

the church. Such an assemblage of youth and innocence naturally attracted the young soldiers: they stopped; and, as the little cavalcade passed, almost involuntarily pulled off their hats. A tall elegant girl looked at Montraville, and blushed; he instantly recollected the features of Charlotte Temple, whom he had once seen and danced with at a ball at Portsmouth. At that time he thought on her only as a very lovely child, she being then only thirteen; but the improvement two years had made in her person, and the blush of recollection which suffused her cheeks as she passed, awakened in his bosom new and pleasing ideas. Vanity led him to think, that pleasure at again beholding him, might have occasioned the emotion he had witnessed; and the same vanity led him to wish to see her again.

"She is the sweetest girl in the world," said he, as he entered the inn. Belcour started. "Did you not notice her?" continued Montraville: "she had on a blue bonnet, and with a pair of lovely eyes of the same color, has contrived to make me feel devilish odd about the heart."

"Poh," said Belcour, "a musket ball from our friends the Americans, may in less than two months make you feel worse."

"I never think of the future," replied Montraville "but am determined to make the most of the present, and would willingly compound with any kind Familiar, who would inform me who the girl is, and how I might be likely to obtain an interview."

But no kind Familiar at that time appearing, and the chaise, which they had ordered, driving up to the door, Montraville and his companion were oblig-