

three sufferers of the swiftly-passing hours? Question and answer, fond endearments, long-delayed confidences made those hours seem minutes, all too short, until twilight descended like a coming doom, calling the young soldier from the sight of all he loved on earth. Alas, even then, 'twas too late! At that moment when he rose to depart, the watchful eye of implacable hate had discovered Frank's absence, enquiry had been made, the friendly sergeant had been severely reprimanded, and when, late at night, Frank knocked at the barrack gate, admittance was refused. The raging tempest of anger, sorrow and despair that filled his breast, during that miserable night passed at the barrack-gate, made Frank Farland another and a harder man.

As soon as the gates were opened, next morning, he was instantly summoned, weary, travel-stained and hungry, into his tyrant's presence. On perceiving his appearance, the major exclaimed harshly: "So; drunk, eh? Look at that fellow, Egerton; he's so tipsy he can hardly stand."

"Indeed, sir, you're mistaken!"

"Silence!" thundered the major; "how dare you answer me? You've absented yourself without my leave, and anyone can see from your disgraceful condition what you have been doing!"

"For heaven's sake, hear me, Major!"

"Hold your infernal tongue, rascal! Egerton, have that fellow arrested, and we'll hear what he'll say to the court-martial, to-morrow!" And off they marched the young man to his cell.

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Next morning, Frank was brought before the court-martial. His case was summarily disposed of. Absence without his commanding officer's permission and disrespect to him—all readily corroborated by the subservient, ambitious Lieutenant Egerton procured the foredoomed victim (a mere country lad without any influence) the heaviest possible sentence—fifty lashes. Discipline, seventy or eighty years ago, was so severe in the British army and navy that privates and common sailors were little better than slaves of their officers, yet they fought and conquered like heroes!

But the shame of this sentence was too much for a Waterloo warrior. And Frank, exerting an agility and strength well known in the regiment, broke his prison, and, once at liberty, had the boldness to turn his steps to the very spot to which they were certain to be tracked—Mary's bower. He would see her once more—taste one more kiss, and then fly from the country he had fought for bravely, and which had trampled his life's hopes to the ground!

It was at daybreak, after this stolen interview, that he was wounded and carried off a prisoner, as we saw at the opening of the narrative. After a month at the hospital, he was again consigned to his cell as a deserter, but this time with manacles on his wrists. At his second trial, he heard with rage and despair the cruel sentence of 150 lashes awarded, for this aggravated offence, and they led back to his cell a desperate man.

That same evening he received news of Mary's death. When she saw him wounded and a prisoner, the consequent excitement caused the rupture of a blood vessel and her already emaciated frame sank rapidly.

The bereaved father, who brought this news, tried to comfort the prisoner and to calm the stern despair that glared from his bloodshot eye. Farland said but little. During the night, however, he examined his fetters and found that some friendly hand had made them insecure. With a superhuman effort, he freed himself, and, finding that a file wrapped in a handkerchief, had been thrust into his pocket, he set to work to such good purpose, that next morning, when all was ready for his punishment and a double file of soldiers marched into the cell, it was discovered that the bird had flown. The major, his eye sparkling with savage glee at the prospect of completing his revenge, looked eagerly towards the soldiers, as they reappeared on the ground. He turned deadly pale at not seeing the prisoner among them. When the corporal advanced, and saluting, stammered out: "He has escaped, sir!" the major burst into a demoniacal fit of rage, cursing and vowing vengeance.