

Such wrongs as he had done of his own free will he seemed neither to repent nor remember, but the injury to the *Flight*, unpremeditated as it was, appeared to require full reparation. Many a time during that period of voluntary servitude, as he straightened his tall figure to watch a ship put out to sea, those near him were startled by the fierceness of unrest in his face, and never thought to see him bend his back again over the bolts and screws. He stayed, but when the time which he had set himself had ended, he and Susie and the children went into the west. He seemed to breathe with an eager joy out in those wilds, as if to make the most of a brief while, for he recognized that with his boys and girls he must again go back to civilized life. To the last he was akin to his Saxon forefathers who, when they had captured and pillaged a Romano-British city, hurried away from the place into the vast silences and reaches of grassy land, in dread of the evil spirits that haunted the streets of walled towns.

He and Alden drew nearer together than ever before through their experience,—the one as officer, the other as private soldier, in that most hideous of all crimes against progress—a civil war, bringing as it does the methods of savagery to bear upon the disagreements inevitable between independent and enlightened minds. Something of the boy in him passed into the man.

Susie and the children and the general helped one