

The stranger started back a pace, as if he had now for the first time observed him, and then said, in a rough bold voice—"Be not too hasty with thy pistolet, good sir. I am a true man, and as piously-disposed a rebel as the devil himself."

"How now, villain? what means this insolence?" demanded the young soldier, sternly, at the same time levelling his pistol at the man's breast.

"An hour ago I was a volunteer under Carleton," said the man, less rudely; "but I have taken a leap over the wall, and now, by my beard, seek to become an honest rebel!"

"A deserter from the citadel?"

"Ay, master, and was on my way to your camp when you came, across my path, without any other hint than the click of that pistolet in my ear."

"And thank your stars 'twas not accompanied with a bullet through your body. Till you satisfy general Montgomery that you are what you affirm, I shall detain you prisoner. Pass on before me to the lines, and, as you value your life, make no attempt to escape."