

liberties, he is bearing away his stolen bride, and hastening to join a faction in New York. Poor Lucy! she never did seem to comprehend public affairs very clearly, and I dare say he will make her believe he is doing exactly right.

The company were now breaking up, but I had no spirits to join them, so I pleaded a bad headache in excuse, and went to my own room. Both head and heart were weary and oppressed; I sat down by an open window, and the fresh sea breeze from the distant ocean cooled my brow, and my ear at times caught the faint murmur of the surf, rolling in upon the sandy beach. How quietly the moonlight fell on hill and valley, and the shadows of the trees lay like delicate tracery on the smooth shorn lawn. It was a sweet scene; I could almost fancy myself in one of those Arcadian vales, which Jenny had been reading about to me, and was quite prepared to see the lovely form of Una, with her grim protector, when my romance was put to flight by the merry voices of our departing guests. They were sallying out of the hall door in great glee, as if mightily pleased with themselves and each other, and forming in little groups, went talking and laughing down the long avenue to the village road. Some were on horseback, with a female mounted on the pillion behind each one; and my imagination might have transfigured them into the knights and dames of old *romance*, but the straggling musicians piped forth "Yankey Doodle" in full chorus, and put all my visions to flight.

There were tearful eyes in the President's mansion this night, and many too among the humbler dwellings of the country people round.

Several young men, sons of our farmers and artisans, enlisted with the volunteers, and are going to join Washington's army, which is now marching to Cambridge, where the head quarters are to be. My uncle's youngest son, Frank, a fine spirited lad of eighteen, the darling of the whole house, has also gone with them. Since the first call to arms, his impatience to join the forces so hastily mustered, could scarcely be restrained; and the opportune arrival of this fine regiment, raised in his native province, seemed to him like a special call of Providence. Last night, he asked his father's consent; it was given freely; he "had no right," he said, "to withhold aught his country needed in her dire extremity."

When all the company had gone, and the house, now so silent, was left to repose, I returned to the parlour, where the family remained, for the sad pleasure of exchanging their parting words with Frank. The poor fellow paced the room

with moistened eyes, though he strove to look very brave, and we all tried to seem cheerful, and talked hopefully of the future. My aunt must have felt it a sore struggle to part with this Joseph of her affections; but she meets the trial with a cheerful smile, and like a Spartan mother, sends her son away with a blessing, and a solemn charge to be faithful to his country and brave in its defence. The clock pointed to the hour of twelve before we separated; the domestics all waited in the hall to speak with master Frank, for they had heard with consternation that he was about to leave them. My uncle called them in, and opening the large Bible, he read from it some passages aptly chosen; and then all kneeling, he offered the evening prayer, and most fervently commended his departing son to the protection of his heavenly Father.

We all went to our separate rooms with heavy hearts, such a chill seemed to fall upon the house. One door after another silently closed, and old Pompey's careful step was heard last threading the passages to see that all was safe. A light was long burning in Frank's chamber, and I knew that the mother had gone there, to give her darling boy the last loving words and affectionate counsel.

At break of day, this morning, the whole household was astir, and the drums at the encampment were already beating for a march. But Frank was gone. He could not bear another farewell, and he wished to spare the pain to those who loved him so well. So he rose very early, and saw only Jenny, who was in his secret, and who indeed had not lain down the night long. Pompey, who had carried him in his arms when he was a little baby, went along with him; and with a pride which struggled with his tenderness, saw him welcomed by the colonel, and received by the whole regiment with a loud cheer. Not one of them, he insisted, could "hold the candle to little massa Frank, for good looks, and he was beside an inch taller than the best of them."

The breakfast was a heavy meal in spite of all we could do. Little Annie cried because she could not see Frank again; and Jenny's eyes showed plainly how she had passed the night. Tom tried to be witty, but failed entirely; I could not say a word; my uncle and aunt began to discuss the late congress at Philadelphia, when old Pompey returned, bringing a report of Frank's departure, and this gave us all an excuse to turn to the subject nearest our hearts, and so we talked about him more cheerfully than could have been expected. We missed his gay laugh sadly, as we went about our morning employments; but