

and Sir William in mutual enquiries, answers, and congratulations, and by the two former in certain passages of too tender and delicate a nature to be here set forth, but such as every married man and woman is supposed to know; and which all unmarried, we doubt not, either know, if they would confess, or, at least, can form a pretty correct idea of, without great stretch of imagination.

The following morning they committed the body of Colonel Morgan to its parent dust, and found also that the band had escaped.

On their route homeward, during the darkness of the night, Sir William expressed a desire to learn some of the particulars of Gentleman John's life, adding, it would afford him the greatest pleasure to be able to show a sense of his gratitude by any service in his power.

Gentleman John mentioned his family, which Sir William knew to be one of the most respectable in Virginia; that his parents had been wealthy, and had afforded him the advantages of the best education the colony afforded, and that they had afterwards sent him to England and the Continent, for the purpose of finishing his studies. He had been bred to no profession, though latterly he had served in the army as a volunteer. After the peace, he had joined the band, a few months before Captain George, but for some time he had been intending to forsake it forever, and would have done so had it not been for the acquaintance and friendship he had formed for his nephew.

"My nephew," answered Sir William, "has told me of the friendship that subsists between you, and I have to thank you both for the letter which he informs me you wrote to warn us of the threatened danger which has thus ended so happily, and for your efforts to save us since that time. It is natural, therefore, that I should feel interested in your happiness. Deem me not then impertinent in seeking to know the reasons which led you to join such a band."

Gentleman John, after some hesitation, answered: "I am afraid it would weary you to give you all my reasons for that most foolish step."

"Nothing," answered Sir William, "could afford me more pleasure."

"My father," said Gentleman John, (whose reasons, many and intricate, we can sum up in one very short and intelligible.) "My father, from affluence, was reduced to comparative poverty, by unfortunate losses in the war, as well as by speculations he had entered into, and I being bred up to no business and accustomed to expensive habits, was not very likely to render him much assistance. I had engaged myself, previous to his reverses, to a young lady, with the consent and satisfaction of all parties. This, at that time, was broken up by her father. I then joined the army, and, on the peace, I found him still more opposed to the match which his daughter was still perhaps no less desirous than myself to have accomplished, chiefly, or, as he said, entirely, on the ground of my poverty. Colonel M. having learned my situation, and having been acquainted during the war, offered to put me in a way of gaining what I required, and, in a

fit of desperation, I was mad enough to listen to his proposals. I soon found I was deceived, and, as I told you, should have left the band for ever before this time, had it not been for the friendship I formed for your nephew."

"If that is all the difficulty I shall be happy to remedy it," said Sir William. "No thanks—not a word—I am not yet done questioning you. Will you still further grant me your confidence by telling me who is the fair object of your affections?"

"Better and better!" exclaimed Sir William. "I hardly think her father, who is under no slight obligations to me, would be inclined to deny me my request in this matter, were we unable to arrange it otherwise. Set your mind at rest, therefore, on that matter. You shall be married, if you and your fair one can agree, at the same time with your Captain and my daughter, who, I suppose, have both by this time persuaded themselves that they cannot be happy without each other. Not a single word of thanks: I understand you, and that is enough." And Sir William was as good as his word.

We have now but to mention the fate of Squire Harry to close a simple story, except indeed we mention our black friend Cato, who accompanied him to his final location, and who died in attempting to save his master in the same battle in which his master fell. Squire Harry waited till he saw his friends Captain George and Gentleman John married, and was then called upon to give an account of his fight in the cave and the manner in which he freed Captain George from his chains, by his fortunate return to the place of rendezvous, where we first met with the band. But no entreaties or offers could make him remain near his friends. He proceeded to what is now Kentucky, and was greatly distinguished for his feats of daring against the Indians, who still continued to harass the new settlements. In a severe contest with a body greatly superior in number, both he and his faithful servant Cato fell.

Perhaps our readers expected to have a description of the splendour, beauty, and happiness of the double marriage so happily consummated. To the married—we bid them look back upon their own, and to those who are looking forward to this interesting and important event, we bid them imagine what their own will be. We never intended writing for either old bachelors or old maids.

In parting we appeal once more to the memories of the former and the hopes of the latter; old bachelors and old maids being nothing better than cyphers in existence and plagues to society.

Half a dozen years after the marriage we ought to have described, we will introduce you into the parlour of Captain George. On a sofa in an elegant room was seated Mrs. Murray, hardly less youthful and beautiful than the lovely Rose, her head leaning on the shoulder of Captain George, who was seated beside her with his arm encircling her waist. The eyes of both were resting in smiles on a hale old man, seated opposite, with a girl apparently between two and three years old, sitting on one knee, her little hands entwined in his thin snowy locks, which were bent down towards her, while a large chubby boy, of apparently four, was seated on the other, and a third, still older, pulling his coat tail through behind his chair. "Rose, my dear," said Sir William with a smile, "I really wish you would make that rogue Bill be at peace. I believe he is as bad as ever his father was when he used to plague me to death to promise him a kiss of his little cousin Rose."