

ters of my regiment one with whom my friendship knew no intermission until it closed with his life. I entered then, once more, with interest into the scenes in which we were engaged, and almost forgot my vows of abjuration against "the tented field." Not that Milburne and his daughter were less frequent in my thoughts and recollection. To the former I wrote regularly and heard often in return. Their days continued to pass in the same tranquil round of occupation as when I had been of their circle. Danville still remained with them, and was the frequent theme of regard. But, after some time, the letters of my hospitable old friend reached me no more; still I persevered in writing, and still came there no reply to all my solicitations to know that they had not entirely forgotten me. The tide of war had rolled again to the frontiers of Portugal; I consoled myself with enumerating the thousand chances of miscarriage of letters, which were thus superadded to the difficulty of correspondence; and impatiently awaited the arrival of Danville, who, I knew, had already been summoned, and must be on his way to join us—from him I should hear the latest intelligence of the welfare of our friends.

At length the scoundrel came, and met me with well acted warmth; but when I questioned him respecting the family at E——, there was an evident embarrassment in his manner, for which I was at a loss to account. "They were well—at least, he believed they were; for he had quitted E—— sometime before he left England." "Had he not heard from them?" "No: Milburne had never written."

It was strange; something must be wrong; and I wrote yet again—but to no purpose. I had felt disposed to show kindness to Danville when he joined us, but to my surprise, he appeared to be constrained and uneasy in my presence, and I saw him therefore but rarely, unless when duty threw us together. At last, the

dark reality was unveiled. We were one evening drawn from our tents by a report that a draft of recruits from home were marching into camp, and that a party for our regiment were among them. We crowded round the fresh-comers, to learn the latest news from old England—Danville was among the inquirers. "Bad news for you, Mr. Danville," said one of the women accompanying the party, and whom on stepping forward, I recognized as a girl that one of our men married at E——; "bad news for you, sir, Miss Milburne, poor lady, is dead, and the old gentleman gone out of his mind!" "In the name of mercy!" exclaimed I, "what is it you mean?" "Ah! Major Ravelin, ask him what I mean; ask him that brought ruin upon the sweetest lady that ever the sun shone upon—it was a black day for her when the soldiers marched into the village, and a worse when you left her poor father's house." I turned towards the fiend but he had slunk off—my brain was on fire—I followed him into his tent, and felled the monster to the earth. If my friend, observing the scene, had not pursued me, and interposed his arm, that hour had sent the seducer, with his unrepented crimes upon his head, to the tribunal seat of judgment—but he yet lives; and they who know the tale of darkness, and will recognize the actor, may say if the whole picture be overcharged.

Your systematic libertine is ever a man of honor; and the seducer would have washed out a blow in my blood; but it was ordered otherwise, and he received the contents of the pistol which I raised in self defence. I would not willingly, after my first moment of reflection, have rid him of life. Before he recovered from his wound, he had effected an exchange into another regiment, and has never since blasted my sight.

When I could bring myself to question the woman, I heard from her lips the details of the melancholy story of which she had already related