

he neither sought to stare nor to analyze, and wholly forgetting what had brought him to the spot, he turned and joined his brother, who, at a short distance, stood awaiting his return.

CHAPTER IV.

At the garrison mess-table that evening the occurrences of the day naturally formed a chief topic of conversation; and a variety of conjectures, more or less probable, regarding the American lady, were hazarded by the officers, to some of whom she had become an object of curiosity, as she had to others of interest. This conversation, necessarily *parenthesized* with much extraneous matter, in the nature of rapid demands for solids and liquids, during the interesting period devoted to the process of mastication, finally assumed a more regular character when the cloth had been removed, and the attendants retired.

"Apropos," remarked Captain Granville, who filled the president's chair, "We ought to have toasted your brother's gallant exploit, Henry; gentlemen, fill your glasses—all full? Then I will give you the health of Lieutenant Grantham, of the squadron."

The toast was responded to by all but Captain Molineux. His glass had been filled and raised, but its contents remained untasted.

The omission was too marked not to be noticed by more than one of the party; Henry Grantham, whose eye had been fixed on Captain Molineux at the time, of course detected the slight. He sat for some minutes conversing with an unusual and evidently forced animation; then, excusing his early departure under the plea of an engagement with his brother, rose and quitted the mess-room.

"What have you done with the ugly lout you took charge of, De Courcy?" inquired Captain Cranstoun, interrupting the short and meaning pause which had succeeded to Grantham's departure.

"Why, I calculate, captain," returned the lively aid-de-camp, imitating the nasal drawl and language which had called up so much mirth, even in presence of the general—"I calculate as how I have introduced Ensign Paul, Emilius, Theophilus Arnoldi, of the United States Michigan Militia, into pretty considerable snug quarters—I have billeted him at the inn, in which he had scarcely set foot, when his first demand was for a glass of 'gin sling,' wherewith to moisten his partick'lar damn'd hot, baked clay."

"What a vulgar and uncouth animal," observed St. Clair, a Captain of Engineers—"I am not at all surprised at Major Montgomerie's disinclination to acknowledge him as a personal acquaintance."

"It is to be hoped," said De Courcy, "we shall not encounter many such during the approaching struggle, for, since we have been driven into this war, it will be a satisfaction to find ourselves opposed to an enemy rather more chivalrous than this specimen seems to promise."

"Nay, nay, De Courcy," remarked Captain Granville, "you must not judge of the American officers of the line by that standard; as, for example, Major Montgomerie and the person just alluded to. Last winter," he continued, "there was a continued interchange of hospitalities between the two posts, and had you been here to participate in them, you would have admitted that, among the officers of Detroit, there were many very superior men indeed."

"Pleasant ball, that last they gave," said Lieutenant Villiers, with a malicious laugh, and fixing his eyes on the Captain of Grenadiers.

"The devil take the ball," impatiently retorted Cranstoun, who did not seem to relish the allusion; "don't talk about it now, man."

"What was it, Villiers? do pray tell us. Something good, I am sure from