

"Jack Barry," or to that equally irrepressible Irishman, the reckless Commodore Barney, who was even then performing hair-breadth exploits.

"Stick to your own branch of the service," cried another; "the navy men are getting too much of the glory as it is. Give us the immortal George, or our Macomb, who has just put a damper on the Britishers—or anybody you like in this arm of the service."

"I'll give you Morgan with his merry volunteers, fighting the British regulars at the Creek Side near Black Rock. And Brown getting hold of Fort Erie, and—But stay! What's that?" The leader of the troop reined in his horse. His first fear was that they had fallen into an ambush. The shadowy outline of two or three men became visible, and that there were more was soon evident. But all remained silent, and some seemed to be in the act of stooping. One stood erect in an attitude of fear or horror. As the commander of the squadron looked more closely he discovered still another figure, lying face upward, partly supported by a dismantled gun-carriage. For the spot was the scene of a recent skirmish, in the course of which this ordnance wagon had been deserted.

There was a pause, and all those reckless and dashing cavalymen held their breath. The face of the man who lay thus upon the ground and seemed to be dead was very distinct in the light of the moon, which, occasionally overclouded, threw out fitful gleams. That was a noble countenance, soldierly and handsome in the repose which had fallen upon it, and the dress was a military one. The group of riders sitting still upon their horses were strangely moved, though it was part of their trade to look upon death every day and every hour.