

met with them, and hoped that they would not molest the captain.

"No danger of their meddling with me, ma'am."

"I hope there is not," said the dame, "but you see I have heard so much about this young squire, lately; and I know he does not like us, because we are independent of him. Then you see he has got a lot of very bad men for servants, that go and come at his beck and turn, and worse still, they encourage him in everything that is bad."

"Well," said the captain, "we'll keep a sharp look out; it's my business at sea, so I'll practice a little on land to-night, and depend upon us 'good mother,' both your son and myself will render a good account of ourselves in case we are molested."

He bade her good-bye and the dame watched them away down the lane, smiling at the captain's light-hearted, jovial manner.

As they entered the field path, which was to shorten the journey for the captain, he enquired from Ronald, how it was that they came to England. "Did you not tell me that this farm belonged to your mother's family?"

"Yes," said Ronald, "it has belonged to the Oaksons for generations, but my mother was not born here, she was born and brought up at Stock, near the Grange, until she was about fifteen, when her father and his family emigrated to America. You must understand that another branch of the Oakson family emigrated many years ago, and settled in Pennsylvania, and, when my father was about my age, he came over to see his relations and got acquainted with my mother, and when my father proposed to marry my mother, her father decided at once that he would go to America, where he had been intending to go for some time. My father and mother were married soon after they got to Pennsylvania, and they settled on the home farm as it was called, and a splendid farm it was; we should call it an estate here. Grandfather was getting old, for he was a good age when my father was born, and as father was the only child, grandfather thought they had better settle there. I was the youngest child, and cannot remember much of the country or what passed while I was in it."

"But you have heard plenty since," said the captain.

"I have that," said Ronald. "I have sat listening till my flesh has crept on my bones, and my teeth have ground in silent rage. How many times I have wished I could just have some of these villains, who called themselves 'Sons of Liberty,' at my mercy. And should it so happen, which is not likely, that I ever meet with the murderer of my eldest brother, he will have to render an account, or send me after his former victim. My brother Joseph says such like feelings are wrong, but I cannot help feeling so."

"Then you had a brother murdered during the war?"

"Yes, and my mother went through hardships such as make me shudder to think about them; but it's foolish to let one's feelings influence us about matters for which there is no remedy and no revenge. I think there's a good deal of Indian about me in that respect."

"Revenge," said the captain, "is a human feeling common to