

many of Bellingham's officers. Eustace attempted to laugh at his apprehensions, assured him that the rumour of the General's intention to decimate the prisoners was suggested by some malicious person, who sported with the feelings of unfortunate people. "The only difference in our fate," said he to Jobson, "is that you are at large with your unhealed wounds to beg or starve, whichever (being your own master) you shall think most eligible; while I shall be well taken care of as a prisoner, probably sent to London, and perhaps, by some fortunate occurrence, may be indulged with a sight of my honoured father. With what transport shall I throw myself into his arms, crave his blessing, tell him I have redeemed my shames, and proved by my sufferings and my blood that I am no traitor."

Jobson took a lingering leave; the commands of Bellingham were peremp-