

I understood it all at last. Within the house was certain death to everyone. Yet it was he only whom they wanted. He had thus offered himself to lure them away from the house where his daughter was. He knew they were incensed against him. They cared not a snap of their fingers for the rest of his household except as they would do his bidding and fight against them. They were bent on his destruction and he knew it, so he had purposely made himself a bait to draw them away from the neighborhood. This was what his muttering meant when he dashed by me: "Miriam, I give you all."

I set out with the rest. He rode ahead and the mob came after him. Suddenly I heard the crack of a musket. Lady Marmaduke's men were getting to the front again. Then another and another. Still the old man rode bravely at the front, with the mob howling at his heels. At last he fell. Let us hope the bullet touched his heart and that he was dead before they reached him. I covered my eyes in horror. They pounced upon him like curs. Let me not relate the mutilation that followed. That was a bloody act. Its like for cruelty I have never seen before nor since.

And so he died, a hero. I had had great wrong at his hands; for all that I bowed my head and breathed a prayer for his soul. He had the great love that the Bible speaks of. He gave his life for another; and who am I to call him into judgment?