Philip Winwood eBook

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CHAPTER I.

Philip's Arrival in New York.

'Tis not the practice of writers to choose for biography men who have made no more noise in the world than Captain Winwood has; nor the act of gentlemen, in ordinary cases, to publish such private matters as this recital will present. But I consider, on the one hand, that Winwood's history contains as much of interest, and as good an example of manly virtues, as will be found in the life of many a hero more renowned; and, on the other, that his story has been so partially known, and so distorted, it becomes indeed the duty of a gentleman, when that gentleman was his nearest friend, to put forth that story truly, and so give the lie for ever to the detractors of a brave and kindly man.

There was a saying in the American army, proceeding first from Major Harry Lee, of their famous Light Horse, that Captain Winwood was in America, in the smaller way his modesty permitted, what the Chevalier Bayard was in France, and Sir Philip Sidney in England. This has been received more than once (such is the malice of conscious inferiority) with derisive smiles or supercilious sneers; and not only by certain of his own countrymen, but even in my presence, when my friendship for Winwood, though I had been his rival in love and his enemy in war, was not less known than was my quickness to take offence and avenge it. I dealt with one such case, at the hour of dawn, in a glade near the Bowery lane, a little way out of New York. And I might have continued to vindicate my friend's character so: either with pistols, as at Weehawken across the Hudson, soon after the war, I vindicated the motives of us Englishmen of American birth who stood for the king in the war of Independence; or with rapiers, as I defended the name of our admired enemy, Washington, against a certain defamer, one morning in Hyde Park, after I had come to London. But it has occurred to me that I can better serve Winwood's reputation by the spilling of ink with a quill than of blood with a sword or pistol. This consideration, which is far from a desire to compete with the young gentlemen who strive for farthings and fame, in Grub Street, is my apology for profaning with my unskilled hand the implement ennobled by the use of a Johnson and a Goldsmith, a Fielding and an Addison.

My acquaintance with the Captain's life, from the vantage of an eye-witness and comrade, goes back to the time when all of us concerned were children; to the very day, in truth, when Philip, a pale and slender lad of eleven years, first set foot in New York, and first set eye on Margaret Faringfield.

As I think of it, it seems but yesterday, and myself a boy again: but it was, in fact, in the year 1763; and late in the afternoon of a sunny Summer day. I remember well how thick and heavy the green leaves hung upon the trees that thrust their branches out over the garden walls and fences of our quiet street.

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Tired from a day's play, or perchance lazy from the heat, I sprawled upon the front step of our house, which was next the residence of the Faringfields, in what was then called Queen Street. I believe the name of that, as of many another in New York, has been changed since the war, having savoured too much of royalty for republican taste.[1] The Faringfield house, like the family, was one of the finest in New York; and there were in that young city greater mansions than one would have thought to find in a little colonial seaport—a rural-looking provincial place, truly, which has been likened to a Dutch town almost wholly transformed into the semblance of some secondary English town, or into a tiny, far-off imitation of London. It lacked, of course, the grand, gray churches, the palaces and historic places, that tell of what a past has been London's; but it lacked, too, the begriming smoke and fog that are too much of London's present. Indeed, never had any town a clearer sky, or brighter sunshine, than are New York's.

From the Summer power of this sunshine, our part of Queen Street was sheltered by the trees of gardens and open spaces; maple, oak, chestnut, linden, locust, willow, what not? There was a garden, wherein the breeze sighed all day, between our house and the Faringfield mansion, to which it pertained. That vast house, of red and yellow brick, was two stories and a garret high, and had a doubly-sloping roof pierced with dormer windows. The mansion's lower windows and wide front door were framed with carved wood-work, painted white. Its garden gate, like its front door, opened directly to the street; and in the garden gateway, as I lounged on our front step that Summer evening, Madge Faringfield stood, running her fingers through the thick white and brown hair of her huge dog at her side.

The dog's head was almost on a level with hers, for she was then but eight years old, a very bright and pretty child. She turned her quick glance down the street as she stood; and saw me lying so lazy; and at once her gray eyes took on a teasing and deriding light, and I felt I was in for some ironical, quizzing speech or other. But just then her look fell upon something farther down the way, toward Hanover Square, and lingered in a half-amused kind of curiosity. I directed my own gaze to see what possessed hers, and this is what we both beheld together, little guessing what the years to come should bring to make that moment memorable in our minds.

A thin but well-formed boy of eleven; with a pleasant, kindly face, somewhat too white, in which there was a look—as there was evidence in his walk also—of his being tired from prolonged exertion or endurance. He was decently, though not expensively, clad in black cloth, his three-cornered felt hat, wide-skirted coat, and ill-fitting knee-breeches, being all of the same solemn hue. I was to perceive later that his clothes were old and carefully mended. His gray silk stockings ill accorded with his poor shoes, of which the buckles were of steel. He carried in one hand a large, ancient travelling-bag, so heavy that it strained his muscles and dragged him down, thus partly explaining the fatigued look in his face; and in his other hand a basket, from the open top of which there appeared, thrust out, the head of a live gray kitten.

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This pretty animal's look of strangeness to its surroundings, as it gazed about with curiosity, would alone have proclaimed that it was arrived from travel; had not the baggage and appearance of its bearer told the same story. The boy, also, kept an alert eye forward as he advanced up the street, but it was soon evident that he gazed in search of some particular object. This object, as the lad finally satisfied himself by scanning it and its neighbours twice over, proved to be the house immediately opposite ours. It was one of a row of small, old brick residences, with Dutch gable ends toward the street. Having made sure of its identity, and having reddened a little at the gaze of Madge and me, the young stranger set down his bag with perceptible signs of physical relief, and, keeping in his grasp the basket with the cat, knocked with a seemingly forced boldness—as if he were conscious of timidity to be overcome—upon the door.

At that, Madge Faringfield could not help laughing aloud.

It was a light, rippling, little laugh, entirely good-natured, lasting but a moment. But it sufficed to make the boy turn and look at her and blush again, as if he were hurt but bore no resentment.

Then I, who knew what it was to be wounded by a girl's laugh, especially Madge's, thought it time to explain, and called out to the lad:

"There's nobody at home there."

The boy gazed at me at a loss; then, plainly reluctant to believe me, he once more inspected the blank, closed front of the house, for denial or confirmation of my word. When he next looked back at me, the expression of inquiring helplessness and vague alarm on his face, as if the earth were giving way beneath his feet, was half comical, half pitiful to see.

"It is Mr. Aitken's house, is it not?" he asked, in a tone low and civil, though it seemed to betray a rapid beating of the heart after a sudden sinking thereof.

"It was," I replied, "but he has gone back to England, and that house is empty."

The lad's dismay now became complete, yet it appeared in no other way than in the forlorn expression of his sharp, pale countenance, and in the unconscious appeal with which his blue eyes surveyed Madge and me in turn. But in a few moments he collected himself, as if for the necessary dealing with some unexpected castastrophe, and asked me, a little huskily still:

"When will he come home?"

"Never, to this house, I think. Another customs officer has come over in his place, but this one lodges at the King's Arms, because he's a bachelor."

The lad cast a final hopeless glance at the house, and then mechanically took a folded letter from an inner pocket, and dismally regarded the name on the back.

“I had a letter for him,” he said, presently, looking again across the street at me and Madge, for the curious Miss Faringfield had walked down from her gateway to my side, that she might view the stranger better. And now she spoke, in her fearless, good-humoured, somewhat forward way:

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“If you will give the letter to me, my father will send it to Mr. Aitken in London.”

“Thank you, but that would be of no use,” said the lad, with a disconsolate smile.

“Why not?” cried Madge promptly, and started forthwith skipping across the dusty street. I followed, and in a moment we two were quite close to the newcomer.

“You’re tired,” said Madge, not waiting for his answer. “Why don’t you sit down?” And she pointed to the steps of the vacant house.

“Thank you,” said the lad, but with a bow, and a gesture that meant he would not sit while a lady stood, albeit the lady’s age was but eight years.

Madge, pleased at this, smiled, and perched herself on the upper step. Waiting to be assured that I preferred standing, the newcomer then seated himself on his own travelling-bag, an involuntary sigh of comfort showing how welcome was this rest.

“Did you come to visit in New York?” at once began the inquisitive Madge.

“Yes, I—I came to see Mr. Aitken,” was the hesitating and dubious answer.

“And so you’ll have to go back home without seeing him?”

“I don’t very well see how I can go back,” said the boy slowly.

“Oh, then you will visit some one else, or stay at the tavern?” Madge went on.

“I don’t know any one else here,” was the reply, “and I can’t stay at the tavern.”

“Why, then, what will you do?”

“I don’t know—yet,” the lad answered, looking the picture of loneliness.

“Where do you live?” I put in.

“I did live in Philadelphia, but I left there the other day by the stage-coach, and arrived just now in New York by the boat.”

“And why can’t you go back there?” I continued.

“Why, because,—I had just money enough left to pay my way to New York; and even if I should walk back, I’ve no place there to go back to, and no one at all—now—” He broke off here, his voice faltering; and his blue eyes filled with moisture. But he made a swallow, and checked the tears, and sat gently stroking the head of his kitten.

For a little time none of us spoke, while I stood staring somewhat abashed at the lad's evident emotion. Madge studied his countenance intently, and doubtless used her imagination to suppose little Tom—her younger and favourite brother—in this stranger's place. Whatever it was that impelled her, she suddenly said to him, "Wait here," and turning, ran back across the street, and disappeared through the garden gate.

Instead of following her, the dog went up to the new boy's cat and sniffed at its nose, causing it to whisk back its head and gaze spellbound. To show his peaceful mind, the dog wagged his tail, and by degrees so won the kitten's confidence that it presently put forth its face again and exchanged sniffs.

"I should think you'd have a dog, instead of a cat," said I, considering the stranger's sex.

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He answered nothing to this, but looked quite affectionately at his pet. I set it down as odd that so manly a lad should so openly show liking for a cat. The conduct of the animal in its making acquaintance with the dog; the good-humoured assurance of the one, and the cautious coyness of the other; amused us till presently Madge's voice was heard; and then we saw her coming from the garden, speaking to her father, who walked bareheaded beside her. Behind, at a little distance, came Madge's mother and little Tom. All four stopped at the gateway, and looked curiously toward us.

"Come over here, boy," called Madge, and heeded not the reproof her mother instantly gave her in an undertone for her forwardness. For any one of his children but Madge, reproof would have come from her father also; in all save where she was concerned, he was a singularly correct and dignified man, to the point of stiffness and austerity. His wife, a pretty, vain, inoffensive woman, was always chiding her children for their smaller faults, and never seeing the traits that might lead to graver ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Faringfield awaited the effect of Madge's invitation, or rather command, adding nothing to it. The boy's colour showed his diffidence, under the scrutiny of so many coldly inquiring eyes; but after a moment he rose, and I, with greater quickness, seized his bag by the handle and started across the street with it. He called out a surprised and grateful "Thank you," and followed me. I was speedily glad I had not undertaken to carry the bag as far as he had done; 'twas all I could do to bear it.

"How is this, lad?" said Mr. Faringfield, when the boy, with hat off, stood before him. The tone was stern enough, a stranger would have thought, though it was indeed a kindly one for Madge's father. "You have come from Philadelphia to visit Mr. Aitken? Is he your relation?"

"No, sir; he was a friend of my father's before my father came to America," replied the lad, in a low, respectful voice.

"Yet your father did not know he was gone back to England? How is that?"

"My father is dead, sir; he died six years ago."

"Oh, I see," replied Mr. Faringfield, a little taken down from his severity. "And the letter my little girl tells me of?"

"If you please, my mother wrote it, sir," said the boy, looking at the letter in his hand, his voice trembling a little. He seemed to think, from the manner of the Faringfields, that he was obliged to give a full account of himself, and so went on. "She didn't know what else to do about me, sir, as there was no one in Philadelphia—that is, I mean, she remembered what a friend Mr. Aitken was to my father—they were both of Oxford, sir; Magdalen college. And so at last she thought of sending me to him, that he might get

me a place or something; and she wrote the letter to tell him who I was; and she saw to it that I should have money enough to come to New York,—”

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“But I don’t understand,” interrupted Mr. Faringfield, frowning his disapproval of something. “What made it necessary for her to dispose of you? Was she going to marry again?”

“She was going to die, sir,” replied the boy, in a reserved tone which, despite his bashfulness, both showed his own hurt, and rebuked his elder’s thoughtless question.

“Poor boy!” whispered Mrs. Faringfield, grasping her little Tom’s hand.

“Oh,” said her husband, slowly, slightly awed from his sternness. “I beg your pardon, my lad. I am very sorry, indeed. Your being here, then, means that you are now an orphan?”

“Yes, sir,” was the boy’s only answer, and he lowered his eyes toward his kitten, and so sad and lonely an expression came into his face that no wonder Mrs. Faringfield whispered again, “Poor lad,” and even Madge and little Tom looked solemn.

“Well, boy, something must be done about you, that’s certain,” said Mr. Faringfield. “You have no money, my daughter says. Spent all you had for cakes and kickshaws in the towns where the stage-coach stopped, I’ll warrant.”

The boy smiled. “The riding made me hungry sir,” said he. “I’d have saved my extra shilling if I’d known how it was going to be.”

“But is there nothing coming to you in Philadelphia? Did your mother leave nothing?”

“Everything was sold at auction to pay our debts—it took the books and our furniture and all, to do that.”

“The books?”

“We kept a book-shop, sir. My father left it to us. He was a bookseller, but he was a gentleman and an Oxford man.”

“And he didn’t make a fortune at the book trade, eh?”

“No, sir. I’ve heard people say he would rather read his books than sell them.”

“From your studious look I should say you took after him.”

“I do like to read, sir,” the lad admitted quietly, smiling again.

Here Madge put in, with the very belated query:

“What’s your name?”

“Philip Winwood,” the boy answered, looking at her pleasantly.

“Well, Master Winwood,” said Madge’s father, “we shall have to take you in overnight, at least, and then see what’s to be done.”

At this Mrs. Faringfield said hastily, with a touch of alarm:

“But, my dear, is it quite safe? The child might—might have the measles or something, you know.”

Madge tittered openly, and Philip Winwood looked puzzled. Mr. Faringfield answered:

“One can see he is a healthy lad, and cleanly, though he is tired and dusty from his journey. He may occupy the end garret room. ’Tis an odd travelling companion you carry, my boy. Did you bring the cat from Philadelphia?”

“Yes, sir; my mother was fond of it, and I didn’t like to leave it behind.”

The kitten drew back from the stately gentleman’s attempt to tap its nose with his finger, and evinced a desire to make the acquaintance of his wife, toward whom it put forth its head as far as possible out of its basket, beginning the while to purr.

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“Look, mamma, it wants to come to you,” cried little Tom, delighted.

“Cats and dogs always make friends quicker with handsome people,” said Philip Winwood, with no other intent than merely to utter a fact, of which those who observe the lower animals are well aware.

“There, my dear,” said Mr. Faringfield, “there’s a compliment for you at my expense.”

The lady, who had laughed to conceal her pleasure at so innocent a tribute, now freely caressed the kitten; of which she had been shy before, as if it also might have the measles.

“Well, Philip,” she said, a moment later, “come in, and feel that you are at home. You’ll have just time to wash, and brush the dust off, before supper. He shall occupy the second spare chamber, William,” she added, turning to her husband. “How could you think of sending so nice and good-looking a lad to the garret? Leave your travelling-bag here, child; the servants shall carry it in for you.”

“This is so kind of you, ma’am, and sir,” said Philip, with a lump in his throat; and able to speak his gratitude the less, because he felt it the more.

“I am the one you ought to thank,” said Madge archly, thus calling forth a reproving “Margaret!” from her mother, and an embarrassed smile—part amusement, part thanks, part admiration—from Philip. The smile so pleased Madge, that she gave one in return and then actually dropped her eyes.

I saw with a pang that the newcomer was already in love with her, and I knew that the novelty of his adoration would make her oblivious of my existence for at least a week to come. But I bore him no malice, and as the Faringfields turned toward the rear veranda of the house, I said:

“Come and play with me whenever you like. That’s where I live, next door. My name is Herbert Russell, but they call me Bert, for short.”

“Thank you,” said Winwood, and was just about to go down the garden walk between Madge and little Tom, when the whole party was stopped by a faint boo-hooing, in a soft and timid voice, a short distance up the street.

“’Tis Fanny,” cried Mrs. Faringfield, affrightedly, and ran out from the garden to the street.

“Ned has been bullying her,” said Madge, anger suddenly firing her pretty face. And she, too, was in the street in a moment, followed by all of us, Philip Winwood joining with a ready boyish curiosity and interest in what concerned his new acquaintances.

Sure enough, it was Fanny Faringfield, Madge's younger sister, coming along the street, her knuckles in her eyes, the tears streaming down her face; and behind her, with his fists in his coat pockets, and his cruel, sneering laugh on his bold, handsome face, came Ned, the eldest of the four Faringfield young ones. He and Fanny were returning from a children's afternoon tea-party at the Wilmots' house in William Street, from which entertainment Madge had stayed away because she had had another quarrel with

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Ned, whom she, with her self-love and high spirit, had early learned to hate for his hectoring and domineering nature. I shared Madge's feeling there, and was usually at daggers drawn with Ned Faringfield; for I never would take any man's browbeating. Doubtless my own quickness of temper was somewhat to blame. I know that it got me into many fights, and had, in fact, kept me too from that afternoon's tea, I being then not on speaking terms with one of the Wilmot boys. As for Madge's detestation of Ned, she made up for it by her love of little Tom, who then and always deserved it. Tom was a true, kind, honest, manly fellow, from his cradle to that sad night outside the Kingsbridge tavern. Madge loved Fanny too, but less wholly. As for Fanny, dear girl, she loved them all, even Ned, to whom she rendered homage and obedience; and to save whom from their father's hard wrath, she now, at sight of us all issuing from the gateway, suddenly stopped crying and tried to look as if nothing were the matter.

Ned, seeing his father, paled and hesitated; but the next moment came swaggering on, his face showing a curious succession of fear, defiance, cringing, and a crafty hope of lying out of his offence.

It was, of course, the very thing Fanny did to shield him, that certainly betrayed him; and when I knew from her sudden change of conduct that he was indeed to blame, I would gladly have attacked him, despite that he was twelve years old and I but ten. But I dared not move in the presence of our elders, and moreover I saw at once Ned's father would deal with him to our complete satisfaction.

"Go to your room, sir," said Mr. Faringfield, in his sternest tone, looking his anger out of eyes as hard as steel. This meant for Master Ned no supper, and probably much worse.

"Please, sir, I didn't do anything," answered Ned, with ill-feigned surprise. "She fell and hurt her arm."

Fanny did not deny this, but she was no liar, and could not confirm it. So she looked to the ground, and clasped her left wrist with her right hand. But in this latter movement she again exposed her brother by the very means she took to protect him; for quick-seeing Madge, observing the action, gently but firmly unclasped the younger sister's hand, and so disclosed the telltale marks of Ned's fingers upon the delicate wrist, by squeezing or wrenching which that tyrant had evinced his brotherly superiority.

At sight of this, Mrs. Faringfield gave a low cry of horror and maternal pity, and fell to caressing the bruised wrist; and Madge, raising her arm girl-wise, began to rain blows on her brother, which fell wherever they might, but where none of them could hurt. Her father, without reproving her, drew her quietly back, and with a countenance a shade

darker than before, pointed out the way for Ned toward the veranda leading to the rear hall-door.

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With a vindictive look, and pouting lips, Ned turned his steps down the walk. Just then he noticed Philip Winwood, who had viewed every detail of the scene with wonder, and who now regarded Ned with a kind of vaguely disliking curiosity, such as one bestows on some sinister-looking strange animal. Philip's look was, of course, unconscious, but none the less clearly to be read for that. Ned Faringfield, pausing on his way, stared at the unknown lad, with an expression of insolent inquiry. Not daring to stay for questions, but observing the valise, he seemed to become aware that the newcomer was an already accepted guest of the house; and he thereupon surveyed Philip a moment, inwardly measuring him as a possible comrade or antagonist, but affecting a kind of disdain. A look from his father ended Ned's inspection, and sent him hastily toward his imprisonment, whither he went with no one's pity but Fanny's—for his mother had become afraid of him, and little Tom took his likes and dislikes from his sister Madge.

And so they went in to supper, disappearing from my sight behind the corner of the parlour wing as they mounted the rear veranda: Mr. and Mrs. Faringfield first, the mother leading Fanny by the wounded wrist; the big dog next, wagging his tail for no particular reason; and then Philip Winwood, with his cat in his basket, Madge at one side of him and pretending an interest in the kitten while from beneath her lashes she alertly watched the boy himself, little Tom on the other side holding Philip's hand. I stood at the gateway, looking after; and with all my young infatuation for Madge, I had no feeling but one of liking, for this quiet, strange lad, with the pale, kind face. And I would to God I might see those three still walking together, as when children, through this life that has dealt so strangely with them all since that Summer evening.

CHAPTER II.

The Faringfields.

Having shown how Philip Winwood came among us, I ought to tell at once, though of course I learned it from him afterwards, all that need be known of his previous life. His father, after leaving Oxford and studying medicine in Edinburgh, had married a lady of the latter city, and emigrated to Philadelphia to practise as a physician. But whether 'twas that the Quaker metropolis was overstocked with doctors even then, or for other reasons, there was little call for Doctor Winwood's ministrations. Moreover, he was of so book-loving a disposition that if he happened to have sat down to a favourite volume, and a request came for his services, it irked him exceedingly to respond. This being noticed and getting abroad, did not help him in his profession.

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The birth of Philip adding to the doctor's expenses, it soon came about that, in the land where he had hoped to make a new fortune, he parted with the last of what fortune he had originally possessed. Then occurred to him the ingenious thought of turning bookseller, a business which, far from requiring that he should ever absent himself from his precious volumes, demanded rather that he should always be among them. But the stock that he laid in, turned out to comprise rather such works as a gentleman of learning would choose for company, than such as the people of Philadelphia preferred to read. Furthermore, when some would-be purchaser appeared, it often happened that the book he offered to buy was one for which the erudite dealer had acquired so strong an affection that he would not let it change owners. Nor did his wife much endeavour to turn him from this untradesmanlike course. Besides being a gentle and affectionate woman, she had that admiration for learning which, like excessive warmth of heart and certain other traits, I have observed to be common between the Scotch (she was of Edinburgh, as I have said) and the best of the Americans.

Such was Philip's father, and when he died of some trouble of the heart, there was nothing for his widow to do but continue the business. She did this with more success than the doctor had had, though many a time it smote her heart to sell some book of those that her husband had loved, and to the backs of which she had become attached for his sake and through years of acquaintance. But the necessities of her little boy and herself cried out, and so did the debt her husband had accumulated as tangible result of his business career. By providing books of a less scholarly, more popular character, such as novels, sermons, plays, comic ballads, religious poems, and the like; as well as by working with her needle, and sometimes copying legal and other documents, Mrs. Winwood managed to keep the kettle boiling. And in the bookselling and the copying, she soon came to have the aid of Philip.

The boy, too, loved books passionately, finding in them consolation for the deprivations incidental to his poverty. But, being keenly sympathetic, he had a better sense of his mother's necessities than his father had shown, and to the amelioration of her condition and his own, he sacrificed his love of books so far as to be, when occasion offered, an uncomplaining seller of those he liked, and a dealer in those he did not like. His tastes were, however, broader than his father's, and he joyfully lost himself in the novels and plays his father would have disdained.

He read, indeed, everything he could put his hands on, that had, to his mind, reason, or wit, or sense, or beauty. Many years later, when we were in London, his scholarly yet modest exposition of a certain subject eliciting the praise of a group in a Pall Mall tavern, and he being asked "What university he was of," he answered, with a playful smile, "My father's bookshop." It was, indeed, his main school of book-learning. But, as I afterward told him, he had studied in the university of life also. However, I am now writing of his boyhood in Philadelphia; and of that there is only this left to be said.

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In catering to his mind, he did not neglect bodily skill either. His early reading of Plutarch and other warlike works had filled him with desire to emulate the heroes of battle. An old copy of Saviolo's book on honour and fence, written in the reign of Elizabeth, or James, I forget which, had in some manner found its way to his father's shelves; and from this Philip secretly obtained some correct ideas of swordsmanship.[2] Putting them in practice one day in the shop, with a stick, when he thought no one was looking, he suddenly heard a cry of "bravo" from the street door, and saw he was observed by a Frenchman, who had recently set up in Philadelphia as a teacher of fencing, dancing, and riding. This expert, far from allowing Philip to be abashed, complimented and encouraged him; entered the shop, and made friends with him. The lad, being himself as likable as he found the lively foreigner interesting, became in time something of a comrade to the fencing master. The end of this was that, in real or pretended return for the loan of Saviolo's book, the Frenchman gave Philip a course of instruction and practice in each of his three arts.

To these the boy added, without need of a teacher, the ability to shoot, both with gun and with pistol. I suppose it was from being so much with his mother, between whom and himself there must have existed the most complete devotion, that notwithstanding his manly and scholarly accomplishments, his heart, becoming neither tough like the sportsman's nor dry like the bookworm's, remained as tender as a girl's—or rather as a girl's is commonly supposed to be. His mother's death, due to some inward ailment of which the nature was a problem to the doctors, left him saddened but too young to be embittered. And this was the Philip Winwood—grave and shy from having been deprived too much of the company of other boys, but with certain mental and bodily advantages of which too much of that company would have deprived him—who was taken into the house of the Faringfields in the Summer of 1763.

The footing on which he should remain there was settled the very morning after his arrival. Mr. Faringfield, a rigid and prudent man, but never a stingy one, made employment for him as a kind of messenger or under clerk in his warehouse. The boy fell gratefully into the new life, passing his days in and about the little counting-room that looked out on Mr. Faringfield's wharf on the East River. He found it dull work, the copying of invoices, the writing of letters to merchants in other parts of the world, the counting of articles of cargo, and often the bearing a hand in loading or unloading some schooner or dray; but as beggars should not be choosers, so beneficiaries should not be complainers, and Philip kept his feelings to himself.

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Mr. Faringfield was an exacting master, whose rule was that his men should never be idle, even at times when there seemed nothing to do. If no task was at hand, they should seek one; and if none could be found, he was like to manufacture one. Thus was Phil denied the pleasure of brightening or diversifying his day with reading, for which he could have found time enough. He tried to be interested in his work, and he in part succeeded, somewhat by good-fellowship with the jesting, singing, swearing wharfmen and sailors, somewhat by dwelling often on the thought that he was filling his small place in a great commerce which touched so distant shores, and so many countries, of the world. He used to watch the vessels sail, on the few and far-between days when there were departures, and wish, with inward sighs, that he might sail with them. A longing to see the great world, the Europe of history, the Britain of his ancestors, had been implanted in him by his reading, before he had come to New York, and the desire was but intensified by his daily contact with the one end of a trade whose other end lay beyond the ocean.

Outside of the hours of business, Philip's place was that of a member of the Faringfield household, where, save in the one respect that after his first night it was indeed the garret room that fell to him, he was on terms of equality with the children. Ned alone, of them all, affected toward him the manner of a superior to a dependent. Whatever were Philip's feelings regarding this attitude of the elder son, he kept them locked within, and had no more to say to Master Ned than absolute civility required. With the two girls and little Tom, and with me, he was, evenings and Sundays, the pleasantest playfellow in the world.

Ungrudgingly he gave up to us, once we had made the overtures, the time he would perhaps rather have spent over his books; for he had brought a few of these from Philadelphia, a fact which accounted for the exceeding heaviness of his travelling bag, and he had access, of course, to those on Mr. Faringfield's shelves. His compliance with our demands was the more kind, as I afterward began to see, for that his day's work often left him quite tired out. Of this we never thought; we were full of the spirits pent up all day at school, Madge and Fanny being then learners at the feet of a Boston maiden lady in our street, while I yawned and idled my hours away on the hard benches of a Dutch schoolmaster near the Broadway, under whom Ned Faringfield also was a student. But fresh as we were, and tired as Philip was, he was always ready for a romp in our back yard, or a game of hide-and-seek in the Faringfields' gardens, or a chase all the way over to the Bowling Green, or all the way up to the Common where the town ended and the Bowery lane began.

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But it soon came out that Phil's books were not neglected, either. The speed with which his candles burnt down, and required renewal, told of nocturnal studies in his garret. As these did not perceptibly interfere with his activity the next day, they were viewed by Mr. Faringfield rather with commendation than otherwise, and so were allowed to continue. My mother thought it a sin that no one interfered to prevent the boy's injuring his health; but when she said this to Phil himself, he only smiled and answered that if his reading did cost him anything of health, 'twas only fair a man should pay something for his pleasures.

My mother's interest in the matter arose from a real liking. She saw much of Philip, for he and the three younger Faringfields were as often about our house as about their own. Ours was not nearly as fine; 'twas a white-painted wooden house, like those in New England, but roomy enough for its three only occupants, my mother and me and the maid. We were not rich, but neither were we of the poorest. My father, the predecessor of Mr. Aitken in the customs office, had left sufficient money in the English funds at his death, to keep us in the decent circumstances we enjoyed, and there was yet a special fund reserved for my education. So we could be neighbourly with the Faringfields, and were so; and so all of us children, including Philip, were as much at home in the one house as in the other.

One day, in the Fall of that year of Philip's arrival, we young ones were playing puss-in-a-corner in the large garden—half orchard, half vegetable plantation—that formed the rear of the Faringfields' grounds. It was after Phil's working hours, and a pleasant, cool, windy evening. The maple leaves were yellowing, the oak leaves turning red. I remember how the wind moved the apple-tree boughs, and the yellow corn-stalks waiting to be cut and stacked as fodder. (When I speak of corn, I do not use the word in the English sense, of grain in general, but in the American sense, meaning maize, of which there are two kinds, the sweet kind being most delicious to eat, as either kind is a beautiful sight when standing in the field, the tall stalks waving their many arms in the breeze.) We were all laughing, and running from tree to tree, when in from the front garden came Ned, his face wearing its familiar cruel, bullying, spoil-sport smile.

The wind blowing out Madge's brown hair as she ran, I suppose put him in mind of what to do. For all at once, clapping his hand to his mouth, and imitating the bellowing war-whoop of an Indian, he rushed upon us in that character, caught hold of Madge's hair, and made off as if to drag her away by it. She, screaming, tried to resist, but of course could not get into an attitude for doing so while he pulled her so fast. The end of it was, that she lost her balance and fell, thus tearing her hair from his grasp.

I, being some distance away, picked up an apple and flung it at the persecutor's head, which I missed by half an inch. Before I could follow the apple, Philip had taken the work out of my hands.

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“You are a savage,” said Phil, in a low voice, but with a fiery eye, confronting Ned at close quarters.

“And what are you?” replied young Faringfield promptly. “You’re a beggar, that’s what you are! A beggar that my father took in.”

For a moment or two Phil regarded his insulter in amazed silence; then answered:

“If only you weren’t her brother!”

Here Madge spoke up, from the ground on which she sat:

“Oh, don’t let that stop you, Phil!”

“I sha’n’t,” said Phil, with sudden decision, and the next instant the astounded Ned was recoiling from a solid blow between the eyes.

Of course he immediately returned the compliment in kind, and as Ned was a strong fellow, Phil had all he could do to hold his own in the ensuing scuffle. How long this might have lasted, I don’t know, had not Fanny run between, with complete disregard of her own safety, calling out:

“Oh, Phil, you mustn’t hurt Ned!”

Her interposition being aided on the other side by little Tom, who seized Ned’s coat-tails and strove to pull him away from injuring Philip, the two combatants, their boyish belligerence perhaps having had enough for the time, separated, both panting.

“I’ll have it out with you yet!” said Master Ned, short-windedly, adjusting his coat, and glaring savagely.

“All right!” said Phil, equally out of breath. Ned then left the field, with a look of contempt for the company.

After that, things went on in the old pleasant manner, except that Ned, without any overt act to precipitate a fight, habitually treated Phil with a most annoying air of scorn and derision. This, though endured silently, was certainly most exasperating.

But it had not to be endured much of the time, for Ned had grown more and more to disdain our society, and to cultivate companions superior to us in years and knowledge of the world. They were, indeed, a smart, trick-playing, swearing set, who aped their elders in drinking, dicing, card-gambling, and even in wenching. Their zest in this imitation was the greater for being necessarily exercised in secret corners, and for their freshness to the vices they affected.

I do not say I was too good for this company and their practices; or that Philip was either. Indeed we had more than a mere glimpse of both, for boys, no matter how studious or how aspiring in the long run, will see what life they can; will seek the taste of forbidden fruit, and will go looking for temptations to yield to. Indeed, the higher a boy's intelligence, the more eager may be his curiosity for, his first enjoyment of, the sins as well as the other pleasures. What banished us—Philip and me—from Ned's particular set was, first, Ned's enmity toward us; second, our attachment to a clan of boys equally bent on playing the rake in secret, though of better information and manners than Ned's comrades could boast of; third, Phil's fondness for books, and mine for him; and finally, our love for Madge.

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This last remained unaltered in both of us. As for Madge, as I had predicted to myself, she had gradually restored me to my old place in her consideration as the novelty of Philip's newer devotion had worn off. We seemed now to be equals in her esteem. At one time Phil would apparently stand uppermost there, at another I appeared to be preferred. But this alternating superiority was usually due to casual circumstance. Sometimes, I suppose, it owed itself to caprice; sometimes, doubtless, to deep design unsuspected by either of us. Boys are not men until they are well grown; but women are women from their first compliment. On the whole, as I have said, Phil and I were very even rivals.

It was sometime in the winter—Philip's first winter with the Faringfields—that the next outbreak came, between him and Master Edward. If ever the broad mansion of the Faringfields looked warm and welcoming, it was in midwinter. The great front doorway, with its fanlight above, and its panel windows at each side, through which the light shone during the long evenings, and with its broad stone steps and out-curving iron railings, had then its most hospitable aspect. One evening that it looked particularly inviting to me, was when Ned and the two girls and I were returning with our skates from an afternoon spent on Beekman's pond. Large flakes were falling softly on snow already laid. Darkness had caught up with us on the way home, and when we came in sight of the cheery light enframing the Faringfields' wide front door, and showing also from the windows at one side, I was not sorry I was to eat supper with them that evening, my mother having gone sleighing to visit the Murrays at Incledon, with whom she was to pass the night. As we neared the door, tired and hungry, whom should we see coming toward it from the other direction but Philip Winwood. He had worked over the usual time at the warehouse. Before the girls or I could exchange halloes with Phil, we were all startled to hear Ned call out to him, in a tone even more imperious than the words:

"Here, you, come and take my skates, and carry them in, and tell mother I've stopped at Jack Van Cortlandt's house a minute."

And he stood waiting for Phil to do his bidding. The rest of us halted, also; while Phil stopped where he was, looking as if he could not have heard aright.

"Come, are you deaf?" cried Ned, impatiently. "Do as you're bid, and be quick about it."

Now, of course, there was nothing wrong in merely asking a comrade, as one does ask a comrade such things, to carry in one's skates while one stopped on the way. No one was ever readier than Phil to do such little offices, or great ones either. Indeed, it is the American way to do favours, even when not requested, and even to inferiors. I have seen an American gentleman of wealth go in the most natural manner to the assistance of his own servant in a task that seemed to overtax the latter, and think nothing of it. But in the case I am relating; apart from the fact that I, being nearer than Phil, was the proper one of whom to ask the favour; the phrase and manner were those of a master

to a servant; a rough master and a stupid servant, moreover. And so Philip, after a moment, merely laughed, and went on his way toward the door.

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At this Master Ned stepped forward with the spirit of chastisement in his eyes, his skates held back as if he meant to strike Phil with their sharp blades. But it happened that Philip had by now mounted the first door-step, and thus stood higher than his would-be assailant. So Master Ned stopped just out of Philip's reach, and said insolently:

"'Tis time you were taught your place, young fellow. You're one of my father's servants, that's all; so take in my skates, or I'll show you."

"You're wrong there," said Phil, with forced quietness. "A clerk or messenger, in business, is not a personal servant."

"Take in these skates, or I'll brain you with 'em!" cried Ned, to that.

"Come on and brain!" cried Phil.

"By G——d, I will that!" replied Ned, and made to swing the skates around by the straps. But his arm was, at that instant, caught in a powerful grip, and, turning about in surprise, he looked into the hard, cold eyes of his father, who had come up unseen, having stayed; at the warehouse even later than Phil.

"If any blows are struck here, you sha'n't be the one to strike them, sir," he said to Ned. "What's this I hear, of servants? I'll teach you once for all, young man, that in my house Philip is your equal. Go to your room and think of that till it becomes fixed in your mind."

To go without supper, with such an appetite, on such a cold night, was indeed a dreary end for such a day's sport. I, who knew how chilled and starved Ned must be, really pitied him.

But instead of slinking off with a whimper, he for the first time in his life showed signs of revolt.

"What if I don't choose to go to my room?" he answered, impudently, to our utmost amazement. "You may prefer an outside upstart over your son, if you like, but you can't always make your son a prisoner by the ordering."

Mr. Faringfield showed little of the astonishment and paternal wrath he doubtless felt. He gazed coldly at his defiant offspring a moment; then took a step toward him. But Ned, with the agility of boyhood, turned and ran, looking back as he went, and stopping only when he was at a safe distance.

"Come back," called his father, not risking his dignity in a doubtful pursuit, but using such a tone that few would dare to disobey the command.

“Suppose I don’t choose to come back,” answered Ned, to whose head the very devil had now certainly mounted. “Maybe there’s other places to go to, where one doesn’t have to stand by and see an upstart beggar preferred to himself, and put in his place, and fed on the best while he’s lying hungry in his dark room.”

“If there’s another place for you, I’d advise you to find it,” said Mr. Faringfield, after a moment’s reflection.

“Oh, I’ll find it,” was the reply; and then came what Master Ned knew would be the crowning taunt and insult to his father. “If it comes to the worst, I know how I can get to England, where I’d rather be, anyway.”

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There was a reason why Mr. Faringfield's face turned dark as a thunder-cloud at this. You must know, first, that in him alone was embodied the third generation of colonial Faringfields. The founder of the American branch of the family, having gone pretty nearly to the dogs at home, and got into close quarters with the law, received from his people the alternative of emigrating to Virginia or suffering justice to take its course. Tossing up his last sixpence, he indifferently observed, on its coming down, that it lay in favour of Virginia. So he chose emigration, and was shipped off, upon condition that if he ever again set foot in England he should be forthwith turned over to the merciless law. His relations, as he perceived, cherished the hope that he would die of a fever likely to be caught on the piece of marshy land in Virginia which they, in a belief that it was worthless, had made over to him. Pondering on this on the voyage, and perhaps having had his fill of the flesh and the devil, he resolved to disappoint his family. And, to make short a very long story of resolution and toil, he did so, becoming at last one of the richest tobacco-planters in the province.

He might now have returned to England with safety; but his resentment against the people who had exiled him when they might have compounded with justice otherwise, extended even to their country, which he no longer called his, and he abode still by the condition of his emigration. He married a woman who had her own special reasons for inimical feelings toward the English authorities, which any one may infer who is familiar with one phase (though this was not as large a phase as English writers seem to think) of the peopling of Virginia. Although she turned over a new leaf in the province, and seems to have been a model wife and parent, she yet retained a sore heart against the mother country. The feeling of these two was early inculcated into the minds of their children, and their eldest son, in whom it amounted almost to a mania, transmitted it on to his own successor, our Mr. Faringfield of Queen Street.

The second Faringfield (father of ours), being taken with a desire for the civilities and refinements of a town life, moved from Virginia to New York, married there a very worthy lady of Dutch patroon descent, and, retaining his Virginia plantation, gradually extended his business, so that he died a general merchant, with a European and a West Indian trade, and with vessels of his own. He it was that built the big Faringfield house in Queen Street. He was of an aspiring mind, for one in trade, and had even a leaning toward book-knowledge and the ornaments of life. He was, moreover, an exceedingly proud man, as if a haughty way were needful to a man of business and an American, in order to check the contempt with which he might be treated as either. His large business, his pride, his unreasonable hatred of England (which he never saw), and a very fine and

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imposing appearance, he passed down to our Mr. Faringfield, by whom all these inheritances were increased. This gentleman, sensible of the injustice of an inherited dislike not confirmed by experience, took occasion of some business to make a visit to England, shortly after his father's death. I believe he called upon his English cousins, now some degrees removed, and, finding them in their generation ignorant that there were any American Faringfields, was so coldly received by them, as well as by the men with whom his business brought him in contact, that he returned more deeply fixed in his dislike, and with a determination that no Faringfield under his control should ever again breathe the air of the mother island. He even chose a wife of French, rather than English, descent; though, indeed, the De Lanceys, notwithstanding they were Americans of Huguenot origin, were very good Englishmen, as the issue proved when the separation came.

Miss De Lancey, however, at that time, had no views or feelings as between the colonies and England; or if she had any, scarcely knew what they were. She was a pretty, innocent, small-minded woman; with no very large heart either, I fancy; and without force of character; sometimes a little shrewish when vexed, and occasionally given to prolonged whining complaints, which often won the point with her husband, as a persistent mosquito will drive a man from a field whence a giant's blows would not move him. She heard Mr. Faringfield's tirades against England, with neither disagreement nor assent; and she let him do what he could to instil his own antagonism into the children. How he succeeded, or failed, will appear in time. I have told enough to show why Master Ned's threatening boast, of knowing how to get to England, struck his father like a blow in the face.

I looked to see Mr. Faringfield now stride forth at all risk and inflict upon Master Ned some chastisement inconceivable; and Ned himself took a backward step or two. But his father, after a moment of dark glowering, merely answered, though in a voice somewhat unsteady with anger:

"To England or the devil, my fine lad, before ever you enter my door, until you change your tune!"

Whereupon he motioned the rest of us children to follow him into the house, leaving his eldest son to turn and trudge defiantly off into the darkness. From Ned's manner of doing this, I knew that he was sure of shelter for that night, at least. Noah, the old black servant, having seen his master through the panel windows, had already opened the door; and so we went in to the warm, candle-lit hall, Mr. Faringfield's agitation now perfectly under control, and his anger showing not at all upon his surface of habitual sternness.

As for the others, Phil walked in a kind of deep, troubled study, into which he had been thrown by Ned's words regarding him; I was awed into breathless silence and a mouse-like tread; and kind little Fanny went gently sobbing with sorrow and fear for her unhappy brother—a sorrow and fear not shared in the least degree by her sister Madge, whose face showed triumphant approval of her father's course and of the outcome.

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CHAPTER III.

Wherein 'tis Shown that Boys Are but Boys.

The Faringfield house, as I have said, was flanked by garden space on either side. It was on the Eastern side of the street, and so faced West, the next house Southward being ours. The wide hall that we entered ran straight back to a door opening from a wooden veranda that looked toward the rear garden. At the right of this hall, as you went in, a broad oak stairway invited you to the sleeping floor above. But before you came to this stairway, you passed a door that gave into the great parlour, which ran the whole length of the hall, and, being used only on occasions of festivity or ceremony, was now closed and dark. At the left of the hall, the first door led to the smaller parlour, as wide but not as long as the great one, and in daily use as the chief living-room of the house. Its windows were those through which the candle-light within had welcomed us from the frosty, snowy air that evening. Behind this parlour, and reached either directly from it, or by a second door at the left side of the hall, was the library, so-called although a single case of eight shelves sufficed to hold all the books it contained. Yet Philip said there was a world in those books. The room was a small and singularly cosy one, and here, when Mr. Faringfield was not occupied at the mahogany desk, we children might play at chess, draughts, cards, and other games. From this room, one went back into the dining-room, another apartment endeared to me by countless pleasant memories. Its two windows looked Southward across the side grounds (for the hall and great parlour came not so far back) to our house and garden. Behind the dining-room, and separating it from the kitchen and pantry, was a passage with a back stairway and with a bench of washing-basins, easily supplied with water from a cistern below, and from the kettle in the adjacent kitchen. To this place we youngsters now hastened, to put ourselves to rights for supper. The house was carpeted throughout. The great parlour was panelled in wood, white and gold. The other chief rooms were wainscoted in oak; and as to their upper walls, some were bright with French paper, while some shone white with smooth plaster; their ceilings and borders were decorated with arabesque woodwork. There were tiled fireplaces, with carved mantels, white, like the rectangular window-frames and panelled doors. Well, well, 'twas but a house like countless others, and why should I so closely describe it?—save that I love the memory of it, and fain would linger upon its commonest details.

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Mighty snug was the dining-room that evening, with its oaken sideboard, its prints and portraits on the wall, its sputtering fire, and its well-filled table lighted from a candelabrum in the centre. The sharp odour of the burning pine was keen to the nostrils, and mingled with it was the smell of the fried ham. There was the softer fragrance of the corn meal mush or porridge, served with milk, and soft was the taste of it also. We had sausage cakes, too, and pancakes to be eaten either with butter or with the syrup of the maple-tree; and jam, and jelly, and fruit butter. These things seem homely fare, no doubt, but there was a skill of cookery in the fat old negress, Hannah—-a skill consisting much in the plentiful use of salt and pepper at proper stages—that would have given homelier fare a relish to more fastidious tongues. I miss in the wholesome but limited and unseasoned diet of the English the variety and savouriness of American food (I mean the food of the well-to-do in the large towns), which includes all the English and Scotch dishes, corrected of their insipidity, besides countless dishes French, German, and Dutch, and many native to the soil, all improved and diversified by the surprising genius for cookery which, in so few generations, the negro race has come to exhibit. I was a busy lad at that meal; a speechless one, consequently, and for some minutes so engrossed in the business of my jaws that I did not heed the unwonted silence of the rest. Then suddenly it came upon me as something embarrassing and painful that Mr. and Mrs. Faringfield, who usually conversed at meals, had nothing to say, and that Philip Winwood sat gloomy and taciturn, merely going through a hollow form of eating. As for Fanny, she was the picture of childish sorrow, though now tearless. Only Madge and little Tom, who had found some joke between themselves, occasionally spluttered with suppressed laughter, smiling meanwhile knowingly at each other.

Of course this depression was due to the absence of Ned, regarding the cause of which his mother was still in the dark. Not missing him until we children had filed in to supper after tidying up, she had then remarked that he was not yet in.

“He will not be home to supper,” Mr. Faringfield had replied, in a tone that forbade questioning until the pair should be alone, and motioning his wife to be seated at the table. After that he had once or twice essayed to talk upon casual subjects, as if nothing had happened, but he had perceived that the attempt was hopeless while Mrs. Faringfield remained in her state of deferred curiosity and vague alarm, and so he had desisted.

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After supper, which the lady's impatience made shorter than my appetite would have dictated, the husband and wife went into the small parlour, closing the door upon us children in the library. Here I managed to make a pleasant evening, in games with Madge and little Tom upon the floor. But Philip, though he came in as was his wont, was not to be lured into our play or our talk. He did not even read, but sat silent and pondering, in no cheerful mood. I, not reading him as Madge did, knew not what the matter was, and accused him of having vapours, like a girl. He looked at me heedlessly, in reply, as if he scarce heard. But Madge, apparently, divined his feeling, and at times respected it, for then she spoke low, and skilfully won me back from my efforts to enliven him. At other times, his way seemed to irritate her, and she hinted that he was foolish, and then she was extraordinarily smiling and adorable to me (always, I now suspect, with the corner of her eye upon him) as if to draw him back to his usual good-fellowship by that method. But 'twas in vain. I left at bedtime, wondering what change had come over him.

That night, I learned afterward, Philip slept little, debating sorrowfully in his mind. He kept his window slightly open at night, in all weather; and open also that night was one of the windows of Mr. and Mrs. Faringfield's great chamber below. A sound that reached him in the small hours, of Mrs. Faringfield whimpering and weeping, decided him. And the next morning, after another silent meal, he contrived to fall into Mr. Faringfield's company on the way to the warehouse, which they had almost reached ere Phil, very down in the mouth and perturbed, got up his courage to his unpleasant task and blundered out in a boyish, frightened way:

"If you please, sir, I wished to tell you—I've made up my mind to leave—and thank you very much for all your kindness!"

Mr. Faringfield stared from under his gathered brows, and asked Phil to repeat the strange thing he had said.

"Leave what, sir?" he queried sharply, when Phil had done so.

"Leave your warehouse, sir; and your house; and New York."

"What do you mean, my boy?"

And Phil, thankful that Mr. Faringfield had paused to have the talk out ere they should come among the men at the warehouse, explained at first in vague terms, but finally in the explicit language to which his benefactor's questions forced him, that he seemed, in Master Ned's mind, to be standing in Ned's way; that he would not for the world appear to supplant any man's son, much less the son of one who had been so kind to him; that he had unintentionally been the cause of Ned's departure the evening before; and that he hoped his going would bring Ned back from the absence which caused his mother

grief. “And I wouldn’t stay in New York after leaving you, sir,” he said, “for ’twould look as if you and I had disagreed.”

To all this Mr. Faringfield replied briefly that Ned was a foolish boy, and would soon enough come back, glad of what welcome he might get; and that, as for Philip’s going away, it was simply not to be heard of. But Phil persisted, conceding only that he should remain at the warehouse for an hour that morning and complete a task he had left unfinished. Mr. Faringfield still refused to have it that Phil should go at all.

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When Philip had done his hour's work, he went in to his employer's office to say good-bye.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Faringfield, looking annoyed at the interruption, "there's no occasion for goodbyes. But look you, lad. I don't mind your taking the day off, to put yourself into a reasonable state of mind. Go home, and enjoy a holiday, and come back to your work to-morrow, fresh and cheerful. Now, now, boy, I won't hear any more. Only do as I bid you." And he assumed a chilling reserve that indeed froze all further possible discussion.

"But I do say good-bye, sir, and mean it," said Phil, tremulously. "And I thank you from my heart for all you've done for me."

And so, with a lump in his throat, Phil hastened home, and sped up the stairs unseen, like a ghost; and had all his things out on his bed for packing, when suddenly Madge, who had been astonished to hear him moving about, from her mother's room below, flung open his door and looked in upon him, all amazed.

"Why, Phil, what are you doing home at this hour? What are you putting your things into your valise for?"

"Oh, nothing," said Phil, very downcast.

"Why, it looks as if—you were going away somewhere."

Phil made a brief answer; and then there was a long talk, all the while he continued to pack his goods, in his perturbation stowing things together in strange juxtaposition. The end of it was that Madge, after vowing that if he went she would never speak to him again, and would hate him for ever, indignantly left him to himself. Phil went on packing, in all the outward calmness he could muster, though I'll wager with a very pouting and dismal countenance. At last, his possessions being bestowed, and the bag fastened with much physical exertion, he left it on the bed, and slipped down-stairs to find his one remaining piece of property. Philip's cat had waxed plump in the Faringfield household, Master Ned always deterred from harming it by the knowledge that if aught ill befell it, the finger of accusation would point instantly and surely at him.

Phil was returning up the stairs, his pet under his arm, when Mistress Madge reappeared before him, with magic unexpectedness, from a doorway opening on a landing. As she stood in his way there, he stopped, and the two faced each other.

"Well," said she, with sarcastic bitterness, "I suppose you've decided where you're going to."

“Not yet,” he replied. He had thought vaguely of Philadelphia or Boston, either of which he now had means of reaching, having saved most of his small salary at the warehouse, for he was not a bound apprentice.

“I make no doubt,” she went on, “’twill be the farthest place you can find.”

Phil gave her a reproachful look, and asked where her mother and the children were, that he might bid them good-bye. He wondered, indeed, that Madge had not told her mother of his resolve, for, from that lady’s not seeking him at once, he knew that she was still unaware of it. He little guessed that ’twas the girl’s own power over him she wished to test, and that she would not enlist her mother’s persuasions but as a last resource.

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“I don’t know,” she replied carelessly.

“I shall look for them,” said Philip, and turned to go down-stairs again.

But (though how could a boy imagine it?) Miss Faringfield would not have it that his yielding should be due to her mother, if it could be achieved as a victory for herself. So she stopped him with a sudden tremulous “Oh, Phil!” and, raising her forearm to the door-post, hid her face against it, and wept as if her heart would break.

Philip had never before known her to shed a tear, and this new spectacle, in a second’s time, took all the firmness out of him.

“Why, Madge, I didn’t know—don’t cry, Madgie—”

She turned swiftly, without looking up, and her face, still in a shower of tears, found hiding no longer against the door-post, but against Phil’s breast.

“Don’t cry, Madgie dear,—I sha’n’t go!”

She raised her wet face, joy sparkling where the lines had not yet lost the shape of grief; and Phil never thought to ask himself how much of her pleasure was for his not going, and how much for the evidence given of her feminine power. He had presently another thing to consider, a not very palatable dose to swallow—the returning to the warehouse and telling Mr. Faringfield of his change of mind. He did this awkwardly enough, no doubt, but manfully enough, I’ll take my oath, though he always said he felt never so tamed and small and ludicrous in his life, before or after.

And that scene upon the landing is the last picture, but one, I have to present of childhood days, ere I hasten, over the period that brought us all into our twenties and to strange, eventful times. The one remaining sketch is of an unkempt, bedraggled figure that I saw at the back hall door of the Faringfields one snowy night a week later, when, for some reason or other, I was out late in our back garden. This person, instead of knocking at the door, very cautiously tried it to see if it would open, and, finding it locked, stood timidly back and gazed at it in a quandary. Suspecting mischief, I went to the paling fence that separated our ground from the Faringfields’, and called out, “Who’s that?”

“Hallo, Bert!” came in a very conciliating tone, low-spoken; and then, as with a sudden thought, “Come over here, will you?”

I crossed the fence, and was in a moment at the side of Master Ned, who looked exceedingly the worse for wear, in face, figure, and clothes.

“Look here,” said he, speaking rapidly, so as to prevent my touching the subject of his return, “I want to sneak in, and up-stairs to bed, without the old man seeing me. I don’t

just like to meet him till to-morrow. But I can't sneak in, for the door's locked, and Noah would be sure to tell dad. You knock, and when they let you in, pretend you came to play with the kids; and whisper Fanny to slip out and open the door for me."

I entered readily into the strategy, as a boy will, glad of Ned's return for the sake of Phil, who I knew was ill at ease for Ned's absence being in some sense due to himself.

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Old Noah admitted me at my knock, locked the door after me, and sent me into the smaller parlour, where the whole family happened to be. When I whispered my message to Fanny, she turned so many colours, and made so precipitately for the entrance hall, that her father was put on the alert. He followed her quietly out, just in time to see a very shivering, humble, shamefaced youth step in from the snowy outer night. The sight of his father turned Ned cold and stiff upon the threshold; but all the father did was to put on a grim look of contempt, and say:

“Well, sir, I suppose you’ve changed your tune.”

“Yes, sir,” said the penitent, meekly, and there being now no reason for secrecy he shambled after his father into the parlour. There, after his mother’s embrace, he grinned sheepishly upon us all. Fanny was quite rejoiced, and so was little Tom till the novelty wore off; while Madge greeted the prodigal good-humouredly enough, and one could read Phil’s relief and forgiveness on his smiling face. Master Ned, grateful for an easier ordeal than he had feared, made no exception against Phil in the somewhat sickly amiability he had for all, and we thought that here were reconciliation and the assurance of future peace.

Ned’s home-coming brought trouble in its train, as indeed did his every reappearance afterward. It came out that he and another boy—the one in whose house he had found refuge on the night of his running away—had started off for the North to lead the lives of hunters and trappers, a career so inviting that they could not wait to provide a sufficient equipment. They travelled afoot by the Albany post-road, soliciting food at farmhouses, passing their nights in barns; and got as far as Tarrytown, ere either one in his pride would admit to the other, through chattering teeth, that he had had his fill of snow and hunger and the raw winds of the Hudson River. So footsore, leg-weary, empty, and frozen were they on their way back, that they helped themselves to one of Jacob Post’s horses, near the Philipse manor-house; and not daring to ride into town on this beast, thoughtlessly turned it loose in the Bowery lane, never thinking how certainly it and they could be traced—for they had been noticed at Van Cortlandt’s, again at Kingsbridge, and again at the Blue Bell tavern. After receiving its liberty, the horse had been seen once, galloping toward Turtle Bay, and never again.

So, a few days after Ned’s reentrance into the bosom of his family, there came to the house a constable, of our own town, with a deputy sent by the sheriff of Westchester County, wanting Master Edward Faringfield.

Frightened and disgraced, his mother sent for her husband; and for the sake of the family name, Mr. Faringfield adjusted matters by the payment of twice or thrice what the horse was worth. Thus the would-be hunter and trapper escaped the discomfort and shame of jail; though by his father’s sentence he underwent a fortnight’s detention on bread and water in his bedroom.

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That was the first fright and humiliation that Master Ned brought on his people; and he brought so many of these in after years, that the time came when his parents, and all, were rather glad than sorry each time he packed off again, and shuddered rather than rejoiced when, after an absence, he turned up safe and healthy as ever, with his old hangdog smile beneath which lurked a look half-defiant, half-injured. As he grew older, and the boy in him made room for the man, there was less of the smile, less injury, more defiance.

I do not remember how many years it was after Philip's coming to New York, that our Dutch schoolmaster went the way of all flesh, and there came in his place, to conduct a school for boys only and in more advanced studies, a pedagogue from Philadelphia, named Cornelius. He was of American birth, but of European parentage, whether German or Dutch I never knew. Certainly he had learning, and much more than was due alone to his having gone through the college at Princeton in New Jersey. He was in the early twenties, tall and robust, with a large round face, and with these peculiarities: that his hair, eyebrows, and lashes were perfectly white, his eyes of a singularly mild blue, his skin of a pinkish tint; that he was given to blushing whenever he met women or strangers, and that he spoke with pedantic preciseness, in a wondrously low voice. But despite his bashfulness, there was a great deal in the man, and when an emergency rose he never lacked resource.

He it was to whom my education, and Ned Faringfield's, was entrusted, while the girls and little Tom still strove with the rudiments in the dame-school. He it was that carried us to the portals of college; and I carried Philip Winwood thither with me, by studying my lessons with him in the evenings. In many things he was far beyond Mr. Cornelius's highest teaching; but there had been lapses in his information, and these he filled up, and regulated his knowledge as well, through accompanying me in my progress. And he continued so to accompany me, making better use of my books than ever I made, as I went through the King's College; and that is the way in which Phil Winwood got his stock of learning eked out, and put in due shape and order.

It happened that Philip's taste fastened upon one subject of which there was scarce anything to be learned by keeping pace with my studies, but upon which much was to be had from books in the college library, of which I obtained the use for him. It was a strange subject for a youth to take up at that time, or any time since, and in that colonial country—architecture. Yet 'twas just like Phil Winwood to be interested in something that all around him neglected or knew nothing about. What hope an American could have in the pursuit of an art, for which the very rare demands in his country were supplied from Europe, and which indeed languished the world over, I could not see.

"Very well, then," said Phil, "'twill be worth while trying to waken this sleeping art, and to find a place for it in this out-of-the-way country. I wouldn't presume to attempt new forms, to be sure; but one might revive some old ones, and maybe try new arrangements of them."

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“Then you think you’ll really be an architect?” I asked.

“Why, if it’s possible. ’Faith, I’m not so young any more that I still want to be a soldier, or a sailor either. One thing, ’twill take years of study; I’ll have to go to Europe for that.”

“To England?”

“First of all.”

“What will Mr. Faringfield say to that?”

“He will not mind it so much in my case. I’m not of the Faringfield blood.”

“Egad,” said I, “there’s some of the Faringfield blood hankers for a sight of London.”

“Whose? Ned’s?”

“No. Margaret’s.”

We were young men now, and she would not let us call her Madge any more. What I had said was true. She had not grown up without hearing and reading much of the great world beyond the sea, and wishing she might have her taste of its pleasures. She first showed a sense of her deprivation—for it was a deprivation for a rich man’s daughter—when she finished at the dame-school and we boys entered college. Then she hinted, very cautiously, that her and Fanny’s education was being neglected, and mentioned certain other New York gentlemen’s daughters, who had been sent to England to boarding-schools.

Delicately as she did this, the thought that his favourite child could harbour a wish that involved going to England, was a blow to Mr. Faringfield. He hastened to remove all cause of complaint on the score of defective education. He arranged that the music teacher, who gave the girls their lessons in singing and in playing upon the harpsichord and guitar, should teach them four days a week instead of two. He engaged Mr. Cornelius to become an inmate of his house and to give them tuition out of his regular school hours. He paid a French widow to instruct them in their pronunciation, their book-French and grammar being acquired under Mr. Cornelius’s teaching. And so, poor girls, they got only additional work for Margaret’s pains. But both of them were docile, Fanny because it was her nature to be so, Margaret because she had taken it into her head to become an accomplished lady. We never guessed her dreams and ambitions in those years, and to this day I often wonder at what hour in her girlhood the set design took possession of her, that design which dominated all her actions when we so little guessed its existence. Besides these three instructors, the girls had their dancing-master, an Englishman who pretended to impart not only the best-approved steps of a London assembly-room, but its manners and graces as well.

So much for the education of the girls, Philip, and myself. Ned Faringfield's was interrupted by his expulsion from King's for gross misconduct; and was terminated by his disgrace at Yale College (whither his father had sent him in vain hope that he might behave better away from home and more self-dependent) for beating a smaller student whom he had cheated at a clandestine game of cards. His home-coming

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on this occasion was followed by his being packed off to Virginia to play at superintending his father's tobacco plantations. Neglecting this business to go shooting on the frontier, he got a Scotch Presbyterian mountaineer's daughter into trouble; and when he turned up again at the door in Queen Street, he was still shaky with recollections of the mob of riflemen that had chased him out of Virginia. That piece of sport cost his father a pretty penny, and resulted in a place being got for Ned with a merchant who was Mr. Faringfield's correspondent in the Barbadoes. So to the tropics the young gentleman was shipped, with sighs of relief at his embarkation, and—I have no doubt—with unuttered prayers that he might not show his face in Queen Street for a long time to come. Already he had got the name, in the family, of "the bad shilling," for his always coming back unlooked for.

How different was his younger brother!—no longer "little Tom" (though of but middle height and slim build), but always gay-hearted, affectionate, innocent, and a gentleman. He was a handsome lad, without and within—yes, "lad" I must call him, for, though he came to manly years, he always seemed a boy to me. He followed in our steps, in his time, through Mr. Cornelius's school, and into King's College, too, but the coming of the war cut short his studies there.

It must have been in the year 1772—I remember Margaret spoke of her being seventeen years old, in which case I was nineteen—when I got (and speedily forgot) my first glimpse of Margaret's inmost mind. We were at the play—for New York had had a playhouse ever since Mr. Hallam had brought thither his company, with whom the great Garrick had first appeared in London. I cannot recall what the piece was that night; but I know it must have been a decent one, or Margaret would not have been allowed to see it; and that it purported to set forth true scenes of fashionable life in London. At one side of Margaret her mother sat, at the other was myself, and I think I was that time their only escort.

"What a fright!" said Margaret in my ear, as one of the actresses came upon the stage with an affected gait, and a look of thinking herself mighty fine and irresistible. "'Tis a slander, this."

"Of whom?" I asked.

"Of the fine ladies these poor things pretend to represent."

"How do you know?" I retorted, for I was somewhat taken with the actresses, and thought to avenge them by bringing her down a peg or two. "Have you seen so much of London fine ladies?"

“No, poor me!” she said sorrowfully, without a bit of anger, so that I was softened in a trice. “But the ladies of New York, even, are no such tawdry make-believes as this.—-Heaven knows, I would give ten years of life for a sight of the fine world of London!”

She was looking so divine at that moment, that I could not but whisper:

“You would see nothing finer there than yourself.”

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“Do you think so?” she quickly asked, flashing her eyes upon me in a strange way that called for a serious answer.

“’Tis the God’s truth,” I said, earnestly.

For a moment she was silent; then she whispered:

“What a silly whimsy of my father, his hatred of England! Does he imagine none of us is really ever to see the world?—That reminds me, don’t forget the *Town and Country Magazine* to-morrow.”

I had once come upon a copy of that publication, which reflected the high life of England, perhaps too much on its scandalous side; and had shown it to Margaret. Immediately she had got me to subscribe for it, and to pass each number clandestinely to her. I, delighted to do her a favour, and to have a secret with her, complied joyously; and obtained for her as many novels and plays as I could, as well.

Little I fancied what bee I thus helped to keep buzzing in her pretty head, which she now carried with all the alternate imperiousness and graciousness of confident and proven beauty. Little I divined of feminine dreams of conquest in larger fields; or foresaw of dangerous fruit to grow from seed planted with thoughtlessness. To my mind, nothing of harm or evil could ensue from anything done, or thought, in our happy little group. To my eyes, the future could be only radiant and triumphant. For I was still but a lad at heart, and to think as I did, or to be thoughtless as I was, is the way of youth.

CHAPTER IV.

How Philip and I Behaved as Rivals in Love.

I was always impatient, and restless to settle uncertainties. One fine morning in the Spring of 1773, Philip and I were breaking the Sabbath by practising with the foils in our back garden. Spite of all the lessons I had taken from an English fencing-master in the town, Phil was still my superior in the gentlemanly art. After a bout, on this sunshiny morning, we rested upon a wooden bench, in the midst of a world of white and pink and green, for the apple and cherry blossoms were out, and the leaves were in their first freshness. The air was full of the odour of lilacs and honeysuckles. Suddenly the matter that was in my mind came out.

“I wish you’d tell me something, Phil—though ’tis none of my business,—”

“Why, man, you’re welcome to anything I know.”

“Then, is there aught between Margaret and you—any agreement or understanding, I mean?”

Phil smiled, comprehending me thoroughly.

“No, there’s nothing. I’m glad you asked. It shows there’s no promise between her and you, either.”

“I thought you and I ought to settle it between ourselves about—Margaret. Because if we both go on letting time pass, each waiting to see what t’other will do, some other man will slip in, and carry off the prize, and there will both of us be, out in the cold.”

“Oh, there’s little fear of that,” said Phil.

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“Why, the fellows are all coming after her. She’s far the finest girl in town.”

“But you see how she treats them, all alike; looks down on them all, even while she’s pleasant to them; and doesn’t lead any one of them on a step further than the rest.”

“Ay, but in time—she’s eighteen now, you know.”

“Why, did you ever try to imagine her regarding any one of them as a husband; as a companion to live with day after day, and to agree with, and look up to, and yield to, as a wife does? Just fancy Margaret accommodating herself to the everlasting company of Phil Van Cortlandt, or Jack Cruger, or Bob Livingstone, or Harry Colden, or Fred Philipse, or Billy Skinner, or any of them.”

“I know,” said I; “but many a girl has taken a man that other men couldn’t see anything in.”

“Ay, the women have a way of their own of judging men; or perhaps they make the best of what they can get. But you may depend on’t, Margaret has too clear a sight, and too bright a mind, and thinks too well of herself, to mate with an uncouth cub, or a stupid dolt, or a girlish fop, or any of these that hang about her.”

’Twas not Phil’s way to speak ill of people, but when one considered men in comparison with Margaret, they looked indeed very crude and unworthy.

“You know,” he added, “how soon she tires of any one’s society.”

“But,” said I, dubiously, “if none of them has a chance, how is it with us?”

“Why, ’tis well-proved that she doesn’t tire of us. For years and years, she has had us about her every day, and has been content with our society. That shows she could endure us to be always near her.”

It was true, indeed. And I should explain here that, as things were in America then, and with Mr. Faringfield and Margaret, neither of us was entirely ineligible to the hand of so rich and important a man’s daughter; although the town would not have likened our chances to those of a De Lancey, a Livingstone, or a Philipse. I ought to have said before, that Philip was now of promising fortune. He had risen in the employ of Mr. Faringfield, but, more than that, he had invested some years’ savings in one of that merchant’s shipping ventures, and had reinvested the profits, always upon his benefactor’s advice, until now his independence was a certain thing. If he indeed tried architecture and it failed him as a means of livelihood, he might at any time fall back upon his means and his experience as a merchant adventurer. As for me, I also was a beneficiary of Mr. Faringfield’s mercantile transactions by sea, my mother, at his hint, having drawn out some money from the English funds, and risked it with him. Furthermore, I had obtained a subordinate post in the customs office, with a promise of

sometime succeeding to my father's old place, and the certainty of remaining in his Majesty's service during good behaviour. This meant for life, for I had now learned how to govern my conduct, having schooled myself, for the sake of my mother's peace of mind, to keep out of trouble, often against my natural impulses. Thus both Phil and I might aspire to Margaret; and, moreover, 'twas like that her father would provide well for her if she found a husband to his approval. It did not then occur to me that my employment in the English service might be against me in Mr. Faringfield's eyes.

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“Then,” said I, reaching the main point at last, “as you think we are endurable to her—-which of us shall it be?”

“Why, that question is for her to settle,” said Phil, with a smile half-amused, half-surprised.

“But she will have to be asked. So which of us—?”

“I don’t think it matters,” he replied. “If she prefers one of us, she will take him and refuse the other, whether he ask first or last.”

“But suppose she likes us equally. In that case, might not the first asker win, merely for his being first?”

“I think it scarce possible but that in her heart she must favour one above all others, though she may not know it yet.”

“But it seems to me—”

“’Faith, Bert, do as you like, I sha’n’t say nay, or think nay. If you ask her, and she accepts you, I shall be sure you are the choice of her heart. But as for me, I have often thought of the matter, and this is what I’ve come to: not to speak to her of it, until by some hint or act she shows her preference.”

“But the lady must not make the first step.”

“Not by proposal or direct word, of course—though I’ll wager there have been exceptions to that; but I’ve read, and believe from what I’ve seen, that ’tis oftenest the lady that gives the first hint. No doubt, she has already made sure of the gentleman’s feelings, by signs he doesn’t know of. If a man didn’t receive some leading on from a woman, how would he dare tell her his mind?—for if he loves her he must dread her refusal, or scorn, beyond all things. However that be, I’ve seen, in companies, and at the play, and even in church, how girls contrive to show their partiality to the fellows they prefer. Why, we’ve both had it happen to us, when we were too young for the fancy to last. And ’tis the same, I’ll wager, when the girls are women, and the stronger feeling has come, the kind that lasts. Be sure a girl as clever as Margaret will find a way of showing it, if she has set her mind on either of us. And so, I’m resolved to wait for some sign from her before I speak.”

He went on to explain that this course would prolong, to the unfortunate one, the possession of the pleasures of hope. It would save him, and Margaret, from the very unpleasant incident of a rejection. Such a refusal must always leave behind it a certain bitterness in the memory, that will touch what friendship remains between the two people concerned. And I know Philip’s wish that, though he might not be her choice, his

old friendship with her might continue perfectly unmarred, was what influenced him to avoid a possible scene of refusal.

“Then I shall do as you do,” said I, “and if I see any sign, either in my favour or yours, be sure I’ll tell you.”

“I was just about to propose that,” said Phil; and we resumed our fencing.

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There was, in our plan, nothing to hinder either of us from putting his best foot forward, as the saying is, and making himself as agreeable to the young lady as he could. Indeed that was the quickest way to call forth the indication how her affections stood. I don't think Phil took any pains to appear in a better light than usual. It was his habit to be always himself, sincere, gentle, considerate, and never thrusting forward. He had acquired with his growth a playful humour with which to trim his conversation, but which never went to tiresome lengths. This was all the more taking for his quiet manner, which held one where noise and effort failed. But I exerted myself to be mighty gallant, and to show my admiration and wit in every opportune way.

I considered that Phil and I were evenly matched in the rivalry; for when a young fellow loves a girl, be she ever so divine, and though he feel in his heart that she is too good for him, yet he will believe it is in him to win her grace. If he think his self-known attractions will not suffice, he will trust to some possible hidden merits, unperceived by himself and the world, but which will manifest themselves to her sight in a magical manner vouchsafed to lovers. Or at worst, if he admit himself to be mean and unlikely, he will put reliance upon woman's caprice, which, as we all know, often makes strange selections. As for me, I took myself to be quite a conquering fellow.

In looks, 'twas my opinion that Philip and I were equally gifted. Phil was of a graceful, slender figure; within an inch of six feet, I should say; with a longish face, narrowing from the forehead downward, very distinctly outlined, the nose a little curved, the mouth still as delicate as a boy's. Indeed he always retained something boyish in his look, for all his studiousness and thoughtfulness, and all that came later. He was not as pale as in boyhood, the sea breezes that swept in from the bay, past the wharves, having given him some ruddiness. His eyes, I have said, were blue, almost of a colour with Margaret's. I was an inch or two shorter than Phil, my build was more heavy and full, my face more of an equal width, my nose a little upturned so as to give me an impudent look, my eyes a darkish brown.

That I was not Phil's match in sense, learning, talents, self-command, and modesty, did not occur to me as lessening my chances with a woman. If I lacked real wit, I had pertness; and I thought I had a manner of dashing boldness, that must do one-half the business with any girl, while my converse trick of softening my voice and eyes to her on occasion, would do the other half.

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But Margaret took her time before giving a hint of her heart's condition. She was the same old comrade to us, she confided to us her adverse opinions of other people, laughed with us, and often at us (when it was like as not that she herself had made us ridiculous), told us her little secrets, let us share her gaiety and her dejection alike, teased us, soothed us, made us serve her, and played the spoiled beauty with us to the full of the part. And a beauty she was, indeed; ten times more than in her childhood. The bud was approaching its full bloom. She was of the average tallness; slender at neck, waist, wrist, and ankle, but filling out well in the figure, which had such curves as I swear I never saw elsewhere upon earth. She had the smallest foot, with the highest instep; such as one gets not often an idea of in England. Her little head, with its ripples of chestnut hair, sat like that of a princess; and her face, oval in shape, proud and soft by turns in expression—I have no way of conveying the impression it gave one, but to say that it made me think of a nosegay of fresh, flawless roses, white and red. Often, by candle-light, especially if she were dressed for a ball, or sat at the play, I would liken her to some animate gem, without the hardness that belongs to real precious stones; for indeed she shone like a jewel, thanks to the lustre of her eyes in artificial light. Whether from humidity or some quality of their substance, I do not know, but they reflected the rays as I have rarely seen eyes do; and in their luminosity her whole face seemed to have part, so that her presence had an effect of warm brilliancy that lured and dazzled you. To see her emerge from the darkness of the Faringfield coach, or from her sedan-chair, into the bright light of open doorways and of lanterns held by servants, was to hold your breath and stand with lips parted in admiration, until she made you feel your nothingness by a haughty indifference in passing, or sent you glowing to the seventh heaven by a radiant smile.

While we were waiting for the heart of our paragon to reveal itself, life in Queen Street was diversified, in the Fall of 1773, by an unexpected visit.

Mr. Faringfield and Philip, as they entered the dining-room one evening after their return from the warehouse, observed that an additional place had been made at the table. Without speaking, the merchant looked inquiringly, and with a little of apprehension, at his lady.

"Ned has come back," she answered, trying to speak as if this were quite cheerful news.

Mr. Faringfield's face darkened. Then, with some sarcasm, he said:

"He did not go out of his way to stop at the warehouse in coming from the landing."

"Why, no doubt the ship did not anchor near our wharf. He came by the *Sophy* brig. He took some tea, and changed his clothes, and went out to meet a fellow passenger at the coffee-house. They had some business together."

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“Business with a pack of cards, I make no doubt; or else with rum or madeira.”

’Twas the second of these conjectures that turned out right. For Mr. Edward did not come home in time to occupy at supper the place that had been set for him. When he did appear, he said he had already eaten. Perhaps it was to strengthen his courage for meeting his father, that he had imbibed to the stage wherein he vilely smelt of spirits and his eyes and face were flushed. He was certainly bold enough when he received his father’s cold greeting in the parlour, about nine o’clock at night.

“And, pray, what circumstance gives us the honour of this visit?” asked Mr. Faringfield, not dissembling his disgust.

“Why,” says Mr. Ned, quite undaunted, and dropping his burly form into an armchair with an air of being perfectly at home, “to tell the truth, ’tis a hole, the place you sent me to; a very hell-hole.”

“By what arrangement with Mr. Culverson did you leave it?” Mr. Culverson was the Barbadoes merchant by whom Edward had been employed.

“Culverson!” echoed Ned, with a grin. “I doubt there was little love lost between me and Culverson! ‘Culverson,’ says I, ’the place is a hole, and the next vessel bound for New York, I go on her.’ ’And a damned good riddance!’ says Culverson (begging your pardon! I’m only quoting what the man said), and that was the only arrangement I remember of.”

“And so that you are here, what now?” inquired Mr. Faringfield, looking as if he appreciated Mr. Culverson’s sentiments.

“Why, sir, as for that, I think ’tis for you to say.”

“Indeed, sir?”

“Yes, sir, seeing that I’m your son, whom you’re bound to provide for.”

“You are twenty-two, I think,” says Mr. Faringfield.

“I take it, a few paltry years more or less don’t alter my rights, or the responsibilities of a parent. Don’t think, sir, I shall stand up and quietly see myself robbed of my birthright. I’m no longer the man to play the Esek, or Esock, or whatever—”

“Esau,” prompted Fanny, in a whisper.

“And my mouth isn’t to be stopped by any mess of porridge.”

“Pottage,” corrected Fanny.

“Well, sir,” said Mr. Faringfield, rising, and holding himself very stiffly, “I’ll think upon it.” Whereupon he went into the library, and closed the door after him.

’Tis certain that he had both the strength and the inclination to chastise his son for these insulting rum-incited speeches, and to cast him out to shift for his own future; instead of enduring heedlessly the former, and offering to consider the latter. His strength was equal to his pride, and he was no colder without than he was passionate within. But there was one thing his strength of mind fell short of facing, and that was the disgrace to the family, which the eldest son might bring were he turned looser, unprovided for, in New York. ’Twas the fear of such disgrace that always led Mr. Faringfield to send Ned far away; and made him avoid any scene of violence which the youth, now that he was a man and grown bold, might precipitate in discussions such as the father had but now cut short.

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“Now I call that frigid,” complained Edward to his mother, staring at the door behind which Mr. Faringfield had disappeared. “Here was I, in for a pleasant confab with my father, concerning my future; and before I can put in a word, out he flings, and there’s an end of it. ’Tisn’t fatherly, I protest! Well, well, I might have known! He was always stony-hearted; never would discuss matters. That’s the gratitude I get for putting the case to him in a reasonable, docile, filial fashion. However, he said he’d think upon it. That means I shall stay here, and take a holiday, till he makes up his mind where to ship me to next. ’Twon’t be England, I fancy, mother. I wouldn’t object to France, egad! I could learn to eat frogs as soon as another man, if it came to that. Well, I need a holiday, after working so hard in that cursed devil’s paradise I’ve just come from. I suppose I can depend on you for a little pocket-money, ma’am, till dad comes to a conclusion?”

During the next fortnight, as he passed most of his time in the taverns and the coffee-house, save when he attended horse-races on Long Island, or chased foxes upon Tom’s horse, or lent the honour of his presence to cock-fights; Mr. Edward found his mother’s resources inadequate to his demands, and so levied tribute not only upon Fanny and Tom but also upon Mr. Cornelius, who still abode in the Faringfield house, and upon Philip Winwood. To Phil his manner was more than civil; ’twas most conciliating and flattering, in a pleasantly jocular way.

Ere Mr. Faringfield had announced his mind, the visitor had worn out his welcome in most of his tavern haunts, and become correspondingly tired of New York. One evening, as Philip was leaving the warehouse, a negro boy handed him a note, in which Mr. Ned begged him to come immediately, on a matter of importance, to the King’s Arms tavern. There he found Edward seated at a small table in a corner of the tap-room. Ned would have it that Phil should send home his excuses, by the negro, and sup at the tavern; which, for the sake of peace, though unwillingly, Philip finally consented to do.

Edward was drinking rum, in a kind of hot punch of his own mixing. Phil, though fond of madeira at home, now contented himself with ale; and the two were soon at work upon a fried chicken prepared in the Maryland fashion.

“You know, Phil,” says Ned at last, having talked in a lively strain upon a multitude of matters, none of which Philip perceived to be important, “’fore gad, I always liked you! Tis so, as the Lord’s my judge. Nay, you think I took a damned odd way of showing it. But we’re not all alike. Now look you! Hearken unto me, as the parson says. I can say a good word for you in a certain ear.”

“Whose?” queried Phil, wondering in what ear he needed a good word said.

“Whose, eh? Now whose would it be? Come, come, I’ll speak to the point. I’m no man for palaver. ’Tis an ear you’ve whispered more than one sweet thing into, I’ll warrant. You’re young, Philip, young: you think you can fall in love and nobody find it out. Why, I

hadn’t been landed two hours, and asked the news, when I was told that you and Bert Russell were over ears in love with my sister.”

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Phil merely looked his astonishment.

“Now, sir, you mayn’t think it,” says Mr. Ned, “but my word has some weight with Fanny.”

“Fanny?” echoed Philip. “What has she to do with it?”

“Why, everything, I fancy. The lady usually has—”

“But Fanny isn’t the lady.”

“What? Then who the devil is?”

“I don’t think ’tis a matter need be talked of now,” said Phil.

“But I’d like to know—’gad, it can’t be the other sister! Madge—that spitfire! Well, well! Your face speaks, if your tongue won’t. Who’d have thought any man would go soft over such a vixen? Well, I can’t help you there, my lad!”

“I haven’t asked your help,” says Phil with a smile.

“Now, it’s a pity,” says Ned, dolefully, “for I thought by doing you a good turn I might get you to do me another.”

“Oh, I see! Why, then, as for my doing you a good turn if it’s possible, speak out. What is it?”

“Now, I call that noble of you, Phil; damned noble! I do need a good turn, and that’s a fact. You see I didn’t tell my father exactly the truth as to my leaving the Barbadoes. Not that I don’t scorn a lie, but I was considerate of the old gentleman’s feelings. I couldn’t endure to shock him in his tenderest place. You understand?”

“I probably shall when you’ve finished.”

“Why, I dare say you know what the old man’s tenderest place is. Well, if you won’t answer, ’tis his pride in the family name, the spotless name of Faringfield! Oh, I’ve worked upon that more than once, I tell you. The old gentleman will do much to keep the name without a blemish; I could always bring him to terms by threatening to disgrace it—”

“What a rascal you’ve been, then!”

“Why, maybe so; we’re not all saints. But I’ve always kept my word with father, and whenever he gave me the money I wanted, or set me up in life again, I kept the name clean—comparatively clean, that is to say, as far as any one in New York might know. And even this time—at the Barbadoes—’twasn’t with any purpose of punishing father, I

vow; ’twas for my necessities, I made myself free with a thousand pounds of Culverson’s.”

“The devil! Do you mean you embezzled a thousand pounds?”

“One cool, clean thousand! My necessities, I tell you. There was a debt of honour, you must know; a damned unlucky run at the cards, and the navy officer that won came with a brace of pistols and gave me two days in which to pay. And then there was a lady—-with a brat, confound her!—to be sent to England, and looked after. You see, ’twas honour moved me in the first case, and chivalry in the second. As a gentleman, I couldn’t withstand the promptings of noble sentiments like those.”

“Well, what then?”

“Why, then I came away. And I hadn’t the heart to break the truth to father, knowing how ’twould cut him up. I thought of the old gentleman’s family pride, his gray hairs—his hair *is* gray by this time, isn’t it?—”

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“And what is it you wish me to do?”

“Why, you see, Culverson hadn’t yet found out how things were, when I left. I pretended I was ill—and so I was, in a way. But he must have found out by this time, and when he sends after me, by the next vessel, I’m afraid poor father will have to undergo a severe trial—you know his weakness for the honoured name of Faringfield.”

“By the Lord, Ned, this is worse than I should ever have thought of you.”

“It *is* a bit bad, isn’t it? And I’ve been thinking what’s to be done—for father’s sake, you know. If ’twere broken to him gently, at once, as nobody but you can break it, why then, he might give me the money to repay Culverson, and send me back to Barbadoes by the next ship, and nothing need ever come out. I’m thoroughly penitent, so help me, heaven, and quite willing to go back.”

“And incur other debts of honour, and obligations of chivalry,” says Phil.

“I’ll see the cards in hell first, and the women too, by gad!” whereat Mr. Edward brought his fist down upon the table most convincingly.

He thought it best to spend that night at the tavern; whither Phil went in the morning with news of Mr. Faringfield’s reception of the disclosure. The merchant had listened with a countenance as cold as a statue’s, but had promptly determined to make good the thousand pounds to Mr. Culverson, and that Ned should return to the Barbadoes without the formality of bidding the family farewell. But the money was to be entrusted not to Mr. Edward, but to Mr. Faringfield’s old clerk, Palmer, who was to be the young man’s travelling companion on the Southward voyage. At word of this last arrangement, Edward showed himself a little put out, which he told Phil was on account of his father’s apparent lack of confidence. But he meditated awhile, and took on a more cheerful face.

It happened—and, as it afterward came out, his previous knowledge of this had suggested the trick he played upon Phil and Mr. Faringfield—that, the same day on which the next Barbadoes-bound vessel sailed, a brig left port for England. Both vessels availed themselves of the same tide and wind, and so went down the bay together.

On the Barbadoes vessel, Ned and Mr. Palmer were to share the same cabin; and thither, ere the ship was well out of the East River, the old clerk accompanied Ned for the purpose of imbibing a beverage which the young gentleman protested was an unfailing preventive of sea-sickness, if taken in time. Once in the cabin, and the door being closed, Mr. Ned adroitly knocked Palmer down with a blow from behind; gagged, bound, and robbed him of the money, and left him to his devices. Returning to the deck, he induced the captain to put him, by boat, aboard the brig bound for England, which

was still close at hand. Taking different courses, upon leaving the lower bay, the two vessels were soon out of hail, and that before the discovery of the much puzzled Palmer's condition in his cabin.

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The poor old man had to go to the Barbadoes, and come back again, before a word of this event reached the ears of Mr. Faringfield. When Palmer returned with his account of it, he brought word from Mr. Culverson that, although Ned had indeed settled a gambling debt at the pistol's point, and had indeed paid the passage of a woman and child to England, his theft had been of less than a hundred pounds. Thus it was made manifest that Ned had lied to Philip in order to play upon his father's solicitude concerning the name of Faringfield for integrity, and so get into his hands the means of embarking upon the pleasures of the Old World. Very foolish did poor Philip look when he learned how he had been duped. But Mr. Faringfield, I imagine, consoled himself with the probability that New York had seen the last of Mr. Edward.

I think 'twas to let Mr. Faringfield recover first from the feelings of this occasion, that Philip postponed so long the announcement of his intention to go to England. Thus far he had confided his plans to me alone, and as a secret. But now he was past twenty-one years, and his resolution could not much longer be deferred. Nevertheless, not until the next June—that of 1774—did he screw up his courage to the point of action.

"I shall tell him to-day," said Philip to me one Monday morning, as I walked with him part of the way to the warehouses. "Pray heaven he takes it not too ill."

I did not see Phil at dinner-time; but in the afternoon, a little before his usual home-coming hour, he came seeking me, with a very relieved and happy face; and found me trimming a grape-vine in our back garden, near the palings that separated our ground from Mr. Faringfield's. On the Faringfield side of the fence, at this place, grew bushes of snowball and rose.

"How did he take it?" I asked, smiling to see Phil's eyes so bright.

"Oh, very well. He made no objection; said he had not the right to make any in my case. But he looked so upset for a moment, so deserted—I suppose he was thinking how his own son had failed him, and that now his beneficiary was turning from him—-that I wavered. But at that he was the same haughty, immovable man as ever, and I remembered that each of us must live his own life; and so 'tis settled."

"Well," said I, with a little of envy at his prospect, and much of sorrow at losing him, and some wonder about another matter, "I'm glad for your sake, though you may imagine how I'll miss you. But how can you go yet? 'Tis like leaving the field to me—as to *her*, you know." I motioned with my head toward the Faringfield house.

"Why," he replied, as we both sat down on the wooden bench, "as I shall be gone years when I do go, Mr. Faringfield stipulated only that I should remain with him here another year; and I was mighty glad he did, or I should have had to make that offer. 'Twasn't that I was anxious to be off so soon, that made me tell him I was going; 'twas that in harbouring the intention, while he still relied upon my remaining always with him, I

seemed to be guilty of a kind of treachery. As for—*her*, if she gives no indication within a year, especially when she knows I'm going, why, 'twill be high time to leave the field to you, I think."

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“She doesn’t know yet?”

“No; I came first to you. Her father isn’t home yet.”

“Well, Phil, there’s little for me to say. You know what my feelings are. After all, we are to have you for a year, and then—well, I hope you may become the greatest architect that ever lived!”

“Why, now, ’tis strange; you remind me of my reason for going. Since Mr. Faringfield gave me his sanction, I hadn’t thought of that. I’m afraid I’ve been something of a hypocrite. And yet I certainly thought my desire to go was chiefly on account of my architectural studies; and I certainly intend to pursue them, too. I must have deceived myself a little, though, by dwelling on that reason as one that would prevail with Mr. Faringfield; one that he could understand, and could not fairly oppose. For, hearkee, all the way home, when I looked forward to the future, the architectural part of it was not in my head. I was thinking of the famous historic places I should see; the places where great men have lived; the birthplace and grave of Shakespeare; the palaces where great pageants and tragedies have been enacted; the scenes of great battles; the abbey where so many poets and kings and queens are buried; the Tower where such memorable dramas have occurred; the castles that have stood since the days of chivalry; and Oxford; and the green fields of England that poets have written of, and the churchyard of Gray’s Elegy; and all that kind of thing.”

[Illustration: “OUR MOTIONS, AS WE TOUCHED OUR LIPS WITH THEM, WERE SO IN UNISON THAT MARGARET LAUGHED.”]

“Ay, and something of the gay life of the present, I’ll warrant,” said I, with a smile; “the playhouses, and the taverns, and the parks, and Vauxhall, and the assembly-rooms; and all *that* kind of thing.”

“Why, yes, ’tis true. And I wish you were to go with me.”

“Alas, I’m tied down here. Some day, perhaps—”

“What are you two talking of?” The interruption came in a soft, clear, musical voice, of which the instant effect was to make us both start up, and turn toward the fence, with hastened hearts and smiling faces.

Margaret stood erect, looking over the palings at us, backed by the green and flowered bushes through which she and Fanny had moved noiselessly toward the fence in quest of nosegays for the supper-table. Fanny stood at her side, and both smiled, Margaret archly, Fanny pleasantly. The two seemed of one race with the flowers about them, though Margaret’s radiant beauty far outshone the more modest charms of her brown-

eyed younger sister. The elder placed her gathered flowers on the upper rail of the fence, and taking two roses, one in each hand, held them out toward us.

We grasped each his rose at the same time, and our motions, as we touched our lips with them, were so in unison that Margaret laughed.

“And what *were* you talking of?” says she.

“Is it a secret any longer?” I asked Philip.

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“No.”

“Then we were talking of Phil’s going to England, to be a great architect.”

“Going to England!” She looked as if she could not have rightly understood.

“Yes,” said I, “in a year from now, to stay, the Lord knows how long.”

She turned white, then red; and had the strangest look.

“Is it true?” she asked, after a moment, turning to Phil.

“Yes. I am to go next June.”

“But father—does he know?”

“I told him this afternoon. He is willing.”

“To be sure, to be sure,” she said, thoughtfully. “He has no authority over you. ’Tis different with us. Oh, Phil, if you could only take me with you!” There was wistful longing and petulant complaint in the speech. And then, as Phil answered, an idea seemed to come to her all at once; and she to rise to it by its possibility, rather than to fall back from its audacity.

“I would gladly,” said he; “but your father would never consent that a Faringfield—”

“Well, one need not always be a Faringfield,” she replied, looking him straight in the face, with a kind of challenge in her voice and eyes.

“Why—perhaps not,” said Phil, for the mere sake of agreeing, and utterly at a loss as to her meaning.

“You don’t understand,” says she. “A father’s authority over his daughter ceases one day.”

“Ay, no doubt,” says Phil; “when she becomes of legal age. But even then, without her father’s consent—”

“Why, now,” she interrupted, “suppose her father’s authority over her passed to somebody else; somebody of her father’s own preference; somebody that her father already knew was going to England: could her father forbid his taking her?”

“But, ’tis impossible,” replied mystified Phil. “To whom in the world would your father pass his authority over you? He is hale and hearty; there’s not the least occasion for a guardian.”

“Why, fathers *do*, you know.”

“Upon my soul, I don’t see—”

“I vow you don’t! You are the blindest fellow! Didn’t Polly Livingstone’s father give up his authority over her the other day—to Mr. Ludlow?”

“Certainly, to her husband.”

“Well!”

“Margaret—do you mean—? But you can’t mean *that*?” Phil had not the voice to say more, emerging so suddenly from the clouds of puzzlement to the yet uncertain sunshine of joy.

“Why shouldn’t I mean that?” says she, with the prettiest laugh, which made her bold behaviour seem the most natural, feminine act imaginable. “Am I not good enough for you?”

“Madge! You’re not joking, are you?” He caught her hands, and gazed with still dubious rapture at her across the fence.

My sensations may easily be imagined. But by the time she had assured him she was perfectly in earnest, I had taught myself to act the man; and so I said, playfully:

“Such a contract, though ’tis made before witnesses, surely ought to be sealed.”

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Philip took my hint; and he and Margaret laughed, and stretched arms across the paling tops; and I lost sight of their faces. I sought refuge in turning to Fanny, who was nearer to me than they were. To my surprise, she was watching me with the most kindly, pitying face in the world. Who would have thought she had known my heart regarding her sister?

“Poor Bert!” she murmured gently, scarce for my hearing.

And I, who had felt very solitary the moment before, now seemed not quite so lonely; and I continued to look into the soft, compassionate eyes of Fanny, so steadily that in a moment, with the sweetest of blushes, she lowered them to the roses in her hand.

CHAPTER V.

We Hear Startling News, Which Brings about a Family “Scene".

I have characterised Margaret’s behaviour in the matter of this marriage proposal as forward; though I have admitted that it scarce looked so, so graceful and womanlike was her manner of carrying it off, which had in it nothing worse than the privileged air of a spoiled beauty. Now that writing of it has set me thinking of it, I see that ’twas a more natural act than it appears in the cold recital. For years she had been our queen, and Phil and I her humble subjects, and the making of the overtures appeared as proper in her, as it would have seemed presumption in either of us. And over Phil, from that bygone day when she had gone across the street to his rescue, she had assumed an air of authority, nay of proprietorship, that bade him wait upon her will ere ever he acted or spoke. And, again, though out of consideration for his rival he had been purposely silent while awaiting a sign from her, she had read his heart from the first. His every look and tone for years had been an unconscious act of wooing, and so when she brought matters to a point as she did, ’twas on her part not so much an overture as a consent. As for marriage proposal in general, all men with whom I have discussed it have confessed their own scenes thereof to have been, in the mere words, quite simple and unpoetical, whether enacted in confusion or in confidence; and to have been such as would not read at all finely in books.

The less easy ordeal awaited Philip, of asking her father. But he was glad this stood yet in his way, and that ’twas not easy; for ’twould make upon his courage that demand which every man’s courage ought to undergo in such an affair, and which Margaret’s conduct had precluded in his coming to an understanding with her.

But however disquieting the task was to approach, it could be only successful at the end; for indeed Mr. Faringfield, with all his external frigidity, could refuse Phil nothing. In giving his consent, which perhaps he had been ready to do long before Phil had been ready to ask it, he made no allusion to Phil’s going to England. He purposely ignored

the circumstance, I fancy, that in consenting to the marriage, he knowingly opened the way for his daughter's visiting that hated country. Doubtless the late conduct of Ned, and the intended defection of Philip, amicable though that defection was, had shaken him in his resolution of imposing his avoidance of England upon his family. He resigned himself to the inevitable; but he grew more taciturn, sank deeper into himself, became more icy in his manner, than ever.

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Philip and Margaret were married in February, four months before the time set for their departure. The wedding was solemnised in Trinity Church, by the Rev. Mr. Barclay, on one of those white days with a little snow in the air, which I for one prefer over sunny days, in winter, as far more seasonable. The young gentlemen of the town wondered that Miss Faringfield had not made a better match (as she might have done, of course, in each one's secret opinion by choosing himself). The young ladies, though some of them may have regretted the subtraction of one eligible youth from their matrimonial chances, were all of them rejoiced at the removal of a rival who had hitherto kept the eyes of a score of youths, even more eligible, turned away from them. And so they wished her well, with smiles the most genuine. She valued not a finger-snap their thoughts or their congratulations. She had, of late, imperceptibly moved aloof from them. Nor had she sought the attentions of the young gentlemen. 'Twas not of her will that they dangled. In truth she no longer had eyes or ears for the small fashionable world of New York. She had a vastly greater world to conquer, and disdained to trouble herself, by a smile or a glance, for the admiration of the poor little world around her.

All her thoughts in her first months of marriage—and these were very pleasant months to Philip, so charming and sweet-tempered was his bride—were of the anticipated residence in England. It was still settled that Philip was to go in June; and her going with him was now daily a subject of talk in the family. Mr. Faringfield himself occasionally mentioned it; indifferently, as if 'twere a thing to which he never would have objected. Margaret used sometimes to smile, thinking how her father had put it out of his power to oppose her wishes: first by his friendly sanction to Phil's going, to refuse which he had not the right; and then by his consent to her marriage, to refuse which he had not the will.

Naturally Philip took pleasure in her anticipations, supposing that, as to their source and object, they differed not from his. As the pair were so soon to go abroad, 'twas thought unnecessary to set up in a house of their own in New York, and so they made their home for the time in the Faringfield mansion, the two large chambers over the great parlour being allotted to them; while they continued to share the family table, save that Margaret now had her morning chocolate abed.

"I must initiate myself into London ways, dear," she said, gaily, when Fanny remarked how strange this new habit was in a girl who had never been indolent or given to late rising.

"How pretty the blue brocaded satin is!" quoth Fanny, looking at one of Margaret's new gowns hanging in a closet. "Why didn't you wear it at the Watts' dinner yesterday? And your brown velvet—you've not had it on since it came from the dressmaker's."

"I shall wear them in London," says Margaret.

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And so it was with her in everything. She saved her finest clothes, her smiles, her very interest in life, her capacity for enjoyment, all for London. And Philip, perceiving her indifference to the outside world, her new equability of temper, her uniform softness of demeanour, her constant meditative half-smile due to pleasurable dreams of the future, read all these as tokens of blissful content like that which glowed in his own heart. And he was supremely happy. 'Tis well for a man to have two months of such happiness, to balance against later years of sorrow; but sad will that happiness be in the memory, if it owe itself to the person to whom the sorrow in its train is due.

She would watch for him at the window, in the afternoon, when he came home from the warehouse; and would be waiting at the parlour door as he entered the hall. With his arm about her, he would lead her to a sofa, and they would sit talking for a few minutes before he prepared for supper—for 'twas only on great occasions that the Faringfields dined at five o'clock, as did certain wealthy New York families who followed the London mode.

"I am so perfectly, entirely, completely, utterly happy!" was the burden of Phil's low-spoken words.

"Fie!" said Margaret, playfully, one evening. "You must not be perfectly happy. There must be some cloud in the sky; some annoyance in business, or such trifle. Perfect happiness is dangerous, mamma says. It can't last. It forbodes calamity to come. 'Tis an old belief, and she vows 'tis true."

"Why, my poor mother held that belief, too. I fear she had little perfect happiness to test it by; but she had calamities enough. And Bert Russell's mother was saying the same thing the other day. 'Tis a delusion common to mothers, I think. I sha'n't let it affect my felicity. I should be ungrateful to call my contentment less than perfect. And if calamity comes, 'twill not be owing to my happiness."

"As for that, I can't imagine any calamity possible to us—unless something should occur to hinder us from going to London. But nothing in the world shall do that, of course."

'Twas upon this conversation that Tom and I broke in, having met as I returned from the custom-house, he from the college.

"Oho!" cried Tom, with teasing mirth, "still love-making! I tell you what it is, brother Phil, 'tis time you two had eyes for something else besides each other. The town is talking of how engrossed Margaret is in you, that she ignores the existence of everybody else."

"Let 'em talk," said Margaret, lightly, with an indifference free from malice. "Who cares about their existence? They're not so interesting, with their dull teas and stupid gossip of one another! A set of tedious rustics."

“Hear the countess talk!” Tom rattled on, at the same time looking affectionate admiration out of his mirthful eyes. “What a high and mighty lady is yours, my lord Philip! I should like to know what the Morrises, and Lind Murray, and the Philipse boys and girls, and our De Lancey cousins, and the rest, would think to hear themselves called a set of rustics.”

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“Why,” says Phil, “beside her ladyship here, are they *not* a set of rustics?” With which he kissed her, and rose to go to his room.

“*Merci*, monsieur!” said Margaret, rising and dropping him a curtsey, with the prettiest of glances, as he left the parlour.

She hummed a little French air, and went and ran her fingers up and down the keys of the pianoforte, which great new instrument had supplanted the old harpsichord in the house. Tom and I, standing at the fireplace, watched her face as the candle-light fell upon it.

“Well,” quoth Tom, “Phil is no prouder of his wife than I am of my sister. Don’t you think she grows handsomer every day, Bert?”

“’Tis the effect of happiness,” said I, and then I looked into the fireplace rather than at her. For I was then, and had been for long months, engaged in the struggle of detaching my thoughts from her charms, or, better, of accustoming myself to look upon them with composure; and I had made such good success that I wished not to set myself back in it. Eventually my success was complete, and I came to feel toward her no more than the friendship of a lifelong comrade. If a man be honest, and put forth his will, he can quench his love for the woman that is lost to him, unless there have existed long the closest, tenderest, purest ties between them; and even then, except that ’twill revive again sometimes at the touch of an old memory.

“You dear boys!” says Margaret, coming over to us, to reward Tom with a kiss on the cheek, and me with a smile. “What a vain thing you will make me of my looks!”

“Nay,” says candid Tom, “that work was done before ever we had the chance of a hand in it.”

“Well,” retorted Margaret, with good-humoured pertness, “there’ll never be reason for me to make my brother vain of his wit.”

“Nor for my sister to be vain of hers,” said Tom, not in nettled retaliation, but merely as uttering a truth.

“You compliment me there,” says Margaret, lightly. “Did you ever hear of a witty woman that was charming?”

“That is true,” I put in, remembering some talk of Phil’s, based upon reading as well as upon observation, “for usually a woman must be ugly, before she will take the trouble to cultivate wit. The possession of wit in a woman seems to imply a lack of other reliances. And if a woman be pretty and witty both, her arrogance is like to be such as drives every man away. And men resent wit in a woman as if ’twere an invasion of their own province.”

“Sure your explanation must be true, Mr. Philosopher,” said Margaret, “’tis so profound. As for me, I seek no reasons; ’tis enough to know that most witty women are frights; and I don’t blame the men for refusing to be charmed by ’em.”

“Well, sis,” said Tom, “I’m sure even the cultivation of wit wouldn’t make you a fright. So you might amuse yourself by trying it, ma’am. As for charming the men, you married ladies have no more to do with that.”

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“Oh, haven’t we? Sure, I think ’tis time little boys were in bed, who talk of things they know nothing about. Isn’t that so, Bert?”

“Why,” said I, “for my part, I think ’tis unkind for a woman to exercise her charms upon men after she has destroyed the possibility of rewarding their devotion.”

“Dear me, you talk like a character in a novel. Well, then, you’re both agreed I mustn’t be charming. So I’ll be disagreeable, and begin with you two. Here’s a book of sermons Mr. Cornelius must have left. That will help me, if anything will.” And she sat down with the volume in her hands, took on a solemn frown, and began to read to herself. After awhile, at a giggle of amusement from schoolboy Tom, she turned a rebuking gaze upon us, over the top of the book; but the very effort to be severe emphasised the fact that her countenance was formed to give only pleasure, and our looks brought back the smile to her eyes.

“’Tis no use,” said Tom, “you couldn’t help being charming if you tried.”

She threw down the book, and came and put her arm around him, and so we all three stood before the fire till Philip returned.

“Ah,” she said, “here is one who will never ask me to be ugly or unpleasant.”

“Who has been asking impossibilities, my dear?” inquired Philip, taking her offered hand in his.

“These wise gentlemen think I oughtn’t to be charming, now that I’m married.”

“Then they think you oughtn’t to be yourself; and I disagree with ’em entirely.”

She gave him her other hand also, and stood for a short while looking into his innocent, fond eyes.

“You dear old Phil!” she said slowly, in a low voice, falling for the moment into a tender gravity, and her eyes having a more than wonted softness. The next instant, recovering her light playfulness with a little laugh, she took his arm and led the way to the dining-room.

And now came Spring—the Spring of 1775. There had been, of course, for years past, and increasing daily in recent months, talk of the disagreement between the king and the colonies. I have purposely deferred mention of this subject, to the time when it was to fall upon us in its full force so that no one could ignore it or avoid action with regard to it. But I now reach the beginning of the drama which is the matter of this history, and to which all I have written is uneventful prologue. We young people of the Faringfield house (for I was still as much of that house as of my own) had concerned ourselves little with the news from London and Boston, of the concentration of British troops in the

latter town in consequence of the increased disaffection upon the closing of its port. We heeded little the fact that the colonies meant to convene another general congress at Philadelphia, or that certain colonial assemblies had done thus and so, and certain local committees decided upon this or that. 'Twould all blow over, of course, as the Stamp Act trouble

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had done; the seditious class in Boston would soon be overawed, and the king would then concede, of his gracious will, what the malcontents had failed to obtain by their violent demands. Such a thing as actual rebellion, real war, was to us simply inconceivable. I believe now that Philip had earlier and deeper thoughts on the subject than I had: indeed events showed that he must have had: but he kept them to himself. And far other and lighter subjects occupied our minds as he and I started for a walk out the Bowery lane one balmy Sunday morning in April, the twenty-third day of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Faringfield, Fanny, and Tom, had gone to church. Philip and I boasted of too much philosophical reading to be churchgoers, and I had let my mother walk off to Trinity with a neighbour. As for Margaret, she stayed home because she was now her own mistress and had a novel to read, out of the last parcel received from London. We left her on the rear veranda, amidst the honeysuckle vines that climbed the trellis-work.

“I’ve been counting the weeks,” she said to Phil, as we were about to set forth. “Only seven more Sundays.” And she stopped him to adjust the ribbon of his queue more to her taste. “Aren’t you glad?”

“Yes; and a thousand times so because it makes you happy, my dear,” said he.

She kissed him, and let him go. “Don’t walk too far, dear!” she called after us.

We looked back from the gateway, and saw that she had come to the end of the veranda to see us from the garden. We doffed our hats, and Phil threw her a kiss; which she returned, and then waved her hand after us, softly smiling. Philip lingered a moment, smiling back, to get this last view of her ere he closed the gate.

We had just passed the common, at the Northern end of the town, when we heard a clatter of galloping hoofs in the Bowery lane before us. Looking up the vista of road shaded by trees in fresh leafage, we saw a rider coming toward us at a very severe pace. As he approached, the horse stumbled; and the man on its back, fearing it might sink from exhaustion, drew up and gave it a moment in which to recover itself. He evidently wished to make a decent entrance into the town. He was in a great panting and perspiration, like his trembling steed, which was covered with foam; and his clothes were disturbed and soiled with travel. He took off his cocked felt hat to fan himself.

“You ride fast, for Sunday, friend,” said Phil pleasantly. “Any trouble?”

“Trouble for some folks, I guess,” was the reply, spoken with a Yankee drawl and twang. “I’m bringing news from Massachusetts.” He slapped the great pocket of his plain coat, calling attention to its well-filled condition as with square papers. “Letters from the Committee of Safety.”

“Why, has anything happened at Boston?” asked Phil, quickly.

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“Well, no, not just at Boston. But out Concord way, and at Lexington, and on the road back to Boston, I should reckon a few things *had* happened.” And then, leaving off his exasperating drawl, he very speedily related the terrible occurrence of the nineteenth of April—terrible because ’twas warlike bloodshed in a peaceful land, between the king’s soldiers and the king’s subjects, between men of the same race and speech, men of the same mother country; and because of what was to follow in its train. I remember how easily and soon the tale was told; how clearly the man’s calm voice, though scarce raised above a usual speaking tone, stood out against the Sunday morning stillness, with no sound else but the twittering of birds in the trees near by.

“Get up!” said the messenger, not waiting for our thanks or comments; and so galloped into the town, leaving us to stare after him and then at each other.

“’Faith, this will make the colonies stand together,” said Philip at last.

“Ay,” said I, “against the rebellious party.”

“No,” quoth he, “when I say the colonies, I mean what you call the rebellious party in them.”

“Why, ’tis not the majority, and therefore it can’t be said to represent the colonies.”

“I beg your pardon—I think we shall find it is the majority, particularly outside of the large towns. This news will fly to every corner of the land as fast as horses can carry it, and put the country folk in readiness for whatever the Continental Congress may decide upon.”

“Why, then, ’twill put our people on their guard, too, for whatever the rebels may attempt.”

Philip’s answer to this brought about some dispute as to whether the name rebels, in its ordinary sense, could properly be applied to those colonists who had what he termed grievances. We both showed heat, I the more, until he, rather than quarrel, fell into silence. We had turned back into the town; choosing a roundabout way for home, that we might observe the effect of the messenger’s news upon the citizens. In a few streets the narrow footways were thronged with people in their churchgoing clothes, and many of these had already gathered into startled groups, where the rider who came in such un-Sabbath-like haste had stopped to justify himself, and satisfy the curiosity of observers, and ask the whereabouts of certain gentlemen of the provincial assembly, to whom he had letters. We heard details repeated, and opinions uttered guardedly, and grave concern everywhere expressed.

By the time we had reached home, Mr. and Mrs. Faringfield were already there, discussing the news with my mother, in the presence of the two daughters and Tom.

We found them all in the parlour. Margaret stood in the library doorway, still holding her novel in her hand, her finger keeping the page. Her face showed but a languid interest in the tragedy which made all the others look so grave.

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“You’ve heard the news, of course?” said Mr. Faringfield to us as we entered, curiously searching Philip’s face while he spoke.

“Yes, sir; we were the first in the town to hear it, I think,” replied Phil.

“Tis a miracle if we do not have war,” said Mr. Faringfield.

“I pray not,” says my mother, who was a little less terrified than Mrs. Faringfield. “And I won’t believe we shall, till I see it at our doors.”

“Oh, don’t speak of it!” cried Mrs. Faringfield, with a shudder.

“Why, ladies,” says Philip, “’tis best to think of it as if ’twere surely coming, and so accustom the mind to endure its horrors. I shall teach my wife to do so.” And he looked playfully over at Margaret.

“Why, what is it to me?” said Margaret. “Tis not like to come before we sail, and in England we shall be well out of it. Sure you don’t think the rebels will cross the ocean and attack London?”

“Why, if war comes,” said Phil, quietly, “we shall have to postpone our sailing.”

“Postpone it!” she cried, in alarm. “Why? And how long?”

“Until the matter is settled one way or another.”

“But it won’t come before we sail. ’Tis only seven weeks. Whatever happens, they’ll riddle away that much time first, in talk and preparation; they always do.”

“But we must wait, my dear, till the question is decided whether there’s to be war or peace. If we come round to the certainty of peace, which is doubtful, then of course there’s naught to hinder us. But if there’s war, why, we’ve no choice but to see it out before we leave the country.”

I never elsewhere saw such utter, indignant consternation as came over Margaret’s face.

“But why? For what reason?” she cried. “Will not vessels sail, as usual? Are you afraid we shall be harmed on the sea? ’Tis ridiculous! The rebels have no war-ships. Why need we stay? What have we to do with these troubles? ’Tis not our business to put them down. The king has soldiers enough.”

“Ay,” said Phil, surprised at her vehemence, but speaking the more quietly for that, “’tis the colonies will need soldiers.”

“Then what folly are you talking? Why should we stay for this war.”

“That I may take my part in it, my dear.”

“Bravo, brother Phil!” cried Tom Faringfield. “You nor I sha’n’t miss a chance to fight for the king!”

“Nor I, either,” I added.

“’Tis not for the king, that I shall be fighting,” said Phil, simply.

A silence of astonishment fell on the company. ’Twas broken by Mr. Faringfield:

“Bravo, Phil, say *I* this time.” And, losing no jot of his haughty manner, he went over, and with one hand grasping Phil’s, laid the other approvingly on the young man’s shoulder.

“What, have we rebels in our own family?” cried Mrs. Faringfield, whose horror at the fact gave her of a sudden the needful courage.

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“Madam, do your sentiments differ from mine?” asked her husband.

“Sir, I am a De Lancey!” she replied, with a chilling haughtiness almost equal to his own.

Tom, buoyed by his feelings of loyalty above the fear of his father’s displeasure, crossed to his mother, and kissed her; and even Fanny had the spirit to show defiantly on which side she stood, by nestling to her mother’s side and caressing her head.

“Good, mamma!” cried Margaret. “No one shall make rebels of us! Understand that, Mr. Philip Winwood!”

Philip, though an ashen hue about the lips showed what was passing in his heart, tried to take the bitterness from the situation by treating it playfully. “You see, Mr. Faringfield, if we are indeed rebels against our king, we are paid by our wives turning rebels against ourselves.”

“You cannot make a joke of it, sir,” said Margaret, with a menacing coldness in her tone. “’Tis little need the king has of *my* influence, I fancy; he has armies to fight his battles. But there’s one thing does concern me, and that is my visit to London.—But you’ll not deprive me of that, dear, will you, now that you think of it better?” Her voice had softened as she turned to pleading.

“We must wait, my dear, while there is uncertainty or war.”

“But you haven’t the right to make me wait!” she cried, her voice warming to mingled rage, reproach, and threat. “Why, wars last for years—I should be an old woman! You’re not free to deny me this pleasure, or postpone it an hour! You promised it from the first, you encouraged my anticipations until I came to live upon them, you fed my hopes till they dropped everything else in the world. Night and day I have looked forward to it, thought of it, dreamt of it! And now you say I must wait—months, at least; probably years! But you can’t mean it, Phil! You wouldn’t be so cruel! Tell me!”

“I mean no cruelty, dear. But one has no choice when patriotism dictates—when one’s country—”

“Why, you sha’n’t treat me so, disappoint me so! ’Twould be breaking your word; ’twould be a cruel betrayal, no less; ’twould make all your conduct since our marriage—-nay, since that very day we promised marriage—a deception, a treachery, a lie; winning a woman’s hand and keeping her love, upon a false pretence! You *dare* not turn back on your word now! If you are a man of honour, of truth, of common honesty, you will let this miserable war go hang, and take me to England, as you promised! And if you don’t I’ll hate you!—hate you!”

Her speech had come out in a torrent of increasing force, until her voice was almost a scream, and this violence had its climax in a hysterical outburst of weeping, as she sank

upon a chair and hid her face upon the back thereof. In this attitude she remained, her body shaking with sobs.

Philip, moved as a man rarely is, hastened to her, and leaning over, essayed to take her hand.

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“But you should understand, dear,” said he, most tenderly, with what voice he could command. “God knows I would do anything to make you happy, but—”

“Then,” she said tearfully, resigning her hand to his, “don’t bring this disappointment upon me. Let them make war, if they please; you have your wife to consider, and your own future. Whatever they fight about, ’tis nothing to you, compared with your duty to me.”

“But you don’t understand,” was all he could reply. “If I could explain—”

“Oh, Phil, dear,” she said, adopting again a tender, supplicating tone. “You’ll not rob me of what I’ve so joyously looked forward to, will you? Think, how I’ve set my heart on it! Why, we’ve looked forward to it together, haven’t we? All our happiness has been bound up with our anticipations. Don’t speak of understanding or explaining,—only remember that our first thought should be of each other’s happiness, dear, and that you will ruin mine if you don’t take me. For my sake, for my love, promise we shall go to England in June! I beg you—’tis the one favour—I will love you so! Do, Phil! We shall be so happy!”

She looked up at him with such an eager pleading through her tears that I did not wonder to see his own eyes moisten.

“My dear,” said he, with an unsteady voice, “I can’t. I shouldn’t be a man if I left the country at this time. I should loathe myself; I should not be worthy of you.”

She flung his hand away from her, and rose in another seizure of wrath.

“Worthy!” she cried. “What man is worthy of a woman, when he cheats her as you have cheated me! You are a fool, with your talk of loathing yourself if you left the country! In God’s name, what could there be in that to make you loathe yourself? What claim has the country on you, equal to the claim your wife has? Better loathe yourself for your false treatment of her! You’d loathe yourself, indeed! Well, then, I tell you this, ’tis I that will loathe you, if you stay! I shall abominate you, I shall not let you come into my sight! Now, sir, take your choice, this instant. Keep your promise with me—”

“’Twas not exactly a promise, my dear.”

“I say, keep it, and take me to London, and keep my love and respect; or break your promise, and my heart, and take my hate and contempt. Choose, I say! Which? This instant! Speak!”

“Madge, dear, you are not yourself—”

“Oh, but I am, though! More myself than ever! And my own mistress, too! Speak, I bid you! Tell me we shall go. Answer—will you do as your wife wishes?”

“I will do as your husband ought.”

“Will you go to England?”

“I will stay till I know the fate of the colonies; and to fight for them if need be.”

“You give me up, for the sake of a whim, of some silly fustian about patriotism, some fool’s rubbish of high-sounding words! *Me*, you balance against a crazy notion! Very well, sir! How I shall hate you for it! Don’t come near me—not a step! Cling to your notion; see if it will fill my place! From this moment, you’re not my husband, I’m not your wife—unless you promise we shall sail in June! And don’t dare speak to me, except to tell me that!”

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Whereupon, paying no heed to his reproachful cry of “Madge,” she swept past him, and across the parlour, and up the hall staircase to her room; leaving us all in the amazement which had held us motionless and silent throughout the scene.

Philip stood with his hand upon the chair-back where she had wept; pale and silent, the picture of abandonment and sorrow.

CHAPTER VI.

Ned Comes Back, with an Interesting Tale of a Fortunate Irishman.

Before any of us knew what to say, a soft tread in the library announced the approach of Mr. Cornelius. He entered unaware of the scene that had just terminated, and with the stormy character of which on Margaret’s part, nothing could have been in greater contrast than the quiescent atmosphere that ever accompanied the shy, low-speaking pedagogue. His presence diffused peace and quietude; and more than formerly was this the case of late, since he had resumed an intention of entering the Presbyterian ministry.

He had qualified himself for this profession at Princeton. But after his full preparations, a conscientious scruple had arisen from a sense of his diffidence, which he despaired of conquering, and by which he believed his attempts at pulpit eloquence were sure to be defeated. Though he could compass the hardihood to discourse to an assemblage of distracting schoolboys several hours every week-day, he could not summon the courage to address an audience of somnolent adults two hours on Sunday.

But latterly he had awakened to a new inward call, and resolved upon a new trial of his powers. By way of preliminary training, he had set about practising upon the sailors and wharfmen who ordinarily spent their Sundays in gaming or boozing in low taverns along the water-front. To as many of these as would gather in some open space, at the sound of his voice raised tremulously in a hymn, he would preach as a layman, thus borrowing from the Methodists a device by which he hoped not only his present hearers, but also his own future Presbyterian congregations, should benefit. It was from one of these informal meetings, broken up by the news from Massachusetts, that he was but now returned.

The stupefaction in which we all sat, did not prevent our noting the excitement in which Cornelius came; and Mr. Faringfield looked a mute inquiry.

“Your pardon, friends,” said the pedagogue to the company; and then to Mr. Faringfield: “If I might speak with you alone a moment, sir—”

Mr. Faringfield went with him into the library, leaving us all under new apprehension.

“Dear bless me!” quoth Mrs. Faringfield, looking distressed. “More calamity, I vow.”

In a moment we heard Mr. Faringfield’s voice raised in a vehement “No, sir!” Then the library door was reopened, and he returned to us, followed by Cornelius, who was saying in his mildest voice: “But I protest, sir—I entreat—he is a changed man, I assure you.”

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“Changed for the worse, I make no doubt,” returned the angry merchant. “Let him not darken my door. If it weren’t Sunday, I should send for a constable this moment.”

“What is it?” cried Mrs. Faringfield. “Sure it can’t be—that boy again!”

“Mr. Edward, madam,” said the tutor.

“Dear, dear, what a day! What a terrible day! And Sunday, too!” moaned the lady, lying back in her chair, completely crushed, as if the last blow of fate had fallen.

“He arrived in the *Sarah* brig, which anchored yesterday evening,” explained Mr. Cornelius, “but he didn’t come ashore till this morning.”

“He thought Sunday safer,” said Mr. Faringfield, with scornful derision.

“I was returning from my service, when I met him,” continued the tutor. “He was at the Faringfield wharf, inquiring after the health of the family, of Meadows the watchman. I—er—persuaded him to come home with me.”

“You mean, sir, he persuaded you to come and intercede for him,” said Mr. Faringfield.

“He is now waiting in the garden. I have been telling Mr. Faringfield, ma’am, that the young man is greatly altered. Upon my word, he shows the truest signs of penitence. I believe he is entirely reformed; he says so.”

“You’d best let him come in, William,” counselled Mrs. Faringfield. “If you don’t, goodness knows what he may do.”

“Madam, I resolved long ago to let the law do its utmost upon him, if he should ever return.”

“Oh, but think what scandal! What will all my relations say? Besides, if he is reformed—”

“If he is reformed, let him show it by his conduct on my refusing to take him back; and by suffering the penalty of his crime.”

“Oh!—penalty! Don’t speak such words! A jailbird in the family! I never could endure it! I shouldn’t dare go to church, or be seen anywhere in public!”

“The same old discussion!” said Mr. Faringfield, with a wearied frown.

“Papa, you won’t send him to jail, will you?” ventured Fanny, with eyes rapidly moistening, and lips turning to a pout in spite of herself.

“Really, sir,” put in Cornelius, trembling at his own temerity, “if you could but see him—-take my word, sir, if ever there was a case where forgiveness—”

After much more of this sort of talk, and being shaken in will by the day’s previous excitements, Mr. Faringfield at length gave in so far as to consent to an interview with the penitent, to whom thereupon Cornelius hastened with the news.

It was indeed a changed and chastened Ned, to all outward appearance, that entered meekly with the pedagogue a few minutes later. His tread was so soft, his demeanour so tame, that one would scarce have known him but for a second look at his shapely face and burly figure. The face was now somewhat hollowed out, darkened, lined, and blotched; and elongated with meek resignation. His clothes—claret-coloured cloth coat and breeches, flowered waistcoat, silk stockings, lace ruffles, and all—were shabby and stained. He bowed to the company, and then stood, furtively watching for some manifestation from the rest before he dared proceed to warmer greetings.

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Fanny stepped softly forward and kissed him, in a shy, perfunctory manner; and then good-natured Tom shook his hand, and Philip followed suit; after which Mrs. Faringfield embraced him somewhat stiffly, and I gingerly held his fingers a moment, and my mother hoped he found himself well.

“Quite well, I thank you, considering,” said he; and then gazed in a half-scared way at his father. All the old defiance had disappeared under the blows of adversity.

“Well, sir,” said his father, coldly, “we had scarce looked for you back among us.”

“No, sir,” said Ned, still standing. “I had no right to be looked for, sir—no more than the prodigal son had. I’m a bit like him, sir.”

“Don’t count upon the fatted calf, however.”

“No, sir; not me. Very plain fare will do for me. I—I ask your pardon, sir, for that—that business about Mr. Palmer.”

“The world has put you into a humble mood,” said Mr. Faringfield, with sarcastic indifference.

“Yes, sir; the way of transgressors is hard, sir.”

“Why don’t you sit down?” put in Mrs. Faringfield, who was made uncomfortable by the sight of others being so.

“Thank you, mother,” said Ned, availing himself of the implied permission.

“I hear you’ve undergone a reformation,” said his father.

“I hope so, sir. They tell me I’ve got religion.”

“Who tells you?”

“The Methodists. I went to their meetings in London. I—I thought I needed a little of that kind of thing. That’s how I happened to—to save my soul.”

“And how do you conceive you will provide for your body?”

“I don’t know yet—exactly. If I might stay here till I could find some employment—”

Mr. Faringfield met the pleading look of Fanny, and the prudent one of his wife. The latter reflected, as plainly as words, what had manifestly entered his own mind: that immunity from future trouble on Ned’s account might indeed be had without recourse to a step entailing public disgrace upon the family. So he said:

“My intention was, if you should ever show your face in New York again, to see you punished for that matter of the money and Mr. Palmer. I don’t give up that intention; I shall only postpone carrying it out, during your good behaviour.”

“Thank you, sir; I dare say it’s better than I deserve.”

And so was Mr. Ned established home again, to be provided for by his father until he should obtain some means of self-support. In this task his father offered no assistance, being cautious against vouching for a person hitherto so untrustworthy; and it soon became evident that Ned was not very vigorously prosecuting the task himself. He had the excuse that it was a bad time for the purpose, the country being so unsettled in the expectation of continued war. And he was content to remain an idle charge upon his father’s bounty, a somewhat neglected inmate of the house,

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his comings and goings not watched or inquired into. His father rarely had a word for him but of curt and formal greeting. His mother found little more to say to him, and that in a shy reserved manner. Margaret gave him no speeches, but sometimes a look of careless derision and contempt, which must have caused him often to grind his teeth behind his mask of humility. Philip's courtesy to him was distinctly chilly; while Tom treated him rather with the indifferent amiability of a new and not very close acquaintance, than with any revival of old brotherly familiarity. I shared Phil's doubts upon Ned's spiritual regeneration, and many people in the town were equally skeptical. But there were enough of those credulous folk that delight in the miraculous, who believed fully in this marvellous conversion, and never tired of discussing the wonder. And so Ned went about, posing as a brand snatched from the burning, to the amusement of one-half the town, the admiration of the other half, and the curiosity of both.

"'Tis all fudge, says I," quoth lean old Bill Meadows, the watchman at the Faringfield wharves. "His story and his face don't hitch. He declares he was convarted by the Methodies, and he talks their talk about salvation and redemption and the like. But if he really had religion their way, he'd wear the face o' joy and gladness. Whereas he goes about looking as sober as a covenanter that expected the day of judgment to-morrow and knew he was predestinated for one O' the goats. Methodie convarts don't wear Presbyterian faces. Ecod, sir" (this he said to Phil, with whom he was on terms of confidence), "he's got it in his head that religion and a glum face goes together; and he thereby gives the lie to his Methodie convarsion."

Ned was at first in rather sore straits for a companion, none of his old associates taking well to his reformation. He had to fall back upon poor Cornelius, who was always the most obliging of men and could never refuse his company or aught else to any tolerable person that sought it. But in a week or so Ned had won back Fanny to her old allegiance, and she, in the kindness of her heart, and in her pity that the poor repentant fellow should be so misunderstood, his amendment so doubted, gave him as much of her time as he asked for. She walked with him, rode with him, and boated with him. This was all greatly to my cost and annoyance; for, ever since she had so gently commiserated my loss of Margaret, I had learned more and more to value her sweet consolation, rely upon her sympathy in all matters, and find serenity and happiness in her society. It had come to be that two were company, three were none—particularly when the third was Ned. So, if she *would* go about with him, I left her to go with him alone; and I suffered, and pined, and raged inwardly, in consequence. 'Twas this deprivation that taught me how necessary she was to me; and how her presence gave my days half their brightness, my nights half their beauty, my taste of everything in life half its sweetness. Philip was unreservedly welcome to Madge now; I wondered I had been so late in discovering the charms of Fanny.

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But one day I noticed that a coolness had arisen between her and Ned; a scarce evident repulsion on her part, a cessation of interest on his. This was, I must confess, as greatly to my satisfaction as to my curiosity. But Fanny was no more a talebearer than if she had been of our sex; and Ned was little like to disclose the cause intentionally: so I did not learn it until by inference from a passage that occurred one night at the King's Arms' Tavern.

Poor Philip, avoided and ignored by Madge, who had not yet relented, was taking an evening stroll with me, in the soothing company of the pedagogue; when we were hailed by Ned with an invitation to a mug of ale in the tavern. Struck with the man's apparent wistfulness for company, and moved by a fellow feeling of forlornness, Philip accepted; and Cornelius, always acquiescent, had not the ill grace to refuse. So the four of us sat down together at a table.

"I wish I might offer you madeira, gentlemen; or punch, at least," said Ned regretfully, "but you know how it is. I'm reaping what I sowed. Things might be worse. I knew 'em worse in London—before I turned over a new leaf."

The mugs being emptied, and the rest of us playing host in turn, they were several times replenished. Ned had been drinking before he met us; but this was not apparent until he began to show the effect of his potations while the heads of us his companions were still perfectly clear. It was evident that he had not allowed his conversion to wean him from this kind of indulgence. The conversation reverted to his time of destitution in London.

"Such experiences," observed Cornelius, "have their good fruits. They incline men to repentance who might else continue in their evil ways all their lives."

"Yes, sir; that's the truth!" cried Ned. "If I'd had some people's luck—but it's better to be saved than to make a fortune—although, to be sure, there are fellows, rascals, too, that the Lord seems to take far better care of than he does of his own!"

Mr. Cornelius looked a little startled at this. But the truth was, I make no doubt, that the pretence of virtue, adopted for the purpose of regaining the comforts of his father's house, wore heavily upon Ned; that he chafed terribly under it sometimes; and that this was one of the hours when, his wits and tongue loosened by drink, he became reckless and allowed himself relief. He knew that Philip, Cornelius, and I, never tattled. And so he cast the muzzle of sham reformation from his mouth.

He was silent for a while, recollections of past experience rising vividly in his mind, as they will when a man comes to a certain stage of drink.

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“Sure, luck is an idiot,” he burst out presently, wrathful from his memories. “It reminds me of a fool of a wench that passes over a gentleman and flings herself at a lout. For, lookye, there was two of us in London, a rascal Irishman and me, that lived in the same lodgings. We did that to save cost, after we’d both had dogs’ fortune at the cards and the faro-table. If it hadn’t been for a good-natured woman or two—I spoke ill of the breed just now, but they have their merits—we’d have had no lodgings at all then, except the Fleet, maybe, or Newgate, if it had come to that. Well, as I was saying, we were both as near starvation as ever *I* wish to be, the Irishman and me. There we were, poverty-stricken as rats, both tarred with the same stick, no difference between us except he was an ugly brute, and a scoundrel, and a man of no family. Now if either of us deserved good fortune, it certainly was me; there can’t be any question of that. And yet, here I am, driven to the damnedest tedious time of it for bare food and shelter, and compelled to drink ale when I’m—oh, curse it, gentlemen, was ever such rotten luck?”

Cornelius, whom disillusion had stricken into speechlessness at this revelation of the old Ned under the masquerade, sighed heavily and looked pained. But Philip, always curious upon matters of human experience, asked:

“What of the Irishman?”

“Driving in his chariot, the dog! Swaggering in Pall Mall; eating and drinking at taverns that it makes my mouth water to think of; laying his hundred guineas a throw, if he likes. Oh, the devil! The fat of London for that fellow; and me cast off here in New York to the most hellish dull life! ’Tisn’t a fair dispensation; upon my soul it isn’t!”

“And what made him so fortunate?” inquired Philip.

“Ay, that’s the worst of it! What good are a man’s relations? What good are mine, at least? For that knave had only one relation, but she was of some use, Lord knows! When it came to the worst with him, he walked to Bristol, and begged or stole passage to Ireland, and hunted up his sister, who had a few pounds a year of her own. He had thought of borrowing a guinea or two, to try his fortune with again. But when he saw his sister, he found she’d grown up into a beauty—no more of a beauty than my sisters, though; but she was a girl of enterprise and spirit. I don’t say Madge isn’t that; but she’s married and done for. But Fanny—well, I don’t see anything brilliant in store for Fanny.”

“What has she to do with the affairs of your Irishman?” I asked.

“Oh, nothing. She’s a different kind from this Irish lady. For what did that girl do, after her brother had seen her and got the idea, than pack up and come to London with him. And he showed her around so well, and her fine looks made such an impression, that within three months he had her married to a lord’s son—the heir to Lord Ilverton’s estates and title. And now she’s a made woman, and he’s a made man, and what do

you think of that for a lucky brother and a clever sister? And yet, compared with Fanny __"

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“Do you mean to say,” interrupted Philip, in a low voice, “that you have ever thought of Fanny as a partner in such a plan?”

“Little use to think of her,” replied Ned, contemptuously. “She hasn’t the spirit. I’m afraid there ain’t many sisters like Mullaney’s. Poor Fan wouldn’t even listen—”

“Did you dare propose it to her?” said Phil. My own feelings were too strong for speech.

“Dare!” repeated Ned. “Why not? ’Twould have made her fortune—”

“Upon my word,” put in Mr. Cornelius, no longer able to contain his opinions, “I never heard of such rascality!”

Something in the pedagogue’s tone, I suppose, or in Ned’s stage of tipsiness at the moment, gave the speech an inflammatory effect. Ned stared a moment at the speaker, in amazement. Then he said, with aroused insolence:

“What’s this, Mr. Parson? What have *you* to say here? My sister is *my* sister, let me tell you—”

“If she knew you as well as I do now,” retorted Cornelius, quietly, “she wouldn’t boast of the relationship.”

“What the devil!” cried Ned, in an elevated voice, thus drawing the attention of the four or five other people in the room. “Who is this, talks of relationships? You cursed parson-pedagogue—!”

“Be quiet, Ned,” warned Philip. “Everybody hears you.”

“I don’t care,” replied Ned, rising, and again addressing Cornelius. “Does anybody boast of relationships to you, you tow-headed bumpkin? Do you think you can call me to account, as you can the scum you preach to on the wharves? I’ll teach you!”

Whereat, Cornelius being opposite him, Ned violently pushed forward the table so as to carry the tutor over backward in his chair. His head and back struck the floor heavily, and he lay supine beneath the upset table.

An excited crowd instantly surrounded our group. Philip and I immediately removed the table, and helped Cornelius to his feet. The pedagogue’s face was afire; his fists were clenched; his chest swelled; and one could judge from his wrists what sturdy arms his sleeves encased. As he advanced upon Ned, he was all at once become so formidable a figure that no one thought to interpose. Ned himself, appalled at the approaching embodiment of anger and strength, retreated a foot or two from the expected blow. Everybody looked to see him stretched flat in a moment; when Cornelius suddenly

stopped, relaxed his muscles, unclosed his fists, and said to his insulter, in a quiet but virile voice quite different from that of his usual speech:

“By the grace of God, I put my hands behind my back; for I’ve spoiled handsomer faces than yours, Edward Faringfield!”

There was a moment’s pause.

“The grace of God has no such effect upon me!” said I, rapping Ned over the mouth with the back of my hand. Before the matter could go any further, Philip caught my arm, and Cornelius’s, and hurried us out of the tavern.

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I now knew what had broken the friendship between Fanny and her worthless brother. I feared a catastrophe when Mr. Faringfield should learn of the occurrence at the tavern. But, thanks to the silence of us who were concerned, and to the character of the few gentlemen with whom he deigned to converse, it never came to his ears. Ned, restored to his senses, and fearing for his maintenance, made no attempt to retaliate my blow; and resumed his weary pretence of reformation. But years afterward we were to recall his story of the Irishman's sister.

CHAPTER VII.

Enemies in War.

As this is not a history of the wars I shall not dwell upon the talk and preparations that went on during the weeks ensuing upon our eventful Sunday: which talk was common to both parties, but which preparations were mainly on the part of the rebels, we loyalists awaiting events and biding the return from England of Governor Tryon. There were looks of suspicion exchanged, and among the more violent and uncouth there were open boasts bandied, open taunts reciprocated, and open threats hurled back and forth. Most of the quality of the town were on the loyal side; but yet there were some excellent families—such as the Livingstones—who stood first and last among the so-called Whigs. This was the case in great part of the country, the wealth and culture, with distinguished exceptions, being for the king and parliament; though, I must own, a great quantity of the brains being on the other side: but in Virginia and her Southerly neighbours, strange to say, the aristocracy largely, though not entirely, leaned toward revolt; for what reason I never knew, unless it was that many of them, descended from younger sons of good English stock who had been exiled as black sheep or ne'er-do-wells, inherited feelings similar to Mr. Faringfield's. Or perhaps 'twas indeed a pride, which made them resentful of the superiority assumed by native Englishmen over them as colonists. Or they may have felt that they should actually become slaves in submitting to be taxed by a parliament in which they were not represented. In any case, they (like Philip Winwood and Mr. Faringfield, the Adamses of Boston, and thousands of others) had motives that outweighed in them the sentiment of loyalty, the passion of attachment to the land whence we had drawn our race and still drew our culture and all our refinements and graces. This sentiment, and this passion, made it impossible for Tom Faringfield and me to see any other course for us than undeviating fidelity to the king and the mother-country. There were of course some loyalists (or Tories, if you prefer that name) who took higher views than arose from their mere affections, and who saw harm for America in any revolt from English government; and there were others, doubtless, whose motives were entirely low and selfish, such as holders of office under the crown, and men who had powers and privileges of which any change of system, any disturbance of the royal authority, might deprive them. It was Philip who called my attention to this last class, and to the effect its existence must have on the common people in the crisis then present.

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“The colonists of America are not like any other people,” said he. “Their fathers came to this land when it was a savage wilderness, tearing themselves from their homes, from civil surroundings; that they might be far from tyranny, in small forms as well as great. Not merely tyranny of king or church, but the shapes of it that Hamlet speaks of—’the oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely, the insolence of office.’ All for the sake of liberty, they battled with savages and with nature, fought and toiled, bled and starved. And Tyranny ignored them till they had transformed their land and themselves into something worth its attention. And then, backed and sustained by royal authority, those hated things stole in upon them—’the insolence of office, the proud man’s contumely, the oppressor’s wrong.’ This, lookye, besides the particular matter of taxation without representation; of being bid to obey laws they have no hand in making; of having a set of masters, three thousand miles away, and not one of their own land or their own choosing, order them to do thus and so:—why, ’twere the very soul and essence of slavery to submit! Man, how can you wonder I am of their side?”

“And with your taste for the things to be found only in the monarchies of Europe; for the arts, and the monuments of past history, the places hallowed by great events and great men!” said I, quoting remembered expressions of his own.

“Why,” says he, smiling a little regretfully, “we shall have our own arts and hallowed places some day; meanwhile one’s taste must defer to one’s heart and one’s intelligence.”

“Yes,” said I, with malicious derision, “when ’tis so great a question as a paltry tax upon tea.”

“’Tis no such thing,” says he, warming up; “’tis a question of being taxed one iota, the thousandth part of a farthing, by a body of strangers, a body in which we are not represented.”

“Neither were we represented in it when it sent armies to protect us from the French, and toward the cost of which ’tis right we should pay.”

“We paid, in men and money both. And the armies were sent less for our protection than for the aggrandisement of England. She was fighting the French the world over; in America, as elsewhere, the only difference being that in America we helped her.”

So ’twas disputed between many another pair of friends, between brothers, between fathers and sons, husbands and wives. I do not know of another civil war that made as many breaks in families. Meanwhile, the local authorities—those of local election, not of royal appointment—were yet outwardly noncommittal. When Colonel Washington, the general-in-chief appointed by the congress of the colonies at Philadelphia, was to pass through New York on his way to Cambridge, where the New England rebels were

surrounding the king's troops in Boston, it was known that Governor Tryon would arrive from England about the same time. Our authorities,

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rather than seem to favour one side, sent a committee to New Jersey to meet the rebel commander and escort him through the town, and immediately thereafter paid a similar attention to the royal governor. One of those who had what they considered the honour of riding behind Mr. Washington a part of his way (he came accompanied by a troop of horse from Philadelphia, and made a fine, commanding figure, I grant) was Philip Winwood. When he returned from Kingsbridge, I, pretending I had not gone out of my way to see the rebel generalissimo pass, met him with a smile, as if to make a joke of all the rebel preparations:

"Well," says I, "what manner of hero is your illustrious chief? A very Julius Caesar, I make no doubt."

"A grave and modest gentleman," says Phil, "and worthy of all the admiration you used to have for him when we would talk of the French War. I remember you would say he was equal to all the regular English officers together; and how you declared Governor Shirley was a fool for not giving him a king's commission."

"Well," said I, "'tis a thousand to one, that if Colonel Washington hadn't been disappointed of a king's commission, he wouldn't now be leader of the king's enemies." I knew I had no warrant the slightest for attributing Mr. Washington's patriotism to such a petty motive as a long-cherished resentment of royal neglect; and years afterward, in London, I was to chastise an equally reckless speaker for a similar slander; but I was young and partisan, and being nettled by the reminder of my inconsistency, spoke to irritate.

"That is a lie!" said Phil, quietly, looking me straight in the face.

Such a word from Philip made me stare in amazement; but it did not improve my temper, or incline me to acknowledge the injustice I had uttered. My face burned, my fingers clenched. But it was Philip that had spoken; and a thing or two flashed into my mind in the pause; and, controlling myself, I let out a long breath, opened my fists, and, with the best intentions in the world, and with the quietest voice, gave him a blow far more severe than a blow of the fist had been.

"I will take that from you, Phil," said I: "God knows, your stand in this rebellion has caused you enough unhappiness."

He winced, and sent me a startled look, stung at my alluding to the estrangement of his wife. I know not whether he took it as a taunt from so dear a friend, or whether the mere mention of so delicate a sorrow was too much for him; but his face twitched, and he gave a swallow, and was hard put to it to hold back the tears.

“Forgive me,” I said, stricken to the heart at sight of this. “I am your friend always, Phil.” I put a hand upon his shoulder, and his face turned to a kindly expression of pardon, a little short of the smile he dared not yet trust himself to attempt.

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Margaret's demeanour to him, indeed, had not shown the smallest softening. But to the rest of the world, after the immediate effects of that Sunday scene had worn off, she seemed vastly more sparkling and fascinating than ever before: whether she was really so, and of intention, or whether the appearance was from contrast with her treatment of Philip, I dare not say. But the impression was Philip's, I think, as well as every one's else; and infinitely it multiplied the sorrow of which he would not speak, but which his countenance could not conceal. When the news of the affair at Bunker's Hill was discussed at the supper-table one evening in June, I being present, and Margaret heard how bravely the British charged the third and successful time up to the rebel works, after being hurled back twice by a very hell of musketry, she dropped her fork, and clapped her hands, crying:

"Bravo, bravo! 'Tis such men that grow in England. I could love every one of 'em!"

"Brave men, I allow," said Philip; "but as for their victory, 'twas but a technical one, if accounts be true. Their loss was greater than ours; and the fight proved that Americans can stand before British regulars."

Margaret paid no more notice than if Philip had not spoken—'twas her practice now to ignore his speeches not directed to herself alone—and when he had done, she said, blithely, to one of the young De Lanceys, who was a guest:

"And so they drove the Yankees out! And what then, cousin?"

"Why, that was all. But as for the men that grow in England, you'll find some of us grown in America quite as ready to fight for the king, if matters go on. Only wait till Governor Tryon sets about calling for loyal regiments. We shall be falling over one another in the scramble to volunteer. But I mean to be first."

"Good, cousin!" she cried. "You may kiss my hand for that—nay, my cheek, if I could reach it to you."

"Faith," said De Lancey, after gallantly touching her fingers with his lips, "if all the ladies in New York had such hands, and offered 'em to be kissed by each recruit for the king, there'd be no man left to fight on the rebel side."

"Why, his Majesty is welcome to my two hands for the purpose, and my face, too," she rattled on. "But some of our New York rebels were going to do great things: 'tis two months now, and yet we see nothing of their doings."

"Have a little patience, madam," said Philip, very quietly. "We rebels may be further advanced in our arrangements than is known in all quarters."

The truth of this was soon evident. In the open spaces of the town—the parade-ground (or Bowling Green) outside the fort; the common at the head of the town; before the

very barracks in Chambers Street that had just been vacated by the last of the royal troops in New York, they having sailed for Boston rather for their own safety than to swell the army there—there was continual instructing and drilling of awkward Whigs. Organisation had proceeded throughout the province, whose entire rebel force was commanded by Mr. Philip Schuyler, of Albany; subordinate to whom was Mr. Richard Montgomery, an Irish gentleman who had first set foot in America at Louisbourg, as a king's officer, and who now resided beyond Kingsbridge.

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It was under Montgomery that Philip Winwood took service, enlisting as a private soldier, but soon revealing such knowledge of military matters that he was speedily, in the off-hand manner characteristic of improvised armies, made a lieutenant. This was a little strange, seeing that there was a mighty scramble for commissions, nine out of every ten patriots, however raw, clamouring to be officers; and it shows that sometimes (though 'tis not often) modest merit will win as well as self-assertive incompetence. Philip had obtained his acquaintance with military forms from books; he was, in his ability to assimilate the matter of a book, an exception among men; and a still greater exception in his ability to apply that matter practically. Indeed, it sometimes seemed that he could get out of a book not only all that was in it, but more than was in it. Many will not believe what I have related of him, that he had actually learned the rudiments of fencing, the soldier's manual of arms, the routine of camp and march, and such things, from reading; but it is a fact: just as it is true that Greene, the best general of the rebels after Washington, learned military law, routine, tactics, and strategy, from books he read at the fire of the forge where he worked as blacksmith; and that the men whom he led to Cambridge, from Rhode Island, were the best disciplined, equipped, uniformed, and maintained, of the whole Yankee army at that time. As for Philip's gift of translating printed matter into actuality, I remember how, when we afterward came to visit strange cities together, he would find his way about without a question, like an old resident, through having merely read descriptions of the places.

But rank did not come unsought, or otherwise, to Philip's fellow volunteer from the Faringfield house, Mr. Cornelius. The pedagogue, with little to say on the subject, took the rebel side as a matter of course, Presbyterians being, it seems, republican in their nature. He went as a private in the same company with Philip.

It was planned that the rebel troops of New York province should invade Canada by way of Lake George, while the army under Washington continued the siege of Boston. Philip went through the form of arranging that his wife should remain at her father's house—-the only suitable home for her, indeed—during his absence in the field; and so, in the Summer of 1775, upon a day much like that in which he had first come to us twelve years before, it was ours to wish him for a time farewell.

Mr. Faringfield and his lady, with Fanny and Tom, stood in the hall, and my mother and I had joined them there, when Philip came down-stairs in his new blue regimentals. He wore his sword, but it was not his wife that had buckled it on. There had been no change in her manner toward him: he was still to her but as a strange guest in the house, rather to be disdained than treated with the courtesy due even to a strange guest. We all asked ourselves

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what her farewell would be, but none mentioned the thought. As Phil came into view at the first landing, he sent a quick glance among us to see if she was there. For a moment his face was struck into a sadly forlorn expression; but, as if by chance, she came out of the larger parlour at that moment, and his countenance revived almost into hope. The rest of us had already said our good-byes to Mr. Cornelius, who now stood waiting for Philip. As the latter reached the foot of the stairs, Margaret suddenly turned to the pedagogue, to add her civility to ours, for she had always liked the bashful fellow, and *his* joining the rebels was to her a matter of indifference—it did not in any way affect her own pleasure. This movement on her part made it natural that Philip's first leave-taking should be of Mr. Faringfield, who, seeing Margaret occupied, went forward and grasped Phil's hand.

"God bless thee, lad," said he, showing the depth of his feelings as much by a tenderness very odd in so cold a man, as by reverting to the old pronoun now becoming obsolete except with Quakers, "and bring thee safe out of it all, and make thy cause victorious!"

"Good-bye, Philip," said Mrs. Faringfield, with some betrayal of affection, "and heaven bring you back to us!"

Fanny's farewell, though spoken with a voice more tremulous and eyes more humid, was in the same strain; and so was that of my mother, though she could not refrain from adding, "Tis such a pity!" and wishing that so handsome a soldier was on the right side.

"Good-bye and good luck, dear old Phil!" was all that Tom said.

"And so say I," I put in, taking his hand in my turn, and trying not to show my discomposure, "meaning to yourself, but not to your cause. Well—dear lad—heaven guard you, and give you a speedy return! For your sake and ours, may the whole thing be over before your campaign is begun. I should like to see a war, and be in one—but not a war like this, that makes enemies of you and me. Good-bye, Phil—and come back safe and sound."

'Twas Margaret's time now, for Ned was not present. There was a pause, as Phil turned questioningly—nay wistfully—toward her. She met his look calmly. Old Noah and some of the negroes, who had pressed forward to see Phil's departure from the house, were waiting for her to speak, that they might afterward call out their Godspeed.

"Good-bye!" she said, at last, holding out her hand indifferently.

He took the hand, bent over it, pressed it with his lips. Then he looked at her again. I think she must have shown just the slightest yielding, given just the least permission, in

her eyes; for he went nearer, and putting his arm around her, gently drew her close to him, and looked down at her. Suddenly she turned her face up, and pursed her lips. With a look of gladness, he passionately kissed her.

“God bless you, my dear wife,” he whispered; and then, as if by expecting more he might court a disappointment to mar the memory of that leave-taking, he released her, and said to us all: “Take care of her, I pray!” whereupon, abruptly turning, he hastened out of the open door, waving back his hat in response to our chorus of good-byes, and the loud “Go’ bless you, Massa Philip!” of the negroes.

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We followed quickly to the porch, to look after him. But he strode off so fast that Cornelius had to run to keep up with him. He did not once look back, even when he passed out of sight at the street corner. I believe he divined that his wife would not be among those looking after, and that he wished not to interpose any other last impression of his dear home than that of her kiss.

When we came back into the hall, she had flown. Later, as my mother and I went through the garden homeward, passing beneath Margaret's open windows, we heard her weeping—not violently, but steadily, monotonously, as if she had a long season of the past to regret, a long portion of the future to sorrow for. And here let me say that I think Margaret, from first to last, loved Philip with more tenderness than she was capable of bestowing upon any one else; with an affection so deep that sometimes it might be obscured by counter feelings playing over the surface of her heart, so deep that often she might not be conscious of its presence, but so deep that it might never be uprooted:—and 'twas that which made things the more pitiful.

Tom and I went out, with a large number of the town's people, to watch the rebel soldiers depart, and we saw Philip with his company, and exchanged with him a smile and a wave of the hat. How little we thought that one of us he was never to meet again, that the other he was not to see in many years, and that four of those years were to pass ere he should set foot again in Queen Street.

Many things, to be swiftly passed over in my history, occurred in those four years. One of these, the most important to me, happened a short time after Philip's departure for the North. It was a brief conversation with Fanny, and it took place upon the wayside walk at what they call the Battery, at the green Southern end of the town, where it is brought to a rounded point by the North and East Rivers approaching each other as they flow into the bay. To face the gentle breeze, I stopped and turned so we might look Southward over the bay, toward where, at the distant Narrows, Long Island and Staten Island seem to meet and close it in.

"I don't like to look out yonder," said Fanny. "It makes me imagine I'm away on the ocean, by myself. And it seems so lonely."

"Why, you poor child," replied I, "'tis a sin you should ever feel lonely; you do so much to prevent others being so." I turned my back upon the bay, and led her past the fort, toward the Broadway. "You see," said I, abruptly, glancing at her brown eyes, which dropped in a charming confusion, "how much you need a comrade." I remember I was not entirely unconfused myself at that moment, for inspiration had suddenly shown me my opportunity, and how to use it, and some inward trepidation was inseparable from a plunge into the matter I was now resolved upon going through.

"Why," says she, blushing, and seeming, as she walked, to take a great interest in her pretty feet, "I have several comrades as it is."

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“Yes. But I mean one that should devote himself to you alone. Philip has Margaret; and besides, he is gone now, and so is Mr. Cornelius. And Tom will be finding a wife some day, and your parents cannot live for ever, and your friends will be married one after another.”

“Poor me!” says she, with a sigh of comic wofulness. “How helpless and alone you make me feel!”

“Not so entirely alone, neither! There’s one I didn’t mention.”

“And that one, too, I suppose, will be running off some day.”

“No. He, like Tom, will be seeking a wife some day; perhaps sooner than Tom; perhaps very soon indeed; perhaps this very minute.”

“Oh, Bert!—What nonsense! Don’t look at me so, here in the street—people will take notice.”

“What do I care for people? Let the fellows all see, and envy me, if you’ll give me what I ask. What say you, dearest? Speak; tell me! Nay, if you won’t, I’ll make you blush all the more—I love you, I love you, I love you! Now will you speak?”

“Oh, Bert, dear, at least wait till we are home!”

“If you’ll promise to say yes then.”

“Very well—if ’twill please you.”

“Nay, it must be to please yourself too. You do love me a little, don’t you?”

“Why, of course I do; and you must have known it all the time!”

But, alas, her father’s “yes” was not so easily to be won. I broached the matter to him that very evening (Fanny and I meanwhile having come to a fuller understanding in the seclusion of the garden); but he shook his head, and regarded me coldly.

“No, sir,” said he. “For, however much you are to be esteemed as a young gentleman of honour and candour and fine promise, ’tis for me to consider you rather as an adherent of a government that has persecuted my country, and now makes war upon it. The day may come when you will find a more congenial home nearer the crown you have already expressed your desire to fight for. And then, if Fanny were your wife, you would carry her off to make an Englishwoman of her, as my first daughter would have been carried by her husband, upon different motives, but for this war. Perhaps ’twere better she could have gone,” he added, with a sigh, for Margaret had been his favourite child;

“my loss of her could scarce have been more complete than it is. But ’tis not so with Fanny.”

“But, sir, I am not to take it that you refuse me, definitely, finally?—I beg—”

“Nay, sir, I only say that we must wait. Let us see what time shall bring to pass. I believe that you will not—and I am sure that Fanny will not—endeavour any act without my consent, or against my wish. Nay, I don’t bid you despair, neither. Time shall determine.”

I was not so confident that I would not endeavour any act without his consent; but I shared his certainty that Fanny would not. And so, in despondency, I took the news to her.

“Well,” says she, with a sigh. “We must wait, that’s all.”

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While we were waiting, and during the Fall and Winter, we heard now and then from Philip, for communication was still possible between New York and the rebel army proceeding toward Canada. He wrote Margaret letters of which the rest of us never saw the contents; but he wrote to Mr. Faringfield and me also. His history during this time was that of his army, of which we got occasional news from other sources. During part of September and all of October it was besieging St. John's, which capitulated early in November. Schuyler's ill-health had left the supreme active command to Montgomery. The army pushed on, and occupied Montreal, though it failed to capture Governor Carleton; who escaped to Quebec in a boat, by ingeniously disguising himself as a countryman. At Montreal the jealousies and quarrels of officers, so summarily created such, gave Montgomery much trouble, and when he set forward for Quebec, there to join the force sent under Arnold through the Maine wilderness from the rebel main army at Cambridge, he could take with him but three hundred men—so had the patriot warriors of New York fallen off in zeal and numbers! But you may be sure it was not from Philip's letters that we got these items disadvantageous to his cause.

Our last word from him was when he was in quarters before Quebec: Cornelius was with him; and they were having a cold and snowy time of it, waiting for Quebec to fall before them. He mentioned casually that he had been raised to a captaincy: we afterward learned that this was for brave conduct upon the occasion of a sally of Scotch troops from one of the gates of Quebec to cut off a mortar battery and a body of riflemen; Philip had not only saved the battery and the riflemen, but had made prisoners of the sallying party.

Late in the Winter—that is to say, early in 1776—we learned of the dire failure of the night attack made by the combined forces of Montgomery and Arnold upon Quebec at the end of December, 1775; that Arnold had been wounded, his best officers taken prisoners, and Montgomery killed. The first reports said nothing of Winwood. When Margaret heard the news, she turned white as a sheet; and at this triumph of British arms my joy was far outweighed, Mr. Faringfield's grief multiplied, by fears lest Philip, who we knew would shirk no danger, had met a fate similar to his commander's. But subsequent news told us that he was a prisoner, though severely wounded. We comforted ourselves with considering that he was like to receive good nursing from the French nuns of Quebec. And eventually we found the name of Captain Winwood in a list of rebel prisoners who were to be exchanged; from which, as a long time had passed, we inferred that he was now recovered of his injuries; whereupon Margaret, who had never spoken of him, or shown her solicitude other than by an occasional dispirited self-abstraction, regained all her gaiety and was soon her old, charming self again. In due course, we learned that the exchange of prisoners had been effected, and that a number of officers (among whom was Captain Winwood) had departed from Quebec, bound whither we were not informed; and after that we lost track of him for many and many a month.

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Meanwhile, the war had made itself manifest in New York: at first distantly, as by the passage of a few rebel companies from Pennsylvania and Virginia through the town on their way to Cambridge; by continued enlistments for the rebel cause; by the presence of a small rebel force of occupation; and by quiet enrolments of us loyalists for service when our time should come. But in the beginning of the warm weather of 1776, the war became apparent in its own shape. The king's troops under Sir William Howe had at last evacuated Boston and sailed to Halifax, taking with them a host of loyalists, whose flight was held up to us New York Tories as prophetic of our own fate. Washington now supposed, rightly, that General Howe intended presently to occupy New York; and so down upon our town, and the island on which it was, and upon Long Island, came the rebel main army from Cambridge; and brought some very bad manners with it, for all that there never was a finer gentleman in the world than was at its head, and that I am bound to own some of his officers and men to have been worthy of him in good breeding. Here the army was reinforced by regiments from the middle and Southern provinces; and for awhile we loyalists kept close mouths. Margaret, indeed, for the time, ceased altogether to be a loyalist, in consequence of the gallantry of certain officers in blue and buff, and several Virginia dragoons in blue and red, with whom she was brought into acquaintance through her father's attachment to the rebel interest. She expanded and grew brilliant in the sunshine of admiration (she had even a smile and compliment from Washington himself, at a ball in honour of the rebel declaration of independence) in which she lived during the time when New York abounded with rebel troops.

But that was a short time; for the British disembarked upon Long Island, met Washington's army there and defeated it, so that it had to slip back to New York in boats by night; then landed above the town, almost in time to cut it off as it fled Northward; fought part of it on the heights of Harlem; kept upon its heels in Westchester County; encountered it again near White Plains; and came back triumphant to winter in and about New York. And now we loyalists and the rebel sympathisers exchanged tunes; and Margaret was as much for the king again as ever—she never cared two pins for either cause, I fancy, save as it might, for the time being, serve her desire to shine.

She was radiant and joyous, and made no attempt to disguise her feelings, when it was a settled fact that the British army should occupy New York indefinitely.

"'Tis glorious!" said she, dancing up and down the parlour before Tom and me. "This will be some relief from dulness, some consolation! The town will be full of gallant generals and colonels, handsome majors, dashing captains; there are lords and baronets among 'em; they'll be quartered in all the good houses; there will be fine uniforms, regimental bands, and balls and banquets! Why, I can quite endure this! War has its compensations. We'll have a merry winter of it, young gentlemen! Sure 'twill be like a glimpse of London."

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“And there’ll be much opportunity for vain ladies to have their heads turned!” quoth Tom, half in jest, half in disapproval.

“I know nothing of that,” says she, “but I do know whose sister will be the toast of the British Army before a month is past!”

If the king’s troops acquired a toast upon entering New York, the rebels had gained a volunteer upon leaving it. One day, just before Washington’s army fled, Tom Faringfield came to me with a face all amusement.

“Who do you think is the latest patriot recruit?” cried he. It was our custom to give the rebels ironically their own denomination of patriots.

“Not you nor I, at any rate,” said I.

“But one of the family, nevertheless.”

“Why, surely—your father has not—”

“Oh, no; only my father’s eldest.”

“Ned?”

“Nobody else. Fancy Ned taking the losing side! Oh, ’fore God, it’s true! He came home in a kind of uniform to-day, and told father what he had done; the two had a long talk together in private after that; and though father never shows his thoughts, I believe he really has some hopes of Ned now. The rebels made a lieutenant of him, on father’s account. I wonder what his game is.”

“I make no doubt, to curry favour with his father.”

“Maybe. But perhaps to get an excuse for leaving town, and a way of doing so. I’ve heard some talk—they say poor Sally Roberts’s condition is his work.”

“Very like. Your brother is a terrible Adonis—with ladies of a certain kind.”

“Not such an Adonis neither—at least the Adonis that Venus courted in Shakespeare’s poem. Rather a Jove, I should say.”

We did not then suspect the depth of Mr. Ned’s contrivance or duplicity. He left New York with the rebels, and ’twas some time ere we saw, or heard of, him again.

And now at last several loyalist brigades were formed as auxiliaries to the royal army, and Tom and I were soon happy in the consciousness of serving our king, and in the possession of the green uniforms that distinguished the local from the regular force. We

were of Colonel Cruger's battalion, of General Oliver De Lancey's brigade, and both were so fortunate as to obtain commissions, Tom receiving that of lieutenant, doubtless by reason of his mother's relationship to General De Lancey, and I being made an ensign, on account of the excellent memory in which my father was held by the loyal party. Mr. Faringfield, like many another father in similar circumstances, was outwardly passive upon his son's taking service against his own cause: as a prudent man, he had doubtless seen from the first the advantage of having a son actually under arms for the king, for it gave him and his property such safety under the British occupation as even his lady's loyalist affiliations might not have sufficed to do. Therefore Tom, as a loyalist officer, was no less at home than formerly, in the house of his rebel father. I know not how many such family situations were brought about by this strange war.

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CHAPTER VIII.

I Meet an Old Friend in the Dark.

I shall not give an account of my military service, since it entered little into the history of Philip Winwood. 'Twas our duty to help man the outposts that guarded the island at whose Southern extremity New York lies, from rebel attack; especially from the harassments of the partisan troops, and irregular Whiggery, who would swoop down in raiding parties, cut off our foragers, drive back our wood-cutters, and annoy us in a thousand ways. We had such raiders of our own, too, notably Captain James De Lancey's Westchester Light Horse, Simcoe's Rangers, and the Hessian yagers, who repaid the visits of our enemies by swift forays across the neutral ground between the two armies.

But this warfare did not exist in its fulness till later, when the American army formed about us an immense segment of a circle, which began in New Jersey, ran across Westchester County in New York province, and passed through a corner of Connecticut to Long Island Sound. On our side, we occupied Staten Island, part of the New Jersey shore, our own island, lower Westchester County, and that portion of Long Island nearest New York. But meanwhile, the rebel main army was in New Jersey in the Winter of 1776-77, surprising some of our Hessians at Trenton, overcoming a British force at Princeton, and going into quarters at Morristown. And in the next year, Sir William Howe having sailed to take Philadelphia with most of the king's regulars (leaving General Clinton to hold New York with some royal troops and us loyalists), the fighting was around the rebel capital, which the British, after two victories, held during the Winter of 1777-78, while Washington camped at Valley Forge.

In the Fall of 1777, we thought we might have news of Winwood, for in the Northern rebel army to which General Burgoyne then capitulated, there were not only many New York troops, but moreover several of the officers taken at Quebec, who had been exchanged when Philip had. But of him we heard nothing, and from him it was not likely that we should hear. Margaret never mentioned him now, and seemed to have forgotten that she possessed a husband. Her interest was mainly in the British officers still left in New York, and her impatience was for the return of the larger number that had gone to Philadelphia. To this impatience an end was put in the Summer of 1778, when the main army marched back to us across New Jersey, followed part way by the rebels, and fighting with them at Monmouth Court House. 'Twas upon this that the lines I have mentioned, of British outposts protecting New York, and rebel forces surrounding us on all sides but that of the sea, were established in their most complete shape; and that the reciprocal forays became most frequent.

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And now, too, the British occupation of New York assumed its greatest proportions. The kinds of festivity in which Margaret so brilliantly shone, lent to the town the continual gaiety in which she so keenly delighted. The loyalist families exerted themselves to protect the king's officers from dulness, and the king's officers, in their own endeavours to the same end, helped perforce to banish dulness from the lives of their entertainers. 'Twas a gay town, indeed, for some folk, despite the vast ugly blotches wrought upon its surface by two great fires since the war had come, and despite the scarcity of provisions and the other inconveniences of a virtual state of siege. Tom and I saw much of that gaiety, for indeed at that time our duties were not as active as we wished they might be, and they left us leisure enough to spend in the town. But we were pale candles to the European officers—the rattling, swearing, insolent English, the tall and haughty Scots, the courtly Hessians and Brunswickers.

"What, sister, have we grown invisible, Bert and I?" said Tom to Margaret, as we met her in the hall one night, after we had returned from a ball in the Assembly Rooms. "Three times we bowed to you this evening, and got never a glance in return."

"'Faith," says she, with a smile, "one can't see these green uniforms for the scarlet ones!"

"Ay," he retorted, with less good-humour than she had shown, "the scarlet coats blind some people's eyes, I think, to other things than green uniforms."

It was, I fancy, because Tom had from childhood adored her so much, that he now took her conduct so ill, and showed upon occasion a bitterness that he never manifested over any other subject.

"What do you mean, you saucy boy?" cried she, turning red, and looking mighty handsome. "You might take a lesson or two in manners from some of the scarlet coats!"

"Egad, they wouldn't find time to give me lessons, being so busy with you! But which of your teachers do you recommend—Captain Andre, Lord Rawdon, Colonel Campbell, or the two Germans whose names I can't pronounce? By George, you won't be happy till you have Sir Henry Clinton and General Knyphausen disputing for the front place at your feet!"

[Illustration: "SHE WAS INDEED THE TOAST OF THE ARMY."]

She softened from anger to a little laugh of conscious triumph, tapped him with her fan, and sped up the stairs. Her prediction had come true. She was indeed the toast of the army. Her mother apparently saw no scandal in this, being blinded by her own partiality to the royal side. Her father knew it not, for he rarely attended the British festivities, from which he could not in reason debar his wife and daughters. Fanny was too innocent to see harm in what her sister did. But Tom and I, though we never spoke of it

to each other, were made sensitive, by our friendship for Philip, to the impropriety of the situation—that

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the wife of an absent American officer should reign as a beauty among his military enemies. I make no doubt but the circumstance was commented upon, with satirical smiles at the expense of both husband and wife, by the British officers themselves. Indeed I once heard her name mentioned, not as Mrs. Winwood, but as “Captain Winwood’s wife,” with an expression of voice that made me burn to plant my fist in the leering face of the fellow who spoke—some low-born dog, I’ll warrant, who had paid high for his commission.

It was a custom of Tom’s and mine to put ourselves, when off duty together, in the way of more active service than properly fell to us, by taking horse and riding to the eastern side of the Harlem River, where was quartered the troop of Tom’s relation, James De Lancey. In more than one of the wild forays of these horsemen, did we take an unauthorised part, and find it a very exhilarating business.

One cold December afternoon in 1778, we got private word from Captain De Lancey that he was for a raid up the Albany road, that night, in retaliation for a recent severe onslaught made upon our Hessian post near Colonel Van Cortlandt’s mansion, either (’twas thought) by Lee’s Virginia Light Horse or by the partisan troop under the French nobleman known in the rebel service as Armand.

At nightfall we were on the gallop with De Lancey’s men, striking the sparks from the stony road under a cloudy sky. But these troops, accustomed to darkness and familiar with the country, found the night not too black for their purpose, which was, first, the seizing of some cattle that two or three Whig farmers had contrived to retain possession of, and, second, the surprising of a small advanced post designed to protect rebel foragers. The first object was fairly well accomplished, and a detail of men assigned to conduct the prizes back to Kingsbridge forthwith, a difficult task for which those upon whom it fell cursed their luck, or their commander’s orders, under their breath. One of the farmers, for stubbornly resisting, was left tied to a tree before his swiftly dismantled house, and only Captain De Lancey’s fear of alarming the rebel outpost prevented the burning down of the poor fellow’s barn.

The taking of these cattle had necessitated our leaving the highway. To this we now returned, and proceeded Northward to where the road crosses the Neperan River, near the Philipse manor-house. Instead of crossing this stream, we turned to the right, to follow its left bank some way upward, and then ascended the hill East of it, on which the rebel post was established. Our course, soon after leaving the road, lay through woods, the margin of the little river affording us only sufficient clear space for proceeding in single file. De Lancey rode at the head, then went two of his men, then Tom Faringfield and myself, the troop stringing out behind us, the lieutenant being at the rear.

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’Twas slow and toilsome riding; and only the devil’s own luck, or some marvellous instinct of our horses, spared us many a stumble over roots, stones, twigs, and underbrush. What faint light the night retained for well-accustomed eyes, had its source in the cloud-curtained moon, and that being South of us, we were hidden in the shadow of the woods. But ’tis a thousand wonders the noise of our passage was not sooner heard, though De Lancey’s stern command for silence left no sound possible from us except that of our horses and equipments. I fancy ’twas the loud murmur of the stream that shielded us. But at last, as we approached the turning of the water, where we were to dismount, surround the rebels hutted upon the hill before us, creep silently upon them, and attack from all sides at a signal, there was a voice drawled out of the darkness ahead of us the challenge:

“Who goes thar?”

We heard the click of the sentinel’s musket-lock; whereupon Captain De Lancey, in hope of gaining the time to seize him ere he could give the alarm, replied, “Friends,” and kept riding on.

“You’re a liar, Jim De Lancey!” cried back the sentinel, and fired his piece, and then (as our ears told us) fled through the woods, up the hill, toward his comrades.

There was now nothing for us but to abandon all thought of surrounding the enemy, or even, we told ourselves, of taking time to dismount and bestow our horses; unless we were willing to lose the advantage of a surprise at least partial, as we were not. We could but charge on horseback up the hill, after the fleeing sentinel, in hope of coming upon the rebels but half-prepared. Or rather, as we then felt, so we chose to think, foolish as the opinion was. Indeed what could have been more foolish, less military, more like a tale of fabulous knights in some enchanted forest? A cavalry charge, with no sort of regular formation, up a wooded hill, in a night dark enough in the open but sheer black under the thick boughs; to meet an encamped enemy at the top! But James De Lancey’s men were noted rather for reckless dash than for military prudence; they felt best on horseback, and would accept a score of ill chances and fight in the saddle, rather than a dozen advantages and go afoot. I think they were not displeased at their discovery by the sentinel, which gave them an excuse for a harebrained onset ahorse, in place of the tedious manoeuvre afoot that had been planned. As for Tom and me, we were at the age when a man will dare the impossible.

So we went, trusting to the sense of our beasts, or to dumb luck, to carry us unimpeded through the black woods. As it was, a few of the animals ran headforemost against trees, and others stumbled over roots and logs, while some of the riders had their heads knocked nearly off by coming in contact with low branches. But a majority of us, to judge by the noise we made, arrived with our snorting, panting steeds at the hill-crest; where, in a cleared space, and fortified with felled trees, upheaved earth, forage carts, and what not, stood the improvised cabins of the rebels.

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Three or four shots greeted us as we emerged from the thick wood. We, being armed with muskets and pistols as well as swords, returned the fire, and spurred our horses on toward the low breastwork, which, as it was not likely to have anything of a trench behind it, we thought to overleap either on horse or afoot. But the fire that we met, almost at the very barrier, felled so many of our horses and men, raised such a hellish chorus of wild neighing, cries of pain and wrath, ferocious curses and shouts of vengeance, that the men behind reined up uncertain. De Lancey turned upon his horse, waved his sword, and shouted for the laggards to come on. We had only the light of musketry to see by. Tom Faringfield was unhorsed and down; and fearing he might be wounded, I leaped to the ground, knelt, and partly raised him. He was unharmed, however; and we both got upon our feet, with our swords out, our discharged muskets slung round upon our backs, our intent being to mount over the rebel's rude rampart—-for we had got an impression of De Lancey's sword pointed that way while he fiercely called upon his troops to disregard the fallen, and each man charge for himself in any manner possible, ahorse or afoot.

But more and more of the awakened rebels—we could make out only their dark figures—sprang forward from their huts (mere roofs, 'twere better to call these) to the breastwork, each waiting to take careful aim at our mixed-up mass of men and horses before he fired into it. As Tom and I were extricating ourselves from the mass by scrambling over a groaning man or two, and a shrieking, kicking horse that lay on its side, De Lancey rode back to enforce his commands upon the men at our rear, some of whom were firing over our heads. His turning was mistaken for a movement of retreat, not only by our men, of whom the unhurt promptly made to hasten down the hill, but also by the enemy, a few of whom now leaped from behind their defence to pursue.

Tom and I, not yet sensible of the action of our comrades, were striding forward to mount the rampart, when this sally of rebels occurred. Though it appalled us at the time, coming so unexpectedly, it was the saving of us; for it stopped the fire of the rebels remaining behind the barrier, lest they should hit their comrades. A ringing voice, more potent than a bugle, now called upon these latter to come back, in a tone showing their movement to have been without orders. They speedily obeyed; all save one, a tall, broad fellow—nothing but a great black figure in the night, to our sight—who had rushed with a clubbed musket straight upon Tom and me. A vague sense of it circling through the air, rather than distinct sight of it, told me that his musket-butt was aimed at Tom's head. Instinctively I flung up my sword to ward off the blow; and though of course I could not stop its descent, I so disturbed its direction that it struck only Tom's shoulder; none the less sending him to the ground

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with a groan. With a curse, I swung my sword—a cut-and-thrust blade-of-all-work, so to speak—with some wild idea of slicing off a part of the rebel's head; but my weapon was hacked where it met him, and so it merely made him reel and drop his musket. The darkness falling the blacker after the glare of the firing, must have cloaked these doings from the other rebels. Tom rose, and the two of us fell upon our enemy at once, I hissing out the words, "Call for quarter, you dog!"

"Very well," he said faintly, quite docile from having had his senses knocked out of him by my blow, and not knowing at all what was going on.

"Come then," said I, and grasped him by an arm, while Tom held him at the other side; and so the three of us ran after De Lancey and his men—for the captain had followed in vain attempt to rally them—into the woods and down the hill. Tom's horse was shot, and mine had fled.

Our prisoner accompanied us with the unquestioning obedience of one whose wits are for the time upon a vacation. Getting into the current of retreat, which consisted of mounted men, men on foot, riderless horses, and the wrathful captain whose enterprise was now quite hopeless through the enemy's being well warned against a second attempt, we at last reached the main road.

Here, out of a chaotic huddle, order was formed, and to the men left horseless, mounts were given behind other men. Captain De Lancey assigned a beast to myself and my prisoner. The big rebel clambered up behind me, with the absent-minded acquiescence he had displayed ever since my stroke had put his wits asleep. As we started dejectedly Southward, full of bruises, aches, and weariness, there was some question whether the rebels would pursue us.

"Not if their officer has an ounce of sense," said Captain De Lancey, "being without horses, as he is. He's scarce like to play the fool by coming down, as I did in charging up! Well, we've left some wounded to his care. Who is their commander? Ask your prisoner, Lieutenant Russell."

I turned on my saddle and put the query, but my man vouchsafed merely a stupid, "Hey?"

"Shake him back to his senses," said De Lancey, stopping his horse, as I did mine, and Tom his.

But shaking did not suffice.

"This infernal darkness helps to cloud his wits," suggested the captain. "Flash a light before his eyes. Here, Tippet, your lantern, please."

I continued shaking the prisoner, while the lantern was brought. Suddenly the man gave a start, looked around into the black night, and inquired in a husky, small voice:

“Who are you? Where are we?”

“We are your captors,” said I, “and upon the Hudson River road, bound for Kingsbridge. And now, sir, who are you?”

But the rays of the lantern, falling that instant upon his face, answered my question for me.

“Cornelius!” I cried.

“What, sir? Why—’tis Mr. Russell!”

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“Ay, and here is Tom Faringfield,” said I.

“Well, bless my soul!” exclaimed the pedagogue, grasping the hand that Tom held to him out of the darkness.

“Mr. Cornelius, since that is your name,” put in De Lancey, to whom time was precious. “Will you please tell us who commands yonder, where we got the reception our folly deserved, awhile ago?”

“Certainly, sir,” said Cornelius. “’Tis no harm, I suppose—no violation of duty or custom?”

“Not in the least,” said I.

“Why then, sir,” says he, “since yesterday, when we relieved the infantry there—we are dragoons, sir, though dismounted for this particular service—a new independent troop, sir—Winwood’s Horse—”

“Winwood’s!” cried I.

“Ay, Captain Winwood’s—Mr. Philip, you know—’tis he commands our post yonder.”

“Oh, indeed!” said De Lancey, carelessly. “A relation of mine by marriage.”

But for a time I had nothing to say, thinking how, after these years of separation, Philip and I had come so near meeting in the night, and known it not; and how, but for the turn of things, one of us might have given the other his death-blow unwittingly in the darkness.

CHAPTER IX.

Philip’s Adventures—Captain Falconer Comes to Town.

Upon the way back to our lines, we were entertained by Mr. Cornelius with an account of Philip’s movements during the past three years. One piece of information interested Captain De Lancey: the recent attack upon Van Wrumb’s Hessians, which it had been our purpose that night to revenge, was the work of Winwood’s troop of horse. Our curiosity upon hearing of Philip as a captain of independent cavalry, who had left us as a lieutenant of New York foot, was satisfied in the course of the pedagogue’s narrative. The tutor himself had received promotion upon two sides: first, to the Presbyterian ministry, his admission thereto having occurred while he was with the rebel army near Morristown, New Jersey, the last previous Winter but one; second, to the chaplaincy of Winwood’s troop.

“Sure the devil’s in it,” said I, when he had told me this, “if the rebels’ praying men are as sanguinary as you showed yourself to-night—leaping out to pursue your beaten enemy, as you did.”

“Why,” he replied, self-reproachfully, in his mildest voice, “I find, do what I can, I have at bottom a combative spirit that will rise upon occasion. I had thought ’twas long since quelled. But I fear no man is always and altogether his own master. I saw even General Washington, at Monmouth—but no matter for that. Especially of late, I have found my demon of wrath—to speak figuratively—too much for me. ’Twas too violently roused, maybe, that night your General Grey and his men fell upon us as we slept, yonder across the Hudson, and slaughtered us like sheep in the barn we lay in.”

“Why, were you in that too?” I asked, surprised. “I thought that troop was called Lady Washington’s Light Horse."[3]

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“Ay, we were then of that troop, Captain Winwood and I. ’Twas for his conduct in that affair, his valour and skill in saving the remnant of the troop, that he was put, t’other day, in command of an independent company. I may take some pride in having helped him to this honour; for his work the night General Grey surprised us was done so quietly, and his report made so little of his own share in the business, ’twould have gone unrecognised, but for my account of it. Though, to be sure, General Washington said afterward, in my hearing, that such bravery and sagacity, coupled with such modesty, were only what he might expect of Captain Winwood.”

Cornelius had shared Philip’s fortunes since their departure from New York. When Winwood fell wounded in the snow, between the two blockhouses at the foot of the cliff, that night the rebels met defeat at Quebec, the pedagogue remained to succour him, and so was taken prisoner with him. He afterward helped nurse him in the French religious house, in the walled “upper town,” to which the rebel wounded were conveyed.

Upon the exchange of prisoners, Philip, having suffered a relapse, was unable to accompany his comrades homeward, and Cornelius stayed to care for him. There was a Scotchwoman who lived upon a farm a few miles West of Quebec, and whose husband was serving on our side as one of Colonel Maclean’s Royal Highlanders. She took Winwood and the pedagogue into her house as guests, trusting them till some uncertain time in the future might find them able to pay.

When at last Philip dared hazard the journey, the rebel siege of Quebec, which had continued in a half-hearted manner until Spring brought British reinforcements up the river in ship-loads, had long been raised, and the rebels had long since flown. Provided by Governor Carleton with the passports to which in their situation they were entitled, the two started for New York, bound by way of the St. Lawrence, the Richelieu, the lakes, and the Hudson. It was now Winter, and only Winwood’s impatience to resume service could have tempted them to such a journey in that season.

They came part way afoot, receiving guidance now from some solitary fur-capped *courier du bois* clad in skins and hoofed with snow-shoes, now from some peaceful Indian, now from the cowled brothers of, some forest monastery which gave them a night’s shelter also. Portions of the journey they made upon sledges driven by poor *habitans* dwelling in the far-apart villages or solitary farmhouses. At other times they profited by boats and canoes, propelled up the St. Lawrence by French peasants, befringed hunters, or friendly red men. Their entertainment and housing were sometimes from such people as I have mentioned; sometimes of their own contriving, the woods furnishing game for food, fagots for fuel, and boughs for roof and bedding.

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They encountered no danger from human foes until they were in the province of New York, and, having left the lakes behind them, were footing it Southward along the now frozen Hudson. The Indians in Northern New York had been won to our interest, by Sir John Johnson, of Johnson Hall, in the Mohawk Valley, and were more than formerly inclined to vigilance regarding travellers in those lonely regions. Upon waking suddenly one night when camped in the woods, Philip saw by the firelight that he was surrounded by a party of silent savages; his sword and pistol, and Cornelius's rifle, being already in their possession. The two soldiers were held as prisoners for several days, and made to accompany their captors upon long, mysterious peregrinations. At last they were brought before Sir John Johnson, at one of his forts; and that gentleman, respecting Governor Carleton's passes, and the fact that Captain Winwood was related by marriage to the De Lanceys, sent them with a guide to Albany.

Here they reported to General Schuyler; and Philip, having learned by the experience of his journey that his wound left him incapacitated for arduous service afoot, desired an arrangement by which he might join the cavalry branch of the army. Mr. Schuyler was pleased to put the matter through for him, and to send him to Morristown, New Jersey, (where the rebel main force was then in Winter quarters) with a commendatory letter to General Washington. Cornelius, whose time of service had expired, was free to accompany him.

Philip, being enrolled, without loss of nominal rank, in Lady Washington's Light Horse, which Cornelius entered as a trooper, had now the happiness of serving near the person of the commander-in-chief. He was wounded again at the Brandywine, upon which occasion Cornelius bore him off the field without their being captured. During the Winter at Valley Forge, and at the battle of Monmouth, and in the recent partisan warfare on both sides of the Hudson, their experiences were those of Washington's army as a whole, of which there are histories enough extant: until their troop was cut to pieces by Earl Grey, and Captain Winwood was advanced to an independent command. This was but a recent event.

"And did he never think of us in New York," said Tom, "that he sent us no word in all this time?"

"Sure, you must thank your British occupation of New York, if you received none of our messages. General Washington allowed them to pass."

"Ay, 'tis not easy for rebels to communicate with their friends in New York," quoth I, "despite the traffic of goods between the Whig country folk and some of our people, that Captain De Lancey knows about."

"Tut, man!" said De Lancey. "Some things must be winked at; we need their farm stuff as much as they want our tea and such. But correspondence from rebels must go to

headquarters—where ’tis like to stop, when it’s for a family whose head is of Mr. Faringfield’s way of thinking.”

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“Well,” said Mr. Cornelius, “Captain Winwood and I have discussed more than one plan by which he might perchance get sight of his people for a minute or so. He has hoped he might be sent into New York under a flag of truce, upon some negotiation or other, and might obtain permission from your general to see his wife while there; but he has always been required otherwise when messengers were to be sent. He has even thought of offering to enter the town clandestinely—”

“Hush!” I interrupted. “You are indiscreet. We are soldiers of the king, remember. But, to be sure, ’tis nonsense; Phil would not be such a fool as to risk hanging.”

“Oh, to be sure; nonsense, indeed!” Cornelius stammered, much upset at the imprudence due to his thoughtlessness. “And yet,” he resumed presently, “never did a man more crave a sight of those he left behind. He would barter a year of his life, I think, for a minute’s speech with his wife. He talks of her by the hour, when he and I are alone together. There was some coolness, you will remember, before their parting; but ’twas not on his side, and his lady seemed to have dropped it when he was taking leave of her; and three years of absence have gone since then. So I am sure she has softened quite, and that she desires his return as much as he longs for her presence. And though he knows all this must be so, he keeps me ever reassuring and persuading him it is. Ah, sir, if ever there was a man in love with his wife!”

I made no reply. I had previously informed him of her good health, in answer to a question whose eagerness came of his friendship for Philip. I asked myself whether his unsuspecting mind was like to perceive aught that would pain him for Philip’s sake, in her abandonment to the gaieties of the town, to the attentions of the king’s officers, to the business of making herself twice as charming as the pedagogue had ever seen her.

We got it arranged that our prisoner should be put on parole and quartered at Mr. Faringfield’s house, where his welcome was indeed a glad one. When Margaret heard of his presence in the town, she gave a momentary start (it seemed to me a start of self-accusation) and paled a little; but she composed herself, and asked in a sweet and gracious (not an eager) tone:

“And Philip?”

I told her all I had learned from Cornelius, to which she listened with a kindly heedfulness, only sometimes pressing her white teeth upon her lower lip, and other times dropping her lustrous eyes from my purposely steady, and perhaps reproachful, gaze.

“So then,” said she, as if to be gay at the expense of her husband’s long absence, “now that three years and more have brought him so near us, maybe another three years or so will bring him back to us!” ’Twas affected gaiety, one could easily see. Her real

feeling must have been of annoyance that any news of her husband should be obtruded upon her. She had entered into a way

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of life that involved forgetfulness of him, and for which she must reproach herself whenever she thought of him, but which was too pleasant for her to abandon. But she had the virtue to be ashamed that reminders of his existence were unwelcome, and consequently to pretend that she took them amiably; and yet she had not the hypocrisy to pretend the eager solicitude which a devoted wife would evince upon receiving news of her long-absent soldier-husband. Such hypocrisy, indeed, would have appeared ridiculous in a wife who had scarce mentioned her husband's name, and then only when others spoke of him, in three years. Yet her very self-reproach for disregarding him—-did it not show that, under all the feelings that held her to a life of gay coquetry, lay her love for Philip, not dead, nor always sleeping?

When Cornelius came to the house to live, she met him with a warm clasp of the hand, and with a smile of so much radiance and sweetness, that for a time he must have been proud of her on Phil's behalf; and so dazzled that he could not yet see those things for which, on the same behalf, he must needs be sorrowful.

Knowing now exactly where Philip was, we were able to send him speedy news of Cornelius's safety, and of the good health and good wishes of us all; and we got in reply a message full of thanks and of affectionate solicitude. The transfer of his troop to New Jersey soon removed the possibility of my meeting him.

In the following Summer (that of 1779), as I afterward learned, Captain Winwood and some of his men accompanied Major Lee's famous dragoons (dismounted for the occasion) to the nocturnal surprise and capture of our post at Paulus Hook, in New Jersey, opposite New York. But he found no way of getting into the town to see us. And so I bring him to the Winter of 1779, when the main rebel camp was again at Morristown, and Philip stationed near Washington's headquarters. But meanwhile, in New York, in the previous Autumn some additional British troops had arrived from England; and one of these was Captain Falconer.

There was a ball one night at Captain Morris's country-house some eight or ten miles North of the town, which the rebel authorities had already declared confiscate, if I remember aright, but which, as it was upon the island of Manhattan and within our lines, yet remained in actual possession of the rightful owner. Here Washington (said to have been an unsuccessful suitor to Mrs. Morris when she was Miss Philipse) had quartered ere the British chased the rebels from the island of Manhattan; and here now were officers of our own in residence. 'Twas a fine, white house, distinguished by the noble columns of its Grecian front; from its height it overlooked the Hudson, the Harlem, the East River, the Sound, and miles upon miles of undulating land on every side.[4]

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On this night the lights showed welcome from its many windows, open doors, and balconies, and from the coloured paper lanterns festooned upon its facade and strung aloft over its splendid lawn and gardens. The house still stands, I hear, and is known as the Jumel Mansion, from the widow who lives there. But I'll warrant it presents no more such scenes as it offered that night, when the wealth and beauty of New York, the chivalry of the king's army, arrived at its broad pillared entrance by horse and by coach in a constant procession. In the great hall, and the adjacent rooms, the rays of countless candles fell upon brilliant uniforms, upon silk and velvet and brocade and broadcloth, upon powdered hair, and fans and furbelows, upon white necks and bosoms, and dazzling eyes, upon jewels and golden buckles and shining sword-hilts.

We that entered from the Faringfield coach were Mrs. Faringfield and my mother, Margaret and Fanny, Tom and myself. We had just received the greeting of our handsome hostess, and were passing up the hall, when my eyes alighted upon the figure of an officer who stood alone, in an attitude of pensive negligence, beside the mantelpiece. He was fully six feet tall, but possessed a carriage of grace and elegance, instead of the rigid erectness of so many of his comrades. He had a slender, finely cut, English face, a long but delicate chin, gray eyes of a beautiful clearness, slightly wavy hair that was now powdered, and the hands and legs of a gentleman.

"What a handsome fellow! Who is he?" whispered Margaret to Fanny.

I glanced at her. Her eyes showed admiration—an expression I had never before seen in them. I looked back at the officer. He in turn had seen her. His face, from having worn a look half melancholy, half languid, had speedily become animated with interest. 'Twas as if each of these two superb creatures had unexpectedly fallen upon something they had scarce hoped to find in their present environment.

"A mighty pretty gentleman, indeed," said my mother.

"Nay," said Margaret, with a swift relapse into indifference, "no such Adonis neither, on second view."

But I saw that she turned the corner of her eye upon him at intervals as she moved forward, and that she was not sorry or annoyed to find that he kept his gaze boldly upon her all the while. Presently he looked about him, and singled out an acquaintance, to whom he made his way. Five minutes later he was being introduced, as Captain Falconer, to Mrs. Winwood.

"'Faith," said he, in a courteous, subdued voice, after bowing very low, "I did not think to find a lady so recently from St. James', in this place. One might swear, looking at you, madam, that this was Almack's."

“Sir, you speak to one that never saw St. James’ but in imagination,” said Margaret, coolly. “Sure one can be white, and moderately civil, and yet be of New York.”

“The deuce, madam! A native? You?”

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“Ay, sir, of the aborigines; the daughter of a red Indian!”

“’Fore God, then, ’tis no wonder the American colonists make war upon the Indian race. Their wives and daughters urge ’em to it, out of jealousy of the red men’s daughters.”

“Why, if they wished the red ladies exterminated, they couldn’t do better than send a number of king’s officers among ’em—famous lady-killers, I’ve heard.”

“Madam, I know naught of that; nor of the art of lady-killing itself, which I never desired to possess until this evening.”

The captain’s eyes, so languid with melancholy or ennui a short while before, now had the glow of pre-determined conquest; his face shone with that resolve; and by this transformation, as well as by the inconsistency of his countenance with the soft tone and playful matter of his words, which inconsistency betrayed the gentleness to be assumed, I read the man through once for all: selfish, resolute, facile, versatile, able to act any part thoroughly and in a moment, constant to his object till it was won, then quick to leave it for another; unscrupulous, usually invincible, confident of his proven powers rather than vain of fancied ones; good-natured when not crossed, and with an irresistible charm of person and manner. And Margaret too—there was more and other meaning in her looks than in her light, ironical speeches.

He led her through two minuets that night, and was her partner in the Virginia reel (the name the Americans give the Sir Roger de Coverly); and his was the last face we saw at our coach window as we started homeward.

“You’ve made the rest of the army quite jealous of this new captain,” growled Tom, as we rolled Southward over the stony Harlem road. “The way Major Tarleton glared at him, would have set another man trembling.”

“Captain Falconer doesn’t tremble so easily, I fancy,” said Margaret. “And yet he’s no marvel of a man, as I can see.”

Tom gave a sarcastic grunt. His manifestations regarding Margaret’s behaviour were the only exception to the kind, cheerful conduct of his whole life. A younger brother is not ordinarily so watchful of a sister’s demeanour; he has the doings of other young ladies to concern himself with. Tom did not lack these, but he was none the less keenly sensitive upon the point of Margaret’s propriety and good name. ’Twas the extraordinary love and pride he had centred upon her, that made him so observant and so touchy in the case. He brooded upon her actions, worried himself with conjectures, underwent such torments as jealous lovers know, such pangs as Hamlet felt in his uncertainty regarding the integrity of his mother.

Within a week after the Morris ball, it came to pass that Captain Falconer was quartered, by regular orders, in the house of Mr. Faringfield. Tom and I, though we only looked our thoughts, saw more than accident in this. The officer occupied the large parlour, which he divided by curtains into two apartments, sitting-room and sleeping-chamber. By his courtesy and vivacity, he speedily won the regard of the family, even of Mr. Faringfield and the Rev. Mr. Cornelius.

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“Damn the fellow!” said Tom to me. “I can’t help liking him.”

“Nor I, either,” was my reply; but I also damned him in my turn.

CHAPTER X.

A Fine Project.

Were it my own history that I am here undertaking, I should give at this place an account of my first duel, which was fought with swords, in Bayard’s Woods, my opponent being an English lieutenant of foot, from whom I had suffered a display of that superciliousness which our provincial troops had so resented in the British regulars in the old French War. By good luck I disarmed the man without our receiving more than a small scratch apiece; and subsequently brought him to the humbleness of a fawning spaniel, by a mien and tone of half-threatening superiority which never fail of reducing such high-talking sparks to abject meekness. ’Twas a trick of pretended bullying, which we long-suffering Americans were driven to adopt in self-defence against certain derisive, contemptuous praters that came to our shores from Europe. But ’tis more to my purpose, as the biographer of Philip Winwood, to continue upon the subject of Captain Falconer.

He was the mirror of elegance, with none of the exaggerations of a fop. He brought with him to the Queen Street house the atmosphere of Bond Street and Pall Mall, the perfume of Almack’s and the assembly rooms, the air of White’s and the clubs, the odour of the chocolate houses and the fashionable taverns. ’Twas all that he represented, I fancy, rather than what the man himself was, and conquering as he was, that caught Margaret’s eye. He typified the world before which she had hoped to shine, and from which she had been debarred—cruelly debarred, it may have seemed to her. I did not see this then; ’twas another, one of a broader way of viewing things, one of a less partial imagination—’twas Philip Winwood—that found this excuse for her.

Captain Falconer had the perception soon to gauge correctly us who were of American rearing, and the tact to cast aside the lofty manner by which so many of his stupid comrades estranged us. He treated Tom and me with an easy but always courteous familiarity that surprised, flattered, and won us. He would play cards with us, in his sitting-room, as if rather for the sake of our company than for the pleasure of the game. Indeed, as he often frankly confessed, gambling was no passion with him; and this was remarkable at a time when ’twas the only passion most fine young gentlemen would acknowledge as genuine in them, and when those who did not feel that passion affected it. We admired this fine disdain on his part for the common fashionable occupation of the age (for the pursuit of women was pretended to be followed as a necessary pastime, but without much real heart) as evidence of a superior mind. Yet he played

with us, losing at first, but eventually winning until I had to withdraw. Tom, having more money to lose, held out longer.

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“Why now,” said the captain once, regarding his winnings with a face of perfect ruefulness, “’tis proven that what we seek eludes us, and what we don’t value comes to us! Here am I, the last man in the world to court success this way, and here am I more winner than if I had played with care and attention.”

Tom once mentioned, to another officer, Captain Falconer’s luck at cards as an instance of fortune befriending one who despised her favours in that way.

“Blood, sir!” exclaimed the officer. “Jack Falconer may have a mind and taste above gaming as a pleasure, for aught I know. But I would I had his skill with the cards. ’Tis no pastime with him, but a livelihood. Don’t you know the man is as poor as a church-mouse, but for what he gets upon the green table?”

This revelation a little dampened our esteem for the captain’s elevation of intellect, but I’ll take my oath of it, he was really above gaming as a way of entertaining his mind, however he resorted to it as a means of filling his purse.

Of course Tom’s friendly association with him was before there was sure cause to suspect his intentions regarding Margaret. His manner toward her was the model of proper civility. He was a hundred times more amiable and jocular with Fanny, whom he treated with the half-familiar pleasantry of an elderly man for a child; petting her with such delicacy as precluded displeasure on either her part or mine. He pretended great dejection upon learning that her heart was already engaged; and declared that his only consolation lay in the fact that the happy possessor of the prize was myself: for which we both liked him exceedingly. Toward Mrs. Faringfield, too, he used a chivalrous gallantry as complimentary to her husband as to the lady. Only between him and Margaret was there the distance of unvaried formality.

And yet we ought to have seen how matters stood. For now Margaret, though she had so little apparent cordiality for the captain, had ceased to value the admiration of the other officers, and had substituted a serene indifference for the animated interest she had formerly shown toward the gaieties of the town. And the captain, too, we learned, had the reputation of an inveterate conqueror of women; yet he had exhibited a singular callousness to the charms of the ladies of New York. He had been three months in the town, and his name had not been coupled with that of any woman there. We might have surmised from this a concealed preoccupation. And, moreover, there was my first reading of his countenance, the night of the Morris ball; this I had not forgotten, yet I ignored it, or else I shut my eyes to my inevitable inferences, because I could see no propriety in any possible interference from me.

One evening in December there was a drum at Colonel Philipse’s town house, which Margaret did not attend. She had mentioned, as reason for absenting herself, a cold caught a few nights previously, through her bare throat being exposed to a chill wind by the accidental falling of her cloak as she walked to the coach after Mrs. Colden’s rout.

As the evening progressed toward hilarity, I observed that Tom Faringfield became restless and gloomy. At last he approached me, with a face strangely white, and whispered:

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“Do you see?—Captain Falconer is not here!”

“Well, what of that?” quoth I. “Ten to one, he finds these companies plaguey tiresome.”

“Or finds other company more agreeable,” replied Tom, with a very dark look in his eyes.

He left me, with no more words upon the subject. When it was time to go home, and Mrs. Faringfield and Fanny and I sought about the rooms for him, we found he had already taken his leave. So we three had the chariot to ourselves, and as we rode I kept my own thoughts upon Tom’s previous departure, and my own vague dread of what might happen.

But when Noah let us in, all seemed well in the Faringfield house. Margaret was in the parlour, reading; and she laid down her book to ask us pleasantly what kind of an evening we had had. She was the only one of the family up to receive us, Mr. Faringfield having retired hours ago, and Tom having come in and gone to bed without an explanation. The absence of light in Captain Falconer’s windows signified that he too had sought his couch, for had he been still out, his servant would have kept candles lighted for him.

The next day, as we rode out Northward to our posts, Tom suddenly broke the silence:

“Curse it!” said he. “There are more mysteries than one. Do you know what I found when I got home last night?”

“I can’t imagine.”

“Well, I first looked into the parlour, but no one was there. Instead of going on to the library, I went up-stairs and knocked at Margaret’s door. I—I wanted to see her a moment. It happened to be unlatched, and as I knocked rather hard, it swung open. No one was in that room, either, but I thought she might be in the bedchamber beyond, and so I crossed to knock at that. But I chanced to look at her writing-table as I passed; there was a candle burning on it, and devil take me if I didn’t see a letter in a big schoolboy’s hand that I couldn’t help knowing at a glance—the hand of my brother Ned!”

“Then I’ll engage the letter wasn’t to Margaret. You know how much love is lost between those two.”

“But it was to her, though! ‘Dear M.,’ it began—there’s no one else whose name begins with M in the family. And the writing was fresh—not the least faded. I saw that much before I thought of what I was doing. But when I remembered ’twasn’t my letter, I looked no more.”

“But how could he send a letter from the rebel camp to her in New York?"[5]

“Why, that’s not the strangest part of it. There’s no doubt Washington has spies in the town, and ways of communicating with the rebel sympathisers here; I’ve sometimes thought my father—but no matter for that. The fact is, there the letter was, as certainly from Ned as I’m looking at you; and we know he’s in the rebel army. But the wonder, the incredible thing, is that he should write to Margaret.”

“’Tis a mystery, in truth.”

“Well, ’tis none of ours, after all, and of course this will go no further—but let me tell you, the devil’s in it when those two are in correspondence. There’s crookedness of some kind afoot, when such haters combine together!”

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“You didn’t ask her, of course?”

“No. But I knocked at her chamber door, and getting no answer I went down-stairs again. This time she was in the parlour. She had been in the library before, it seemed; ’twas warmer there.”

But, as I narrowly watched the poor lad, I questioned whether he was really convinced that she had been in the library before. He had said nothing of Captain Falconer’s sitting-room, of which the door was that of the transformed large parlour, and was directly across the hall from the Faringfields’ ordinary parlour, wherein Tom had first sought and eventually found her.

’Twas our practice thus to ride back to our posts when we had been off duty, although our rank did not allow us to go mounted in the service. For despite the needs of the army, the Faringfields and I contrived to retain our horses for private use. All of that family were good riders, particularly Margaret. She often rode out for a morning’s canter, going alone because it was her will thereto, which was not opposed, for she had so accustomed us to her aloofness that solitary excursions seemed in place with her. One day, a little later in that same December, Tom and I had taken the road by way of General De Lancey’s country mansion at Bloomingdale, rather than our usual course, which lay past the Murray house of Incledon. As I rode Northward at a slow walk, some distance ahead of my comrade, I distinctly heard through a thicket that veiled the road from a little glade at the right, the voice of Captain Falconer, saying playfully:

“Nay, how can you doubt me? Would not gratitude alone, for the reparation of my fortunes, bind me as your slave, if you had not chains more powerful?”

And then I caught this answer, in a voice that gave me a start, and sent the blood into my face—the voice of Margaret:

“But will those chains hold, if this design upon your gratitude fail?”

She spoke as in jest, but with a perceptible undercurrent of earnestness. This was a new attitude for her, and what a revelation to me! In a flash I saw her infatuation for this fine fellow, some fear of losing him, a pursuit of some plan by which she might repair his fortunes and so bind him by obligation. Had Margaret, the invincible, the disdainful, fallen to so abject a posture? And how long had these secret meetings been going on?

There was new-fallen snow upon the road, and this had deadened the sound of our horses’ feet to those beyond the thicket. Tom was not yet so near as to have heard their voices. I saw the desirability of his remaining in ignorance for the present, so I uttered a loud “chuck,” and gave a pull at my reins, as if urging my horse to a better gait, my purpose being to warn the speakers of unseen passers-by ere Tom should come up. I had not let my horse come to a stop, nor had I otherwise betrayed my discovery.

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But, to my dread, I presently heard Tom cry sharply, “Whoa!” and, looking back, saw he had halted at the place where I had heard the voices. My warning must have failed to hush the speakers. Never shall I forget the look of startled horror, shame, and anger upon his face. For a moment he sat motionless; then he turned his horse back to an opening in the thicket, and rode into the glade. I galloped after him, to prevent, if possible, some fearful scene.

When I entered the glade, I saw Margaret and Captain Falconer seated upon their horses, looking with still fresh astonishment and discomfiture upon the intruder. Their faces were toward me. Tom had stopped his horse, and he sat regarding them with what expression I could not see, being behind him. Apparently no one of the three had yet spoken.

Tom glanced at me as I joined the group, and then, in a singularly restrained voice, he said:

“Captain Falconer, may I beg leave to be alone with my sister a few moments? I have something to ask her. If you would ride a little way off, with Mr. Russell—”

’Twas, after all, a most natural request. A brother may wish to speak to his sister in private, and ’tis more fitting to put a gentleman than a lady to the trouble of an absence. Seeing it thus, and speaking with recovered composure as if nothing were wrong, the captain courteously replied:

“Most certainly. Mr. Russell, after you, sir—nay, no precedence to rank, while we are simply private gentlemen.”

He bowed low to Margaret, and we two rode out to the highway, there to pace our horses up and down within call. Of what passed between brother and sister, I afterward received a close account.

“I must have a straight answer,” Tom began, “for I must not be put to the folly of acting without cause. Tell me, then, upon your honour, has there been reason between you and Captain Falconer for me to fight him? The truth, now! Of course, I shall find another pretext. It looks a thousand to one, there’s reason; but I must be sure.”

“Why, I think you have lost your wits, Tom,” said she. “If a gentleman known to the family happens to meet me when I ride out, and we chance to talk—”

“Ay, but in such a private place, and in such familiar tones, when you scarce ever converse together at home, and then in the most formal way! Oh, sister, that it should come to this!”

“I say, you’re a fool, Tom! And a spy too—dogging my footsteps! What right have you to call me to account?”

“As your brother, of course.”

“My younger brother you are; and too young to understand all you see, for one thing, or to hold me responsible to you for my actions, for another.”

“I understand when your honour calls for my actions, however! Your very anger betrays you. I will kill Falconer!”

“You’ll do nothing of the kind!”

“You shall see! I know a brother’s duties—his rights, by heaven!”

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“A brother has no duties nor rights, concerning a sister who is married.”

“Then, if not as your brother, I have as your husband’s friend. For, by God, I *am* Phil’s friend, to the death; and while he’s not here to see what’s passing, I dare act on his behalf. If I may not have a care of my sister’s honour, I may of Philip Winwood’s! And now I’ll go to your captain!”

“But wait—stay, Tom—a moment, for God’s sake! You’re mistaken, I tell you. There’s naught against Philip Winwood’s honour in my meeting Captain Falconer. We have conferences, I grant. But ’tis upon a matter you know nothing of—a matter of the war.”

“What nonsense! To think I should believe that! What affair of the war could you have to do with? It makes me laugh!”

“I vow there’s an affair I have to do with. What do you know of my secrets, my planning and plotting? ’Tis an affair for the royal cause, I’ll tell you that much. Nay, I’ll tell you all; you won’t dare betray it—you’d be a traitor to the king if you did. You shall be let into it, you and Bert. Call back Captain Falconer and him.”

Puzzled and incredulous, but glad to test any assertion that might clear his sister of the suspicion most odious, Tom hallooed for us. When we re-entered the glade, Margaret spoke ere any one else had time for a word:

“Captain Falconer, I think you’ll allow me the right to admit these gentlemen into the secret of our interviews. They are both loyal, both so dear to me that I’d gladly have them take a part in the honour of our project—of which, heaven knows, there’ll be enough and to spare if we succeed.”

“Madam,” said he, “its chance of success will be all the greater, for the participation of these gentlemen.”

“Well?” said Tom, looking inquiringly at his sister.

“You promise your aid, then, both?” she asked.

“Let us hear it first,” he replied.

She obtained our assurances of secrecy in any event, and proceeded:

“Everybody knows what this rebellion costs England, in money, men, and commerce; not to speak of the king’s peace of mind, and the feelings of the nation. Everybody sees it must last well-nigh for ever, if it doesn’t even win in the end! Well, then, think what it would mean for England, for the king, for America, if the war could be cut short by a single blow, with no cost; cut short by one night’s courage, daring, and skill, on the part of a handful of men!”

Tom and I smiled as at one who dreams golden impossibilities.

“Laugh if you will,” said she; “but tell me this: what is the soul of the rebellion? What is the one vital part its life depends on? The different rebel provinces hate and mistrust one another—what holds ’em together? The rebel Congress quarrels and plots, and issues money that isn’t worth the dirty paper it’s printed on; disturbs its army, and does no good to any one—what

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keeps the rebellion afoot in spite of it? The rebel army complains, and goes hungry and half-naked, and is full of mutiny and desertion—what still controls it from melting away entirely? What carries it through such Winters as the rebels had at Valley Forge, when the Congress, the army, and the people were all at sixes and sevens and swords' points? What raises money the Lord knows how, finds supplies the Lord knows where, induces men to stay in the field, by the Lord knows what means, and has got such renown the world over that now France is the rebels' ally? I make you stare, boys; you're not used to seeing me play the orator. I never did before, and I sha'n't again, for heaven forbid I should be a woman of that kind! But I've studied this matter, and I hope I have a few ideas upon it."

"But what has done all these things you mention? May I ask that?" said I, both amused and curious.

"Washington!" was her reply. "Remove him, and this rebellion will burst like a soap-bubble! And that's the last of my speechmaking. Our project is to remove Washington—nay, there's no assassination in it. We'll do better—capture him and send him to England. Once he is in the Tower awaiting trial, how long do you think the rebellion will last? And what rewards do you think there'll be for those that sent him there?"

"Why," said Tom, "is that a new project? Hasn't the British army been trying to wipe out Washington's army and take him prisoner these four years?"

"But not in the way that we have planned it," replied Margaret, "and that Captain Falconer shall execute it. Tell them, captain."

"'Tis very simple, gentlemen," said the English officer. "If the honour of the execution is to be mine, and the men's whom I shall lead, the honour of the design, and of securing the necessary collusion in the rebel camp, is Mrs. Winwood's. My part hitherto has been, with Sir Henry Clinton's approval, to make up a chosen body of men from all branches of the army; and my part finally shall be to lead this select troop on horseback one dark night, by a devious route, to that part of the rebel lines nearest Washington's quarters; then, with the cooeperation that this lady has obtained among the rebels, to make a swift dash upon those quarters, seize Washington while our presence is scarce yet known, and carry him back to New York by outriding all pursuit. Boats will be waiting to bring us across the river. I allow such projects have been tried before, but they have been defeated through rebel sentries giving the alarm in time. They lacked one advantage we possess—collusion in the rebel camp—"

"And 'twas you obtained that collusion?" Tom broke in, turning to Margaret. "Hang me if I see how you in New York—oh, but I do, though! Through brother Ned!"

“You’re a marvel at a guess,” quoth she.

“Ay, ay! But how did you carry on your correspondence with him? ’Twas he, then, originated this scheme?”

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“Oh, no; ’twas no such thing! The credit is all mine, if you please. I make no doubt, he *would* have originated it, if he had thought of it. But a sister’s wits are sometimes as good as a brother’s—remember that, Tom. For I had the wit not only to devise this project, but to know from the first that Ned’s reason for joining the rebels was, that he might profit by betraying them.”

“Ay, we might have known as much, Bert,” said Tom. “But we give you all credit for beating us there, sister.”

“Thank you! But the rascal never saw the way to his ends, I fancy; for he’s still in good repute in the rebel army. And when I began to think of a way to gain—to gain the honour of aiding the king’s cause, you know, I saw at once that Ned might help me. Much as we disliked each other, he would work with me in this, for the money ’twould bring him. And I had ’lighted upon something else, too—quite by chance. A certain old person I know of has been serving to carry news from a particular Whig of my acquaintance (and neither of ’em must ever come to harm, Captain Falconer has sworn) to General Washington.” (As was afterward made sure, ’twas old Bill Meadows, who carried secret word and money from Mr. Faringfield and other friends of the rebellion.) “This old person is very much my friend, and will keep my secrets as well as those of other people. So each time he has gone to the rebel camp, of late—and how he gets there and back into New York uncaught, heaven only knows—he has carried a message to brother Ned; and brought back a reply. Thus while he knowingly serves the rebel cause, he ignorantly serves ours too, for he has no notion of what my brother and I correspond about. And so ’tis all arranged. Through Ned we have learned that the rebel light horse troop under Harry Lee has gone off upon some long business or other, and, as far as the army knows, may return to the camp at any time. All that our company under Captain Falconer has to do, then, is to ride upon a dark night to a place outside the rebel pickets, where Ned will meet them. How Ned shall come there unsuspected, is his own affair—he swears ’tis easy. He will place himself at the head of our troop, and knowing the rebel passwords for the night, as well as how to speak like one of Major Lee’s officers, he can lead our men past the sentries without alarm. Our troop will have on the blue greatcoats and the caps the rebel cavalry wear—General Grey’s men took a number of these last year, and now they come into use. And besides our having all these means of passing the rebel lines without hindrance, Ned has won over a number of the rebels themselves, by promising ’em a share of the great reward the parliament is sure to vote for this business. He has secured some of the men about headquarters to our interest.”

“What a traitor!” quoth Tom, in a tone of disgust.

“Why, sure, we can make use of his treason, without being proud of him as one of the family,” said Margaret. “The matter now is, that Captain Falconer offers you two gentlemen places in the troop he has chosen.”

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“The offer comes a little late, sir,” said Tom, turning to the captain.

“Why, sir,” replied Falconer, “I protest I often thought of you two. But the risk, gentlemen, and your youth, and my dislike of imperilling my friends—however, take it as you will, I now see I had done better to enlist you at the first. The point is, to enlist you now. You shall have your commander’s permission; General Clinton gives me my choice of men. ’Twill be a very small company, gentlemen; the need of silence and dash requires that. And you two shall come in for honour and pay, next to myself—that I engage. ’Twill make rich men of us three, at least, and of your brother, sir; while this lady will find herself the world’s talk, the heroine of the age, the saviour of America, the glory of England. I can see her hailed in London for this, if it succeed; praised by princes, toasted by noblemen, envied by the ladies of fashion and the Court, huzza’d by the people in the streets and parks when she rides out—”

“Nay, captain, you see too far ahead,” she interrupted, seeming ill at ease that these things should be said before Tom and me.

“A strange role, sure, for Captain Winwood’s wife,” said Tom; “that of plotter against his commander.”

“Nay,” she cried, quickly, “Captain Winwood plays a strange role for Margaret Faringfield’s husband—that of rebel against her king. For look ye, I had a king before he had a commander. Isn’t that what you might call logic, Tom?”

“’Tis an unanswerable answer, at least,” said Captain Falconer, smiling gallantly. “But come, gentlemen, shall we have your aid in this fine adventure?”

It was a fine adventure, and that was the truth. The underhand work, the plotting and the treason involved, were none of ours. ’Twas against Philip Winwood’s cause, but our cause was as much to us as his was to him. The prospect of pay and honour did not much allure us; but the vision of that silent night ride, that perilous entrance into the enemy’s camp, that swift dash for the person of our greatest foe, that gallop homeward with a roused rebel cavalry, desperate with consternation, at our heels, quite supplanted all feelings of slight in not having been invited earlier. Such an enterprise, for young fellows like us, there was no staying out of.

We gave Captain Falconer our hands upon it, whereupon he told us he would be at the pains to secure our relief from regular duty on the night set for the adventure—that of the following Wednesday—and directed us to be ready with our horses at the ferry at six o’clock Wednesday evening. The rebel cavalry caps and overcoats were to be taken to the New Jersey side previously, and there put on, this arrangement serving as precaution against our disguise being seen within our lines by some possible rebel spy who might thereupon suspect our purpose and find means of preceding us to the enemy’s camp.

Tom and I saw the English captain and Margaret take the road toward the town, whereupon we resumed our ride Northward. I could note the lad's relief at being able to account for his sister's secret meeting with Falconer by a reason other than he had feared.

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“By George, though,” he broke out presently, “’tis plaguey strange Margaret should grow so active in loyalty! I never knew her zeal to be very great for any cause of a public nature. ’Tisn’t like her; rabbit me if it is!”

“Why,” quoth I, “maybe it’s for her own purposes, after all—the reward and the glory. You know the pleasure she takes in shining.”

“Egad, that’s true enough!” And Tom’s face cleared again.

Alas, I knew better! Besides the motive I had mentioned, there had been another to stimulate her wits and industry—the one her words, overheard by me alone, had betrayed too surely—the desire of enriching and advancing Captain Falconer. Well, she was not the first woman, nor has been the last, scheming to pour wealth and honour into a man’s lap, partly out of the mere joy of pleasing him, partly in hope of binding him by gratitude, partly to make him seem in the world’s eyes the worthier her devotion, and so to lessen her demerit if that devotion be unlawful.

“Poor Philip!” thought I. “Poor Philip! And what will be the end of this?”

CHAPTER XI.

Winwood Comes to See His Wife.

’T were scarce possible to exaggerate the eagerness with which Margaret looked forward to the execution of the great project. Her anticipations, in the intensity and entirety with which they possessed her, equalled those with which she had formerly awaited the trip to England. She was now as oblivious of the festivities arising from the army’s presence, as she had been of the town’s tame pleasures on the former occasion. She showed, to us who had the key to her mind, a deeper abstraction, a more anxious impatience, a keener foretaste (in imagination) of the triumphs our success would bring her. Her favourable expectations, of course, seesawed with fears of failure; and sometimes there was preserved a balance that afflicted her with a most irritating uncertainty, revealed by petulant looks and tones. But by force of will, ’twas mainly in the hope of success that she passed the few days between our meeting in the glade and the appointed Wednesday evening.

“Tut, sister,” warned Tom, with kind intention, “don’t raise yourself so high with hope, or you may fall as far with disappointment.”

“Never fear, Tom; we can’t fail.”

“It looks all clear and easy, I allow,” said he; “but there’s many a slip, remember!”

“Not two such great slips to the same person,” she replied. “I had my share of disappointment, when I couldn’t go to London. This war, and my stars, owe me a good turn, dear.”

But when, at dusk on Wednesday evening, Tom and I took leave of her in the hall, she was trembling like a person with a chill. Her eyes glowed upon us beseechingly, as if she implored our Herculean endeavours in the attempt now to be made.

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We had to speak softly to one another, lest Mr. Faringfield might hear and infer some particular enterprise—for we were not to hazard the slightest adverse chance. Captain Falconer had been away from his quarters all day, about the business of the night, and would not return till after its accomplishment. Thus we two were the last to be seen of her, of those bound to the adventure; and so to us were visible the feelings with which she regarded the setting forth of our whole company upon the project she had designed, for which she had laboriously laid preparations even in the enemy's camp, and from which she looked for a splendid future. Were it realised, she might defy Mr. Faringfield and Philip: they would be nobodies, in comparison with her: heroines belong to the whole world, and may have their choice of the world's rewards: they may go where they please, love whom they please, and no father nor husband may say them nay. Though I could not but be sad, for Philip's sake, at thought of what effect our success might have upon her, yet for the moment I seemed to view matters from her side, with her nature, and for that moment I felt that to disappoint her hopes would be a pity.

As for myself (and Tom was like me) my cause and duty, not Margaret's private ambitions, bade me strive my utmost in the business; and my youthful love of danger sent me forth with a most exquisite thrill, as into the riskiest, most exhilarating game a man can play. So I too trembled a little, but with an uplifting, strong-nerved excitement far different from the anxious tremor of suspense that tortured Margaret.

"For pity's sake, don't fail, boys!" she said, as if all rested upon us two. "Think of me waiting at home for the news! Heaven, how slow the hours will pass! I sha'n't have a moment's rest of mind or body till I know!"

"You shall know as soon as we can get back to New York," said I.

"Ay—if we are able to come back," added Tom, with a queer smile.

She turned whiter, and new thoughts seemed to sweep into her mind. But she drove them back.

"Hush, Tom, we mustn't think of that!" she whispered. "No, no, it can't come to that! But I shall be a thousand times the more anxious! Good night!—that's all I shall say—good night and a speedy and safe return!"

She caught her brother's head between her hands, bestowed a fervent kiss upon his forehead, swiftly pressed my fingers, and opened the door for us.

We passed out into the dark, frosty evening. There was snow on the ground but none in the air. We mounted our waiting horses, waved back a farewell to the white-faced, white-handed figure in the doorway; and started toward the ferry. Margaret was left

alone with her fast-beating heart, to her ordeal of mingled elation and doubt, her dread of crushing disappointment, her visions of glorious triumph.

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At the ferry we reported to Captain Falconer, who was expeditiously sending each rider and horse aboard one of the waiting flat-boats as soon as each arrived. Thus was avoided the assemblage, for any length of time, of a special body of horsemen in the streets—for not even the army, let alone the townspeople, should know more of our setting forth than could not be hid. The departure of those who were to embark from the town was managed with exceeding quietness and rapidity. Captain Falconer and the man who was to guide us to Edward Faringfield's trysting-place were the last to board.

Upon rounding the lower end of the town, and crossing the Hudson to Paulus Hook, which post our troops had reoccupied after the rebel capture of its former garrison, we went ashore and were joined by men and horses from up the river, and by others from Staten Island. We then exchanged our hats for the caps taken from the rebel cavalry, donned the blue surtouts, and set out; Captain Falconer and the guide riding at the head.

For a short distance we kept to the Newark road, but, without proceeding to that town, we deviated to the right, and made Northwestwardly, the purpose being to pass through a hiatus in the semicircle of rebel detached posts, turn the extremity of the main army, and approach Morristown—where Washington had his headquarters—from a side whence a British force from New York might be the less expected.

Each man of us carried a sword and two pistols, having otherwise no burden but his clothes. At first we walked our horses, but presently we put them to a steady, easy gallop. The snow on the ground greatly muffled the sound of our horses' footfalls, and made our way less invisible than so dark a night might have allowed. But it made ourselves also the more likely to be seen; though scarce at a great distance nor in more than brief glimpses, for the wind raised clouds of fine snow from the whitened fields, the black growth of tree and brush along the road served now as curtain for us, now as background into which our outlines might sink, and a stretch of woods sometimes swallowed us entirely from sight. Besides, on such a night there would be few folk outdoors, and if any of these came near, or if we were seen from farmhouses or village windows, our appearance of rebel horse would protect our purpose. So, in silence all, following our captain and his guide, we rode forward to seize the rebel chief, and make several people's fortunes.

I must now turn to Philip Winwood, and relate matters of which I was not a witness, but with which I was subsequently made acquainted in all minuteness.

We had had no direct communication with Philip since the time after our capture of Mr. Cornelius, who, as every exchange of prisoners had passed him by, still remarked upon parole at Mr. Faringfield's. If Mr. Faringfield received news of Winwood through his surreptitious messenger, Bill Meadows, he kept it to himself, naturally making a secret of his being in correspondence with General Washington.

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Though Philip knew of Meadows's perilous employment, he would not risk the fellow's discovery even to Margaret, and so refrained from laying upon him the task of a message to her. How she found out what Meadows was engaged in, I cannot guess, unless it was that, unheeded in the house as she was unheeding, she chanced to overhear some talk between her father and him, or to detect him in the bringing of some letter which she afterward took the trouble secretly to peep into. Nor did I ever press to know by what means she had induced him to serve as messenger between her and Ned, and to keep this service hidden from her father and husband and all the world. Maybe she pretended a desire to hear of her husband without his knowing she had so far softened toward him, and a fear of her father's wrath if he learned she made Ned her correspondent in the matter. Perhaps she added to her gentler means of persuasion a veiled threat of exposing Meadows to the British if he refused. In any event, she knew that, once enlisted, he could be relied on for the strictest obedience to her wishes. It needed not, in his case, the additional motive for secrecy, that a knowledge of his employment on Margaret's business would compromise him with General Washington and Mr. Faringfield.

How Meadows contrived to meet Ned, to open the matter to him, to convey the ensuing correspondence, to avoid discovery upon this matter in the rebel camp, as he avoided it upon Washington's business in New York, is beyond me: if it were not, I should be as skilful, as fit for such work, as Meadows himself. 'Tis well-known now what marvellously able secret agents Washington made use of; how to each side many of them had to play the part of spies upon the other side; how they were regarded with equal suspicion in both camps; and how some of them really served their enemies in order finally to serve their friends. More than one of them, indeed, played a double game, receiving pay from both sides, and earning it from both, each commander conceiving himself to be the one benefited. In comparison with such duplicity, the act of Meadows, in undertaking Margaret's private business as a secret matter adjunctive to his main employment, was honesty itself.

'Tis thus explained why, though Margaret might communicate with her brother in the enemy's camp, she got no word from her husband there. But his thoughts and his wishes had scarce another subject than herself. The desire to see her, possessed him more and more wholly. He imagined that her state of mind must in this be a reflection of his own. Long ago her anger must have died—nay, had it not passed in that farewell embrace when she held up her face to invite his kiss? The chastening years of separation, the knowledge of his toils and dangers, must have wrought upon her heart, to make it more tender to him than ever. She must grieve at their parting, long for his home-coming. So convinced was he of such feelings on her part, that he pitied her for them, felt the start of many a tear in sorrow for her sorrow.

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“Poor girl!” he thought. “How her face would gladden if I were to walk into her presence at this moment!”

And the thought gave birth to the resolution. The joy of such a meeting was worth a thousand risks and efforts.

His first step was to get leave of absence and General Washington’s permission to enter New York. The former was quickly obtained, the latter less so. But if he failed to demonstrate to the commander the possible profit of his secretly visiting the enemy’s town, he convinced him that the entrance was not too difficult to one who knew the land so well, and who could so easily find concealment. Sympathising with Philip’s private motive in the case, trusting him implicitly, and crediting his ability to take care of himself in even so perilous a matter, Washington finally gave consent.

Philip rode in proper manner from the rebel camp, bound apparently Southward, as if perchance he bore despatches to the rebel civil authorities at Philadelphia. Once out of observation, he concealed his uniform cap and outer coat, and provided himself at a New Jersey village with an ordinary felt hat, and a plain dark overcoat. He then turned from the Southward road, circled widely about the rebel camp, and arrived at a point some distance north of it. Here, in a hospitable farmhouse, he passed the night. The next day, he rode Eastward for the Hudson River, crossing undiscovered the scanty, ill-patrolled line of rebel outposts, and for the most part refraining from use of the main roads, deserted as these were. By woods and by-ways, he proceeded as best the snow-covered state of the country allowed. ’Twas near dusk on the second day, when he came out upon the wooded heights that looked coldly down upon the Hudson a few miles above the spot opposite the town of New York.

He looked across the river and Southeastward, knowing that beyond the low hills and the woods lay the town, and that in the town was Margaret. Then he rode back from the crest of the cliff till he came to the head of a ravine. Down this he led his beast, arriving finally at the narrow strip of river-bank at the cliff’s foot. He followed this some distance Southward, still leading the horse. ’Twas not yet so dark that he could not make out a British sloop-of-war, and further down the river the less distinct outline of a frigate, serving as sentinels and protectors of this approach to the town. From these he was concealed by the bushes that grew at the river’s edge.

At last he turned into the mouth of a second ravine, and, rounding a sharp side-spur of the interrupted cliff, came upon a log hut built upon a small level shelf of earth. At one end of this structure was a pent-roof. Philip tied his horse thereunder, and, noting a kind of dim glow through the oiled paper that filled the cabin’s single window, gave two double knocks followed by a single one, upon the plank door. This was soon opened, and Philip admitted to the presence of the single occupant, an uncouth fellow, fisherman and hunter, whose acquaintance he had made in patrolling the New Jersey side at the head of his troop. The man was at heart with the rebels, and Winwood knew with whom

he had to deal. Indeed Philip had laid his plans carefully for this hazardous visit, in accordance with his knowledge of the neighbourhood and of what he might rely upon.

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“I wish to borrow one of your canoes, Ellis,” said he, “and beg your attention to my horse, which is in the shed. Be so kind as to give it feed, and to cover it with a blanket if you have such a thing. But leave it in the shed, and ready saddled; I may have to ride in a hurry. I sha’n’t need you with me in the canoe—nor any supper, I thank you, sir.”

For the man, with the taciturn way of his kind, had motioned toward some pork frying at a fire. With no thought to press, or to question, he replied:

“I’ll fetch the canoe down the gully, cap’n. You stay here and warm yourself a minute. And don’t worry about your hoss, sir.”

A few minutes later, Philip was launched upon the dark current of the Hudson, paddling silently toward the Eastern shore. Darkness had now fallen, and he trusted it to hide him from the vigilance of the British vessels whose lights shone dim and uncertain down the river.

Much larger craft landed much larger crews within our lines, on no darker nights—as, for one case, when the Whigs came down in whaleboats and set fire to the country mansion of our General De Lancey at Bloomingdale. Philip made the passage unseen, and drew the canoe up to a safe place under some bushes growing from the face of a low bluff that rose from the slight beach. His heart galloped and glowed at sense of being on the same island with his wife. He was thrilled to think that, if all went well, within an hour or two he should hold her in his arms.

He saw to the priming of his pistols, and loosened the sword that hung beneath his overcoat; and then he glided some way down the strip of beach. Coming to a convenient place, he clambered up the bluff, to a cleared space backed by woods.

“Who goes there?”

’Twas the voice of a man who had suddenly halted in the clearing, half-way between the woods and the crest of the bluff. The snow on the ground enabled the two to descry each other. Winwood saw the man raise a musket to his shoulder.

“A word with you, friend,” said Philip, and strode swiftly forward ere the sentinel (who was a loyalist volunteer, not a British regular) had the wit to fire. Catching the musket-barrel with one hand, Winwood clapped his pistol to the soldier’s breast with the other.

“Now,” says he, “if you give a sound, I’ll send a bullet through you. If I pass here, ’twill bring you no harm, for none shall know it but us two. Let go your musket a moment—I’ll give it back to you, man.”

A pressure of the pistol against the fellow’s ribs brought obedience. Philip dropped the musket, and, with his foot, dug its lock into the snow, spoiling the priming.

“Now,” he continued, “I’ll leave you, and remember, if you raise an alarm, you’ll be blamed for not firing upon me.”

Whereupon Philip dashed into the woods, leaving the startled sentinel to pick up his musket and resume his round as if naught had occurred. The man knew that his own comfort lay in secrecy, and his comfort outweighed his military conscience.

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Through woods and fields Winwood proceeded, skirted swamps and ponds, and waded streams, traversing old familiar ground, the sight of which brought back memories of countless holiday rambles in the happy early days. Margaret's bright face and merry voice, her smiles, and her little displays of partiality for him, were foremost in each recollection; and that he was so soon to see her again, appeared too wonderful for belief. He went forward in the intoxication of joy, singing to himself as a boy would have done.

He knew where there were houses and barns to avoid, and where there were most like to be British cantonments. At length he was so near the town, that he was surprised to have come upon no inner line of sentries. Even as he wondered, he emerged from a copse into a field, and received the usual challenge—spoken this time in so quick, machine-like a manner, and accompanied by so prompt and precise a levelling of the musket, that he knew 'twas a British regular he had to deal with.

He made a pretence of raising a pistol to shoot down the sentry. This brought the sentry's fire, which—as it too was of a British regular of those days—Philip felt safe in risking. But though the shot went far wide, he gave a cry as if he had been hit, and staggered back into the woods. He was no sooner within its cover, than he ran swiftly Eastward with all possible silence. He had noted that the sentry had been pacing in that direction; hence the first of the sentry's comrades to run up would be the one approaching therefrom. This would leave a break in the line, at that part of it East of the scene of the alarm. Philip stopped presently; peered forth from the woods, saw the second sentry hasten with long steps Westward; and then made a dash across the latter's tracks, bending low his body as he went. He thus reached a cover of thicket, through which he forced his way in time to emerge toward the town ere any results of the alarming gun-shot were manifest.

Unless he were willing to attempt crossing what British defences he knew not, or other impediments that might bar passage to the town elsewhere than at the Bowery lane entrance, he must now pass the guard there, which served for the town itself as the outer barriers at Kingsbridge served for the whole island of Manhattan. He chose the less tedious, though more audacious alternative of facing the guard.

He could not employ in this case the method used in passing the shore patrol, or that adopted in crossing the line of sentinels above the town; for here the road was the only open way through, it was flanked by a guardhouse, it was lighted by a lantern that hung above the door, and the sentinels were disciplined men. Philip gathered these facts in a single glance, as he approached by slinking along the side of the road, into which he had crawled, through a rail fence, from an adjoining field.

He was close upon the sentinels who paced before the guardhouse, ere he was discovered. For the third time that night, he heard the challenge and saw the threatening movement.

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“All’s well,” he replied. “I’ll give an account of myself.” And he stepped forward, grasping one of his pistols, not by the breech, but by the barrel.

“Stop where you are!” said the sentry, menacingly.

Philip stood still, raised the pistol, flung it at the lantern, and instantly dropped to his knees. The sentinel’s musket flashed and cracked. Total darkness ensued. Philip glided forward between the two men, his footfalls drowned by the sound of their curses. When past them, he hurled his remaining pistol back over his shoulder toward a mass of bushes on the further side of the sentinels. Its descent through the brush had some sound of a man’s leap, and would, he hoped, lead the enemy to think he might have escaped in that direction. By the time the noise of a commotion reached him, with orders to turn out the guard, he was past the building used as a prison for his fellow rebels, and was hastening along the side of the common—now diverted to camp uses of the British as it had been to those of the rebels—able to find the rest of his way in Egyptian blackness. He knew what alleys to take, what short cuts to make by traversing gardens, what ways were most like to be deserted. The streets in the part of the town through which he had to pass were nearly empty, the taverns, the barracks, and most of the officers’ quarters being elsewhere. And so, with a heart elated beyond my power of expression, he leaped finally into the rear garden of the Faringfield mansion, and strode, as if on air, toward the veranda.

He had guessed that the family would be in the smaller parlour, or the library, and so he was not surprised to see all the lower windows dark that were visible from the direction of his approach. But, which gave him a thrill of delightful conjecture, two upper windows shone with light—those above the great parlour and hence belonging to one of the chambers formerly occupied by Margaret and him. He knew no reason why his wife should not still retain the same rooms. She would, then, be there, and probably alone. He might go to her while none was present to chill their meeting, none before whom her pride might induce her to conceal the completeness of her reconciliation, or to moderate the joy of her greeting. Would she weep? Would she laugh? Would she cry out? Would she merely fall into his arms with a glad smile and cling in a long embrace under his lingering kiss? He trembled like a schoolboy as he climbed the trellis-work to enter by a window.

Creeping up the sloping, snow-covered roof of the veranda, he came at length to the window, and looked in. The chamber was empty, but the door was ajar that led to the apartment in front, used as a sitting-room. She must be in that room, for his first glance had recognised many of her trinkets and possessions in the first chamber. He asked himself if the years had changed her: they would have made her a little graver, doubtless.

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He opened the window so slowly that the noise was scarce perceptible. Then he clambered over the ledge into the chamber; strode tiptoe toward the next room, catching a mirrored glimpse of his face as he passed her dressing-table—the most joyous, eager face in the world. He pushed the door further open, and stepped across the threshold. She was there, in the centre of the room, standing in meditation, her face turned by chance toward the door through which he entered.

“My dear,” said he, in a voice scarce above a whisper; and started toward her, with arms held out, and (I am sure) a very angel’s smile of joy and love upon his face.

She opened her eyes and lips in wonder, and then stood pale and rigid as marble, and made a faint gesture to check his approach. As he halted in astonishment, his joy dying at her look, she whispered hoarsely:

“You! You, of all men? And to-night, of all nights!”

’Twas the night of our setting forth upon her great design of seizing his commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER XII.

Their Interview.

Philip took note, at the time, rather of her look than of her words.

“Why, dear,” said he, “don’t be frightened. Tis I, Philip—’tis not my ghost.”

“Yes, ’tis you—I know that well enough.”

“Then—” he began, and stepped toward her.

But she retreated with such a movement that he stopped again.

“What’s the matter?” he questioned. “Why do you look so?—This is scarce the welcome I had imagined.”

“Why are you here?” she asked, in a low voice, regarding him steadily. “How did you come? What does it mean?”

“It means I love you so much, I could stay no longer from seeing you. I came by horse, boat, and foot. I passed the British sentries.”

“You risked your life, then?”

“Oh, of course. If they caught me inside their lines, they would hang me as a spy. But —”

She could not but be touched at this. “Poor Philip!” she murmured, with a tremor in her voice.

“Not poor,” said he, “now that I am with you—if you would not draw back, and look so. What is wrong? Am I—unwelcome?”

She saw that, to be true to her design, to her elaborate plan for the future, she must not soften toward him—for his reappearance, with the old-time boyish look and manner, the fond expression now wistful and alarmed, the tender eyes now startled and affrighted, revived much that had been dormant in her heart, and made Captain Falconer seem a very far-off and casual person. Against the influence of Philip’s presence, and the effect of his having so imperilled himself to see her, she had to arm herself with coldness, or look upon the success of her project as going for naught to her advantage. She dared not contemplate the forfeit; so she hardened her heart.

“Why,” she said, with a forced absence of feeling, “so many years have passed—so many things have happened—you appear so much a stranger—”

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“Stranger!” echoed he. “Why, not if you had thought of me half as constantly as I have of you! You have been in my mind, in my heart, every hour, every minute since that day—Can it be? Is it my Margaret that stands there and speaks so? So unmoved to see me! So cold! Oh, who would have expected this?”

He sat down and gazed wretchedly about the room, taking no cognisance of what objects his sight fell upon. Margaret seated herself, with a sigh of annoyance, and regarded him with a countenance of displeasure.

“Margaret, do you mean what you say?” he asked, after a short silence.

“I’m sure you shouldn’t blame me,” said she. “You enabled me to learn how to endure your absence. You stayed away all these years. Naturally I’ve come to consider you as—”

“Nay, don’t attempt to put me in the wrong. My heart is as warm to you as ever, in spite of the years of absence. Those years have made no change in me. Why should they have changed you, then? No—’tis not their fault if you are changed, nor mine neither. There is something wrong, I see. Be frank, dear, and tell me what it is. You need not be afraid of me—you know I wouldn’t hurt a hair of your head. Oh, sweetheart, what has come between us? Tell me, I beg!”

“Why, nothing, of course—nothing but the gulf that time has widened. That’s all—sure ’tis enough.”

“But ’tis more than that. Were that all, and I came back to you thus, a minute’s presence would bridge that gulf. All the old feelings would rush back. Why, if I were but a mere acquaintance whom you had once known in a friendly way, you wouldn’t have greeted me so coldly. There would have been cordiality, smiles, a warm clasp of the hand, questions about my health and doings, at least a curiosity as to how I had passed the years. But you meet me, not merely with lack of warmth, but with positive coldness. Nay, you were shocked, startled, frightened! You turned white, and stood still as if you saw a spirit, or as if you were caught in some crime! Yes, ’twas for all the world like that! And what was’t you said? It passed me then, I was so amazed at my reception—-so different from the one I had pictured all the way thither, all the weeks and months. What was’t you said?”

“Some word of surprise, I suppose; something of no meaning.”

“Nay, it had meaning, too. I felt that, though I put it aside for the time. Something about the night—ah, yes: ‘to-night of all nights.’ And me of all men. Why so? Why to-night in particular? Why am I the most inconvenient visitor, and why *to-night*? Tell me that! Tell me—I have the right to know!”

“Nay, if you work yourself up into a fury so—”

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"'Tis no senseless fury, madam! There's reason at the bottom of it, my lady! I must know, and I will know, what it is that my visit interferes with. You were not going out, I can see by your dress. Nor expecting company. Unless—no, it couldn't be that! You're not capable of that! You are my wife, you are Margaret Faringfield, William Faringfield's daughter. God forgive the mistrust—yet every husband with an imagination has tortured himself for an instant sometime with that thought, suppose his wife's heart *might* stray? I've heard 'em confess the thought; and even I—but what a hell it was for the moment it lasted! And how swiftly I put it from me, to dwell on your tenderness in the old days, your pride that has put you above the hopes of all men but me, the unworthy one you chose to reach down your hand to from your higher level!"

"So you have harboured *that* suspicion, have you?" she cried, with flashing eyes.

"No, no; harboured it never! Only let my perverse imagination 'light, for the space of a breath, on the possibility, to my unutterable torment. All men's fancies play 'em such tricks now and then, to torture them and take down their vanity. Men would rest too easy in their security, were it not so."

"A man that suspects his wife, deserves to lose her allegiance," cried Margaret, with a kind of triumphant imputation of blame, which was her betrayal.

He gazed at her with the dawning horror of half-conviction.

"Then I have lost yours?" he asked, in a tone stricken with doubt and dread.

"I didn't say so," she replied, reddening.

"But your words imply that. You seemed to be justifying yourself by my suspicion. But there was no suspicion till now—nothing but a tormenting fancy of what I believed impossible. So you cannot excuse yourself that way."

"I'm not trying to excuse myself. There's nothing to excuse."

"I'm not sure of that! Your manner looks as if you realised having said too much—-having betrayed yourself. Margaret, for God's sake, tell me 'tis not so! Tell me my fears are wrong! Assure me I have not lost you—no, no, I won't even ask you. 'Tis not possible. I won't believe it of you—that you could be inconstant! Forgive me, dear—-your strange manner has so upset me—but forgive me, I beg, and let me take you in my arms." He had risen to approach her.

"No, no! Don't. Don't touch me!" she cried, rising in turn, for resistance. She kept her mind fixed upon the expected rewards of her project, and so fortified herself against yielding.

“By heaven, I’ll know what this means!” he cried. He looked wildly about the room, as if the explanation might somewhere there be found. Her own glance went with his, as if there might indeed be some evidence, which she must either make shift to conceal, or invent an innocent reason for its presence. Her eye rested an instant upon a book that lay on the table. Philip noted this, picked up the book, turned the cover, and read the name on the first leaf.

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"'Charles Falconer.' Who is he?"

[Illustration: "'HE IS A—AN ACQUAINTANCE.'"]

"No matter," she said quickly, and made to snatch the book away. "He is a—an acquaintance. He is quartered in the house, in fact—a British officer."

"An acquaintance? But why do you turn red? Why look so confused? Why try to take the book away from me? Oh, my God, it is true! it is true!" He dropped the volume, sank back upon a chair, and regarded her with indescribable grief.

"Why," she blundered, "a gentleman may lend a lady a novel—"

"Oh, the lending is nothing! 'Twas your look and action when I read his name. 'Tis your look now, your look of guilt. Oh, to see that flush of discovered shame on *your* face! You care for this man, I can see that!"

"Well, what if I do?"

"Then you confess it? Oh, can it be you that say this?—you that stand there with eyes that drop before mine for shame—nay, eyes that you raise with defiance! Brazen—oh, my God, my God, tell me 'tis all a mistake! Tell me I wrong you, dear; that you are still mine, my Margaret, my Madge—little Madge, that found me a home that day I came to New York; my pretty Madge, that cried when I was going to leave on Ned's account; that I loved the first moment I saw her, and—always—"

He broke down at this, and leaned forward upon the table, covering his face with his hands. When he next looked up, with haggard countenance, he saw her lips twitching and tears in her eyes.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a flash of hope, and half rose to go to her.

"No, no! Let me alone!" she cried, escaping narrowly from that surrender to her feelings which would have meant forfeiting the fruits of her long planning.

His mood changed.

"I'll not endure this," he cried, rising and pacing the floor. "You'll find I'm no such weakling, though I can weep for my wife when I lose her love. *He* shall find it so, too! I understand now what you meant by 'to-night of all nights.' He was to meet you to-night. He's quartered in the house, you say. He was to slink up, no doubt, when all were out of the way—your father divines little of this, I'll warrant. Well, he may come—-but he shall find *me* waiting at my wife's door!"

"You'll wait in vain, then. He is very far from here to-night."

“I’ll believe that when it’s proven. I find ’tis well that I, ’of all men,’ came here to-night.”

“Nay, you’re mistaken. You had been more like to find him to-night where you came from, than where you’ve come to.”

How true it is that a woman may always be relied on to say a word too much—whether for the sake of a taunt, or the mere necessity of giving an apt answer, I presume not to decide.

“What can that mean?” said he, arrested by the peculiarity of her tone and look. “Find him where I came from? Why, that’s our camp. What does he do there, ‘to-night of all nights?’ Explain yourself.”

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“Nothing at all. I spoke without thinking.”

“The likelier to have spoken true, then! So your—acquaintance—might be found in our camp to-night? Charles Falconer, a British officer. I can’t imagine—not as a spy, surely. Oho! is there some expedition? Some attack, some midnight surprise? This requires looking into.”

“I fear you will not find out much. And if you did, it would be too late for you to carry a warning.”

“The expedition has too great a start of me—is that what you mean? That’s to be seen. I might beat Mr. Falconer in this, as he has beaten me—elsewhere. I know the Jersey roads better than I have known my wife’s heart, perchance. What is this expedition?”

“Do you think I would tell you—if there were one?”

“I’m satisfied there is some such thing. But I doubt no warning of mine is needed, to defeat it. Our army is alert for these night attempts. We’ve had too many of ’em. If there be one afoot to-night, so much the worse for those engaged in it.”

This irritated her; and she never used the skill to guard her speech, at her calmest; so she answered quickly:

“Not if it’s helped by traitors in your camp!”

“What?—But how should you, a woman, know of such a matter?”

“You’ll see, when the honours are distributed.”

“This is very strange. You are in this officer’s confidence, perhaps. He is unwise to trust you so far—you have told me enough to—”

“There’s no more need of secrecy. Captain Falconer’s men are well on their way to Morristown. Even if you got out of our lines as easily as you got in, you could only meet our troops returning with your general.”

Doubtless she conceived that by taunting him, at this safe hour, with this prevision of her success, she helped the estrangement which she felt necessary to her enjoyment of her expected rewards.

“Oho!” quoth he, with a bitter, derisive laugh. “Another attempt to seize Washington! What folly!”

“Not when we are helped by treason in your camp, as I said before. Folly, is it? You’ll sing another song to-morrow!”

She smiled with anticipated triumph, and the smile had in it so much of the Madge of other days, that his bitterness forsook him, and admiration and love returned to sharpen his grief.

“Oh, Madge, dear, could I but win you back!” he murmured, wistfully.

“What, in that strain again!” she said, petulant at each revival of the self-reproach his sorrow caused in her.

“Ay, if I had but the chance! If I might be with you long enough, if I might reawaken the old tenderness!—But I forget; treason in our camp, you say. There is danger, then—ay, there’s always the possibility. The devil’s in it, that I must tear myself from you now; that I must part with you while matters are so wrong between us; that I must leave you when I would give ten years of life for one hour to win your love back! But you will take my hand, let me kiss you once—you will do that for the sake of the old times—and then I will be gone!”

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“Be gone? Where?”

“Back to camp, of course, to give warning of this expedition.”

“’Tis impossible! Tis hours—”

“’Tis not impossible—I will outride them. They wouldn’t have started before dark.”

“You would only overtake them, at your best. Do you think they would let you pass?”

“Poh! I know every road. I can ride around them. I’ll put the army in readiness for ’em, treason or no treason! For the present, good-bye—”

The look in his face—of power and resolution—gave her a sudden sense of her triumph slipping out of her grasp.

“You must not go!” she cried, quite awakened to the peril of the situation to her enterprise.

“I must! Good-bye! One kiss, I beg!”

“But you sha’n’t go!” As he came close to her, she clasped him tightly with both arms. She made no attempt to avoid his kiss, and he, taking this for acquiescence, bestowed the kiss upon unresponsive lips.

“Now let me go,” said he, turning to stride toward the door by which he had entered from the rear chamber.

“No, no! Stay. Time to win back my love, you said. Take the time now. You may find me not so difficult of winning back. Nay, I have never ceased to love you, at the bottom of my heart. I love you now. You shall stay.”

“I must not, I dare not. Oh, I would to God I could believe you! But whether ’tis true, or a device to keep me here, I will not stay. Let me go!”

“I will not! You will have to force me from you, first! I tell you I love you—my husband!”

“If you love me, you will let me go.”

“If you love me, you will stay.”

“Not a moment—though God knows how I love you! I will come to see you soon again.”

“If you go now, I will never let you see me again!—Nay, you must drag me after you, then!”

He was moving toward the door despite her hold; and now he caught her wrists to force open the clasp in which she held him.

“Oh! you are crushing my arms!” she cried.

“Ay, the beautiful, dear arms—God bless them! But let me go, then!”

“I won’t! You will have to kill me, first! You shall not spoil my scheme!”

“Yours!”

“Yes, mine! Mine, against your commander, against your cause!” She was wrought up now to a fury, at the physical force he exerted to release himself; and for the time, swayed by her feelings only, she let policy fly to the winds. “Your cause that I hate, because it ruined my hopes before! You are a fool if you think my being your wife would have kept me from fighting your hateful cause. I became your wife that I might go to England, and when that failed I was yours no longer. Love another? Yes!—and you shall not spoil his work and mine—not unless you kill me!”

For a moment his mental anguish, his overwhelming shame for her, unnerved him, and he stared at her with a ghastly face, relaxing his pressure for freedom. But this weakness was followed by a fierce reaction. His countenance darkened, and with one effort, the first into which he had put his real strength, he tore her arms from him. White-faced and breathing fast, with rage and fear of defeat, she ran to a front window, and flung it open.

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“By heaven, I’ll stop you!” she cried. “Help! A rebel—a spy! Ah, you men yonder—this way! A rebel spy!”

Philip looked over her head, out of the window. Far up the street swaggered five or six figures which, upon coming under a corner lamp whose rays yellowed a small circle of snow, showed to be those of British soldiers. Their unaltered movements evidenced that they had not heard her cry. Thereupon she shouted, with an increased voice:

“Soldiers! Help! Surround this house! A rebel—”

She got no further, for Philip dragged her away from the window, and, when she essayed to scream the louder, he placed one hand over her mouth, the other about her neck. Holding her thus, he forced her into the rear chamber, and then toward the window by which he meant to leave. At its very ledge he let her go, and made to step out to the roof of the veranda. But she grasped his clothes with the power of rage and desperation, and set up another screaming for help.

In an agony of mind at having to use such painful violence against a woman, and how much more so against the wife he still loved; and at the grievous appearance that she was willing to sacrifice him upon the British gallows rather than let him mar her purpose, he flung her away with all necessary force, so that, with a final shriek of pain and dismay, she fell to the floor exhausted.

He cast an anguished glance upon her, as she lay defeated and half-fainting; and, knowing not to what fate he might be leaving her, he moaned, “God pity her!” and stepped out upon the sloping roof. He scrambled to the edge, let himself half-way down by the trellis, leaped the rest of the distance, and ran through the back garden from the place he had so well loved.

While his wife, lying weak upon the floor of her chamber, gazed at the window through which he had disappeared, and, as if a new change had occurred within her, sobbed in consternation:

“Oh, what have I done? He is a man, indeed!—and I have lost him!”

CHAPTER XIII.

Wherein Captain Winwood Declines a Promotion.

Philip assumed that the greatest risk would lie in departing the town by the route over which he had made his entrance, and in which he had left a trail of alarm. His best course would be in the opposite direction.

Therefore, having leaped across the fence to the alley behind the Faringfield grounds, he turned to the right and ran; for he had bethought him, while fleeing through the garden, that he might probably find a row-boat at the Faringfield wharves. He guessed that, as the port of New York was open to all but the rebel Americans and their allies the French, Mr. Faringfield would have continued his trade in the small way possible, under the British flag, that his loss by the war might be the less, and his means of secretly aiding the rebel cause might be the more. So there would still be some little shipping, and its accessories, at the wharves.

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Though the British occupation had greatly changed the aspect of the town by daylight, it had not altered the topography of that part which Philip had to traverse, and the darkness that served as his shield was to him no impediment. Many a time, in the old days, we had chased and fled through those streets and alleys, in make-believe deer-hunts or mimic Indian warfare. So, without a collision or a stumble, he made his way swiftly to the mouth of a street that gave upon the water-front, by the Faringfield warehouse where so many busy days of his boyhood and youth had passed, and opposite the wharves.

He paused here, lacking knowledge whether the river front was guarded or not. He saw no human being, but could not be sure whether or not some dark form might emerge from the dimness when he should cross to the wharves. These, like the street and the roofs, were snow-covered. Aloft beyond them, but close, two or three faint lights, tiny yellow islets in a sea of gloom, revealed the presence of the shipping on which he had counted. He could hear the slap of the inky water against the piles, but scarce another sound, save his own breathing.

He formed the intention of making a noiseless dash across the waterside street, with body bent low, to the part of the wharf where a small boat was most like to be. He was standing close to one side of a wooden building that fronted toward the wharf.

He sprang forward, and, just as he passed the corner of the edifice, his head struck something heavy but yielding, which toppled over sidewise with a grunt, and upon which Philip fell prone, forcing from it a second grunt a little less vigorous than the first. 'Twas a human body, that had come from the front of the house at the same instant in which Philip had darted from along the side.

“Shall I choke him to assure silence?” Phil hurriedly asked himself, and instinctively made to put his hands to the man’s neck. But the body under him began to wriggle, to kick out with its legs, and to lay about with its hands.

“What the hell d’yuh mean?” it gasped. “Git off o’ me!”

Philip scrambled promptly to his feet, having recognised the voice.

“I’ll stake my life, it’s Meadows!”

“Yes, it is, and who in the name of hellfire an’ brimstone—?”

“Hush, Bill! Don’t you know my voice? Let me help you up. There you are. I’m Philip Winwood!”

“Why, so y’are, boy! Excuse the way I spoke. But what on airth—?”

“No matter what I’m doing here. The thing is to get back to camp. Come! Is the wharf a safe place for me?”

“Yes, at this hour of a dark night. But I’d like to know—”

“Keep with me, then,” whispered Philip, and made for the wharf, holding the old watchman’s arm. “Show me where there’s a small boat. I must row to the Jersey side at once, and then ride—by heaven, I wish I might get a horse, over there, without going as far as Dan Ellis’s! I left mine with him.”

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“Mebbe I can get you a hoss, yonder,” said Meadows. “An’ I reckon I can row you round an’ acrost, ‘thout their plaguey ships a-spyin’ us.”

“Then, by the Lord,” said Philip, while Meadows began letting himself down the side of the wharf to the skiff which he knew rode there upon the black water, “’tis enough to make one believe in miracles, my running into you! What were you doing out so late?”

“Mum, sir! I was jest back from the same camp you’re bound fur. ‘Tain’t five minutes since I crawled up out o’ this yer skift.”

“What! And did you meet a party going the other way—toward our camp, I mean?”

“Ay,” replied Meadows, standing up in the boat and guiding the legs of Philip as the latter descended from the wharf. “I watched ’em from the patch o’ woods beyont Westervelt’s. I took ’em to be Major Lee’s men, or mebbe yours, from their caps and plumes; but I dunno: I couldn’t see well. But if they was goin’ to the Morristown camp, they was goin’ by a roundabout way, fur they took the road to the right, at the fork t’other side o’ them woods!”

“Good, if ’twas a British troop indeed! If I take the short road, I may beat ’em. Caps and plumes like ours, eh! Here, I’ll pull an oar, too; and for God’s sake keep clear of the British ships.”

“Trust me, cap’n. I guess they ain’t shifted none since I come acrost awhile ago. I’ll land yuh nearest where we can get the hoss I spoke of. ’Tis the beast ’ut brung me from the camp—but mum about that.” The two men moved at the oars, and the boat shot out from the sluggish dock-water to the live current, down which it headed. “Don’t you consarn yerse’f about them ships—’tis the dark o’ the moon an’ a cloudy night, an’ as fur our course, I could *smell* it out, if it come to that!”

They rounded the end of the town, and turned into the Hudson, gliding black over the surface of blackness. They pulled for some distance against the stream, so as to land far enough above our post at Paulus Hook. Going ashore in a little cove apparently well-known to Meadows, they drew up the boat, and hastened inland. Meadows had led the way about half a mile, when a dark mass composed of farmhouse and outbuildings loomed up before them.

“Here’s where the hoss is; Pete Westervelt takes keer of him,” whispered the watchman, and strode, not to the stables, but to the door of what appeared to be an outer kitchen, which he opened with a key of his own. A friendly whinny greeted him from the narrow dark space into which he disappeared. He soon came out, leading the horse he used in his journeys to and from the American camp, and bearing saddle and bridle on his arm. The two men speedily adjusted these, whereupon Philip mounted.

“Bring or send the beast back by night,” said Meadows, handing over the key, with which he had meanwhile relocked the door of his improvised stable. “Hoss-flesh is damn’ skeerce these times.” This was the truth, the needs of the armies having raised the price of a horse to a fabulous sum.

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Philip promised to return the horse or its equivalent; gave a swift acknowledgment of thanks, and a curt good-night; and made off, leaving old Meadows to foot it, and row it, once more back to New York.

’Twas now, till he should reach the camp, but a matter of steady galloping, with ears alert for the sound of other hoof-beats, eyes watchful at crossroads and open stretches for the party he hoped to forestall. While he had had ways and means to think of, and had been in peril of detection by the British, or in doubt of obtaining a horse without a long trudge to Ellis’s hut, his mind had been diverted from the unhappy interview with Margaret. But now that swept back into his thoughts, inundating his soul with grief and shame, of the utmost degree of bitterness. These were the more complete from the recollection of the joyous anticipations with which he had gone to meet her.

Contemplation of this contrast, sense of his desertion, overcame his habitual resistance to self-pity, a feeling against which he was usually on the stronger guard for his knowledge that it was a concomitant of his inherent sensibility. He quite yielded to it for a time; and though ’twas sharpened by his comparison of the Margaret he had just left, with the pretty, soft-smiling Madge of other days, that comparison eventually supplanted self-pity with pity for her, a feeling no less laden with sorrow.

He dared not think of what her perverseness might yet lead her to. For himself he saw nothing but hopeless sorrow, unless she could be brought back to her better self. But, alas, he by whose influence that end might be achieved—for he could not believe that her heart had quite cast him out—was flying from her, and years might pass ere he should see her again: meanwhile, how intolerable would life be to him! His heart, with the instinct of self-protection, sought some interest in which it might find relief.

He thought of the cause for which he was fighting. That must suffice; it must take the place of wife and love. Cold, impersonal, inadequate as it seemed now, he knew that in the end it would suffice to fill great part of that inner heart which she had occupied. He turned to it with the kindling affection which a man ever has for the resource that is left him when he is scorned elsewhere. And he felt his ardour for it fanned by his deepened hate for the opposing cause, a hate intensified by the circumstance that his rival was of that cause. For that rival’s sake, he hated with a fresh implacability the whole royal side and everything pertaining to it. He pressed his teeth together, and resolved to make that side pay as dearly as lay in him to make it, for what he had lost of his wife’s love, and for what she had lost of her probity.

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And the man himself, Falconer! 'Twas he that commanded this night's wild attempt, if she had spoken truly. Well, Falconer should not succeed this night, and Philip, with a kind of bitter elation, thanked God 'twas through him that the attempt should be the more utterly defeated. He patted his horse—a faithful beast that had known but a short rest since it had travelled over the same road in the opposite direction—and used all means to keep it at the best pace compatible with its endurance. Forward it sped, in long, unvarying bounds, seeing the road in the dark, or rather in the strange dusky light yielded by the snow-covered earth and seeming rather to originate there than to be reflected from the impenetrable obscurity overhead.

From the attempt which he was bent upon turning into a ridiculous abortion, if it lay in the power of man and horse to do so, Philip's thoughts went to the object of that attempt, Washington himself. He was thrilled at once with a greater love and admiration for that firm soul maintaining always its serenity against the onslaughts of men and circumstance, that soul so unshakable as to seem in the care of Fate itself. Capture Washington! Philip laughed at the thought.

And yet a British troop had seized General Charles Lee when he was the rebels' second in command, and, in turn, a party of Yankees had taken the British General Prescott from his quarters in Rhode Island. True, neither of these officers was at the time of his seizure as safely quartered and well guarded as Washington was now; but, on the other hand, Margaret had spoken of treachery in the American camp. Who were the traitors? Philip hoped he might find out their chief, at least.

It was a long and hard ride, and more and more an up-hill one as it neared its end. But Philip's thoughts made him so often unconscious of his progress, and of the passage of the hours, that he finally realised with a momentary surprise that he had reached a fork of the road, near which he should come upon the rebel pickets, and that the night was far spent. He might now take one road, and enter the camp at its nearest point, but at a point far from Washington's headquarters; or he might take the other road and travel around part of the camp, so as to enter it at a place near the general's house. 'Twas at or near the latter place that the enemy would try to enter, as they would surely be so directed by the traitors within the camp.

Heedless of the apparent advantage of alarming the camp at the earliest possible moment, at whatever part of it he could then reach, he felt himself impelled to choose the second road. He ever afterward held that his choice of this seemingly less preferable road was the result of a swift process of unconscious reasoning—for he maintained that what we call intuition is but an instantaneous perception of facts and of their inevitable inferences, too rapid for the reflective part of the mind to record.

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He felt the pressure of time relaxed, for a troop of horse going by the circuitous route Meadows had indicated could not have reached the camp in the hours since they had passed the place where Meadows had seen them. So he let his horse breathe wherever the road was broken by ascents. At last he drew up, for a moment, upon an eminence which gave, by daylight, a wide view of country. Much of this expanse being clear of timber, and clad in snow, it yielded something to a night-accustomed eye, despite the darkness. A low, far-off, steady, snow-muffled beating, which had imperceptibly begun to play on Winwood's ear, indicated a particular direction for his gaze. Straining his senses, he looked.

Against the dusky-white background of snow, he could make out an indistinct, irregular, undulating line of moving dark objects. He recognised this appearance as the night aspect of a distant band of horsemen. They were travelling in a line parallel to his own. Presently, he knew, they would turn toward him, and change their linear appearance to that of a compact mass. But he waited not for that. He gently bade his horse go on, and presently he turned straight for the camp, having a good lead of the horsemen.

He was passing a little copse at his right hand, when suddenly a dark figure stepped from behind a tree into the road before him. Thinking this was a soldier on picket duty, he recollected the word of the night, and reined in to give it upon demand. But the man, having viewed him as well as the darkness allowed, seemed to realise having made a mistake, and, as suddenly as he had appeared, stalked back into the wood.

"What does this mean?" thought Philip; and then he remembered what Margaret had said of treachery. Was this mysterious night-walker a traitor posted there to aid the British to their object?

"Stop or I'll shoot you down!" cried Philip, remembering too late that he had parted with both his pistols at the Bowery lane guard-house.

But the noise of the man's retreat through the undergrowth told that he was willing to risk a shot.

Philip knew the importance of obtaining a clue to the traitors. The rebels had suffered considerably from treachery on their own side; had been in much danger from the treason of Doctor Church at Boston; had owed the speedier loss of their Fort Washington to that of Dumont; and (many of them held) the retreat which Washington checked at Monmouth, to the design of their General Charles Lee. So the capture of this man, apart from its possible effect upon the present business, might lead to the unearthing of a nest of traitors likely at some future time, if not to-night, to menace the rebel cause.

Philip leaped from his horse, and, trusting to the animal's manifest habit of awaiting orders, stopped not to tie it, but plunged directly into the wood, drawing his sword as he went.

The sound of the man's flight had ceased, but Philip continued in the direction it had first taken. He was about to cross a row of low bushes, when he unexpectedly felt his ankle caught by a hand, and himself thrown forward on his face. The man had crouched amongst the bushes and tripped him up as he made to pass.

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The next moment, the man was on Philip's back, fumbling to grasp his neck, and muttering:

"Tell me who you are, quick! Who are you from? You don't wear the dragoon cap, I see. Now speak the truth, or by God I'll shoot your head off!"

Philip knew, at the first word, the voice of Ned Faringfield. It took him not an instant to perceive who was a chief—if not *the* chief—traitor in the affair, or to solve what had long been to him also a problem, that of Ned's presence in the rebel army. The recognition of voice had evidently not been mutual; doubtless this was because Philip's few words had been spoken huskily. Retaining his hoarseness, and taking his cue from Ned's allusion to the dragoon cap, he replied:

"'Tis all right. You're our man, I see. Though I don't wear the dragoon cap, I come from New York about Captain Falconer's business."

"Then why the hell didn't you give the word?" said Ned, releasing his pressure upon Philip's body.

"You didn't ask for it. Get up—you're breaking my back."

Ned arose, relieving Philip of all weight, but stood over him with a pistol.

"Then give it now," Ned commanded.

"I'll be hanged if you haven't knocked it clean out of my head," replied Philip. "Let me think a moment—I have the cursedest memory."

He rose with a slowness, and an appearance of weakness, both mainly assumed. He still held his sword, which, happily for him, had turned flat under him as he fell. When he was quite erect, he suddenly flung up the sword so as to knock the pistol out of aim, dashed forward with all his weight, and, catching Ned by the throat with both hands, bore him down upon his side among the briars, and planted a knee upon his neck. Instantly shortening his sword, he held the point close above Ned's eye.

"Now," said Phil, "let that pistol fall! Let it fall, I say, or I'll run my sword into your brain. That's well. You traitor, shall I kill you now? or take you into camp and let you hang for your treason?"

Ned wriggled, but finding that Philip held him in too resolved a grasp, gave up.

"Is it you, brother Phil?" he gasped. "Why, then, you lied; you said you came from New York, about Falconer's business. I'd never have thought *you'd* stoop to a mean deception!"

“I think I’d better take you to hang,” continued Philip. “If I kill you now, we sha’n’t get the names of the other traitors.”

“You wouldn’t do such an unbrotherly act, Phil! I know you wouldn’t. You’ve too good a heart. Think of your wife, my sister—”

“Ay, the traitress!”

“Then think of my father; think of the mouth that fed you—I mean the hand that fed you! You’ll let me go, Phil—sure you’ll let me go. Remember how we played together when we were boys. I’ll give you the names of the other traitors. I’m not so much to blame: I was lured into this—lured by your wife—so help me God, I was—and you’re responsible for her, you know. *You* ought to be the last man in the world—”

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Philip's mood had changed at thought of Ned's father; the old man's pride of the name, his secret and perilous devotion to the rebel cause: he deserved better of that cause than that his son should die branded as a traitor to it; and better of Phil than that by his hand that son should be slain.

"How can you let me have the names without loss of time, if I let you go, on condition of your giving our army a wide berth the rest of your days?" Philip asked, turning the captive over upon his back.

"I can do it in a minute, I swear," cried Ned. "Will you let me go if I do?"

"If I'm convinced they're the right names and all the names; but if so, and I let you go, remember I'll see you hanged if you ever show your face in our army again."

"Rest easy on that. I take you at your word. The names are all writ down in my pocketbook, with the share of money each man was to get. If I was caught, I was bound the rest should suffer, too. The book is in my waistcoat lining—there; do you feel it? Rip it out."

Philip did so, and, sitting on Ned's chest, with a heel ready to beat in his skull at a treacherous movement, contrived to strike a light and verify by the brief flame of the tow the existence of a list of names. As time was now of ever-increasing value, Philip took it for granted that the list was really what Ned declared it. He then possessed himself of Ned's pistol, and rose, intending to conduct him as far as to the edge of the camp, and to release him only when Philip should have given the alarm, so that Ned could not aid the approach of Falconer's party. But Philip had no sooner communicated this intention than Ned suddenly whipped out a second pistol from his coat pocket, in which his hand had been busy for some time, and aimed at him. Thanks to a spoiled priming, the hammer fell without effect.

"You double traitor!" cried Philip, rushing upon Ned with threatening sword. But Ned, with a curse, bent aside, and, before Philip could bring either of his weapons into use, grappled with him for another fall. The two men swayed together an instant; then Philip once more shortened his sword and plunged the point into Ned's shoulder as both came down together.

"God damn your soul!" cried Ned, and for the time of a breath hugged his enemy the tighter. But for the time of a breath only; the hold then relaxed; and Philip, rising easily from the embrace of the limp form, ran unimpeded to the road, mounted the waiting horse, and galloped to the rebel lines.

When our party, all the fatigue of the ride forgotten in a thrill of expectation, reached the spot where Ned Faringfield was to join us, our leader's low utterance of the signal, and our eager peerings into the wood, met no response. As we stood huddled together,

there broke upon us from the front such a musketry, and there forthwith appeared in the open country at our left such a multitude of mounted figures, that we guessed ourselves betrayed, and foresaw ourselves surrounded by a vastly superior force if we stayed for a demonstration.

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“’Tis all up, gentlemen!” cried Captain Falconer, in a tone of resignation, and without even an oath; whereupon we wheeled in disappointment and made back upon our tracks; being pursued for some miles, but finally abandoned, by the cavalry we had seen, which, as we did not learn till long afterward, was led by Winwood. We left some dead and wounded near the place where we had been taken by surprise; and some whose horses had been hurt were made prisoners.

For his conduct in all this business, an offer was made to Philip of promotion to a majority; but he firmly declined it, saying that he owed the news of our expedition to such circumstances that he chose not, in his own person, to profit by it.[6]

CHAPTER XIV.

The Bad Shilling Turns up Once More in Queen Street.

“This will be sad news to Mrs. Winwood, gentlemen,” said Captain Falconer to Tom and me, as we rode toward the place where we should take the boats for New York. The day was well forward, but its gray sunless light held little cheer for such a silent, dejected crew as we were.

The captain was too much the self-controlled gentleman to show great disappointment on his own account, though he had probably set store upon this venture, as an opportunity that he lacked in his regular duties on General Clinton’s staff, where he served pending the delayed enlistment of the loyalist cavalry troop he had been sent over to command. But though he might hide his own regrets, now that we were nearing Margaret, it was proper to consider our failure with reference to her.

“Doubtless,” he went on, “there was treachery against us somewhere; for we cannot suppose such vigilance and preparation to be usual with the rebels. But we must not hint as much to her. The leak may have been, you see, through one of the instruments of her choosing—the man Meadows, perhaps, or—” (He stopped short of mentioning Ned Faringfield, whose trustworthiness on either side he was warranted, by much that he had heard, in doubting.) “In any case,” he resumed, “’twould be indelicate to imply that her judgment of men, her confidence in any one, could have been mistaken. We’d best merely tell her, then, that the rebels were on the alert, and fell upon us before we could meet her brother.”

We thought to find her with face all alive, expectant of the best news, or at least in a fever of impatience, and that therefore ’twould be the more painful to tell her the truth. But when the captain’s servant let the three of us in at the front door (Tom and I had waited while Falconer briefly reported our fiasco to General Clinton) and we found her waiting for us upon the stairs, her face was pale with a set and tragic wofulness, as if tidings of our failure had preceded us. There was, perhaps, an instant’s last flutter of

hope against hope, a momentary remnant of inquiry, in her eyes; but this yielded to despairing certainty at her first clear sight of our crestfallen faces.

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“’Twas all for nothing, then?” she said, with a quiet weariness which showed that her battle with disappointment had been fought and had left her tired out if not resigned.

“Yes,” said the captain, apparently relieved to discover that no storm of disappointment or reproach was to be undergone. “They are too watchful. We hadn’t yet come upon your brother, when a heavy fire broke out upon us. We were lucky to escape before they could surround us. Nine of our men are missing.”

She gave a shudder, then came to us, kissed Tom with more than ordinary tenderness, grasped my hand affectionately, and finally held the captain’s in a light, momentary clasp.

“You did your best, I’m sure,” she said, in a low voice, at the same time flashing her eyes furtively from one to another as if to detect whether we hid any part of the news.

We were relieved and charmed at this resigned manner of receiving our bad tidings, and it gave me, at least, a higher opinion of her strength of character. This was partly merited, I make no doubt; though I did not know then that she had reason to reproach herself for our failure.

“And that’s all you have to tell?” she queried. “You didn’t discover what made them so ready for a surprise?”

“No,” replied the captain, casually. “Could there have been any particular reason, think you? To my mind, they have had lessons enough to make them watchful.”

She looked relieved. I suppose she was glad we should not know of her interview with Philip, and of the imprudent taunts by which she herself had betrayed the great design.

“Well,” said she. “They may not be so watchful another time. We may try again. Let us wait until I hear from Ned.”

But when she stole an interview with Bill Meadows, that worthy had no communication from Ned; instead thereof, he had news that Captain Faringfield had disappeared from the rebel camp, and was supposed by some to have deserted to the British. Something that Meadows knew not at the time, nor I till long after, was of the treasonable plot unearthed in the rebel army, and that two or three of the participants had been punished for the sake of example, and the less guilty ones drummed out of the camp. This was the result of Philip’s presentation to General Washington of the list of names obtained from Ned, some of the men named therein having confessed upon interrogation. Philip’s account of the affair made it appear to Washington that his discovery was due to his accidental meeting with Ned Faringfield, and that Faringfield’s escape was but the unavoidable outcome of the hand-to-hand fight between the two men—for Philip had

meanwhile ascertained, by a personal search, that Ned had not been too severely hurt to make good his flight.

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Well, there passed a Christmas, and a New Year, in which the Faringfield house saw some revival of the spirit of gladness that had formerly prevailed within its comfortable walls at that season. Mr. Faringfield, who had grown more gray and taciturn each year, mellowed into some resemblance to his former benevolent, though stately, self. He had not yet heard of Ned's treason. His lady, still graceful and slender, resumed her youth. Fanny, who had ever forced herself to the diffusion of merriment when there was cheerlessness to be dispelled, reflected with happy eyes the old-time jocundity now reawakened. My mother, always a cheerful, self-reliant, outspoken soul, imparted the cordiality of her presence to the household, and both Tom and I rejoiced to find the old state of things in part returned. Margaret, perhaps for relief from her private dejection, took part in the household festivities with a smiling animation that she had not vouchsafed them in years; and Captain Falconer added to their gaiety by his charming wit, good-nature, and readiness to please. Yet he, I made no doubt, bore within him a weight of dashed hopes, and could often have cursed when he laughed.

The happy season went, leaving a sweeter air in the dear old house than had filled it for a long time. All that was missing, it seemed to us who knew not yet as much as Margaret knew, was the presence of Philip. Well, the war must end some day, and then what a happy reunion! By that time, if Heaven were kind, I thought, the charm of Captain Falconer would have lost power over Margaret's inclinations, and all would be well that ended well.

One night in January, we had sat very late at cards in the Faringfield parlour, and my mother had just cried out, "Dear bless me, look at the clock!"—when there sounded a dull, heavy pounding upon the rear hall door. There were eight of us, at the two card-tables: Mr. Faringfield and his lady, my mother, Margaret and Fanny, Mr. Cornelius, Tom, and myself. And every one of us, looking from face to face, showed the same thought, the same recognition of that half-cowardly, half-defiant thump, though for so long we had not heard it. How it knocked away the years, and brought younger days rushing back upon us!

Mr. Faringfield's face showed a sweep of conjectures, ranging from that of Ned's being in New York in service of his cause, to that of his being there as a deserter from it. Margaret flushed a moment, and then composed herself with an effort, for whatever issue this unexpected arrival might portend. The rest of us waited in a mere wonder touched with the old disquieting dread of painful scenes.

Old Noah, jealous of the single duty that his years had left him, and resentful of its frequent usurpation by Falconer's servant, always stayed up to attend the door till the last of the family had retired. We now heard him shuffling through the hall, heard the movement of the lock, and then instantly a heavy tread that covered the sound of Noah's. The parlour door from the hall was flung open, and in strode the verification of our thoughts.

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Ned's clothes were briar-torn and mud-spattered; his face was haggard, his hair unkempt, his left shoulder humped up and held stiff. He stopped near the door, and stared from face to face, frowning because of the sudden invasion of his eyes by the bright candlelight. When his glance fell upon Margaret, it rested; and thereupon, just as if he were not returned from an absence of three years and more, and heedless of the rest of us, confining his address to her alone, he bellowed, with a most malignant expression of face and voice:

"So you played a fine game with us, my lady—luring us into the dirty scheme, and then turning around and setting your husband on us in the act! I see through it all now, you underhanded, double-dealing slut!"

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" asked Margaret, with dignity.

"Of course I am; and don't think I'll hold my tongue because of these people. Let 'em hear it all, I don't care. It's all up now, and I'm a hanged man if ever I go near the American camp again. But I'm safe here in New York, though I was damn' near being shot when I first came into the British lines. But I've been before General Knyphausen, [7] and been identified, and been acknowledged by your Captain Falconer as the man that worked your cursed plot at t'other end; and I've been let go free—though I'm under watch, no doubt. So you see there's naught to hinder me exposing you for what you are—the woman that mothered a British plot, and worked her trusting brother into it, and then betrayed him to her husband."

"That's a lie!" cried Margaret, crimson in the face.

"What does all this mean?" inquired Mr. Faringfield, rising.

Paying no attention to his father, Edward retorted upon Margaret, who also rose, and who stood between him and the rest of us:

"A lie, is it? Perhaps you can make General Knyphausen and Captain Falconer believe that, now I've told 'em whose cursed husband it was that attacked me at the meeting-place, and alarmed the camp. You didn't think I'd live to tell the tale, did you? You thought to hear of my being hanged, and your husband promoted for his services, and so two birds killed with one stone! But providence had a word to say about that. The Lord is never on the side of plotters and traitors, let me tell you, and here I am to outface you. A lie, is it? A lie that your husband spoiled the scheme? Why, you brazen hussy, he came from New York that very night—he told me so himself! He had seen you, and you had told him all, I'll lay a thousand guineas!"

'Twas at the time a puzzle to me that Margaret should condescend to explanations with him as she forthwith did. But I now see how, realising that proofs of Philip's visit might turn up and seem to bear out Ned's accusation, she must have felt the need of putting

herself instantly right with Tom and me, lest she might eventually find herself wrong with General Clinton and Captain Falconer.

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“I own that Philip saw me that night,” she said, with a self-control compelled by her perilous situation. “He came here by stealth, and took me by surprise. He found reason to suspect our plot, but till now I never knew ’twas really he that put the rebels on their guard. I thought he would be too late. ’Twas through no intention of mine that he guessed what was afoot. I never told Tom and Bert” (these words were meant for our ears) “—or Captain Falconer—of his visit, for fear they might think, as you seem to, that I was to blame. That’s all the truth, and we shall see whether Captain Falconer will believe you or me.”

Here Mr. Faringfield, whose patience at being so far ignored, though ’twas supported by the hope of receiving the desired enlightenment from their mutual speeches, was at length exhausted, put in with some severity.

“Pray, let us into these mysteries, one of you. Margaret, what is it I hear, of a visit from Philip? of a British plot? By heaven, if I thought—but explain the matter, if you please.”

“I have no right to,” said she, her face more and more suffused with red. “’Tis not my secret alone; others are concerned.”

“It appears,” rejoined Mr. Faringfield, “it is a secret that abides in my house, and therefore I have a right to its acquaintance. I command you to explain.”

“Command?” she echoed lightly, with astonishment. “Is a married woman subject to her father’s commands?”

“An inmate of my house is subject to my commands,” he replied, betraying his hidden wrath by a dark look.

“I beg your pardon,” said she. “That part of the house which Philip has paid, or will pay, for my living in, is my own, for the time being. I shall go there—”

“You shall not leave this room,” cried her father, stalking toward the door. “You fall back upon Philip’s name. Very well, he has delegated the care of you to me in his absence. ’Tis time I should represent his authority over you, when I hear of your plotting against his country.”

“I have a right to be loyal to the king, above the authority of a husband.”

“If your loyalty extends to plotting against your husband’s cause, you have not the right under my roof—or under Philip Winwood’s part of it. I will know what this scheme is, that you have been engaged in.”

“Not from me!” said Margaret, with a resolution that gave a new, unfamiliar aspect to so charmingly feminine a creature.

“Oh, let her alone, father,” put in Ned, ludicrously ready for the faintest opportunity either to put his father under obligation or to bring down Margaret. “I’ll be frank with you. I’ve no reason to hide what’s past and gone. She and Captain Falconer had a plan to make Washington a prisoner, by a night expedition from New York, and some help in our camp—”

“Which you were to give, I see, you treacherous scoundrel!” said his father, with contempt.

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“Oh, now, no hard names, sir. You see, several of us—some good patriots, too, with the country’s best interests at heart—couldn’t swallow this French alliance; we saw that if we ever did win by it, we should only be exchanging tyrants of our own blood for tyrants of frog-eaters. We began to think England would take us back on good terms if the war could be ended; and we considered the state of the country, the interests of trade—-indeed, ’twas chiefly the thought of *your* business, the hope of seeing it what it once was, that drove *me* into the thing.”

“You wretched hypocrite!” interposed Mr. Faringfield.

“Oh, well; misunderstand me, as usual. Call me names, if you like. I’m only telling the truth, and what you wished to know—what *she* wouldn’t tell you. I’m not as bad as some; I can up and confess, when all’s over. Well, as I was about to say, we had everything ready, and the night was set; and then, all of a sudden, Phil Winwood swoops down on me; treats me in a most unbrotherly fashion, I must say” (Ned cast an oblique look at his embarrassed shoulder); “and alarmed the camp. And when the British party rode up, instead of catching Washington they caught hell. And I leave it to you, sir, whether your daughter there, after playing the traitor to her husband’s cause, for the sake of her lover; didn’t turn around and play the traitor to her own game, for the benefit of her husband, and the ruin of her brother. Such damnableness!”

“‘For the sake of her lover,’” Mr. Faringfield repeated. “What do you mean by that, sir?” The phrase, indeed, had given us all a disagreeable start.

“What I say, sir. How could he be otherwise? I guessed it before; and I became sure of it this evening, from the way he spoke of her at General Knyphausen’s quarters.”

“What a lie!” cried Margaret. “Captain Falconer is a gentleman; he’s not of a kind to talk about women who have given him no reason to do so. ’Tis ridiculous! You maligning villain!”

“Oh, ’twasn’t what he said, my dear; ’twas his manner whenever he mentioned you. When a man like him handles a woman’s name so delicate-like, as if ’twas glass and might break—so grave-like, as if she was a sacred subject—it means she’s put herself on his generosity.”

Margaret affected a derisive laugh, as at her brother’s pretensions to wisdom.

“Oh, I know all the stages,” he continued, watching her with a malicious calmness of self-confidence. “When gentry of his sort are first struck with a lady, but not very deep, they speak out their admiration bold and gallant; when they find they’re hit seriously, but haven’t made sure of her, they speak of her with make-believe carelessness or mere respect: they don’t like to show how far gone they are. But when she’s come to an understanding with ’em, and put ’em under obligations and responsibilities—it’s only

then they touch her name so tender and considerate, as if it was so fragile. But that stage doesn't last for ever, my young lady—bear that in mind!"

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“You insolent wretch!” said Margaret, ready to cry with rage and confusion.

“This is outrageous,” ventured Mrs. Faringfield, daring to look her indignation at Ned. “William, how can you tolerate such things said about your daughter?”

But Mr. Faringfield had been studying his daughter’s countenance all the while. Alas for Margaret, she had never given pains to the art of dissimulation, or taken the trouble to learn hypocrisy, or even studied self-control: a negligence common to beauties, who rely upon their charms to carry them through all emergencies without resort to shifts. She was equal to a necessary lie that had not to be maintained with labour, or to a pretence requiring little effort and encountering no suspicion, but to the concealment of her feelings when she was openly put to the question, her powers were inadequate. If ever a human face served its owner ill, by apparently confessing guilt, where only folly existed, Margaret’s did so now.

“What I may think of the rascal who says these things,” replied Mr. Faringfield, with the unnatural quietness that betrays a tumult of inward feelings, “I will tolerate them till I am sure they are false.” His eyes were still fixed on Margaret.

“What!” said she, a little hysterically. “Do you pay attention to the slanders of such a fellow? To an accusation like that, made on the mere strength of a gentleman’s manner of mentioning me?”

“No, but I pay attention to your manner of receiving the accusation: your telltale face, your embarrassment—”

“’Tis my anger—”

“There’s an anger of innocence, and an anger of guilt. I would your anger had shown more of contempt than of confusion.” Alas! he knew naught of half-guilt and *its* manifestations.

“How can you talk so?—I won’t listen—such insulting innuendoes!—even if you are my father—why, this knave himself says I betrayed Captain Falconer’s scheme: how could he think that, if—”

“That proves nothing,” said Ned, with a contemptuous grin. “Women do unaccountable things. A streak of repentance, maybe; or a lovers’ quarrel. The point is, a woman like you wouldn’t have entered into a scheme like that, with a man like him, if there hadn’t already been a pretty close understanding of another kind. Oh, I know your whole damn’ sex, begad!—no offence to these other ladies.”

“William, this is scandalous!” cried Mrs. Faringfield. My mother, too, looked what it was not her place to speak. As for Tom and me, we had to defer to Mr. Faringfield; and so had Cornelius, who was very solemn, with an uneasy frown between his white

eyebrows. Poor Fanny, most sensitive to disagreeable scenes, sat in self-effacement and mute distress.

Mr. Faringfield, not replying to his wife, took a turn up and down the room, apparently in great mental perplexity and dismay.

Suddenly he was a transformed man. Pale with wrath, his lips moving spasmodically, his arms trembling, he turned upon Margaret, grasped her by the shoulders, and in a choked, half-articulate voice demanded:

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“Tell the truth! Is it so—this shame—crime? Speak! I will shake the truth from you!”

“Father! Don’t!” she screamed, terrified by his look; and from his searching gaze, she essayed to hide, by covering her face with her hands, the secret her conscience magnified so as to forbid confession and denial alike. I am glad to recall this act of womanhood, which showed her inability to brazen all accusation out.

But Mr. Faringfield saw no palliating circumstance in this evidence of womanly feeling. Seeing in it only an admission of guilt, he raised his arms convulsively for a moment as if he would strike her down with his hands, or crush her throat with them. But, overcoming this impulse, he drew back so as to be out of reach of her, and said, in a low voice shaken with passion:

“Go! From my house, I mean—my roof—and from Philip’s part of it. God! that a child of mine should plot against my country, for England—that was enough; but to be false to her husband, too—false to Philip! I will own no such treason! I turn you out, I cast you off! Not another hour in my house, not another minute! You are not my daughter, not Philip’s wife!—You are a thing I will not name! We disown you. Go, I bid you; let me never see you again!”

She had not offered speech or motion; and she continued to stand motionless, regarding her father in fear and sorrow.

“I tell you to leave this house!” he added, in a slightly higher and quicker voice. “Do you wait for me to thrust you out?”

She slowly moved toward the door. But her mother ran and caught her arm, and stood between her and Mr. Faringfield.

“William!” said the lady. “Consider—the poor child—your favourite, she was—you mustn’t send her out. I’m sure Philip wouldn’t have you do this, for all she might seem guilty of.”

“Ay, the lad is too kind of heart. So much the worse her treason to him! She *shall* go; and you, madam, will not interfere. ’Tis for me to command. Be pleased to step aside!”

His passion had swiftly frozen into an implacable sternness which struck fear to the childish heart of his wife, and she obeyed him dumbly. Dropping weakly upon a chair, she added her sobs to those of Fanny, which had begun to break plaintively upon the tragic silence.

Margaret raised her glance from the floor, in a kind of wistful leave-taking, to us who looked on and pitied her.

“Indeed, sir,” began Mr. Cornelius softly, rising and taking a step toward Mr. Faringfield. But the latter cut his good intention short, by a mandatory gesture and the harshly spoken words:

“No protests, sir; no intercessions. I am aware of what I do.”

“But at midnight, sir. Think of it. Where can she find shelter at this hour?”

“Why,” put in my mother, “in my house, and welcome, if she *must* leave this one.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Russell,” said Margaret, in a stricken voice. “For the time being, I shall be glad—”

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“For all time, if you wish,” replied my mother. “And we shall have your things moved over tomorrow.”

“By the Lord, sis,” cried Ned, with a sudden friendliness quite astonishing after the part he had taken, and to be accounted for only by the idea that had struck him, “here’s a blessing in disguise! There’s a ship sails next Wednesday—so I found out this evening—and damn me if you sha’n’t go to London with me! That’s the kind of a forgiving brother I am!”

She had utterly ignored his first words, but when he reached the point, she looked at him thoughtfully, with a check upon her resentment. She made no reply, however; but he had not missed her expression. Tom and I exchanged side glances, remembering Ned’s former wish that he might imitate his Irish friend by taking his sister to London to catch a fortune with. As for Margaret, as matters stood, it would be something to go to London, relying on her beauty. I fancied I saw that thought in her look.

Mr. Faringfield, who had heard with cold heedlessness my mother’s offer and Ned’s, now rang the bell. Noah appeared, with a sad, affrighted face—he had been listening at the door—and cast a furtive glance at Margaret, in token of commiseration.

“Bring Mrs. Winwood’s cloak,” said Mr. Faringfield to the old negro. “Then open the door for her and Mr. Edward.”

While Noah was absent on this errand, and Margaret waited passively, Tom went to her, kissed her cheek, and then came away without a word.

“You’ll accept Mrs. Russell’s invitation, dear,” said Mrs. Faringfield, in tears, “and we can see you every day.”

“Certainly, for the present,” replied Margaret, who did not weep, but spoke in a singularly gentle voice.

“And I, too, for to-night, with my best thanks,” added Ned, who had not been invited, but whom my mother preferred not to refuse.

Noah brought in the cloak, and placed it around Madge with an unusual attentiveness, prolonging the slight service to its utmost possible length, and keeping an eye for any sign of relenting on the part of his master.

My mother and I stood waiting for Margaret, while Mrs. Faringfield and Fanny weepingly embraced her. That done, and with a good-night for Tom and Mr. Cornelius, but not a word or a look for her father, who stood as silent and motionless as marble, she laid her hand softly upon my arm, and we went forth, leaving my mother to the unwelcome escort of Ned. The door closed upon us four—’twas the last time it ever closed upon one of us—and in a few seconds we were at our steps. And who should come along at

that moment, on his way to his quarters, but Captain Falconer? He stopped, in pleased surprise, and, peering at our faces in the darkness, asked in his gay, good-natured way what fun was afoot.

“Not much fun,” said Margaret. “I have just left my father’s house, at his command.”

He stood in a kind of daze. As it was very cold, we bade him good night, and went in. Reopening the door, and looking out, I saw him proceeding homeward, his head averted in a meditative attitude. I knew not till the next day what occurred when he arrived in the Faringfield hall.

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“Sir,” said Tom Faringfield, stepping forth from where he had been leaning against the stair-post, “I must speak low, because my parents and sister are in the parlour there, and I don’t wish them to hear—”

“With all my heart,” replied Falconer. “Won’t you come into my room, and have a glass of wine?”

“No, sir. If I had a glass of wine, I should only waste it by throwing it in your face. All I have to say is, that you are a scoundrel, and I desire an opportunity to kill you as soon as may be—”

“Tut, tut, my dear lad—”

“I’ll think of a pretext, and send my friend to you to-morrow,” added Tom, and, turning his back, went quietly up-stairs to his room; where, having locked the door, he fell face forward upon his bed, and cried like a heart-broken child.

CHAPTER XV.

In Which There Is a Flight by Sea, and a Duel by Moonlight.

It appeared, from Ned Faringfield’s account of himself, that after his encounter with Philip, and his fall from the shock of his wound, he had awakened to a sense of being still alive, and had made his way to the house of a farmer, whose wife took pity on him and nursed him in concealment to recovery. He then travelled through the woods to Staten Island, where, declaring himself a deserter from the rebel army, he demanded to be taken before the British commander.

Being conveyed to headquarters in the Kennedy House, near the bottom of the Broadway, he told his story, whereupon witnesses to his identity were easily found, and, Captain Falconer having been brought to confront him, he was released from bodily custody. He must have had a private interview with Falconer, and, perhaps, obtained money from him, before he came to the Faringfield house to vent his disappointment upon Madge. Or else he had got money from some other source; he may have gambled with what part of his pay he received in the early campaigns. He may, on some occasion, have safely violated Washington’s orders against private robbery under the cover of war. He may have had secret dealings with the “Skinners” or other unattached marauders. In any case, his assured manner of offering Madge a passage to England with him, showed that he possessed the necessary means.

He had instantly recognised a critical moment of Madge’s life, the moment when she found herself suddenly deprived of all resource but a friendly hospitality which she was too proud to make long use of, as a heaven-sent occasion for his ends. At another time,

he would not have thought of making Madge his partner in an enterprise like the Irishman's—he feared her too much, and was too sensible of her dislike and contempt.

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He set forth his scheme to her the next day, taking her acquiescence for granted. She listened quietly, without expressing her thoughts; but she neither consented nor refused. Ned, however, made full arrangements for their voyage; considering it the crowning godsend of a providential situation, that a vessel was so soon to make the trip, notwithstanding the unlikely time of year. When Margaret's things were brought over to our house, he advised her to begin packing at once, and he even busied himself in procuring additional trunks from his mother and mine, that she might be able to take all her gowns to London. The importance of this, and of leaving none of her jewelry behind, he most earnestly impressed upon her.

Yet she did not immediately set about packing, Ned probably had moments of misgiving, and of secret cursing, when he feared he might be reckoning without his host. The rest of us, at the time, knew nothing of what passed between the two: he pretended that the extra trunks were for some mysterious baggage of his own: nor did we then know what passed between her and Captain Falconer late in the day, and upon which, indeed, her decision regarding Ned's offer depended.

She had watched at our window for the captain's passing. When at length he appeared, she was standing so close to the glass, her eyes so unmistakably met his side-look, that he could not pretend he had not seen her. As he bowed with most respectful civility, she beckoned him with a single movement of a finger, and went, herself, to let him in. When he had followed her into our parlour, his manner was outwardly of the most delicate consideration, but she thought she saw beneath it a certain uneasiness. They spoke awhile of her removal from her father's house; but he avoided question as to its cause, or as to her intentions. At last, she said directly, with assumed lightness:

"I think of going to London with my brother, on the *Phoebe*."

She was watching him closely: his face brightened wonderfully.

"I vow, you could do nothing better," he said. "*There* is *your* world. I've always declared you were a stranger in this far-off land. 'Tis time you found your proper element. I can't help confessing it; 'tis due to you I should confess it—though alas for us whom you leave in New York!"

She looked at him for a moment, with a slight curling of the lip; witnessed his recovery from the fear that she might throw herself upon his care; saw his comfort at being relieved of a possible burden he was not prepared to assume; and then said, very quietly:

"I think Mrs. Russell is coming. You had best go."

With a look of gallant adoration, he made to kiss her hand first. But she drew it away, and put her finger to her lip, as if to bid him depart unheard. When he had left the

house, she fell upon the sofa and wept, but only for wounded vanity, for chagrin that she had exposed her heart to one of those gentry who will adore a woman until there is danger of her becoming an embarrassment.

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Before long, she arose, and dried her eyes, and went up-stairs to pack her trunks. Thus ended this very light affair of the heart; which had so heavy consequences for so many people.

But Captain Falconer's inward serenity was not to escape with this unexpectedly easy ordeal. When he reached his room, he found me awaiting him, as the representative of Tom Faringfield. I had, in obedience to my sense of duty, put forth a few conventional dissuasions against Tom's fighting the captain; and had presumed to hint that I was nearer to him in years and experience than Tom was. But the boy replied with only a short, bitter laugh at the assured futility of my attempts. Plainly, if there was to be fighting over this matter, I ought not to seek a usurpation of Tom's right. And fighting there would be, I knew, whether I said yea or nay. Since Tom must have a second, that place was mine. And I felt, too, with a young man's foolish faith in poetic justice, that the right must win; that his adversary's superiority in age—and therefore undoubtedly in practice, Falconer being the man he was—would not avail against an honest lad avenging the probity of a sister. And so I yielded countenance to the affair, and went, as soon as my duty permitted, to wait upon Captain Falconer.

"Why," said he, when I had but half told my errand, "I was led to expect this. The young gentleman called me a harsh name, which I'm willing to overlook. But he finds himself aggrieved, and, knowing him as I do, I make no doubt he will not be content till we have a bout or two. If I refuse, he will dog me, I believe, and make trouble for both of us, till I grant him what he asks. So the sooner 'tis done, the better, I suppose. But lookye, Mr. Russell, 'tis sure to be an embarrassing business. If one or other of us *should* be hurt, there'd be the devil to pay, you know. I dare say the General would be quite obdurate, and go the whole length of the law. There's that to be thought of. Have a glass of wine, and think of it."

Tom and I had already thought of it. We had been longer in New York than the captain had, and we knew how the embarrassment to which he alluded could be provided against.

"'Tis very simple," said I, letting him drink alone, which it was not easy to do, he was still so likeable a man. "We can go from Kingsbridge as if we meant to join Captain De Lancey in another of his raids. And we can find some spot outside the lines; and if any one is hurt, we can give it out as the work of rebel irregulars who attacked us."

He regarded me silently a moment, and then said the plan seemed a good one, and that he would name a second with whom I could arrange details. Whereupon, dismissing the subject with a civil expression of regret that Tom should think himself affronted, he went on to speak of the weather, as if a gentleman ought not to treat a mere duel as a matter of deep concern.

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I came away wishing it were not so hard to hate him. The second with whom I at length conferred—for our duties permitted not a prompt despatching of the affair, and moreover Captain Falconer's disposition was to conduct it with the gentlemanly leisure its pretended unimportance allowed—was Lieutenant Hugh Campbell, one of several officers of that name who served in the Highland regiment that had been stationed earlier at Valentine's Hill; he therefore knew the debatable country beyond Kingsbridge as well as I. He was a mere youth, a serious-minded Scot, and of a different sort from Captain Falconer: 'twas one of the elegant captain's ways, and evidence of his breadth of mind, to make friends of men of other kinds than his own. Young Campbell and I, comparing our recollections of the country, found that we both knew of a little open hollow hidden by thickets, quite near the Kingsbridge tavern, which would serve the purpose. Captain Falconer's duties made a daylight meeting difficult to contrive without exposing his movements to curiosity, and other considerations of secrecy likewise preferred a nocturnal affair. We therefore planned that the four of us, and an Irish surgeon named McLaughlin, should appear at the Kingsbridge tavern at ten o'clock on a certain night for which the almanac promised moonlight, and should repair to the meeting-place when the moon should be high enough to illumine the hollow. The weapons were to be rapiers. The preliminary appearance at the tavern was to save a useless cold wait in case one of the participants should, by some freak of duty, be hindered from the appointment; in which event, or in that of a cloudy sky, the matter should be postponed to the next night, and so on.

The duel was to occur upon a Wednesday night. On that afternoon I was in the town, having carried some despatches from our outpost to General De Lancey, and thence to General Knyphausen; and I was free for a few minutes to go home and see my mother.

"What do you think?" she began, handing me a cup of tea as soon as I had strode to the parlour fire-place.

"I think this hot tea is mighty welcome," said I, "and that my left ear is nigh frozen. What else?"

"Margaret has gone," she replied, beginning to rub my ear vigorously.

"Gone! Where?" I looked around as if to make sure there was no sign of her in the room.

"With Ned—on the *Phoebe*."

"The deuce! How could you let her do it—you, and her mother, and Fanny?"

"We didn't know. I took some jelly over to old Miss Watts—she's very feeble—and Madge and Ned went while I was out; they had their trunks carted off at the same time. 'Twasn't for an hour or two I became curious why she kept her room, as I thought; and

when I went up to see, the room was empty. There were two letters there from her, one to me and one to her mother. She said she left in that way, to save the pain of farewells, and to avoid our useless persuasions against her going. Isn't it terrible?—-poor child! Why it seems only yesterday—" And my good mother's lips drew suddenly down at the corners, and she began to sniff spasmodically.

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“But is it too late?” I asked, in a suddenly quieted voice. That the brightness and beauty of Madge, which had been a part of my world since I could remember, should have gone from about us, all in a moment!—’twas a new thought, and a strange one. What a blank she left, what a dulness!

“Too late, heaven knows!” said my mother, drying her eyes with a handkerchief, and speaking brokenly. “As soon as Mrs. Faringfield read the letters, which I had taken over at once, Fanny and Mr. Cornelius started running for the wharves. But when they got there, the *Phoebe* wasn’t in sight. It had sailed immediately their trunks were aboard, I suppose. Oh, to think of pretty Madge—what will become of her in that great, bad London?”

“She has made her plans, no doubt, and knows what she is doing,” said I, with a little bitterness. “Poor Phil! Her father is much to blame.”

When I told Tom, as soon as I reached the outpost, he gave a sudden, ghastly, startled look; then collected himself, and glanced at the sword with which he meant to fight that night.

“Why, I was afraid she would go,” said he, in a strained voice; and that was all.

Whenever I saw him during the rest of the evening, he was silent, pale, a little shaky methought. He was not as I had been before my maiden duel: blustering and gay, in a trance-like recklessness; assuming self-confidence so well as to deceive even myself and carry me buoyantly through. He seemed rather in suspense like that of a lover who has to beg a stern father for a daughter’s hand. As a slight hurt will cause a man the greatest pain, and a severe injury produce no greater, so will the apprehensions of a trivial ordeal equal in effect those of a matter of life and death; there being a limit to possible sensation, beyond which nature leaves us happily numb. Sometimes, upon occasion, Tom smiled, but with a stiffness of countenance; when he laughed, it was in a short, jerky, mechanical manner. As for me, I was in different mood from that preceding my own first trial of arms: I was now overcast in spirit, tremulous, full of misgivings.

The moon did not disappoint us as we set out for the tavern. There were but a few fleecy clouds, and these not of an opaqueness to darken its beams when they passed across it. The snow was frozen hard in the fields, and worn down in the road. The frost in the air bit our nostrils, and we now and again worked our countenances into strange grimaces, to free them from the sensation of being frozen hard.

“’Tis a beautiful night,” said Tom, speaking in more composure than he had shown during the early evening. The moonlight had a calming effect, as the clear air had a bracing one. His eyes roamed the sky, and then the moonlit, snow-clad earth—hillock and valley, wood and pond, solitary house bespeaking indoor comfort, and a glimpse of the dark river in the distance—and he added:

“What a fine world it is!”

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When we entered the warm tap-room of the tavern—the house above Kingsbridge, outside the barriers where the passes were examined and the people searched who were allowed entrance and departure; not Hyatt's tavern, South of the bridge—we found a number of subalterns there, some German, some British, some half-drunk, some playing cards. Our Irish surgeon sat in a corner, reading a book—I think 'twas a Latin author—by the light of a tallow candle. He nodded to us indifferently, as if he had no engagement with us, and continued to read. Tom and I ordered a hot rum punch mixed for us, and stood at the bar to drink it.

"You look pale and shaky, you two," said the tavern-keeper, who himself waited upon us.

"'Tis the cold," said I. "We're not all of your constitution, to walk around in shirt-sleeves this weather."

"Why," says the landlord, "I go by the almanac. 'Tis time for the January thaw, 'cordin' to that. Something afoot to-night, eh? One o' them little trips up the river, or out East Chester way, with De Lancey's men, I reckon?"

We said nothing, but wisely looked significant, and the host grinned.

"More like 'tis a matter of wenches," put in a half-drunken ensign standing beside us at the bar. "That's the only business to bring a gentleman out such a cursed night. Damn such a vile country, cold as hell in winter, and hot as hell in summer! Damn it and sink it! and fill up my glass, landlord. Roast me dead if *I* stick *my* nose outdoors to-night!"

"A braw, fine nicht, the nicht, gentlemen," said a sober, ruddy-faced Scot, very gravely, with a lofty contempt for the other's remarks. "Guid, hamelike weather."

But the feelings and thoughts prevailing in the tap-room were not in tune with those agitating our hearts, and as soon as Captain Falconer and his friend came in, we took our leave, exchanging a purposely careless greeting with the newcomers. We turned in silence from the road, crossed a little sparsely wooded hill, and arrived in the thicket-screened hollow.

'Twas in silence we had come. I had felt there was much I would like, and ought, to say, but something in Tom's mood or mine, or in the situation, benumbed my thoughts so they would not come forth, or jumbled them so I knew not where to begin. Arrived upon the ground with a palpitating sense of the nearness of the event, we found ourselves still less fit for utterance of the things deepest in our minds.

"There'll be some danger of slipping on the frozen snow," said I, trying to assume a natural, even a cheerful, tone.

"'Tis an even danger to both of us," said Tom, speaking quickly to maintain a steadiness of voice, as a drunken man walks fast to avoid a crookedness of gait.

While we were tramping about to keep warm, the Irish surgeon came to us through the bushes, vowing ’twas “the divvle’s own weather, shure enough, barrin’ the hivvenly moonlight.” Opening his capacious greatcoat, he brought from concealment a small case, which Tom eyed askance, and I regarded ominously, though it had but a mere professional aspect to its owner.

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We soon heard the tread, and the low but easy voices, of Captain Falconer and Lieutenant Campbell; who joined us with salutations, graceful on Falconer's part, and naturally awkward on that of Campbell. How I admired the unconcerned, leisurely manner in which Falconer, having gone a little aloof from Tom and me, removed his overcoat, laced coat, and waistcoat, giving a playful shiver, purposely exaggerated, as he stood in his ruffled shirt and well-fitting boots and breeches. I was awkward in helping Tom off with his outer clothes. The moonlight, making everything in the hollow well-nigh as visible as by day, showed Tom's face to be white, his eyes wide-open and darkly radiant; while in Falconer's case it revealed a countenance as pleasant and gracious as ever, eyes neither set nor restless.

Campbell and I perfunctorily compared the swords, gave them a bend or two, and handed them to the principals. We then stood back. Doctor McLaughlin looked on with a mild interest. There was a low cry, a ring of steel, and the two men were at it.

I recall the moonshine upon their faces, the swift dartings of their faintly luminous blades, their strangely altering shadows on the snow as they moved, the steady attention of us who looked on, the moan of the wind among the trees upon the neighbouring heights, the sound of the men's tramping on the crusted snow, the clear clink of their weapons, sometimes the noise of their breathing. They eyed each other steadfastly, seeming to grudge the momentary winks enforced by nature. Falconer's purpose, I began to see, was but to defend himself and disarm his opponent. But Tom gave him much to do, making lightning thrusts with a suddenness and persistence that began at length to try the elder man. So they kept it up till I should have thought they were tired out.

Suddenly Tom made a powerful lunge that seemed to find the captain unready. But the latter, with a sharp involuntary cry, got his blade up in time to divert the point, by pure accident, with the guard of his hilt. His own point was thus turned straight toward his antagonist; and Tom, throwing his weight after his weapon, impaled himself upon the captain's. For an infinitesimal point of time, till the sword was drawn out, the lad seemed to stand upon his toes, leaning forward, looking toward the sky with a strange surprise upon his face, eyes and mouth alike open. And then he collapsed as if his legs and body were but empty rags; and fell in a huddle upon the snow: with a convulsive movement he stretched himself back to the shape of a man; and lay perfectly still.

The captain bent over him with astonishment. The surgeon ran to him, and turned him flat upon his back. I was by this time kneeling opposite the surgeon, who tore open Tom's shirts and examined his body.

"Bedad, gentlemen," said the Irishman sadly, in a moment, "he's beyont the need of my profession. 'Tis well ye had that sthory ready, in case of accident."

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I stared incredulously at the surgeon, and then buried my face upon the dear body of the dead, mingling my wild tears with his blood.

“Oh, Madge, Madge,” thought I, “if you could see what your folly has led to!”

CHAPTER XVI.

Follows the Fortunes of Madge and Ned.

But Madge could know nothing yet of that night’s occurrence. She was then many miles out to sea, her thoughts perhaps still lingering behind with her old life, but bound soon to overtake her, and to pass far ahead to the world she was sailing for, the world of her long-cherished desires.

I shall briefly relate a part of what she afterward recounted to me. The voyage from New York to Bristol lasted six weeks. She suffered much from her cramped quarters, from the cold weather, from seasickness; but she bore up against her present afflictions, in the hope of future compensations. She put away from her, with the facility of an ambitious beauty, alike her regrets for the past, and her misgivings of the future.

Not to risk any increase of those misgivings, she refrained from questioning Ned as to his resources, nor did she require of him a minute exposition of his plans. She preferred to leave all to him and to circumstance, considering that, once launched upon the sea of London, and perfectly unrestricted as to her proceedings, she could make shift to keep afloat. She had an earnest of the power of her beauty, in its effect upon the ship’s captain, who, in the absence of passengers, was the only person aboard whose admiration was worth playing for. She had the place of honour at his table, and in her presence he was nothing but eyes and dumb confusion, while the extraordinary measures he took for her comfort proclaimed him her willing slave.

She listened without objection or comment when Ned, in confidential moods, forced his purposes upon her attention.

“We’ll make ’em stare, my dear,” said he. “We’ll make ’em open their eyes a bit; just you wait! We’ll find lodgings somewhere in the thick of the town, and I’ll take you to the theatres, and to walk in St. James Park, and to the public assemblies, and wherever you’re sure to be seen. I wish ’twere Summer; then there’d be Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and all that. ’Tis a bad time of year in London now; but we’ll do our best. There’ll be young sparks of quality enough, to ask each other who that goddess is, and that Venus, and that angel, and all that kind of thing; and they’ll be mad to make your acquaintance. They’ll take note of me, and when they see me at the coffee-houses and faro-tables, they’ll fall over one another in the rush to know me, and to be my friends. And I’ll pick out the best, and honour ’em with invitations to call at our lodgings, and there’ll be my

pretty sister to mix a punch for us, or pour out tea for us; and once we let ’em see we’re as good quality as any of ’em, and won’t stand any damn’ nonsense,’ why, you leave it to brother Ned to land a fat fish, that’s all!”

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She had a fear that his operations might at length become offensive to her taste, might stray from the line of her own ambitions; but she saw good reason to await developments in silence; and to postpone deviating from Ned's wishes, until they should cease to forward hers.

Upon her landing at Bristol, and looking around with interest at the shipping which reminded her of New York but to emphasise her feeling of exile therefrom, her thrilling sense of being at last in the Old World, abated her heaviness at leaving the ship which seemed the one remaining tie with her former life. If ever a woman felt herself to be entering upon life anew, and realised a necessity of blotting the past from memory, it was she; and well it was that the novelty of her surroundings, the sense of treading the soil whereon she had so long pined to set foot, aided her resolution to banish from her mind all that lay behind her.

The time-worn, weather-beaten aspect of the town, its old streets thronged with people of whom she was not known to a soul, would have made her disconsolate, had she not forced herself to contemplate with interest the omnipresent antiquity, to her American eyes so new. And so, as she had heroically endured seasickness, she now fought bravely against homesickness; and, in the end, as nearly conquered it as one ever does.

'Twas a cold ride by stage-coach to London, at that season; there were few travellers in the coach, and those few were ill-natured with discomfort, staring fiercely at the two strangers—whose strangeness they instantly detected by some unconscious process—as if the pair were responsible for the severe February weather, or guilty of some unknown crime. At the inns where they stopped, for meals and overnight, they were subjected to a protracted gazing on the part of all who saw them—an inspection seemingly resentful or disapproving, but indeed only curious. It irritated Madge, who asked Ned what the cause might be.

"Tut! Don't mind it," said he. "'Tis the way of the English, everywhere but in London. They stare at strangers as if they was in danger of being insulted by 'em, or having their pockets picked by 'em, or at best as if they was looking at some remarkable animal; but they mean no harm by it."

"How can they see we are strangers?" she queried. "We're dressed like them."

"God knows! Perhaps because we look more cheerful than they do, and have a brisker way, and laugh easier," conjectured Ned. "But you'll feel more at home in London."

By the time she arrived in London, having slept in a different bed each night after landing, and eaten at so many different inns each day, Madge felt as if she had been a long while in England.[8] She came to the town thus as to a haven of rest; and though she was still gazed at for her beauty, it was not in that ceaseless and mistrustful way in

which she had been scrutinised from top to toe in the country; moreover, the names of many of the streets and localities were familiar to her, and in her thoughts she had already visited them: for these reasons, which were more than Ned had taken account of, she did indeed feel somewhat at home in London, as he had predicted.

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The night of their arrival was passed at the inn, in the Strand, where the coach had set them down. The next morning Ned chose lodgings in Craven Street: three rooms, constituting the entire first floor; which Madge, though she thought the house had a dingy look, found comfortable enough in their faded way; and wherein the two were installed by noon. They spent the afternoon walking about the most famous streets, returning to their lodgings for dinner.

"I think," said Ned, while they were eating, "'twon't do any harm to get on one of your best gowns, and your furbelows, and we'll go to the play, and begin the campaign this very night."

"Bless me, no! I'm tired to death with sightseeing," replied Madge. "I could fall asleep this moment. Besides, who's here to dress my hair? I couldn't go without a commode."

"Oh, well, just as you like. Only be pleased to remember, ma'am, my purse isn't a widow's mite—widow's cruse of oil, I mean, that runs for ever. I've been at a great expense to bring you here, and pounds and shillings don't rain from heaven like—like that stuff the Jews lived on for forty years in the wilderness. The sooner we land our fish, the sooner we'll know where the money's coming from. I sha'n't be able to pay for lodgings and meals very long."

"Why, 'tis a pretty pass if you've no more money—"

"Well, it *is* a pretty pass, and that's just what it is. I didn't count the cost when I made the generous offer to bring you. Oh, we can last a week or so yet, but the sooner something is done, the sooner we shall be easy in our minds. On second thoughts, though, you'd better go to bed and rest. It mightn't be well to flash on the town to-night, looking fagged, and without your hair dressed, and all that. So you go to bed and I'll go around and—call upon a few friends I made when I was here before."

Ned had so improved his attire, by acquisitions in New York, Bristol, and London, that his appearance was now presentable in the haunts of gentlemen. So he went out, leaving her alone. She could no longer postpone meditating upon what was before her.

Now that she viewed it for the first time in definite particulars, its true aspect struck her with a sudden dismay. She was expected to do nothing less than exhibit herself for sale, put herself up at auction for the highest bidder, set out her charms as a bait. And when the bait drew, and the bidders offered, and the buyer awaited—what then? She would never, her pride alone would never let her, degrade herself to a position at the very thought of which she caught her breath with horror. Come what may, the man who purchased her must put the transaction into the form of marriage. True, she was already married, in the view of the law; but, with a woman's eye for essentials, she felt her divorce from Philip already accomplished. The law, she allowed, would have to be

satisfied with matters of form: but that was a detail to be observed when the time came; Philip would not oppose obstacles.

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So she would let matters take their course, would wait upon occurrences. In very truth, to put herself on view with intent of catching a husband, of obtaining an establishment in life, was no more than young ladies of fashion, of virtue, of piety, did continually, under the skilled direction of the most estimable mothers. In Madge's case, the only difference was, on the one side, the excuse of necessity; on the other side, the encumbrance of her existing marriage. But the latter could be removed, whereas the former would daily increase.

She must, therefore, benefit by Ned's operations as long as they did not threaten to degrade her. By the time they did threaten so, she would have gained some experience of her own, circumstances would have arisen which she could turn to her use. Of actual destitution, never having felt it, she could not conceive; and therefore she did not take account of its possibility in her case.

So, having recovered from her brief panic, she went to bed and slept soundly.

The next morning Ned was in jubilant spirits. His visit the previous night had been to a gaminghouse in Covent Garden, and fortune had showered him with benefactions. He saw the margin of time at their disposal lengthened by several weeks. He bade his sister put herself at her best, drank with her to their success, and went and engaged a hairdresser and a maid. They went that night, in a hackney-coach, to the play at Drury Lane.

The open-mouthed gazing of her new maid, the deftly spoken admiration of her hairdresser, and the mirror upon her dressing-table, had prepared Madge for triumph. Her expectations were not disappointed, but they were almost forgotten. Her pleasure at sight of the restless, chattering crowd; her interest in the performance; her joy in seeing, in fine: supplanted half the consciousness of being seen. But she was, indeed, stared at from all parts of the house; people looked, and nudged one another; and the powdered bucks and beauties in the side-boxes, glancing up, forgot their own looks in examining hers.

Ned was elated beyond measure. He praised her all the way home in the coach, and when they stood at last on the step of their lodging-house, he waited a moment before going in, and looked back toward the Strand, half-thinking that some susceptible and adventurous admirer might have followed their conveyance to the door.

The next day, Sunday, he took her to church, at St. James's in Piccadilly, where they had difficulty in getting seats, and where several pious dowagers were scandalised at the inattention of their male company to the service. Ned walked out alone in the afternoon, but, to his surprise, he was not accosted by any gentleman pretending to recognise him as some one else, as a means of knowing him as himself.

On Monday he made himself seen at numerous coffee-houses and taverns, but, although he came upon two or three faces that he had noted in the theatre, no one looked at him with any sign of recollection. “Well, well,” thought he, and afterward said to Madge, “in time they will come to remember me as the lovely creature’s escort; at first their eyes will be all for the lovely creature herself.”

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They went to Covent Garden that evening, and to the Haymarket the next; and subsequently to public assemblies: Madge everywhere arresting attention, and exciting whispers and elbowings among observers wherever she passed. At the public balls, she was asked to dance, by fellows of whom neither she nor Ned approved, but who, Ned finally came to urge, might be useful acquaintances as leading to better ones. But she found all of them contemptible, and would not encourage any of them.

“If we could only get an invite to some private entertainment, the thing would be done in a jiffy,” said Ned, “but damn it, you won’t lead on any of these fellows—sure they must know ladies to whom they would mention you.”

“I shouldn’t think much of ladies that sought acquaintances on *their* recommendation.”

“Why, curse it, we must begin somewhere, to get in.”

“If we began where these could open the doors, I warrant we shouldn’t get very far in.”

“Rat me if I understand why the men that are taken with you at the play, and elsewhere—real gentlemen of quality, some of ’em—never try to follow you up through me. I’ve put myself in their way, the Lord knows. Maybe they think I’m your husband. Curse it, there *is* a difficulty! If you walked alone, in St. James Park, or past the clubs—?”

“You scoundrel, do you think I’ve come to that?”

Her look advised him not to pursue his last suggestion. By this time his expectations from their public appearances together had been sadly dampened. They must make acquaintances; creditable ones, that is to say, for of another kind he had enough and to spare.

But at last, after some weeks, during which he remained unapproached, and at the end of which he came to a belated perception of the insuperable barrier between the elect and the undesirable, and of his own identity with the latter class, he decided he must fall back upon his friends for what they might be worth. He had undergone many snubs in his efforts to thrust himself upon fine gentlemen in taverns, coffee-houses, and gaming-places. As for Madge, her solitude had been mitigated by her enjoyment of plays and sights, of the external glimpses of that life to which her entrance seemed impossible.

Ned began therefore to bring his associates to their lodgings: chiefly, a gambling barrister of Lincoln’s Inn, a drunken cashiered captain of marines, and a naval surgeon’s mate with an unhealthy outbreak on his face. One meeting with each rascal sufficed to make Madge deny her presence upon his next visit. At this Ned raged, declaring, that these gentlemen, though themselves in adverse circumstances, had relations and friends among the quality or the wealthy. And at length he triumphantly made good his assertion by introducing a youth to whom the barrister had introduced him, and who, he

whispered to Madge, though not blessed with a title, was the heir in prospect of an immense fortune. It came out that he was the son of a prosperous fishmonger in the city.

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He was a fat, good-humoured fellow, expensively dressed, and clean, being in all these points an exception among Ned's acquaintances. Madge found him, as a mere acquaintance, more amusing than intolerable; but as a possible husband, not to be thought of save with laughter and contempt.

Her refusal to consider him in the desired light, made Ned very wroth; and in revenge he went out, and, between drink and gaming, rid himself of every penny he possessed. He thereupon begged that Madge would let him pawn some of her jewelry. She refused to do so; until their landlady threatened ejection and suit.

After that, matters went from bad to worse. With part of the money obtained upon what trinkets she gave him, Ned tried to repair his fortunes at the gaming-table; and that failing, he consoled himself in drunkenness. More of her valuables were demanded; yielded up after terrible quarrels with Ned, and humiliating scenes with the landlady. The visits to the play ceased, the maid was discharged, the hairdresser was no more brought into requisition. Their fall to destitution was worthy of the harebrained design, the bungling conduct, of Ned; the childish inexperience, the blind confidence, of Madge. 'Twas a fall as progressive as a series of prints by Hogarth. The brother was perpetually in liquor; he no longer took Madge out with him. Often he stayed away nights and days at a time.

She resolved to entrust nothing further to him, but to dispose of her ornaments herself, and to devote the proceeds to necessities alone, as he had wasted them in drink and gaming. When she acted upon this resolution, he behaved like a madman. Fearful quarrels ensued. He blamed her for defeating his plans, she upbraided him for alluring her to London. Recriminations and threats filled the hours when he was with her; loneliness and despondency occupied the periods of his absence. Finally, while she slept, he robbed her of money she had got upon a bracelet; then of some of the jewelry itself. She dared no longer sleep soundly, lest he might take away her last means of subsistence. She was in daily and nightly terror of him.

She made up her mind, at last, to flee to some other part of the town, and hide from him; that her few resources left might be devoted to herself alone, and thus postpone the day of destruction to the furthest possible time. After her last jewel, she might dispose of her dresses. It was on a moonlight night in spring that she came to this determination; and, as Ned had gone out in a mood apparently presaging a long absence, she set about packing her clothes into her trunks, so as to take them with her when she left by hackney-coach at early daylight to seek new lodgings.

Suddenly she heard the door below slam with a familiar violence, and a well-known heavy tread ascend the stairs. There was no time to conceal what she was at, ere Ned flung open the door, and stumbled in. He stared in amazement at her trunks and dresses.

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“What’s this?” he cried. “Why is all this trash lying around? Why, damme, you’re packing your trunks!”

She had passed the mood for dissembling. “Well,” she retorted, “I may pack my trunks if I please. They’re my trunks, and my things in ’em.”

“What! You thankless hussy, were you going to run away?”

“’Tis no concern of yours, what I was going to do!”

“Oh, isn’t it? We’ll see about that! Begad, ’tis lucky I came back! So you were going to desert me, eh? Well, I’m damned if there was ever such ingratitude! After all I’ve done and suffered!”

[Illustration: “HE FINALLY DREW BACK TO GIVE HER A MORE EFFECTUAL BLOW.”]

She gave a derisive laugh, and defiantly resumed her packing.

“What! you’re rebellious, are you?” quoth he. “But you’ll not get away from me so easy, my lady. Not with those clothes, at least; for yourself, it doesn’t much matter. I’ll just put those things back into the press, and after this I’ll carry the key. But your rings and necklace—I’ll take charge of them first.”

He stepped forward to lay hands upon the ornaments, which, for their greater security from him, she now wore upon her person at all times. She sprang away, ready to defend them by every possible means, and warning him not to touch her. Her flashing eyes and fiery mien checked him for a moment; then, with a curse, he seized her by the neck and essayed to undo the necklace. Thereupon she screamed loudly for help. To intimidate her into silence, he struck her in the face. At that she began to struggle and hit, so that he was hard put to it to retain hold of her and to save his face from her hands. Enraged by her efforts, he finally drew back to give her a more effectual blow; which he succeeded in doing, but at the cost of relaxing his grasp, so that she slipped from him and escaped by the door. She hastened down the stairs and into the street, he in wrathful pursuit. She fled toward the Strand.

At the corner of that thoroughfare, she ran into a trio of gentlemen who just at the moment reached the junction of the two streets.

“The deuce!” cried one of the three, flinging his arms around her. “What have we here? Beauty in distress?”

“Let me go!” she cried. “Don’t let *him* take me.”

“Him!” echoed the gentleman, releasing her. He was a distinguished-looking fellow of twenty-eight or so, with a winning face and very fine eyes. “Oh, I see. The villain in pursuit!”

“Egad, that makes you the hero to the rescue, Dick,” said one of the young gentleman’s companions.

“Faith, I’ll play the part, too,” replied Dick. “Fear not, madam.”

“Thank you, sir, for stopping her,” said Ned, coming up, panting.

“Pray, don’t waste your thanks. What shall I do to the rascal, madam?”

“I don’t care,” she answered. “Don’t let him have me.”

“None of that, sir,” spoke up Ned. “She’s a runaway, and I’m her natural protector.”

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“Her husband?” inquired Dick.

“No—”

“I congratulate you, madam.”

“I’m her brother,” said Ned.

“And condole with you in the same breath,” finished Dick, to Margaret. “You’re a lady, I see. Pardon my familiarity at first. Sure you needn’t fear me—I have a wife as beautiful as yourself. As for this relation of yours—”

“He tried to rob me of my necklace and rings. We lodge yonder, where the light is in the window. He found me packing my trunks to leave him—”

“And leave him you shall. Shall she not, gentlemen?”

His two companions warmly assented. Ned savagely measured them with his eyes, but did not dare a trial of prowess against three. Moreover, their courtly address and easy manners disconcerted him.

“Oh, I sha’n’t harm her,” he grumbled. “’Twas but a tiff. Let her come back home; ’twill be all well.”

But Madge was not for resigning herself a moment to his mercy. She briefly explained her situation and her wishes. The upshot of all was, that the young gentleman called Dick turned to his friends and said:

“What say you, gentlemen? Our friends at Brooks’s can wait, I think. Shall we protect this lady while she packs her trunks, find lodgings for her this very night, and see her installed in them?”

“Ay, and see that this gentle brother does not follow or learn where she goes,” answered one.

“Bravo!” cried the other. “’Twill be like an incident in a comedy, Dick.”

“Rather like a page of Smollett,” replied Dick. “With your permission, madam, we’ll accompany you to your lodgings.”

They sat around the fireplace, with their backs to her, and talked with easy gaiety, while she packed her possessions; Ned having first followed them in, and then fled to appease his mind at an ale-house. Finally Dick and one of the gentlemen closed her trunks for her, while the other went for a coach; wherein all three accompanied her to

the house of a wigmaker known to Dick, in High Holborn; where they roused the inmates, made close terms, and left her installed in a decent room with her belongings.

As they took their leave, after an almost tearful burst of thanks on her part, Dick said:

“From some of your expressions, madam, I gather that your resources are limited—-resources of one kind, I mean. But in your appearance, your air, and your voice, you possess resources, which if ever you feel disposed to use, I beg you will let me know. Pray don’t misunderstand me; the world knows how much I am in love with my wife."[9]

When he had gone, leaving her puzzled and astonished, she turned to the wigmaker’s wife, who was putting the room to rights, and asked:

“Pray what is that last gentleman’s name?”

“Wot, ma’am! Can it be you don’t know *’im?*”

“He forgot to tell me.”

“Sure ’e thought as you must know already. Everybody in London knows the great Mr. Sheridan.”

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“What! Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist?”

“And manager of Drury Lane Theaytre. Didn’t you ’ear ’im hoffer to put you on the stage, w’en ’e spoke about your looks and voice?”

Madge turned to the mirror; and saw, for the—first time in weeks, a sudden light of hope, a sense of triumphs yet in her power, dawn upon her face.

CHAPTER XVII.

I Hear Again from Winwood.

Meanwhile we passed through a time of deep sorrow at the Faringfield house and ours. The effect of Tom’s untimely fate, coming upon Margaret’s departure and the disclosures regarding her and Ned, was marked in Mr. Faringfield by a haggardness of countenance, an averted glance, a look of age, pitiful to see. His lady considered herself crushed by affliction, as one upon whom grief had done its worst; and she resigned herself to the role of martyr in the comfortably miserable way that some people do, without losing her appreciation of the small consolations of life, such as morning chocolate, afternoon tea, and neighbourly conversation upon the subject of her woes. Poor Fanny bore up for the sake of cheering her parents, but her face, for a long time, was rarely without the traces of tears shed in solitude. Of that household of handsome, merry children, whose playful shouts had once filled the mansion and garden with life, she was now the only one left. I sighed to think that my chances of taking her away from that house were now reduced to the infinitesimal. Her parents, who had brought into the world so promising a family, to find themselves now so nearly alone, must not be left entirely so: such would be her answer to any pleas I might in my selfishness offer.

What a transformation had been wrought in that once cheerful household! How many lives were darkened!—Mr. Faringfield’s, his wife’s, Fanny’s, Philip’s (when he should know), Madge’s (sooner or later), the sympathetic Cornelius’s, my mother’s, my own. And what a promising, manly, gentle life had been cut short in its earliest bloom! I knew that Tom’s life alone had been worth a score of lives like Captain Falconer’s. And the cause of all this, though Margaret was much to blame, was the idle resolve of a frivolous lady-killer to add one more conquest to his list, in the person of a woman for whom he did not entertain more than the most superficial feelings. What a sacrifice had been made for the transient gratification of a stranger’s vanity! What bitter consequences, heartrending separations, had come upon all of us who had lived so close together so many pleasant years, through the careless self-amusement of a chance interloper whose very name we had not known six months before!

And now, the pleasure-seeker's brief pastime in that quarter being ended, the lasting sorrows of his victims having begun; his own career apparently not altered from its current, their lives diverted rudely into dark channels and one of them stopped short for ever: was the matter to rest so?

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You may easily guess what my answer was to this question. When I pondered on the situation, I no longer found Captain Falconer a hard man to hate. The very lightness of his purpose, contrasted with the heaviness of its consequences, aggravated his crime. To risk so much upon other people, to gain so little for himself, was the more heinous sin than its converse would have been. That he might not have foreseen the evil consequences made possible, was no palliation: he ought to have examined the situation; or indeed he ought to have heeded what he must have known, that little offences may always entail dire evils. Measured by their possibility to work havoc with lives, there are no *small* sins. The man who enters carelessly upon a trivial deviation is therefore as much to be held responsible as he that walks deliberately into the blackest crime. Not to know this, is not to have studied life; and not to have studied life is, in a person of mature years, a mighty sin of omission, because of the great evils that may arise from ignorance. But Captain Falconer must have known life, must have seen the hazards of his course. Therefore he was responsible in any view; and therefore I would do my utmost toward exacting payment from him. Plainly, in Philip's absence, the right fell to me, as his friend and Tom's—nay, too, as the provisionally accepted husband of Mr. Faringfield's second daughter.

But before I got an opportunity to make a quarrel with Falconer (who had moved his quarters from the Faringfield house, wherein he had not slept or eaten since the night of Margaret's leaving it, though he had spent some time in his rooms there on the ensuing day) I had a curious interview with Mr. Faringfield.

While in the town one day, I had stopped as usual to see my mother. Just as I was about to remount my horse, Mr. Faringfield appeared at his garden gate. Beckoning me to him, he led the way into the garden, and did not stop until we were behind a fir-tree, where we could not be seen from the house.

"Tell me the truth," said he abruptly, his eyes fixed piercingly upon mine, "how Tom met his death."

After a moment's confusion, I answered:

"I can add nothing to what has been told you, sir."

He looked at me awhile in silence; then said, with a sorrowful frown:

"I make no doubt you are tongue-tied by a compact. But you need not fear me. The British authorities are not to be moved by any complaint of mine. My object is not to procure satisfaction for my son's death. I merely wish to know whether he took it upon himself to revenge our calamities; and whether that was not the true cause of his death."

“Why, sir,” I said awkwardly, as he still held me in a searching gaze that seemed to make speech imperative, “how should you think that?”

“From several things. In the first place, I know Tom was a lad of mettle. The account of the supposed attack that night, has it that Falconer was in your party; he was one of those who returned with you. What would Tom have been doing in Falconer’s society, when not under orders, after what had occurred? Other people, who know nothing of that occurrence, would see nothing strange in their being together. But I would swear the boy was not so lost to honourable feeling as to have been Falconer’s companion after what had taken place here.”

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“’Twas no loss of honourable feeling that made him Falconer’s companion!” said I, impulsively.

“Then,” cried he, quickly, with eagerness in his voice, “’twas to fight Falconer?”

“I didn’t say that.”

“Thank God, then, if he had to die, ’twas not as that man’s friend, but his antagonist! My poor, brave Tom! My noble boy! Oh, would I had known him better while he lived!”

“He was all that is chivalrous and true, sir.”

“I wanted only this assurance. I felt it in my heart. Don’t fear my betraying you; I understand how these affairs have to be managed at such times. Alas, if I had but known in time to prevent! Well, well, ’tis too late now. But there is one person I must confide this to—Philip.”

“But I haven’t told you anything, sir.”

“Quite true; and therefore what I shall confide to Philip will not be of your telling. He will be silent, too. We shall make no disclosures. Falconer shall receive his punishment in another manner.”

“He shall, sir,” said I, with a positiveness which, in his feeling of sorrow, and yet relief, to know that Tom had died as champion of the family honour, escaped his notice. I thereupon took my leave.

As I afterward came to know, he sent Philip an account of the whole lamentable affair, from Ned’s reappearance to Tom’s death; it was written in a cipher agreed upon between the two, and ’twas carried by Bill Meadows. Mr. Faringfield deemed it better that Philip should know the whole truth from his relation, than learn of Madge’s departure, and Tom’s fate, from other accounts, which must soon reach his ears in any case.

I know not exactly how many days later it was, that, having a free evening in the town, I went to the Faringfield house in hope of bearing some cheer with me. But ’twas in vain. Mrs. Faringfield was keeping her chamber, and requiring Fanny’s attendance. Mr. Faringfield sat in a painful reverie, before the parlour fire; scarce looked up when I entered; and seemed to find the lively spirits I brought in from the cold outer world, a jarring note upon his mood. He had not ordered candles: the firelight was more congenial to his meditations. Mr. Cornelius sat in a dark corner of the room, lending his silent sympathy, and perhaps a fitting word now and then, to the merchant’s reflections.

Old Noah, the only servant I saw, reflected in his black face the sorrow that had fallen on the home, and stepped with the tread of a ghost. I soon took my leave, having so far

failed to carry any brightness into the stricken house, that I came away filled with a sadness akin to its own. I walked forward aimlessly through the wintry dusk, thinking life all sorrow, the world all gloom.

Suddenly the sound of laughter struck my ears. Could there indeed be mirth anywhere—nay, so near at hand—while such woe dwelt in the house I had left? The merriment seemed a violence, a sacrilege, an insult. I looked angrily at the place whence the noise proceeded. 'Twas from the parlour of the King's Arms tavern—for, in my doleful ponderings, my feet had carried me, scarce consciously, so far from Queen Street. I peered in through the lighted window. A number of officers were drinking, after dinner, at a large table, and 'twas the noise of their boisterous gaiety that my unhappy feelings had so swiftly resented.

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While the merry fellows dipped their punch from the great bowl steaming in the centre of the table, and laughed uproariously at the story one was telling, I beheld in sharp contrast this jocund scene and the sad one I had so recently looked upon. And, coming to observe particulars, I suddenly noticed that the cause of all this laughter, himself smiling in appreciation of his own story as he told it, his face the picture of well-bred light-hearted mirth, was Captain Falconer. And he was the cause of the other scene, the sorrow that abode in the house I loved! The thought turned me to fire. I uttered a curse, and strode into the tavern; rudely flung open the parlour door, and stood in the presence of the laughing officers.

Falconer himself was the first to recognise me, though all had turned to see who made so violent an entrance.

“Why, Russell,” cried he, showing not a whit of ill-humour at the interruption to his story, “this is a pleasure, by George! I haven’t seen you in weeks. Find a place, and dive into the punch. Ensign Russell, gentlemen—if any of you haven’t the honour already—and my very good friend, too!”

“Ensign Russell,” I assented, “but not your friend, Captain Falconer. I desire no friends of your breed; and I came in here for the purpose of telling you so, damn you!”

Falconer’s companions were amazed, of course; and some of them looked resentful and outraged, on his behalf. But the captain himself, with very little show of astonishment, continued his friendly smile to me.

“Well acted, Russell,” said he, in a tone so pleasant I had to tighten my grip upon my resolution. “On my conscience, anybody who didn’t know us would never see your joke.”

“Nor would anybody who did know us,” I retorted. “If an affront before all this company, purposely offered, be a joke, then laugh at this one. But a man of spirit would take it otherwise.”

“Sure the fellow means to insult you, Jack,” said one of the officers to Falconer.

“Thank you,” said I to the officer.

“Why, Bert,” said the captain, quickly, “you must be under some delusion. Have you been drinking too much?”

“Not a drop,” I replied. “I needn’t be drunk, to know a scoundrel. Come, sir, will you soon take offence? How far must I go?”

“By all that’s holy, Jack,” cried one of his friends, “if you don’t knock him down, I shall!”

“Ay, he ought to have his throat slit!” called out another.

“Nay, nay!” said Falconer, stopping with a gesture a general rising from the table. “There is some mistake here. I will talk with the gentleman alone. After you, sir.” And, having approached me, he waited with great civility, for me to precede him out of the door. I accepted promptly, being in no mood to waste time in a contest of politeness.

“Now, lad, what in the name of heaven—” he began, in the most gentle, indulgent manner, as we stood alone in the passage.

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“For God’s sake,” I blurted irritably, “be like your countrymen in there: be sneering, resentful, supercilious! Don’t be so cursed amiable—don’t make it so hard for me to do this!”

“I supercilious! And to thee, lad!” he replied, with a reproachful smile.

“Show your inward self, then. I know how selfish you are, how unscrupulous! You like people for their good company, and their admiration of you, their attachment to you. But you would trample over any one, without a qualm, to get at your own pleasure or enrichment, or to gratify your vanity.”

He meditated for a moment upon my words. Then he said, good-naturedly:

“Why, you hit me off to perfection, I think. And yet, my liking for some people is real, too. I would do much for those I like—if it cost not too many pains, and required no sacrifice of pleasure. For you, indeed, I would do a great deal, upon my honour!”

“Then do this,” quoth I, fighting against the ingratiating charm he exercised. “Grant me a meeting—swords or pistols, I don’t care which—and the sooner the better.”

“But why? At least I may know the cause.”

“The blight you have brought on those I love—but that’s a cause must be kept secret between us.”

“Must I fight twice on the same score, then?”

“Why not? You fared well enough the first time. Tom fought on his family’s behalf. I fight on behalf of my friend—Captain Winwood. Besides, haven’t I given you cause to-night, before your friends in there? If I was in the wrong there, so much the greater my offence. Come—will you take up the quarrel as it is? Or must I give new provocation?”

He sighed like a man who finds himself drawn into a business he would have considerately avoided.

“Well, well,” said he, “I can refuse you nothing. We can manage the affair as we did the other, I fancy. It must be a secret, of course—even from my friends in there. I shall tell them we have settled our difference, and let them imagine what they please to. I’ll send some one to you—that arrangement will give you the choice of weapons.”

“’Tis indifferent to me.”

“To me also. But I prefer you should have that privilege. I entreat you will choose the weapons you are best at.”

“Thank you. I shall expect to hear from you, then. Good-night!”

“Good-night! ’Tis a foggy evening. I wish you might come in and warm yourself with a glass before you go; but of course—well, good-night!”

I went out into the damp darkness, thanking heaven the matter was settled beyond undoing; and marvelling that exceptional, favoured people should exist, who, thanks to some happy combination of superficial graces, remain irresistibly likable despite all exposure of the selfish vices they possess at heart.

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But if my prospective opponent was one who could not be faced antagonistically without a severe effort, the second whom he chose was one against whose side I could fight with the utmost readiness, thanks to the irritating power he possessed upon me. He was Lieutenant Chubb, whom I had worsted in the affair to which I have alluded earlier, which grew out of his assumption of superiority to us who were of American birth. I had subjected this cock to such deference in my presence, that he now rejoiced at what promised to be my defeat, and his revenge by proxy, so great reliance he placed upon Captain Falconer's skill with either sword or pistol. I chose the latter weapon, however, without much perturbation, inwardly resolved that the gloating Chubb should so far fail of his triumph, as to suffer a second humiliation in the defeat of his principal. For my own second, Lieutenant Berrian, of our brigade, did me the honour to go out with me. A young New York surgeon, Doctor Williams, obliged us by assuming the risk which it would have been too much to ask Doctor McLaughlin to undertake a second time. At my desire, the place and hour set were those at which Tom Faringfield had met his death. I felt that the memory of his dying face would be strongest, there and then, to make my arm and sight quick and sure.

A thaw had carried away much of the snow, and hence we had it not as light as it had been for Tom's duel; although the moon made our outlines and features perfectly distinct as we assembled in the hollow, and it would make our pistol-barrels shine brightly enough when the time came, as I ascertained by taking aim at an imaginary mark.

Falconer and I stood each alone, while the seconds stepped off the paces and the surgeon lighted a small lantern which might enable him to throw, upon a possible wound, rays more to the purpose than the moon afforded. I was less agitated, I think, than the doctor himself, who was new to such an affair. I kept my mind upon the change wrought in the Faringfield household, upon the fate of Tom, upon what I imagined would be Philip's feelings; and I had a thought, too, for the disappointment of my old enemy Chubb if I could cap the firing signal with a shot the fraction of a second before my antagonist could. We were to stand with our backs toward each other, at the full distance, and, upon the word, might turn and fire as soon as possible. To be the first in wheeling round upon a heel, and covering the foe, was my one concern, and, as I took my place, I dismissed all else from my mind, to devote my entire self, bodily and mental, to that one series of movements: all else but one single impression, and that was of malicious exultation upon the face of Chubb.

"You'll smile on t'other side of your face in a minute," thought I, pressing my teeth together.

I was giving my hand its final adjustment to the pistol, when suddenly a man dashed out of the covert at one side of the hollow, and ran toward us, calling out in a gruff voice:

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“Hold on a minute. Here’s su’thin’ fur you, Ensign Russell.”

We had all turned at the first sound of the man’s tread, fearing we had been spied upon and discovered. But I now knew there was no danger of that kind, for the voice belonged to old Bill Meadows.

“What do you mean?” I asked sharply, annoyed at the interruption.

“Nothin’. Read this here. I’ve follered yuh all evenin’, thinkin’ to ketch yuh alone. I gev my word to get it to yuh, fust thing; an’ fur my own sake, I tried to do it unbeknownst. But now I must do it anyhow I ken. So take it, an’ my compliments, an’ I trust yuh to keep mum an’ ask no questions, an’ furget ’twas me brung it. And I’ll keep a shet mouth about these here goings on. Only read it now, fur God’s sake.”

He had handed me a sealed letter. My curiosity being much excited, I turned to Falconer, and said:

“Will you grant me permission? ’Twill take but a moment.”

“Certainly,” said he.

“Ay,” added Chubb, against all the etiquette of the situation, “it can be allowed, as you’re not like to read any more letters.”

I tore it open, disdaining to reply in words to a gratuitous taunt I could soon answer by deed. The doctor having handed me his lantern, I held it in one hand, the letter in the other. The writing was that of Philip Winwood, and the letter read as follows:

“DEAR BERT:—I have learned what sad things have befallen. You will easily guess my informant; but I know you will not use your knowledge of my communication therewith, to the detriment thereof. And I am sure that, since I ask it, you will not betray (or, by any act or disclosure, imperil or hamper) the messenger who brings this at risk of his life; for the matter is a private one.“Pondering upon all that has occurred, I am put in a fear of your forgetting whose right it is to avenge it, and of your taking that duty to yourself, which belongs by every consideration to me. This is to beg, therefore, that you will not forestall me; that while I live you will leave this matter to me, at whatsoever cost though it be to your pride and your impatience. Dear Bert, I enjoin you, do not usurp my prerogative. By all the ties between us, past and to come, I demand this of you. *The man is mine to kill*. Let him wait my time, and I shall be the more, what I long have been, Ever thine,

“PHILIP.”

I thought over it for a full minute. He asked of me a grievous disappointment; nay, something of a humiliation, too, so highly had I carried myself, so triumphant had my enemy Chubb become in anticipation, so derisive would he be in case of my withdrawal.

If I receded, Chubb would have ground to think the message a device to get me out of a peril at the last moment, after I had pretended to face it so intrepidly thereunto. For I could not say what my letter contained, or who it was from, without betraying Meadows and perhaps Mr. Faringfield, which both Philip's injunction and my own will prohibited my doing. Thus, I hesitated awhile before yielding to Philip what he claimed so rightly as his own. But I am glad I had the courage to face Chubb's probable suspicions and possible contempt.

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“Gentlemen,” said I, folding up the letter for concealment and preservation, “I am very sorry to have brought you out here for nothing. I must make some other kind of reparation to you, Captain Falconer. I can’t fight you.”

There was a moment’s pause; during which Lieutenant Chubb looked from me to his principal, with a mirthful grin, as much as to say I was a proven coward after all my swagger. But the captain merely replied:

“Oh, let the matter rest as it is, then. I’m sorry I had to disappoint a lady, to come out here on a fool’s errand, that’s all.”

He made that speech with intention, I’m sure, by way of revenge upon me, though doubtless ’twas true enough; for he must have known how it would sting a man who thought kindly of Madge Faringfield. It was the first cutting thing I had ever heard him say; it showed that he was no longer unwilling to antagonise me; it proved that he, too, could throw off the gentleman when he chose: and it made him no longer difficult for me to hate.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Philip Comes at Last to London.

A human life will drone along uneventfully for years with scarce a perceptible progress, retrogression, or change; and then suddenly, with a few leaps, will cover more of alteration and event in a week than it has passed through in a decade. So will the critical occurrences of a day fill chapters, after those of a year have failed to yield more material than will eke out a paragraph. Experience proceeds by fits and starts. Only in fiction does a career run in an unbroken line of adventures or memorable incidents.

The personal life of Philip Winwood, as distinguished from his military career, which had no difference from that of other commanders of rebel partisan horse, and which needs no record at my hands, was marked by no conspicuous event from the night when he learned and defeated Madge’s plot, to the end of the war. The news of her departure, and of Tom’s death, came to him with a fresh shock, it is true, but they only settled him deeper in the groove of sorrow, and in the resolution to pay full retribution where it was due.

He had no pusillanimous notion of the unworthiness of revenge. He believed retaliation, when complete and inflicted without cost or injury to the giver, to be a most logical and fitting thing. But he knew that revenge is a two-edged weapon, and that it must be wielded carefully, so as not to cause self-damage. He required, too, that it should be wielded in open and honourable manner; and in that manner he was resolved to use it

upon Captain Falconer. As for Madge, I believe he forgave her from the first, holding her “more in sorrow than in anger,” and pitying rather than reproaching.

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Well, he served throughout the war, keeping his sorrow to himself, being known always for a quietly cheerful mien, giving and taking hard blows, and always yielding way to others in the pressure for promotion. Such was the state of affairs in the rebel army, that his willingness to defer his claims for advancement, when there were restless and ambitious spirits to be conciliated and so kept in the service, was availed of for the sake of expediency. But he went not without appreciation. On one occasion, when a discontented but useful Pennsylvanian was pacified with a colonelcy, General Washington remarked to Light Horse Harry Lee: "And yet you are but a major, and Winwood remains a captain; but let me tell you, there is less honour in the titles of general and colonel, as borne by many, than there is in the mere names of Major Lee and Captain Winwood."

When Lee's troop was sent to participate in the Southern campaign, Philip's accompanied it, and he had hard campaigning under Greene, which continued against our Southernmost forces until long after the time of the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis's army at Yorktown, to the combined rebel and French armies under Washington. It happened that our battalion, wherein I was promoted to a lieutenantcy shortly after my abortive meeting with Captain Falconer near Kingsbridge, went South by sea for the fighting there, being the only one of De Lancey's battalions that left the vicinity of New York. We had bloody work enough then to balance our idleness in the years we had covered outposts above New York, and 'twas but a small fraction of our number that came home alive at last. I never met Philip while we were both in the South, nor saw him till the war was over.

Shiploads of our New York loyalists left, after Cornwallis's defeat at Yorktown showed what the end was to be; some of them going to England but many of them sailing to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, there to begin afresh the toiling with the wilderness, and to build up new English colonies in North America. Others contrived to make their way by land to Canada, which thereby owes its English population mainly to those who fled from the independent states rather than give up their loyalty to the mother country. The government set up by the victorious rebels had taken away the lands and homes of the loyalists, by acts of attainder, and any who remained in the country did so at the risk of life or liberty. What a time of sad leave-taking it was!—families going forth poor to a strange land, who had lived rich in that of their birth—what losses, what wrenches, what heart-rendings! And how little compensation England could give them, notwithstanding all their claims and petitions! Well, they would deserve little credit for their loyalty if they had followed it without willingness to lose for it.

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But my mother and I had possessed nothing to lose in America but our house and ground, our money being in the English funds. Fortunately, and thanks to our insignificance, we had been overlooked in the first act of attainder, and, taking warning by that, my mother had gratefully accepted Mr. Faringfield's offer to buy our home, for which we had thereafter paid him rent. Thus we had nothing to confiscate, when the war was over. As for Mr. Faringfield, he was on the triumphant side of Independence, which he had supported with secret contributions from the first; of course he was not to be held accountable for the treason of his eldest son, and the open service of poor Tom on the king's side.

My mother feared dreadful things when the victorious rebels should take possession—-imprisonment, trial for treason, and similar horrors; and she was for sailing to England with the British army. But I flatly refused to go, pretending I was no such coward, and that I would leave when I was quite ready. I was selfish in this, of course; but I could not bring myself to go so far from Fanny. Our union was still as uncertain a possibility as ever. Only one thing was sure: she would not leave her parents at present.

The close of the war did not bring Philip back to us at once. On that day when, the last of the British vessels having gone down the bay, with the last British soldier aboard, the strangely empty-looking town took on a holiday humour, and General Washington rode in by the Bowery lane, with a number of his officers, and a few war-worn troops to make up a kind of procession of entry, and the stars and stripes were run up at the Battery—-on that day of sadness, humiliation, and apprehension to those of us loyalists who had dared stay, I would have felt like cheering with the crowd, had Philip been one of those who entered. But he was still in the South, recovering from a bullet wound in his shoulder.

My mother and I were thereafter the recipients of ominous looks, and some uncomfortable hints and jeers, and our life was made constantly unpleasant thereby. The sneers cast by one Major Wheeler upon us loyalists, and upon our reasons for standing by the king, got me into a duel with him at Weehawken, wherein I gave him the only wound he ever received through his attachment to the cause of Independence. Another such affair, which I had a short time afterward, near the Bowery lane, and in which I shot a Captain Appleby's ear off, was attributed by my mother to the same cause; but the real reason was that the fellow had uttered an atrocious slander of Philip Winwood in connection with the departure of Phil's wife. This was but one of the many lies, on both sides of the ocean, that moved me at last to attempt a true account of my friend's domestic trouble.

My mother foresaw my continual engagement in such affairs if we remained in a place where we were subject to constant offence, and declared she would become distracted unless we removed ourselves. I resisted until she vowed she would go alone, if I drove her to that. And then I yielded, with a heart enveloped in a dark mist as to the outcome.

Well, I thought with a sigh, I can always write to Fanny, and some day I shall come back for her.

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It was now Summer. One evening, I sat upon our front step, in a kind of torpid state of mind through my refusal to contemplate the dismal future. My eye turned listlessly down the street. The only moving figure in it was that of a slender man approaching on the further side of the way. He carried two valises, one with each hand, and leaned a little forward as he strode, as if weary. Instantly I thought of years ago, and another figure coming up that street, with both hands laden, and walking in a manner of fatigue. I rose, gazed with a fast-beating heart at the man coming nearer at every step, stifled a cry that turned into a sob, and ran across the street. He saw me, stopped, set down his burdens, and waited for me, with a tired, kind smile. I could not speak aloud, but threw my arms around him, and buried my clouded eyes upon his shoulder, whispering: "Phil! 'Tis you!"

"Ay," said he, "back at last. I thought I'd walk up from the boat just as I did that first day I came to New York."

"And just as then," said I, having raised my face and released him, "I was on the step yonder, and saw you coming, and noticed that you carried baggage in each hand, and that you walked as if you were tired."

"I am tired," said he, "but I walk as my wounds let me."

"But there's no cat this time," said I, attempting a smile.

"No, there's no cat," he replied. "And no—"

His eye turned toward the Faringfield garden gate, and he broke off with the question: "How are they? and your mother?"

I told him what I could, as I picked up one of his valises and accompanied him across the street, thinking how I had done a similar office on the former occasion, and of the pretty girl that had made the scene so bright to both him and me. Alas, there was no pretty girl standing at the gate, beside her proud and stately parents, and her open-eyed little brother, to receive us. I remembered how Ned and Fanny had come upon the scene, so that for a moment the whole family had stood together at the gateway.

"'Tis changed, isn't it?" said Philip, quietly, reading my thoughts as we passed down the garden walk, upon which way of entrance we had tacitly agreed in preference to the front door. "I can see the big dog walking ahead of me, and hear the kitten purring in the basket, and feel little Tom's soft hand, and see at the other side of me—well, 'tis the way of the world, Bert!"

He had the same boyish look; notwithstanding his face was longer and more careworn, and his hair was a little sprinkled with gray though he was but thirty-one.

I left him on the rear veranda, when old Noah had opened the hall door and shouted a hysterical “Lor’ bress me!—it’s Massa Phil!” after a moment’s blinking inspection to make sure. From the cheered look on Mr. Faringfield’s face that evening, and the revived lustre in Mrs. Faringfield’s eyes, I could guess what welcome Philip had received from the stricken pair.

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I told him the next day, in our garden, how matters stood with Fanny and me, and that Captain Falconer had sailed for England with the royal army.

“I don’t think Mr. Faringfield will hold out for ever,” said Philip, alluding to my hopes of Fanny. “’Faith, he ought to welcome the certainty of happiness for at least one of his children. Maybe I can put the matter to him in that light.”

“But Fanny herself will not leave, as long as she thinks they need her.”

“Why, then, he must use his parental authority, and bid her come to you. He’s not the man who would have his child wait upon his death for happiness. We must use the hope of grandchildren as a means of argument. For you’ll come back to America at last, no doubt, when old hurts are forgot. And if you can come with a houseful of youngsters—egad, I shall paint a picture to his mind, will not let him rest till he sees it in way of accomplishment! Go to England without fear, man; and trust me to bring things to pass before you’ve been long away.”

“But you? Surely—”

“Oh, I shall follow you soon. I have matters of my own to look to, over there.”

He did not confide to me, at this time, his thoughts and intentions regarding his wife (of whom we were then ignorant whether she was dead or alive, but supposed she must be somewhere in London), or regarding Captain Falconer; but I knew that it was to her future, and to his settlement with Falconer, that he alluded. I guessed then, and ascertained subsequently, that Phil gave Fanny also encouragement to believe all should come right between her and me, and yet not to the further sorrow of her parents. I divined it at the time, from the hopeful manner in which she supported our departure, both in the busy days preceding it, and in the hour of leave-taking. True, she broke down on the ship, whither Philip and Cornelius had brought her to bid us farewell; and she wept bitter tears on my mother’s breast, which I knew were meant chiefly for me. But at last she presented a brave face for me to kiss, though ’twas rather a cold, limp hand I pressed as she started down the ladder for the boat where Cornelius awaited.

“Good-bye, lad,” said Phil, with the old smile, which had survived all his toils and hurts and sorrows; “I shall see you in London next, I hope. And trust me—about Fanny.”

“Thank you, dear Phil, and God bless you! Always working for other people’s happiness, when your own—well, good-bye!”

He had made no request as to my course in the possibility of my meeting Madge in London; but he knew that *I* knew what he would wish, and I was glad he had not thought necessary to tell me.

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Philip and Cornelius rowed the boat back, Fanny waving her handkerchief. We saw them land, and stand upon the wharf to watch our ship weigh anchor. My mother would wave her handkerchief a moment, and then apply it to her eyes, and then give it another little toss, and then her eyes another touch. I stood beside her, leaning upon the gunwale, with a lump in my throat. Suddenly I realised we were under way. We continued to exchange farewell motions with the three upon the wharf. How small Fanny looked! how slender was Philip! how the water widened every instant between us and them! how long a time must pass ere we should see them again! A kind of sudden consternation was upon my mother's face, and in my heart, at the thought. 'Twas a foretaste—indeed it might prove the actuality—of eternal separation. Our three friends were at last hidden from our sight, and in the despondency of that moment I thought what fools men are, to travel about the world, and not cling all their days to the people, and the places, that they love.

* * * * *

We lodged at first in Surrey Street, upon our arrival in London; but when October came, and we had a preliminary taste of dirty fog, my mother vowed she couldn't endure the damp climate and thick sky of the town; and so we moved out to Hampstead, where we furnished a small cottage, and contrived with economy to live upon the income of our invested principal, which was now swelled by money we had received from Mr. Faringfield for our home in New York. The proceeds of the sale of our furniture there had paid our passage, and given us a start in our new abode. Meanwhile, as an American loyalist who had suffered by the war, and as a former servant of the king; though I had no claim for a money indemnity, such as were presented on behalf of many; I was lucky enough, through Mr. De Lancey's offices, to obtain a small clerkship in the custom-house. And so we lived uneventfully, in hope of the day when Phil should come to us, and of that when I might go and bring back Fanny.

The letters from Philip and Fanny informed us merely of the continued health, and the revived cheerfulness, of Mr. and Mrs. Faringfield; and presently of the good fortune of Mr. Cornelius in being chosen to fill two pulpits in small towns sufficiently near New York to permit his residence in Queen Street. Mr. Faringfield and Philip were occupied in setting the former's business upon its feet again, and something like the old routine had been resumed in the bereaved house. I knew that all this was due to Phil's imperceptible work. At last there came great news: Philip was to follow his letter to England, in the next Bristol vessel after the one that carried it. 'Twas but a brief note in which he told us this. "There is some news," wrote he, "but I will save it for word of mouth. Be prepared for a surprise that I shall bring."

With what expectation we awaited his coming, what conjectures we made regarding the promised surprise as we talked the news over every evening in the little parlour where we dined on my return from the city, I leave my reader to imagine. I had my secret notion that it concerned Fanny and me.

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At the earliest time when a ship might be expected to follow the one by which the letter came, I began to call every evening, ere starting for Hampstead, at the inn where the Bristol coaches arrived. Many a long wait I had in vain when a coach happened to be late. I grew so accustomed to the disappointment of seeing no familiar figure among the passengers alighting, that sometimes I felt as if Phil's letter were a delusion and he never would appear.

But one evening as I stared as usual with the crowd in the coach yard, and had watched three portly strangers already emerge from the open door to the steps, and was prepared for the accustomed sinking of my heart, what did that heart do but give a great bound so as almost to choke me! There he was in the doorway, the same old Phil, with the same kindly face. I rushed forward. Before I reached him, he had turned around toward the inside of the coach, as if he would help some one out after him. "Some decrepit fellow traveller," thought I, and looked up indifferently to see what sort of person it might be: and there, as I live, stepping out from the coach, and taking his offered hand, was Fanny!

I was at her other side before either of them knew it, holding up my hand likewise. They glanced at me in the same instant; and Phil's glad smile came as the accompaniment to Fanny's joyous little cry. I had an arm around each in a moment; and we created some proper indignation for a short space by blocking up the way from the stage-coach.

"Come!" I cried. "We'll take a hackney-coach! How happy mother will be!—But no, you must be hungry. Will you eat here first?—a cup of coffee? a glass of wine?"

But they insisted upon waiting till we got to Hampstead; and, scarce knowing what I was about, yet accomplishing wonders in my excitement, I had a coach ready, and their trunks and bags transferred, and all of us in the coach, before I stopped to breathe. And before I could breathe twice, it seemed, we were rolling over the stones Northward.

"Sure it's a dream!" said I. "To think of it! Fanny in London!"

"My father would have it so," said she, demurely.

"Ay," added Phil, "and she's forbidden to go back to New York till she takes you with her. 'Faith, man, am I not a prophet?"

"You're more than a prophet; you're a providence," I cried. "'Tis your doing!"

"Nonsense. 'Tis Mr. Faringfield's. And that implacable man, not content with forcing an uncongenial marriage upon this helpless damsel, requires that you immediately resign your high post in the king's service, and live upon the pittance he settles upon you as his daughter's husband."

"'Tis too generous. I can't accept."

“You must, Bert,” put in Fanny, “or else you can’t have me. ’Tis one of papa’s conditions.”

“But,” Phil went on, “in order that this unhappy child may become used to the horrible idea of this marriage by degrees, she is to live with your mother a few months while I carry you off on a trip for my benefit and pleasure: and that’s one of my conditions: for it wouldn’t do for you to go travelling about the country after you were married, leaving your wife at home, and Fanny abominates travelling. But as soon as you and I have seen a very little of this part of the world, you’re to be married and live happy ever after.”

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We had a memorable evening in our little parlour that night. 'Twas like being home again, my mother said—thereby admitting inferentially the homesickness she had refused to confess directly. The chief piece of personal news the visitors brought was that the Rev. Mr. Cornelius had taken a wife, and moved into our old house, which 'twas pleasant to know was in such friendly hands; and that the couple considered it their particular mission to enliven the hours of Mr. and Mrs. Faringfield, with whom they spent half their time.

Philip's first month in England was spent in exploring London, sometimes with me, sometimes alone, for 'tis needless to say in whose society I chose to pass much of my time. What sights he saw; what unlikely corners he sought out because some poet had been born, or died, or drunk wine there; what streets he roamed: I am sure I never could tell. I know that all the time he kept eyes alert for a certain face, ears keen for a certain name; but neither in the streets, nor at the shops, nor in the parks, nor at the play, did he catch a glimpse of Margaret; nor in the coffee-house, or tavern, or gaming-place, or in the region of the clubs, did he hear a chance mention of the name of Falconer. And so, presently, we set about making the tour he had spoken of.

There was a poor family of Long Island loyalists named Doughty, that had settled in the seacoast town of Hastings in Sussex, in order that they might follow the fisheries, which had been their means of livelihood at home. Considering that a short residence in the more mild and sunny climate of the Channel might be a pleasant change for my mother, and not disagreeable to Fanny, we arranged that, during the absence of Phil and me, we should close our cottage, and the ladies should board with these worthy though humble people, who would afford them all needful masculine protection. Having seen them comfortably established, we set forth upon our travels.

We visited the principal towns and historic places of England and Scotland, Philip having a particular interest in Northamptonshire, where his father's line sprang from (Sir Ralph Winwood having been a worthy of some eminence in the reigns of Elizabeth and James),[10] and in Edinburgh, the native place of his mother. Cathedrals, churches, universities, castles, tombs of great folk, battle-fields—'twould fill a book to describe all the things and places we saw; most of which Phil knew more about than the people did who dwelt by them. From England we crossed to France, spent a fortnight in Paris, went to Rheims, thence to Strasburg, thence to Frankfort; came down the Rhine, and passed through parts of Belgium and Holland before taking vessel at Amsterdam for London. "I must leave Italy, the other German states, and the rest till another time," said Philip. It seemed as if we had been gone years instead of months, when at last we were all home again in our cottage at Hampstead.

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After my marriage, though Mr. Faringfield's handsome settlement would have enabled Fanny and me to live far more pretentiously, we were content to remain in the Hampstead cottage. Fanny would not hear to our living under a separate roof from that of my mother, whose constant society she had come to regard as necessary to her happiness.

Philip now arranged to pursue the study of architecture in the office of a practitioner of that art; and he gave his leisure hours to the improving of his knowledge of London. He made acquaintances; passed much time in the Pall Mall taverns; and was able to pilot me about the town, and introduce me to many agreeable habitues of the coffee-houses, as if he were the elder resident of London, and I were the newcomer. And so we arrived at the Spring of 1786, and a momentous event.

CHAPTER XIX.

We Meet a Play-actress There.

It was Philip's custom, at this time, to attend first nights at the playhouses, as well from a love of the theatre as from the possibility that he might thus come upon Captain Falconer. He always desired my company, which I was the readier to grant for that I should recognise the captain in any assemblage, and could point him out to Phil, who had never seen him. We took my mother and Fanny excepting when they preferred to stay at home, which was the case on a certain evening in this Spring of 1786, when we went to Drury Lane to witness the reappearance of a Miss Warren who had been practising her art the previous three years in the provinces. This long absence from London had begun before my mother and I arrived there, and consequently Philip and I had that evening the pleasurable anticipation of seeing upon the stage a much-praised face that was quite new to us.

[Illustration: "IT WAS PHILIP'S CUSTOM, AT THIS TIME, TO ATTEND FIRST NIGHTS AT THE PLAYHOUSES."]

There was the usual noisy throng of coaches, chairs, people afoot, lackeys, chair-men, boys, and such, in front of the playhouse when we arrived, and though we scanned all faces on whom the light fell, we had our wonted disappointment regarding that of Captain Falconer. We made our way to the pit, and passed the time till the bell and the chorus "Hats off!" signalled the rising of the green curtain, in watching the chattering assemblage that was every moment swelled from the doors; but neither among the lace-ruffled bucks and macaronis who chaffed with the painted and powdered ladies in the boxes, nor among those dashing gentry who ogled the same towering-haired ladies from the benches around us in the pit, did I perceive the elegant and easy captain. We therefore fell back upon the pleasure to be expected from the play itself, and when the

curtain rose, I, for one, was resigned to the absence of him we had come partly in quest of.

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No sooner had Miss Warren come upon the stage, in her favourite part of Fanny in “The Clandestine Marriage,” revived for the occasion, than I knew her as Madge Faringfield. I bent forward, with staring eyes and gaping mouth; if I uttered any exclamation it was drowned in the sound of the hand-clapping that greeted her. While she curtseyed and pleasantly smiled, in response to this welcome, I turned abruptly to Phil, my eyes betokening my recognition. He nodded, without a word or any other movement, and continued to look at her, his face wearing a half-smiling expression of gentle gladness.

I knew, from my old acquaintance with him, that he was under so great emotion that he dared not speak. It was, indeed, a cessation of secret anxiety to him, a joy such as only a constant lover can understand, to know that she was alive, well, with means of livelihood, and beautiful as ever. Though she was now thirty-one, she looked, on the stage, not a day older than upon that sad night when he had thrown her from him, six years and more before—nay, than upon that day well-nigh eleven years before, when he had bade her farewell to go upon his first campaign. She was still as slender, still had the same girlish air and manner.

Till the curtain fell upon the act, we sat without audible remark, delighting our eyes with her looks, our ears with her voice, our hearts (and paining them at the same time) with the memories her every movement, every accent, called up.

“How shall we see her?” were Phil’s first words at the end of the act.

“We may be allowed to send our names, and see her in the greenroom,” said I. “Or perhaps you know somebody who can take us there without any preliminaries.”

“Nay,” returned Philip, after a moment’s thought, “there will be other people there. I shouldn’t like strangers to see—you understand. We shall wait till the play is over, and then go to the door where the players come out. ’Twill take her some time to dress for going home—we can’t miss her that way.”

I sympathised with his feelings against making their meeting a scene for the amusement of frivolous lookers-on, and we waited patiently enough. Neither of us could have told, when the play was over, what was the story it presented. Even Madge’s speeches we heard with less sense of their meaning than emotion at the sound of her voice. If this was the case with me, how much more so, as I could see by side-glances at his face, was it with Philip! Between the acts, we had little use for conversation. One of our thoughts, though neither uttered it, was that, despite the reputation that play-actresses generally bore, a woman *could* live virtuously by the profession, and in it, and that several women since the famous Mrs. Bracegirdle were allowed to have done so. ’Twas only necessary to look at our Madge, to turn the possibility in her case into certainty.

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When at last the play was ended, we forced our way through the departing crowd so as to arrive almost with the first upon the scene of waiting footmen, shouting drivers, turbulent chair-men, clamorous boys with dim lanterns or flaming torches, and such attendants upon the nightly emptying of a playhouse. Through this crush we fought our way, hastened around into a darker street, comparatively quiet and deserted, and found a door with a feeble lamp over it, which, as a surly old fellow within told us, served as stage entrance to the theatre. We crossed the dirty street, and took up our station in the shadow opposite the door; whence a few actors not required in the final scene, or not having to make much alteration of attire for the street, were already emerging, bent first, I suppose, for one or other of the many taverns or coffee-houses about Covent Garden near at hand.

While we were waiting, two chair-men came with their vehicle and set it down at one side of the door, and a few boys and women gathered in the hope of obtaining sixpence by some service of which a player might perchance be in need on issuing forth. And presently a coach appeared at the corner of the street, and stopped there, whereupon a gentleman got out of it, gave the driver and footman some commands, and while the conveyance remained where it was, approached alone, at a blithe gait, and took post near us, though more in the light shed by the lamp over the stage door.

“Gad’s life!” I exclaimed, in a whisper.

“What is it?” asked Phil, in a similar voice.

“Falconer!” I replied, ere I had thought.

Philip gazed at the newcomer, who was heedless of our presence. Phil seemed about to stride forward to him, but reconsidered, and whispered to me, in a strange tone:

“What can he be doing here, where *she*—? You are sure that’s the man?”

“Yes—but not now—’tis not the place—we came for another purpose—”

“I know—but if I lose him!”

“No fear of that. I’ll keep track of him—learn where he’s to be found—while you meet her.”

“But if he—if she—”

“Wait and see. His being here, may not in any way concern her. Mere coincidence, no doubt.”

“I hope to God it is!” whispered Phil, though his voice quivered. “Nay, I’ll believe it is, too, till I see otherwise.”

“Good! And when I learn his haunts, as I shall before I sleep, you may find him at any time.”

And so we continued to wait, keeping in the darkness, so that the captain, even if he had deigned to be curious, could not have made out our faces from where he stood. Philip watched him keenly, to stamp his features upon memory, as well as they could be observed in the yellow light of the sickly lamp; but yet, every few moments Phil cast an eager glance at the door. I grant I was less confident that Falconer’s presence was mere coincidence, than I had appeared, and I was in a tremble of apprehension for what Madge’s coming might reveal.

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The captain, who was very finely dressed, and, like us, carried a cane but no sword, allowed impatience to show upon his usually serene countenance: evidently he was unused to waiting in such a place, and I wondered why he did not make free of the greenroom instead of doing so. But he composed himself to patience as with a long breath, and fell to humming softly a gay French air the while he stood leaning motionlessly, in an odd but graceful attitude, upon his slender cane. Sometimes he glanced back toward the waiting coach, and then, without change of position as to his body, returned his gaze to the door.

Two or three false alarms were occasioned him, and us, by the coming forth of ladies who proved, as soon as the light struck them, to be other than the person we awaited. But at last she appeared, looking her years and cares a little more than upon the stage, but still beautiful and girlish. She was followed by a young waiting-woman; but before we had time to note this, or to step out of the shadow, we saw Captain Falconer bound across the way, seize her hand, and bend very gallantly to kiss it.

So, then, it was for her he had waited: such was the bitter thought of Phil and me; and how our hearts sickened at it, may be imagined when I say that his hope and mine, though unexpressed, had been to find her penitent and hence worthy of all forgiveness, in which case she would not have renewed even acquaintance with this captain. And there he was, kissing her hand!

But ere either of us could put our thought into speech, our sunken hearts were suddenly revived, by Madge's conduct.

She drew her hand instantly away, and as soon as she saw who it was that had seized it, she took on a look of extreme annoyance and anger, and would have hastened past him, but that he stood right in her way.

"You again!" she said. "Has my absence been for nothing, then?"

"Had you stayed from London twice three years, you would have found me the same, madam," he replied.

"Then I must leave London again, that's all," said she.

"It shall be with me, then," said he. "My coach is waiting yonder."

"And my chair is waiting here," said she, snatching an opportunity to pass him and to step into the sedan, of which the door was invitingly open. It was not her chair, but one that stood in solicitation of some passenger from the stage door; as was now shown by one of the chair-men asking her for directions. She bade her maid hire a boy with a light, and lead the way afoot; and told the chair-men to follow the maid. The chair door being then closed, and the men lifting their burden, her orders were carried out.

Neither Philip nor I had yet thought it opportune to appear from our concealment, and now he whispered that, for the avoidance of a scene before spectators, it would be best for him to follow the chair, and accost her at her own door. I should watch Falconer to his abode, and each of us should eventually go home independently of the other. Our relief to find that the English captain's presence was against Madge's will, needed no verbal expression; it was sufficiently manifest otherwise.

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Before Philip moved out to take his place behind the little procession, Falconer, after a moment's thought, walked rapidly past to his coach, and giving the driver and footman brief orders, stepped into it. 'Twas now time for both Phil and me to be in motion, and we went down the way together. The chair passed the coach, which immediately fell in behind it, the horses proceeding at a walk.

"He intends to follow her," said I.

"Then we shall follow both," said Phil, "and await events. 'Tis no use forcing a scene in this neighbourhood."

So Philip's quest and mine lay together, and we proceeded along the footway, a little to the rear of the coach, which in turn was a little to the rear of the chair. Passing the side of Drury Lane Theatre, the procession soon turned into Bow Street, and leaving Covent Garden Theatre behind, presently resumed a Southwestward course, deflecting at St. Martin's Lane so as to come at last into Gerrard Street, and turning thence Northward into Dean Street. Here the maid led the chair-men along the West side of the way; but Philip and I kept the East side. At last the girl stopped before a door with a pillared porch, and the carriers set down the chair.

Instantly Captain Falconer's footman leaped from the box of the coach, and, while the maid was at the chair door to help her mistress, dashed into the porch and stood so as to prevent any one's reaching the door of the house. The captain himself, springing out of the coach, was at Madge's side as soon as she had emerged from the chair. Philip and I, gliding unseen across the street, saw him hand something to the front chair-man which made that rascal open his mouth in astonishnent—'twas, no doubt, a gold piece or two—and heard him say:

"You and your fellow, begone, and divide that among you. Quick! Vanish!"

The men obeyed with alacrity, bearing their empty chair past Phil and me toward Gerrard Street at a run. The captain, by similar means, sent the boy with the light scampering off in the opposite direction. Meanwhile, Philip and I having stopped behind a pillar of the next porch for a moment's consultation, Madge was bidding the footman stand aside from before her door. This we could see by the rays of a street lamp, which were at that place sufficient to make a carried light not absolutely necessary.

"Come into the coach, madam," said Falconer, seizing one of her hands. "You remember my promise. I swear I shall keep it though I hang for it! Don't make a disturbance and compel me to use force, I beg. You see, the street is deserted."

"You scoundrel!" she answered. "If you really think you can carry me off, you're much —"

“Nay,” he broke in, “actresses *are* carried off, and not always for the sake of being talked about, neither! Fetch the maid, Richard—I wouldn’t deprive a lady of her proper attendance. Pray pardon this—you put me to it, madam!”

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With which, he grasped her around the waist, lifted her as if she were a child, and started with her toward the coach. The footman, a huge fellow, adopted similar measures with the waiting-woman, who set up a shrill screaming that made needless any cries on Madge's part.

Philip and I dashed forward at this, and while I fell upon the footman, Phil staggered the captain with a blow. As Falconer turned with an exclamation, to see by whom he was attacked, Madge tore herself from his relaxed hold, ran to the house door, and set the knocker going at its loudest. A second blow from Philip sent the captain reeling against his coach wheel. I, meanwhile, had drawn the footman from the maid; who now joined her mistress and continued shrieking at the top of her voice. The fellow, seeing his master momentarily in a daze, and being alarmed by the knocking and screaming, was put at a loss. The house door opening, and the noise bringing people to their windows, and gentlemen rushing out of Jack's tavern hard by, Master Richard recovered from his irresolution, ran and forced his master into the coach, got in after him to keep him there, and shouted to the coachman to drive off.

"Very well, madam," cried Falconer through the coach door, before it closed with a bang, "but I'll keep my word yet, I promise you!" Whereupon, the coach rolled away behind galloping horses.

Forgetting, in the moment's excitement, my intention of dogging the captain to his residence, I accompanied Philip to the doorway, where stood Madge with her maid and a house servant. She was waiting to thank her protectors, whom, in the rush and partial darkness, she had not yet recognised. It was, indeed, far from her thoughts that we two, whom she had left so many years before in America, should turn up at her side in London at such a moment.

We took off our hats, and bowed. Her face had already formed a smile of thanks, when we raised our heads into the light from a candle the house servant carried. Madge gave a little startled cry of joy, and looked from one to the other of us to make sure she was not under a delusion: then fondly murmuring Phil's name and mine in what faint voice was left her, she made first as if she would fall into his arms; but recollecting with a look of pain how matters stood between them, she drew back, steadied herself against the door-post, and dropped her eyes from his.

"We should like to talk with you a little, my dear," said Phil gently. "May we come in?"

There was a gleam of new-lighted hope in her eyes as she looked up and answered tremulously:

"'Twill be a happiness—more than I dared expect."

We followed the servant with the candle up-stairs to a small drawing-room, in which a table was set with bread, cheese, cold beef, and a bottle of claret.

“’Tis my supper,” said Madge. “If I had known I should have such guests—you will do me the honour, will you not?”

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Her manner was so tentative and humble, so much that of one who scarce feels a right even to plead, so different from that of the old petted and radiant Madge, that 'twould have taken a harder man than Philip to decline. And so, when the servant had placed additional chairs, down we sat to supper with Miss Warren, of Drury Lane Theatre, who had sent her maid to answer the inquiries of the alarmed house concerning the recent tumult in the street.

CHAPTER XX.

We Intrude upon a Gentleman at a Coffee-house.

Little was eaten at that supper, to which we sat down in a constraint natural to the situation. Philip was presently about to assume the burden of opening the conversation, when Madge abruptly began:

"I make no doubt you recognised him, Bert—the man with the coach."

"Yes. Philip and I saw him outside the theatre."

"And followed him, in following you," added Philip. "We had intended—"

"You must not suppose—" she interrupted; but, after a moment's halt of embarrassment, left the sentence unfinished, and made another beginning: "I never saw him or heard of him, after I left New York, till I had been three years on the stage. Then, when the war was over, he came back to London, and chanced to see me play at Drury Lane. He knew me in spite of my stage name, and during that very performance I found him waiting in the greenroom. I had no desire for any of his society, and told him so. But it seems that, finding me—admired, and successful in the way I had resorted to, he could not be content till he regained my—esteem. If I had shown myself friendly to him then, I should soon have been rid of him: but instead, I showed a resolution to avoid him; and he is the kind of man who can't endure a repulse from a woman. To say truth, he thinks himself invincible to 'em all, and when he finds one of 'em proof against him, even though she may once have seemed—when she didn't know her mind—well, she is the woman he must be pestering, to show that he's not to be resisted.

"And so, at last, to be rid of his plaguing, I went away from London, and took another stage name, and acted in the country. Only Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan were in the secret of this: 'twas Mr. Sheridan gave me letters to the country managers. That was in the Fall of '83. Well, I heard after awhile that he too had gone into the country, to dance attendance on an old aunt, whose heir he had got the chance of being, through his cousin's death. But I knew if I came back to London he would hear of it, and then, sure, farewell to all my peace! He had continually threatened to carry me off in a coach to some village by the Channel, and take me across to France in a fishing-smack. When I

declared I would ask the magistrates for protection, he said they would laugh at me as a play-actress trying to make herself talked about. I took that to be true, and so, as I've told you, I left London.

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“Well, after more than two years, I thought he must have put me out of his mind, and so I returned, and made my reappearance to-night. And, mercy on me!—there he was, waiting outside the theatre. From his appearance, I suppose the aunt has died and he has come into the money. He followed me home, as you saw; and for a moment, when he was carrying me toward the coach, I vow I had a fear of being rushed away to a seaport, and taken by force, on some fisherman’s boat, across the Channel. And then, all of a sudden, ’twas as if you two had sprung out of the earth. Where did you come from? How was it? Oh, tell me all—all the news! Poor Tom! I thought I should die when I heard of his death. ’Twas—’twas Falconer told me—how he was killed in a skirmish with the—What’s the matter? Why do you look so? Isn’t it true? I entreat—!”

“Did Falconer tell you Tom died that way?” I blurted out, hotly, ere Phil could check me.

“In truth, he did! How was it?” She had turned white as a sheet.

“’Twas Falconer killed him in a duel,” said I, with indignation, “the very night after you sailed!”

“What, Fal—! A duel! My God, on my account, then! Oh, I never knew that! Oh, Tom—little Tom—the dear little fellow—’twas I killed him!” She flung her head forward upon the table, and sobbed wildly, so that I repented of my outspoken anger at Falconer’s deception of her. For some minutes her grief was pitiful to see. If ever there was the anguish of remorse, it was then. I sat sobered, leaving it to Phil to apply comfort, which, when her outburst of tears had spent its violence, he undertook to do.

“Well, well, Madge,” said he, softly, “’tis done and past now, and not for us to recall. ’Twas an honourable death, such as he would never have shrunk from; and he has long been past all sorrow. The most of his life, while it lasted, was happy; and you could never have foreseen. He will not be unavenged, take my word of that!”

But it was a long time ere Phil could restore her to composure. When he had done so, he asked her what had become of Ned. Thereupon she told us all that I have recorded in a former chapter, of their first days in London, and the events leading to her acceptance of Mr. Sheridan’s offer. After she had been acting for some time, under the name of Miss Warren, Ned chanced to come to the play, and recognised her. He thereupon dogged her, in miserable plight, claiming some return of the favours which he vowed he had lavished upon her. She put him upon a small pension, but declared that if he molested her with further demands she would send him to jail for robbing her. She had not seen him since; he had called regularly upon her man of business for his allowance, until lately, when he had ceased to appear.

Of what had occurred before she turned actress, she told us all, I say; for the news of Tom’s real fate had put her into a state for withholding nothing. Never was confession more complete; uttered as it was in a stricken voice, broken as it was by convulsive

sobs, marked as it was by falling tears, hesitations for phrases less likely to pain Philip, remorseful lowerings of her eyes. She reverted, finally, to her acquaintance with Falconer in New York, and finished with the words:

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“But I protest I have never been guilty of the worst—the one thing—I swear it, Philip; before God, I do!”

If any load was taken from Phil’s mind by this, he refrained from showing it.

“I came in search of you,” said he, in a low voice, “to see what I could do toward your happiness. I knew that in your situation, a wife separated from her husband, dependent on heaven knew what for a maintenance, you must have many anxious, distressful hours. If I had known where to find you, I should have sent you money regularly from the first, and eased your mind with a definite understanding. And now I wish to do this—nay, I *will* do it, for it is my right. Whatever may have happened, you are still the Madge Faringfield I—I loved from the first; nothing can make you another woman to me: and though you chose to be no longer my wife, ’tis impossible that while I live I can cease to be your husband.”

The corners of her lips twitched, but she recovered herself with a disconsolate sigh. “Chose to be no longer your wife,” she repeated. “Yes, it appeared so. I wanted to shine in the world. I have shone—on the stage, I mean; but that’s far from the way I had looked to. A woman in my situation—a wife separated from her husband—can never shine as I had hoped to, I fancy. But I’ve been admired in a way—and it hasn’t made me happy. Admiration can’t make a woman happy if she has a deeper heart than her desire of admiration will fill. If I could have forgot, well and good; but I couldn’t forget, and can’t forget. And one must have love, and devotion; but after having known yours, Philip, whose else could I find sufficient?”

And now there was a pause while each, fearing that the other might not desire reunion, hesitated to propose it; and so, each one waiting for the other to say the word, both left it unsaid. When the talk was finally renewed, it was with a return of the former constraint.

She asked us, with a little stiffness of manner, when we had come to London; which led to our relation, between us, of all that had passed since her departure from New York. She opened her eyes at the news of our residence in Hampstead, and lost her embarrassment in her glad, impulsive acceptance of my invitation to come and see us as soon as possible. While Philip and she still kept their distance, as it were, I knew not how far to go in cordiality, or I should have pressed her to come and live with us. She wept and laughed, at the prospect of seeing Fanny and my mother, and declared they must visit her in town. And then her tongue faltered as the thought returned of Falconer’s probable interference with the quiet and safety of her further residence in London; and her face turned anxious.

“’Faith! you need have no fear on that score,” said Philip, quietly. “Where does he live?”

She did not know, but she named a club, and a tavern, from which he had dated importunate letters to her before she left London.

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“Well,” said Philip, rising, “I shall see a lawyer to-morrow, and you may expect to hear from him soon regarding the settlement I make upon you.”

“You are too kind,” she murmured. “I have no right to accept it of you.”

“Oh, yes, you have. I am always your husband, I tell you; and you will have no choice but to accept. I know not what income you get by acting; but this will suffice if you choose to leave the stage.”

“But you?” she replied faintly, rising. “Shall I not see—?”

“I shall leave England in a few days: I don’t know how long I shall be abroad. But there will be Bert, and Fanny, and Mrs. Russell—I know you may command them for anything.” There was an oppressive pause now, during which she looked at him wistfully, hoping he might at the last moment ask her that, which he waited to give her a final opportunity of asking him. But neither dared, for fear of the other’s hesitation or refusal. And so, at length, with a good-bye spoken in an unnatural voice on each side, the two exchanged a hand-clasp, and Philip left the room. She stood pale and trembling, bereft of speech, while I told her that I should wait upon her soon. Then I followed Philip down-stairs and to the street.

“I will stay to-night at Jack’s tavern yonder,” said he. “I can watch this house, in case that knave should return to annoy her. Go you home—Fanny and your mother will be anxious. And come for me to-morrow at the tavern, as early as you can. You may tell them what you see fit, at home. That’s all, I think—’tis very late. Good night!”

I sought a hackney-coach, and went home to relieve the fears of the ladies, occasioned by our long absence. My news that Margaret was found (I omitted mention of Captain Falconer in my account) put the good souls into a great flutter of joy and excitement, and they would have it that they should go in to see her the first thing on the morrow, a resolution I saw no reason to oppose. So I took them with me to town in the morning, left them at Madge’s lodgings, and was gone to join Philip ere the laughing and crying of their meeting with her was half-done.

As there was little chance to find Captain Falconer stirring early, Phil and I gave the forenoon to his arrangements with his man of law at Lincoln’s Inn. When these were satisfactorily concluded, and a visit incidental to them had been made to a bank in the city, we refreshed ourselves at the Globe tavern in Fleet Street, and then turned our faces Westward.

At the tavern that Madge had named, we learned where Falconer abode, but, proceeding to his lodgings, found he had gone out. We looked in at various places whither we were directed; but ’twas not till late in the afternoon, that Philip caught sight of him writing a letter at a table in the St. James Coffeehouse.

Philip recognised him from the view he had obtained the previous night; but, to make sure, he nudged me to look. On my giving a nod of confirmation, Philip went to him at once, and said:

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“Pray pardon my interrupting: you are Captain Falconer, I believe.”

The captain looked up, and saw only Philip, for I stood a little to the rear of the former’s elbow.

“I believe so, too, sir,” he replied urbanely.

“Our previous meeting was so brief,” said Philip, “that I doubt you did not observe my face so as to recall it now.”

“That must be the case,” said the captain, “for I certainly do not remember having ever met you.”

“And yet our meeting was no longer ago than last night—in Dean Street.”

The captain’s face changed: he gazed, half in astonishment, half in a dawning resentment.

“The deuce, sir! Have you intruded upon me to insult me?”

“’Faith, sir, I’ve certainly intruded upon you for no friendly purpose.”

Falconer continued to gaze, in wonder as well as annoyance.

“Who the devil are you, sir?” he said at last.

“My name is Winwood, sir—Captain Winwood, late of the American army of Independence.”

Falconer opened his eyes wide, parted his lips, and turned a little pale. At that moment, I shifted my position; whereupon he turned, and saw me.

“And Russell, too!” said he. “Well, this is a—an odd meeting, gentlemen.”

“Not a chance one,” said Philip. “I have been some time seeking you.”

“Well, well,” replied the captain, recovering his self-possession. “I imagine I know your purpose, sir.”

“That will spare my explaining it. You will, of course, accommodate me?”

“Oh, yes; I see no way out of it. Gad, I’m the most obliging of men—Mr. Russell will vouch for it.”

“Then I beg you will increase the obligation by letting us despatch matters without the least delay.”

“Certainly, if you will have it so—though I abominate hurry in all things.”

“To-morrow at dawn, I hope, will not be too soon for your preparations?”

“Why, no, I fancy not. Let me see. One moment, I pray.”

He called a waiter, and asked:

“Thomas, is there any gentleman of my acquaintance in the house at present?”

“Oh, a score, sir. There’s Mr. Hidsleigh hup-stairs, and—”

“Mr. Idsleigh will do. Ask him to grant me the favour of coming down for a minute.” The waiter hastened away. “Mr. Russell, of course, represents you, sir,” the captain added, to Philip.

“Yes, sir; and you are the challenged party, of course.”

“I thank you, sir. If Mr. Russell will wait, I will introduce my friend here, and your desire for expedition may be carried out.”

“I am much indebted, sir,” said Philip; and requesting me to join him later at the tavern in Dean Street, he took his leave.

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When Mr. Idsleigh, a fashionable young buck whom I now recalled having once seen in the company of Lord March, had presented himself, a very brief explanation on Falconer's part sufficed to enlist his services as second; whereupon the captain desired affably that he might be allowed to finish his letter, and Idsleigh and I retired to a compartment at the farther end of the room. Idsleigh regarded me with disdainful indifference, and conducted his side of the preliminaries in a bored fashion, as if the affair were of even less consequence than Falconer had pretended to consider it. He set me down as a nobody, a person quite out of the pale of polite society, and one whom it was proper to have done with in the shortest time, and with the fewest words, possible. I was equally chary of speech, and it was speedily settled that our principals should fight with small swords, at sunrise, at a certain spot in Hyde Park; and Idsleigh undertook to provide a surgeon. He then turned his back on me, and walked over to Falconer, without the slightest civility of leave-taking.

I went first in a hackney-coach to Hyde Park, to ascertain exactly the spot which Mr. Idsleigh had designated. Having done so, I returned to Dean Street; and, in order that I might without suspicion accompany Philip before daybreak, I called at Madge's lodgings, and suggested that my mother and Fanny should pass the night in her house (in which I had observed there were rooms to let) and take her to Hampstead the next day; while I should sleep at the tavern. This plan was readily adopted. Thereupon, rejoining Philip, I went with him to the Strand, where he engaged a post-chaise to be in waiting for him and me the next morning, for our flight in the event of the duel having the fatal termination he desired.

"We'll take a hint from Captain Falconer's threat," said Phil: "ride post to Hastings, and have the Doughty boys sail us across to France. You'd best write a letter this evening, to leave at Madge's lodgings after the affair, explaining your departure, to Fanny and your mother. Afterward, you can either send for them to come to France, or you can return to Hampstead when the matter blows over. I might have spared you these inconveniences and risks, by getting another second; but I knew you wouldn't stand that."

And there, indeed, he spoke the truth.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Last, and Most Eventful, of the History.

I took my mother and Fanny to the play that night, to see Madge act, and we three met her after the performance and were driven to her lodgings with her. I then bade the ladies good-night, with a secret tenderness arising from the possibility, unknown to them, that our parting then might be for as many months as they supposed hours.

Returning to Philip at the tavern, I found he had passed the evening in writing letters; among others, one for me to copy in my own name, to be left at Madge's lodgings in case of my having to flee the country for awhile. It was so phrased that the result of the duel, whether in Philip's death or his antagonist's, could be told by the insertion of a single line, after its occurrence.

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Phil and I rose betimes the next morning, and went by hackney-coach, in the darkness, to a place in the Oxford road, near Tyburn; where we left our conveyance waiting, and proceeded afoot to the chosen spot in the Park.

No one was there when we arrived, and we paced to and fro together to keep in exercise, talking in low voices, and beguiling our agitation by confining our thoughts to a narrow channel. The sod was cool and soft to our tread, and the smell of the leaves was pleasant to our nostrils. As the sky whitened above the silent trees, and the gray light penetrated to the grassy turf at our feet, Phil quoted softly the line from Grey's Elegy in which the phrase of "incense-breathing morn" occurs; and from that he went to certain parts of Milton's "L'Allegro" and then to Shakespeare's songs, "When Daisies Pied" and "Under the Greenwood Tree."

"'Faith," said he, breaking off from the poetry, "'tis a marvel how content I feel! You would not believe it, the serene happiness that has come over me. 'Tis easy to explain, though: I have adjusted my affairs, provided for my wife, left nothing in confusion or disorder, and am as ready for death as for life. I feel at last responsible to no one; free to accept whatever fate I may incur; clear of burdens. The great thing, man, is to have one's debts paid, one's obligations discharged: then death or life matters little, and the mere act of breathing fresh air is a joy unspeakable."

We now descried the figures of Falconer, Idsleigh, and a third gentleman, approaching under the trees. Civil greetings passed as they came up, and Falconer overwent the demands of mere courtesy so far as to express himself upon the coolness and sweetness of the morning. But he was scrutinising Philip curiously the while, as if there were some reason why he should be less indifferent regarding this antagonist than he had shown himself regarding Tom Faringfield and me.

The principals removed their hats, coats, and waistcoats. As they were not booted, but appeared in stockings and low shoes, they made two fine and supple figures to look upon. The formalities between Mr. Idsleigh and me were as brief as possible. Falconer chose his sword with a pretence of scarce looking at it, Philip gave his the usual examination, and the two men stood on guard.

There was a little wary play at first, while each sought an inkling of the other's method. Then some livelier work, in which they warmed themselves and got their muscles into complete facility, followed upon Phil's pretending to lose his guard. All this was but overture, and it came to a stop for a short pause designed as preliminary to the real duel. Both were now perspiring, and breathing into their lungs deep draughts of air. Falconer's expression showed that he had recognised better fencing in Phil's work than he had thought to find; but Phil's face conveyed no such surprise, for he had counted upon an adversary possessed of the first skill.

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’Twas Falconer who began what we all felt was to be the serious part of the combat. Phil parried the thrust neatly; made a feint, but, instantly recovering, availed himself of his opponent’s counter movement, and sank his point fair into Falconer’s left breast. The English captain tumbled instantly to the ground. The swiftness of the thing startled us. Idsleigh and his medical companion stared in amazement, wondering that the fallen man should lie so still. It took a second or two for that which their eyes had informed them, to penetrate to their understanding. But Philip and I knew that the lunge had pierced the heart, and that the accomplished Lovelace on the ground would charm no more women.

’Twas only when we were hastening back to our hackney-coach, that Philip trembled. Then for a few moments his teeth chattered as if he were taken with a chill, and his face was deathly pale.

“’Tis terrible,” he said, in an awed tone, “to kill a man this way. ’Tis not like in war. On a morning like this, in the civil manner of gentlemen, to make of such a marvellous living, thinking, feeling machine a poor heap of senseless flesh and bone that can only rot:—-and all in the time of a sword-thrust!”

“Tut!” said I, “the world is the better for the riddance. Think of Tom, and all else!”

“I know it,” said Phil, conquering his weakness. “And such men know what they risk when they break into the happiness of others. I could not have lived in peace while he lived. Well, that is all behind us now. Yonder is our coach.”

We got in, and were driven to the tavern in Dean Street. We there dismissed the coach, and Philip started afoot for the inn, in the Strand, where our post-chaise was to be in readiness. I was to join him there after completing the letter and leaving it at Madge’s lodgings, Philip using the mean time in attending to the posting of certain letters of his own. We had no baggage to impede us, as we intended to purchase new wearables in France: we had, on the previous day, provided ourselves with money and letters of credit. My affairs had been so arranged that neither my wife nor my mother could be pecuniarily embarrassed by my absence. Philip’s American passport, used upon our former travels, was still in force and had been made to include a travelling companion. So all was smoothed for our flight.

Taking my letter to the house in which Madge lived, I asked for her maid, telling the house servant I would wait at the street door: for, as I did not wish to meet any of the three ladies, I considered it safer to entrust the letter to Madge’s own woman. The girl came down; but I had no sooner handed her the letter, and told her what to do with it, than I heard Madge’s voice in the hall above. She had come out to see who wanted her maid, suspecting some trick of Falconer’s; and, leaning over the stair-rail, had recognised my voice.

“What is it, Bert? Why don’t you come up?”

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“I can’t—I’m in haste,” I blundered. “Good morning!”

“But wait! What’s wrong? A moment, I entreat! Nay, you shall—!” And at that she came tripping swiftly down the stairs. The maid, embarrassed, handed her the letter. Without opening it, she advanced to me, while I was wildly considering the propriety of taking to my heels; and demanded:

“What is it you had to write? Sure ’tis your own hand. Why can’t you tell me?”

“Not so loud,” I begged. “My mother and Fanny mustn’t know till I am gone.”

“Gone!” With this she tore open the letter, and seemed to grasp its general sense in a glance. “A duel! I suspected—from what Philip said. Oh, my God, was he—?” She scanned the writing wildly, but in her excitement it conveyed nothing to her mind.

“Captain Falconer will not annoy you again,” I said, “and Philip and I must go to France for awhile. Good-bye! Let mother and Fanny see the letter in half an hour.”

“But wait—thank God, he’s not hurt!—France, you say? How? Which road?”

She was holding my coat lapel, to make me stay and tell her. So I answered:

“By post to Hastings; there we shall get the Doughty boys to—”

At this, there broke in another voice from above stairs—that of Fanny:

“Is that Bert, Madge dear?”

“Tell her ‘no,’” I whispered, appalled at thought of a leave-taking, explanations, weeping, and delay. “And for God’s sake, let me—ah, thank you! Read the letter—you shall hear from us—God bless you all!”

The next moment I was speeding from the house, leaving Madge in a tumult of thoughts at the door. I turned into Gerrard Street without looking back; and brisk walking soon brought me to the Strand, where Philip himself was just ready to take the post-chaise.

“A strange thing delayed me,” said he, as we forthwith took our seats in the vehicle; which we had no sooner done than the postilions set the four horses going and our journey was begun.

“What was it?” I asked, willing to reserve the account of my interview with Madge till later.

“The most remarkable thing, for me to witness on this particular morning,” he replied; and told me the story as we rattled through Temple Bar and Fleet Street, on our way to

the bridge and the Surrey side. “After I left you, I don’t know what it was that kept me from coming through St. Martin’s Lane to the Strand, and made me continue East instead. But something did; and finally I turned to come through Bow Street. When I was nearly in front of the magistrate’s house, a post-chaise stopped before it, and a fellow got out whom I took to be a Bow Street runner. Several people ran up to see if he had a prisoner in the chaise, and so the footway was blocked; and I stopped to look on for a moment with the rest. A man called out to the constable, ‘What you got, Bill?’ The constable, who had turned around and reached into the chaise, stopped to look at the speaker, and said, ’Nobody much—only the Soho Square assault and robbery—I ran him down at Plymouth, waiting for a vessel—he had a mind to travel for his health.’ The constable grinned, and the other man said, ’Sure that’s a hanging business, and no mistake!’”

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“And so it is,” said I, interrupting Philip. “I read of the affair at the time. A fellow named Howard knocked down his landlady, robbed her money-box, and got away before she came to.”

“Yes,” Phil went on, “I remembered it, too. And I waited for a glimpse of the robber’s face. He stepped out, and the constable, with a comrade from inside the chaise, led him to where they hold prisoners for examination. He was all mud-stained, dishevelled, and frowsy: for two seconds, though he didn’t notice me, I had a good view of him. And who do you think this Howard really was?”

“Bless me, how should I know? My acquaintance among the criminal classes isn’t what it might be.”

“’Twas Ned Faringfield!” said Philip. “I should have known him anywhere—heavens, how little a man’s looks change, through all vicissitudes!”

“Well, upon my soul!” I exclaimed, in a chill. “Who’d have thought it? Yet hanging is what we always predicted for him, in jest. That it should come so soon—for they’ll make short work of that case, ’tis certain.”

“Yes, I fear they’ll not lose much time over it, at the Old Bailey. We may expect to read his name among the Newgate hangings in a month or two. Poor devil!—I’ll send him some money through my lawyer, and have Nobbs see that he gets decent counsel. Money will enable him to live his last weeks at Newgate in comfort, at least; though ’tis beyond counsel to save his neck. His people must never know. Nor Fanny.”

“Unless he gives his real name at the trial, or in his ’last dying speech and confession.’”

“Why, even then it may not come to their ears. Best bring Fanny and your mother soon to France. Madge will never tell, if she learns; I’ll warrant her for that. To think of it!—-the dear old house in Queen Street, and the boys and girls we used to play with—Tom’s fate—and now Ned’s—Fanny in England—and Madge—! Was ever such diversity of destinies in so small a family?”

He fell into his thoughts: of what strange parts we play in the world, how different from those anybody would predict for us in our childhood—how different, from those we then predict for ourselves. And so we were borne across the Thames, looking back to get our last view of St. Paul’s dome for some time to come; through Southwark, and finally into the country. The postilions kept the horses at a good gait Southward. We did not urge them to this, for indeed we saw but little necessity for great haste, as there was likely to be some time ere Falconer’s death became known to the authorities, and some time longer ere it was traced to us. But as Mr. Idsleigh, before getting out of the way himself, *might* take means to lay written information against us, which would serve at

least to put the minions of the law on the right track, and as we might be subjected to some delay at Hastings, we saw no reason to repress the postilions' zeal, either.

In our second stage we were not favoured with so energetic conductors, and in our third we had unfit horses. So we had occasion to be glad of our excellent start. Thus, between good horses and bad, live postilions and lethargic, smooth roads and rough, we fared on the whole rather well than ill, and felt but the smallest apprehension of being caught. To speak metaphorically, the coast of France was already in our sight.

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At the end of the first stage, we had breakfasted upon eggs and beer. We took an early dinner at Tunbridge Wells, and proceeded through Sussex. 'Twas well forward in the afternoon, and we were already preparing our eyes, faces, and nostrils for the refreshing intimation of the sea, when our ears notified us of a vehicle following in our wake. Looking back, at a bend of the road, we saw it was a conveyance similar to our own, and that the postilions were whipping the horses to their utmost speed. "Whoever rides there," said I, "has paid or promised well for haste."

"'Tis strange there should be other folk bound in a hurry for Hastings this same day," replied Phil.

We looked at one another, with the same thought.

"Their post-boys seem to be watching our chaise as much as anything else," I remarked. "To be sure, they can't know 'tis you and I."

"No, but if they *were* in quest of us, they would try to overtake this chaise or any other on the road. Ho, postilion!—an extra crown apiece for yourselves if you leave those fellows yonder behind for good." And Phil added quietly to me: "It won't do to offer 'em too much at first—'twould make 'em suspicious."

"But," quoth I, as our men put their horses to the gallop. "How the devil could any one have got so soon upon our track?"

"Why, Idsleigh may have turned informer, in his own interest—he was in a devilish difficult position—and men would be sent with our descriptions to the post-houses. 'Tis merely possible. Or our hackney-coachman may have guessed something, and dogged me to the Strand, and informed. If they found where we started, of course they could track us from stage to stage. 'Tis best to be safe—though I scarce think they're in our pursuit."

"Egad, they're in somebody's!" I cried. "Their postilions are shouting to ours to stop."

"Never mind those fellows' holloing," called Philip to our riders. "'Tis a wager—and I'll double that crown apiece."

We bowled over the road in a way to make me think of Apollo's chariot and the horses of Phaeton; but we lengthened not a rod the stretch betwixt us and our followers, though we nullified their efforts to diminish it. We could make out, more by sight than by hearing—for we kept looking back, our heads thrust out at either side—that the pursuing post-boys continued bawling vehemently at ours. What they said, was drowned by the clatter of horses and wheels.

“Well, they have seen we are two men,” said Philip, “and still they keep up the race. They certainly must want us. Were they merely in a hurry to reach Hastings, they could do that the sooner by sparing their horses—this is a killing pace.”

“Then we’re in a serious plight,” said I. “Though we may beat ’em to Hastings, they will catch us there.”

“Unless we can gain a quarter of an hour’s start, and, by one chance in twenty, find the Doughty boys ashore, and their boat in harbour.”

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“Ay, there’s one chance in twenty, maybe,” I growled, looking gloomily back, and wishing I might see the pursuing chaise upset, or one of its horses stumble.

There is an old proverb about evil wishes rebounding to strike the sender; and a recollection of this was my paramount thought a moment later: for at a sharp turn our chaise suddenly seemed to leap into the air and alight on one wheel, and then turned over sidewise with what appeared to be a solemn deliberation, piling me upon Philip in a heap. We felt the conveyance dragged some yards along the road, and then it came to a stop. A moment later we heard the postilions cursing the horses, and then we clambered out of the upper side of the chaise, and leaped into the road. We had been knocked, shaken, and bruised, but were not seriously hurt.

“Here’s the devil to pay,” cried the older postilion excitedly, turning his attention from the trembling horses to the wrecked vehicle.

“We will pay—but you will let us ride your horses the rest of the way?” asked Phil, quietly, rather as a matter of form than with any hope of success.

“No, sir!” roared the man. “Bean’t there damage enough? Just look—”

“Tut, man,” said Phil, examining the chaise, “a guinea will mend all—and there it is, and your extra crowns, too, though you failed. Well,” he added, turning to me, “shall we take to the fields? They’ll have to hunt us afoot then, and we may beat ’em at that.”

But I found I was too lame, from the knocking about I had got in the upset vehicle, for any game of hare and hounds. “Go you,” said I. “I was only the second—there’s less danger for me.”

“I’ll not go, then,” said he. “What a pity I drew you into this, Bert! I ought to have considered Fanny and your mother. They’ll never forgive me—they never ought to.—-Well, now we shall know the worst!”

The second vehicle came to a triumphant stop near us, the postilions grinning with satisfaction. Phil and I stood passive in the road: I remember wondering whether the officers of the law would put handcuffs upon us. A head was thrust out of the window—-a voice called to us.

“Madge!” we cried together, and hastened to her.

“I was afraid you might sail before I got to Hastings,” cried she, with relief and joy depicted on her face.

“Who is with you?” asked Phil.

“No one,” she answered. “I left Bert’s letter with my maid, to give to Fanny. I left the girl too, to stay with her if she will take her. I didn’t wish to encumber—Your chaise is broken down: get into this one. Oh, Phil!—I couldn’t bear to have you go away—and leave me—after I had seen you again. ’Twas something to know you were in London, at least—near me. But if you go to France—you must let me go, too—you must, dear—as your friend, your comrade and helper, if nothing more—your old friend, that knew you so long ago—”

She lost voice here, and began to cry, still looking at him through the mist of tears. His own eyes glistened softly as he returned her gaze; and, after a moment, he went close to the window through which her head was thrust, raised his hand so as to stroke her hair, and kissed her on the lips.

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“Why, you shall come as my wife, of course,” said he, gently. “If I had been sure you wished it, you might have travelled with us from London, and been spared this chase. —But think what you are giving up, dear—’tis not too late—the theatre, the praise and admiration, London—”

“Oh, hang ’em all!” cried she, looking joyous through her tears. “’Tis you I want!”

And she caught his face between her hands, and kissed it a dozen times, to the open-mouthed wonder of the staring postilions.

* * * * *

She took us in her post-chaise to Hastings, where the three of us embarked as we had planned to do, having first arranged that one of the Doughty boys should go to Hampstead and act as a sort of man servant or protector to my mother and Fanny during their loneliness. They joined us later in Paris, and I finally accompanied them home when Captain Falconer’s fatal duel was a forgotten matter. Philip and Madge then visited Italy and Germany; and subsequently returned to New York, having courageously chosen to outface what old scandal remained from the time of her flight. And so, despite Phil’s prediction, ’tis finally his children, not mine, that gladden the age of Mr. and Mrs. Faringfield, and have brought back the old-time cheer to the house; for Fanny and I have remained in England, and here our young ones are being reared. Each under the government for which he fought—thus Philip and I abide. ’Tis no news, that Phil has become one of the leading architects in his country. My own life has been pleasantly monotonous, save for the duel I fought against a detractor of General Washington, which, as I merely wounded my adversary, did not necessitate another exile from the kingdom.

It is still an unsolved mystery in London, as to what became of Miss Warren, the actress of Drury Lane: she was for long reported to have been carried away by a strange gentleman who killed Captain Falconer in a duel over her. ’Tis not known in New York that Mrs. Winwood was ever on the stage. And as I must not yet make it known, nor disclose many things which have perforce entered into this history, I perceive that my labour has been, after all, to no purpose. I dare not give the narrative to the world, now it is done; but I cannot persuade myself to give it to the fire, either. Let it lie hid, then, till all of us concerned in it are passed away; and perchance it may serve to instruct some future reader how much a transient vanity and wilfulness may wreck, and how much a steadfast love and courage may retrieve.

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTE 1 (Page 13).

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Before the Revolution, there were Queen Street and Pearl Street, together forming a line continuous though not exactly straight. After the Revolution, the whole line was named Pearl Street. King Street and Duke Street were others that rightly underwent re-christening. But, with equal propriety, many old names smacking of the English regime were retained, and serve as memorials of the English part of the city's colonial history: such names, for instance, as William Street, Nassau Street, Hanover Square, Kingsbridge; not to mention New York itself. The old Dutch rule, too, remains marked in the city's nomenclature—for ever, let us hope. I say, "let us hope;" for there have been attempts to have the authorities change the name of the Bowery itself, that renowned thoroughfare which began, in the very morn of the city's history, as a lane leading to Peter Stuyvesant's *bauer*. I scarce think this desecration shall ever come to pass: yet in such matters one may not be sure of a nation which has permitted the spoiling (by the mutilation of headlands and cliffs, for private gain) of a river the most storied in our own land, and the most beautiful in the world.

NOTE 2 (Page 34).

In 1595 was published in London: "Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In two Bookes. The first intreating the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second of Honour and Honourable Quarrels." (Etc.) The celebrated swordsman sets forth only the Italian system, and has naught to say upon the French. The book that Winwood studied may have been some reprint (now unknown), with notes or additions by a later hand. In any case, he may have acquired through it sufficient rudimentary acquaintance with some sort of practice to enable him to excite the French fencing-master's interest.

NOTE 3 (Page 182).

"Lady Washington's Light Horse" was a name sometimes unofficially applied to Lieut.-Col. Baylor's Dragoons. They were sleeping in a barn and outbuildings, at Old Tappan, one night in the Fall of 1778, when they were surprised by General Grey, whose men, attacking with bayonets, killed 11, mangled 25, and took about 40 prisoners. Both Col. Baylor and Major Clough were wounded, the latter fatally. It is of course this affair, to which Lieut. Russell's narrative alludes.

NOTE 4 (Page 191).

The Morris house, now known as the Jumel mansion, was half a generation old at the beginning of the Revolution. Thither, as the bride of Captain Morris, a brother-officer of Washington's in the old French war, went Mary Philipse; whom young Washington was said to have wooed while he tarried in and about New York upon his memorable journey to Boston to solicit in vain, of Governor Shirley, a king's commission. The Revolution found the Morrises on the side opposed to Washington's; for a short time during the operations above New York in 1776 he occupied this house of theirs as headquarters. They lost it through their allegiance to the royal

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cause, all their American real estate being confiscated by the New York assembly. The mansion became in time the residence of that remarkable woman who, from a barefoot girl in Providence, R.I., had grown up to be the wife of a Frenchman named Jumel; and to be the object of much admiration, and the subject of some scandal. In her widowhood she received under this roof Aaron Burr, after his duel with Hamilton (whose neighbouring country-house still exists, in Convent Avenue), and under this roof she and Burr—both in their old age—were united in marriage. I imagine that some of the ghosts that haunt this mansion, if they might be got in a corner, would yield their interviewers a quaint reminiscence or two. The grounds appertaining to the house have been sadly diminished by the opening of new streets; yet it is still a fine, striking landmark, perched to be seen afar, as from the railroad trains that follow the East bank of the Harlem, or, better, from West 155th Street at and about its junction with St. Nicholas Place and the Speedway. At the time when I left New York for a temporary residence in the Old World, there was talk of moving the house to a less commanding, but still eminent, height that crowns the bluff rising from the Speedway: the owner was compelled, it was said, to avail himself of the increased value of the land whereon it stood. 'Tis some pity if this has been, or has to be, done; but nothing to the pity if the mansion had to be pulled down. Apart from all associations and historical interest, this imposing specimen of our Colonial domestic architecture, so simple and reposeful an edifice amidst a world of flat buildings, and of gew-gaw houses built for sale on the instalment plan to the ubiquitous Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, is a precious relief, nay an untiring delight, to the eye.

NOTE 5 (Page 202).

During this Winter (1779-80) the Continental army was in two main divisions. The one with which Washington made his headquarters was hutted on the heights about Morristown, N.J. The other, under General Heath, was stationed in the highlands of the Hudson. Intermediate territory, of course, was more or less thoroughly guarded by detached posts, militia, and various forces regular and irregular. The most of the cavalry was quartered in Connecticut; but Winwood's troop, as our narrative shows, was established near Washington's headquarters. This was a memorably cold Winter, and as severe upon the patriots as the more famous Winter (1777-78) at Valley Forge. About the latter part of January the Hudson was frozen over, almost to its mouth.

NOTE 6 (Page 269).

Long before I fell upon Lieut. Russell's narrative, a detailed account of a British attempt to capture Washington, by a bold night dash upon his quarters at Morristown, had caught my eyes from the pages of the old "New Jersey Historical Collections." Washington was not the only object of such designs during the War of Independence. One was planned for the seizure of Governor Livingstone at his home in Elizabeth, N.J.;

but, much to Sir Henry Clinton's disappointment, that influential and witty champion of independence was not at home when the surprise party called.

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NOTE 7 (Page 277).

Lieut-Gen. Knyphausen was now (January, 1780) temporarily in chief command at New York, as Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis had sailed South (December 26, 1779) to attack Charleston and reduce South Carolina.

NOTE 8 (Page 311).

At that time, the Bristol and Bath stage-coaches took two days for the trip to London. Madge doubtless would have slept a night or two at Bristol after her landing; and probably at the Pelican Inn at Speenhamland (opposite Newbury), the usual midway sleeping-place, at the end of the first day's ride. But bad weather may have hindered the journey, and required the passengers to pass more than one night as inn-guests upon the road.

NOTE 9 (Page 325).

Mrs. Sheridan's surpassing beauty, talent, and amiability are well-known to all readers; as is the fact that her brilliant husband, despite their occasional quarrels, was very much in love with her from first to last.

NOTE 10 (Page 359).

Sir Ralph Winwood, born at Aynho, in Northamptonshire, in 1564, was frequently sent as envoy to Holland in the reign of James I., by whom he was knighted in 1603. He was Secretary of State from a date in 1614 till his death in 1617. His collected papers and letters are entitled, "Memorials of Affairs of State in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I.," *etc*. His portrait painted by Miereveldt, is in the National Portrait Gallery in London.

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