

Like yourself, America is the land of my birth, but, up to the present, I have been absent from it so long, that I had almost ceased to regard it as such. Now, however, my feelings are changed. Together, Fred, we will fight the battles of our native land; every arm that will lift itself in her defence is needed now."

"Your sentiments do you honor, my dear Gus; but, as *you* asked *me* before, what will your friends say?"

"Oh, I have no friends worth mentioning," replied Gus, resuming his former indifferent tone. "I am an orphan, you know, with a bank-stock sufficient for all my wants, with no relations that I know of except an uncle in America, whom I have not seen these ten years. "And I tell you what," he added, with sudden animation, "he has two confoundedly pretty daughters—especially the youngest. I used to be desperately in love with Nell, as a boy."

"Indeed!" said Fred, smiling, "and who is this uncle of yours?—a tory, no doubt."

"You had better believe it!" said Gus. "Major Percival hates the rebels as he hates Old Harry. Of course, I'll be disowned when he hears what I've done. Every one has his own peculiar hobby; and pride of birth is Major Percival's. If you were only to hear him, Fred! He dates his descent back to the days of Noah, and a good deal further; for some of his ancestors, I believe, were drowned in the flood. His lady, too, Mrs. Percival, is the granddaughter of a lord; so you see the major has some foundation for his family pride. He's as rich as Cræsus, too."

"And Miss Nell, I suppose, is heiress to all his wealth?"