

# THE PILKINGTON HEIR.

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## CHAPTER I.

### IN WHICH THERE IS A TRAGEDY.

THAT brief and eventful struggle between the United States and Great Britain, which marked the earlier years of the century just closed, and coincided with the downfall of Napoleon and the triumph of the allied Powers on the continent of Europe, was in progress.

The American navy had covered itself with glory, while many gallant and successful maneuvers on land had sustained the high character gained by the Colonial troops during the war of 1776.

A gay and gallant squadron of cavalry rode along the Kingsbridge Road one mild evening in early September. It had but recently formed a part of General Macomb's division, which, in cooperation with Commodore Macdonough, had defeated Sir George Prevost and the British naval commander, Pring. They rode along jesting, as men are wont to do who take their lives in their hands every day. One was giving imaginary toasts to the great Napoleon, whose eagles still perched above the Tuileries, and who had not yet met his Waterloo. Another would have drained his glass, had a glass been anywhere convenient, to saucy