and Adams have been holding forth hot and heavy."

"Even this drizzle cannot cool their ardour," chuckled young Saltonstall.

"Not a bit of it. But its going to clear. The clouds are breaking and the wind has changed. Look at the Funnel grasshopper," and Mr. Rowe pointed to the huge gilded insect which did duty as a weather-vane on top of the market's tall tower. "Why don't you boys come with me to the meeting-house and see the sport?"

"We will," said Winthrop, and he led the party to the old brick church, where squeezing in they perched on the back of a pew near the door, and greedily drank in the rebellious remarks floating around them.

"You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink," quoted one snuffy old chap.

"Aye," responded his neighbour, "and they can send us tea, but can't make us drink."

"Let them take it back to England and peddle it out there," growled a third, "we will not have it forced down our throats."

“What sort of a drink would tea and salt water make?” laughed John Rowe, and this suggestion called forth a round of applause, the words being repeated from mouth to mouth.

“Oh, ain’t I glad I didn’t buy the taxed stuff for granny,” whispered Joe to his friend and then, as this thought of home made him remember how long it was since school closed and noted how darkness was coming on apace, he exclaimed, “Win, do you suppose our mothers are worrying about us?”

“I am afraid they are,” said Winthrop. “I don’t want to leave now, though, for see, John Hancock is getting up to speak and the Governor’s answer may come at any moment.”

“Well, you wait here, then, and I will run home, set their minds at rest and be back.” And before the words were fairly out of his mouth, considerate Joe was pushing his way through the throng toward the door. On reaching the open, he found that John Rowe’s weather prediction had proved true. The rain was over, a yellow glow irradiated the western horizon and a pale, watery moon was emerging from the clouds overhead. “I will take the short cut,” he thought, “and be there in three shakes of a lamb’s tail.” And away he sped on a brisk run through the crooked streets of circuitous little Boston.

But as he was dashing through an alley, the door of a carpenter’s shop suddenly opened and a man, stepping out, laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

“See here, my fine fellow,” he cried, “just come in and lend us a helping hand, will you?”

Joe thought he knew the voice, and peering through the fast gathering gloaming, recognised Thomas Melville, although he was in his shirt-sleeves and his face was roughly besmirched with paint.

“Mr. Melville!” he ejaculated in astonishment.

“The same. And so, Joe, it is you! Now that is first-rate! But there is no time to lose, so please step in at once,” and Thomas ushered the boy into a dusky room, where was a score of men in various stages of dress and undress; while as he entered a tallow dip was thrust into his hand and a stripling named Crane shouted, “There my lad, hold the candle for us, while we rig for the big tea-party at Griffin’s Wharf!”

“Have they all gone stark, staring mad,” thought Joe, gazing around in bewilderment at those he knew to be some of the leading citizens of the town, but who were now engaged in bedaubing their usually sedate countenances with a reddish brown mixture, fitting on wigs of straight black hair, and covering their fine coats and ruffles with shabby blankets and other Indian-like attire; while occasionally one would utter a blood-curdling war-whoop or execute a fiendish dance with burlesque ferocity. And, “What does it mean?” he finally managed to stammer. “What does this all mean?”

“It means,” replied Thomas Melville, “that unless ‘Stingy Tommy’ hears reason and gives the ships their pass, we are going to brew such a strong pot of tea as will make the tongues of King George and his men pucker as they never puckered before.” And it was he who led the masqueraders out into the darkness and down to the Old South Church, where the meeting was still in session.

“Well, if this isn’t a pretty to-do!” ejaculated Joe, as he watched the last amateur Mohawk vanish through the doorway. “And bless me! if I don’t have a finger in that pot!” Saying which, he quickly besmeared his features with grease and lampblack, confiscated a wig that still lay on the floor, and, wrapping himself in a rug, was about to follow the Indian band, when again the thought of his mother’s anxiety

made him pause. But he only sighed a faint "Oh, dear!" as he pursued his way to Pudding Lane.

Meanwhile, Winthrop and Edward Saltonstall are having an exciting time within the old Meeting-House. The Governor's reply is long in coming, and the waiting crowd waxes very impatient, before a middle-aged man with strongly cut features and flashing blue eyes, throws aside his red cloak and cocked hat and rises on the platform to address them. All know this to be Samuel Adams, and in an instant every voice is hushed, every orb turned upon him.

In a few concise words, he announces that his Excellency, the Governor, declines to permit the vessels to pass out, concluding with—"And now, gentlemen, this meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

There is one moment of ominous silence, of keen disappointment. Then a ringing voice from the gallery shouts, "Boston Harbour a tea-pot to-night! Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf!" while at the signal, to the boys' unbounded delight, from all sides spring figures in the garb of Indian warriors brandishing hatchets and hammers, and uttering the most ear-piercing whoops and shrieks.

"Oh, isn't this monstrous sport!" squeal the youngsters, beating a tattoo with their heels upon the back of the pew. And as the "Red Men" go flying wildly out into the night and down Milk Street, shouting and cheering as they run; Ed and Win, forgetting all about Joe, go capering joyously in their train.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOYS HELP TO STIR THE POT.

“Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appear'd in view.
Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests display'd,
Axes, hammers, help afforded,
What a crash that eve was made!”

RUMOURS of a tumult in the town had reached Pudding Lane, and the long absence of Mr. Melville and Winthrop was commencing to cause great anxiety. Indeed, delicate Mistress Melville was quite prostrated with fear, and lay on her bed upstairs vainly trying to control her nervous tremours, while little Betty sat beside her, with a bottle of sal volatile, and whispered all the cheering words of comfort her small mind could suggest.

Even Mehitable wore a worried expression, as she moved about the kitchen preparing the evening meal. She was just removing some fried mush from the fire, when a gruff voice at her elbow grunting—“Please, white squaw, give poor Injun somethin' to eat,” made her jump, and drop the pewter plate she held, sending its contents spinning across the floor.

“The Lord preserve us! What's that?” she ejaculated, as turning, she encountered a grotesque figure and horribly bedaubed visage; then beat a hasty retreat toward the pantry, dabbing meanwhile at the intruder with a fork, and vo-

ciferating, "Go 'way, go 'way! You impudent critter you! How dare you come pokin' your ugly mug in here?"

"Why, Mehitable, don't you know me?" and a peal of merry laughter at once betrayed the identity of the fun-loving masquerader.

"Joe Lovering! You owdacious young scalawag!" And now the irate woman made a dive for the roguish urchin. "You deserve to be clapped into the Queen Street stocks for scarin' a body in this fashion! But dew tell! What mischief are you up to now?"

"Just the rarest bit of mischief that ever you heard of. But where is Betty? I want to give her a turn."

"You'll do nothin' of the kind. The poor, dear lamb is upstairs with her ma, who is near worritted out of her sweet life. And she so weak and narvy, too! Some pesky fool ran by here, shoutin' 'Great row in Milk Street'; and she's a-frettin' for fear the master has come to loggerheads with a 'lobster',* for neither he nor Win have we seen since mid-day; and it nigh on to seven now!"

"Well, I have seen them, and have come on purpose to tell you they are both as safe and sound as trivets, and will be home in due time."

"Thank Heaven for that! The dear missus will be so relieved," sobbed good-hearted if sharp-tongued Mehitable. "Guess I'll hev to forgive your monkeyshines, Joe, since you fetch sech cheerful news. Is the Injun really hungry? Well then, help yourself, to some of my fresh cookies."

"Thank you, Hitty; I will." And the boy filled his pockets. "Win didn't go to Roxbury, after all, for we have been to a monstrous meeting in the Old South Church."

"Hum! Mighty pious all of a sudden! What sort of a meetin'? A prayer meetin'?"

* A vulgar name of the period for a British soldier.

“Aye, the biggest prayer meeting on record, where every mother’s son was praying for liberty. But I’m invited to a Tea-party and must be off or I’ll be too late. Good-bye.” And leaving Miss Sparhawk gaping in open-mouthed astonishment, this gay little “red-skin,” went scampering after the rest of the fantastic company, down to Griffin’s Wharf where the three Indiamen rested on the quiet water, their tall masts silhouetted against the dark December sky.

But silvery moonlight irradiated their decks and made plainly visible the Mohawk band and another masquerading party, in red woolen caps and old frocks and gowns, busily engaged in hauling out the huge boxes of tea and tossing them over-board to where a squad of youths stood ankle-deep in mud, ready to smash the chests and send their contents to mingle with the briny water of the bay, while the captains and crews of the pillaged barks were, for the nonce, kept in durance vile below.

Among the wading lads, Joe discerned Winthrop Melville and Ed Saltonstall, and shouting, “Hip, hip, hooray! Isn’t this a prodigious lark!” went scrambling up on board the *Dartmouth* and pitched into the mêlée which was led by one Lendal Pitts, a red-hot Whig. Zealously, too, he plied his axe as the cargo was lifted from the hold.

“My stars and green garters! Wouldn’t granny give the best of her three remaining teeth for some of this!” thought the boy, as he watched the piles and piles of fragrant Chinese tea swept into the harbour. “Suppose I slip a handful inside my waist-coat for her.” But almost instantly the idea was discarded as one unworthy of a true patriot and glad enough was he a little later, when a certain Captain O’Conner was actually caught confiscating some of the precious Bohea. For in a twinkling, this recreant was seized and made to disgorge, after which the tails of his coat

were wrenched off and he sent about his business with a kick from every one he passed.

"I should die of shame if such a thing was done to me," mused Joe.

So the work went merrily on until three hundred and forty-two chests of tea had been given to the mermaids; while, when the sun rose, a great winrow of the herb extended almost down to Castle William, where a regiment of British soldiers was garrisoned on an island near the entrance of the harbour. An aggravating sight for them, truly, and one that for several days turned many old ladies, of Granny Lovering's kidney, green and heart-sick with envy.

But the Curfew bell summoned home a most jubilant and triumphant company as, shouldering their hatchets and tomahawks, they gayly kept time to the squeaky fifes and marched up from the wharf to what is now the termination of Pearl Street. And Joe trotted with them the blithest little Mohawk there.

As they approached the residence of the Admiral, who commanded the fleet of English war-ships anchored just without the town, a window was suddenly flung up and a head thrust out, while a voice cried :

"Well, boys, you have had a fine, pleasant evening for your Indian caper, haven't you? But mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet."

"It's Mad Montague," passed from mouth to mouth, and Pitts shouted back—

"Oh, never mind, Squire. Just come out here, if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes."

Down banged the sash, while with a laugh and loud flourish from the fifes on went the Tea-party to the place of dispersion, and there were no more excited youngsters in the Province than Joe and Win, when they dashed home to report the grand doings of that December night.

"Only I wish I could have been an Indian, too," said Winthrop as he examined and admired his friend's outlandish costume.

But Dame Lovering was more incensed than ever against her grandson; reproached him for not bringing her some of the spoils and groaned dismally over "the waste of such fine stuff—the sinful waste of the rare fine stuff."

Of course next morning, half Boston turned out to see the mighty ridge of tea in the harbour and cheer the men who went out in the small boats to stir it up in the "pot." Among the spectators were Betty and Mercy, as well as Miss Dorothy Quincy and Mr. John Hancock. But Alida Coffin was not there.

Joe and Winthrop escorted the girls down and were very full of their own feats of prowess on the previous night.

"You ought just to have seen Captain O'Connor scuttle off, with every one hooting at his heels," said Joe. "I gave him a mighty good kick when he passed me."

"But didn't you sort of want to take a little bit yourself?" asked Betty. "Just enough for one cup, so you could get your grandfather's watch?"

And the lad had to confess to that longing.

"But I didn't do it," he added.

"I don't believe I could have resisted the temptation, if I had been in your shoes," declared Winthrop. "As it was, I was only thinking of outwitting old Governor Hutch."

"Hutchinson, Win," corrected his little sister. "It is not mannerly to speak so."

"I don't care. Everybody dubs him 'Stingy Tommy' and he is a coward as well, for when he heard of the uproar over his answer, they say, he dropped the razor with which he was scraping his chin and made off across fields with only one side of his face shaved."

But their laughter over this impudent report was presently

interrupted by a slow voice drawling—"Wal, naow, young-uns, ain't this a nice kettle of fish—tea I mean?" and turning beheld Fliakim Sparkhawk sauntering toward them, while from beneath his arm peeped a pair of bright little eyes, set in a mass of shaggy, black hair. "I swan I never see nothin' like it afore."

"Guess you haven't," chuckled Joe. "Nor King George either."

"Oh, never mind King George," screamed Win, "for look! He has brought my dog! Haven't you, Fly?"

"Yes, this is the critter an' he's a thoroughbred, he is." Saying which the countryman set the fat, fluffy puppy down on the wharf where it went clumsily tumbling about on its short little legs.

"Oh, what a darling!" exclaimed Mercy.

"Just like a tiny baby bear," cried Betty, going down on her knees to hug the helpless little animal. "And its hair is softer than the fur on my Sunday cloak." She fairly shrieked, too, with delight when it licked her hand with a moist, red tongue.

"I'd hev fetched him afore ef I hedn't been so powerf'l busy," explained Fliakim.

"What have you been doing?" enquired curious little Mercy.

"Oh, mendin' a couple o' clocks, an' trappin' rabbits, an' settin' daown to the tavern, a settlin' the affairs of the Nation. Wonderful haow much time runs away when you air smokin' an' talkin' over things."

Meanwhile Win was dancing round in ecstasy over his new pet, and now nothing would do, but they must hasten back to Pudding Lane to display it to his mother. On the way its name was a subject of discussion.

"I called him Toddles," said Fly, "but you needn't feel obleeged to stick to that."

“Since you got him to-day, how would Tea-pot do?” laughed Joe, while Mercy suggested “Bruin.”

But when Mrs. Melville saw the pretty, pudgy, creature she said: “He has such a dear, honest, little face, I think, Win, I would name him True.”

And so the small Newfoundland was christened True and time proved that he was well worthy of his cognomen, while he quickly became a prime favourite with all the household, except Mehitable, who declared she “never could abide cats and dogs.”

CHAPTER VI.

A PROVINCIAL CHRISTMAS.

“ Only one stately ancient dame
Thrills at the sound of the royal name.
* * * * *
But loath to frighten a sunny head
The Lady feasts them with gingerbread.
* * * * *
Spicy and toothsome, crisp and brown,
Cut in the shape of a kingly crown.”

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE modest place of learning in which Betty's and Mercy's young ideas were taught to shoot was a typical dame's school, presided over by a worthy spinster generally known as Marm Titcomb. A staunch Puritan was she and upholder of the Cambridge Platform, who drilled her pupils in the Westminster Catechism as thoroughly as in the multiplication table and put them religiously through the *Primer* from a—b, ab to “Lessons and Maxims for Children,” this being the initial step up the eighteenth century's ladder of knowledge. There were few, too, of her pupils who, in after life, did not always connect the letters of the alphabet with certain miserable little woodcuts and rhymes which embellished that thin pictorial volume with blue cover and leather binding.

For instance, A, invariably recalled the fact that—

“ In Adam's fall
We sinned all.”

As well as a droll illustration of our first parents clutch.

ing an apple, while they paused to hearken to the siren whisper of a rather meek serpent wound about a tree. In the same manner, also, capital O summoned before the mind's eye a wooden trio, two of whom wore crowns and carried sceptres, and this triplet—

“Young Obadiah,
David, Josias,
All were pious.”

But it was in her rewards and punishments that Marm Titcomb displayed her chief cleverness and originality. The most deserving child was allowed to wear for one week, a round silver medal, marked “Best Scholar,” while each Saturday before they were dismissed at noon, for their half holiday, gay knots of ribbon, pink, green, blue and yellow were pinned on the shoulders of those who had been punctual, industrious and amenable, while a black bow marked any that might be unusually bad. These badges were sported over Sunday and returned on Monday.

Her most usual mode of correction was a sharp rap on the head with her steel thimble, or the fastening of a small culprit to the cushion of her chair, but in her table drawer, the dame kept a pair of ear pincers which, on occasions, were caught onto the lobes of some whispering urchin's ears, while he was mounted on a stool, there to stand the “observed of all observers,” and generally shedding quarts of tears during the ordeal.

Girls who told fibs had mustard put on their tongues, or their mouths scoured out with soap and sand, and when Sally Bean helped herself to a vial of boxberry cordial belonging to another child, her fingers were held over red hot coals until they smarted well.

Betty was extremely proud whenever she succeeded in winning the silver medal and she had retained it for a fortnight when, on the Saturday of the week following the

famous Tea-party, she and Mercy started for school with heavy woolen socks pulled over their dainty stockings and shoes, for there had been a fall of snow and the walking was bad, although the world was shining very white and clean in the winter sunshine.

“But I expect I will have to give up the medal to-day,” she sighed. “Lottie Spring went above me in the spelling class yesterday and she has not missed this week.”

But on reaching the school they found Lottie was not there. Neither were a number of the other scholars, indeed only a scant dozen gathered about Marm Titcomb after the opening prayer.

“Why is it, I wonder,” remarked Mercy.

“Probably because this is the 25th of December,” said the teacher shortly and looking grim. “The day some folks call Christmas. The Springs are Whigs and so are the Beans, but they are Church of England people, too, while even some of our own good meeting-house members can’t altogether forget the Papistical nonsense they learned in their youth. No one knows, for sure, that the Lord was born at this time and if he was, that is no reason for stuffing and junketting. Now, children come to order! Stand up in line and repeat your *Catechise*,” and at once ensued a hustling and scuffling, as the youngsters endeavoured to toe a crack in the floor.

But the morning session was a short one and by half past eleven all the lessons were said. “Betty, you shall keep the medal,” announced Marm Titcomb. “And since you are all to be let out an half an hour earlier than usual, I am going to ask you and Mercy to take a note for me up to my sister who lives just beyond the King’s Chapel. Will you, dearies?” “Aye, willingly,” responded the little girls and they were soon on their way to Tremont Street, or Treamount, as it was pronounced in those days.

They had accomplished their errand and were returning home when, as they were passing the massive stone building supported by Corinthian pillars and with a square bell-tower above, which was known as King's Chapel, they observed that the door stood open and many fine hackney coaches and chariots, with liveried black footmen, were drawn up in front.

"Hark, Mercy!" cried Betty. "They are singing inside. How funny! Can they be having meeting on a week day?"

"I don't know," replied her companion. "Maybe it is a wedding."

But as a peal sounded from the mighty organ within and a clear soprano voice commenced singing, the *Adestes Fidelis*, she caught Betty's hand and dragged her toward the portal. "Let us peep in," she whispered.

And, standing like two little "Peris at the gate of Heaven," these small Puritans, accustomed only to severely plain churches, gazed with wondering, almost awe-stricken eyes at the royalist's beautiful place of worship which, however, would not be considered particularly fine in these more ornate times. Truly imposing, though, to them appeared the surpliced clergyman in the now evergreen-decked chancel; the proud armourial badges hung around on all sides, and the massive prayer-book, bearing the royal monogram G. R., as well as the great canopied and draped pew set aside for the Governor; and the patrician congregation in powdered wigs, costly laces and the richest of satins and velvets, with here and there a scarlet coat, glowing like a bed of bright flowers against the cold, grey walls.

"O come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem!"

Sang the lovely voice overhead, and impressionable Betty,

clasping her hands murmured "O Mercy, it is like Heaven!" While, when the full choir burst forth with,—

"O come, let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!"

She almost sobbed aloud in the intensity of her emotion.

But before they knew it, the singing was over, the benediction pronounced, and the aristocrats came rustling down the aisle and out to their waiting equipages. Our tiny maids shrank into a corner to watch them pass and were dismayed enough when a gay voice suddenly exclaimed: "Bless my heart, if here aren't Dorothy Quincy's pretty little rebels!" and Alida Coffin, very blithe and brave in her modish finery, swooped down upon them. "A Merry Christmas, sweet ones! And now I mean to carry you off to see my grandmother and have you taste her famous holiday gingerbread."

"Oh, no," cried Mercy drawing back, "we are only in our old school clothes," glancing down as she spoke at her cloak and gown of grey homespun, and painfully conscious of Joe's coarse woolen socks which covered her feet.

"That does not signify,—does not signify whatever, and I insist. So come along at once—" and before the children could make any further remonstrance they were whisked out onto the pavement, a tall footman had lifted them into a fine silk-lined chariot and they were whirling down Tremont Street at a spanking pace. For a time, however, they were too abashed to open their lips and Miss Coffin had to do all the talking.

But when presented to Madam Davenant, they immediately lost their hearts to the stately old lady with the sweet, gentle face, framed in soft iron-grey curls, which peeped out from a cap of sheerest lawn, matching the dainty lace-trimmed kerchief upon her neck. She received them most

cordially, and with her own white hands, sparkling with gems, removed their outside wrappings.

“For I always love to have children come to see me on Christmas Day,” she said.

“Please, madam, what is Christmas?” Mercy finally ventured to enquire. “And why did Miss Alida go to church to-day?”

“Bless me, child! Have you never been told that! Lidy, do you hear? This is Mary Lovering’s granddaughter and she doesn’t know that to-day is Christ’s birthday.”

“Well, grandma, there is nothing remarkable in that. Even the Quincys and Hancocks scarce regard the day and stricter dissenters frown upon all Christmas observances and merry-making as Popish and a device of the Evil One.”

“Poor little heathen! But they shall no longer be left in ignorance;” and drawing the little girls to her knee, Madam Davenant proceeded to repeat the old, old story of the Christ Child and the Herald Star that announced His nativity. Of course they had heard it before in Scriptural language, read from the great Bible, but it had been scarce comprehended and made no more impression than the Indian tales of the early colonists, told beside the winter fire and, like them, seemed very vague and far away.

“And is it because the dear Baby came on the 25th of December, that you put the sweet smelling greens in the church and sing that pretty hymn?” asked Betty. “Just as my mother made me a currant loaf last June, when I was seven?”

“Yes,” said Alida. “That hymn was a Christmas Carol. We give Christmas gifts, also; and I have a little present for each of you.” And from a curiously carved Chinese box, she produced two strings of blue beads and fastened them about their throats.

Then Madam Davenant rang for cake and wine and the

most delightful rounds of gilded gingerbread were brought, each one stamped with a kingly crown.

“For I am a Royalist, my dears, to my back bone,” she explained proudly. Then, lifting her glass of wine to her lips, she said, almost reverently—“Here’s to his most gracious majesty, King George!”

“Sip the toast, darlings, for the most rebellious Whig could derive no harm from drinking the health of so good a man;—though alas! A sad shadow is hanging over his blessed head! Have you ever heard how kind he is to the poor and how once he went into an old woman’s cottage, during her absence, and turned the spit on which a piece of meat was roasting? When the dame returned, her dinner was well cooked and there was a royal note, enclosing ‘five guineas to buy a jack.’”

“Oh, I like that!” exclaimed Betty and both girls liked the sweet cordial and savoury gingerbread, while, when they trudged home through the snow, they carried away, from their visit to the loyal old lady, some new and happier ideas than they had ever had before concerning the King of England and the King of Heaven.

As Betty entered her own door, Winthrop came dancing to meet her, shaking something in a glass bottle.

“Look at that,” he cried. “Smell it. What is it?”

“Why, it’s tea,” gasped Betty, in astonishment. “But where in the world did you get it?”

“You’ll never guess,” replied her brother. “But you heard father tell me this morning to clean the shoes he wore the other night at Griffin’s Wharf. Well, they were covered with mud and I started in at them as soon as I came from school. When I put my hand in one, I felt something in the toe and heel and lo, and behold! there was nearly half a pound of Bohea, while the other had just as much. It must have slipped in without his knowledge

while he was at work on the ships.* Daddy says he came home so tired out, that he just kicked off his boots and tumbled into bed; and he has not worn this pair since. Mother put the tea up in this bottle to save as a memento of the big Tea-party."

"Well, now, if that isn't funny! But oh, I wonder if I couldn't have a little!" and running to her mother, Betty whispered something in her ear. Mrs. Melville smiled and nodded assent, and in her rapture the excitable lass went whirling over the sanded floor, "making pot-cheeses" as it was termed, and shouting, "It will be a Christmas gift! A rare, fine Christmas gift!"

"Pray where did you ever hear aught about Christmas gifts?" demanded Mehitable, pausing abruptly, dish-cloth in hand.

"Miss Alida Coffin told me, and she gave me one, too," and the little maid joyously displayed her neck-beads, and described her unexpected visit at the Davenant mansion.

"Seem's to me that young lady might be in better business than stuffin' your head with such folderol!" stormed Miss Sparhawk, all her Puritanism on the *qui vive* in an instant. "Singin' highty tighty airs, stickin' green twigs round the house, and turnin' a week day into a Sabbath 'cause it's the Lord's birthday, won't do them folks any good unless they're foreordained to be saved, which I doubt if many of them 'Piscopals air. You will be a sight wiser, Betty Melville, if you keep to the good old psalm tunes and make your election sure."

But the mistress interfered. "Hush, Hitty," she said, "the child's words take me back to a very happy year I once spent with my Aunt Dalrymple, who was a strict

* It is a fact that one Thomas Melville found tea in his shoes after the famous Tea-party, which was carefully preserved.

Church of England woman. Her creed was a gentler one than ours and a brighter. Sometimes I am half inclined to wish that my sensitive little Betty might expand in a milder moral atmosphere than that of our New England Calvinism; that she need never struggle as I have struggled with the depressing theories of foreordination and predestination."

"The heart of man—and still more of a mother—is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," quoth Mehitable grimly, as she returned to her dish washing; while Mistress Melville sighed and took from the book-shelf a sombre and well-worn volume, entitled "Sermons on Election."

But Betty, quite regardless of this serious conversation, was bustling about, hanging the kettle on the crane and measuring out a small portion of the precious tea from the glass bottle.

Joe Lovering sat in the "lean-to" wood shed turning out his pockets and spreading the miscellaneous collection on a bench before him. There was a jack-knife, three half whittled boats, a piece of stick, a mouse-trap, a bit of mouldy cheese, sundry balls of string, some bird shot, five iron nails, a tin label, and a lump of taffy. These the boy surveyed with disgust.

"'Most everything 'cept money," he soliloquised, "and I hav'n't a ha'penny to bless myself with. I am afraid, too, there is no hope of my usual guinea from granny at the New Year, now she is so tea-mad with me. Well, I believe I did the right thing, anyway."

At that moment a figure flitted by the window, and Betty's rosy, excited little face appeared in the doorway. She carried carefully a neatly covered tray, on which were arranged a plate of sweet buns and a cup of some smoking beverage.

"Look, Joe, look!" she exclaimed, "here is a cup of real



"OH, THE JOY OF OLD DAME LOVERING."—Page 49.

China tea that is neither taxed nor smuggled. It is for you to give to your grandmother for a Christmas gift, and who knows but it may win you the silver watch, for there is more of the herb where this came from."

"But how—where?" began the lad, jumping up.

"Never mind now. Run along, and take it to her while it is hot. Then come back, and I will tell you all," And, nothing loath, the youth hastened to obey.

Oh, the joy of old Dame Lovering when the "cup that cheers" was set before her and she learned that there was more to follow, for Mrs. Melville had divided the "find" with her neighbour. She laughed, she cried, and as she drained the last drop, ejaculated: "It warms the very cockles of my heart, and is better than the Christmas wassail bowl we use to have when I was a girl in merrie England."

And when that night Joe sat down to supper he discovered beside his plate the long-coveted silver "turnip" of his grandfather. Then was there no such uproariously blissful boy in all Boston,—really having to turn a somersault as a vent for his feelings—while the instant tea was over he went flying next door, screaming, "Three cheers for Betty Melville! Three cheers for granny and the big Tea-party! for I've got the watch—a real silver watch! and, oh, won't the boys stare!"

And so they did, when next day—which was Sunday—Joe marched into meeting with the watch-fob conspicuously displayed, and felt obliged to time the parson's sermon at least once in three minutes.

Meanwhile, Mistress Melville securely sealed up the remainder of the now historic Bohea found in her good man's shoes, and it was handed down as a precious heirloom in the family. Indeed, one hundred years later, at the centennial celebration of the Griffn's Wharf fracas, in Faneuil

Hall, on December 16, 1873, it was exhibited as one of the most interesting relics there.

But that was long, long after that Christmas evening when, as winsome little Betty kissed "good-night," she threw her arms around her mother's neck and whispered shyly, "Marmee, dear, Hitty doesn't know how nice the 'Piscopals are, and I think the Baby in the manger would like us to keep His birthday, too."

CHAPTER VII.

FLIAKIM HAS SOME SPORT.

“ When a certain great King, whose initial is G,
Forces stamps upon paper and folks to drink tea,
When these folks burn his tea and stamp paper like stubble,
You may guess that this King is then coming to trouble.”

PHILIP FRENEAU.

THE grand overthrow of choice Hyson and Congo, which brought such happiness to loyal little Joe was, however, the beginning of trouble and consternation throughout the town. When a report of the affair reached England, George III. and his counsellors were wroth enough. They passed an act of Parliament, closing the port of Boston; so provisions soon ran low, and business came almost to a standstill. The King also sent for General Gage, a valiant warrior who had been out here fighting with Washington and Putnam, but had lately returned to the mother country, and asked him,—“ What about those rebellious Bostonians?”

“ Oh, your Majesty,” replied the General, “ they will be lions while we are lambs, but if we take the resolute part, they will undoubtedly prove very meek.”

“ And how many of my soldiers will be necessary to bring them to their senses?” demanded the Sovereign.

“ Four regiments will be more than sufficient,” declared the military man, who ought to have known better.

“ Very good, sir. I mean to send you there.”

“ I shall be ready at a day’s notice,” answered General

Gage, with a low bow and a smile,—although I think his heart must have sunk like lead under his gold embroidered uniform.

“But I am glad it is Gage who is coming,” remarked Thomas Melville, when he read the news some time after, in his weekly paper, the *Boston Chronicle*, “for he has an American wife and is half an American himself.” And truly the new Military Governor was as generous an enemy as he could be,—too generous for his own good. For he brought upon himself the reproach of Great Britain—was declared “too amiable;” dubbed by the army “Tommy” and “The Old Woman”; and eventually lost his command, in consequence.

This all occurred in the Spring following the events in the previous chapters, and one bright June day, shortly after Betty's eighth birthday, as Marm Titcomb's scholars, and the boys from the Latin School, were returning home at noon, a crash of martial music—the roll of drums and blast of bugles—suddenly fell upon their ears, from the direction of Queen Street, and, forgetful of their cooling dinners, away they all sped helter-skelter, to see what it might mean. And certainly a dazzling sight awaited them! A thousand fine, stalwart Englishmen, marching as one man, brilliant as tulips in their scarlet coats, gold lace and ruffles, with banners flying and bayonets glittering. Noble soldiers, most of them, the sons of the heroes of Crecy and Agincourt and Quebec, who had crossed the seas and come three thousand miles, to put down the American rebellion.

All laughed and mocked at the fantastically dressed negro drummer-boys, and called them “riggish monkeys;” but the grenadiers in their bearskins could not but command respect and admiration. This company, the very flower of chivalry, displayed his Majesty's crest and cipher upon the front of their caps; it shone from their standard

and sparkled on their drums. They wore his Majesty's livery. They were the "King's Own."

"What regiment is that? By St. George, it is a right royal one indeed!" exclaimed John Lovell, the Master of the Latin School, who had followed his pupils, to watch the troops come in.

"That's the King's Own Regiment," replied a bystander.

"Wa'al," drawled Fliakim Sparhawk, who was in the throng. "They air trim-lookin' lads to be sure, but an ounce of lead would settle 'em, jest as quick as another man, I'm thinkin'."

"Right you are, Fly," cried Winthrop. "But see the lion on their ensign, how fat and sleek he looks."

"Aye, a pampered beast—needs blood-letting," put in John Rowe, who had pushed his way in behind the boys.

"Curse them! I wish the earth would open and swallow every mother's son," growled Lendal Pitts.

But earthquakes are not made to order, and before night, a little village of white tents had sprung up on the green Common; fagot fires were blazing; sentries pacing slowly up and down, and General Gage was sipping his Madeira in the stately old Province House, which stood almost opposite the South Church, where the "tempest in a tea-pot" had been hatched.

In fact, independent little Boston was under military control.

Meanwhile, many an indignant citizen went home to polish up his old firelock, and melt his pewter plates to run into bullets.

"Does it mean war?" asked Mistress Melville, turning pale.

"I trust not, dear," replied her husband. "But it means hard times and scant commons for all of us and, I fear, many a broil in our peaceful streets."

The last did, indeed, too often happen that Summer, betwixt the soldiers and the townsfolk,—but the young British officers, especially those of the 5th regiment, commanded by Lord Percy—an earl and scion of a noble house,—had a fine time with the pretty Yankee girls, and Mercy and Betty often saw Miss Dorothy Quincy,—as well as Alida Coffin,—riding on horseback with a “red coat”; out toward Merry Mount, or Middlesex Fells.

The town had a wonderful fascination for Fliakim Sparhawk in these days, and he delighted to hang about the gay camp. But one evening, he stumbled into the Melville's living-room, holding his sides and shaking with laughter.

“What on earth ails ye, Fly?” demanded Mehitable.

“Jest the comicallest thing that ever I see,” he gasped, dropping limply into a seat. “I swan them imported ‘lobsters’ ain’t so spunky as they look.”

“Why do you think so?” asked Winthrop, who at that moment entered with his father, and True trotting behind him,—while the dog flew to give his first master a vociferous welcome.

“I declare the beast remembers me, don’t he?” ejaculated Fliakim, as the affectionate creature insisted upon licking his face and hands, meanwhile giving vent to sharp little staccato yelps of joy. “He grows like a weed, tew! But I must tell ye abaout them Britishers. Jest naow, as I was crossin’ Beacon Hill, I run agin a party o’ red coats out for a stroll. They were admirin’ the sunset, so I stared at ’em purty hard, an’ was thinkin’ what a nice, brave-lookin’ set ’o chaps they were, when all to once, somethin’ whizzed by our heads,—then another, an’ another, till the hull air seemed to be full of buzzers. I knowed ’t warn’t nothin’ but dor-beetles, the stupidest an’ abaout the most innocent insects the Lord ever made! But I vow, them soldiers

were that scared, they took to their heels an' scuttled daown the hill, an' into the camp, as though hobgoblins were after 'em. There, too, they told a prodigious big story ababout hevin' been shot at by Yankee air-guns. Ha! ha! ha!" and again Fliakim almost rolled off his chair with merriment, while all his listeners joined in.

"They didn't know a musketoe from a musketeer," laughed Mr. Melville.

Another day, somewhat later in the season, a quartet of school-boys, Joe Lovering, Winthrop Melville, Ed Saltonstall and Harrison Otis, went to sail a fleet of small boats they had manufactured, in the Frog Pond at one end of the Common. This was somewhat without the encampment, but they found a large target had been set up near their play-place and a regiment was being drilled and exercised in firing at it.

"They're not such monstrous good shots are they?" criticised little Otis.

"No," said Joe, "and yonder comes Fly Sparhawk. I bet he could beat them all hollow."

Evidently Fliakim was of the same opinion, for when he had stood a few minutes, watching man after man fire without hitting the mark he burst out in a loud and irritating, "Haw! haw! haw!"

This incensed the soldiers and the officer in command turning upon him, fiercely demanded, "What are you laughing at, sirrah?"

"'Fraid you'll be mad ef I tell, gineral," stammered Fly.

"No," he was assured, "speak out."

"Wa'al then, cunnel, I laugh to see 'em fire at that ere thing so blamed awkward. Why, I'll be baound I kin hit that mark ten times runnin'."

"So you can," chorused the boys drawing nearer to see the fun.

"Ah! will you?" said the officer, "We shall soon see. Here, corporal, bring five of the best guns and load them for this honest man."

"Oh, you needn't trouble to fetch so many, major," drawled Fliakim, "Haw! haw! Gi' me the fust one that's handy. But if it's all the same to yew, captin, I choose to load it myself."

This, then, he proceeded to do, deftly but leisurely, and when satisfied, enquired: "Whar shall I shoot?"

"To the right."

Bang! And the ball pierced the target one inch to the right of the bullseye.

"Just a chance shot," sneered the Englishman.

The countryman chuckled and took aim again.

"Whar shall I fire naow?"

"To the left." And the leaden pellet cleaved the exact spot.

"Come, try once more," urged the officer.

"Whar naow?"

"In the centre."

And straight as a bird to her nest flew the third bullet; hitting the bullseye plumb in the middle, while an exultant shout went up from the lads by the Frog Pond.

The soldiers stood wondering and aghast, and one muttered, "Lucky for us, he was shooting at a target and not at men."

"Aye," responded a comrade, "and I hope to goodness, all the Yanks are not so expert with their fire arms."

Fliakim, however, took his triumph very quietly, though as he returned the gun he remarked in his slow way:

"Why, sargunt, when I was only a little shaver, knee high to a grass-hopper, I could toss up an apple and shoot out the seeds as it came daown."

When, too, he walked away with his young admiring

friends, he confessed to them that that was the proudest day of his life.

“Jest wish Hitty could a ben thar to see haow beat that king-pin lobster did look! Mebbe she’d respect this Fly more than she doos.”

“But,” he added, “I reckon I do know shootin’ better’n most anything! It’s a talent, I’m thinkin’, that in these troublous times shouldn’t be hid under a bushel. So I swan, if we ever do come to an out an’ out coil with Old England, I’m a-goin’ to shoulder my fowlin’ piece an’ powder horn an’ pitch in with the rest.”

And, as he crossed the “Neck,” a strip of land between the Charles and Mystic rivers which led to Roxbury, he whistled the patriotic airs of the day, as clearly and sweetly as a bluebird trills at the approach of Spring.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ RED COATS.”

“ New trouble brews in Boston,”
Was told us half the year,
Yet every week the postman came
With something new to fear.
“ Our freedom,” so they wrote us,
“ Such progress here begets,
That England seeks to check it,
With swords and bayonets.”

G. L. RAYMOND.

THE Fall and Winter of 1774-5, proved harder than the Summer to the patriotic Bostonians and there was little Thanksgiving feasting that year.

“ It don't seem like Thanksgiving without a turkey,” grumbled Winthrop and Betty, as they surveyed the roast goose and one small pumpkin pie, which now graced the Harvest Home board.

“ We are fortunate to have a fowl of any sort,” reproved their father, “ and you children should not complain, since your mother so cheerfully wears homespun and gives up all luxuries for the good of the cause,” and he cast a loving glance at his wife. But the words ended in a sigh, as he remarked that she was certainly more pale and fragile than the year before, while a racking cough now often shook her delicate frame.

But the British officers made merry enough and lived sumptuously. There were plenty of country people ready to exchange their poultry, eggs, butter and fresh vegetables

for English gold and English ships frequently brought turtles, pineapples, wine and many another delicacy. So there was festal dining and drinking within the camp, and Dorothy Quincy, Alida Coffin and a host of Whig and Tory belles, threw politics to the winds, and enjoyed their share of dancing and flirting at the brilliant levees in the Province House, at the band concerts and officers' balls, while Fanueil Hall—to the scandal of the more sedate portion of the community—was turned into a theatre for amateur performances. Indeed, General Burgoyne wrote a play expressly for the would-be-theatrical stars, in which he took off the Yankees in order to raise a Royal laugh.

For a time, too, even John Hancock, as well as other young patriots, mingled somewhat with the lively throng of society folk; for, being Colonel of a Cadet Company which served as guard to the Provincial Governors, he was to a certain extent, thrown in with General Gage and his *suite*.

But one day, when Mercy and Betty were again spending a happy afternoon with Miss Quincy—a pleasure that now only came at long intervals, although the young lady did not entirely forget her little Pudding Lane friends,—Alida Coffin came fluttering in for a chat and cup of coffee, and was evidently bursting with a piece of news.

"Have you heard what has happened?" she exclaimed, "General Gage has dismissed John Hancock, and his whole company are so indignant they have disbanded and sent their colours to the Governor, declaring they will no longer be foot-guards of his."

"Then, they did just right," cried Miss Dorothy, flushing. "But poor John! How will he feel? He was so proud of that crack company of his."

"Then he ought not to go round with Sam Adams, stirring up mare's nests and I would waste no sympathy on him. Surely, Dolly, you have gotten over your *penchant*

in that quarter! When you are once Lady Percy you will scarce cast a thought to such a plain Yankee tradesman as John, even if his pockets are well lined with gold."

"Take care, Lidy," and Miss Quincy glanced warningly in the direction of the little girls. "Small jugs have proverbially long ears! But, whatever I may become, I can never forget John Hancock, who has been one of my best and truest friends, while his aunt, Madam Hancock, has been like a mother to me ever since my own poor mother died."

"But to wed an Earl! To be called 'My Lady,'" whispered Miss Coffin. "Ah, what bliss! I wish such an honour could fall to my share."

"What! Would you give up your little Captain even for a title?" laughed Dorothy. "For I hear that gay macaroni Harris of the Fifth, openly confesses that he has found a *coffin* for his heart." At which, Alida blushed to her eyebrows and protested that her friend was "too naughty!"

"Well, then, a truce to such foolish chatter! For I have promised my little guests that I will teach them to tread a minuet. So, my dear, be amiable and play a measure while I put them through their steps. Come, Mercy! Stand up, Betty!"

"What would Mehitable say to this!" thought Betty, as she took her place, but she was soon as absorbed as Mercy in following the intricacies of the stately *minuet de la cour*. What shouts of gleeful laughter, too, went up as they endeavoured to imitate graceful Miss Dorothy's high steps, *glissades* and low, sweeping courtesies. On the whole they did fairly well, and after nearly an hour's practice, went through it quite correctly, while their instructress was clapping her hands approvingly at the way they executed the *balance royale*, taking hold of hands and making a deep reverence, when a well-bred English voice exclaimed—"By



"THEY ENDEAVORED TO IMITATE MISS DOROTHY'S... LOW SWEEPING COURTESIES."—Page 60.

King George! What a charming sight!” and turning, they beheld a tall, aristocratic-looking man in the uniform of a British officer standing in the doorway. “I knew Miss Quincy danced like a sylph,” he said as he advanced, “but had no idea she had taken to teaching fays how ‘to trip the light fantastic toe.’”

“Oh, yes, your Lordship,” replied Dorothy demurely, “I am past mistress of the art and am thinking of setting up as a rival to Master Thomas Turner, the new teacher in etiquette and decorum, minuets, cotillions, horn pipes and English country dances.”

“Do, *mademoiselle*, do,” cried Lord Percy, “and I will be one of your first pupils. But who, pray, are these pretty little nymphs?” stooping to peer at them more closely, with his near-sighted eyes. “By St. George and the Dragon never have I seen a finer contrast than that dark-haired gypsy and this tiny blonde fairy form together! Allow me, little ladies, to salute your rosy lips.”

But Betty drew shyly back, while Mercy with a toss of her head said,—“No, I thank you, sir, I don’t kiss *lobsters*.”

Miss Coffin threw up her hands in horror at such rudeness to an Earl; while Dorothy Quincy, though she could scarce restrain her risibles, felt obliged to say—“Fie, fie, children! Do not be unmannerly,” at which they subsided into a corner, feeling very much ashamed.

But Lord Percy, though he reddened, turned it off quite good-naturedly. “Oh, never mind,” he laughed, “the sweetest rosebuds have their thorns.”

“It is the spirit of the age, my Lord,” put in Alida. “Rebellion seems as contagious as the smallpox and even infants are catching it.”

“Ah well! it cannot be for long,” replied the Earl. “Troops are on their way hither from New York, Quebec and Newfoundland and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers arrived

yesterday and encamped at Fort Hill. Boston will soon be overpowered by numbers and, I hope, will yield gracefully."

"Your Lordship had better not make too sure of that," said the hostess. "I have just been much wrought up by hearing how the Governor has treated Mr. Hancock."

"Oh, I fancy 'The Old Woman' did about right there! John Hancock is a poor, contemptible fool led about by Adams."

Betty and Mercy gasped—while Miss Dorothy retorted—"Excuse me Lord Percy, he is a friend of mine."

"True! I forgot. Pardon me, Miss Quincy. I should not so have spoken beneath your roof. But here comes Captain Harris! Like a mute at a funeral he always follows the *coffin*."

It was a very straight-backed, clean-shaven, spick and span little "red coat," who now entered and, clicking his spurred heels together, made a low bow to the ladies.

"Just like a wooden soldier!" Mercy giggled in Betty's ear.

He was closely followed by black Cæsar bringing in the coffee and all were soon served with the fragrant *Mocha*.

"What do you think the impudent townfolk have done now?" asked the Captain, after some honeyed compliments to Alida, as he balanced his cup on one knee. "Last night, they actually spirited away two field-pieces out of our gun-house next the school, and right opposite the camp."

"But was there no guard there?" exclaimed Miss Coffin.

"To be sure there was; sentinels all round, and how they got in is a mystery. It savours of witch work. Mad as I was, I could not but laugh this morning to hear the sergeant storm and swear. "They're gone!" he roared.

"I'll be hanged if these rebels won't steal the teeth out of your head, and you keeping guard!"

"It's a disgraceful shame!"

"Isn't it! But we'll be even with them yet! If 'Tommy' would only give us a chance at the insolent vagabonds! If he only would! But let us change to a pleasanter subject! Will you be at the Concert Hall next Tuesday? I hear Miss Quincy is going to favour us with a song on that occasion."

"Indeed!" cried Lord Percy, catching the last words and turning to his hostess. Then dropping his voice so he was only heard by the one addressed and by wee Betty, who was nestled up to her side, said: "I implore you then, dear Miss Dorothy, if there be any chance that one of his Majesty's most loyal subjects can win a place in your estimation, you will, that night, sing *God Save the King*. Sing it as an encore. Coming from American lips it will please the audience and *I* shall understand."

The disconcerted girl could make no reply and soon after both men took their departure—Captain Harris escorting Miss Coffin to her grandmother's door.

Left alone with the children Miss Quincy appeared flushed and excited. "I fear you have had a stupid visit, little ones," she remarked; "but how do you like my Royalist friends? Is not Lord Percy a noble gentleman? His regiment fairly adores him."

"He has a kind smile," conceded Betty, "but I love the gentleman now coming up the steps more."

A moment later, John Hancock entered saying that it was commencing to snow. He looked cold and tired and dropped heavily into a chair. "I saw your fine visitors depart, Dolly," he said, "so I ventured in. It is so seldom I can see you, nowadays, without a red coat in your train. Can you give me a cup of coffee?"

"Why certainly, John," and Dorothy seemed glad to cover her confusion by pouring the beverage herself. But it was Betty who carried it to him.

"Thank you, my wee, 'neat-handed Phyllis.' Now let me see if I haven't something for your sweet tooth;" and searching in the pockets of his claret coloured coat, Mr. Hancock produced a handful of raisins and citron for the little girls. "Samples of goods in my store," he explained. But as they ran happily off he sighed. "I have but a short time to stay and am too weary to talk; so will you sing for me, Dolly dear? Affairs are approaching a crisis. You have heard of the disbanding of my company because the Governor no longer desired me near his person. Things are in a bad way, too, throughout the town. All business has come to a standstill. Grass will soon be growing in our streets. Ship-carpenters, joiners, rope-makers and black-smiths are all idle. Nobody has work for them. The king and his ministry are determined to starve us out. I know not what the end will be and feel sick at heart. But your voice always cheers me; so sing, Dorothy! Sing the *Hymn of Liberty*."

Somewhat reluctantly Miss Quincy went to the spinet and commenced in a half tremulous voice;—

"Come, swallow your bumpers ye Tories and roar:
That the Sons of Fair Freedom are hampered once more,
But know that no cut-throats our spirits can tame,
Nor a host of oppressors shall smother the flame.
In freedom we're born and like sons of the brave,
Will never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive, if unable to save."

But at the end of the first verse she broke down. "Indeed, John, I cannot sing any more," she sobbed. "I am tired, myself. And oh! hear the wind. It is setting in for a

heavy storm and I must see about getting those children home."

"I will take them," said Mr. Hancock rising, "and can protect them somewhat with my long cloak." For at this time an umbrella was a rare novelty.

"That is very good of you, John. But first tell me what this is about two guns having been stolen from the British gun-house. Lord Percy and Captain Harris were sorely puzzled over it."

"They were, were they? Ha, ha!" and Mr. Hancock laughed knowingly.

"It was another caper of the Liberty Boys, I suppose. But have they confided to you where the cannon are?"

"Aye."

"Then tell me."

"Can you be trusted, Dolly?"

"Do you doubt me!" And Miss Dorothy bridled indignantly. "I am a Quincy. Is not that enough?"

"It ought to be; but crimson cloth and gold lace seem so to bewitch our Boston girls, it is hard to know a friend from a foe."

The hurt tears sprang to Dorothy's eyes and observing them, he quickly added, "There, dear, don't mind my jesting! Of course I can trust Edmund Quincy's daughter and if I mistake not, the guns so secretly lifted off their carriages and borne off, are now reposing at the bottom of a huge firewood box, in the schoolhouse next the British gunnery. The lame master kept his leg upon it, while the search was in progress to-day and the scholars were mum as mice. To-night they will be removed to a safer place and the Boys in Blue be two cannon better off."

"All is fair in love and war I presume," sighed the young lady. "But we are all of English descent and I wish we could live in peace and harmony."

“So do I, with all my heart. But come, little women, we must be off, unless we want to be snowbound.”

And the small girls, whom a maid had been bundling up in their outer wrappings, came quickly at the call, each took one of Mr. Hancock's hands and away they went to brave the elements now raging fiercely outside. Whew! how the wind swept across the Common and down the narrow streets! How the snow drifted into their faces and necks! So, in spite of the protection afforded by the great storm cloak, they were pretty well wet, chilled and blown about.

Mercy felt no ill effects, but Betty had a restless night and awoke next morning with a sore throat and aching in every limb.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LATIN SCHOOL BOYS.

“Just at the age twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech and speech is truth.”

SCOTT.

THE season had been an unusually mild one with little snow, so this heavy fall brought joy to the hearts of the boys, who next day could hardly wait for school to be over before getting out their sleds and enjoying a spin down the hills for which Boston was even more famous then than she is to-day.

The lads at the Latin School were particularly jubilant. School Street was steep and they had a fine long coast from the corner of Beacon almost to the Frog Pond on the Common. Hardly then, had Master Lovell spoken the word of dismissal, when they were out in the fascinating snow and the whole of the short winter afternoon was spent in the glorious exhilarating sport.

True, now grown into a fine, big black animal, was there with Winthrop, rolling in the drifts and barking with canine delight, while he made himself quite useful by catching the rope of the bob sled in his teeth and dragging it up hill for his master.

“My, but I wish I had such a dog!” sighed more than one youth as he tugged his own load up the ascent.

“Yes, there be few beasts so good as True,” responded Win warmly. “He is worth his weight in gold.”

“The sliding will be better to-morrow,” remarked Edward Saltonstall, “for the snow will be more packed

down. So all be on your good behaviour and get out early. It would be hard lines to be kept in and lose the fun,

"I'm glad Mr. James is my teacher," said Harrison Otis. "He is not half so strict as Master Lovell. Why; will you believe it! The old gentleman was going to flog Dick Winslow for calling King George "a crazy loon." He would have done it, too, if his son had not interfered and persuaded him it was bad policy that might injure the school.

For at this time the ancient institution of learning was a house divided against itself, the head teacher being a staunch Royalist, while his son and assistant, James Lovell, was a red hot Whig. The curious spectacle might, there, then, daily be seen of two masters, occupying desks at the extreme ends of the long school-room and, as an old pupil has recorded, "pouring into infant minds, as they could, from the classics of the empire or the historians of the republic, the lessons of absolutism or of liberalism."

Many a battle royal, too, was fought, by the youngsters in the schoolhouse yard, as they tried to settle the disputed points, so sorely troubling older brains, by the primitive means of blows and fisticuffs.

"Hurry up, Joe, hurry up!" called Winthrop the second morning after the snowstorm. "Get your 'Yankee Cracker' and let's be off; for I have to go round for Doctor Warren before school. Betty has taken a heavy cold and mammy is worried about her."

"So! Well, I am sorry for that! But I will be with you in a moment." And dragging his gaudily painted sled, Joe Lovering soon joined his friend and together they proceeded to the physician's pleasant little wooden house, standing end to the road in Hanover Street.

Doctor Warren was out, but his pretty wife invited them into the office which was redolent of rhubarb, jalap and ipecac, enquired most cordially for their mothers and promised

to send her husband to Pudding Lane the moment he returned home.

“But he is driven to death now, and I see scarce anything of him,” she said. “A sick country requires a deal of his attention as well as his sick patients, and he is always running off to some meeting at the Green Dragon.”

“Daddy says the doctor is one of the truest patriots, we have,” responded Winthrop, at which Mrs. Warren showed her white teeth in a pleased smile.

But it was drawing on to nine o'clock and the boys had not long to linger. As they approached the schoolhouse, they beheld an excited group of their mates, all talking at once and gesticulating wildly.

“What's to pay?” shouted Joe.

“The devil's to pay and his red-coated imps have done the mischief!” retorted a tall youth. “Just see what the King's men have been up to. They have spread ashes on the hill, to ruin the coasting and broken up all the ice on the Frog Pond. Nasty, mean, spoilsports!”

“What a dastardly trick! And so babyish to torment schoolboys!”

There was no use in appealing to Master Lovell and even Mr. James, though he sympathised with the lads, advised pacific measures, urging them to keep their tempers and quietly clean the ashes off.

This they did, but when the same thing was repeated and on three consecutive mornings they found their sliding place spoiled, the urchins decided to take the matter into their own hands and held an indignation meeting at recess behind the school.

“Let's go down to the camp and knock the daylight out of the lobsters with snowballs,” spluttered one little chap.

“Oh, no!” cried small Otis. “They might fire on us, and remember Chris Snider!” And indeed, all minds did revert

to that young victim of a former riot, the only son of a poor widow in Frog Lane.

“Maybe it would do some good to go over to to the house yonder and have it out with General Haldimand” suggested another boy. “I warrant he had a finger in the business.”

“Better yet to go direct to Governor Gage,” said Edward Saltonstall. They say he is not a bad-natured fellow and Mrs. Gage was a girl of the Colony.”

“That’s it! That’s it!” shouted the majority. “Ed’s head is level! We’ll go in a body to the Province House and he shall be spokesman.”

So that afternoon the British Commander had his surprise, when a delegation of some twenty boys came trooping down Old Marlborough Street, in at the gateway and up the paved walk leading to the stately brick mansion standing in a grove of beautiful shade trees.

“I like the bronze Indian shooting an arrow up there on the cupola,” remarked Winthrop.

“Yes,” replied Joe. “Better than I like the lion and the unicorn over the portico.”

They were challenged by a sentinel in scarlet who was pacing up and down the broad corridor, but a good-looking young officer, passing at the moment, paused and enquired their business.

He laughed when he heard it, but, himself, ushered them into the presence of a stout, clean shaven, rather pompous individual, arrayed in a brilliant red coat with gold epaulets from which a stiffly starched shirt-frill stuck out like a fin; a long buff waistcoat, skin-tight breeches, white silk hose and high shoes with silver buckles.

He looked amiable, however, and in rather an amused tone, exclaimed—“Bless me, Lieutenant Dalrymple! What have we here! Why have all these little men come to call on me?”

“They will tell your Excellency themselves” replied the Lieutenant.

Ed Saltonstall’s face flushed and his throat was very dry, but he spoke out bravely. “We come, sir,” he said, “to ask a redress of our grievances.”

“What!” cried the General, “Have your fathers been teaching you rebellion and sent you here to utter it?”

“Nobody sent us, sir,” replied the young leader stoutly. “We have never injured or insulted your soldiers, but they have trodden down and spread ashes on our snow-hills and broken the ice on our skating-ground. We complained and they called us little rebels and told us to help ourselves if we could. Yesterday, our coasting place was spoiled for the third time and now we will bear it no longer.”

“Well! well! well!” gasped the Governor, though his eyes shone with admiration of the lads’ courage. Then, turning to Captain Harris who stood near ejaculated; “Good heavens! The very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe!”

“Yes, young scoundrels!” growled the mite of a Captain.

But General Gage was made of more generous stuff and to the little chaps he said: “You may go, my brave boys, and be assured that if any of my troops hereafter molest you, they shall be severely punished. God knows I have enough trouble with the Boston men without wanting to fight children!”

“Thank you, sir!” And bowing politely, the delegation withdrew, while when out on the lawn all threw up their caps and gave “three cheers and a tiger” for the genial Governor, who proved as good as his word and from that day the pupils of the Latin School possessed their playgrounds in peace and safety.

But as they were dispersing at the gate, another officer accosted Winthrop. Drawing him to one side, he said:

"See here my fine fellow, have I not seen you with a little girl, who sometimes visits Miss Dorothy Quincy?"

"Yes, Lord Percy," replied Win, who recognised him at once. "Miss Dorothy is a very kind friend to my sister Betty."

"I thought as much! Then you know the Quincy residence?"

"Very well, sir."

"Good! And may I ask you to be the bearer of a note there for me? I will give you a shilling for your trouble."

"I'll take it, my Lord, with pleasure; but I want no money for the service." And seizing the *billet doux* which the Earl held out, Winthrop was off like a deer leaving the nobleman still fumbling for his silver coin.

But before reaching Summer Street, he was again stopped. This time, by Mr. John Hancock. "Hello, young Melville!" he called. "Are you bound for Miss Quincy's?"

"Aye, sir."

"Then please be so courteous as to hand her this letter. It is important and I fancy you are a trusty messenger."

"Thank you, sir. I'll do your bidding right gladly."

But five minutes later, when Winthrop delivered the two missives, together with the message that poor little Betty was lying very ill with a lung fever, he had no idea that he was playing the part of Cupid, or dreamed that sweet Dorothy would sit up until the "wee sma' hours" that night, musing over her love letters.

For a momentous question confronted this Boston belle. Whether to "sell her birthright," wed a title and become Lady Percy, or cast in her fortunes with her now distressed country and plain, worthy John Hancock.

"They are both so good! Both so noble!" she murmured, as she sobbed herself to sleep.



Mabel L. Humphrey.

"MUSING OVER HER LOVE LETTERS."—Page 72.

CHAPTER X.

LITTLE MISS BETTY.

“Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!
At what age does love begin?”

“Oh!” the rosy lips reply,
“I can’t tell you if I try!
'Tis so long I can’t remember!
Ask some younger lass than I.”

TOUJOURS AMOURS.

A CLOUD of anxiety hung over Pudding Lane. For many days, poor little Betty lay hovering betwixt life and death. Her fever ran so high that grave fears were entertained; her father sat up half the night and her mother waxed ever more white and worn, while Doctor Warren’s visits were long and frequent. But, at length, there came a change, and the physician’s pills and potions and Mehitable’s devoted nursing conquered, for although it was a very pale wraith of a lassie who sat up in a nest of pillows one March day, the danger was passed and the young convalescent had but to regain her strength. A few people were now admitted to see her.

“Everybody has been so kind,” she said to Mercy, who had sadly missed and mourned her companion, and was among the first to hasten to her side.

“That they hev,” put in Mehitable. “The Parson called twice a week and a lot of big bugs hev been to enquire—Miss Quincy and Mr. Hancock and Miss Coffin and her handsome old grandmother and two or three others. Most

of 'em, too, brought posies, or wine or broth. Then Marm Titcomb fetched a bowl of jelly and Fly trotted over from Roxbury with a bird he had killed and dressed a purpose to tempt her appetite. It beats all haow many friends the child seems to hev!"

"That's because she is such a darling!" cried Mercy, throwing her arms impulsively around the little invalid. But this act sent Miss Sparhawk pouncing down upon her. "See here Mercy Lovering!" she exclaimed. "You'll walk straight out, unless you can behave yourself and keep quiet! Don't you know the poor thing is too weak to be mauled in that fashion!"

But Betty smiled faintly, saying—"There dear Mehitable; don't be cross! It is so good to see Mercy again and she hasn't hurt me a bit."

The careful nurse, however, would only permit short calls—though it was like a breath of fresh air in the sick chamber, when next day, Miss Coffin came dancing in with her hands full of daffodils and primroses and crying—"Well, well, you naughty mite! What do you mean by falling ill and frightening us all in this fashion?" At which Betty laughed but pleaded that she "truly couldn't help it."

"Then, the only way you can make amends, is to get strong and well as fast as ever you can, for I hear Dolly Quincy has a fine plan on foot for you."

"Oh, how is Miss Dorothy?" asked Betty, "and please tell me did she sing *God save the King* at the concert?" "Not a bit of it," replied Alida. "Though I verily believe she meant to, for she told me she fancied it would please the British officers. But when the time came and she had a rousing encore after her first song, what does my lady do, but march onto the stage with her head in the air and give them plain *Yankee Doodle*, of all tunes in the world! I don't believe the audience liked it much and Lord Percy looked

black as a thunder cloud, but a group of Boston men down by the door nearly clapped the skin off their hands."

"Oh, I am glad," cried wee Betty though she could scarce have told why. "And I guess that nice Mr. Hancock is, too."

"Bless me, child! What do you know about it?" exclaimed her visitor looking surprised.

"Not much," lisped the little maid. "But I had a dream about him while I was sick. I thought he and Miss Dorothy were walking through a corn-field when suddenly, every ear of grain turned into a red coat and every leaf and blade to swords and muskets. I was sorely frightened, but Mr. Hancock only smiled and said: 'We don't mind, for see, Betty, Miss Quincy and I are old friends just like you and Joe; and we love each other just as you and Joe do.'"

"Well, well, well!" gasped Miss Coffin. "That is the queerest dream that ever I heard, you funny little thing, and how the girls will laugh when I tell them!" At that moment, however, Madam Davenant, who had lingered below for a few words with Mrs. Melville, entered the room. "But here comes grandma, so I am going to run off and leave you two to visit alone together."

Betty found it very pleasant and soothing to have the beautiful old gentlewoman sit beside her and speak so quietly and sweetly in her soft English voice. "For I intend to do most of the talking," she said, "and you have only to rest and listen. I have just been telling your mother that last evening we had a call from Lieutenant Dalrymple of the King's troop, and he told me he believed he had relatives of the name of Melville here in Boston. Sometime, he declared, he meant to hunt them up."

"Was mammy glad to hear that?"

"Yes, very glad. She thought he must be her cousin Fred, whom she remembers as a bright, nice lad of fifteen,

She tells me, too, that she was extremely fond of the Lieutenant's mother, who is her own aunt and lives in New York."

"Yes, often does mammy speak of her."

"The Dalrymples are good staunch Royalists and very loyal to the Cross of St. George."

"Do you mean that?" asked Betty, pointing to a British standard which was visible from the window, floating over a public building. "Daddy thinks that sometime we shall have a different flag. One of our very own."

"God grant, dearie, that that may be many a long day off! The Colonies would be like lost children if severed from the Mother Country's apron-strings and what could be more beautiful and symbolical than those crosses of St. George and St. Andrew! You have heard, have you not, the lovely legend of our patron saint?"

"Oh no, never. Please tell it to me, dear madam, for I do so love stories."

"Perhaps I can find a book with it in for you at Mr. Knox's shop, but meanwhile I will relate it as best I can," and cuddling comfortably down among her pillows, Betty listened with delighted attention.

"Once upon a time, then, many hundred years ago,—a country over the water was ravaged by a terrible monster called a dragon which was part snake and part crocodile, with very sharp teeth, a forked tongue, claws and wings. It could crawl upon the land and also swim in the water. Every day it came out of its lair to eat the sheep pastured around an old city named Berytus. This went on for some time, until all the flocks were devoured, when it took to eating little children."

"Oh, dear, how dreadful!" cried Betty, with a shudder.

"Was it not! and the King of the place was much distressed. But not knowing what else to do, he issued an edict that every day two children under fifteen years of age,

should be selected by lot and given to the dragon in order to keep him appeased and prevent other damage. Many a promising boy and gentle girl fell a victim to the horrible beast, until at last the lot fell upon the King's own daughter, the Princess Cleodolinda, a charming maiden who was as good as she was beautiful."

"And did the King let her go?" asked Betty breathlessly.

"He had to, though he was nearly crazed with grief. He offered all his gold and jewels and half his kingdom, if the people would consent to her exemption, but they sternly refused. He had made the edict, they had sacrificed their children and he must give his daughter. Being monarch, he fancied he could do as he pleased and he tried to put another man's child in the place of his. But at this his subjects waxed furious and threatened to kill him. Then the young Princess showed how noble she was by coming forward and declaring she would rather die than that there should be any trouble.

"It was a monstrous sad morning, I can assure you, when she bade her father and mother and all her friends farewell and went out alone into the green fields, there to wait for the dragon to come and devour her. Not an eye was dry when the people saw her, in all her youth and beauty, going so calmly to her fate, and some watched until they beheld the monster come crawling toward her. You may imagine how the poor girl felt as the loathsome creature drew nearer and nearer,—but just as she felt his fiery breath upon her cheek, across the green she spied a finely caparisoned horse speeding directly toward her, and on its back was seated a stalwart young man with a shining shield and waving plumes who was valiantly flourishing a sword and lance. This was George of Cappadocia, a brave Christian youth,

“‘O, fly, fly!’ screamed the Princess.

“‘Why should I fly?’ he asked quite composedly.

“‘Because of the dragon! Do you not see him? He will eat you as he will me.’

“‘I am not afraid of him and I will deliver you,’ replied the knight, and at once rushed upon the monster with his lance.

“Oh, what a combat it was! The dragon hissing, running out his forked tongue, snapping his great jaws and striking madly with his tail and sharp claws. But George fought bravely and at length, striking his lance through the thick hide and shiny scales, pinned the writhing reptile to the earth.

“Cleodolinda was charmed with his courage and thanked him, almost on her knees, while the townsfolk came flocking out to rejoice and sing his praise. But he was very modest and said,—‘It is not by my own might, but God, through Jesus Christ, who has given me the power to subdue this Apollyon.’ And hearing that, the whole city accepted the Christian religion, for heretofore they had all been heathen.

“Indeed, the King was so overjoyed that he not only became a Christian, but he showered the young hero with gold and silver and diamonds and precious stones. These, however, Prince George would not keep but gave them all to the poor. In recognition, too, of his victory over the dragon, he put the letter X, representing the cross, upon his banner.”

“It is a beautiful story,” murmured Betty, her eyes shining like stars. “But is there no more?”

“Very little,—for my fine knight did not marry Princess Cleodolinda as he would have done in a romance. Instead, he went riding over the world converting people to Christianity. The Greek Christians kept him in remembrance by

adopting the letter X. as the sign of the cross and when Richard the Lion-Hearted started on his famous crusade to the Holy Land to rescue Christ's Sepulchre from the Moslems,—about which you will learn some day, in your history—he selected St. George as his protector. So he became the patron saint of England and his emblem stands for courage in the defence of the truth.”

“I shall always think of him when I see the flag,” said the little girl; but the old lady, observing that she looked a trifle pale and tired, thought best to withdraw, and kissing her warmly and promising to come again, took her departure.

Not many days after, Lieutenant Dalrymple carried out his intentions and came to see Mrs. Melville. He was a handsome, genial young fellow and quite won the hearts of the children, in spite of his scarlet uniform.

“Little Miss Betty looks somewhat like a sister of mine,” he said, “and I remember noticing Winthrop among the schoolboys who called on Governor Gage, a few weeks ago. When these differences between the ‘powers that be’ are settled, you must come to New York, Cousin Elizabeth, and fetch your little people to make the acquaintance of their kinsfolk.”

“Nothing would please me better,” responded Mistress Melville, “for no nearer relatives have I in all the world, while my husband has but one sister who is married to a Quaker of Philadelphia. Perchance I may be permitted to visit your city.” But she sighed as she spoke, for only too well she knew that her strength was failing and it was with dim forebodings she contemplated the future of her bright, brave boy and bonny little daughter.

“But perhaps the young man's coming was a ‘special Providence’ for it has given me a suggestion,” she remarked

to Mehitable and for a week, she was turning the new idea over and over in her mind.

Meanwhile, Betty was wondering why Miss Quincy did not visit her and she was, also, somewhat disturbed by the warlike talk she heard all around her. Doctor Warren still called frequently and always lingered for a political chat with the patriotic lawyer, Thomas Melville. They had a great deal to say regarding a Provincial Congress, which had recently been formed, and how they were busy organizing troops and collecting military stores at Concord and other inland towns.

One day, too, the doctor came in sorely excited. "What think you, now, Tom!" he exclaimed. "It is reported for a fact that the Governor has received orders from England to arrest Sam Adams and John Hancock and despatch them across the seas to be tried for treason."

"Good heavens, Joseph! Then that means war to the knife! But they will catch a weasel asleep when they catch Maltster Sam." *

"That they will!"

"Oh, but if they do, what will become of him and of Mr. Hancock!" cried Betty. "Will they scalp 'em like the Indians do?" And that night she sobbed herself to sleep.

But the very next morning she was comforted by an early call from her much longed for friend. Miss Quincy was paler than usual and her eyes heavy and a trifle red as though from weeping, but the child thought her sweeter than ever as she took her in her arms saying—"Forgive me, little one, for not having been to see you sooner, but I have had many things to try me of late."

"Aye, these be troublous days for a certainty," sym-

* Samuel Adams was sometimes called Maltster Sam from having once been in the malt business.

pathised Mrs. Melville, who had ushered the young lady upstairs. "The King's action regarding our leaders is depressing to everybody, but I pray they may elude their enemies."

"Verily, I hope so. And, madam, perhaps I may trust you and my pet Betty, with a secret. Mr. Hancock and I are betrothed."

"What! At this dire time?"

"Yes, and indeed I am not sure but it was the King's edict that did it," laughed Dorothy, somewhat nervously. "You know, a woman is mighty apt to side with the under dog."

"And a Quincy never deserts his friends."

"True! Still, I confess I have been foolish and dazzled by a vision of titled grandeur; but the moment I heard John Hancock was in peril of losing his liberty, possibly his life, I knew where my heart lay, while I was sure he needed me most."

"Noble girl! You will never regret it!" cried Mrs. Melville, "And heartily do I wish you joy!" while Betty hugged her convulsively.

"And now, dear madam," said Miss Quincy, "I have a favour to ask. Mr. Hancock is stopping at Lexington, with his kinsman, the Rev. Mr. Clark, and desires that his aunt and I join him there for a few weeks. It is a healthful country place and I thought if you would permit your little daughter to go with us, the change might soon bring back her roses. What say you? May we take her with us?" And Betty's eager little countenance and beseeching eyes were so pleading, that her mother could only give a most grateful consent.

So it chanced, that one radiant April morning, when all nature seemed atilt with glad new life, a stately chariot drove up to the door, with Madam Hancock and Miss

Quincy seated therein. The small, waiting invalid was now quite able to walk, but Joe Lovering was there to see her off, and nothing would do but he must carry her out in his strong, young arms, and see her carefully covered up on the front seat.

There was a chorus of "good-byes," a waving of hands, and then little Miss Betty rolled away, through the narrow streets, across the "Neck," and out into the bright, fresh country, where there was the very breath of Spring in the air: the fruit trees were great fragrant bouquets of pink and white bloom, and the birds sang as though their little hearts would burst from very gladness, as they flitted hither and yon in the beneficent sunshine.

Peace seemed to brood over all the fair countryside. But, alas! it was but the calm that comes before a storm.

CHAPTER XI.

TO ARMS ! TO ARMS !

“Listen, my children ! And you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five,
Hardly a man is now alive,
Who remembers that famous day and year.

Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.”

LONGFELLOW.

“I WONDER why so many red coats are leaving the town,” remarked Winthrop, one Tuesday evening at the supper table. “I think I must have met at least fifty, to-day, riding toward Roxbury Neck, in twos and threes.”

“That is so,” said his father, “Lord Percy, too, has been exercising his brigade very often of late, and there is an unwonted commotion aboard the warships in the harbour. They all seem launching their boats and putting them in order. I know Doctor Warren fancies there is mischief brewing, and day before yesterday,—though it was the Sabbath—Revere rode out to Lexington, and had an interview with Hancock and Adams. He told me he saw Betty, and she was looking quite herself again.”

“But I wish from the bottom of my heart, that the child was at home,” sighed his wife.

“Twecky, week, week ! tweak, tweak !” sounded a doleful and very shrill instrument outside.

“What on airth is that ?” exclaimed Mehitable.

“Only Joe Lovering, practising on his fife,” laughed

Winthrop. "He is trying to learn *The White Cockade*, for he aims to be a fifer in some militia company."

"Sounds like tom-cats!"

"Maybe, then, that is the boot-jack thrown at them," chuckled Mr. Melville, as a thundering rap sounded on the brass knocker of the front door.

It proved to be Doctor Warren, John Rowe, Henry Knox the book-seller and two or three other Sons of Liberty. All appeared agitated.

"The British are evidently preparing to march," said the Doctor, "and I have no doubt they are after our military stores at Concord. The people should not be taken unaware, but Gage certainly has every road out of town closely guarded; so I am at a loss just what to do."

"Send Revere," suggested Thomas Melville. "He will slip by the sentries if anyone can. Here, Winthrop, do you scamper off to North Square, and tell Paul we want him here without delay."

The boy did not let the grass grow under his feet, and quickly returned with the young goldsmith, to be closeted with the other patriots, in Mrs. Melville's best room, where Betty's sampler, now finished and framed, hung upon the wall.

He was speedily informed of the errand required of him. "You had better take a boat across the Charles," advised Doctor Warren, "and keep your eyes well peeled for spies. Deacon Larkin will furnish you with a horse, at Charlestown. Then ride as you never rode before! Ride as though the Devil and all his imps were after you!"

"All right," responded Revere, "but I must know which way the troops are going. Suppose you see Robert Newman, the sexton of Christ Church, and have him signal from the high steeple. If the lobsters leave in the night by the Roxbury road, have him hang out one lantern, but should

they, also, take the short cut by water—swing two lanterns.”

“A capital idea! It shall be done,” cried Henry Knox and in less time than it takes to tell, the young man was off, and twenty minutes later was rowing across the Charles River, right under the hull and within easy gun shot of the English frigate *Somerset*.

Meanwhile, the other Liberty Boys separated, some to watch the movements of the King’s men and others to “put a flea in the ear” of Sexton Newman, the result of which was that by midnight, two lanterns sent their warning beams from the steeple of old Christ Church.

Across the river, Paul Revere sees and understands the message of the lights and leaping upon Deacon Larkin’s Bucephalus, is off and away on his famous ride, which has now been one of the poetic bits of history for more than a hundred years.

On he spurs his foaming steed, through Medford across Mystic bridge to Menotomy, over the hills and through the valleys to Lexington Green calling all Middlesex to arms and pausing at every farmhouse door to shout: “Turn out! turn out! The red coats are coming!” nor does he rouse the countryside in vain.

Disturbed by the feeling of suppressed excitement in the air, twelve year old Winthrop slept poorly that night, while he was awakened very early by Joseph Lovering’s murdering of the *White Cockade*

“I do wish, old fellow, that you’d do your squawking an hour later,” he growled, as the boys started together for school.

“You won’t say so, if some morning I get a chance to make the lobsters dance to my fising,” laughed Joe, good-naturedly. “But bless me! What has so frightened little Otis?” as that tiny chap came tearing around the corner with a scared, white countenance.

“The regulars! the regulars!” he gasped; and sure enough! there drawn up within ten yards of the Latin School was Lord Percy’s brilliant brigade.

“Is it a dress parade, think you?” asked small Harrison.

“Not a bit of it,” replied Winthrop. “It’s war. They are bound for Lexington and Concord to seize our ammunition and to try and arrest Mr. Adams and Mr. Hancock.”

“Bad luck to ’em then,” cried Joe, “And oh, Win! I would Betty was safe back in Pudding Lane.”

“So do I.”

“Just hearken what they are playing and singing,” said Ed Saltonstall.

For as the order was given,—“Forward, March!” the bands derisively struck up *Yankee Doodle*, while the men with a grin on their faces sang—

“Yankee Doodle came to town,
For to buy a firelock,
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock.”

“I bet a guinea they don’t!” shouted one lad, while another cut a pigeon-wing and called out—

“To think how you will dance by and by to the tune of *Chevy Chase!*”

“I wish we didn’t have to have lessons to-day” sighed Harrison Otis and it was a relief to all the boys when as they took their seats in school, Master Lovell solemnly announced—

“*Deponite libros!*”

And they were dismissed for an unexpected and indefinite holiday.

At this same time, in the minister’s pleasant parsonage, facing the Green at Lexington, Betty was as blithe and happy as the sweet April days were long: hunting eggs,

picking nosegays of wild flowers for Miss Dorothy, drinking milk and cream until her cheeks began to plump out and grow round and rosy, and being petted by the whole family.

Even the Parson made much of her and translated many a quaint story from the musty old volumes on his bookshelves, into simple language for her benefit, while she took long rambles through the fresh green fields and budding woods with a merry little neighbour of the Clark's who was named after his father, Jonathan Harrington.

She thought she should never tire of the beautiful country, but bedtime often found her a wee bit homesick and after ten days, she began to long for the sight of a familiar face.

"It would do me good even to see a wag of True's tail," she said to herself, and she uttered a shriek of joy when, one afternoon, she spied a lean, loose-jointed figure, carrying a gun in one hand and swinging a huge fish in the other, come lounging across the Green in the direction of the house.

"Look, look, Miss Dolly!" she cried, "It is—no it can't be,—yes, it really is Mehitable's brother, Fly!" and light as a thistle-down she flitted down the steps to give the visitor a vociferous welcome.

"Waal naow, Betty, a peep at you, is good for sore eyes," drawled Fliakim. "And ladies, your most obedient!" taking off his shabby hat and making an awkward bow to Madam Hancock and Miss Quincy, who sat on the porch. "Don't suppose you caounted on seein' a Roxbury man so far from hum. But when I hooked this salmon—weighs fifteen paounds if it doos an ounce—I sez to myself, sez I, 'Fliakim Sparhawk, thar ain't but two men in Massachusetts fit to eat sech a fish as that, an' them two air Mr. Samuel Adams an' Mr. John Hancock,' so off I started on

shanks' mare to fetch the beauty over here an' thar he is," saying which, he laid his piscatorial treasure out at full length on the grass.

"It is a beauty, indeed, and I know the gentlemen so honoured, will appreciate it immensely," said Miss Dorothy coming forward and smiling in her most captivating manner; "if you will kindly carry it round to the kitchen, Dinah will see that it is cleaned and put in a cool place. We must save it for dinner to-morrow, when guests are expected. You go with Mr. Sparhawk, Betty, and see that he has a glass of cider and some more substantial refreshment.

"The good man, too, must not think of returning to-night," said the lady of the house, appearing in the doorway, "we can put him up in the barn if he does not object to a bed in the hay loft."

"Yes, do stay, Fly," begged Betty, and being decidedly footsore and weary, Fliakim was only too willing. "Besides, I dunno as I exactly hanker to meet all them lobsters, I see along the road, after dark," he acknowledged.

So that evening, Betty invited Johnny Harrington over to hear the countryman reel off his fantastic yarns on the back stoop, while Miss Quincy and the clergyman's family entertained Mr. Adams, Mr. Hancock, and several other members of the Provincial Congress in the drawing-room.

But all classes in the eighteenth century were given to early hours and it was not long after ten o'clock when the lights were out at the parsonage and the inmates wrapped in profound slumber. Outside, however, several soldiers kept watch and ward, for since Mr. Clark's guests had become such bright and shining marks for English spite, it had been deemed advisable for them to have a guard both by day and night.

Betty slept in a small room off Miss Quincy's and, long before dawn, she was startled wide awake by the same rap-

ping at the door as had aroused the yeomen all along the high road from Boston.

"Oh, dear! what can be the matter!" she exclaimed, sitting up on her couch. Then she heard the seargent's challenge: "Who are ye, and what is it ye want?" "I want to see Mr. Hancock," replied a voice that she fancied was familiar.

"Well then, you can't," snapped the sentinel, "the Parson and his family mustn't be disturbed, so hold your peace and quit making such a racket."

"There'll be a monstrous sight more racket presently, for the red coats are coming," retorted Paul.

At that, a window in the front of the house was thrown up and the Reverend Mr. Clark also enquired: "Who are you and what do you want?"

"It is imperative that I see Adams and Hancock."

"That is Revere!" shouted the latter from the head of the stairs, where he and his companion in misery now stood; "let him in."

"The regulars are on their way here, several hundred of them, to seize you," explained Paul when he was within the house.

"It is the supplies at Concord they are after," declared Samuel Adams, and five minutes later another horseman dashed up to confirm Revere's words.

Betty ran crying into the young lady's chamber. "I'm so frightened," she sobbed, trembling from head to foot.

"But you must be a good girl and keep quiet," said Dorothy. "It may be a false alarm." She, herself, though, looked pale, and trembled as she hurriedly dressed herself and the child, particularly when the meeting-house bell was set clanging, sending the alarm far and wide.

Meanwhile, Revere, with two companions, continued on toward Concord, but was taken prisoner before reaching

there. Fortunately, however, one messenger escaped and carried the news which speedily turned the peaceful village into something quite different from its name.

It was a scant and hasty breakfast that black Dinah put on the table that morning and even this, the two leaders could scarcely pause to taste, so busy were they out on the Common, directing and forming into line the minute men who quickly gathered together. A pitifully small number, but staunch and determined. This, too, they continued until Major Pitcairn and his six companies of light infantry were almost in sight.

"O, John, fly! If you love me, fly to some safer spot!" pleaded Miss Dorothy.

"Yes, she is right, this is no place for you," said Mr. Clark.

"Nonsense! Never will I turn my back to the red coats," cried Mr. Hancock, seizing his gun.

"But that is foolhardy! Think! The country will need your counsels. Let others meet the enemy face to face." And as other friends flocked in to back up the advice of the calm, wise minister, the two Congressmen were at length, induced to retreat to a thick wood crowning a hill near by and from there made their way to Woburn, where another patriotic clergyman, the Reverend Mr. Jones, gave them a warm welcome and comfortable shelter.

Meanwhile, Madam Hancock, from the door, and Miss Dorothy and frightened little Betty from an upper window, witnessed the short, sharp fight which ensued, shortly after sunrise, upon the Green.

The King's men presented a fine appearance as, through the tender green foliage of the trees, shone forth their bright scarlet coats, white cross-belts and shining buckles; and the contrast was almost painful between them and the yeomanry in homespun, standing in a close phalanx, firmly

grasping their muskets and with powder horns swung under their right arms.

"But our poor farmers look resolute," remarked Miss Quincy.

"And see, see!" cried Betty. "Fly has joined them. He is loading his old firelock, and there is Johnny Harrington's father. I shouldn't wonder if Jonathan and his mother were melting up their pewter plates and running them into bullets."

But at that instant, Major Pitcairn rode forward, commanding—

"Disperse you rebels! Lay down your arms and disperse!"

Not a man stirred, and the next moment Betty was cowering on the floor as a volley from the red coats seemed to shake the very foundation of the house. So the first gun was fired and the American revolution had begun.

It is a severe experience for a little girl of nine to see as Betty sees, sixteen minute-men shot down, seven of whom are killed outright. One falls on the meetinghouse steps, another is pierced with a bayonet and Jonathan Harrington, staggering toward his home, as his wife rushes to meet him, drops dead at her feet.

"Oh, poor, poor Johnny," sobs the child. And finally it is heartrending, to have the handful of brave Provincials overcome and forced to flee, while the enemy, led by Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, swing their hats and hurrah for King George, before marching on to Concord.

But there is no time for tears, as the injured are being brought into the parsonage and the ladies soon have their hands full in binding up their wounds and ministering to their needs. Even Betty can scrape lint and tear bandages.

Before sunset, too, things looked brighter. Word came that the regulars had been defeated in a sharp skirmish at

Concord and being distracted by the farmers, who swarmed from far and near, firing Indian fashion, from behind trees, walls and hayricks, they beat a hasty retreat to Boston, with three hundred less men than they came out with in the morning and with a band of jubilant drummers and fifers playing *Yankee Doodle* at their heels.

"Thank the Lord!" said Mr. Clark devoutly.

It was a very dusty and grimy Fly, who put in an appearance late in the afternoon. "We've had jolly fun! jolly fun!" he said, "an' I swan them lobsters hev got more'n they bargained fur. I peppered half a dozen red foxes, myself, an' you'd jest ought to hev seen old Hezekiah Wyman on his white mare, his grey hair afloatin' in the wind an' he blazin' away with a rusty, old gun-barrel. The boys dubbed him 'death on the pale horse.' My, but he's a plucky critter! an' when I axed him 'what you ben doin'? He jest answered, 'pickin' cherries.' But he didn't say as haow he fust made cherries of the red coats by puttin' pits into 'em, he, he, he!"

"Where is Lord Percy's brigade? Did you see anything of that?" asked Miss Dorothy somewhat tremulously.

"Ay, that I did. The Earl an' his sojers hev ben burnin' an' ransackin' houses daown the road yonder an' vowin' vengeance agin John Hancock. But they air scamperin' with the rest."

"I wish we knew where John and Mr. Adams have taken refuge," said Madam Hancock,—but as she spoke, a messenger arrived with a note from her nephew.

"We are safe and sound with Brother Jones at Woburn," he wrote, "and would like to have you ladies and Mr. Clark drive over and dine with us. Bring with you the fine salmon. It is a pity to have it wasted"

The family was ready enough to comply with this request, but after all, Fliakim's fish—though deliciously cooked and served—was fated to cool untasted, for just as the company sat

down to a late dinner again the cry arose, "The red coats are coming! the red coats are coming!" which forced the persecuted patriots to hide in a friendly swamp, until the alarm was proved a false one.

Much shaken in nerve, the following day, Dorothy Quincy declared her intention of taking Betty and going home to her father in the city.

"No, madam, that I cannot allow," said Mr. Hancock. "You shall not return so long as there is a British bayonet in Boston."

"Indeed!" cried the spirited belle, nettled by his masterful tone, "remember, Mr. Hancock, I am not yet under your control. I shall go to my father to-morrow."

Nevertheless, the statesman had his way and it was three long years before pretty Dolly beheld her native place again.

But that afternoon, Thomas Melville rode out to Lexington, after his little daughter. "For her mother is sick with worrying," he said, "and whatever comes, it is best she should be with us. Word has arrived that Israel Putnam and Benedict Arnold of Connecticut and John Stark from New Hampshire are hastening hither, and that in three days Governor Gage will be besieged by an army of sixteen hundred men."

So, perched on a pillion behind her father, Betty galloped back to the turbulent town and many times her soft brown eyes overflowed with tears, at the devastation visible all along the road. Nor did she feel perfectly safe until clasped close in her mother's arms.

CHAPTER XII.

A SAD BIRTHDAY.

“And children! You must come in bands,
With garlands in your little hands,
Of blue, and white, and red,
To strew before the Dead.”

R. H. STODDARD.

“WELL, now, I'm tickled that that shiftless Fly spunked up and showed himself good for somethin' at last!” exclaimed Mehitable. “That he should hev been right there on the spot beats all! Must hev felt sort o' curious for him to be on time for anythin', for punctooality ain't one of Fliakim's vartues.”

“And I am glad to have my girl 'at home again,” said Mrs. Melville cuddling Betty close to her side.

“So am I glad to be with you, mammy dear, but what makes you so pale? You are as white as curd and ever so much thinner than when I went away. You ought to be sent to Lexington and fed on cream and fresh milk, warm from the cow.”

“Perhaps the milder weather will bring back my strength and colour.”

But this it failed to do and, ere long, the gentle invalid spent most of the day on the bed and coughed half the night. May flowers budded and blossomed but only a hectic red glowed, at times, in her hollow cheeks and Granny Lovering began to shake her head and say: “Elizabeth Melville is not long for this world!”

Her husband realised it acutely and he begrudged every

moment from her side, but the war cloud was deepening and he was forced to be much away at the headquarters in Cambridge, being now a Captain, while the devoted patriot Doctor Warren, boasted the title of General in the newly formed Provincial army.

Meanwhile, the British were preparing to fortify Charlestown Heights and many a timid heart sank like lead when three more English commanders,—Howe, Burgoyne and Clinton,—arrived with reinforcements. Indeed, numbers fled from the city and took refuge elsewhere.

But our friends in Pudding Lane remained under their own roof-trees and Joe practised *The White Cockade*, more vigourously than ever.

“We must be prepared for the worst, Bessie darling,” said Captain Melville, during a flying visit at home one lovely evening in June, when the moon rode like a silver boat in the heavens and the air was heavy with the delicious incense of roses and honeysuckle.

“Yes, dear, we must,” replied his wife, although he had kept from her the fact that they were even then on the eve of a great combat. “But not one moment would I hold you back from your duty to your country. When the call to battle comes, I shall be the one to buckle on your sword and wish you Godspeed.”

“And if I fall?”

“Then, we will not be long separated. For, Tom, I know I have not many days to live. Then listen! There is something I must speak about. We have few relatives in the world, so when I am gone, it is my wish that Betty be sent to the Dalrymples in New York.”

“But Elizabeth——”

“There, dear, I know what you would say—that they are Tories and you will not be beholden to our foes—but they are also good, kind gentle-folk, who will love my daughter

for my sake. I have broached the subject to Fred Dalrymple, the young Lieutenant, and he is sure they would receive her. Indeed he has even written to sound them on the subject. With them Betty will be brought up as a lady and we must not let our pride stand in the way of the child's good."

"Very well, dear, it shall be as you desire. And Winthrop?"

"I thought, perhaps, he could go to your sister in Philadelphia."

"Yes, that is probable, as she has no children of her own."

So the future homes of our little "son and daughter of the revolution" were settled before that Summer morning when all Boston opened its eyes in surprise at the sight of the rude fortification which anticipated the slow movements of the British, and sprang up like a mushroom in a single night, on the crest of Breed's Hill; and the thundering of cannon ushered in Betty's ninth birthday, the very saddest she was ever destined to know.

"Good-bye, Bessie. Good-bye, sweetheart," almost sobbed brave Captain Melville, as he bent to give his wife a long parting kiss, and with a supreme effort she raised herself and fastened the belt about his waist.

Her lips could only frame the word "Farewell," and then she dropped back gasping;—as her husband hastened away to slip through the lines and join the valiant men assembled behind rail fences and ramparts of hay, to whom General Putnam was giving his famous order—"Wait for the word, don't fire till you can see the white of their eyes."

The Battle of Bunker Hill is too much a matter of history to be minutely noticed here, but to the women and children waiting and watching and weeping at home it was an ordeal never to be forgotten.

Fortunately, for Elizabeth Melville, she was almost unconscious of the fierce and constant firing and all that sultry seventeenth of June lay with closed eyes, white and motionless, tended and fanned by Mehitable and Roxanna Lovering, while below, granny stayed with Betty and Mercy, and Winthrop and Joe dashed in and out, gathering up any rumours that were afloat and bringing back the news.

“The red coats are beaten,” was the first report. “The men are running like mad and the commanders are urging and fairly driving them back up the hill.”

“Tut, tut! It is too soon to know yet,” croaked granny.

“But old Put is here, there and everywhere and the fellows in the redoubt are firing like blazes.” And, carried away by the excitement of the moment, Joe went capering down the street, singing at the extent of his lusty young lungs a very popular Yankee song of the day:—

“Look on our Wives and Infants, they pitiously implore,
To be preserved from Blood Hounds who now infest our shore.
O! let not those helpless Innocents become the lawless Prey
Of Dogs, of Dogs, of Dogs, of Dogs who hate America.”

“Hold your tongue, you young rebel! How dare ye call the King’s troops dogs!” shouted a rough voice and one of the British rank and file, reeling out of a wine-shop, suddenly seized Joe and was about to bring the butt end of a musket down upon his head when True, who had followed the lads, sprang forward with a low growl and buried his teeth in the soldier’s upraised arm.

With an oath and a shriek of pain, the man dropped both boy and gun while Winthrop roared, “Ha, ha, ha! You see a Yankee dog is better than a British one anyway!” And not until the ruffian apologised, would he call True off.

“Got the best of a lobster that time; didn’t we old fellow?” said Joe, patting the Newfoundland’s head and then, they made their way to Copp’s Hill where a view of the con-

flict could be had. A wail of dismay, too, went up from them, as well as from the other onlookers when, all at once, General Howe's cannon were turned away from the earthen redoubt and commenced hurling shot and shell upon Charlestown.

"Can they mean to burn the village?" gasped Winthrop; and sure enough, flames could soon be seen bursting from the roofs, doors, and windows of the little town across the river.

"It is cruel! It is wicked! It is dastardly!" Went up from a hundred throats, but, after all, the movement may have turned the tide of war, for by sunset it was the Provincials who were fleeing in confusion and King George could claim a victory—but a victory that cost him dear.

"We are beaten;" almost sobbed the boys when their sisters met them on their return. "The powder and bullets must have given out, for our men are defending themselves with their musket stocks and with sticks from the rail fence."

But Betty paid little heed—and presently asked quite innocently, being ignorant of the chaos and horrors of war; "Then if the battle is over, Win, do you think you could find Doctor Warren and fetch him here? Mammy is so ill, she can hardly speak to me."

"What! The mother worse?" And Winthrop dashed off up the narrow stairs while the little girl burst into tears.

"There Betty, do not cry. I will see if I can hear aught of him," said Joe, with rough, boyish sympathy, and he did venture out again into the turbulent town. But soon returned with bowed head. "They tell me that General Warren has been killed," he reported. "Shot down, and then stabbed through the heart with a bayonet."

By this time, however, the physician's services were not required and when Captain Melville, who escaped uninjured,

succeeded in making his way to his little home, he found the sweet spirit of his wife had departed out of all the coil and confusion, to the beautiful realms of peace and his motherless children were sobbing heart-brokenly by her side.

The fortnight which followed their parent's death, was ever remembered by Winthrop and Betty, as a strange confused dream, so shaken to its very centre seemed their little world, when, a few nights after she was borne on her flower-strewn bier to a quiet corner of the Copp's Hill cemetery and the funeral escutcheons were removed from the doors, their father called them into the best room and gently informed them of the plans made in their behalf.

"Remember this was your mother's desire," he said, "and, under the circumstances, appears the best we can do; though much I wish the Dalrymples were not so English in their feelings. But they have sent a most cordial letter of sympathy and welcome by the post-rider, while the young Lieutenant seems a fine, whole-souled fellow, if he has a red back."

And indeed, Fred Dalrymple had called in Pudding Lane and shown himself exceedingly kind, and desirous to be of use. He it was then, who secured from General Howe, a permit, allowing the young Melvilles and escort to leave the town.

It was arranged that they were to travel by the regular weekly stage to New York, accompanied by Mehitable, and from there Winthrop should continue on alone, taking the "Flying Machine," as the fast coach was called, which made the trip in two days betwixt New York and Philadelphia.

"But why can we not stay here?" asked the boy dolefully.

"Because," replied the Captain, "affairs in Boston are too

unsettled and too unsafe. I must be away with our army and never should I know a moment's peace with thinking that you might be burned out like the good folk of Charlestown. Ah! your mother had a clear, discreet head on her frail shoulders and I scarce know how to steer straight without her."

"But I never knew any Quakers and don't believe I shall like them."

"They can't be worse than Tories," sighed Betty, looking the picture of woe.

"My sister Prudence was a dear, good girl," said Mr. Melville, "and I have no doubt is an excellent woman, though I believe she has joined her husband's Meeting and become a Friend. We have met but seldom since she married Josiah Halliday, who is a bookseller and not very well off. The remuneration I shall pay them for your board and lodging will likely be acceptable. I trust, Winthrop, that you will be very respectful and obedient to your uncle and aunt and will also improve your time at school, so you may be prepared for college, if it is so I can ever send you."

"I will do my best and, father, True can go with me can he not? I would be too homesick without my dog."

The Captain hesitated. "Well, yes," he finally agreed, "you may take him, but if your Aunt Prudence does not wish the animal, you must get rid of him there."

So it was settled and preparations were pressed rapidly forward. Two new black frocks had to be made for Betty and all their clothes, books and a few knick-knacks packed in long travelling sacks woven of coarse red and green yarn with leather tops and bottoms.

"You ought to be very happy, child, that you are going to such lovely, genteel people," said Granny Lovering to the little girl. So, too, thought Alida Coffin, who came to bid her "good-bye" looking quite sad and subdued, for

little Captain Harris had been slain in the battle of Bunker Hill.

But Mercy was inconsolable over the loss of her friend, while Joe squandered his last shilling on a pocket knife with three blades for Winthrop and, sawing a silver sixpence in two, gave half to Betty, with the request that she would always wear it on a ribbon around her neck.

Only too soon, then, dawned the Monday morning when, bidding a tearful farewell to their father and all their friends, Winthrop and Betty, under the Dragon-like guardianship of Mehitable, and with True tied so he could run beneath the four-horse stage-coach, rolled away to a merry blast of the outrider's horn and they started on their week's journey, to the gay little city standing where two rivers meet and with a new and untried mode of life all before them.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BUFF AND BLUE COCKADE.

“ Shining forth in the heaven above us,
They recall every morning anew ;
The hues of America’s freedom,
The gay, golden buff, and the blue.”

PREVIOUS to the War of Independence, King—afterward Pine—Street, promised to become the court end of the city named for the Duke of York, and it was in that quarter the Dalrymples had built themselves a home.

There, then, in a stately room of the new mansion, sat one summer day, old Madam Dalrymple in her high-back chair, looking every inch of the lady she was, from the toe of her black satin slipper to the “Queen’s nightcap”—as the muslin head-dress was called—which rested lightly on her soft, snowy hair. Her hands were engaged with some fine and intricate knitting-work, while she conversed with her two daughters, Penelope Graham, a spinster of uncertain years and the offspring of her first marriage; and pretty, dainty Lucile, own sister to the gallant young Lieutenant of the Boston troop.

“Well, I suppose, we may look for poor Elizabeth’s children, at any hour now,” remarked the old lady, as she paused to take up a dropped stitch.

“Aye,” responded Penelope, “and I must say I dread it. It is well the boy is to be packed on to his Quaker kin at Philadelphia and I pray the girl may not prove coarse and

vulgar. But what can one expect of the daughter of a Yankee rebel!"

"You forget, Pen, that she is my own sister's grandchild and blood will tell! We were all shocked and horrified when Catherine insisted upon marrying a dissenting parson and going to New England, but she always wrote that she was vastly happy and blessed in her choice, while she trained her only girl, to be as sweet and mannerly a creature as ever drew breath!"

"Everyone to her taste!" sniffed Penelope, but Lucile, glancing up from her embroidery frame, declared: "She thought it would be delightful to have a child in the house."

"Even if she is a young rebel, hey?" asked a masculine voice behind her and in lounged "Uncle Dan," Mrs. Dalrymple's bachelor brother, an aristocratic-looking man with grey side-whiskers and a decided English accent. He flung himself at full length on the black horse-hair sofa studded with brass nails, and wiped the moisture from his brow, with a fine cambric handkerchief.

"Devilish hot day! The weather at any rate, will give the small bean-eaters a warm welcome."

"And I trust you will all do likewise," quoth Madam. "They should be here before evening, unless the post stage be delayed. That is, if they started on the date mentioned by Captain Melville in his letter."

"*Captain* Melville! Pah! A mushroom commission, I fancy, conferred by the Provincial army! Ah, well! General Howe will soon put a quietus on that silly rumpus in Massachusetts and make the hot-headed Bostonians glad enough to eat humble pie. I only hope our New York 'Sons of Liberty,' will take warning and not be so rash as their Eastern brothers. We want no Bunker Hills here."

"Good heavens, Dan! Do not suggest such a direful

thing! And now, Lucile, just run up and see that Chloe has aired the bed and put fresh water in the child's room."

"Yes, mother, and I for one shall do all I can to make this little Betty happy and contented among us."

This, then, was the family to which the young Melvilles were coming as rapidly as four horses could drag the low, yellow coach rolling down the "High Road from Boston," and a very warm, weary and dusty little pair they were, on this last day of their long journey.

Not but what the trip had had its pleasures, for everything was of momentous interest to their inexperienced eyes, from the hosts of country children in coarse, butternut coloured garments and clumsy home-made mocassins, swarming about the log houses along the route, and taking their mid-day meal of baked pumpkin and milk out of bowls fashioned from pumpkin shells; to the tall forest trees bearing the King's mark, G. R., deeply cut in the bark.

"Them thar," the good-natured driver informed them, "air 'his Majesty's pines.' They're the property of the Crown and woe to anybody who dares to touch 'em. Even the owner of the land on which they grow, would be fined a pretty penny, should he chop one down."

"But that doesn't seem fair," said Winthrop.

"As fair as a good many of the royal decrees," laughed the genial Jehu.

It was pleasant, too, stopping over night at the rural taverns, where the people were all eager to hear the latest "news from Boston;" where the linen sheets on the beds smelled so delightfully of sweet clover and lavender, and where there was generally a plump, rosy landlady to take them under her wing and make much of the "pore, motherless lambs."

It was, too, at one of these inns that they had an encounter long to be remembered. Supper had been over



Hubert L. Humphrey.

"FLY'S LEAN SHANKS . . . IN THEM YALLER BREECHES."

—Page 105.



sometime and Mehitable was beginning to talk of retiring, when four horsemen dashed up to the door, demanding refreshment and lodging for the night.

They were all clad alike in new uniforms of buff and blue, but one, who wore epaulettes and was evidently the leader, particularly attracted attention, by his tall and commanding presence and by the extreme courtliness of his manner.

"Who is he? Who can he be?" asked Winthrop of the landlord, when that worthy had obsequiously bowed the officers into the dining-room.

"That, boy," replied, mine host, proudly, "is General George Washington, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. He is on his way to Cambridge to take command of the troops there."

"Oh, good! Then our father will be under him! Hurrah!" shouted the lad, tossing up his hat in his excitement.

"And will daddy wear pretty clothes like that?" asked Betty, who was quite captivated by the bright colours.

"Of course he will," cried Mehitable, "if that be the rig of these fightin' Continentallers. But lor! What a figger Fly's lean shanks will cut in them tight yaller breeches!"

"I should love to see dear daddy dressed so. Blue and buff! It is beautiful and makes me think of the Summer sky and the sunshine! I mean to take them for my colours, too." And all that night, the impressionable little maid dreamed of the great Virginian with the calm, strong face, while next morning she was early astir, and before the dew was off the grass, was out in the garden at the back of the quaint little inn, where a wilderness of old fashioned flowers ran riot, in a lavish and untrained profusion.

Over a tumble-down trellis, a climbing rose, with creamy yellow petals, was running rampant, while just be-

low, the blue blossoms of a bee larkspur suddenly suggested a happy thought to the patriotic girl.

“Buff and blue! buff and blue!” she exclaimed joyously, and hastening to gather a handful of the posies, she quickly made them into a graceful little bouquet, tying them with a blade of ribbon grass.

General Washington was likewise an early riser, and stepping out onto the porch for a breath of fresh, morning air before breakfast, was surprised by the apparition of a tiny figure in black, with tumbled, golden curls, who held out a small bunch of flowers, stammering—“Please, Mr. General, I have plucked this nosegay, spressly for you, because they are our colours, your’s, and daddy’s and mine.”

“Bless my soul!”

And then, a pleased smile irradiated the somewhat stern features of the great man who, however, dearly loved children, and doffing his *chapeau*, he made her a sweeping bow, saying—“Thanks! A thousand thanks, little lady! It is a charming floral badge, and it is with the greatest pleasure I shall pin it here, right over my heart.”

This, then, he proceeded to do, while Betty blushed, and courtesied, and dimpled with delight.

“But now, my dear, you must permit me to return the compliment,” continued Washington, and taking a cockade of the Continental colours from his hat, he fastened it on her shoulder. “Remember too, my child, that it is the emblem of American honour and American liberty.” Then, as his *suite* joined him, he cried, “Look, gentlemen! Here is the youngest, and most bewitching little patriot, it has yet been my fortune to meet.”

“Three cheers for Miss Buff and Blue!” roguishly shouted a youthful officer, who was scarcely more than a boy; and so heartily were the huzzas given, that half the

household came running forth, to find Betty standing, with crimson cheeks, the cynosure of all eyes.

The cockade still adorned her shoulder when the stage-coach arrived to bear them still further on their way, and the gallant chief and his staff stood, with uncovered heads, to wave them "adieu"; and she still wore it, when they rolled into New York, across Turtle Creek, and through Bowery Lane to the Broadway. Past the Oswego Market, with its picturesque Dutch market folk from Long Island and New Jersey; past the "King's Arms," where British officers most did congregate; past the new St. Paul's Chapel, past Trinity Church and the Mall, down toward Fort George facing the Bowling Green. But an instinctive, ladylike tact made her tuck the gay little rosette inside her bodice, before meeting her Tory cousins in King Street.

"So this is Elizabeth Melville's daughter," said Madam Dalrymple, as she kissed Betty's white forehead. "Well, my dear, you are welcome, and I trust will soon feel at home with us," while the child was at once attracted to gentle Lucile, who reminded her of her mother.

"It is a lovely, genteel house, too," she thought, as she glanced around at the papered wall—then a great rarity—the worked chairs and screens, the massive beaufet in one corner, the looking-glass framed in Dutch wood, scalloped, painted white and touched with gold; and the mould candles in the silver candlesticks on the mantle shelf.

But Penelope's careless "How are you, little folks?" was a trifle chilling, while she expressed a hope that Winthrop had brought a pair of slippers, so as not to walk over their Turkey carpet with his heavy, neat leather shoes. And she pointed, as she spoke, to a rug-like square in the centre of the floor.

"Tut, tut, Penelope! Don't put the poor boy to the blush," laughed Uncle Dan, "or you may have a small Bos-

ton rebellion here on the spot;" while Lucile hastened to ring, and order that supper be served at once.

"For I know these little travellers must be both hungry and tired," she said, "so the four B's, bread, butter, bath and bed, will be more than acceptable."

Mehitable had to eat alone, and her sharp nose went five degrees higher at sight of the slave-girl Chloe, in her trim gown of linsey-woolsey and voluminous check apron, with a gay bandanna wound about her head.

"For I don't set much store by niggers," she complained to Betty. "They're so shiftless! If that's the sort o' help they keep raound here, Hetty Sparhawk will be makin' tracks back to Boston, mighty quick. Anyway, I dasent leave Fly long alone. He'll be gettin' into trouble, even in the army, if I'm not nigh at hand to keep an eye on him."

She was as good as her word, and the return stage saw her homeward bound, though, faithfully and honestly attached, in spite of her spicy tongue, she could hardly restrain her emotion at bidding "good-bye" to her dear mistress' children.

Winthrop remained a week with his New York relatives, and every day he, Lucile, and Betty, gravely escorted by True, enjoyed a fine walk about the city, for the weather was perfect, and the blue waters of the bay sparkled like diamonds in the sunlight.

Sometimes they joined the fashionable promenade on Broadway, where the belles and beaux paraded every pleasant afternoon; though Winthrop preferred wandering out to the Tea Water Pump and Collect Pond, or walking round the Fort and taking a peep through the palings at the Governor's beautiful gardens. One morning, Lucile had shopping to do, in the gay little stores on William Street;—and another, they spent on the smooth, sandy beach, (about where Greenwich Street now runs), watching

the fishermen draw in their nets filled with herring and other fish ; and some of the urchins of the town swimming and sporting in the waves. Another day they went to "Aunt Katey's Mead Garden" for soft waffles and tea. That is, Lucile and Penelope, who was of the party, had cups of fragrant Hyson, while the children drank milk with their tender, diamond-stamped cakes.

Miss Graham looked rather grim when they enquired if the tea was "Hyperion" and finding it was not, politely declined. "I am sorry to see, Betty," she observed, "that you have not been taught to revere the Lord's anointed and respect his laws."

"Who is the Lord's anointed, Cousin Pen?" asked Winthrop.

"Why, his gracious Majesty to be sure, our sovereign, King George. Do you not know that 'the powers that be are ordained of God'?"

But the boy shook his head doubtfully and when on Sunday, they all went to Trinity, then called the English Church, Mehitable herself could not have sat up stiffer and straighter than he, while Dr. Auchmuty prayed for the King and all the Royal family.

But æsthetic little Betty was deeply impressed by the stately sanctuary, the rythmical chanting and beautiful service. "I think I shall like being an Episcopalian," she confided to her brother, "and Lucile tells me General Washington is one, too."

"I wonder if I will have to turn Quaker," laughed the boy. "But, Bettina, what will you do with yourself on week days?"

"Oh, Aunt Dalrymple says I am to go to a girls' school and am to have lessons in dancing and tambour work and on the harpsichord. So there will not be very much time to be homesick,"

Nevertheless, she cried so bitterly that Uncle Dan dubbed her "weeping Niobe," when the day arrived for Winthrop and True to depart and she saw them off on a scow for Staten Island, at which point the fast conveyance known as the "Flying Machine" started from the Sign of the Blazing Star, on its two days trip to the City of Brotherly Love. And that night, she felt a very desolate little being, indeed, and early creeping into her big, curtained, mahogany bed, sobbed herself to sleep, with the buff and blue cockade pressed close against her heart.



"WEeping NIobe."—Page 110.

CHAPTER XIV.

QUAKER DAYS.

“ My school-boy days, my school-boy days,
Oh! how they flit across the mind,
With all their little garish plays,
Like some bright vision, far behind.”

“ WINTHROP MELVILLE, I am pleased to see thee.” The words fell soothingly on the ear of the boy when, having been landed in Philadelphia, he found himself standing before a modest little bookstore in Laetitia Court and a woman, in the severe garb of the Society of Friends, stepped forth to meet him. As, too, a pair of bright, dark eyes beamed on him lovingly from the placid face in the close muslin cap, he threw his arms around her neck crying impulsively,—“ You are my Aunt Prudence, I am sure, and are just what father said you were.”

“ I trust, then, that Thomas has not been too profuse in his praise, or thee may be disappointed. We are plain Friends, Winthrop, and lead very quiet lives, but we shall do our utmost to make thee content. Is that thy dog?”

“ Yes. This is my pet True, and he is the best beast that ever wagged a tail. I hope you do not object to my keeping him.”

Prudence Halliday looked somewhat doubtful, but she only said,—“ Well, we will consult thy uncle Josiah,” and led the way to an apartment in the rear of the shop, the floor of which was carefully sanded while it was most simply furnished with a square table and chairs of red wal-

nut, a rush-bottomed rocker, a settee of unpainted pine—that could be transformed into a bed at night—and an open Franklin stove (a heating apparatus just then coming into vogue). But all was spotlessly neat and clean and the white muslin curtains at the windows were like drifted snow. A middle-aged man, wearing a drab “banyan” or dressing-gown, sat there poring over a book. Nor did he notice their entrance until his wife laid her hand on his shoulder saying,—“Josiah, Thomas’s son has arrived from Boston town.”

Then, however, he arose at once and gave the lad a cordial shake of the hand and a few hearty words of welcome. But, he too, glanced dubiously at the Newfoundland. “I hope thy animal is not a prodigious eater,” he finally remarked; “for provisions are becoming very scarce and high.”

“Oh, no,” Winthrop assured him. “Some scraps from the table and a meat bone now and then quite satisfies True; while if I may, I will build him a house, myself, out in the back yard.”

“Very well, very well. He shall stop if we can keep him. Now, the supper is on the table, so set thee down and partake.”

The meal was a frugal one, consisting chiefly of balls of batter known as “pop-robbins,” dropped into boiling milk; and a loaf of gingerbread to top off with; and soon after the board was cleared, two more elderly “studies in grey” appeared who were presented to Winthrop as “Caleb and Bathsheba Scattergood.”

The lad was at once attracted by the genial, almost jovial, smile irradiating the rosy, wrinkled countenance of the old man, and by the twinkle in the eyes under the broad-brimmed felt hat, as he greeted him with,—“How does thee do, Winthrop? I hope thee is well, my son. So thee

comes hither from that bloody town of Boston where knocks are being given for American liberty! Well, I pray that our men may get the best of their enemies."

"Caleb!"

The name shot like a cannon-ball from the lips of his wife. "Thee forgets thyself! Such words are not seemly for a peaceful Friend. We have naught to do with the strife and discord of the world."

"Mayhap not now, Bathsheba, but we are like to have before this struggle is over. By the way, Josiah, what think thee of the new paper money, issued by the Continental Congress? They say no one is allowed to decline it. Will that work us good or ill?"

"Ill, I do greatly fear. Things were bad enough before, this may mean ruin."

"Then thy trade is not looking up?"

"Nay, it is worse if anything. Folks can scarce buy necessities, why should they indulge in the luxury of books! I have been forced to run a little in debt, Caleb, and my heart is heavy within me."

The tone of his uncle's voice and the sigh that accompanied these words touched Winthrop to the quick, but the old Quaker responded cheerily,— "There, fret not thyself, friend Halliday! When Congress meets again, thy wares will be more in demand, and now thee has this fine lad to be a comfort and an assistance to thee."

"Aye. His coming seems a godsend, for Thomas Melville pays liberally for him."

"Good! And, of course, he is to go to school! Where will thou send him? To the fine Griscom Academy without the town?"

"No, that is too far off. I was thinking of the Friend's School in South Fourth Street. The head master, John

Todd, is a scholarly man and well versed in the training of youth."

"But uncle," put in Whinthrop, "I am afraid I can never remember to say thee and thou."

"That is not absolutely required of those pupils who are not from the families of Friends."

Meanwhile, Bathsheba had laid aside her straw "beehive" bonnet and she and her hostess were deep in converse regarding "Yearly," "Quarterly," "Monthly," and "Preparative" meetings, interspersed with receipts for cucumber pickles and criticisms on a "sister" who had paid a visit to England and returned with gold "temple spectacles."

"I fear that Charity is waxing worldly," said the elder Quakeress, "for I noted an edging of lace on her neck handkerchief last first day, and this morning I met her with a sprig of Jerusalem cherry stuck in her bodice."

"Well, I have pinks and snowballs in my little garden and, in the sixth month, it was quite gay with roses," replied Prudence. "Surely, too, all spectacles are more for use than ornament."

"Ah, Prudence, thee was not born and bred a Friend though I verily believe thee hath acquired the 'innerlight,' sighed Bathsheba, shaking her head. "But the discipline is decisive on this matter. No consistent Friend should wear jewelry of any description and you must surely concede that gold-bowed spectacles are jewelry. As for flowers, I wish they were all drab."

This struck Winthrop as so absurd that he nearly giggled aloud and had to cover a laugh with a cough, when the strict old Quakeress suddenly turned upon him, demanding,— "Winthrop Melville, shall we see thee at Friend's meeting?"

He stammered that he supposed he should attend church with his uncle and aunt;—but was glad that, just then, Prudence noticed that he looked tired and proposed his

retiring to the neat little chamber prepared for him on the floor above. In spite, too, of the change in his life, he was soon sound asleep in the low, narrow poplar-wood bed painted a dull green.

Winthrop's first impressions of Philadelphia can, however, be best given by a letter he sent, by the post-boy, to Betty several weeks later. After giving a minute account of his trip in the "Flying Machine" and his reception in Laetitia Court, he wrote,—“The last first day of the seventh month, then, saw me sitting up very stiff and straight beside Uncle Josiah, on the men's side of the Market Street Meeting-House—and very much amused by the folks who came streaming in. Most of the men wore drab clothes of coarse wool, with horn buttons, and broad-brimmed hats with loops on the side; though a few wealthy ones had fine broadcloth coats and breeches, laced with silver and with silver-mounted buttons of conch shell. The women were quite as odd in their plain gowns and beehive, or waggon bonnets, but one young lady had her head covered with a black silk hood with long ends hanging down the front of the shoulder. Later, I learned that that was because she was a bride. The boys and girls looked like small men and women cut short, only one of the latter was a little beauty, in a chintz frock, and with a white beaver hat tied under her chin with silk cords. I let my eyes wander pretty often to where she sat on the women's side and several times caught a demure glance in my direction, when we all waited, still and mum as mice, for someone to speak, no sound being heard except the twittering of birds in the button-wood trees outside.

“Suddenly, the silence was broken by the funniest thing. A parrot, belonging to a Quakeress who lives next the meeting-house, came hopping in at the door and in a cracked voice, like a rusty gate-hinge, shrieked,—‘Hannah Roberts, Poll wants her breakfast,’

"Of course it was hustled out in a hurry and I did not dare laugh aloud, but I nearly choked and the girl in the white hat, after one look at me, buried her face in her handkerchief and shook like a bowl of bonnyclabber. Then came another period of silence, until Bathsheba Scattergood took off her bonnet and knelt down and, I must say, she made an excellent prayer, while everyone rose and the brethren uncovered their heads. After that, a very old Quaker stood up and preached a sort of sermon, but there was no singing; and at last, the leaders shook hands, we all did the same and the meeting was over.

"The next day, Uncle Josiah took me to the Friend's School and put me under Master Todd, who introduced me to the other teachers, of which there are four or five. Boys and girls go there together, and the first one I spied was my pretty little Quakeress. She knew me at once, smiled, and holding out a big yellow pear, said roguishly: 'Does Poll want her breakfast?' I laughed and took a bite, and so we became friends. Her name is Rebecca Coleman Fox, and she is named for her great grandmother who came over the sea when little more than a baby, with the earliest settlers of the town and dwelt here in a cave.

"'I remember great-grandmother quite well,' she told me at recess, 'for she lived until five years ago. She was very charitable, always ready to share her last sixpence with any beggar she met. They say that when a child, she was one evening sitting outside the cave taking her supper of milk porridge, and someone heard her say "Nay, thee shan't again." "Now, it is thy turn." "There, keep to thy part," and on going to look found her feeding a snake, giving him every other spoonful, but mildly reproving him when he was greedy and tried to sip from the bowl.'

"It is such a pretty little story, I thought I would repeat it to you, Betty, and it was prettier yet when Rebecca told it.

“The teachers in the school are as strict as Master Lovell was, and John Todd is more so. He would as soon flog a boy as eat his dinner. He hoists the culprit up across another boy’s back, and then lays on the lashes with a rawhide which stings for a whole day afterwards. I have not felt it yet, but even some of the girls have not escaped. Three little shavers had it yesterday for playing a prank on the Latin master. Robert Proud still sticks to a wig, and a very bushy one, though, as you know, most men now wear queues. These chaps wished to give him a hint to keep up with the mode, so what did they do but bore a hole in the floor over his class-room and let down a cord, to which a pin-hook was fastened. This they caught in the wig, and away it went clear up to the ceiling, where it hung looking, for all the world, like a big, black, hairy spider. Robert Proud fairly foamed with rage, and catching the little devils carried them off to the head-master, who sent them home with red eyes and smarting backs.

“But some of these young Quakers are fine fellows, and I have made several first-rate comrades among them, for I am the star runner in the foot races, and fairly good at ‘pitch-penny’ and ‘chuckers.’ They, on their part, have shown themselves vastly friendly, taking me to fish in Pegg’s Run, and promising that next winter they will teach me to skate ‘High Dutch.’

“In the evening I help in the shop or read some of the books, while I am learning to love Aunt Prudence more and more. But I fancy something is worrying her, though her Quaker composure is rarely disturbed. Uncle, also, looks sad and troubled, and seems to begrudge the spending of every penny. From what I can gather, I fear there is some obligation he will not be able to meet.

“True is bigger and blacker than ever, and we take him for fine swims in the river.

“I hope you find your New York home to your mind, and are happy at your school. Do you practice diligently on the harpsichord? My sedate Quaker friends think all musical instruments a device of the evil one.

“I enclose a letter from our father written to us both from the Cambridge camp, and full of good advice. You will see that he is going into Canada with Benedict Arnold, and that Joe Lovering is now a fifer in his company, though hoping for a berth on one of the naval vessels being fitted out. He must have learned to play *The White Cockade* at last.

“My respects to Aunt Dalrymple and our cousins, and pray return as long an epistle as this—which has been the work of many odd moments—to

“Your loving brother,
“WINTHROP.

“Third Day, Ninth Month, 1775.”

CHAPTER XV.

MADCAP PEGGY.

“ A little bit of a woman came
Athwart my path one day ;
So tiny was she that she seemed to be
A pixy strayed from the misty sea,
Or a wandering greenwood fay ! ”

EUGENE FIELD.

“ BETTY, here is a notice that may interest you ; ” remarked Penelope, one morning in late September ; and she read aloud from the semi-weekly *Gazette* :

“ This evening was married at the seat of Thaddeus Burr, Esq., at Fairfield, Connecticut, by the Reverend Mr. Elliot, the Hon. John Hancock, Esq., president of the Continental Congress, to Miss Dorothy Quincy, daughter of Edmund Quincy, Esq. of Boston. Florus informs us, that in the second Punic war, when Hannibal besieged Rome and was very near making himself master of it, a field upon which part of his army lay, was offered for sale, and was immediately purchased by a Roman, in a strong assurance that the Roman valour and courage would soon raise the siege. Equal to the conduct of that illustrious citizen was the marriage of the Honourable John Hancock, Esq., who with his amiable lady, has paid as great a compliment to *American* valour, and displayed equal patriotism by marrying now, while all the colonies are as much convulsed as Rome, when Hannibal was at the gates. ”*

*A verbatim copy of the Hancocks' marriage notice.

"Well, I must say she is a brave woman to wed a man with a price on his head!"

But the little girl heeded not this slap, and cried joyously, "Oh, is dear Miss Dolly really married? How I wish I could have been there, for I have never seen a wedding in all my life."

"This was likely a very quiet affair," said Lucile, "not at all like the big rout Lena Van Cortland is to have next month. That will be a marriage for you! Everything in high, hearty, Holland fashion, but exceedingly genteel."

"Peggy Van Arsdale is cousin to Miss Van Cortland," lisped Betty, half shyly, "and she said she would try and get an invite for me."

"Did she, indeed! Well, if she succeeds, you shall certainly go with Howard Francis and me," which kindly promise sent the small maid off with a light heart and skipping step to Mrs. Joy's School, where "Young ladies and children were introduced to or completed in their improvements in Reading, Arithmetic, Penmanship and Epistolary Writing;" as the circular announced. Here Betty had now been a pupil for five weeks, and her seatmate and bosom friend was, at present, one Margaret Van Arsdale, a little, merry-faced witch of a Dutch girl, who was dubbed by her companions "Madcap Peggy."

This morning, the lively lassie flew to meet her, exclaiming,—“It is all right! I have told Lena what a dear little Yankee Whig you are, and she says that to the wedding you shall be asked. She is going round to speak to Madam Dalrymple about it this very day.”

“Oh, goody, good! That is fine.”

“Isn't it? And I tell you, Betty, we will have fun, for Jack—my sailor brother—is to be at home, and always does the father say we are a team to make things spin.”

The bride-elect proved a girl of her word and, as the old

English lady truly desired to render her small kinswoman contented and happy, consent to an acceptance of the invitation was given, and a little frock of embroidered white lawn ordered, while Betty was fitted into a pair of "hollow breasted stays," which she thought terribly stiff and uncomfortable, but Penelope assured her that "pretty must hurt."

At this period, the Dalrymple mansion was a very popular dropping-in-place for the belles and beaux of the town, Lucile being a general favourite, and her mother most hospitable. Nor had political differences yet severed friendships as they did soon after. British officers, Sons of Liberty, and those with no particular bias, then, often gathered around the cosy tea-board in the drawing-room, and paid compliments to the young daughter of the house. It was plain though—even to the little stranger in their midst—that Lucile chiefly favoured Howard Francis, a well-born Englishman, who had studied medicine and who had come to make his way, as a physician, in the new world. He it was who was to accompany Miss Dalrymple to the Van Cortland wedding, and he readily agreed to take wee Betty, also, under his wing.

Eagerly, then, the child looked forward to the festal day, and it was ushered in by the arrival of the hair-dresser, at six o'clock in the morning, to arrange Lucile's hair over a cushion in a wonderful towering structure; but Miss Penelope wisely decreed that Betty looked far better with her simple, natural curls.

The ceremony was to take place at the Van Cortland homestead at three o'clock and, as the weather was somewhat threatening, they pattered off in their pattens and "camblets," never dreaming of having a carriage to convey them so short a distance.

"I feel like a thorn betwixt a full blown rose and a rosebud," remarked young Doctor Francis, as he gave an arm

to one and a hand to the other, and helped them over the gutters.

Peggy treated her friend to a most vociferous welcome, and proudly presented a spruce looking little "middy," in a short jacket and full "petticoat breeches," as "my brother Jack."

"And a Jack Tar at your service," he put in, with a comical grimace. "Really, Miss Betty, I am jolly glad to meet you, and Peg and I have been keeping a place where you can have a good view of the bride. Lena is worth looking at to-day—the trimmest craft a-float, and with all her sails spread. I bet her masthead is the highest in the fleet."

"Then I am afraid it will topple over," laughed Betty, glancing round at the exaggerated pompadours and spreading hoops of the damsels seated primly about the spacious apartment, flirting their huge fans and exchanging formal speeches with the swains in attendance, who fumbled nervously with their steel watch chains and shook out clouds of flour into the air whenever they moved their heads.

But, presently, in trotted two negro men, gay as flamingos in green coats, red breeches, blue stockings and yellow vests. These passed mahogany trays laden with bread and butter, nut-cakes, symbols and tiny cups of steaming chocolate. And not until the company was refreshed, did the gowned and bewigged parson take his station at one end of the room and the bridal party make its appearance.

First came two blushing maidens in white dimity dresses and top-knots, escorted by two dandies in scarlet; and behind them stepped the pretty bride. Her flaxen locks were, likewise, strained up over a cushion at least a foot above her scalp, well pomatumed and powdered and adorned with a single white rosebud. Her willowy form was braced up in a satin bodice, the smoothness of which was only rivalled by the skin-tight sleeves, while the shimmering



Mabel L. Humphreys.

"THE PRETTY BRIDE."—Page 122.

skirt was well extended at the bottom by an ample hoop. A filmy lace kerchief covered her neck and bosom and was fastened by a pin containing a miniature of her fiancé set in virgin gold—while tiny, white kid shoes, with high heels and pointed toes and all aglitter with spangles, peeped in and out from beneath her snowy petticoats.

“Oh, isn’t she lovely ; just like a white snow maiden !” breathed Betty softly.

“Yes, all rigged to set sail on the sea of matrimony,” chuckled saucy Jack. “But what ails the groom? He looks at half-mast and nearly scared out of his satin pumps. No wonder, though, poor chap ! since he spent all yesterday afternoon in the barber’s hands and sat up all night, for fear of mussing that elegant queue, standing out like a skillet handle.”

“But his clothes are monstrous fine, and the very tip of the mode,” said Peggy, gazing admiringly at the pale, limp young man’s full skirted coat of sky blue silk, lined with yellow ; his embroidered vest, white satin knee breeches, tied with pink ribbons, silk stockings and rich lace ruffles.

The Dominie’s air was so solemn as he united the couple in the “holy bonds of matrimony,” that Lena’s mother and spinster aunt snivelled audibly and he followed up the service, by a very long and serious address to which the young people listened impatiently.

But this over, there was a general rush forward to kiss the bride ; Pompey and Cato tuned up their fiddles, and the newly wedded pair leading off in a minuet, all the guests danced and romped until the collation was served. Jack executed a hornpipe which called forth a round of applause, and Peggy and Betty pranced round in jigs and hipsisaws as merry as grigs. As for Lucile and Doctor Francis, they kept straying off into quiet corners and had ears and eyes for no one else.

“Ladies and gemmans, please to walk in to supper,” announced Pompey, and holding out an arm to Betty, Jack said: “Let me steer you out.”

“But we ought to wait for Peggy. She has just run off somewhere.”

“Oh, she’ll follow after, never fear. A flibbertigibbit is Madcap Peg, but she won’t lose such a tip-top mess as this is to be.”

A “tip-top mess,” truly Master Jack, with fish, flesh and fowl all represented! Roast ducks and a fatted turkey, divided favour with smoking sirloins of beef and a pair of hams, decorated with stiff little sprigs of green box. A noble salmon hobnobbed with a dish of sausages and fried apples, and on each corner of the table rested a savoury pumpkin pudding surrounded by a ring of tarts. Quivering moulds of clear golden and crimson jelly were set here and there, while the crown of the bridal feast was a wedding cake on a stand in the centre of the board,—a cake as large as a bushel basket, rich with fruit, thickly covered with a coating of sugar and plentifully studded with flowers and ginger. Wine, cherry brandy and strong waters flowed freely and the health of “Lena and Ludwig,” was quaffed again and again.

“My stars! Never in all my life did I see so full and splendid a board!” ejaculated Betty in astonishment.

“No, it takes a Dutch vrouw to make a goodly spread,” responded Jack, just as Peggy came rushing in, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

“Lena’s bag I have stuffed with rice,” she snickered. “I have hidden some in the trimming of her new ‘skimmer’ hat and put three fistfuls in the pocket of Ludwig’s great coat. Then on the carriage in which they are to ride, I have tied white satin bows and for a month have been collecting old worn out shoes and slippers, so we can give them a bouncing send-off.”

“ Good for you, little Peg-top ! ” shouted her brother, and when the hour of departure arrived, the bride and groom had fairly to flee before the tornado of hard, white grains, raised by the three youngsters, while as they drove away in a one horse, square-top chaise, a shower of missiles sped madly after them.

“ Let us hope the children’s nonsense will really bring us bliss and prosperity, ” laughed good-natured Lena, dodging a flying boot.

“ Just a little more for good measure, ” cried Peggy as the bay mare turned the corner, and catching up a handful she flung it vigourously, not after the retreating vehicle as she had intended, but full in the face of Lucile Dalrymple who had turned and was re-entering the house. With a cry of pain the girl started back and then clapped her hands over one eye.

“ My dear one, are you injured ? ” cried Howard Francis in deep concern, and he quickly led her to a small ante-room. “ Let me see if I cannot cure the hurt. ”

A number would have followed them but a bridesmaid, after one peep within, pulled to the door.

“ Leave them alone, ” she said, “ the young doctor knows how to heal the smart. ”

“ Yes, ” replied her companion with a knowing smile, “ and they do say one wedding makes another. ”

That night tired Betty was all ready for bed when Lucile came into her room. She took her little cousin in her arms.

“ Is your eye better ? ” asked the child.

“ Oh yes, quite well. And, Betty, Peggy’s rice has brought some good luck already. My little injury startled Howard into a confession he intended to defer until he was more established in his profession. But I am glad he has made it and I am the happiest girl on all Manhattan Island. ”

CHAPTER XVI.

TRUE.

“ Old dog Tray ever faithful
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
And you'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray ! ”
OLD SONG.

“ PLEASE let them be buff and blue, Aunt Prudence. Buff breeches and waistcoat and a blue coat will make me feel that I am at least wearing my country's colours, though I am too young to carry a musket for her.”

Before leaving on the expedition into Canada, Captain Melville had sent money to purchase new clothes for his son and their hue and style was the important subject under discussion.

“ Very well, Winthrop. Thee is now old enough to please thyself in such matters,” said Mrs. Halliday. “ But buff soils easily and my choice would be a good, serviceable, Quaker drab.”

The boy made a wry face. “ I am not a Friend and do not see why I should dress like one.”

So he had his way and three Sabbaths later, walked forth as blithe a little Continental as ever wore a cocked hat.

Several of the leading brethren frowned when he marched into Meeting, but Rebecca Fox admired him intensely and whispered as they shook hands after the session. “ Thee looks like a veritable little soldier and thee is almost

as handsome as Reginald Burnaby, who is called the handsomest boy in Philadelphia."

"Confound Reginald Burnaby," muttered Winthrop, for there was a sting in the coy Quaker maiden's compliment, and he had no deep affection for the son of the British Colonel who was neighbour to the Fox family and often cast sheep's eyes at, or had a merry tilt of words with pretty little Rebecca.

Josiah Halliday, however, scanned the gay uniform very soberly. "Thee would have been wiser had thee bought cheaper attire and laid by a penny for a rainy day," was his only comment. For the saving of money was becoming a monomania with the bookseller.

But he had good reason, as was painfully proven when one day in the early part of January, Winthrop came home from school to find his aunt just recovering from a swoon and Bathsheba Scattergood administering a soothing draught.

"Oh, what is the matter! Is auntie ill?" he enquired in alarm.

Prudence hid her face with a low cry and it was the old Friend who told him,— "No, she has no physical ill. It is mental. Josiah has been taken to the Debtor's prison in High Street."

"What!" The lad stood aghast. Of such a misfortune he had never dreamed. "How long will he have to stay there?"

"Until the indebtedness be paid, of course. Sometimes debtors sell themselves out to work for a term of years and so raise the amount, but I fear Friend Halliday is too old and too weakly for that."

Prudence shook convulsively, and the boy went down on his knees beside her.

"Dear aunt," he whispered, "we will both work hard and save all we can. Ere long we can set my uncle free."

And his words were more consoling than all Bathsheba's ministrations.

So the eventful year of 1776 dawned sadly and drearily in Laetitia Court and the Winter and Spring dragged their weary length along—how wearily no one knows, to the poor prisoner in the stone "Marshalsea"—while stirring changes were taking place all throughout the colonies.

Joe Lovering wrote jubilantly to Winthrop of the driving out of the British from Boston and his own admission to the newly formed navy.

"Granny was in a mighty to-do," he said, "lest she should be shipped off to Nova Scotia like the Coffins and many other Tory folk, but our well-known patriotism saved her from that. As for mother, she is made of as good stuff as those old Spartan women Master Lovell used to prate so about. When I wanted to go with the army and was wishing I had a gun,—she agreed at once, saying—'Go, go! beg or borrow a musket or find one. Some coward will be running away; take his and march forward. Only remember! if you come back and have not acted like a man, I shall carry the blush of shame on my face to the grave.'

"So, armed only with my fife, I made my way to Cambridge and cheered the men with *Yankee Doodle* and *The White Cockade*, until a dying comrade willed me his firelock. Then I did a little execution with gun-powder and I can say without conceit, that not yet has my mother had cause to redden for me. Now, thanks to a good word from your father to those in authority, I have the promise of a berth in a new frigate just being built and hope to see a little action on the water, which suits me better than land.

"Wish you were going with me, old fellow, and how I have missed you and sweet Betty, no tongue can tell or goose-quill write."

“Lucky Joe!” groaned Winthrop “And here I must stop, studying history, when I long to have some little part in the making of it, tending shop and taking care of Aunt Prudence. Am I not to be pitied, True?” And he turned to his dumb companion for sympathy as was often his wont. Affectionately, too, the Newfoundland responded, looking up with his great liquid eyes and licking the lad’s hand as though to say,—“You have noble enough tasks for a boy of thirteen, little master.”

Again it was midsummer and the pinks and roses in the gardens budded and bloomed as radiantly as though the streets of the quiet city of Penn, were not rife with both Patriots and Royalists, and the Quakers were not holding many extra and protracted meetings, in order to learn the path in which it was most advisable for them to walk.

“Winthrop Melville, what think thee came to my ears last night!” said Rebecca Fox, as they met one morning at the school gate. “I heard Reginald Burnaby wager that he would own thy dog before the next new moon.”

“Indeed! Does Master Burnaby propose to steal True? For I know not how else he can get him.”

“Oh, no. He believes thee can be induced to sell him.”

“Then he counts without his host. My pet is not in the market.”

So Winthrop was not unprepared, when the following week, as he was taking True for a swim, he encountered the English youth on the river bank and that young aristocrat demanded in a half insulting tone—“Hey, there, Buff and Blue! Where did you get that beast?”

The blood flew to his cheek, but he answered with tolerable civility,—“If you are speaking to me, I raised him from a pup.”

“What will you take for him?”

“He is not for sale, Master Burnaby.”

“Not if I offer you three guineas for him?”

“No, nor four. True is worth his weight in gold,” and the boy clutched his pet fast by the collar, as though afraid he might be torn from his side.

But now Reginald's manner became more conciliating as he urged,—“See here, Melville, don't be a fool, I have taken a prodigious fancy to your dog and am ready to double the amount if necessary. So, take these and call it a bargain.” As he spoke, he drew six bright gold pieces from his pocket and held them out where they glittered temptingly in the July sunshine.

“Nay, nay. As I told you before, he is not for sale. Now go your way and let me go mine.”

“Miserable Yankee! That I will not,” cried young Burnaby, whose hot temper could brook no opposition: “I have set my heart on owning the brute and have a strong mind to send my father's men to confiscate him, in the name of his blessed Majesty, King George. Such as you have no business with a valuable thoroughbred! Though I warrant his meat is never paid for.”

“Never paid for! What do you mean by that?” asked Winthrop, now quite white with passion.

“Just what I say. It certainly looks suspicious when the nephew of a jail-bird can keep a big dog, while his uncle lies in the Debtor's prison. His keep might help give honest men their dues.”

“Zounds, but such insults can only be avenged by blows!” screamed Winthrop, doubling his fists and rushing upon his tormentor who, however, drew back and waved him off, saying—“Keep your distance, sirrah! How dare you lay a finger on the son of a British officer and the grandson of a lord! You shall be reported and locked up for this.”

“A fig for your lords and your king's men! I am an

American, and Americans dare to fight, as you and your Tory kin would know had they been in Boston!" And the peppery little Yankee struck out boldly from the shoulder, while True, seeing his master's warlike attitude, displayed his teeth in a low, ominous growl.

Another moment and the hot-headed youngsters clinched, and would have been down on the ground in a rough-and-tumble fight, had not an aged Quaker suddenly appeared upon the scene and separated them.

"Peace, peace!" he commanded sternly, laying a hand on each. "Is this a fitting time for quarrelling and brawling over private matters, when the country is trembling on the verge of a great crisis? Thee surely knows better, Winthrop Melville: while as for thee, Reginald Burnaby, thy father's rank should restrain thee."

Winthrop's eye still flashed, but the English lad with a glance at the dog, whose deep growls made him glad of any chance to withdraw from the encounter in an honourable manner, responded, "True, sir, I acknowledge I did forget myself for the moment. *Noblesse oblige*, of course. So, if my fiery antagonist is satisfied, I will bid you both good-day," and having brushed the dust from his silk camlet suit and lace ruffles, this tiny sprig of nobility tossed his handsome head and strutted off, with the haughty air he fancied so well became his station.

Meanwhile, the old Friend gazed gravely into Winthrop's flushed countenance.

"What would Prudence Halliday say, did she know thee had been exchanging knocks thus publicly with a Royalist?"

"I presume she would regret it, and certainly I do not wish to add to her troubles," replied the boy. "But, Caleb, he insulted my uncle as well as myself. He called him a jail-bird, and I could not let my own kith and kin be so termed."

"Wrong, indeed, was that!" said Friend Scattergood,

his cheery face more solemn than Winthrop had ever seen it. "But two wrongs never made a right! Mayhap, Reginald Burnaby did not know that Josiah was unfortunate, and not wicked. He had much to contend with, and struggled long and bravely. When the hard times came, it was a cruel deed to consign him to the Debtor's prison. It was the work of an enemy."

"Yes, and for so small a sum. It is monstrous large, though, to aunt and me, who are toiling to pay it off. We scrimp and scrape, and buy but little, yet the amount increases very slowly in the 'debt box,' and sometimes I almost fear Aunt Prudence will pine away and die before his freedom is accomplished."

"Aye, aye," sighed the old Quaker. "The times are dark, and the hand of the oppressor is heavy in the land! Who would know our peaceful town with the red coats turning everything topsy-turvy? Bathsheba censures me constantly, but I cannot help praying that we may soon throw off this British rule. By the way, Congress has been considering that very question for the past two days, and they tell me Thomas Jefferson has drawn up a prodigious fine declaration of independence. Thee knows I am bell-ringer at the State House, and I wish, Winthrop, thee could make it convenient to come there to-morrow, so when all is decided, thee can'st receive the first news from the door-keeper and give me the signal whether to ring the great bell or no."

"Why, Caleb, of course I will. It is a holiday, and I shall be glad to be of use to you."

"Thank thee, my son, I will pay thee a shilling for the job."

"And do you think they will really dare to declare our independence?"

"Many say not, but I believe they will. There are great and wise men in yonder Council, and then the motto on

the great bell I have rung so many years seems verily prophetic—'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!' The Lord grant it may do it!" and the aged Friend's countenance glowed with divine enthusiasm.

"Oh, I hope so; I hope so," responded Winthrop, heartily. "But now I must start for home. There is no time to give the dog his bath to-day. Good-bye. Come, True," and with the Newfoundland at his heels, he scampered back to Laetitia Court.

As they sat down to supper, he thought Mrs. Halliday was looking paler and more downcast than usual.

"Has anything gone wrong, Aunt Prudence?" he enquired.

"Nothing new; only the landlord has been here for the rent, and I have had to draw on the 'debt box' again. Every penny I take out seems like a step further away from your uncle. Oh, I wonder if we can ever save the price of his freedom!" and two tears rolled down her cheek.

They seemed to fall right on Winthrop's sensitive heart, but he answered, with more hopefulness than he felt:

"Of course, we shall. Cheer up, dear Auntie! I have determined to leave school at the end of this quarter, and can then earn many a sixpence. Why, only just now, Caleb Scattergood promised me a shilling if I will wait at the State House door to-morrow, to give him the signal if independence be declared."

"And if it is, poor Josiah will hear the ringing, and know it means liberty, but not for him." And the unhappy woman sighed heavily, as she went into the shop to wait upon a customer.

The lump in Winthrop's throat seemed to prevent his swallowing, and he ate but a small portion of the savoury stew, giving, by far, the lion's share to True, who devoured it with great gusto.

As he licked the plate, Mrs. Halliday came back. "That dog eats as much as two men," she remarked,

"But he is such a dear, noble fellow, aunt, and I love him so!"

"I like him, also, but I wish his appetite was less;" while through Winthrop's mind flashed the young Britisher's words, "Such as you, have no business with a valuable thoroughbred."

"Was it so? Was it his duty to sacrifice his beloved companion and playfellow for the sake of the uncle languishing under the shadow of the law?" He tried to put the thought away, but the idea seemed to haunt him all the evening, and made him wretched whenever his pet looked up into his face with his big, adoring eyes.

"I shall keep True in my room to-night," he said, when ready to retire; and happily, the great, shaggy creature stretched himself out beside the low poplar bed.

It was long before the boy fell asleep, and then he awoke during the night, to hear Prudence Halliday sobbing bitterly in the next room. Well he knew that she was thinking of the man in the prison cell, and also, that the six guineas would appear to her like half-a-dozen seven-league strides towards her husband's freedom.

"O, True, True! I am afraid we shall have to part after all!" he groaned, slipping out on the floor and throwing himself down by the animal, which was the last remaining link betwixt him and his early home. "Aunt Prudence has been so good to me, I cannot let her die of grief."

And then and there, with his arms around the dog's neck, he made up his mind that—although he could not endure another interview with overbearing Reginald—he would go to Colonel Burnaby, whom report declared to be "a genial, whole-souled, Old England man," and offer him the Newfoundland on his son's terms,

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

“That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamourous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened, still is living, ever young !
When we greet the smiling sunlight,
On the Fourth of each July ;
We will ne'er forget the bellman who, betwixt the
earth and sky ;
Rang out loudly Independence,
Which—please God—shall never die.”

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.

BRIGHT and warm to sultriness, dawned the fourth day of July, 1776, and Winthrop was astir betimes to don his suit of buff and blue, and be off to the State House. He had no opportunity to consider his resolution of the night, for, early though it was when he bade his aunt and True “good-bye” and started forth, the streets were already filled with eager, excited groups, and a feeling of hushed expectancy seemed brooding over the entire town.

“I want to be in good season, so as to see the Congressmen arrive,” he thought, and he was glad to find Caleb there before him, seated in his little, high belfry, and ready to point out the illustrious Patriots as they came sauntering along, one by one.

“Look,” said the bellman, “the first to be on hand is the Virginian, Richard Henry Lee. He it was who introduced the resolution ‘that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States ; that they are ab-

solved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.'” And the old man rolled the words off his tongue as though he had learned them by heart, and they were pleasant to the taste.

“He looks like a fine gentleman,” commented Winthrop.

“He is all of that, every inch of him. But take particular note of the tall man, with red hair! The one who carries a roll of manuscript in his hand. That is Thomas Jefferson, and I dare say he is holding the very declaration they are now considering. Following him, is our good citizen, Benjamin Franklin, and yonder, just turning the corner, is——”

“Oh, I know! I know!” screamed the boy, leaning far out of the little belfry window. “It is Samuel Adams,—‘Malster Sam’ we used to call him in Boston. And bless me! if there isn’t John Hancock!”

“To be sure it is. Dost thee not know that he is president of the Congress?”

“It is so good to see someone from home. I wonder if Miss Dorothy can be with him;—Mrs. Hancock, I mean.”

“Some gossip told Bathsheba that his wife was here. They are stopping not very far from thee, in the old Slate House, the former home of William Penn, in Laetitia Court. The person walking with him is Charles Thomson, secretary of the Congress;” and then Caleb continued to name in quick succession as they appeared in sight, Roger Sherman, William Ellery, Charles Carroll and the rest of the now famous fifty-six. “A vastly fine, thoughtful set of men, are they not?” he concluded.

“Yes, yes,” cried the boy quite carried away by the excitement of the moment. “And I am certain they will do whatever is best for the country.” Then, descending, he took up his station close to the State House door and

patiently waited and watched, while Chestnut Street became one seething, surging mass of humanity, beneath the scorching July sun.

Peddlers hawked cakes and other small wares around, and some negroes tried to win a few pennies by playing on home-made guitars, manufactured out of gourds, but many wearied and wandered off to the Old London Coffee House, or the Indian King Tavern where "mine host" Biddle did a thriving business that morning. Tired children cried and women fainted from the heat and were borne away by kindly hands. Still our loyal little Yankee stuck to his post, though the hours seemed to drag on leaden wings and it was most depressing to hear on all sides—"Never will they dare to sign such a paper! Never in this world!"

About noon there was a slight commotion and a determined, four-footed creature came pushing its way through the crowd. With a cry of joy Winthrop recognised True, bearing in his mouth a little basket of luncheon prepared by Prudence Halliday and faithfully brought by the trusty animal. Quickly, the dog discovered his master and laid the burden at his feet and, as the boy patted the noble black head, he could not restrain a moan of "Oh, dear, dear True, how can I ever bear to part with you! If there was only some other way to help my poor uncle!"

The sandwiches and ripe red cherries, however, proved most refreshing and soon revived his lagging spirits and, by the time True had trotted back with the empty basket, he was again the patriotic little American ready to forget his own private woes in suspense for the country's good.

And, at last, shortly after two o'clock, the great doors swung open and the keeper whispered a few words—words fraught with the fate of nations—in his ear.

Then, uttering a triumphant cry and his eyes glittering with enthusiasm, Winthrop bounded out onto the pavement,

clapped his hands and shouted! "Ring, Caleb, ring! Independence is declared!"

Instantly, the old Quaker seized the rope attached to the massive bell and forth its ponderous tongue sent iron music floating on the soft summer air and proclaiming—"Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

The debtors heard it in their gloomy cells and bowed their heads and wept. Prudence Halliday heard it and thought,—“Oh, that it might also ring freedom to those in the grasp of the law!”

Dorothy Hancock heard it and cried: “Bravo, John! So you and your brother rebels have carried the day! And now to drive the British lion out of our American jungles!”

Rebecca Fox heard it and called through her neighbour's fence—"Listen to that, Master Red Coat! Dost thee understand that we are no longer subjects of King George?" At which Reginald Burnaby laughed contemptuously and retorted: "Let your high and mighty leaders declare all they like! They will find it another matter to maintain their vaunted independence, with their rag-tag army, against his Majesty's gallant regulars!"

But what a thundering burst of acclamation went up from thousands of throats, while couriers and post-boys were sent scurrying in all directions with the gladsome tidings. Cannon roared, bonfires blazed, and by evening the City of Brotherly Love was one carnival of banquets, gay illuminations and mutual congratulations.

Caleb Scattergood was so jubilant that he doubled Winthrop's well earned shilling and, with a fleet foot, the lad sped home and threw the silver in his aunt's lap.

"Thank thee, dear boy," she said gratefully and the smile which shone on her face as she dropped the coins into the debt box, made his heart bound and he thought "If two

shillings can make her look so pleased, what would she say to six golden guineas !”

“ But the best part, Aunt Prudence, is that we are now free and independent colonies with no king to say what we shall and shall not do. Father will rejoice, I know.” And, while sustained by the spirit of the occasion, he at once went out, fastened a chain around True’s neck and, after one little farewell moan, led him away to the Burnaby mansion, in Front Street.

At the entrance he encountered a young lieutenant in a scarlet uniform, who was just leaving the house, and he informed him that Colonel Burnaby was not within. “ He has ridden out to the Barracks on important business and, I happen to know, is too much engaged to receive visitors.”

There was no help for it, so, with a supreme effort, Winthrop asked : “ Then—then, may I see Reginald Burnaby ? Yesterday, he offered to buy my thoroughbred Newfoundland. I refused ; but I am now ready to sell him, if he be of the same mind.”

“ As a sacrifice on the altar of Liberty ?” sneered the officer scornfully, but coming closer to the truth than he deemed. “ Well, you cannot conclude your bargain to-night, for, only five minutes ago, Master Burnaby started out to see and scoff at this ridiculous illumination of the city. You might call in the morning, if you so please, but it is pretty certain that after to-day, he will want no Yankee curs of *any sort*.”

The tone, even more than the words, made Winthrop’s blood boil. “ Take care,” he retorted, “ the Yankee curs, you so despise, may soon nip all ‘ lobsters ’ heels.”

Then, turning, he hurried quickly off, thinking that it was too hard lines and more than he could endure, to give up his precious pet to these saucy enemies ; and yet, who

else did he know, in these uncertain times, who would pay six guineas for a creature, that, "ate as much as two men?"

"Hello, Winthrop! Come and help us make a bonfire," shouted two of his schoolmates.

But he shook his head and hastened on, scarcely heeding the decorations and merry tumult on all sides.

At the door of the little book shop Prudence Halliday met him, her countenance glowing with a curious, uplifted look, and her manner betraying some new and strange excitement.

"What is it?" he almost gasped, fearing some fresh misfortune.

For answer she flung open the door of the living room and there, in the soft light of the green mould candles, sat the familiar figure of a man.

He looked, and rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Could it be? Yes, there was no mistaking the rough, grey-streaked hair, the bent shoulders and almost shabby Quaker garb.

"Uncle Josiah!"

"Aye, lad; back once more, like a bad penny," and a thin, white hand was held out for him to shake. "Thee art surprised, but this is a goodly night for Prudence and for me, since in honour of this birthday of American Liberty, our wise rulers have opened the Debtor's prison and set all the prisoners free." *

"Huzza! huzza!" shrieked Winthrop, tossing up his hat. "I shall love that old State House bell as long as I live."

But it was not until they were gathered around the supper table that he realised all this unexpected action of Congress meant to him. Then, throwing down the spoon with

* A historic fact.

which he was eating strawberries and cream, he suddenly exclaimed, "Hip, hip, hurray! Now I won't have to sell True!"

"Sell True! What dost thee mean?" asked his aunt, and in a few brief words he told her of his recent intention and how it had been frustrated.

When he closed, an appreciative tear glistened in Prudence's eye and she stooped and kissed him, while Josiah said: "Bless thee, my son, for the generous thought. Thee is a boy of whom thy father may well be proud. But glad am I, indeed, that the sacrifice is no longer required. Keep thy dog. He is a noble beast and shall be one of our family so long as we have a roof to cover us and a morsel of food upon our board."

So True was petted and caressed, and four days later—on the 8th of July—stood, adorned with a knot of the Continental colours, beside his master who was one of the audience assembled before the observatory, erected originally in order to observe the transit of Venus.

And ever after, the urchins of the town loved to tell how Winthrop Melville's dog wagged his tail and barked his canine approval when, from the platform of the frail structure, Captain Hopkins of the Navy read aloud the newly framed Declaration of Independence to the cheering and enthusiastic multitude.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PEGGY'S PRANK.

"Your waiting-woman, Mistress Prue,
Has more and deeper wit than you;
She knows precisely what to do."

R. H. STODDARD.

THE momentous year of 1776, proved almost as uncertain and depressing in New York as in Boston and Philadelphia, everyone feeling that he was standing over a volcano which might break forth at any moment, and when in the month of April, Washington and Putnam brought their forces to defend the city against the attack threatened by the British, under General Howe, Madam Dalrymple became so nervous that she proposed retreating into the country. Her brother and daughters, however, persuaded her that it was far wiser to stay and protect their property, as long as possible.

"There is no absolute danger at present," said Mr. Dan, "and I warrant his Majesty's men will very quickly rout these treasonable rebels and establish themselves on Manhattan Island. Then as avowed Loyalists, we will be in a fine position here, much better and safer than in the suburbs, which are exposed to the ravages of cowboys, skinners and a horde of marauders."

So they remained and Betty pursued the even tenor of her school life at Mistress Joy's where—as at home she had to keep her tongue pretty tight between her teeth—she, Peggy Van Arsdale and a few other girlish Whigs would, on the sly, drink success to the "Buff and Blues,"

in raspberry cordial and orange-flower water, smuggled into the seminary for the purpose. At this time, too, she constantly wore Washington's cockade pinned inside of her frock and one day Lucile discovered it.

"Why Betty, what is this?" she demanded.

Instantly, the little maid was on the defensive and, grasping her treasure, cried almost wildly: "It is mine, General Washington gave it me himself, and you shall not dare to take it from me."

"Hush, hush! I am sure I have no desire to do so," replied her cousin; sorely amazed by this vehement outburst from one generally so mild and tractable. Then she added quietly and almost sadly, "I only wish I had the right to wear one, too."

"You do, Lucile?" And now it was the child's turn to open her eyes wide in astonishment.

"Yes—no. Oh, I do not know what I wish! Betty, I am torn two ways. Yonder is my dear and only brother fighting for his King, but I feel—I feel that the Americans have truth and justice on their side. Then, Howard Francis—my Howard—Englishman though he is, says if he followed his convictions, he should cast in his fortunes with the Continental Army."

"Oh, good Doctor Francis! I hope he will."

"Don't say that, dearie, don't say that! for it may mean heartbreak to me. Never I am sure, would my family consent to my marriage with a rebel. But list! Not a word of this must be breathed to a living soul; for not yet has he made up his mind."

"I am only ten, Cousin Lucile, but you can trust me;" said Betty earnestly and sealing the promise with a loving kiss. For, "the times that tried men's souls," also made children old beyond their years.

But as the days glided on, the older girl waxed sadder

and paler until, when independence was actually declared, she broke down and took to her bed for a week.

"I do not see what ails Lucile," remarked her mother anxiously. "Never have I known her so run down and poorly."

"It is likely the hot summer weather, and the worry and excitement all around us," replied Penelope. "Perhaps, though, she had better take my place and go with you to visit the Colcrofts at Flatbush."

But to this Lucile would not agree. "No," she said, "it was you, Pen, who were asked and I shall be better and more contented here with Betty and Uncle Dan, while we will have Peggy Van Arsdale come and stay a few days to brighten us with her merry tongue and funny ways."

So it was Miss Graham who, early in August, accompanied their mother on her annual visit to some very old English friends living on Long Island, as this year Mr. Dan Dalrymple could not be induced to leave home, being hand in glove with all the leading Tories of the city and constantly attending secret meetings.

"I am glad it is holiday time," said Betty, when to her intense satisfaction, Peggy accepted the invitation to spend some days with them. "Now we need do nothing but play and read and Doctor Francis says, he will take us all round the town to see the new fortifications,—McDougall's and Coenties Battery and the breast-works down on Beekman and Peck slip. I only wish we had a fine horse to ride, like that pretty young girl stopping in General Putnam's family."

"Yes," cried Peggy, "isn't she a beauty, and doesn't she ride well? People wonder at the Putnams having her there, since she is the daughter of a British officer. But her father was alarmed for her safety, so they took her in out of the kindness of their hearts, as she is only fifteen,



Mabel L. Humphreys.

"BETTY OVERHEARD ONE OF THOSE PLOTS."—Page 149.

three years older than I. Her name is Margaret Moncrieffe, and they say that elegant young aide-de-camp, Aaron Burr, is head over heels in love with her."

"What do two little curly pates like you know about such things?" laughed Lucile, coming in at the moment. "Now I want you to help beat eggs for the cake I am to make. Uncle Dan has invited some of his friends to supper to-night, so I hope it will be extra light. The gentlemen will have to put up with little Pinky's waiting, however, for Nancy will be busy preparing the canvas-backs and green corn pudding, and, as you know, Chloe has gone as maid with mother and Pen out to Flatbush."

That very afternoon, Doctor Francis redeemed his promise to take the little girls for a walk and point out the war-like defences which made New York like a fortified city.

On the way they met little Miss Moncrieffe riding with Major Burr, and paused to admire the blithe young equestrienne, and her fine seat in the saddle.

"She looks clever as well as comely," remarked Betty.

As too, they were passing one of the field-works on the East river, their attention was attracted by a company of men in semi-Indian garb. Their shirts, made with double capes and fringed along the edges and seams, were of coarse linen, and their breeches of buckskin. These were secured around the waist by belts of wampum in which were thrust tomahawks and skinning knives, while across their breasts they bore the motto, "Liberty or Death." Moccasins, also of buckskin, and ornamented with squaw-work done in beads and stained porcupine quills, covered their feet, and each soft round hat was adorned with a single feather. Shoulder belts supported the canteen, bullet-pouch and powder-horn.

"What comical, blood-thirsty looking creatures!" laughed Peggy. "I should not like to meet them in the dark."

“Neither, I fancy, would King George’s men,” said Doctor Francis, “for those are the best marksmen in the Yankee army. They are most of them backwoods hunters from Pennsylvania and the Southern states. Just observe the fire-lock they use. It is the Swiss rifle, and far more deadly than the smooth bore musket which you Americans dub ‘the Queen’s Arm,’ and we English call ‘Brown Bess.’”

Just then one of the grotesque riflemen eyed them closely, stepped forward, and with an unmistakable New England accent drawled, “Lorsey massey! I’ll vum, if that ain’t little Betty Melville from Bosting, large as life, and twice as nateral!”

And to her companions’ intense surprise, in another moment the dainty child was hugging this uncouth being, and laughing and crying almost hysterically.

“It’s Fly! Our own dear, funny old Fly!” she exclaimed, “if he is rigged out like a savage.”

“Savage, do you call it?” chuckled Fliakim, when, the first flush of astonishment over, he was presented to Doctor Francis and Peggy. “Why, bless you, I’m as stuck up as a peacock over this ere Injun toggery. It was give to me ‘cause I showed myself as good a sharpshooter as any o’ them crack shots from Virginy an’ the Carlinas. General Washington thinks a heap of us riflemen, an’ they talk of sendin’ us aout to Richmond Hill as special guard raound the headquarters thar.”

“It’s rather a pictursque costume, and I should imagine much more light and comfortable for soldiers than heavy cloth uniforms and stiff collars,” commented Doctor Francis.

“You can bet it is. Them redskins aint sech dumb fools! They know a thing or two it don’t dew a white man any hurt to foller. On a long march their jerked venison an’ rockahominy can’t be beat. It’s easy to carry an’ drefful fillin’ fur the price. But I wouldn’t swap this rifle fur their

best bow an' arrow. Look, ain't she purty? With one of these, thar ain't a chap in our company who can't plug nineteen bullets out of every twenty, within an inch of the head of a tenpenny nail."

"Well, Fly, it is monstrous nice to know you are in New York," said Betty, "and you must come to King Street and see me if ever you have the chance."

"Thanky, miss, I'd admire to, fur I've a plenty to tell you abaout Hitty an' all the folks to hum. But law! thars that captin in a crimson sash abeckonin' to me, so I must be goin'. Good-bye," and with a wave of his bony hand, Fliakim started off faster than he had ever been known to move before.

"It seems to me Fly is spryer than he used to be," thought the little maid. "Army life has stirred him up."

On reaching home, Lucile met them with a distressed face. "I am in a sad quandary," she said, "for Pinky has been taken with a regular ague fit. An hour ago she was shaking and shivering like an aspen leaf, and now is burning up with fever, and a little flighty in her head. Who is to wait on the gentlemen at supper is more than I know, and Uncle Dan is so particular."

"Oh, let me," cried Peggy, "I am a famous waitress and, as I am about the same size as Pinky, if I black my face and put on one of her frocks, Mr. Dalrymple, with his near-sighted eyes, will never know the difference."

"Nonsense, you ridiculous elf! You could never carry it off," said Doctor Francis.

"Just you wait and see! Come and help me, Betty; we will show these doubting folks what a trim pickaninny can be made out of a Dutch girl."

And twenty minutes later, the mischievous witch re-appeared, her face, neck, and hands stained a rich chocolate brown, her short crop of black hair in tight little kinks all

over her head, and arrayed in a clean linen short gown and linsey-woolsey petticoat, belonging to Cook Nancy's half-grown and rather lazy daughter.

"Please, missus, is dis nigger spruce enough to sarve de fine British gemmans?"

Lucile laughed until she cried. "Nobody but Madcap Peggy would ever have thought of such a thing!" she exclaimed. "I only trust your mother will not be annoyed."

"O, no. She is used to my capers. Naught will she do, but shake her head and sigh: 'Another of Margaret's pranks! Is it that her wisdom teeth are never going to sprout!' For my part I shall find it a fine, jolly lark."

So, being at a loss what else to do, Miss Dalrymple had to let the roguish girl have her way and if "Uncle Dan" bestowed a thought upon the tiny waitress, it was only to wonder at the unusual nimbleness and deftness of the slow and heavy Pinky.

As for his guests, they all appeared engrossed with some subject weighing heavily on their minds and though little of import was said, a few, low words dropped here and there and sundry expressive gestures, made bright, little Peggy prick up her ears and put on her thinking cap.

When then, she had set Lucile's cake and a dish of fruit beside the wine on the table, and was leaving the room for the last time, she came to a standstill just without, at hearing one of the company say—

"Now, gentlemen, is the time to drink success to the loyal scheme we are to plan to-night! I give you the health of our sovereign liege, King George, and sudden death to his arch enemy, G. W.!"

The next instant, the door behind her was slammed violently shut and bolted on the inside.

Betty, sitting on the stairs waiting to laugh with Peggy over the well completed masquerading prank, was startled

by a small, dark figure suddenly precipitating itself upon her, gasping in frightened but determined tones,—“ Betty Melville, if you are a real, little patriot, come along, quick! Those men in there have some wicked Tory mischief on foot and you must find out what it is.”

“ But Peggy, how—how—can I ? ”

“ I will show you,” and almost dragging the child to a pantry connected with the dining-room closet by a square sliding window, through which dishes were passed, she whispered : “ You are so small and slight you can crawl in there. Do so at once, and listen—listen to every word, those treacherous red coats say. But, oh, pray be careful not to make a bit of noise or we are lost ! ”

Only vaguely comprehending what was required of her, Betty obeyed and there, crouched on a shelf among the china and delft ware, overheard one of those plots—of which there were so many during the revolutionary war—against the life of the Commander-in-Chief.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DISH OF PEAS.

“Cursed be the hand that fired the shot,
The frenzied brain that hatched the plot,
Thy country’s Father slain ;
Be thee, thou worse than Cain !”

R. H. STODDARD.

AGHAST with horror, Betty’s big brown eyes gazed into the equally frightened orbs shining in her companion’s dark-stained face.

“They are going to kill him,” she sobbed ; “going to kill that good, brave General Washington.”

“But how ?” demanded Peggy impatiently.

“By poison—poison mixed in a dish of green peas, which they say is his favourite vegetable.”

“When and where ? Did you hear that ?”

“Yes—I’m not sure,—they all talked so at once ; I think, though, it is to be day after to-morrow, at Richmond Hill.”

“How dreadful ! Oh, dear, oh, dear ! Whatever shall we do ! What is it, that two little slips of girls such as we, can do ?”

The clock ticked away three minutes of wondering, anxious silence and suspense. “We must tell Lucile,” said Betty, at last.

“What ? Why, Betty Melville, you are mad ! Tell a Tory like Miss Dalrymple, that her own uncle is planning this deed ! She would lock us in our room and likely rejoice at the death of such an enemy to the King.”



Habel L. Humphreys

"IS THERE ANY DANGER OF EAVES-DROPPING EARS?"—Page 151.

"I don't believe she would," and the child shook her golden head sagely. "Anyway, we must tell Lucile. She and Doctor Francis will know what to do."

In spite, then, of Peggy's fears and protestations, she insisted upon going and relating to her cousin the state secret that had come to their ears in such a curious manner. And to the small visitor's unbounded astonishment, Lucile appeared as distressed as they were.

"Never would I have thought it of Uncle Dan," she sighed sadly. "But now, children, show how quiet you can keep you little chattering tongues."

Trinity's bells had long since chimed the hour of nine, when Doctor Francis, poring over a ponderous medical work in his little office, was startled by a tapping on the closed and barred window shutters outside.

"It must be a sudden case of illness that summons me at such an unwonted hour," he thought, as he hastened to open the door. What was his surprise, then, to behold a cloaked and hooded female form, which on throwing back its wrappings revealed the face and figure of Lucile Dalrymple, looking strangely white and drawn.

"My darling! what has happened!" he exclaimed.

"Hush," hissed the girl. "I have come for a word with you, alone; while Nancy—who was my escort—waits without. Is there any danger of eavesdropping ears?"

"None whatever. Step inside."

And for fifteen minutes, while the negress sat on the doorstep, grumbling and growling over "the misery in her back from bein' dragged out at such an outlandish time o' night;" her mistress was closeted in close converse with Doctor Francis.

"Peggy's prank seems Providential, does it not?" were her parting words; "and remember, if you succeed in warning General Washington, tell him, that if he needs someone

on whom to rely, among the sharpshooting riflemen is a most trusty Yankee, one Fliakim Sparhawk. At least, so says our wee wise Betty."

"Bless her bonny heart and sensible little head! Rest assured, too, dear one, that all in my power I will do; even as though I were an avowed patriot."

The next three days were long and anxious ones, indeed, to the three maidens in King Street. Mr. Dan was much from home and never dreamed that the scheme on which he and his Tory coterie set such high hopes was being thwarted by the innocent, demure little damsels, who warmly welcomed him on each return and eagerly enquired if any fresh news was stirring in the town. The morning after the fateful date, however, saw him very morose and low in his spirits; and the girls' hearts rose accordingly.

Nothing was seen or heard of Doctor Francis until, toward the close of the third day, he made his appearance, in company with the sharp-shooter Fly, who was remarkably well shaven and shorn.

"It's all right; all right!" he assured them, the moment they were ushered into the drawing-room and convinced that the coast was clear. "His Excellency is as safe and sound as a trivet, and sends you his most grateful and fervent thanks."

"Aye," chuckled Fliakim, "the doctor got thar in the nick of time, an' G. W. is worth ten dead men yet."

"Oh, do tell us all about it," begged Lucile. "Uncle is out, the servants busy below, and you may speak quite freely."

"Well," began Doctor Francis, "early on the morning after your visit to my office, I hied me off to Washington's headquarters. At first, the sentry was not inclined to admit me, but a few persuasive words, backed up by a silver argument, finally caused him to change his mind and I was

conducted into the General's presence. I tell you, Lucile, there is a man for you! Calm, dignified, with iron nerves. He received me most courteously, hearkened attentively to my communication and then said, 'My friend, I thank you: your fidelity has saved my life, to what reserve the Almighty knows! But now, for your safety! I charge you to return to your house and let not a word of what you have related to me pass your lips. It would involve you in certain ruin; and heaven forbid that your life should be forfeited or endangered by your faith to me.'"

"Oh, Heaven forbid, indeed!" cried Lucile, covering her face.

"Then he continued, 'I will take the necessary steps to prevent, and, at the same time, discover the instrument of this wicked device.' Of course I mentioned no names and how he made his investigation Fliakim will inform you."

"Yas, fur it was I who was called upon to dew a bit of play actin'!" drawled Fly. "I was considerable scared when an orderly came an' tole me the General wanted a word with me alone, an' my heart never stopped a thumpin' until he had explained the hull cussed plot an' axed me did I think I could rig myself up an' pass off for a woman. But I larfed an' said I'd try. So I hed my chin shaved, borried a short-gown an' petticoat an' done my hair up in a knot. Wal, Betty! ef I wasn't the very spit an' image of Mehitable I'll be eat for a flounder! Then, Washington posted me off to the kitchen, as assistant to the cook, to fix vegetables an' keep a weasel's eye on whatever might happen.

"I was sot to peelin' 'taters but I felt drefful queer with all that calico raound my heels an' I was jest thankin' the Lord I wasn't born a woman an' hed to wear petticoats, when another guard—but not a rifleman—poked his head in at the door. He was a nice lookin' young chap, who kinder spied around an' then went off. But, presently back

he came, an' loungin' up to the fire remarked, it was cool fur the season, an' pertended to be warmin' his hands. As he did so, I see him sprinkle some sort o' powder in a pot o' peas that was swingin' from a hook over the coals; at the same time, tew, he fell to shakin' an' shiverin' an' went out with a face on him like skim milk. You bet I made tracks, in a hurry, for the Ginerals' quarters, an' reported that Private Harold was the guilty man."

"What did Washington say?" asked Peggy, now quite breathless with interest and excitement.

"Oh, he looked sorry enuff. 'What, Harold!' he cried out! 'can it be possible, so young, so fair and gentle! Never would my suspicion hev fallen on him!' Then, turnin' to me he said: 'Thank ye, my fine fellow, you hev done your duty well! Now go join your comrades, an' be secret! which I did as fast as I could strip off that blasted female toggery.'"

"The rest," spoke up Doctor Francis, "I heard from one of Harold's own company. He says there was quite a party at dinner, and the Commander-in-Chief sat at the head of the board with General Gates on his right hand and General Wooster on his left. He looked sober, but held his peace until they were just about to commence, then lifting up his voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal for a few moments. Let the guard attend me.'"

"Everyone was amazed, but the men on duty that day were summoned and formed in line at one end of the apartment. Then Washington, helping himself to a spoonful of peas and fixing his eyes sternly upon Harold, asked: 'Shall I eat of this vegetable?' The youth turned ghastly pale and stammered,—'I don't know.'"

"'Shall I eat of these?' again demanded the General, raising some on his knife.



"I SEE HIM SPRINKLE SOME SORT O' POWDER IN A POT O' PEAS."—Page 154.

"With that the young soldier trembled more than ever and made a gesture as though to stop him. But that there might be no doubt, a chicken was brought and given some of the peas. It ate and, almost immediately dropped and rolled over dead. This was conclusive."*

"And what became of the poor young man?" asked Betty, the sympathetic tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, he," replied Fliakim, "fell down in a swoon an' I see him carried out to the guard house. Guess he's thar naow a-repentin' of his sins. Lorsey, massy, though, ain't I tickled that it was an old speckled hen swallowed that pisin stead of our General Washington!"

"Yes, for he is a noble gentleman," said Doctor Francis "and the very one to command a great army. But my little ladies, suppose you take Mr. Sparhawk down stairs to refresh the 'inner man,' while I have a few minutes conversation with Miss Dalrymple."

As the door closed upon the two, the physician took a seat beside his sweetheart.

"Dear Lucile," he whispered, "I trust you will bless my determination with your approval. It has been a hard struggle to decide that I ought to take up arms against my native land. But this interview with Washington has confirmed my convictions. From this day, I, my sword and whatever medical skill I possess, is at the service of the American leader and the Patriot army."

"O, Howard, Howard! Then what is to become of me!" And half fainting the maiden sank into his arms.

One month, later, however, the young Englishman, clad in the Continental uniform of buff and blue, fought bravely and well at the Battle of Long Island and, when the British

* The main facts regarding this plot against the Commander-in-Chief are historical. Washington was warned by a man named Francis who heard it through a young girl of New York.

entered and took possession of New York, he was far away, an outcast and fugitive from home and friends.

“What, Lucile! Not glad to welcome your brother back again?” cried the gallant young lieutenant, Fred Dalrymple, whom the triumph of war had landed once more in the bosom of his family. “I thought you would be the first to wave the Cross of St. George, and receive his Majesty’s troops with open arms!”

“So she would be, Fred, so she would be, but for one dastardly turncoat;” growled Uncle Dan,—“Howard Francis has joined the rebels, and for his sake she, too, is ready to renounce King and country.”

“Never with my consent,” declared Madam Dalrymple, firmly. “Lucile’s betrothal to Doctor Francis is at an end, and I have forbidden her to hold any intercourse with him whatsoever. To think of my child wedding a traitor!”

And this bitterness of the old lady’s was increased fourfold when, soon after, New York was swept by fire up Broadway and all along the water front, from Whitehall Slip to beyond the Bear Market, (about where Barclay Street is to-day) and it was rumoured on all sides that it was the Americans who applied the torch.

“But it wasn’t; I know it wasn’t,” sobbed Betty, earnestly, as she watched the flames from the gallery on top of the house. “Never would they be so cruel and wicked as to burn beautiful Trinity Church and turn so many poor people out of their homes,”

“Of course they did not do it;” replied Peggy Van Arsdale, heartily, and history, at a later date, has proved their childish confidence to be correct.

CHAPTER XX.

BETTY TO MERCY.

“The soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
Exults to feast on beauty's charms,
And drops the spear and shield :
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.”

JOHN ANDRÉ.

NEW YORK, 19, MARCH, 1780.

My dear Mercy :

Who would believe that nearly four years have passed, since I writ you a line or had one from you. But the carrying of a letter has been so difficult, and the postage so high, that not often have I taken my quill in hand or practised the epistolary writing in which we were so carefully drilled at Mistress Joy's. But now, Jack Van Arsdale, the sailor brother of my beloved friend Peggy, tells me the schooner on which he sails is like to touch at Boston, and has offered to bear a packet thither. So I purpose scribbling you a whole budget of news.

Can you realise, Mercy, that I am almost fourteen, while you must have already celebrated your sixteenth birthday? Not but that the years have been long and eventful enough, with all the trouble and bloodshed which has rent the country, as well as our hearts in twain! It is months since we heard aught of my poor father, and know not whether he be on earth or in heaven.

Winthrop is still with our uncle and aunt in Philadelphia, and is of vast assistance to them. But he chafes at having to guard his tongue with the Quakers, almost as much as I am obliged to do among my Tory relatives, whom I should much dislike to offend, as they are ever good and kind to me. Not all Quakers, though, are so given to peace, and Win sometimes has a chance to relieve his feelings to the bellman of the State House—Caleb Scattergood—who would surely shoulder a musket and march away with Clayton's Rangers, but for the influence of his wife—who abides strictly by the "Testimony," and the "Discipline," whatever they may be. A veritable Angel of Mercy, however, did this old Friend show himself at the Battle of Germantown, venturing into the very thick of the fight around Mr. Chew's house, to carry water to the thirsty, help to the wounded, and comfort to the dying.

My brother, too, seems to find much pleasure in the companionship of a little "Thee and Thou" maiden, named Rebecca Fox, and his epistles ring with her sayings and doings. She, likewise, is a red-hot patriot, and often has to go and put her head up the chimney and hurrah for Washington and Gates. It appears that when the British had possession of Philadelphia, several red coats were quartered in her father's house who, to tease her, threatened to "search the little black-eyed rebel's chest of drawers."

"And what dost thee expect to find there?" she enquired.

"Oh, treason," they declared, "we seek for treason."

"Then see," said Rebecca, "thee may save thyself the trouble. Thee can find plenty of that at my tongue's end."

Winthrop thought this so good an answer, that he told it me in a letter sent by special messenger, together with a small American flag, such as was recently made there by a Mrs. Betsy Ross, and adopted by the Continental Congress as the banner of the United Colonies. Always did dear

Daddy say that some day we should have a flag of our own. Have you seen one? It is so pretty, red and white stripes, and a circle of thirteen stars on a blue ground. I only dared show it to my Cousin Lucile, and now keep it snugly hidden away.

Poor Lucile! She is so changed since her betrothed, Doctor Francis, joined our American patriots and Aunt Dalrymple forbade her holding any communication with him whatever. It was hard when he was away fighting with Washington's army, but doubly hard when he was captured and brought right here into the city—a prisoner on parole. He is free to walk the streets and time and again has attempted to see her and has stopped me, begging that I would bear a message to my cousin. But Lucile will not disobey her mother. Never have I known a girl with so high a sense of honour.

“When Howard wants me to go to him,” she says, “I will choose between him and my family but, until then, there shall be nothing underhand betwixt us.”

But I know you will want chiefly to hear concerning your old friend Betty. “Well, dear, I was frightened enough when the British frigates, the *Rose* and *Phoenix*, sailed up the Hudson firing broad-sides upon New York and still more at the burning of 493 houses, three years ago last September. But, fortunately, our part of the city escaped, for which we were devoutly thankful. The English troops camped out in a veritable canvas town and certainly the flames did not soften their hearts, as was shown by the extreme measures they took with the young patriot, Nathan Hale, who was captured and brought in the very evening after the great fire. Uncle Dan scolded me for crying over a “confounded spy,” but I could not help it, he was so brave and so devoted to Washington and his last words—“I regret that I have only one life to lose for my country;” were so

pathetic. Penelope declares that, according to the laws of war he had to die, but, if so, that cruel jailor Cunningham, might, at least, have allowed him the clergyman and the Bible he requested, and need not have torn up his farewell letters to his mother and his sweetheart.

General Putnam was not so harsh with the young girl, Margaret Moncrieffe, of whom I think I wrote you in my last epistle. For Mercy, that clever maiden turned out to be a spy—a little British spy in petticoats—and it was her admirer, Major Burr, who first discovered that the flowers she painted so prettily to send to her friends had faint lines below them, showing the plan of the new defences and fortifications at West Point, where she and the Putnams were then stationed. It was proved, also, that she was in constant communication with Governor Tryon who, at that time, made his head-quarters on *The Duchess of Gordon*, a very fine vessel at anchor off Staten Island. They at once packed the young lady off to her father, in New Jersey, but she still lives to work more mischief with her bright eyes and ready wit.

Of course a great many Whigs have left New York, but the Van Arsdales remain in their homestead and the Tory folk are all as gay as though there was no war at our gates. The two last winters have been the coldest that ever I knew; the bay was frozen over for forty days, and hundreds of people crossed on the ice to and fro from Brooklyn and Pavonia. The difficulty of obtaining wood and coal made this very trying and we suffered considerably; while provisions have been almost as scarce as fuel.

Nevertheless, the belles and beaux enjoy no end of dancing, dining, dicing, and amateur theatricals, and how they do dress! Why, some of the macaronis' wear *two* watches; and dinner-parties are given at half-past four o'clock, with closed shutters and by *candle-light*. We had one such at

Christmas ; and oh, Mercy, I know now what a happy, holy festival that is and love it as well as though I had been born in Old England instead of New.

Do you remember the day we listened to the carol at the door of King's Chapel and Miss Coffin carried us off to feast on gingerbread and gave us our first Christmas gift ? She is now in New York and I saw her not long since at the John Street Theatre ; when she told me that Madam Davenant died during their exile in Nova Scotia—died, she verily believes, of homesickness and a broken heart.

This theatre is a little red building standing back from the street and approached by a covered way. The British officers made it into a play-house and often enact dramas there. Occasionally, Lucile and Fred take me with them and I did so like the burlesque of Tom Thumb, Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and a comedy called the "Beaux' Strategem." The best actor, I think, is Major John André who is a real Adonis, with his big hazel eyes and brown curls. Truly, Mercy, he is a dear, lovable, young man if he is a red coat, and I always try to see him when he comes to the house. He takes me on his knee and tells me all the nice things he can think of about the Royal family, though he acknowledges that, at times, King George is as mad as a March hare ; and describes all the lovely ladies and gallant knights in the Mischianza,—a grand tournament and fête which he helped to get up in Philadelphia. Then he has painted my portrait, for he is an artist as well as an actor, a poet and a soldier, while he can play the harpsichord in a manner to make you weep. He and I are monstrous friends, though he often twits me because I am such a staunch "little rebel" and like to slip over to Peggy's and help spin flax for the shirts to be given the men in the American army. He is a pet with all the grown-up girls but so brave and

manly withall, that Sir Henry Clinton has made him adjutant-general.

You will think I am captivated by a merry eye and a ready tongue, but Major André's heart is as kind as his face is beautiful and his spirits gay. One little incident I must tell you, which was related to us by some acquaintances who came in the other day from their country-seat on the Hudson River. It seems a foraging party made an inroad upon the settlement near them, and a company of Whigs turned out to oppose the men in quest of provisions. Among these were two young boys who, together with a few farmers, were taken prisoners and brought into the City. The little fellows were stricken with terror and, at sight of the dreadful prison (which is horrible) with its gloomy walls, grim guard and the crowds of haggard, wretched creatures at the iron windows, they fell to sobbing and wailing as though they were babies of five instead of lads in their teens. However, it did some good, for a richly dressed officer observed them, and stepping up took them by the hand and enquired: "My dear boys, what" makes you cry?" They stammered out that they were skeery, and homesick, and wanted to go back to their mothers and sisters."

"Well, well, my children!" he said, "don't cry, don't cry any more." Then, bidding the soldier who had them in charge await his return, he turned on his heel and hurried away.

Drying their tears the small urchins asked their jailor who that was. "Why," he replied angrily, "that is Major André, the adjutant-general of the army, and you may thank your stars that he saw you, for I suppose he has gone to the General to beg you off, as he has done many of your — rebel countrymen."

Sure enough, ere long he came back, his countenance glowing with gladness and called out—"Well, my boys, I've

good news for you! The General has given you to me to dispose of as I choose, and now you are at liberty. So run home to your fond parents and be good boys, mind what they tell you, say your prayers, love one another, and God Almighty will bless you." *

Was not that a rare fine deed for a red coat? And this is but one of many little acts which have made him beloved and admired by people on both sides.

Last year the small-pox raged in New York, and so many scarlet danger flags were hung out on the houses that Aunt Dalrymple despatched Lucile and me off to Flatbush, as the Colcrofts very amiably invited us there to be inoculated.

It was rather an uncomfortable month, but we had the kine-pox thoroughly, and now have no more fear of that infection.

But the latest scare is a sort of malignant fever, or "Shaking Sickness," as some call it. Penelope had a slight attack, and had to be well dosed with lemon juice and the salts of worm-wood. I trust our share of it will stop with her. Mistress Joy, being loyal to the King, continues her school, though her pupils are greatly reduced. I attended pretty regularly until this winter, but Mynheer Van Arsdale took Peggy away as soon as General Howe set foot on Manhattan Island. She studies by herself at home, but we frequently go together to see Sir Henry Clinton and his mounted troops take their daily gallop up Broadway, to the fields and back. This British Commander is a fat, pudgy little person, with a full face and a big nose. But his manners are very reserved and courtly.

Lord Cornwallis, who often rides with him, is likewise short but not so stout. He would be handsome, but for the constant blinking of his left eye. I fancy the looks of

* A true incident.

the big German General Knyphausen, he is so soldierly, and so is Colonel Abercrombie, but the latter is badly pitted by the small-pox.

The regulars certainly present a brilliant spectacle. Peggy admires most the grenadiers from Anspach with their towering black caps and the gaudy Waldeckers wearing cocked hats, edged with yellow scallops; but I like the Highlanders best. These are so picturesque in their tartans and kilts, their short red coats, low checked bonnets, bright stockings and bare knees. We never, too, can help laughing at the Hessians, they look so fierce in their towering brass-fronted caps, with their mustachios dyed with the same blacking which polishes their shoes, and their hair plastered with tallow and flour and twisted into a long whip. Their uniform is not unlike that of the Continentals, being a blue coat, yellow vest and breeches, and black gaiters. Together with the English red coats, they are a gay sight, and I vastly fear that our poor men, in threadbare apparel and blanket overcoats, can never be so imposing.

Better, though, than all these should I delight to behold the charming young Frenchman, La Fayette, who has come across seas to aid the cause of liberty. No doubt Joe has had this pleasure, for I hear the Marquis crossed in the frigate *Alliance*, on which Win writes me your brother has shipped and is seeing plenty of action. Always do I recall Joe so fondly, and you must give him Betty's love when you meet.

Do you know the whereabouts of our faithful, old Mehitable? It is long since we heard of her or Fliakim.

My best respects to your mother and to Granny Lovering. Trusting I have not wearied you with this lengthy effusion,

Your affectionate friend,
ELIZABETH MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XXI.

LUCILE.

“A sorrowful woman said to me,
‘Come in and look on our child!’
I saw an angel at shut of day,
And it never spoke—but smiled.”

THOMAS B. ALDRICH.

IT was Easter Sunday, and as bright and radiant as the Queen of Festivals ought to be, in spite of the cloud of infection hanging over the City, for the malignant fever had not been easily stamped out, and dread was turning timid hearts faint with fear. It waxed more and more virulent, and hundreds fell victims, slain suddenly and swiftly.

Still, from St. Paul's Chapel, standing alone, one steadfast landmark among the ruins and debris left by the conflagration of four years before, poured a goodly congregation of fashionable folk, at the close of morning service. Lucile Dalrymple, looking fair and dainty, though somewhat pale and fragile, in her gown of sheer sprigged lawn and new blue bonnet, stepped forth, with Betty at her side, nodding languidly to Alida Coffin who, in showy half-mourning, stood chatting to Captain Burnaby and his handsome son Reginald—they having found it best to leave the patriotic Quaker town for the British metropolis: to Major André beautiful as a young god in his rich attire, with the sunshine glinting on the wavy brown hair brushed straight back from his broad intellectual brow: to the gracious young matron who had been Lena Van Cortland: and to a host of officers, citizens and gaily garbed belles.

In striking contrast, then, to the worshippers in "brave, braw" Easter clothes, was the plainly dressed gentleman who emerged from behind one of the heavy pillars which support the portico and stood almost directly in their path, with uncovered head. He spoke not a word, but there was a world of pleading in his eyes.

"It is Doctor Howard Francis," whispered Betty.

Such a wave of love and tenderness swept over Lucile's features that the countenance of the young man lightened, but the next instant she had gained control of herself and, with only a slight bow, passed on.

"O, cousin, why not give him just one word," said Betty. "He looks so miserable!"

"And am not I miserable, too!" cried the girl, putting her hand to her forehead. "Desperately miserable! Every morning when I wake I wonder how I can live through the day. But—ah—" reeling backward—"I believe I am ill! Such a deathly faintness, and everything seems swimming around me!"

"Mercy, Lucile, do not swoon here in the street!" screamed Betty, thoroughly alarmed, and, throwing her arm about the tottering maiden's waist, she gently supported her home, and laid her on a couch.

At sight of her young sister, Penelope Graham's face almost rivalled hers in pallour, while when terrible convulsive quivers shook the delicate frame from head to foot, she turned away, gasping—"Oh my God! It is the fever! And seized in the very worst way!"

Madam Dalrymple caught the words, and with a low cry of despair fell on her knees beside her now half-unconscious daughter, "Oh Lucile! My darling! My baby!" Then starting up exclaimed, "But we must have physician! A physician, at once! Run, Betty, run, find a



"HAVE I YOUR PERMISSION, MADAM?"—Page 167.

doctor—anyone, from anywhere—and fetch him here without delay. Every moment is precious.”

Quickly, the willing little lass obeyed, scurrying off in the direction where resided the medical man who generally attended the family. But at the corner, her muslin skirt was suddenly grasped by a strong hand, and the one they had recently left in St. Paul's Church-yard asked in a hollow, agitated voice—“Betty, dear little Betty, tell me what it is ails Lucile! She is but a wraith of her former bonny self.”

“Oh,” sobbed the girl, “she has just been taken with the fever, is mishap dying—and I—I am going for a—” But there she paused, all at once struck by a bright idea; “Why, you are a physician! I was told to get anyone. So come, come and save Lucile's life if you can.”

For just a moment Doctor Francis hesitated. Then, flinging all doubts to the winds cried: “Well, all is fair in love and war!” and followed his winsome little conductor to the mansion forbidden to him so long. “What, though, will be his reception?” wondered Betty.

One long surprised stare, Madam Dalrymple vouchsafed him as he entered the chamber to which the invalid had been removed, but on his enquiring respectfully, “Have I your permission, Madam?” bowed a dignified assent, for at that supreme crisis, the mother's anxiety had swallowed up even the loyalty of the Englishwoman, and already the girl's pulse had mounted to 135, her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes glazed and glassy.

Seeing there was no time to lose, the young man set to work at once, and for nearly twenty-four hours watched every breath she drew.

The consuming fever was followed by a stupor from which it was hard to rouse her, but in the early dawn of the second day, she opened her eyes and gazed into his, with more reason than she had yet displayed.

"Dear Lucile," he whispered softly, "do you know me?"

"Aye, it is Howard, my Howard. But I have been so lonely;—why have you stayed so long away?" Then as memory returned more fully. "But I forgot,—you must go again. It is forbidden—my mother—"

"Consents to my staying by your side and using my poor skill in your behalf."

"Ah,—then I must be dying. But, dearest, I care not. It is better than life without you."

And, indeed, so weak were her heart and pulse, that, after administering a stimulant, Doctor Francis felt in duty bound to summon Madam Dalrymple and Penelope.

That fair April morning our small heroine was awakened by Chloe, the tears and smiles chasing each other across her ebony visage.

"What tink you, Miss Betty," she half chuckled, half sobbed,—“We'se a gwine to hab a weddin' here dis day.”

"A wedding, Chloe! Why, what do you mean? Who is to be married?"

"Missy Lucile and de young rebel leech. But dey say she's nigh to death. Dat's why ole Miss gib her consent, when de poor tings begged her to let 'em hab deir way and be husband and wife for dess one hour. 'Nothing else would hab induced me,' I heard her tell Miss Penelope: 'and it can't be for long.' Oh dear, oh dear!" and throwing her checked apron over her head, the affectionate black creature fairly howled aloud.

"There, Chloe, don't do that! Stop crying and come and help me dress. I must go to Lucile at once. Who is with her now?"

"Nobody but ole Miss. De doctah hab gone to fotch a clergyman and Mr. Dan am a-rarin' and a-tearin' down stairs."

So, in the rosy sunrise light of a sweet, blossom-scented Spring morning, with only her mother, Penelope, and Betty

as witnesses, Lucile was married to Harold Francis,—prisoner on parole—by the rector of St. Paul's. Though, too, it was a wedding watered with many tears and the bride could scarce articulate the responses, her face shone like that of an angel and, at the close, she turned to Madam Dalrymple, whispering gratefully—"Thank you, mother dear. Now I can die happy."

"But you isn't a-gwine to die. I dess know you isn't," cried Chloe, coming in with a little bridal bouquet of white lilacs and snow drops. "Joy is frustrate physic, and I reckon you needed de doctah more'n his medicine."

Truly, too, the negress' words were prophetic for, from that hour, to everyone's astonishment, Lucile commenced to improve. Slowly but surely her strength returned, and she gained from day to day.

"It was a trick; all a trick to get the better of my sister," growled Uncle Dan, who was sorely chagrined.

But the young couple knew they had been as honest in this as in their love-making and, though Doctor Francis was obliged to bow to the wishes of the Dalrymples and return to the society of his fellow prisoners, promising that not until the trouble betwixt America and Great Britain was settled, would he claim his wife, content still reigned in their hearts, and "always and forever," said they, "will we love and cherish our bright little Cupid, Betty, who brought it all to pass."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE OLD SUGAR HOUSE.

“ Those prisons where pain and penance dwell,
Where death in tenfold vengeance holds his reign,
And injured ghosts there unaveng'd complain.”

Buzz, buzz! whir-r, whir-r! briskly round whirled the big wheel and the little foot-wheel in the large pleasant living-room of the Van Arsdale homestead, where Peggy and Betty were spinning flax, for not yet had that old-fashioned accomplishment quite gone out of fashion, and the Dutch housewife had initiated the little New England maid, as well as her own daughter, into the intricacies of loom and shuttle, that she might assist in the weaving of the homespun linen for the Continental soldiery.

“ Who is that a likeness of?” enquired Betty, glancing up at the portrait of a sweet-faced, fair-haired dame in quaint, old Holland garb, which hung above the blue-tiled chimney-place. “ I have often wished to ask, for the mouth is like your's, Peggy, though it has not so merry an expression.”

“ That,” replied her friend, “ was my great aunt, Maritje Van Couwenhoven and much do I love to hear her romantic history. When only a girl of our age, more than a hundred years ago, she was carried off by the Indians and held a captive for three months.”

“ Alack-a-day, how sad and terrible! Though I do not know that it could be much worse than to be shut up in

the Provost or one of the other British prisons here. But did she escape from the red-skins at last?"

"Oh, yes indeed, or never could that picture have been made. She owed her rescue to a boy whom she had befriended in New Amsterdam, but who then dwelt among the savage tribes. Afterward she married him and went to live in the Old World. He became quite a famous artist, and that portrait painted to send to her sister, Blandina, who was my great-grandmother. The father sometimes says he wishes I could grow to be like my Aunt Rychie, of whom all the records speak so well, but I never can with my gypsy face, black mop, and hoyden ways. Look, though, who is that racing so fast up the garden path?"

"It is Pinky; our black Pinky. Whatever, brings her hither in such a coil!" And Betty, herself, hastened to open the door for the small servant, who at once panted out: "A stranger to see you, Missy, and not one bressed minute could she bar to wait! So mammy made me tote her ober here, and dar she comes," waving her chocolate hand, as she spoke, toward a lean, gaunt female in a green calash, who was hobbling painfully in her wake.

"Who in the world is it!" exclaimed the young girl, shading her eyes from the September sun. "Can it really be *Mehitable Sparhawk!*"

"Hitty, or her ghost!" piped a high pitched, long remembered voice. "And thank the Lord, Betty Melville, I've faound ye at last. Half the way hev I walked from Boston, and I'm putty nigh beat out. Naow, if you can't help me, I'll be jest ready to give up and drap daown in my tracks." And she did actually sink upon the doorstep, as she flung her bony arms around her former charge in an affectionate embrace.

"Poor, dear old *Mehitable*, you do look weary enough!

But what brings you to New York, and how ever did you get through the lines?"

"Oh, I'm a-chasin' Fly! Chasin' Fly, as I've done ever sence he was a pulin', botherin' babby. One o' them long-haired riflemen told me he was took prisoner, and thrown in a dungeon here, so I jest 'girded up my loins,' as the Bible sez, and tramped off, catchin' a ride when I could, to see ef he needed me to yank him out of trouble agin."

"Fliakim in one of those awful prisons! Ah—h!" and Betty shuddered, as she thought of the agonized faces she had seen pressed against the iron bars, of the dead cart, rattling over the stones with its load of victims who had succumbed to prison fever, prison filth, and prison famine: and of the stories she had heard of torture and torment within those frowning stone walls.

"Don't you think you could help me find him?" And the eager, distressed expression on the Yankee woman's sharp features savoured of real pathos.

"I will try," said Betty, gently, though she was at a loss how to go to work to penetrate those jealously guarded strongholds.

"Perhaps your red coat friend, Major André, might be of some assistance," suggested Peggy, who had drawn near, to hearken to the conversation.

"The very thing! I wonder I did not think of that at once. But your noddle, dear, is always the readiest. If there was anyone to take it, I would write him a note without delay."

"Perhaps Jack would be your messenger. He is home now, and hark! there he is, whistling *The Beggars of the Sea*, up on the roof. Always and forever, is my brother bringing our hearts into our mouths, and making our heads to reel, by his climbing and clambering where only a cat or a chimney-swallow ought to venture. I warrant that this very

minute, he is on top of the pole, fixing the weather-vane, which was blown over in the last gale. A veritable monkey is Jack." And as the words left her lips, the agile sailor lad came swinging from a projecting ledge, and dropped down on the grass almost at their feet.

"Good-day to ye, fair *jufvrouws!*" he cried, doffing his glazed hat, and bringing out the Dutch word with a roll. "I hope you do not object to your admirers tumbling down from the skies in this fashion."

"Not if they always come in such good season," laughed his sister, "for Betty was just now wishing she had someone to bear a message to the English Adjutant-General."

"Bless my tops'l, the little lady aims high! Well, sweet Bettina, I am at your service."

"Oh, thank you, Jack! Then, if you will give me a quill, I will scratch a few lines for you to take to the headquarters on Broadway—the old Kennedy House."

"And if the gallant Major is not within?"

"Then leave the billet with Laune, his servant. You know Laune, do you not? A small man, not so tall as I am."

"Aye, I know André's dwarf. He is a steady little craft, with plenty of ballast, and devoted to his master." And in ten minutes, the jolly Jack Tar was speeding away, while Betty conducted Mehitable to King Street, to be rested and refreshed.

Shortly before sunset, the genial, gentle André answered the girl's petition in person. He came in company with Fred Dalrymple, and both young officers wore their full dress uniforms, for on that 19th of September, Colonel Williams of the 80th, gave a dinner to Sir Henry Clinton and his staff, in the fine old Kip mansion on the East River, and they were on their way thither.

"So, *Mademoiselle* Betty," he said, laughingly, "you

want my permission to enter our jails, and bear off one of our prisoners of war? Isn't that a pretty daring request for a tiny rebel? How do I know your object is not to 'spy out the poverty and misery of the land,' therein?"

"Because, sir, I am not a Margaret Moncrieffe," replied the little damsel, demurely.

"Ha, ha, ha!" while her cousin Fred likewise, roared with amusement. "Well, you are a captivating puss, anyway, and I am too much of a gallant to refuse a request from a lady's lips. Therefore, I have bidden Laune make enquiries as to the whereabouts of this Fliakim Sparhawk and, if found, to-morrow he shall bring you an order which I will leave with him, as I myself am on the eve of departure, for a short trip out of town."

"Do you go for your health, dear Major?"

"Possibly for my welfare, but more for the welfare of our Royal cause. But, see, Fred, the shadows are lengthening, and we must hasten if we would be there when the soup is served. Farewell, sweet Betty, and in your prayers remember John André. He may need them."

"Oh, I will, I will indeed! And for your kindness, Mehitable and I thank you with all our hearts."

Gracefully the young man bent to kiss her hand, and then she stood in the doorway, watching and waving "good-bye," until he lifted his *chapeau* in a parting salute and disappeared around a corner. Little though, did she dream, that she was never to behold that bright, blithe being again!

"Well, Fred, how went off the dinner last night?" asked Lucile at the breakfast table next morning, "Was it a fine, brilliant affair?"

"Very," replied the Lieutenant, helping himself to bacon. "Plenty of wine, wit, and song! Never saw I André in such



"HE SANG WOLFE'S MILITARY CHANSON."—Page 175.

spirits ; he seemed fairly bubbling over with fun and repartee."

"The feast was given for him, was it not?" enquired Penelope.

"Yes, a sort of farewell before he starts on this secret expedition : the nature of which the 'powers that be,' do not divulge to us of lesser rank. It must be of weighty import, however, for Sir Henry Clinton's toast was 'Good fortune and success to our Adjutant-General, who, if all goes well, will return to us *Sir John André.*'"

"A title!" cried Madam Dalrymple. "That is an honour, forsooth! But he will grace it finely."

"You would think so, mother, if you had heard him last evening, when he sang Wolfe's Military Chanson, *Why, Soldiers, Why?* His countenance fairly sparkled with enthusiasm, and he gave it in rare, debonair style."

"Oh, Cousin Fred, what is that?" exclaimed Betty. "I do not know the melody. Will you not sing it for us?"

And as the rest, also, urged this request, the young Lieutenant stood up and trilled out in his rich, baritone voice what really proved to be poor André's—as well as General Wolfe's!—"Swan's song,"

"Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?"
Why soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die!
For should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But should we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Makes us all well again."

The last notes had scarcely died away amidst the appreciative family applause, when a sharp rapping on the brass

knocker announced the coming of Laune, and Betty was summoned out to see him.

"My master left this for you, Miss," said the wee man, doubling up in a low, respectful bow, and handing her a folded paper, "I am directed, too, to inform you that the rifleman, Fliakim Sparhawk, is confined in the Sugar House adjoining the old Dutch Church in Nassau Street."

"Oh, goody! Then you have discovered him! How glad Mehitable will be." And off danced the girl to share the welcome news with the anxious woman, and read to her the order penned by her Tory friend.

"HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK.

Sept. 20, 1780.

"Permission is here given to Miss Elizabeth Mellville, a female servant, and escort to enter the Sugar House Prison and, if they see fit, to remove from thence one prisoner.

"J. ANDRÉ,

"Adjutant-Gen'l."

Madam Dalrymple strenuously opposed her niece's visit to the gruesome jail, but Lucile, and even Fred, spoke up in her behalf, and as Jack Van Arsdale, happening in, offered to accompany them, she was at length induced to grant a reluctant consent.

So, just as Major André was setting forth on his ill-fated mission up the Hudson to meet the traitor Arnold, our trio armed with his official permit started for the old Sugar House so much diverted from its original purpose, and, quarter of an hour later, entered upon a scene fit for Dante's Inferno.

Oh, such wretched, ragged, emaciated creatures as lay, lounged, or huddled on all sides, glaring at them with wild, half-starved eyes, and holding out skeleton-like arms, while

cries and groans and curses reverberated throughout the place!

Betty would have drawn back, but Mehitable pushed resolutely on, and a silver coin which the young sailor slipped into the jailor's palm, quickly led them to the heap of dirty straw on which was stretched thin, fever-stricken, and alas! dying Fly. For one glance was sufficient to show that his minutes were numbered.

"Fliakim, my poor, poor brother!" And with a low moan, Mehitable bent over him.

The voice seemed to rouse him, and, opening his eyes, while the ghost of a smile flitted across his pinched features, he gasped—"Hitty! Hitty!" And his gaunt hand clutched hers in a convulsive grasp. Then, with a touch of the old time humour, he drawled more slowly than ever,—“So you've come to see me peg out arter all! An', Hitty, it won't take so drefful long as you thought. That undertaker, too, needn't fotch a bill. The Dead Cart is good enuff for men who die for their country.”

“Aye, when they fall into the enemy's iron grasp,” sobbed Mehitable, while Betty turned away to hide her emotion and Jack had hard work to comfort her.

“But, Hitty,” went on the laboured breath, “I kinder think the good Lord will let poor, ole, shiftless Fly into heaven, he's hed sech a monstrous lot of hell on earth.”

After that, he sank into apparent unconsciousness and lay motionless for nearly half an hour, while his sister sat grim and silent, and Betty wept softly, with Jack whispering tenderly in her ear.

Suddenly, however, the dying man started and sat bolt upright on his pallet. He raised one arm and pointed toward a distant part of the dark, dreary, prison room. “Thar,—thar—!” he ejaculated—“The—south—east—corner! Be—sure—an'—look—thar.” Then he fell back

and good-for-nothing, lovable Fly was beyond the "sighing and the weeping" of the old Sugar House.

Ten minutes had elapsed, since the sharpshooter's weary, nine months term of imprisonment was thus brought to a close, when Jack—more in order to divert Betty from Mehitable's grief, than anything else—suggested: "Come, let us go and take a peep over yonder in the south-east corner. It may possibly be that the poor fellow's last words were not altogether the vagaries of a beclouded brain. Some friend of his may be there."

So, hand in hand, the two young people tip-toed across the damp, foul floor, and through the haggard throng, to the spot indicated by the pointing index finger of the dying prisoner. But all they found was another miserable wretch, on another bed of straw, raving in delirium,—a sight that was only too common in that dungeon hole. So thin he was, that it seemed as if the bones must soon prick through the skin, and a rough beard, of many weeks' growth, covered all the lower part of his face.

"It is no one that I know," remarked Jack.

"Nor I," said Betty. "But poor man! It is likely he is somebody's father or brother." And touched with compassion, she laid a soft, cool hand on the unfortunate's burning brow, and wetted his parched lips with some of the rare old wine fetched for the Yankee rifleman, but which he no longer required. For several moments, too, she and Jack lingered, fanning the insensible patient with their hats, and, while thus engaged, were suddenly startled by a loud surprised cry behind them. Turning, they discovered that Mehitable had followed closely in their wake, and was now standing with wide distended eyes, gazing almost distractedly upon the sick captive.

“Merciful heavens!” she ejaculated, throwing up her hands; “It is the Captain!”

“What Captain?” asked Jack, completely puzzled.

“Captain Melville, of Boston, to be sure.”

“What! My father!” screamed Betty. “Oh, no, no, Hitty! It can never be.”

“But it is. It is, I tell you,” and, falling on her knees, this faithful retainer of the family, lifted the prostrate man, and gently rested his head upon her shoulder. “It’s the long hair and beard, and the starvation which hev changed him so; but Lorsey massy, Mehitable would know Thomas Melville among a million! See Betty, child, doesn’t ye recollect this lock always a-tumblin’ over his forehead, this straight nose, and the teenty scar here on the left cheek?”

“O, daddy, daddy! To think of finding you like this!” sobbed the girl. “But can we not take him away? Away from this horrible spot?”

“That ye can’t, miss,” sneered a turnkey, who just then came sauntering by, and stopped to stare and grin. “These ere cursed rebels are prisoners of war, a-gettin’ their deserts, and only death or the Giner-al-in-Chief kin give ’em their ticket of leave.”

“Well, how about the Adjutant-General?” demanded Jack. “He speaks for his Chief doesn’t he?” And pulling forth André’s order, he held it before the guard’s astounded gaze. “You observe, this permits the removal of one prisoner, so unless you want to get into trouble with your superiors, just stir your stumps and help us carry the man out of this purgatory. Faugh! A kitten couldn’t live in such an atmosphere!”

And so it was that in place of poor, shiftless Fliakim, and thanks to one of the red-coated foe, the prison gates swung wide for the father of our little daughter of the revolution, and he was borne on a litter to the Van Arsdale’s hospitable

house, where he was accorded a most cordial welcome and tenderly nursed back to life and health.

But for many a long year, Mehitable's sharp eyes would be misty with tears whenever she thought of her careless brother—now exalted into a hero,—lying in the old Wallabout with thousands of the unknown dead.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CHANGES AND CHANCES OF WAR.

“Round the hapless André’s urn
Be the cypress foliage spread;
Fragrant spice profusely burn,
Honours grateful to the dead.

* * * * *

Fame, his praise upon thy wing,
Through the world dispersing tell;
In the service of his King,
In his country’s cause he fell!”

HOBBLER’S GLEE.

“WELL, the jig’s up! The cat’s out of the bag and André is a prisoner in the hands of the rebels!”

It was young Lieutenant Dalrymple who made this announcement, scarcely a week after the exciting discovery in the old Sugar House, as he entered his mother’s drawing-room one evening, looking quite pale and unnerved with agitation.

“André a prisoner! But why, for what?” screamed all three women.

“Arrested as a spy they say, but so far as I can make out, Sir Henry has for some time been in secret correspondence with Arnold, regarding the giving up to him of West Point, that much coveted key to the Hudson river.”

“Bless me! Has General Arnold turned traitor?” gasped Lucile in amazement.

“That he has! Come over to our side, body and boots, and is now parading round here in a scarlet uniform.”

“Disgraceful!”

“Aye, but it would have been a rare fine thing for us if ‘John Anderson’—as the Major called himself—had not been suspected and captured by a trio of country louts up near Tarrytown, and papers, revealing the whole transaction, found inside his stockings.”

“But, Cousin Fred, what will they do to him?” asked Betty, who had listened in breathless silence. “They won’t hang him, will they, as you British did poor Nathan Hale?”

“God forbid!” cried Madam Dalrymple, covering her face. “Such a talented young man, and only twenty-nine!”

The officer shook his head gloomily. “I don’t know,” he said, “it is a bad business! The result rests largely with Washington and Clinton. I should think the latter would yield almost anything to obtain the release of his Adjutant-General! He has always professed such an attachment for him.”

So thought most of the Tories of the town, and heaven and earth were almost moved to save the gay, gallant soldier, the darling of so many hearts.

But as we know, it was all in vain. The one thing, that could have restored him to life and liberty, the Commander-in-Chief did not consider compatible with his honour. That is the giving up of the traitor Arnold, though the American leader sent messengers to warmly urge the exchange.

So the scoundrel, guilty of basest treason, was rewarded with a brigadiership and a good round sum of money, for his desertion of his friends and comrades; and one golden morning, in early October, John André, that flower of English chivalry, met the ignominious fate of a spy, on the gibbet at Tappan.

It was, too, more than forty years ere an ungrateful nation remembered the unhonoured grave of its loyal, devoted son and removed his mutilated remains to Westminster Abbey where, however, they at length rest beneath an inscription

setting forth that he "fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and country, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes."

But time rights many things and in the same manner the statue which, after a century of oblivion, has been erected to Nathan Hale, in the very heart of the busy noisy metropolis, was a late as well as a fitting memorial to the patriotism of the young Yale student, and soldier-spy, who died for the cause of liberty in bloody '76.

When the news that the execution of André had actually taken place reached New York, the city was at once plunged into wrathful sorrow. As one historian tells us—

"No language can describe the mingled sensation of horror, grief, sympathy, and revenge that agitated the whole garrison, a silent gloom overspreading the general countenance; the whole army and citizens of the first distinction went into mourning."

The Dalrymples were among these last, and the "Queen's Rangers" who knew the young Major best, were commanded to henceforth wear black and white feathers in memory of a soldier "Whose superior integrity and uncommon ability did honour to his country and to human nature."

As for Betty, she nearly cried her bonny brown eyes out, and was not consoled even by the wonderful increase in vitality and return to consciousness of her lately restored father, who was now quite serene and comfortable in Dame Van Arsdale's best feather bed.

"For Daddy," she sobbed, after the first rapturous greeting between parent and child had subsided, "though I am glad, so glad, that the wicked plot and treason were frustrated; I did love Major André, dearly, dearly! But for him, too, you would be dead or still a captive in the prison Sugar House."

"That is so, bless his noble young heart, and rest his soul," cried the invalid. "It is dreadful, also, to hear such news of my old General! Great Heavens! If Benedict Arnold is false, who can we dare to trust?"

"Nobody, I verily do think," said Mistress Van Arsdale, coming in with a bowl of broth. "Nobody, except God and George Washington."

The kindest of the kind, were the genial Knickerbockers to the "stranger within their gates," and before Christmas, Captain Melville was able to take short walks abroad, and spent many hours on the broad, sunny stoop, or beside the big, cheery wood fire.

None of the Dalrymples would visit him, but they permitted Betty to go every day, and one morning as she entered, she was nearly knocked down by a huge black creature, which came bouncing upon her, licking face and hands in a boisterous ecstasy of joy and welcome.

"Ow, ow!" she shrieked. Then, after the first shock, "Why, he is the image of True! Can it be our own dear, darling, old doggy?"

"It is true, that True it is," laughed a merry voice above, and down the balusters slid Jack, ending in a somersault before her. "While here is someone else to beg one of those bear's hugs you are wasting on a dumb beast."

"Win!"

And in another instant, the brother and sister were in each other's arms.

"Now tell me how it happens that you are here," said Betty, when seated on each side of their beaming father, the youth and maiden looked enquiringly at each other, and marked the changes that five years had wrought.

"Oh, this is the good geni who wafted me hither," replied Winthrop, nodding toward Jack. "The mate of the *Sea Gull* is a rare clever chap, and he managed to smuggle

me past the British outposts and into New York. He told me my sister needed something to cheer her up."

At this the sailor reddened slightly, and sauntered away whistling, with his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his baggy trousers, while Captain Melville put in, "And I needed my son, likewise. Oh, Winthrop, I rejoice that you cannot realise all I have suffered on long, weary marches in the depth of winter and through Canadian wilds, on the battle field, and in that 'durance vile.' Never did I think to see my beloved children again."

"But now," said the boy, "I trust, when this cruel war is over, we can once more have a home of our own. I suppose, though," he added, "we shall be as poor as church mice! Already the paper money is scarce worth the stuff on which it is printed. Think of paying one hundred and fifty dollars for a bushel of corn; and two thousand for a suit of clothes! Why, in Philadelphia, some of the dandies light their pipes with the Continental currency."

"Aye," sighed the father, "the future is not over bright. But let us hope for the best. Only last night, Winthrop, I was talking with my generous host, Mr. Van Arsdale, about my strong desire that you should have a college course. He was very kind and promises, if our side wins, to aid me all he can. As for myself, my one ambition is to return to Boston, take up again my profession of law, and live quietly, with sweet Betty here, as my dear, little house-keeper." And, leaning over, the soldier pressed a kiss on the girl's smooth, blooming cheek.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE BOWLING GREEN.

“Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, ‘In God is our trust,’
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

“BETTY, let me present to you the new captain of the *Sea Gull!*”

Laughing merrily, Peggy made this introduction, and with a start, her friend exclaimed, “What! Is that so! Is Jack really a full-fledged captain?” and hastened to offer her congratulations to the young man who had just attained his majority as well as this fresh honour.

“Yes,” he said, “I am now commander of that trig little schooner, and as proud of her as though she was an ocean merchantman.”

They were standing on the Bowling Green, in front of Fort George, gazing out over the broad, blue bay, flecked with many ships riding at anchor, and the two girls, now well-grown maidens of seventeen and nineteen, formed a strikingly fair picture in their lutestring gowns and large Zealand hats, while over the sister isles of Long Island and Manhattan floated the purple mist of a halcyon Indian summer day, even as though the dusky Sachems, who once owned the land, had returned to smoke their calumets of peace.

And truly peace, triumphant peace, breathed in the very air! For it was now more than a year since Cornwallis

surrendered at Yorktown ; nearly three months since the final treaties betwixt America and England were signed at Paris ; and to-day the British troops were to bid farewell to the new world and leave the "Sons of Liberty" in quiet possession.

Already the Tory citizens of New York had been forced to depart out of the country, and to Betty there was a shadow on even the brightness of this glorious day, when she thought of the distress of her Aunt Dalrymple, Penelope and Uncle Dan, at being obliged to leave their comfortable home on the street once known as "King," but now re-christened into Pine Street.

"Oh, woe ! woe is me !" moaned the poor old lady, and her only consolation was when Lucile, putting her arms around her neck, whispered :

"Do not despair, dear mother ! You know I have married a patriot soldier, so may remain. Howard and I will live in this house and care for everything, until the bitterness of the war feeling has passed away. Then, no doubt, you will be allowed to return, and we can all live happily together once more."

Young Mrs. Francis also begged that she might keep Betty with her, and to this, Captain Melville, struggling to re-establish himself in his profession at Boston, and to send Winthrop through a New Jersey college, granted a cheerful consent, contenting himself, for the nonce, with Mehitable as housekeeper.

So the pretty, brown-eyed belle—as she had now become—was in New York on this day of evacuation, November 25th, 1783, and, in company with Peggy and a bevy of other jubilant young folks, after watching the meanly-clad, weather-beaten men led by Washington, Major-General Knox, and the Westchester Light-Horse, as they marched from Harlem to Bowery Lane, hastened down to the Green,

from whence a view might be had of the embarkation of the red coats.

“Of all the lobsters, I am gladdest to speed the going of that haughty, insolent Reginald Burnaby,” remarked Miss Van Arsdale, with a toss of her raven braids. “What think you he once asked me? ‘If I did not tremble at the roaring of the British lion?’”

“And what answer did you make to that, Miss Margaret?” enquired Jacobus Kip, one of the beruffled dandies in her train.

“Of course I told him no. For,” added I, “when we studied natural history at Mistress Joy’s, we were taught that that beast roars loudest when he is most affrighted.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” chorussed all the coterie.

“A retort worthy of Madcap Peg!” chuckled Jack. “And now I wonder how Master Burnaby will relish the screech of the American eagle. But, bless me! who approaches? Surely it is that naval chap I became such fine friends with in the port of Boston—while, if I mistake not, Betty, he is an old acquaintance of yours.”

“What is his name?” asked the girl.

Jack failed to reply, but as soon as he had welcomed the new-comer, presented “Ensign Lovering of the frigate *Alliance*,” and Joe, catching her two hands, cried: “Can this really be little Betty Melville, of Pudding Lane?”

“The very same,” she laughed, “though never should I have recognised my boy neighbour in this bronzed officer in the fine, blue uniform.”

“Well, the rig has seen considerable service,” quoth the young man, glancing down at his brass buttons; “and there lies my ship over yonder,” pointing to a craft from the mast-head of which fluttered a flag bearing a coiled-up rattlesnake, thirteen stripes, and the motto, “Don’t tread on me.”

Gayly, then, the ball of conversation was tossed back and forth in the waiting group of blithe lads and lasses; but Ensign Lovering seemed to have eyes and ears for no one but the dainty New England maid whom he had known in the "Days of Auld Lang Syne."

"She is just the dear, little Betty of old, grown bigger and bonnier! The bud developed into the half-blown rose," he thought. Nor could he remove his gaze from her animated face even when, shortly after one o'clock, the departing troops came filing down to the water's edge, their scarlet coats and burnished arms glittering as brightly as ever in the sunlight, though their countenances were gloomy and crestfallen.

"There go your Grenadiers and Waldeckers, Peggy; and my picturesque Highlanders," observed Betty, as they embarked at Whitehall, for the temporary camp on Staten Island. Then amid shouting and cheering and the roar of artillery, General Knox came marching down to take formal possession of Fort George.

"I knew him well when he was just plain Henry Knox, behind the counter of the book-shop in Boston," remarked Joe. "And Miss Betty, do you recall this, and this?" Saying which, he produced from an inside pocket the clumsy silver "turnip" she had won for him with her cup of tea, and half of a silver sixpence.

"Yes," she answered with a slight blush, "though I fear my half of the sixpence was lost long ago. But, oh, Mr. Lovering, how that watch brings back granny and the famous tea-party! Can you believe that it is ten years since then?"

"Ay, for it has seemed twice a decade to me." But just then, they were interrupted by an angry exclamation from Jack.

"Look" he cried "what does that mean? The Tory

flag yet waves over the fort!" And all eyes were turned to where the royal, red-cross banner of England still appeared on the North bastion.

"Alackaday! Can it be that the King's men are coming back?" gasped small Goosen Kip, a young brother to Jacobus.

"Not a bit of it," shouted a fat little Dutchman, who waddled by at the moment. "It is because the rascals have the halyards cut and the pole slushed with grease, so that it cannot be reached. I warrant, too, they are laughing in their sleeves at our discomfiture. By St. Nicholas, I wish every mother's son of 'em was chained and shut up in the Provost!"

"A mean trick, I vow!" said Jacobus.

"That it is, and I dare wager it is all the work of that vile Cunningham, for only this morning he tried to tear down the 'rebel rag,' as he called the Stripes and Stars, from before the inn in Murray street. But he counted without his host, ha, ha!—or rather without his hostess! For forth rushed Mistress Day, broomstick in hand, and gave the Marshal such a whacking over the head that the powder flew from his wig like snow in January and he scuttled off like a scared rabbit."

"That was first-rate!" shrieked the Kips, while Jack declared—

"But those rascally red coats must not be let to laugh long!"

"Indeed they must not," cried Betty, her cheeks all aflame. "Here, young gentlemen, now show your gallantry and loyalty! Who ever brings down that flag shall wear my favour." And taking off the cockade given her by Washington and which she now wore openly upon her breast, she held it aloft. "Which knight will earn the badge of buff and blue?"



Habela L. Humphreys

"WHICH KNIGHT WILL EARN THE BADGE
OF BUFF AND BLUE."—Page 190.

The words had scarce left her lips before Captain Van Arsdale and Ensign Lovering were off on a smart run across the Parade, with small Goosen pelting at their heels.

But on reaching the fort, Jack paused.—“As a stranger, you should be accorded the first chance,” he said courteously, withdrawing into the background.

“Thanks!” And stepping forward, Joe offered to try his hand at climbing the flag-staff, a service which was most eagerly accepted by Colonel Jackson, now at his wit’s end. But to wriggle up a greased pole is no mean task, even for a sailor who is at home in the mast-head, and three times the young naval man came slipping down, covered with grease and mortification.

“Confound it!” he muttered in his chagrin.

Meanwhile, Jack was holding a whispered conference with the youngest Kip. “Run, Goosen,” he said, “run to the ironmonger’s shop in the Broadway and fetch me cleats, hammer, and nails. That will fix em! Be quick and I will buy you as many cheese cakes as you can munch.”

With this dazzling promise in view, the urchin flew to obey, and on his return,—Jack saying, “Now, Lovering, it is my turn!” took the Ensign’s place and began slowly working his way upward, nailing on the cleats as he went. Before sunset, then, the red cross standard came fluttering down and the Stars and Stripes floated over Fort George, while a joyful salute of thirteen guns announced the fact.

“Well and bravely done, my fine bluejacket!” cried the plump and overjoyed Dutchman, while his particular friends shouted: “Huzza, huzza, huzza! Three cheers for Captain Jack!” and half shyly, Betty pinned the buff and blue cockade upon the hero of the hour.

“Thank thee, little sweetheart,” he whispered in her ear,

"and it is with me, is it not, you will come to-night to witness the fireworks?" And to this, she gladly nodded assent.

Oh, a festal evening was that for the Whigs of New York! And the rockets, stars, and tourbillions were no brighter than Betty Melville's sparkling eyes. "Only I wish we could have a peep at Washington," she said.

"They tell me," replied Jack, "that to-night he is dining with Governor George Clinton and other army officers, at Black Sam's tavern. Suppose that by that way we go home."

The pavements were still thronged with sightseers, when the youthful couple found themselves standing in Broad Street, right opposite the hostelry kept by the Frenchman Fraunce, which was now ablaze with lights and the windows filled with men in the uniform of the Continental army.

"Never have I chanced to see our Commander-in-Chief," remarked Jack.

"Well, there he is now," almost screamed Betty, indicating a tall imposing figure, the centre of the largest group, and one which she well remembered.

"A noble looking man, I trow! And it makes my heart beat faster just to gaze at him!"

If, however, they had been nearer, they might have heard Captain Delavan exclaim: "Take my sword, if yonder is not the plucky, young sea-dog who outwitted the King's men this day and raised the red, white, and blue above Fort George!"

"Is it, indeed!" and turning, Washington spoke a few low words to an aide-de-camp.

Jack and Betty scarcely knew whether to be frightened or pleased, when they received the message that General Washington requested them to step into his private apartment.

"Shiver my bowsprit, if ever I felt so sheepish and overcome with confusion!" grumbled Jack.

But one glance into the distinguished leader's countenance, reassured Betty, as he asked, "And who may you be, sweet Mistress?"

Dropping a courtesy then, she answered quite clearly, to cover her friend's embarrassment, "I am Elizabeth Melville, of Boston, your Excellency; and this is Captain John Van Arsdale, commander of the *Sea Gull*."

"The young man, I am told, who scaled the greased flagstaff to-day, and brought down the cross of St. George! I called you in to assure you that General Washington thanks you, with all his heart."

Jack, still flushed and tongue-tied, could only bow without uttering a word, and was grateful to Betty for responding, "I am sure, your Excellency, 'tis the best reward he could have, and he appreciates it, I know."

"Ah, he is lucky to have so gentle a spokeswoman," said Washington, with a twinkle in his generally grave eye. "Our American-Dutch boys have ever done brave deeds, but 'tis the daughters of Columbia who have the ready tongues. Fair Mistress Elizabeth, I salute thee," and for the second time in her life, the great man stooped and pressed his lips to the maiden's hand.

"O Jack, was it not monstrous grand and complimentary!" she exclaimed, when they were once more outside.

"No—yes. I don't know. But I do know that I would not have been there without you, Betty, for five York shillings."

"Well, never did I think to see saucy Jack so abashed," laughed the girl, "but it must be prodigious late. Let us hurry home, for Lucile will be sitting up for me."

"Ye gods and little fishes, it has been a rare fine day!"

quoth Captain Van Arsdale to himself, when an hour later he turned in for the night.

At the same time, too, a young officer on board the *Alliance*, lay in his berth, with a heart like lead, and the boyish dream of a full decade commencing slowly to fade away into unreality.

CHAPTER XXV.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

“That little bit of a woman cast
Her two full eyes on me ;
And they smote me sore to my inmost core,
And they hold me slaved forever more,
Yet would I not be free !”

EUGENE FIELD.

NEARLY six years have elapsed since that glad Evacuation Day ! Again New York is in gala dress, again her citizens flock to the water-edge, and again garlands and mottoes adorn the thoroughfares. But now the trees on parade and battery wear the tender, green livery of Spring, instead of Autumn's russet hues, and the April air is soft and balmy.

Among the throng we recognise several of our old friends. There is Heer Van Arsdale, leaning on a gold-headed cane, but still hale and hearty, as he stumps along with his buxom vrouw, and gay, gleesome Margaret. There is Doctor Francis and his wife, the gentle young matron Lucile, leading between them a chubby, little toddler ; and close behind, Captain Melville, with hair as white as snow, who has lately come on from Boston and is escorting his daughter, Betty, whom he declares to be comely enough to turn the heads of all the beaux on Manhattan.

“Even that of my doting, partial, old daddy,” laughed the girl. “Peggy and I, however, will not have our most devoted cavaliers in attendance to-day. They are better employed. But oh, what a charming sight !”

Verily the bay and harbour did present a brilliant spectacle on that twenty-third day of April, 1789, with every ship and boat and cockle-shell a mass of bright, fluttering bunting.

"Joe Lovering is on duty to-day, and his frigate is finely bedecked, is it not?" called Peggy.

"Very," responded Betty. "But I think the Government vessel, the *North Carolina*, is finer. She is a perfect nosegay of banners and streamers. Bless me, though! What craft is that lying alongside of her, which shows not a single festive emblem?"

"It is a Spanish man-of-war, the *Galveston*," said Doctor Francis.

"Now I call that most discourteous."

"Outrageous!" growled Captain Melville with a frown. "And I wonder that courtly Spain should not honour Washington with at least one flag, as he passes by to his inauguration."

All throughout the crowd, too, were heard mutterings of discontent at the "unmannerly Spaniard," until a volley of cannon announced that the man chosen as first President of the United States had left the New Jersey shore, and forth from the kills darted a stately barge, rowed by thirteen masters of vessels, all clad in spotless, glittering white.

"My son Jack is one of those wielding the oars yonder," chuckled Heer Van Arsdale with satisfaction. "And I warrant he makes as clean a stroke as any of 'em."

"The General is sitting right in the centre," said Mistress Francis. "Quick, Howard! Hold up the baby that he may see him!" and in a twinkling the doctor had his rolly-polly heir upon his shoulder.

"And oh! oh!" screamed Betty, "Look at the *Galveston*!"

Sure enough! just as the barge came abreast of the man-



Hatch L. Humphreys

"COME, MY POCKET VENUS."—Page 201.

of-war, the Spaniard suddenly bloomed out with every flag and emblem known to nations, and from her deck sounded a salute of thirteen guns. The delicate compliment was at once appreciated by the spectators, and ecstatic cheers rent the air, while many a boy was hoarse from shouting for a week afterward.

But now, the triumphal bark approaches Murray's wharf, and Governor Clinton steps down to make the congratulatory address. The people press forward to see the hero of so many battles, and Captain Melville succeeds in grasping and shaking his hand. As he turns away, he murmurs in a voice choked with emotion: "I have beheld him when commanding the American armies; I saw him at the conclusion of peace, returning to the bosom of his family in his primeval habitation; and now I behold him, returning to take the chair of the Presidentship. I have not now another wish but that he may die as he has lived, the beloved of his country."

A handsome carriage is in waiting to convey the august guest to the Governor's quarters in Pearl street, and a carpet spread for his feet to tread; but these he sturdily declines, and taking the arm of his host and old companion-in-arms walks quietly away, while the waiting crowd breaks forth into melody and sings,—

" Brave Washington arrives,
 Arrayed in warlike fame,
 While in his soul revives
 Great Marlboro's martial fame.
 To lead our young republic on
 To lasting glory and renown ! "

Which is an old song made over to suit the occasion.

"He is grand in his simplicity," remarks Heer Van Arsdale.

"Aye," responds Doctor Francis. "One might know

such a man would scorn to be crowned a king, as has been proposed."

And when, again, bonfires and torches were "lighting up the night's repose"; Betty says to her cousin,—“ I am glad, so glad, Lucile, to have lived to see this day; while I am rarely happy, also, over the word my father brings from Boston. That is, that next week, Mercy Lovering is coming to New York for the Inauguration, and will stop with us here in Pine Street.”

Musically the bells chimed in the Christening day, as it were, of the infant Republic, and pious folk gathered by nine o'clock in the churches, to implore a blessing upon the new government. Others hastened early to secure good positions near the Federal Hall, from which to view the inaugural ceremonies, and Lucile and Betty, with their guest, Mercy Lovering, were lucky enough to secure a window directly opposite the lately completed edifice, designed by Monsieur L' Enfant.

“ My! Never have I seen such a monstrous crowd!” exclaimed the Boston girl, peering down into Wall Street. “ And the balconies are all like beds of tulips, with such gayly dressed women! You must tell me, Betty, who some of them are. Who is that bowing to you, now?”

“ Oh, that is Lady Kitty Duer, whom I often meet at Mrs. Jay's Thursday receptions; and next to her is young Mrs. Rufus King, who was recently married. Is she not pretty, with her raven hair, and real Irish blue eyes? I assure you she was a picture, when she first walked out bride, in a gown of silver brocade, and a bonnet lined with rose colour.”

“ She has a sweet face. But, dear me, what a comical little being that is crossing the street, on the arm of the foreign looking man, with the waxed, grey moustache!”

“You may well say so,” laughed Mrs. Francis. “The gentleman is the French Minister, the Marquis de Moustier, and that is his sister, Madame de Brehan. She is reported to be a clever writer and painter, but, as Mrs. Adams was saying the other day, she certainly has ‘the oddest figure, eyes ever beheld.’ Then she is very whimsical and capricious, and spends half her time playing with a negro child, or caressing a monkey. But, Betty, I do not recognise the lady nodding from a window of the Verplanck mansion. The one in ‘laylock’ silk, talking to Dorothy Duane, the Mayor’s daughter.”

“Neither do I,” said her cousin, “though her countenance seems rather familiar.”

“Elizabeth Melville,” cried Mercy, “do you mean to say you have forgotten Miss Dorothy Quincy? For, of a truth, that is Mistress Hancock.” And both maidens hastened to return the salutation waved by the now well-developed matron.

“I see her sometimes at home, though rarely does she find her way to Devonshire Street, which is now the high sounding name of Pudding Lane,”

“There comes Win at last,” presently remarked Betty, pointing to a fair-haired youth conducting, through the press of people, a young woman in a gown of drab taffeta, and a white bonnet. “I began to fear we could not save seats for them, and I am vastly pleased, Mercy, to have you make the acquaintance of my sister-in-law. You know they were wedded soon after he left college.”

And five minutes later, she was presenting “Mrs. Winthrop Melville,” who showed a fine set of white teeth, when she smiled and said: “How dost thee do? I am glad to meet thee.”

“So your brother trapped his little Quaker Fox, after all!” trilled Mercy in her friend’s ear. Then asked more

soberly, "Oh, Betty, is there no hope, whatever, for poor Joe?"

"I fear not," replied the little damsel gravely. "But, verily, I think he will soon be consoled," glancing to where, a short distance off, Ensign Lovering was laughing merrily at some of Peggy Van Arsdale's witty speeches.

"How comes it that Captain Jack is not with you ladies," enquired Winthrop, "and father, and Doctor Francis?"

"Oh, daddy and the doctor are marching in the procession with their old companies, and Jack promised to join us by and bye. But hark! Is not that a band? The troops must be coming."

Soon, then, every one was leaning out, waving and cheering, when to the inspiriting strains of *Hail to the Chief!* down through Queen, Great Dock, and Broad Streets to a station in front of the Federal building, came the well-equipped corps of light infantry and artillery in the striking uniforms of the day; Captain Stake's dragoons, and two companies of grenadiers composed of the tallest youths the city could boast, resplendent in red, blue and gold, with snowy plumes in their cocked hats, and black "spatter-dashes" closely buttoned from knees to shoe buckles. Following these were Captain Scriba's German Guards, wearing towering, cone-shaped caps of shaggy bear-skin, and, to Betty's intense delight, one regiment of Scotch Highlanders in the full regalia of plaids and kilts, keeping time to the squeaky "twang, twang," of their bagpipes.

"How fat and jolly all those German soldiers look," remarked Mercy.

"Aye," replied Winthrop, "and no wonder! Many of them were, until lately, slaves to the Prince of Hesse Cassell, and their liberty has only just been purchased for them. They ought to be happy, and grateful, too."

But suddenly a hush descended upon both Broad and

Wall Streets, as forth on to the balcony of the Federal Hall stepped a figure presenting the most striking contrast to the long lines of rainbow-hued military, in his coat, waistcoat, and knee-breeches of plain brown cloth, white silk stockings, and shoes adorned with the simplest of silver buckles, and all of American manufacture.

“The president-elect!” passed from lip to lip, and, as he advanced and bowed with his hand upon his heart, the silence was broken by vociferous acclamations.

“It is the vice-president, Mr. John Adams, on his right,” commented Mercy.

“Aye,” said Lucile, “and there are Mr. Hamilton, Roger Sherman, and General Knox standing in the background.”

“But who is the one all in black from top to toe, like a mute at a funeral?”

“Oh, that is Chancellor Livingston, who is to administer the oath of office, and see! he lifts a Bible on a crimson cushion!”

Instantly, then, all eyes were turned upon the “Father of his Country,” as saying, “I swear,” he bent and kissed the Book, adding, “so help me God,” while the chancellor proclaimed, “Long live George Washington, President of the United States!”

It was a solemn as well as an impressive scene, and the orbs of our fair girls were wet, even while they fluttered their white handkerchiefs and shrilled with the rest.

“Just in time for cake and coffee!” exclaimed a cheery voice behind a tall negro who, when the applause had subsided, entered with a well-laden silver tray, and there was Captain Van Arsdale looking a little older than when we saw him last, but very handsome and manly. He at once, made his way to the window and leaned over Betty’s chair saying, “Come, my ‘pocket Venus,’ sip a cup of mocha, and then I am going to whisk you and your friend off to St.

Paul's Church, where Bishop Provoost is to conclude the ceremonies."

"The ceremonies, but not the festivities;" said Betty. "Those are still to come—the illumination of the town to-night and next week, the grand ball in the City Assembly Rooms."

"Yes," put in Lucile, "every one is anticipating that with such pleasure, though all regret that Lady Washington is not to be present."

"Is she not?" asked Mercy. "Who, then, will receive with his Excellency?"

"The vice-president, I believe, and is it not odd! the managers have prescribed the costume to be worn by the gentlemen. Every man must dress his hair in a bag with two curls on each side, and must wear a sword at his side."

"I am sorry, then, for the ladies' thin dresses when a civilian, like I am, goes dancing around with a dangling sabre," laughed Jacobus Kip, who had joined the party.

"Very well, Master Bungler, if that be so, no minuet will I tread with you!" cried Betty. "For my new party gown is a love! You must see it, Mercy. Such a fine petticoat and perriot of striped silk trimmed with ribbon cut into herrisons, a neck kerchief of white gauze, and a big hat and feathers."

"La! I fear you will outshine me completely! But is it not time we were moving toward St. Paul's?"

"Aye, quite time, for the officials seem to have all driven off in their chariots."

Jacobus Kip gave one arm to Mercy Lovering and the other to Mrs. Francis, and gallantly conducted them through the throng in Wall street. Presently, then, Jack and Betty found themselves alone, together—alone, although surrounded by a surging, unheeding crowd. The regiments

were dispersing, a gentle breeze fanned their cheeks, and over all arched the blue, fleckless, April sky.

“An auspicious day, truly, for the launching of our Ship of State,” remarked the young sailor. “I only pray she may always have favourable winds and never run upon the rocks.”

“Small fear, so long as she has such a captain as he who has just been inaugurated,” replied the girl.

“Ah, Betty, your faith in Washington is unbounded, is it not? But see, sweetheart, will you not make this also a glad inauguration day in my heart, and let me swear fealty to the lady of the buff and blue cockade?”

The fair, golden head drooped, and there was a moment of breathless, palpitating silence. Then, as they entered into the shadow of old St. Paul's, a smile of almost dazzling rapture burst forth upon the face of the little Daughter of the Revolution, and a confiding hand was slipped into Jack's, while again a passing band played——

Hail to the Chief!

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