

protector. Be sober, for unless you are, strong drink will shorten your days, and make them full of trouble. Shall I ever look upon you as a drunkard?—let me not see it. Be hard-working, and you will and must succeed—this is nothing new, but it is very true. Be loyal—be prepared to stand by your King, and love your country. This is a good enough country—we like it, and you must defend it for us, you young men.”

Here the old martinet looked around him, while his hand played with the hilt of his sword. During the pause a slight stir occurred in the passage—a strange cry arose, which was heard by all—a commotion ensued, with the mingling of voices, as of men in terror.

“Hold my horse! Stand back there!—I have a right here, I believe,” cried a stout, powerful man, who entered the room, dressed entirely in the tanned skins of the deer, and wearing on his head a cap, from which many long feathers dangled. He bore in his hand a rifle, on seeing which the old martinet at once drew his sword, and advanced on him.

“Your servant, Squire and Major—never mind me! I want to see Dick Tucker—where is he?” he said, in a voice not the least excited.

A stir occurred in a darkened part of the room, and a man, apparently worn down with disease, faltered forward. His eye shone with an unnatural lustre while he drew near the intruder. They gazed upon each other steadily, while the form of Tucker became more erect, and his hand moved involuntarily to his throat, as if he were laboring for breath.

“You look old, Dick, and sick—what is the matter, eh?” enquired the intruder, still continuing his gaze at Tucker. “My name is Daniel Hensey, the Maroon, as you called me. You know, Dick, all about that keg of specie, and who was the robber. Look at my neck—there is a welt across it that did not heal for a year. You know whose rifle did that for me, by the South Branch. I lay for four days, Dick, in my tracks, but it would not do. I got well, and became an Indian, because an Indian saved what a white would kill. Because I rode on horseback they called me mad, but I did it to be even with you. You would have been mine, had you not been afraid of your old occupation; but I am glad as it is. I have heard you have been kind to Hannah, and young Dick is to marry Sophrona—that softened me. You nearly took my life, while I sought yours—that was not so bad! You were always too cunning for me! Never mind, I am satisfied; and now, old war-comrade, give us your hand!” cried he, advancing with out-stretched arms.

Tucker was seen to attempt to come forward, while his face was lightened with a smile of unutterable joy. “Thank God I did not do it!” he shouted in an unnatural voice, and fell dead at the feet of the Maroon.