

# FOR KING AND COUNTRY:

A STORY OF 1812.

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## CHAPTER I.

AN AFTERNOON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand, like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic."

A SOFT, balmy afternoon in the beginning of June, just in that sweet hopeful season when the spring-time, with its blossoms of promise, is passing into the richer bloom of the early summer;—there could scarcely have been a fairer day for exploring the "forest primeval." The forenoon had been slightly showery, wavering between tears and smiles; now the smiles had conquered, and the sun shone softly out between the tender-tinted gray and pearly clouds that dappled a sky of purest blue. The sunbeams, seeming the brighter for the preceding rain, glistened on the wet glossy leaves of the "May," that starred the forest depths with its snowy blossoms, and upon the bright scarlet columbines that nodded among the