

all full of blood and wounds!" and so on; every thing being accurately fore-ordered. For the next three days the King had long private conversations with his son; all the old anger and discontent was gone. "Am I not happy," he said more than once, "to have such a son to leave behind me?" He was heard to pray, "Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no living man be justified." A hymn was often sung to him, one line of which reads, "Naked came I into the world, naked shall I go."—"No," he would always say at that passage, "not quite naked; I shall have my uniform on."

As the supreme hour approached, he was wheeled from room to room—last to the window, from which he could see his tall Guards going through their evolutions. Laid upon his bed he called for a mirror: "Not so worn as I thought," said he, as he saw the reflection of his face. His agony was terrible. "Feel my pulse," said he to the surgeon, "and tell me how long this will last."—"Alas! not long."—"Say not, Alas; but how do you know?"—"The pulse is gone."—"Impossible," said the King, lifting his arm; "how could I move my fingers so if the pulse was gone?" The surgeon reaffirmed his statement by a mournful look. "Lord Jesus, to thee I live; Lord Jesus, to thee I die; in life and death thou art my portion," replied the dying man. These were his last words.

"Friedrich Wilhelm," says Mr. Carlyle, "at rest from all his labors, slept with the primeval sons of Thor. No Baresark of them all, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff. I confess his value to me in these sad times is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic, Papin's-Digester, Truculent-Charlatan, and other species of 'Kings,' alone attainable for the sad flunkey populations of an era given up to mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm to guide it on the road back from Orcus a little? 'Would give,' I have written; but, alas! it ought to have been written, 'Should give.' What they would give is too mournfully plain to me in spite of ballot-boxes: a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downward and upward!—Tuesday, 31st May, 1740, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died, age fifty-two, coming 15th of August next. Same day Friedrich, his son, was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet, doing what is customary on such occasions."

That portion of Mr. Carlyle's History now offered to the public closes with the accession of Frederick. Thus far Frederick William has been its hero. In the new monarch no man as yet saw any thing but a promising young Prince of fair abilities, with luxurious tastes and a fondness for Arts and Literature. Such a King, thought some, with his vaults filled with good hard dollars, will inaugurate a new Augustan Age. Others, who had heard his talk of moderation and liberty and philanthropy, who had seen the early sheets of the famous "Anti-

Machiavel," which was slowly passing through the press, awaited in him the *Philosopher-prince*, who would make all men happy—according to the Gospel of Rousseau and Voltaire. Though nothing was further from his own purpose than all this, Frederick was quite content that it should be believed. Only once before he mounted the throne did he lift the veil which concealed his own purposes. This was six years before—not long after he had got through his great troubles. Frederick William was ill; it was said that he could not live a month. Frederick was talking with his sister Wilhelmina: "People will be much surprised," he said, "to see me act quite differently from what they had anticipated. They imagine I am going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will be as plenty as pebbles at Berlin; but they will find that I know better. I mean to increase my army, and to leave all other things on the old footing." Frederick William did not die then. The Prince went on with his fluting and gardening, his poetry and philanthropy, his Voltaire correspondence, and "Anti-Machiavel," until the time came when he could drop the mask.

## THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

### CHAPTER XLIX.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

QUICK, hackney-coach steeds, and bear George Warrington through Strand and Fleet Street to his imprisoned brother's rescue! Any one who remembers Hogarth's picture of a London hackney-coach and a London street-road at that period, may fancy how weary the quick time was, and how long seemed the journey: scarce any lights save those carried by link-boys; badly-hung coaches; bad pavements; great holes in the road, and vast quagmires of winter mud. That drive from Piccadilly to Fleet Street seemed almost as long to our young man as the journey from Marlborough to London, which he had performed in the morning.

He had written to Harry, announcing his arrival at Bristol. He had previously written to his brother, giving the great news of his existence and his return from captivity. There was war between England and France at that time; the French privateers were forever on the lookout for British merchant-ships, and seized them often within sight of port. The letter bearing the intelligence of George's restoration must have been on board one of the many American ships of which the French took possession. The letter telling of George's arrival in England was never opened by poor Harry; it was lying at the latter's apartments, which it reached on the third morning after Harry's captivity, when the angry Mr. Ruff had refused to give up any single item more of his lodger's property.

To these apartments George first went on his arrival in London, and asked for his brother.



Scared at the likeness between them, the maid-servant who opened the door screamed, and ran back to her mistress. The mistress not liking to tell the truth, or to own that poor Harry was actually a prisoner at her husband's suit, said Mr. Warrington had left his lodgings; she did not know where Mr. Warrington was. George knew that Clarges Street was close to Bond Street. Often and often had he looked over the London map. Aunt Bernstein would tell him where Harry was. He might be with her at that very moment. George had read in Harry's letters to Virginia about Aunt Bernstein's kindness to Harry. Even Madam Esmond was softened by it (and especially touched by a letter which the Baroness wrote—the letter which caused George to pack off post-haste for Europe, indeed). She heartily hoped and trusted that Madam Beatrix had found occasion to repent of her former bad ways. It was time, indeed, at her age; and Heaven knows that she had plenty to repent of! I have known a harmless, good old soul of eighty still bepommelled and stoned by irreproachable ladies of the strictest sect of the Pharisees, for a little slip which occurred long before the present century was born, or she herself was twenty years old. Rachel Esmond never mentioned her eldest daughter: Madam Esmond Warrington never mentioned her sister. No. In spite of the order for remission of the sentence—in spite of the handwriting on the floor of the Temple—there is a crime which some folks never will pardon, and regarding which female virtue, especially, is inexorable.

I suppose the Virginians' agent at Bristol had told George fearful stories of his brother's doings. Gumbo, whom he met at his aunt's door, as soon as the lad recovered from his terror at the sudden reappearance of the master whom he supposed dead, had leisure to stammer out

a word or two respecting his young master's whereabouts, and present pitiable condition; and hence Mr. George's sternness of demeanor when he presented himself to the old lady. It seemed to him a matter of course that his brother in difficulty should be rescued by his relations. Oh, George, how little you know about London and London ways! Whenever you take your walks abroad how many poor you meet: if a philanthropist were for rescuing all of them, not all the wealth of all the provinces of America would suffice him!

But the feeling and agitation displayed by the old lady touched her nephew's heart, when, jolting through the dark streets toward the house of his brother's captivity, George came to

think of his aunt's behavior. "She *does* feel my poor Harry's misfortune," he thought to himself, "I have been too hasty in judging her." Again and again, in the course of his life, Mr. George had to rebuke himself with the same crime of being too hasty. How many of us have not? And, alas! the mischief done, there's no repentance will mend it. Quick, coachman! We are almost as slow as you are in getting from Clarges Street to the Temple. Poor Gumbo knows the way to the bailiff's house well enough. Again the bell is set ringing. The first door is opened to George and his negro; then that first door is locked warily upon them, and they find themselves in a little passage with a little Jewish janitor; then a second door is unlocked, and they enter into the house. The Jewish janitor stares, as, by his flaring tallow torch, he sees a second Mr. Warrington before him. Come to see that gentleman? Yes. But wait a moment. This is Mr. Warrington's brother from America. Gumbo must go and prepare his master first. Step into this room. There's a gentleman already there about Mr. W.'s business (the porter says), and another up stairs with him now. There's no end of people have been about him.

The room into which George was introduced was a small apartment which went by the name of Mr. Amos's office, and where, by a guttering candle, and talking to the bailiff, sat a stout gentleman in a cloak and a laced hat. The young porter carried his candle, too, preceding Mr. George, so there was a sufficiency of light in the apartment.

"We are not angry any more, Harry!" says the stout gentleman, in a cheery voice, getting up and advancing with an outstretched hand to the new-comer. "Thank God, my boy! Mr. Amos here says there will be no difficulty about James and me being your bail, and we will do

your business by breakfast time in the morning."

"Why . . . Angels and ministers of grace! who are you?" And he started back as the other had hold of his hand.

But the stranger grasped it only the more strongly. "God bless you, Sir!" he said, "I know who *you* are. You must be Colonel Lambert, of whose kindness to him my poor Harry wrote. And I am the brother whom you have heard of, Sir; and who was left for dead in Mr. Braddock's action; and came to life again after eighteen months among the French; and live to thank God and thank you for your kindness to my Harry," continued the lad, with a faltering voice.

"James! James! Here is news!" cries Mr. Lambert to a gentleman in red, who now entered the room. "Here are the dead come alive! Here is Harry Scapegrace's brother come back, and with his scalp on his head, too!" (George had taken his hat off, and was standing by the light.) "This is my brother bail, Mr. Warrington! This is Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, at your service. You must know there has been a little difference between Harry and me, Mr. George. He is pacified, is he, James?"

"He is full of gratitude," says Mr. Wolfe, after making his bow to Mr. Warrington.

"Harry wrote home about Mr. Wolfe, too, Sir," said the young man, "and I hope my brother's friends will be so kind as to be mine."

"I wish he had none other but us, Mr. Warrington. Poor Harry's fine folks have been too fine for him, and have ended by landing him here."

"Nay, your honors, I have done my best to make the young gentleman comfortable; and, knowing your honor before, when you came to bail Captain Watkins, and that your security is perfectly—good, if your honor wishes, the young gentleman can go out this very night, and I will make it all right with the lawyer in the morning," says Harry's landlord, who knew the rank and respectability of the two gentlemen who had come to offer bail for his young prisoner.

"The debt is five hundred and odd pounds, I think?" said Mr. Warrington. "With a hundred thanks to these gentlemen, I can pay the amount at this moment into the officer's hands, taking the usual acknowledgment and caution. But I can never forget, gentlemen, that you helped my brother at his need, and, for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine."

Gumbo had, meanwhile, gone up stairs to his master's apartment, where Harry would probably have scolded the negro for returning that night, but that the young gentleman was very much soothed and touched by the conversation he had had with the friend who had just left him. He was sitting over his pipe of Virginia in a sad mood (for, somehow, even Maria's goodness and affection, as she had just exhibited them, had not altogether consoled him; and he

had thought, with a little dismay, of certain consequences to which that very kindness and fidelity bound him) when Mr. Wolfe's homely features and eager outstretched hand came to cheer the prisoner, and he heard how Mr. Lambert was below, and the errand upon which the two officers had come. In spite of himself, Lambert would be kind to him. In spite of Harry's ill-temper, and needless suspicion and anger, the good gentleman was determined to help him if he might—to help him even against Mr. Wolfe's own advice, as the latter frankly told Harry, "For you were wrong, Mr. Warrington," said the Colonel, "and you wouldn't be set right; and you, a young man, used hard words and unkind behavior to your senior, and, what is more, one of the best gentlemen who walks God's earth. You see, Sir, what his answer hath been to your wayward temper. You will bear with a friend who speaks frankly with you? Martin Lambert hath acted in this as he always doth, as the best Christian, the best friend, the most kind and generous of men. Nay, if you want another proof of his goodness, here it is: He has converted me, who, as I don't care to disguise, was angry with you for your treatment of him, and has absolutely brought me down here to be your bail. Let us both cry *Peccavimus!* Harry, and shake our friend by the hand! He is sitting in the room below. He would not come here till he knew how you would receive him."

"I think he is a good man!" groaned out Harry. "I was very angry and wild at the time when he and I met last, Colonel Wolfe. Nay, perhaps he was right in sending back those trinkets, hurt as I was at his doing so. Go down to him, will you be so kind, Sir? and tell him I am sorry, and ask his pardon, and—God bless him for his generous behavior." And here the young gentleman turned his head away and rubbed his hand across his eyes.

"Tell him all this thyself, Harry!" cries the Colonel, taking the young fellow's hand. "No deputy will ever say it half so well. Come with me now."

"You go first, and I'll—I'll follow—on my word I will. See! I am in my morning-gown. I will but put on a coat and come to him. Give him my message first. Just—just prepare him for me!" says poor Harry, who knew he must do it, but yet did not much like that process of eating of humble-pie.

Wolfe went out smiling—understanding the lad's scruples well enough, perhaps. As he opened the door Mr. Gumbo entered it; almost forgetting to bow to the gentleman, profusely courteous as he was on ordinary occasions—his eyes glaring round, his great mouth grinning—himself in a state of such high excitement and delight that his master remarked his condition.

"What, Gum? What has happened to thee? Hast thou got a new sweet-heart?"

No, Gum had not got no new sweet-heart, Master.



"WHOSE VOICE IS THAT?"

"Give me my coat? What has brought thee back?"

Gumbo grinned prodigiously. "I have seen a ghost, Mas'r!" he said.

"A ghost! and whose, and where?"

"Whar? Saw him at Madame Bernstein's house. Come with him here in the coach! He down stairs now with Colonel Lambert!" While Gumbo is speaking, as he is putting on

his master's coat, his eyes are rolling, his head is wagging, his hands are trembling, his lips are grinning.

"Ghost—what ghost?" says Harry, in a strange agitation. "Is any body—is—my mother come?"

"No, Sir; no, Master Harry!" Gumbo's head rolls nearly off in its violent convolutions, and his master, looking oddly at him,



flings the door open, and goes rapidly down the stair.

He is at the foot of it just as a voice within the little office, of which the door is open, is saying, "*And for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine.*"

"Whose voice is that?" calls out Harry Warrington, with a strange cry in his own voice.

"It's the *ghost's*, Mas'r!" says Gumbo, from behind; and Harry runs forward to the room—where, if you please, we will pause a little minute before we enter. The two gentlemen who were there turned their heads away. The lost was found again. The dead was alive. The prodigal was on his brother's heart—his own full of love, gratitude, repentance.

"Come away, James! I think we are not wanted any more here," says the Colonel. "Good-night, boys. Some ladies in Hill Street won't be able to sleep for this strange news. Or will you go home and sup with 'em, and tell them the story?"

No, with many thanks, the boys would not go and sup to-night. They had stories of their own to tell. "Quick, Gumbo, with the trunks! Good-by, Mr. Amos!" Harry felt almost unhappy when he went away.

## CHAPTER L.

CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF THE FINEST MORALITY.

WHEN first we had the honor to be presented to Sir Miles Warrington at the King's drawing-room, in St. James's Palace, I confess that I, for one—looking at his jolly round face, his broad round waistcoat, his hearty country manner—expected that I had lighted upon a most eligible and agreeable acquaintance at last, and was about to become intimate with that noblest specimen of the human race, the bepraised of songs and men, the good old English country gentleman. In fact, to be a good old country gentleman is to hold a position nearest the gods, and at the summit of earthly felicity. To have a large unencumbered rent-roll, and the rents regularly paid by adoring farmers, who bless their stars at having such a landlord as his honor; to have no tenant holding back with his money, excepting just one, perhaps, who does so in order to give occasion to Good Old Country Gentleman to show his sublime charity and universal benevolence of soul; to hunt three days a week, love the sport of all things, and have perfect good health and good appetite in consequence; to have not only good appetite, but a good dinner; to sit down at church in the midst of a chorus of blessings from the villagers, the first man in the Parish, the benefactor of the Parish, with a consciousness of consummate desert, saying, "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" to be sure, but only for form's sake, because the words are written in the book, and to give other folks an example:—a G. O. C. G. a miserable sinner!

So healthy, so wealthy, so jolly, so much respected by the vicar, so much honored by the tenants, so much beloved and admired by his family, among whom his story of grouse in the gun-room causes laughter from generation to generation;—this perfect being a miserable sinner! *Allons donc!* Give any man good health and temper, five thousand a year, the adoration of his parish, and the love and worship of his family, and I'll defy you to make him so heartily dissatisfied with his spiritual condition as to set himself down a miserable any thing. If you were a royal highness, and went to church in the most perfect health and comfort, the parson waiting to begin the service until Your R. H. came in, would you believe yourself to be a miserable, etc.? You might when racked with gout, in solitude, the fear of death before your eyes, the doctor having cut off your bottle of claret, and ordered arrow-root and a little sherry—you might *then* be humiliated, and acknowledge your own shortcomings, and the vanity of things in general; but, in high health, sunshine, spirits, that word miserable is only a form. You can't think in your heart that you are to be pitied much for the present. If you are to be miserable, what is Colin Plowman, with the ague, seven children, two pounds a year rent to pay for his cottage, and eight shillings a week? No: a healthy, rich, jolly, country gentleman, if miserable, has a very supportable misery: if a sinner, has very few people to tell him so.

It may be he becomes somewhat selfish; but at least he is satisfied with himself. Except my lord at the castle, there is nobody for miles and miles round so good or so great. His admirable wife ministers to him, and to the whole parish, indeed: his children bow before him: the vicar of the parish reverences him: he is respected at quarter sessions: he causes poachers to tremble: off go all hats before him at market: and round about his great coach, in which his spotless daughters and sublime lady sit, all the country-town tradesmen cringe, bareheaded, and the farmers' women drop innumerable courtesies. From their cushions in the great coach the ladies look down beneficently and smile on the poorer folk. They buy a yard of ribbon with affability; they condescend to purchase an ounce of salts, or a packet of flower-seeds: they deign to cheapen a goose: their drive is like a royal progress; a happy people is supposed to press round them and bless them. Tradesmen bow, farmers' wives bob, town-boys, waving their ragged hats, cheer the red-faced coachman as he drives the fat bays, and cry, "Sir Miles forever! Throw us a halfpenny, my lady!"

But suppose the market-woman should hide her fat goose when Sir Miles's coach comes, out of terror lest my lady, spying the bird, should insist on purchasing it a bargain? Suppose no coppers ever were known to come out of the royal coach-window? Suppose Sir Miles regaled his tenants with notoriously small beer,



and his poor with especially thin broth? This may be our fine old English gentleman's way. There have been not a few fine English gentlemen and ladies of this sort; who patronized the poor without ever relieving them, who called out "Amen!" at church as loud as the clerk; who went through all the forms of piety, and discharged all the etiquette of old English gentlemanhood; who bought virtue a bargain, as it were, and had no doubt they were honoring her by the purchase. Poor Harry in his distress asked help from his relations: his aunt sent him a tract and her blessing; his uncle had business out of town, and could not, of course, answer the poor boy's petition. How much of this behavior goes on daily in respectable life, think you? You can fancy Lord and Lady Macbeth concocting a murder, and coming together with some little awkwardness, perhaps, when the transaction was done and over; but my Lord and Lady Skinflint, when they consult in their bedroom about giving their luckless nephew a helping hand, and determine to refuse, and go down to family prayers, and meet their children and domestics, and discourse virtuously before them, and then remain together, and talk nose to nose—what can they think of one another? and of the poor kinsman fallen among the thieves, and groaning for help unheeded? How can they go on with those virtuous airs? How can they dare look each other in the face?

Dare? Do you suppose they think they have done wrong? Do you suppose Skinflint is tortured with remorse at the idea of the distress which called to him in vain, and of the hunger which he sent empty away? Not he. He is indignant with Prodigal for being a fool: he is not ashamed of himself for being a curmudgeon. What? a young man with such opportunities throw them away. A fortune spent among gamblers and spendthrifts? Horrible, horrible! Take warning, my child, by this unfortunate young man's behavior, and see the consequences of extravagance. According to the great and always Established Church of the Pharisees, here is an admirable opportunity for a moral discourse, and an assertion of virtue. "And to think of his deceiving us so!" cries out Lady Warrington.

"Very sad, very sad, my dear!" says Sir John, wagging his head.

"To think of so much extravagance in one so young!" cries Lady Warrington. "Cards, bets, feasts at taverns of the most wicked profusion, carriage and riding horses, the company of the wealthy and profligate of his own sex, and, I fear, of the most iniquitous persons of ours."

"Hush, my Lady Warrington!" cries her husband, glancing toward the spotless Dora and Flora, who held down their blushing heads at the mention of the last naughty persons.

"No wonder my poor children hide their faces!" mamma continues. "My dears, I wish even the existence of such creatures could be kept from you!"

"They can't go to an opera, or the Park, without seeing 'em, to be sure," says Sir Miles.

"To think we should have introduced such a young serpent into the bosom of our family! and have left him in the company of that guileless darling!" and she points to Master Miles.

"Who's a serpent, mamma?" inquires that youth. "First you said cousin Harry was bad: then he was good: now he is bad again. Which is he, Sir Miles?"

"He has faults, like all of us, Miley, my dear. Your cousin has been wild, and you must take warning by him."

"Was not my elder brother, who died—my naughty brother—was not he wild too? He was not kind to me when I was quite a little boy. He never gave me money, nor toys, nor

rode with me, nor—why do you cry, mamma? Sure I remember how Hugh and you were always fight—”

“Silence, Sir!” cry out papa and the girls in a breath. “Don’t you know you are never to mention that name?”

“I know I love Harry, and I didn’t love Hugh,” says the sturdy little rebel. “And if cousin Harry is in prison, I’ll give him my half-guinea that my godpapa gave me, and any thing I have—yes, any thing, except—except my little horse—and my silver waistcoat—and—and Snowball and Sweetlips at home—and—and, yes, my custard after dinner.” This was in reply to hint of sister Dora. “But I’d give him *some* of it,” continues Miles, after a pause.

“Shut thy mouth with it, child, and then go about thy business,” says papa, amused. Sir Miles Warrington had a considerable fund of easy humor.

“Who would have thought he should ever be so wild?” mamma goes on.

“Nay. Youth is the season for wild oats, my dear.”

“That we should be so misled in him!” sighed the girls.

“That he should kiss us both!” cries papa.

“Sir Miles Warrington, I have no patience with that sort of vulgarity!” says the majestic matron.

“Which of you was the favorite yesterday, girls?” continues the father.

“Favorite, indeed! I told him over and over again of my engagement to dear Tom—I did, Dora—why do you sneer, if you please?” says the handsome sister.

Nay, to do her justice, so did Dora too,” said papa.

“Because Flora seemed to wish to forget her engagement with dear Tom sometimes,” remarks her sister.

“I never never never wished to break with Tom! It’s wicked of you to say so, Dora! It is you who were forever sneering at him: it is you who are always envious because I happen—at least, because gentlemen imagine that I am not ill-looking, and prefer me to some folks, in spite of all their learning and wit!” cries Flora, tossing her head over her shoulder, and looking at the glass.

“Why are you always looking there, sister?” says the artless Miles, Junior. “Sure, you must know your face well enough!”

“Some people look at it just as often, child, who haven’t near such good reason,” says papa, gallantly.

“If you mean *me*, Sir Miles, I thank you,” cries Dora. “My face is as Heaven made it, and my father and mother gave it me. ’Tis not my fault if I resemble my papa’s family. If my head is homely, at least I have got some brains in it. I envious of Flora, indeed, because she has found favor in the sight of poor Tom Claypool! I should as soon be proud of captivating a plowboy!”

“Pray, Miss, was your Mr. Harry, of Vir-

ginia, much wiser than Tom Claypool? You would have had him for the asking!” exclaims Flora.

“And so would *you*, Miss, and have dropped Tom Claypool into the sea!” cries Dora.

“I wouldn’t.”

“You would.”

“I wouldn’t;”—and *da capo* goes the conversation—the shuttlecock of wrath being briskly battled from one sister to another.

“Oh, my children! Is this the way you dwell together in unity?” exclaims their excellent female parent, laying down her embroidery.

“What an example you set to this Innocent!”

“Like to see ’em fight, my lady!” cries the Innocent, rubbing his hands.

“At her, Flora! Worry her, Dora! To it again, you little rogues!” says facetious papa.

“’Tis good sport, ain’t it, Miley?”

“Oh, Sir Miles! Oh, my children! These disputes are unseemly. They tear a fond mother’s heart,” says mamma, with majestic action, though bearing the laceration of her bosom with much seeming equanimity. “What cause for thankfulness ought we to have that watchful parents have prevented any idle engagements between you and your misguided cousin. If we have been mistaken in him, is it not a mercy that we have found out our error in time? If either of you had any preference for him, your excellent good sense, my loves, will teach you to overcome, to eradicate, the vain feeling. That we cherished and were kind to him can *never* be a source of regret. ’Tis a proof of our good-nature. What *we* have to regret, I fear, is, that your cousin should have proved unworthy of our kindness, and, coming away from the society of gamblers, play-actors, and the like, should have brought contamination—pollution, I had almost said—into this pure family!”

“Oh, bother mamma’s sermons!” says Flora, as my lady pursues a harangue of which we only give the commencement here, but during which papa, whistling, gently quits the room on tiptoe, while the artless Miles, Junior, winds his top and pegs it under the robes of his sisters. It has done humming, and staggered and tumbled over, and expired in its usual tipsy manner, long ere Lady Warrington has finished her sermon.

“Were you listening to me, my child?” she asks, laying her hand on her darling’s head.

“Yes, mother,” says he, with the whip-cord in his mouth, and proceeding to wind up his sportive engine. “You was a saying that Harry was very poor now, and that we oughtn’t to help him. That’s what you was saying; wasn’t it, madam?”

“My poor child, thou wilt understand me better when thou art older!” says mamma, turning toward that ceiling to which her eyes always have recourse.

“Get out, you little wretch!” cries one of the sisters. The artless one has pegged his top at Dora’s toes, and laughs with the glee of merry boyhood at his sister’s discomfiture.

But what is this? Who comes here? Why does Sir Miles return to the drawing-room, and why does Tom Claypool, who strides after the Baronet, wear a countenance so disturbed?

"Here's a pretty business, my Lady Warrington!" cries Sir Miles. "Here's a wonderful wonder of wonders, girls!"

"For goodness' sake, gentlemen, what is your intelligence?" asks the virtuous matron.

"The whole town's talking about it, my lady!" says Tom Claypool, puffing for breath.

"Tom has seen him," continued Sir Miles.

"Seen both of them, my Lady Warrington. They were at Ranelagh last night, with a regular mob after 'em. And so like, that but for their different ribbons you would hardly have told one from the other. One was in blue, the other in brown; but I'm certain he has worn both the suits here."

"What suits?"

"What one—what other?" call the girls.

"Why, your Fortunate Youth, to be sure."

"Our precious Virginian, and heir to the principality!" says Sir Miles.

"Is my nephew, then, released from his incarceration?" asks her ladyship. "And is he again plunged in the vortex of dissipation . . ."

"Confound him!" roars out the Baronet, with an expression which I fear was even stronger. "What should you think, my Lady Warrington, if this precious nephew of mine should turn out to be an impostor; by George! no better than an adventurer?"

"An inward monitor whispered me as much!" cried the lady; "but I dashed from me the unworthy suspicion. Speak, Sir Miles, we burn with impatience to listen to your intelligence!"

"I'll speak, my love, when you've done," says Sir Miles. "Well, what do you think of my gentleman, who comes into my house, dines at my table, is treated as one of this family, kisses my—"

"What?" asks Tom Claypool, firing as red as his waistcoat.

"—Hem! Kisses my wife's hand, and is treated in the fondest manner, by George! What do you think of this fellow, who talks of his property and his principality, by Jupiter!—turning out to be a beggarly second son! A beggar, my Lady Warrington, by—"

"Sir Miles Warrington, no violence of language before these dear ones! I sink to the earth, confounded by this unutterable hypocrisy. And did I intrust thee to a pretender, my blessed boy? Did I leave thee with an impostor, my innocent one?" the matron cries, fondling her son.

"Who's an impostor, my lady?" asks the child.

"That confounded young scamp of a Harry Warrington!" bawls out papa; on which the little Miles, after wearing a puzzled look for a moment, and yielding to I know not what hidden emotion, bursts out crying.

His admirable mother proposes to clutch him to her heart, but he rejects the pure caress,

bawling only the louder, and kicking frantically about the maternal *gremium*, as the butler announces "Mr. George Warrington, Mr. Henry Warrington!" Miles is dropped from his mother's lap. Sir Miles's face emulates Mr. Claypool's waistcoat. The three ladies rise up, and make three most frigid courtesies, as our two young men enter the room.

Little Miles runs toward them. He holds out a little hand. "Oh, Harry! No! which is Harry? You're my Harry," and he chooses rightly this time. "Oh, you dear Harry! I'm so glad you are come! and they've been abusing you so!"

"I am come to pay my duty to my uncle," says the dark-haired Mr. Warrington; "and to thank him for his hospitalities to my brother Henry."

"What, nephew George? My brother's face and eyes! Boys both, I am delighted to see you!" cries their uncle, grasping affectionately a hand of each, as his honest face radiates with pleasure.

"This indeed hath been a most mysterious and a most providential resuscitation," says Lady Warrington. "Only I wonder that my nephew Henry concealed the circumstance until now," she adds, with a sidelong glance at both young gentlemen.

"He knew it no more than your ladyship," says Mr. Warrington. The young ladies looked at each other with downcast eyes.

"Indeed, Sir! a most singular circumstance," says mamma, with another courtesy. "We had heard of it, Sir; and Mr. Claypool, our county neighbor, had just brought us the intelligence, and it even now formed the subject of my conversation with my daughters."

"Yes," cries out a little voice, "and do you know, Harry, father and mother said you was a—imp—"

"Silence, my child! Screwby, convey Master Warrington to his own apartment! These, Mr. Warrington—or, I suppose I should say nephew George—are your cousins." Two courtesies—two cheeses are made—two hands are held out. Mr. Esmond Warrington makes a profound low bow, which embraces (and it is the only embrace which the gentleman offers) all three ladies. He lays his hat to his heart. He says, "It is my duty, madam, to pay my respects to my uncle and cousins, and to thank your ladyship for such hospitality as you have been enabled to show to my brother."

"It was not much, nephew, but it was our best. Ods bobs!" cries the hearty Sir Miles, "it was our best!"

"And I appreciate it, Sir," says Mr. Warrington, looking gravely round at the family.

"Give us thy hand. Not a word more," says Sir Miles. "What? do you think I'm a cannibal, and won't extend the hand of hospitality to my dear brother's son? What say you, lads? Will you eat our mutton at three? This is my neighbor, Tom Claypool, son to Sir Thomas Claypool, Baronet, and my very good friend.



Hey, Tom! Thou wilt be of the party, Tom? Thou knowest our brew, hey, my boy?"

"Yes, I know it, Sir Miles," replies Tom, with no peculiar expression of rapture on his face.

"And thou shalt taste it, my boy, thou shalt taste it! What is there for dinner, my Lady Warrington? Our food is plain, but plenty, lads—plain, but plenty!"

"We can not partake of it to-day, Sir. We dine with a friend who occupies my Lord Wrotham's house, your neighbor. Colonel Lambert—Major-General Lambert he has just been made."

"With two daughters, I think—countrified-looking girls—are they not?" asks Flora.

"I think I have remarked two little rather dowdy things," says Dora.

"They are as good girls as any in England!" breaks out Harry, to whom no one had thought of saying a single word. His reign was over, you see. He was nobody. What wonder, then, that he should not be visible?

"Oh, indeed, cousin!" says Dora, with a glance at the young man, who sate with burning cheeks, chafing at the humiliation put upon him, but not knowing how or whether he should notice it. "Oh, indeed, cousin! You are very charitable—or very lucky, I'm sure! You see angels where we only see ordinary little persons. I'm sure I could not imagine who were those odd-looking people in Lord Wrotham's coach, with his handsome liveries. But if they were three *angels*, I have nothing to say."

"My brother is an enthusiast," interposes George. "He is often mistaken about women."

"Oh, really!" says Dora, looking a little uneasy.

"I fear my nephew Henry has indeed met with some unfavorable specimens of our sex," the matron remarks, with a groan.

"We are so easily taken in, madam—we are both very young yet—we shall grow older and learn better."

"Most sincerely, nephew George, I trust you may. You have my best wishes, my prayers, for your brother's welfare and your own. No efforts of *ours* have been wanting. At a painful moment, to which I will not further allude—"

"And when my uncle Sir Miles was out of town," says George, looking toward the baronet, who smiles at him with affectionate approval.

"—I sent your brother a work which I thought might comfort him, and I know might improve him. Nay, do not thank me; I claim no credit; I did but my duty—a humble woman's duty—for what are this world's goods, nephew, compared to the welfare of a soul? If I did good, I am thankful; if I was useful, I rejoice. If, through my means, you have been brought, Harry, to consider—"

"Oh! the sermon, is it?" breaks in downright Harry. "I hadn't time to read a single

syllable of it, aunt—thank you. You see I don't care much about that kind of thing—but thank you all the same."

"The intention is every thing," says Mr. Warrington, "and we are both grateful. Our dear friend, General Lambert, intended to give bail for Harry; but, happily, I had funds of Harry's with me to meet any demands upon us. But the kindness is the same, and I am grateful to the friend who hastened to my brother's rescue when he had most need of aid, and when his own relations happened—so unfortunately—to be out of town."

"Any thing I could do, my dear boy, I'm sure—my brother's son—my own nephew—ods bobs! you know—that is, any thing—*any thing*, you know!" cries Sir Miles, bringing his own hand into George's with a generous smack. "You *can't* stay and dine with us? Put off the Colonel—the General—do, now! Or name a day. My Lady Warrington, make my nephew name a day when he will sit under his grandfather's picture and drink some of his wine!"

"His intellectual faculties seem more developed than those of his unlucky younger brother," remarked my lady, when the young gentlemen had taken their leave. "The younger must be reckless and extravagant about money indeed, for did you remark, Sir Miles, the loss of his reversion in Virginia—the amount of which has, no doubt, been grossly exaggerated, but, nevertheless, must be something considerable—did you, I say, remark that the ruin of Harry's prospects scarcely seemed to affect him?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised that the elder turns out to be as poor as the young one," says Dora, tossing her head.

"He! he! Did you see that cousin George had one of cousin Harry's suits of clothes on—the brown and gold—that one he wore when he went with you to the oratorio, Flora?"

"Did he take Flora to an oratorio?" asks Mr. Claypool, fiercely.

"I was ill and couldn't go, and my cousin went with her," says Dora.

"Far be it from *me* to object to any innocent amusement, much less to the music of Mr. Handel, dear Mr. Claypool," says mamma. "Music refines the soul, elevates the understanding, is heard in our churches, and 'tis well known was practiced by King David. Your operas I shun as deleterious; your ballets I would forbid to my children as most immoral; but music, my dears! May we enjoy it, like every thing else in reason—may we—"

"There's the music of the dinner-bell," says papa, rubbing his hands. "Come, girls. Screwby, go and fetch Master Miley. Tom, take down my lady."

"Nay, dear Thomas, I walk but slowly. Go you with dearest Flora down stairs," says Virtue.

But Dora took care to make the evening pleasant by talking of Handel and oratorios constantly during dinner.



## CHAPTER LI.

CONTICUERE OMNES.

ACROSS the way, if the gracious reader will please to step over with us, he will find our young gentlemen at Lord Wrotham's house, which his lordship has lent to his friend the General, and that little family party assembled, with which we made acquaintance at Oakhurst and Tunbridge Wells. James Wolfe has promised to come to dinner; but James is dancing attendance upon Miss Lowther, and would rather have a glance from her eyes than the finest kickshaws dressed by Lord Wrotham's cook, or the dessert which is promised for the entertainment at which you are just going to sit down. You will make the sixth. You may take Mr. Wolfe's place. You may be sure he won't come. As for me, I will stand at the sideboard and report the conversation.

Note first, how happy the women look! When Harry Warrington was taken by those bailiffs I had intended to tell you how the good Mrs. Lambert, hearing of the boy's mishap, had flown to her husband, and had begged, implored, insisted, that her Martin should help him. "Never mind his rebeldom of the other day; never mind about his being angry that his presents were returned—of course any body would be angry, much more such a high-spirited lad as Harry! Never mind about our being so poor, and wanting all our spare money for the boys at college; there *must* be some way of getting him out of the scrape. Did you not get Charles Watkins out of the scrape two years ago; and did he not pay you back every half-penny? Yes; and you made a whole family happy, blessed be God! and Mrs. Watkins prays for you and blesses you to this very day, and I think every thing has prospered with us since. And I have no doubt it has made you a major-general—no *earthly* doubt," says the fond wife.

Now, as Martin Lambert requires very little persuasion to do a kind action, he in this instance lets himself be persuaded easily enough, and having made up his mind to seek for friend James Wolfe, and give bail for Harry, he takes his leave and his hat, and squeezes Theo's hand, who seems to divine his errand (or perhaps that silly mamma has blabbed it), and kisses little Hetty's flushed cheek, and away he goes out of the apartment where the girls and their mother are sitting, though he is followed out of the room by the latter.

When she is alone with him, that enthusiastic matron can not control her feelings any longer. She flings her arms round her husband's neck, kisses him a hundred and twenty-five times in an instant—calls God to bless him—cries plentifully on his shoulder; and in this sentimental attitude is discovered by old Mrs. Quiggett, my lord's housekeeper, who is bustling about the house, and, I suppose, is quite astounded at the conjugal phenomenon.

"We have had a tiff, and we are making it up! Don't tell tales out of school, Mrs. Quiggett!" says the gentleman, walking off.

"Well, I never!" says Mrs. Quiggett, with a shrill, strident laugh, like a venerable old cockatoo—which white, hooked-nosed, long-lived bird Mrs. Quiggett strongly resembles. "Well, I never!" says Mrs. Quiggett, laughing and shaking her old sides till all her keys, and, as one may fancy, her old ribs clatter and jingle.

"Oh, Quiggett!" sobs out Mrs. Lambert, "what a man that is!"

"You've been a quarreling, have you, mum, and making it up? That's right."

"Quarrel with *him*? He never told a greater story. My General is an angel, Quiggett. I should like to worship him. I should like to fall down at his boots and kiss 'em, I should! There never was a man so good as my General. What have I done to have such a man? How *dare* I have such a good husband?"

"My dear, I think there's a pair of you," says the old cockatoo; "and what would you like for your supper?"

When Lambert comes back very late to that meal, and tells what has happened, how Harry is free, and how his brother has come to life and rescued him, you may fancy what a commotion the whole of those people are in! If Mrs. Lambert's General was an angel before, what is he now! If she wanted to embrace his boots in the morning, pray what further office of wallowing degradation would she prefer in the evening? Little Hetty comes and nestles up to her father quite silent, and drinks a little drop out of his glass. Theo's and mamma's faces beam with happiness, like two moons of brightness. . . . After supper, those four at a certain signal fall down on their knees—glad homage paying in awful mirth—rejoicing, and with such pure joy as angels do, we read, for the sinner that repents. There comes a great knocking at the door while they are so gathered

together. Who can be there? My Lord is in the country miles off. It is past midnight now; so late have they been, so long have they been talking! I think Mrs. Lambert guesses who is there.

"This is George," says a young gentleman, leading in another. "We have been to aunt Bernstein. We couldn't go to bed, aunt Lambert, without coming to thank you too. You dear, dear, good—" There is no more speech audible. Aunt Lambert is kissing Harry, Theo has snatched up Hetty, who is as pale as death, and is hugging her into life again. George Warrington stands with his hat off, and then (when Harry's transaction is concluded) goes up and kisses Mrs. Lambert's hand; the General passes his across his eyes. I protest they are all in a very tender and happy state. Generous hearts sometimes feel it, when Wrong is forgiven, when Peace is restored, when Love returns that had been thought lost.

"We came from aunt Bernstein's; we saw lights here, you see, we couldn't go to sleep without saying good-night to you all," says Harry. "Could we, George?"

"Tis certainly a famous nightcap you have brought us, boys," says the General. "When are you to come and dine with us? To-morrow?" No, they must go to Madame Bernstein's to-morrow. The next day, then? Yes, they would come the next day—and that is the very day we are writing about: and this is the very dinner at which, in the room of Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, absent on private affairs, my gracious reader has just been invited to sit down.

To sit down, and why, if you please? Not to a mere Barmecide dinner—no, no—but to hear MR. GEORGE EDMOND WARRINGTON'S STATEMENT, which, of course, he is going to make. Here they all sit—not in my Lord's grand dining-room, you know, but in the snug study or parlor in front. The cloth has been withdrawn, the General has given the King's health, the servants have left the room, the guests sit content, and so, after a little hemming and blushing, Mr. George proceeds:

"I remember, at the table of our General, how the little Philadelphia agent, whose wit and shrewdness we had remarked at home, made the very objections to the conduct of the campaign of which its disastrous issue showed the justice. 'Of course,' says he, 'your Excellency's troops once before Fort Duquesne, such a weak little place will never be able to resist such a general, such an army, such artillery, as will there be found attacking it. But do you calculate, Sir, on the difficulty of reaching the place? Your Excellency's march will be through woods almost untrodden, over roads which you will have to make yourself, and your line will be some four miles long. This slender line, having to make its way through the forest, will be subject to endless attacks in front, in rear, in flank, by enemies whom you will never see, and whose constant practice in war is the dex-

terous laying of ambuscades.'—'Pshaw, Sir!' says the General, 'the savages may frighten your raw American militia' (Thank your Excellency for the compliment, Mr. Washington seems to say, who is sitting at the table), 'but the Indians will never make any impression on his Majesty's regular troops.'—'I heartily hope not, Sir,' says Mr. Franklin, with a sigh; and of course the gentlemen of the General's family sneered at the postmaster, as at a pert civilian who had no call to be giving his opinion on matters entirely beyond his comprehension.

"We despised the Indians on our own side, and our commander made light of them and their service. Our officers disgusted the chiefs who were with us by outrageous behavior to their women. There were not above seven or eight who remained with our force. Had we had a couple of hundred in our front on that fatal 9th of July, the event of the day must have been very different. They would have flung off the attack of the French Indians; they would have prevented the surprise and panic which ensued. 'Tis known now that the French had even got ready to give up their fort, never dreaming of the possibility of a defense, and that the French Indians themselves remonstrated against the audacity of attacking such an overwhelming force as ours.

"I was with our General with the main body of the troops when the firing began in front of us, and one aid-de-camp after another was sent forward. At first the enemy's attack was answered briskly by our own advanced people, and our men huzzaed and cheered with good heart. But very soon our fire grew slacker, while from behind every tree and bush round about us came single shots, which laid man after man low. We were marching in orderly line, the skirmishers in front, the colors and two of our small guns in the centre, the baggage well guarded bringing up the rear, and were moving over a ground which was open and clear for a mile or two, and for some half mile in breadth a thick tangled covert of brushwood and trees on either side of us. After the firing had continued for some brief time in front, it opened from both sides of the environing wood on our advancing column. The men dropped rapidly, the officers in greater number than the men. At first, as I said, these cheered and answered the enemy's fire, our guns even opening on the wood, and seeming to silence the French in ambuscade there. But the hidden rifle-firing began again. Our men halted, huddled up together, in spite of the shouts and orders of the General and officers to advance, and fired wildly into the brushwood—of course making no impression. Those in advance came running back on the main body frightened and many of them wounded. They reported there were five thousand Frenchmen and a legion of yelling Indian devils in front, who were scalping our people as they fell. We could hear their cries from the wood around as our men dropped under their rifles. There was no inducing the

people to go forward now. One aid-de-camp after another was sent forward, and never returned. At last it came to be my turn, and I was sent with a message to Captain Fraser of Halkett's in front, which he was never to receive nor I to deliver.

"I had not gone thirty yards in advance when a rifle-ball struck my leg, and I fell straightway to the ground. I recollect a rush forward of Indians and Frenchmen after that, the former crying their fiendish war-cries, the latter as fierce as their savage allies. I was amazed and mortified to see how few of the white-coats there were. Not above a score passed me; indeed, there were not fifty in the accursed action in which two of the bravest regiments of the British army were put to rout.

"One of them, who was half-Indian, half-Frenchman, with moccasins and a white uniform coat and cockade, seeing me prostrate on the ground, turned back and ran toward me, his musket clubbed over his head to dash my brains out and plunder me as I lay. I had my little fusil which my Harry gave me when I went on the campaign; it had fallen by me and within my reach, luckily; I seized it, and down fell the Frenchman dead at six yards before me. I was saved for that time, but bleeding from my wound and very faint. I swooned almost in trying to load my piece, and it dropped from my hand, and the hand itself sank lifeless to the ground.

"I was scarcely in my senses, the yells and shots ringing dimly in my ears, when I saw an Indian before me busied over the body of the Frenchman I had just shot, but glancing toward me as I lay on the ground bleeding. He first rifled the Frenchman, tearing open his coat and feeling in his pockets: he then scalped him, and, with his bleeding knife in his mouth, advanced toward me. I saw him coming as through a film, as in a dream—I was powerless to move or to resist him.

"He put his knee upon my chest: with one bloody hand he seized my long hair and lifted my head from the ground, and as he lifted it he enabled me to see a French officer rapidly advancing behind him.

"Good God! It was young Florac, who was my second in the duel at Quebec. '*A moi, Florac!*' I cried out. '*C'est Georges! aide moi!*'

"He started; ran up to me at the cry, laid his hand on the Indian's shoulder, and called him to hold. But the savage did not understand French, or choose to understand it. He clutched my hair firmer, and waving his dripping knife round it, motioned to the French lad to leave him to his prey. I could only cry out again and piteously, '*A moi!*'

"'*Ah, canaille, tu veux du sang? Prends!*' said Florac, with a curse; and the next moment, and with an *ugh!* the Indian fell over my chest dead, with Florac's sword through his body.

"My friend looked round him. '*Eh?*' says he, '*la belle affaire!* Where art thou wound-

ed, in the leg?" He bound my leg tight round with his sash. 'The others will kill thee if they find thee here. *Ah, tiens!* Put me on this coat, and this hat with the white cockade. Call out in French if any of our people pass. They will take thee for one of us. Thou art Brunet of the Quebec Volunteers. God guard thee, Brunet! I must go forward. 'Tis a general *débâcle*, and the whole of your red coats are on the run, my poor boy.' Ah, what a rout it was! What a day of disgrace for England!

"Florac's rough application stopped the bleeding of my leg, and the kind creature helped me to rest against a tree, and to load my fusil, which he placed within reach of me, to protect me in case any other marauder should have a mind to attack me. And he gave me the gourd of that unlucky French soldier who had lost his own life in the deadly game which he had just played against me, and the drink the gourd contained served greatly to refresh and invigorate me. Taking a mark of the tree against which I lay, and noting the various bearings of the country, so as to be able again to find me, the young lad hastened on to the front. 'Thou seest how much I love thee, George,' he said, 'that I stay behind in a moment like this.' I forget whether I told thee, Harry, that Florac was under some obligation to me. I had won money of him at cards, at Quebec—only playing at his repeated entreaty—and there was a difficulty about paying, and I remitted his debt to me, and lighted my pipe with his note of hand. You see, Sir, that you are not the only gambler in the family.

"At evening, when the dismal pursuit was over, the faithful fellow came back to me, with a couple of Indians, who had each reeking scalps at their belts, and whom he informed that I was a Frenchman, his brother, who had been wounded early in the day, and must be carried back to the fort. They laid me in one of their blankets, and carried me, groaning, with the trusty Florac by my side. Had he left me they would assuredly have laid me down, plundered me, and added my hair to that of the wretches whose bleeding spoils hung at their girdles. He promised them brandy at the fort if they brought me safely there. I have but a dim recollection of the journey: the anguish of my wound was extreme: I fainted more than once. We came to the end of our march at last. I was taken into the fort, and carried to the officer's log-house, and laid upon Florac's own bed.

"Happy for me was my insensibility. I had been brought into the fort as a wounded French soldier of the garrison. I heard afterward that during my delirium the few prisoners who had been made on the day of our disaster had been brought under the walls of Duquesne by their savage captors, and there horribly burned, tortured, and butchered by the Indians, under the eyes of the garrison."

As George speaks one may fancy a thrill of



horror running through his sympathizing audience. Theo takes Hetty's hand and looks at George in a very alarmed manner. Harry strikes his fist upon the table, and cries, "The bloody, murderous, red-skinned villains! There will never be peace for us until they are all hunted down!"

"They were offering a hundred and thirty dollars apiece for Indian scalps in Pennsylvania, when I left home," says George, demurely; "and fifty for women."

"Fifty for women, my love! Do you hear that, Mrs. Lambert?" cries the Colonel, lifting up his wife's hair.

"The murderous villains!" says Harry, again. "Hunt 'em down, Sir! Hunt 'em down!"

"I know not how long I lay in my fever,"

George resumed. "When I awoke to my senses my dear Florac was gone. He and his company had been dispatched on an enterprise against an English fort on the Pennsylvanian territory, which the French claimed, too. In Duquesne, when I came to be able to ask and understand what was said to me, there were not above thirty Europeans left. The place might have been taken over and over again, had any of our people had the courage to return after their disaster.

"My old enemy the ague-fever set in again upon me as I lay here by the river-side. 'Tis a wonder how I ever survived. But for the goodness of a half-breed woman in the fort, who took pity on me, and tended me, I never should have recovered, and my poor Harry would be what he fancied himself yesterday, our grandfather's heir, our mother's only son.

"I remembered how, when Florac laid me in his bed, he put under my pillow my money, my watch, and a trinket or two which I had. When I woke to myself these were all gone; and a surly old sergeant, the only officer left in the quarter, told me, with a curse, that I was lucky enough to be left with my life at all; that it was only my white cockade and coat had saved me from the fate which the other *canaille* of *Rosbifs* had deservedly met with.

"At the time of my recovery the fort was almost emptied of the garrison. The Indians had retired enriched with British plunder, and the chief part of the French regulars were gone upon expeditions northward. My good Florac had left me upon his service, consigning me to the care of an invalided sergeant. Monsieur de Contrecoeur had accompanied one of these expeditions, leaving an old Lieutenant, Museau by name, in command at Duquesne.

"This man had long been out of France, and serving in the colonies. His character, doubtless, had been indifferent at home; and he knew that according to the system pursued in France, where almost all promotion is given to the noblesse, he never would advance in rank. And he had made free with my guineas, I suppose, as he had with my watch, for I saw it one day on his chest when I was sitting with him in his quarter.

"Monsieur Museau and I managed to be pretty good friends. If I could be exchanged, or sent home, I told him that my mother would pay liberally for my ransom; and I suppose this idea excited the cupidity of the Commandant, for a trapper coming in the winter, while I still lay very ill with fever, Museau consented that I should write home to my mother, but that the letter should be in French, that he should see it, and that I should say I was in the hands of the Indians, and should not be ransomed under ten thousand livres.

"In vain I said I was a prisoner to the troops of His Most Christian Majesty, that I expected the treatment of a gentleman and an officer. Museau swore that letter should go, and no other; that if I hesitated, he would fling me out of the fort, or hand me over to the tender mercies of his ruffian Indian allies. He would not let the trapper communicate with me except in his presence. Life and liberty are sweet. I resisted for a while, but I was pulled down with weakness, and shuddering with fever; I wrote such a letter as the rascal consented to let pass, and the trapper went away with my missive, which he promised, in three weeks, to deliver to my mother in Virginia.

"Three weeks, six, twelve, passed. The messenger never returned. The winter came and went, and all our little plantations round the fort, where the French soldiers had cleared corn-ground and planted gardens and peach and apple trees down to the Monongahela, were in full blossom. Heaven knows how I crept through the weary time! When I was pretty well, I made drawings of the soldiers of the garrison, and of the half-breed and her child (Museau's child), and of Museau himself, whom, I am ashamed to say, I flattered outrageously; and there was an old guitar left in the fort, and I sang to it, and played on it some French airs which I knew, and ingratiated myself as best I could with my jailers; and so the weary months passed, but the messenger never returned.

"At last news arrived that he had been shot by some British Indians in Maryland; so there was an end of my hope of ransom for some months more. This made Museau very savage and surly toward me; the more so as his sergeant inflamed his rage by telling him that the Indian woman was partial to me—as I believe, poor thing, she was. I was always gentle with her, and grateful to her. My small accomplishments seemed wonders in her eyes; I was ill and unhappy, too, and these are always claims to a woman's affection.

"A captive pulled down by malady, a ferocious jailer, and a young woman touched by the prisoner's misfortunes—sure you expect that, with these three prime characters in a piece, some pathetic tragedy is going to be enacted? You, Miss Hetty, are about to guess that the woman saved me?"

"Why, of course she did!" cries mamma.

"What else is she good for?" says Hetty.

"You, Miss Theo, have painted her already



A PRISONER.

as a dark beauty—is it not so? A swift hunter—?”

“Diana with a baby,” says the Colonel.

“—Who scours the plain with her nymphs, who brings down the game with her unerring bow, who is Queen of the forest—and I see by your looks that you think I am madly in love with her?”

“Well, I suppose she is an interesting

creature, Mr. George?” says Theo, with a blush.

“What think you of a dark beauty, the color of new mahogany? with long straight black hair, which was usually dressed with a hair-oil or pomade by no means pleasant to approach, with little eyes, with high cheek-bones, with a flat nose, sometimes ornamented with a ring, with rows of glass beads round her tawny throat,

her cheeks and forehead gracefully tattooed, a great love of finery, and inordinate passion for—Oh! must I own it?"

"For coquetry. I know you are going to say that!" says Miss Hetty.

"For whisky, my dear Miss Hester—in which appetite my jailer partook; so that I have often sate by, on the nights when I was in favor with Monsieur Museau, and seen him and his poor companion hob-and-nobbing together until they could scarce hold the noggin out of which they drank. In these evening entertainments they would sing, they would dance, they would fondle, they would quarrel, and knock the cans and furniture about; and, when I was in favor, I was admitted to share their society, for Museau, jealous of his dignity, or not willing that his men should witness his behavior, would allow none of them to be familiar with him.

"While the result of the trapper's mission to my home was yet uncertain, and Museau and I myself expected the payment of my ransom, I was treated kindly enough, allowed to crawl about the fort, and even to go into the adjoining fields and gardens, always keeping my parole, and duly returning before gun-fire. And I exercised a piece of hypocrisy, for which, I hope, you will hold me excused. When my leg was sound (the ball came out in the winter, after some pain and inflammation, and the wound healed up presently), I yet chose to walk as if I was disabled and a cripple; I hobbled on two sticks, and cried Ah! and Oh! at every minute, hoping that a day might come when I might treat my limbs to a run.

"Museau was very savage when he began to give up all hopes of the first messenger. He fancied that the man might have got the ransom-money and fled with it himself. Of course he was prepared to disown any part in the transaction, should my letter be discovered. His treatment of me varied according to his hopes or fears, or even his mood for the time being. He would have me consigned to my quarters for several days at a time; then invite me to his tipsy supper-table, quarrel with me there and abuse my nation; or again break out into maudlin sentimentalities about his native country of Normandy, where he longed to spend his old age, to buy a field or two, and to die happy.

"Eh, Monsieur Museau!" says I, "ten thousand livres of your money would buy a pretty field or two in your native country? You can have it for the ransom of me, if you will but let me go. In a few months you must be superseded in your command here, and then adieu the crowns and the fields in Normandy! You had better trust a gentleman and a man of honor. Let me go home, and I give you my word the ten thousand livres shall be paid to any agent you may appoint in France or in Quebec."

"Ah, young traitor!" roars he, "do you wish to tamper with my honor? Do you believe an officer of France will take a bribe? I

VOL. XVIII.—No. 103.—H

have a mind to consign thee to my black-hole, and to have thee shot in the morning."

"My poor body will never fetch ten thousand livres," says I; "and a pretty field in Normandy with a cottage . . ."

"And an orchard. Ah, *sacrebleu!*" says Museau, whimpering, "and a dish of tripe à la mode du pays! . . ."

"This talk happened between us again and again, and Museau would order me to my quarters, and then ask me to supper the next night, and return to the subject of Normandy, and cider, and *trippes à la mode de Caen*. My friend is dead now—"

"He was hung, I trust?" breaks in Colonel Lambert.

"—And I need keep no secret about him. Ladies, I wish I had to offer you the account of a dreadful and tragical escape; how I slew all the sentinels of the fort; filed through the prison windows, destroyed a score or so of watchful dragons, overcame a million of dangers, and finally effected my freedom. But, in regard of that matter, I have no heroic deeds to tell of, and own that, by bribery, and no other means, I am where I am."

"But you *would* have fought, Georgy, if need were," says Harry, "and you couldn't conquer a whole garrison, you know!" And herewith Mr. Harry blushed very much.

"See the women, how disappointed they are!" says Lambert. "Mrs. Lambert, you blood-thirsty woman, own that you are balked of a battle; and look at Hetty, quite angry because Mr. George did not shoot the Commandant."

"You wished he was hung yourself, papa!" cries Miss Hetty, "and I am sure I wish any thing my papa wishes."

"Nay, ladies," says George, turning a little red, "to wink at a prisoner's escape was not a very monstrous crime; and to take money? Sure other folks besides Frenchmen have condescended to a bribe before now. Although Monsieur Museau set me free, I am inclined, for my part, to forgive him. Will it please you to hear how that business was done? You see, Miss Hetty, I can not help being alive to tell it."

"Oh, George!—that is, I mean Mr. Warrington!—that is, I mean I beg your pardon!" cries Hester.

"No pardon, my dear! I never was angry yet or surprised that any one should like my Harry better than me. He deserves all the liking that any man or woman can give him. See it is *his* turn to blush now," says George.

"Go on, Georgy, and tell them about the escape out of Duquesne!" cries Harry, and he said to Mrs. Lambert afterward in confidence, "You know he is always going on saying that he ought never to have come to life again, and declaring that I am better than he is. The idea of my being better than George, Mrs. Lambert! a poor, extravagant fellow like me! It's absurd!"



## CHAPTER LII.

INTENTIQUE ORA TENEBANT.

"We continued for months our weary life at the fort, and the Commandant and I had our quarrels and reconciliations, our greasy games at cards, our dismal duets with his asthmatic flute and my cracked guitar. The poor Fawn took her beatings and her cans of liquor as her lord and master chose to administer them; and she nursed her papoose, or her master in the gout, or her prisoner in the ague; and so matters went on until the beginning of the fall of last year, when we were visited by a hunter who had important news to deliver to the Commandant, and such as set the little garrison in no little excitement. The Marquis de Montcalm had sent a considerable detachment to garrison the forts already in the French hands, and to take up farther positions in the enemy's—that is, in the British—possessions. The troops had left Quebec and Montreal, and were coming up the St. Lawrence and the lakes in batteaux, with artillery and large provisions of warlike and other stores. Museau would be superseded in his command by an officer of superior rank, who might exchange me, or who might give me up to the Indians in reprisal for cruelties practiced by our own people on many and many an officer and soldier of the enemy. The men of the fort were eager for the reinforcements; they would advance into Pennsylvania and New York; they would seize upon Albany and Philadelphia; they would drive the Rosbifs into the sea, and all America should be theirs from the Mississippi to Newfoundland.

"This was all very triumphant: but yet, somehow, the prospect of the French conquest did not add to Mr. Museau's satisfaction.

"Eh, Commandant!" says I, '*'tis fort bien*, but meanwhile your farm in Normandy, the pot of cider, and the *trippes à la mode de Caen*, where are they?"

"Yes; 'tis all very well, my *garçon*," says

he. 'But where will you be when poor old Museau is superseded? Other officers are not good companions like me. Very few men in the world have my humanity. When there is a great garrison here, will my successors give thee the indulgences which honest Museau has granted thee? Thou wilt be kept in a sty like a pig ready for killing. As sure as one of our officers falls into the hands of your brigands of frontier-men, and evil comes to him, so surely wilt thou have to pay with thy skin for his. Thou wilt be given up to our red allies—to the brethren of La Biche yonder. Didst thou see, last year, what they did to thy countrymen whom we took in the action with Braddock? Roasting was the very smallest punishment, *ma foi*—was it not, La Biche?"

"And he entered into a variety of jocular descriptions of tortures inflicted, eyes burned out of their sockets, teeth and nails wrenched out, limbs and bodies gashed— You turn pale, dear Miss Theo! Well, I will have pity, and will spare you the tortures which honest Museau recounted in his pleasant way as likely to befall me.

"La Biche was by no means so affected as you seem to be, ladies, by the recital of these horrors. She had witnessed them in her time. She came from the Senecas, whose villages lie near the great cataract between Ontario and Erie; her people made war for the English, and against them; they had fought with other tribes; and, in the battles between us and them, it is difficult to say whether white skin or red skin is most savage.

"They may chop me into cutlets and broil me, 'tis true, Commandant," says I, coolly. 'But again, I say, you will never have the farm in Normandy.'

"Go get the whisky-bottle, La Biche," says Museau.

"And it is not too late, even now. I will give the guide who takes me home a large reward. And again I say I promise, as a man of honor, ten thousand livres to—whom shall I say? to any one who shall bring me any token—who shall bring me, say, my watch and seal with my grandfather's arms—which I have seen in a chest somewhere in this fort.'

"Ah, *séclérat*!" roars out the Commandant, with a hoarse yell of laughter. 'Thou hast eyes, thou! All is good prize in war.'

"Think of a house in your village, of a fine field hard by with half a dozen of cows—of a fine orchard all covered with fruit.'

"And Javotte at the door with her wheel, and a rascal of a child or two, with cheeks as red as the apples! Oh, my country! Oh, my mother!" whimpers out the Commandant. 'Quick, La Biche, the whisky!'

"All that night the Commandant was deep in thought, and La Biche too silent and melancholy. She sate away from us, nursing her child, and whenever my eyes turned toward her I saw hers were fixed on me. The poor little infant began to cry, and was ordered away by



Museau, with his usual foul language, to the building which the luckless Biche occupied with her child. When she was gone we both of us spoke our minds freely; and I put such reasons before Monsieur as his cupidity could not resist.

"How do you know," he asked, "that this hunter will serve you?"

"That is my secret," says I. But here, if you like, as we are not on honor, I may tell it. When they come into the settlements for their bargains, the hunters often stop a day or two for rest and drink and company, and our new friend loved all these. He played at cards with the men: he set his furs against their liquor: he enjoyed himself at the fort, singing, dancing, and gambling with them. I think I said they liked to listen to my songs, and for want of better things to do, I was often singing and guitar scraping: and we would have many a concert, the men joining in chorus, or dancing to my homely music, until it was interrupted by the drums and the retraite.

"Our guest the hunter was present at one or two of these concerts, and I thought I would try if possibly he understood English. After we had had our little stock of French songs, I said, 'My lads, I will give you an English song;' and to the tune of 'Over the hills and far away,' which my good old grandfather used to hum as a favorite air in Marlborough's camp, I made some doggerel words: 'This long, long year, a prisoner drear; Ah, me! I'm tired of lingering here: I'll give a hundred guineas gay, To be over the hills and far away.'

"What is it?" says the hunter, "I don't understand."

"'Tis a girl to her lover," I answered; but I saw by the twinkle in the man's eye that he understood me.

"The next day, when there were no men within hearing, the trapper showed that I was right in my conjecture, for as he passed me he hummed in a low tone, but in perfectly good English, 'Over the hills and far away,' the burden of my yesterday's doggerel.

"If you are ready," says he, "I am ready. I know who your people are, and the way to them. Talk to the Fawn, and she will tell you what to do. What! You will not play with me?" Here he pulled out some cards, and spoke in French, as two soldiers came up. 'Milor est trop grand seigneur? Bonjour, my lord!'

"And the man made me a mock bow, and walked away shrugging up his shoulders, to offer to play and drink elsewhere.

"I knew now that the Biche was to be the agent in the affair, and that my offer to Museau was accepted. The poor Fawn performed her part very faithfully and dexterously. I had not need of a word more with Museau; the matter was understood between us. The Fawn had long been allowed free communication with me. She had tended me during my wound and in my illnesses, helped to do the work of my little chamber, my cooking, and so forth. She

was free to go out of the fort, as I have said, and to the river and the fields where the corn and garden-stuff of the little garrison were brought in.

"Having gambled away most of the money which he received for his peltries, the trapper new got together his store of flints, powder, and blankets, and took his leave. And, three days after his departure, the Fawn gave me the signal that the time was come for me to make my little trial for freedom.

"When first wounded, I had been taken by my kind Florac and placed on his bed in the officers' room. When the fort was emptied of all officers except the old lieutenant left in command, I had been allowed to remain in my quarters, sometimes being left pretty free, sometimes being locked up and fed on prisoners' rations, sometimes invited to share his mess by my tipsy jailer. This officers' house, or room, was of logs, like the half dozen others within the fort, which mounted only four guns of small calibre, of which one was on the bastion behind my cabin. Looking westward over this gun, you could see a small island at the confluence of the two rivers Ohio and Monongahela, whereon Duquesne is situated. On the shore opposite this island were some trees.

"You see those trees?" my poor Biche said to me the day before, in her French jargon. 'He wait for you behind those trees.'

"In the daytime the door of my quarters was open, and the Biche free to come and go. On the day before she came in from the fields with a pick in her hand and a basketful of vegetables and pot-herbs for soup. She sate down on a bench at my door, the pick resting against it, and the basket at her side. I stood talking to her for a while: but I believe I was so idiotic that I never should have thought of putting the pick to any use had she not actually pushed it into my open door, so that it fell into my room. 'Hide it,' she said; 'want it soon.' And that afternoon it was she pointed out the trees to me.

"On the next day she comes, pretending to be very angry, and calls out, 'My lord! my lord! why you not come to Commandant's dinner? He very bad! Entendez-vous?' And she peeps into the room as she speaks, and flings a coil of rope at me.

"I am coming, La Biche," says I, and hobbled after her on my crutch. As I went into the Commandant's quarters she says, 'Pour ce soir.' And then I knew the time was come.

"As for Museau, he knew nothing about the matter. Not he! He growled at me, and said the soup was cold. He looked me steadily in the face, and talked of this and that; not only while his servant was present, but afterward, when we smoked our pipes and played our game at picquet; while, according to her wont, the poor Biche sate cowering in a corner.

"My friend's whisky-bottle was empty; and he said, with rather a knowing look, he must have another glass—we must both have a glass

that night. And, rising from the table, he stumped to the inner-room, where he kept his fire-water under lock and key, and away from the poor Biche, who could not resist that temptation.

"As he turned his back the Biche raised herself; and he was no sooner gone but she was at my feet, kissing my hand, pressing it to her heart, and bursting into tears over my knees. I confess I was so troubled by this testimony of the poor creature's silent attachment and fondness, the extent of which I scarce had suspected before, that when Muscau returned I had not recovered my equanimity, though the poor Fawn was back in her corner again and shrouded in her blanket.

"He did not appear to remark any thing strange in the behavior of either. We sate down to our game, though my thoughts were so preoccupied that I scarcely knew what cards were before me.

"I gain every thing from you to-night, milor," says he, grimly. 'We play upon parole.'

"And you may count upon mine," I replied.

"Eh! 'tis all that you have!" says he.

"Monsieur," says I, 'my word is good for ten thousand livres;' and we continued our game.

"At last he said he had a headache, and would go to bed; and I understood the orders too, that I was to retire. 'I wish you a good night, mon petit milor,' says he; 'stay, you will fall without your crutch'—and his eyes twinkled at me, and his face wore a sarcastic grin. In the agitation of the moment I had quite forgotten that I was lame, and was walking away at a pace as good as a grenadier's.

"What a villain night!" says he, looking out. In fact, there was a tempest abroad, and a great roaring, and wind. 'Bring a lantern, La Tulipe, and lock my lord comfortably into his quarters!' He stood a moment looking at me from his own door, and I saw a glimpse of the poor Biche behind him.

"The night was so rainy that the sentries preferred their boxes and did not disturb me in my work. The log-house was built with up-right posts, deeply fixed in the ground, and horizontal logs laid upon it. I had to dig under these, and work a hole sufficient to admit my body to pass. I began in the dark, soon after tattoo. It was some while after midnight before my work was done, when I lifted my hand up under the log and felt the rain from without falling upon it. I had to work very cautiously for two hours after that, and then crept through to the parapet and silently flung my rope over the gun; not without a little tremor of heart, lest the sentry should see me and send a charge of lead into my body.

"The wall was but twelve feet, and my fall into the ditch easy enough. I waited a while there, looking steadily under the gun, and trying to see the river and the island. I heard the sentry pacing up above and humming a

tune. The darkness became more clear to me ere long, and the moon rose, and I saw the river shining before me, and the dark rocks and trees of the island rising in the waters.

"I made for this mark as swiftly as I could, and for the clump of trees to which I had been directed. Oh, what a relief I had when I heard a low voice humming there 'Over the hills and far away!'"

When Mr. George came to this part of his narrative, Miss Theo, who was seated by a harpsichord, turned round and dashed off the tune on the instrument, while all the little company broke out into the merry chorus.

"Our way," the speaker went on, "lay through a level tract of forest with which my guide was familiar, upon the right bank of the Monongahela. By daylight we came to a clearer country, and my trapper asked me—Silverheels was the name by which he went—had I ever seen the spot before? It was the fatal field where Braddock had fallen, and whence I had been wonderfully rescued in the summer of the previous year. Now, the leaves were beginning to be tinted with the magnificent hues of our autumn."

"Ah, brother!" cries Harry, seizing his brother's hand, "I was gambling and making a fool of myself at the Wells and in London when my George was flying for his life in the wilderness! Oh, what a miserable spendthrift I have been!"

"But I think thou art not unworthy to be called thy mother's son," said Mrs. Lambert, very softly, and with moistened eyes. Indeed, if Harry had erred, to mark his repentance, his love, his unselfish joy and generosity, was to feel that there was hope for the humbled and kind young sinner.

"We presently crossed the river," George resumed, "taking our course along the base of the western slopes of the Alleghanies; and through a grand forest region of oaks and maple, and enormous poplars that grow a hundred feet high without a branch. It was the Indians whom we had to avoid, besides the outlying parties of French. Always of doubtful loyalty, the savages have been specially against us since our ill-treatment of them and the French triumph over us two years ago.

"I was but weak still, and our journey through the wilderness lasted a fortnight or more. As we advanced the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. We lighted fires at our feet, and slept in our blankets as best we might. At this time of year the hunters who live in the mountains get their sugar from the maples. We came upon more than one such family camping near their trees by the mountain streams, and they welcomed us at their fires and gave us of their venison. So we passed over the two ranges of the Laurel Hills and the Alleghanies. The last day's march of my trusty guide and myself took us down that wild, magnificent pass of Will's Creek, a valley lying between cliffs near

a thousand feet high—bald, white, and broken into towers like huge fortifications, with eagles wheeling round the summits of the rocks and watching their nests among the crags.

"And hence we descended to Cumberland,

whence we had marched in the year before, and where there was now a considerable garrison of our people. Oh! you may think it was a welcome day when I saw English colors again on the banks of our native Potomac!"

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

THE November elections have generally resulted unfavorably to the Administration. In *New York*, where an unsuccessful attempt had been made to unite the entire Opposition vote upon a common State ticket, the following nominations were made for Governor: E. D. Morgan, Republican; A. J. Parker, Democrat; L. D. Burrows, American; Gerrit Smith, Abolition and Temperance. The vote was as follows: Republican, 247,000; Democratic, 230,000; American, 60,000; Abolition, 5000; Mr. Morgan's plurality being about 17,000. The whole Opposition vote was concentrated upon Congressional candidates, electing 27 out of 33 members. The entire Opposition majority for members of Congress is about 70,000. In the State Legislature the Opposition have a decided majority in both Houses.—In *New Jersey* the Opposition candidates for Congress succeeded in every district.—In *Massachusetts* N. P. Banks, Republican, was elected Governor by a majority of about 29,000; all the members of Congress being of the same party.—In *Ohio* the Republican State ticket succeeded by a majority of about 21,000; for Congress 15 Republicans and 6 Democrats were chosen.—In *Michigan* Moses Wisner, Republican, was elected Governor, by about 7000 majority; the Democrats gaining one member of Congress.—In *Illinois*, where Mr. Douglas took ground against the Kansas policy of the Administration on the one hand, and the Republican party on the other, the main interest of the canvass was concentrated upon the candidates for the State Legislature, as this involved the question of the re-election of Mr. Douglas to the United States Senate. The result is still uncertain; the probability being that a majority of Democrats favorable to Mr. Douglas have been chosen.—In *Delaware* the Democrats succeeded by a small majority.—Elections for members of the next Congress have now been held in eighteen States, having 152 members. It is impossible to classify the members with perfect accuracy, some being elected as "Republicans," some as "Americans," some as "Democrats," and others as "Anti-Lecompton Democrats." Classing Republicans, Northern Americans, and Anti-Lecompton Democrats as "Opposition," and Democrats and Southern Americans as "Administration," the result in these States, as compared with the present Congress, is approximately as follows:

	Adm.	Opp.
Present Congress.....	66	86
Next Congress.....	39	113

Elections are yet to be held in fourteen States, having 84 Representatives. Of the members from these States in the present Congress 64 are Administration and 20 Opposition.

A project for another filibustering expedition to Nicaragua has been set on foot by Walker and others, and the President has issued a proclamation in which he states that "One of the leaders

of a former illegal expedition, who has been already twice expelled from Nicaragua, has invited, through the public newspapers, American citizens to emigrate to that republic, and has designated Mobile as the place of rendezvous and departure, and San Juan del Norte as the port to which they are bound. This person, who has renounced his allegiance to the United States, and claims to be President of Nicaragua, has given notice to the collector of the port of Mobile that two or three hundred of these emigrants will be prepared to embark from that port about the middle of November. For these and other good reasons, and for the purpose of saving American citizens who may have been honestly deluded into the belief that they are about to proceed to Nicaragua as peaceful emigrants, if any such there be, I, James Buchanan, President of the United States, have thought fit to issue this my proclamation, enjoining upon all officers of the Government, civil and military, in their respective spheres, to be vigilant, active, and faithful in suppressing these illegal enterprises."

From *Utah* the latest accounts represent every thing as quiet. Trains of goods were continually arriving from California and the East. The troops under command of General Johnston were consolidated in one encampment. His command, including employés, numbered 7000 or 8000; there were also 4000 at Fort Bridger.—The Indians on the frontiers are troublesome. In an action, near Wachita Village, between a detachment of the 2d Cavalry and a party of Comanches, five of the former and forty of the latter were killed. The Navajos in New Mexico are hostile, and two engagements have been fought with them. The agent has formally suspended all relations with them. He says that their wealth consists of 250,000 sheep and 60,000 horses, the loss of which would drive them to desperation, and give rise to a long war, like that in Florida. It has been found necessary to raise a body of troops in Texas to protect the frontiers from the incursions of the savages. In Oregon the Indians are suing for peace, which Colonel Wright, who commands our troops, has refused to grant, unless they will surrender unconditionally, and bring in all their women and property. The soldiers are destroying the grain-fields and provisions of the savages, who are reduced to great distress.—The inhabitants of *Dacotah* have completed a temporary government, to continue till Congress shall organize a regular Territorial Government.—The Frazer River gold excitement has entirely subsided, and the miners are rapidly returning to California. The river had fallen so as to permit mining, and considerable gold had been taken out; but as early as the 1st of October the weather had become too cold to permit of work.—The reports of the discovery of gold near Pike's Peak in Kansas are confirmed. The *Kansas Weekly Press* of October 23, states that