

tress, and who is she?" he asked. "Yes, massa; she is my mistress, Miss Annie Schuyler. The Britishers have killed my massa and Mr. Philip, then burn us up, and we run away to find my missus' uncle. We thought he was in these woods; guess we're mistaken." "My God!" exclaimed the officer, "a niece of General Schuyler in this wood with no protection but this slave!" He begged her to take the food. When she had done so he assisted her to remount her horse, and, leading the way, gave the necessary directions, following which, a few hours after, she found herself with her uncle at his headquarters. From there she was sent to the old Schuyler mansion near Albany, and remained with her cousins until her marriage, which was from his house and with his approval. It was there she again met the officer who had shown her such considerate kindness in those hours of bereavement, defeat and danger.

Scarlet riding-habits were the fashion of that time. The one worn on that memorable day was afterwards made into a cloak with a chapeau, long used during her Canadian life, and the saddle is now in Mrs. Grover's possession. Matthew Goslee was the name of this brave man, who afterwards became her husband. His family lived in Maryland, and six brothers served in the Continental Army. He served under Cornwallis, and was in the 33rd Foot, participating in many battles of the Revolution. He was with Cornwallis in his unfortunate campaign, and was among those who gave up their swords at the surrender of