

that he had been attacked, and governed by the first impulse of his active mind, he rode after the guard and gave the alarm, though not certain that it might not be a false one. As he advanced before the soldiers, he heard the clashing of the combatants' swords, and hastening forward, effected the timely diversion in Burton's favour. He now raised the form of his master and staunched the blood. The soldiers hastily forming a litter of boughs, placed him upon it, and bore him towards the head-quarters, to leave him under the charge of the surgeon.

Slowly they wound their way through the dark woods, the moonlight struggling through the foliage, glancing at intervals over the pale features of the wounded man. As they approached the mansion occupied by the military family of the American general, lights from the windows, which were brilliantly illuminated as if a festival were within, shone through the forest, and guided them to the place of their destination.