

The dwellers of the Old Farm House, though shut out in their quiet nook, from the scene of conflict, were not beyond the bounds of sympathy for others, nor unmindful of the frightful tragedy of life and death which was enacted so near to them. Dame Von Kortland was in a truly pitiable state of mind; her imagination pictured her son in all possible and impossible dangers, and every suggestion of reason and common sense was entirely lost upon her. A constant succession of hysterics demanded Meta's undivided care, and though her own cheek grew pale, and her limbs trembled, she generously concealed her unquiet feelings, and devoted herself with affectionate assiduity to her timid and weak-minded relative. Heavily the lagging hours of that eventful day passed away, and when night closed in, and the sullen booming of artillery no longer echoed from the hills, and rolled along the quiet waters; the ominous calm that succeeded,—the intolerable suspense—the shadowy terror which seemed to burden the very air, was even more appalling than the distant strife of arms. Even Von Sickle's phlegmatic temperament was aroused, and whether from selfish considerations, or generous sympathy for others, never had he been known to manifest so much emotion.

Late in the evening, Cuffy and two of the farming men, whose age had exempted them from military duty, obtained permission to go out and gather some particulars of the battle, for as yet, flying reports only, had reached the Farm House. The English were encamped about a mile distant, holding a position between the Flatbush road, and Brooklyn heights, where the Americans had retreated, and then lay, secure for the time, behind their entrenchments. Cuffy and his adjuncts moved cautiously along in the moonlight, fearful of being surprised by the enemy's pickets, who would probably take them to head quarters for inspection. All along the road were traces of the recent conflict; for here the routed provincials had fled, closely pursued in attempting to reach the shelter of their own works. Many dead bodies were lying cold and stiff, and the country people were abroad, looking for friends, whose fate was still uncertain, succoring the wounded, and carrying off the dead for decent burial. From these people Von Sickle's men learned all the particulars that had yet transpired of that disastrous day; and they were returning gravely, homeward, when one of them almost stumbled over a lifeless body, lying in shadow by the wayside. The glitter of epaulettes, and the continental uniform, betrayed the rank and party of the wounded man. He was young, and his heart still

beat, but the blood was oozing from a deep cut in the right shoulder, which the black, who was somewhat of a leech, hastened to staunch, by binding the swollen limb in the sufferer's handkerchief, and then very adroitly making use of his sash, as a sling to support it. Water was brought from a little brook that ran brawling along, as if on purpose to refresh the wayfarer at need; and the grateful element applied to his lips and brow, seemed to revive him—he uttered a faint groan, and after a few moments, opened his eyes and looked vacantly around. Memory and consciousness slowly returned, and with them an acute sense of pain and weakness. His first impulse was a nervous attempt to grasp his sword, which lay by his left hand, to which he had probably transferred it when the officer was disabled, and perceiving himself well cared for, he faintly asked into whose hands he had fallen. Being answered that they were friends, a fervent "thank God!" expressed his grateful emotions. He then entreated to be taken, to the nearest house, as his pain was insupportable, and he was also in danger of being captured by the enemy's scouts, and thus cut off from further service to his country.

The men hastily made a litter from the branches of trees, on which was laid all the garments they could spare, and the wounded man being placed on it, they bore him slowly towards the Dutch Farm House, which chanced to be the nearest habitation. Cautiously as they moved, every step seemed to cause fresh agony, and elicited an unwilling groan from the unfortunate sufferer. Meta and her father were waiting on the stoup when the litter appeared, slowly winding along the bridle path, and on it the outlines of a human form, were plainly revealed by the clear moonlight. To both of them, the idea that it must be Harman, killed or wounded, was the first impression; and they felt thankful that his mother had been persuaded to retire, and thus escaped the sudden agony of seeing her son brought home lifeless before her. Meta summoned Gertrude, and enjoined strict silence in the house; but it is not in the nature of maid servants to remain quiet on such occasions, and directly, the whole household was in the utmost confusion. Phebe the dairy maid rushed at once to Dame Kortland's dormitory, and broke her slumbers with the startling intelligence that her son was killed; and scarcely was the wounded officer laid on a mattress, brought hastily to the stoup, before the heart-stricken mother rushed out with open arms, and a cry that might have wakened the dead, and would have clasped him in a