

affecting recital. Besides that, I have already extended my letter to a most extravagant length.

"Farewell, my dear sister, with my love to the Chevalier, my brothers, and your children. May good angels guard you all. Your affectionate

"JOSEPHINE."

CHAPTER VI.

"But nothing could a charm impart,
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow."

WE pass over a brief period, during which the Americans, as history will show, were by no means idle. The flames of war had burst out on every side—battles had been fought with various success, and the Declaration of Independence had been proclaimed throughout the thirteen States of North America—the summer campaigns were ended, and the respective armies gone into winter quarters.

It was on a cold and dismal evening in the month of January, that the family of Ferdinand were gathered around their winter's fire. A furious tempest of snow and sleet shook the windows and doors of the house, and howled dismally in the chimneys. In the kitchen, the servants had gathered around a huge wood fire, and one of them, whom they called the story-teller, was reciting a ghost-story of a departed tory, whom, he averred, had been seen to walk about the neighborhood, looking for buried treasure.

"Now, I'll be bound," says one, "that's not it; the old sinner has murdered somebody and buried him in his cellar, or something of that sort, I'll